

# Bedford Gazette.



BY MEYERS & BENFORD.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

WHOLE NO. 2770.—VOL. 53.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1857.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 15.

## Select Poetry.



### TO MY WIFE.

[The following exquisite love song is the composition of Joseph Brennan, a young Irishman, one of the exiles of '48, who died recently of consumption in New Orleans, at the age of eight-and-twenty. Nothing could be more beautiful than this ballad—its words ought to be set to music, since only the voice of the "sweet singer" can do justice to its tender pathos and passion:]

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,  
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee,  
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,  
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to hold thee.  
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy!  
Swallows will fit round the desolate ruin,  
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;  
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure  
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.  
Oh, Spring of my spirit, oh, May of my bosom—  
Shine out on my life till it burgeon and blossom—  
The waste of my soul has a rose-rod within it,  
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.  
Figures that move like a song through the evening—  
Features lit up by the reflex of heaven—  
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,  
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;  
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,  
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;  
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming  
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!  
You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened,  
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?  
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love—  
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love—  
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—  
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing—  
I would not die without you at my side, love—  
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,  
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;  
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak,  
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek,  
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—  
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary—  
Come to the arms which alone could caress thee—  
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE TELL-TALE HEART.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.—LONGFELLOW.

True!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses; not destroyed, not dulled them.—Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily, how calmly, I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how the first idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none, Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eyes—yes, his eyes!—that troubled me. He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees—very gradually—made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—how cautiously—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—ah, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, so that no light should out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly—so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep.

It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—'for the hinges creaked. I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could

scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door little by little, and the old man not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me; for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I had got my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing; for an hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew that it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief, Oh, no! it was the low stifled sound that rises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has swelled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distract me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitted him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless but could not. He had been saying to himself, "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney; it is only a mouse crossing the floor;" or, "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp."

Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain; because death, in approaching the old man, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And was the moral influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard me—to feel the pressure of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little, a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot out from the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open, wide, wide open; and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person, for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now—have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ear a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still; I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! Do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous—so I am. And at that hour of the night, and amid the dreadful silence of that house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, louder. I thought the heart must burst!

And now a new anxiety seized me, that the sound would be heard by a neighbor. His last hour had come! With a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—only once. In an instant I dragged him to the floor and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the walls. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse.—Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If you still think me mad you will think so no longer when I describe the precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head, arms and legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood spots whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock, still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart; for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves with perfect suavity as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to

search the premises.

I smiled, for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own, in a dream. The old man I mentioned was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. At length I led them to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room and desired them here to rest from their fatigues: while I, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease.—They sat, and, while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale, and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; but it continued to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definiteness, until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a brightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath; and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulation; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I fumed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards; but the noise arose above all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chattered pleasantly and unceasingly. Was it possible they heard not? Almight God!—no! no! They heard—they suspected—they knew. They were making a mockery of my horror! This I thought, and this I think. But nothing better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer. I felt that I must scream or die. And now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! "Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the planks!—here! here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

## THE NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper, which a few years ago was a luxury, is now, at least in America, a necessity. The vast amount of labor and talent bestowed upon the leading journals of the day, the close attention paid to their numerous departments, when combined with the extraordinary facilities enjoyed for the rapid communication of intelligence, now about being rendered world-wide by submarine telegraphic communication across the Atlantic, effect an end which realizes one of the grandest conceptions of the human mind.

Among the most mysterious and unfathomable attributes of the Deity are those which endow Him with the power of beholding all things, and of being everywhere at the same time. It required centuries of human advancement before any invention could be made to render these qualities even in the slightest degree imitable by man. Boundless space spread out before him in warring perplexity, separating the human family and the localities of the earth, by barriers unsurmountable only through protracted and wearying toil. But now, reader, behold what, through the agency of the newspaper, assisted by the magnetic telegraph, has been accomplished! The world is summoned up in judgment before you. Your morning's paper furnishes you with a concise history of the transactions, near and remote, of the previous day. An infinite number of sharp eyes have watched every interesting phase of life, and you are daily presented with the result of their observations. We have long been accustomed to the perusal of telegraphic despatches from every portion of our widely-extended Confederacy; but the advancing march of science is about to bring the whole civilized earth equally within our intellectual grasp.

The newspaper is the daguerreotype of the world. The fleeting shadows of its grave and gay, tragic and comic, wondrous and commonplace, scenes and doings are aptly seized, permanently fixed, and a brilliant panorama of human life presented every morning.

The great purposes served by newspapers are familiar to all, and need not be recited here. It is impossible to estimate their influence upon the human mind and upon human destiny. There is scarcely an article in the whole range of the consumption of civilized men whose relinquishment would not be more cheerfully acceded to. It at once educates, informs, protects, defends, improves and elevates the people; and it performs a most important purpose in all their transactions, and in all things affecting them, whether commercial, industrial, political, literary, or social.—*Forney's Press.*

A CONNOISSEUR IN ART.—A down-easter strayed into the square in front of the City Hall yesterday morning, and planted his brows firmly in front of the bronzed statue of Franklin looking upwards to the benignant face of the old philosopher with great apparent interest.

"What old fellow's likeness is this," asked he of a bystander.

"That sir, is a statue of Benjamin Franklin."

"State of Franklin, eh? Wal, I've red all about him. Pappy good old feller in his way. Never fit much in the revolushun, but was great on soft soldering the French. But I say you; how darned yaller he is!"

## HOW MAJOR ANDRE MET HIS FATE.

Although Andre's request as to the mode of his death was not to be granted, it was thought best to let him remain in uncertainty on the subject; no answer, therefore, was returned to his note. On the morning of the 2nd he maintained a calm demeanor, though all round him were gloomy and silent. He even rebuked his servant for shedding tears. Having breakfasted he dressed himself with care in the full uniform of a British officer, which he had sent for to New York, placed his hat upon the table, and accosting the officers on guard—"I am ready," said he, "at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you." He walked to the place of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm, with a serene countenance, bowing to several gentlemen whom he knew. Colonel Tallmadge accompanied him, and he quote his words—"When he came within sight of the gibbet he appeared to be startled, and inquired, with some emotion, whether he was not to be shot? Being informed that the mode first appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, "How hard is my fate! but immediately added, it will soon be over!" He then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired.

While waiting near the gallows, until preparations were made, says another authority, who was present, he evinced some nervousness putting his foot on a stone and rolling it; and making an effort to swallow, as if checking a hysterical affection of the throat. All things being ready, he stepped into the wagon; appeared to shrink for an instant, but recovered himself and exclaimed, "It will be but a momentary pang."—Taking off his hat and stock, and opening his shirt collar, he deliberately adjusted the noose to his neck, after which he took out a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes.—Being told by the officer in command that his arms must be bound, he drew out a second handkerchief, with which they were pinioned. Colonel Scammel now told him that he had an opportunity to speak if he desired it. His only reply was, "I pray you to bear witness that I met my fate like a brave man." The wagon moved from under him, and left him suspended.—He died almost without a struggle. He remained suspended for about half an hour, during which time a deathlike stillness prevailed over the surrounding multitude.—His remains were interred within a few yards of the place of his execution; whence they were transferred to England, in 1821, by the British Consul then resident in New York, and were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the mural monument which had been erected to his memory.—*Irvine's Life of George Washington.*

MODE OF BURYING IN BUDDHISM.—Buddhist priests and nuns, on their decease, are interred in a sort of miniature pagoda. There are two modes of burial. Any one remarkable for devotion and virtue who dies at a good old age, is buried in a sitting posture, just as priests usually sit in the presence of their idol, reciting prayers, with their legs drawn under them, the hands clasped, and the head drooping on the breast. The deceased is, in this position, put into a large earthen jar, with another jar placed over the head. The two are hermetically sealed, and built all around with brick and mortar, in the shape of a pagoda, about ten feet in height. Occasionally they take the bodies of devoted Buddhists, commit them to the flames, and search for a relic called *shayle*. On finding this they lodge it in a case like a small pagoda. The ordinary class of priests and priestesses are not so highly honored on leaving the world. Their remains, bones, or (if burnt) ashes, are cast into a hollow pagoda. The cases are carefully lodged about the monastery and grounds.—*Mit's Life in China.*

BLESSINGS OF BANKS.—They foster and extend the credit system by which honest men are constantly ruined and rogues constantly enriched.

They tax the labor of the producer for the support of the idleness of the non-producer.

They drive forty millions of coin from this country every year, and substitute for it irredeemable paper.

They lock up in bank-vaults as much more that should be in the pockets of the people who have labored for it.

They give employment to thousands of non-producers who continually abstract from the deposit of wealth of the country without returning anything to it.

They induce periodical panics, by which all industries checked.

They have ruined a thousand firms, within the last three months, within the limits of the United States alone.

They have thrown a half million of people partially out of employment.

They are at this moment levying in this city of Petersburg, a tax of thirteen per cent, upon the labor of the mechanics and tradesmen, in the shape of a premium on money—the only sort of a tariff which the strongest government would not dare to levy upon its subjects.

They refuse to meet their obligations whenever it is convenient, and defy the law.

They enhance prices by making what they call money, cheap.

Such are a few of the benefits resulting from that legalized iniquity known as banks of circulation.—*Petersburg, Va., Democrat.*

CURE FOR CHOLIC IN HORSES.—A gentleman in Baltimore, publishes the following receipt for the cure of choleric in horses, which, in his own case effected a speedy cure:

3 ounces spirits of turpentine,  
1 ounce tincture of opium.

He adds, "If relief is not obtained in one hour, repeat the dose with one ounce of best powdered aloes well dissolved together."

Of course these ingredients must be administered properly diluted.

## GOOD ADVICE.

Judge Strong is the very magistrate who made his mark, when quite a youthful lawyer, by the ingenious counsel which he gave a client, and cleared him entirely and very unexpectedly. He practised in Jefferson County, and a prisoner being arraigned for theft, who had no counsel, the Court appointed young Strong to that service, directing him to confer with the prisoner, and give him the best advice he could under the circumstances. He retired with his client to an adjacent room for consultation, and when an officer was sent to inform them that the Court was waiting Strong, was found alone, and returned with the officer into the Court-room.

"Where is your client?" demanded the Judge.

"He has left the place," replied the lawyer.

"Left the place?" cried the judge. "What do you mean, Mr. Strong?"

"Why, your honor directed me to give him the best advice I could under the circumstances. He told me he was guilty, and so I opened the window, and advised him to jump out and run. He took my advice, as in duty bound, and by this time he is more than two miles off."

THE SESSION DIDN'T MEET.—The Sandy Hill Herald tells the following as happening in that neighborhood last fall: A clergyman of our acquaintance was called upon by an elder in his church, who urged upon the D. D. the importance of his introducing the subject of politics into his pulpit—telling him that there were great moral questions involved in the then coming election, &c. After patiently listening to the argument of the Fremont elder, the minister asked,

"Do you, as an elder of the church, advise me to introduce politics into my sermons?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Let a meeting of the session be called, and if a majority decide that it is my duty to preach politics, I will commence next Sunday," said the Minister.

"It shall be done," said the elated elder; but as he was hurrying away to give the required notice preparatory to the assembling of the session, the minister called out: Remember, good brother, that if they decide that it is my duty to preach politics, I shall advise my brethren to vote for Buchanan.

It is unnecessary to say that the session was not called upon to decide the question.

"I GUESS YOU CAN COME."—We heard a good story a day or two ago, which we tell, musing the risk of its being second-handed; and it is too good a story to offend even those whose sect it hits. Some good lady, at the outset of Universalism, conceived a holy horror at the blasphemy of its bold supporters in pretending that all would be saved. It was preposterous, outrageous in the spirit that filled her, she wouldn't have a man in her house who believed in the abominable doctrine. She kept a boarding house, and applied a test of belief to all who sought to obtain board. The first who offered was a sea captain, and she began with—

"Do you believe that all the world will be saved?"

"No madam," said he.

"How many do you think will be damned?" continued she.

"Oh!" said he, "I don't know—perhaps a million."

"Well," the old lady remarked, in a tone of content, "well that's better than none at all; I guess you can come."—*Lynn's Reporter.*

POPULAR DELUSION.—It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasure or wants. He has his body and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short society is the master, and man is the servant; and it is entirely according as society proves a good or bad master whether the man turns out a good or bad servant.—*Punch.*

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only the shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit or obscure origin a matter of personal approach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the narration and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I wept to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and thro' the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to save his country and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my prosperity be blotted from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

TO PREVENT WRINKLES.—Young woman, would you have wrinkles in your face? "Not for the world," you reply. Then cease fretting, and murmuring and repining. Rise at early dawn, take the broom, sweep the floor, make the beds, get breakfast yourself, and when you go out don't wear your wafer soled shoes! By all means douse your worse than detestable corsets.

"Mither! mither! what have you done?" said a little newsboy to a greenhorn who had just tied his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought on Third street Philadelphia.

"Done!" said the fellow, "what do you mean? I haint been doin' nothin, as I knows on."

"Why yeth you have, thir; you've hitched your both to the magnetic telegraph, and you'll be in New York in less than two minutes, if you don't look out."

The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his wagon drove hastily down the street.

A gentleman crossing a bridge, said to a countryman whom he met:

"I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my friend; pray are not people lost here sometimes?"

"Lost! No sir, I never knew any body lost here in all my life. There have been several drowned, but they were all found again."

If you don't want a woman to go astray, the sooner you provide her with a baby the better. A blue eyed boy will do more towards keeping Mrs. Gadder's morals sweet, than all the sermons that were ever preached.—*Fanny Fern.*

"George, you are looking very smiling what has happened?"

"The most delightful thing. I caught my Jenny by surprise, this morning in her wrapper, and without hoops, and I got the first kiss I've had since walebone skirts came into fashion."

Deacon L., of Maine, speaking the other day of his earlier days remarked that although he was a boy when the American Revolution commenced, yet he remembered all about it—having received his information from his father, who kept the run of public affairs, being a warm libertine.

Musselman writes speak of an ignorant Arab, who, being asked how he knew anything about the existence of a God, replied:—"Just as I know, by the tracks in the sand, whether a man or beast has passed there, so, when I survey the heaven, with its bright stars, and the earth, with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

Brudner Bones, can you tell me the difference 'tween dying and dieting?

Why, ob course I kin, Samuel. When you diet you lib on nuffin, and when you die you hab nuffin to lib on.

Well, dat's diffunt from wot I tork it was— I tork it was a race astound de doctrin' stuff and starvation, to see wich ud kill fast!

How do you know that the plaintiff was intoxicated, on the evening referred to?" said a country court judge to the witness on the stand.

"Because I saw him, a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack."

Verdict for the defendant.

A gentleman hearing a lady praising the eyes of a certain prominent clergyman, wrote the following:

I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,  
I never saw his glance divine,  
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,  
And when he preaches he shuts his mine!

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money while we French only fight for honor?" "I suppose," said the Switzer, "that each fight for what they most lack."

"Father, are there any boys in Congress?"

"No, my son—why do you ask that question?"

"Because the papers said the other day that the members kicked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the house."

An independent man is one who blacks his own boots and shoes, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water, without a mirror, says a knowing contemporary.

LEAKY ROOFS.—A correspondent says: Four pounds of rosin, one pint of linseed oil, thoroughly mixed and applied with a brush, will, hot, will effectually stop leaks by the sides of chimneys, skylights, or where an L or wing is joined to the end of a house.

A LITTLE AIR.—"You need a little sun and air," said a physician to a maiden patient.

"If I do," was the cute reply, "I'll wait till I get married." Bolus looked thoughtful, and thought it was best.

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No, ma'am; but I have a blasted toothache."

Diogenes, being asked what beast the bite was most dangerous, answered, "Of wild beast, that of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer."

A young boarding-school miss being asked why the noun bachelor was singular, replied "because it's very singular they don't get married!"

The Turks have a proverb, that the devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil.

The world is made of atoms, eternity of moments.

"Sally, what time do your folks dine?"

"Soon as you go away—that was Missus' orders?"

Why is a donkey like an Illinois corn field? Because he's some on ears.

Colman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit, "Hook and eye are old associates."