

Bedford Gazette.



BY MEYERS & BENFORD.

WHOLE NO. 2771.—VOL. 53.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 15.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1857.

Select Poetry.



THE POPULAR CREED.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man's down, give him a crust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man's up, oh, lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a woeful coxcomb whose charms are these,
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with the brandy's red,
A soul well trained in villany's school,
And cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule,
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian plan;
But poor he is, and poor will be;
A scorned and hated thing is he;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life;
They struggle against a fearful odds,
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!
No questions asked of the rich I trow;
Steal by night, and steal by day,
(Doing it all in a legal way.)
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule;
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

Miscellaneous.

HUGH MILLER, OF CROMARTY.

The recent sad death of this distinguished Scotchman, another victim to an overwrought brain, recalls to my memory the living man, as I saw him one bright summer morning, more than a year ago, in Edinburgh. He was standing in front of Scott's monument, lost in contemplation of the genius of one who fell, as the poor man was also soon to fall, a martyr to intellectual toil. No sooner was he pointed out to me as Hugh Miller than my eyes were riveted upon him, as my mind had been some months before upon that remarkable book of his, "The Vestiges of Creation." He stood there before me, a massive, rough-hewn, and broad-chested man, who looked as if really, to use his own words, "he could lift the breast high the lifting stone of the Drooping Cave of Cromarty." There he lingered in front of that beautiful monument. The hurrying crowd went by, and all the stirring toil of a busy street was around him, but he heeded not, for his own great mind was communing with the spirit of the past, recalling the toils and triumphs of that mighty master of romance who had woven a spell around every lake and mountain of his native land, and to whose memory a grateful people had erected this beautiful monument.

I could not help being struck, as I gazed upon him standing in that sacred spot, with head uncovered in reverential silence at the massiveness of his brain. It was a head requiring a hat which would most certainly distinguish nine-tenths of the men of my acquaintance. His countenance was cast in the mould of Scotch ugliness; but his hard lines and stern features were redeemed by the soft light of a gentle blue eye as I ever saw in woman. Coming from the east coast of Scotland, from that far Scandinavian population inhabiting the shores of the German Ocean, from Fife to Caithness, with the blood of several venturesome sailors and drowned men in his veins, his physical appearance had somewhat in it, I must confess, of the rudeness and roughness of his origin. No one, however, could see that broad massive brow, overhanging those mild, tender eyes, without feeling that he was gazing upon an ordinary man. I longed to speak with him, if only to exchange the salutations of the morning with one whose literary labors I so much admired, and whose faculty of clothing the abstruse things of science with a charm unknown before was so wonderful. But I did not presume to intrude upon the solemnity of his thoughts, standing there in the majesty of his manhood, before the consecrated shrine of Scotland. Soon he mingled in the throng of that busy street, and I saw him no more.

Several months ago the steamer brought the news of his death—and such a death!

Who could read with dry eyes that sad note, "to the fair-haired lassie of Cromarty" he had made his wife, and for whose sake, at the mature age of thirty, he had left the humble pursuit of a stone mason, to hew for himself, in the modern Athens, a monument more durable than rock! In that sad note, written when the mental chords were all jangling and out of tune, how the agonized soul groans forth its anguish.

"Dearest Lydia; My brain burns—I must have walked, and a fearful dream arises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me."

A short hour of comparative quiet, after writing these sad words, the horrible vision, whatever it was, returns, and in the midst of the thick darkness that encompasses him he falls in his desperation by his own hand.

Thus perished, in the height of his fame, the gifted author of "The Old Red Sandstone," and the "Foot Prints of the Creator."

Hugh Miller was another instance of the attainment of high distinction from low beginnings—as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars the nearest to heaven.

Thirty-eight years ago, the Cromarty stonemason came to Edinburgh, having found himself famous one morning as the author of a pamphlet advocating the cause of the "Non-Intrusion party of the Church of Scotland"—a literary production which, to use the words of Mr. Gladstone, manifested a mastery of pure, elegant, and masculine English, such as even a trained Oxford scholar must have envied!

But he had been before the world as an author ere this. His "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" gave the first evidence to the world of those imaginative powers, that genius for description, which afterwards, when more culture had been allowed, shone forth so conspicuously in that charming work, "First Impressions of England," or that still more charming production, "My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of My Education."

No one who possesses these works but will be struck with the power of their descriptions. How life-like—how real! One after reading them has but to close his eyes, and memory will bring back loving visions of sweet inland glens, created for nothing but the hush of the waterfall, clusters of hamlets, each under its own patch of stars; remote village churchyards, studded with homely moss-browned tombstones; rocky caves and promontories, where one hears ever "the sullen swinge" of the lonely sea!

Wherever Miller moved, there were always two things that had for him an irresistible attraction—the geology and ornamancy of the district in which he lived. As was well said by one who knew him long, "With his pocket full of fossils, he would go miles to see a battle-field of Wallace; nor in all his geological toils did he ever pass by a Covenantor's grave."

But, although capable of attaining the highest rank in the literary world, the strength of his fame rests upon his services in one of the most important departments of natural science—geology. On the beach and among the rocks of his native district he had picked up fossils and other objects of natural history, and in his various journeymenings as an operative had so extended his operations, that he had become, before he was fully aware of it, a self-taught geologist.

He had broken in upon more than one field of geology in which no one had preceded him, and made discoveries that astounded the scientific world. He had been called to Edinburgh to take charge of a prominent journal, and in its pages first made their appearance the papers which he afterwards published collectively under the title of "The Old Red Sandstone." The geologists of the Old and New World were in raptures. At a meeting of the British Association, Murchenson and Buckland spoke of these expositions of the Scottish stone mason "as having cast plain geologists like themselves completely in the shade." These expositions were followed by other contributions to his favorite science, but by none more able than his work styled "The Foot Prints of the Creator," in which he completely demolished his college-bred antagonist, the author of that dangerous book, "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." Hugh Miller and "Old Red Sandstone" are names indissolubly united in Edinburgh; and I was told while there, that even among the common people he was known by the name of "Old Red."

In his mere literary efforts one is struck by his extensive acquaintance with the English literature of the last century, in particular with its Swifts, its Addison's, its Pope's, Shenstones, and Goldsmiths. That pure, clear sparkling style of his came most certainly from the pure wells, those undefiled waters of the English classics. For at these fountains did the stone-mason of Cromarty certainly slake his thirst. The great work of his life was finished the day before his death. It is a learned treatise upon the geology of Scotland. Upon this great labor his mind was shipwrecked. The mighty toil, the patient and thorough research, the confining application, were all too much for even his great physical frame and that

"Noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
At last gave way and hurried him to the grave
of the suicide."
—Forney's Press.

ECONOMY FASHIONABLE.

The New York Mirror says it has reason to believe that simplicity and economy in living and dress will be the prevailing style in high life in the great metropolis during the coming season. It will be voted 'mauvais ton' as well as bad taste to indulge in expensive habits. Good taste in dress, equipage and social appointments, is, as of old, but the highest expression of what the French call 'convenable'—appropriate and harmonious to the occasion. It is not 'convenable' to dress richly when the whole commercial world is under a cloud, nor is it graceful for a lady to display her jewels when her husband or her brother, or even her lover is on the brink of failure, or has passed the Rubicon which separates worldly prosperity from heart-racking calamity. We say nothing of good morals, for those who live up to the luxurious spirit of the times care more for the aesthetics than the moralities of life, and will retrench their personal expenses rather as matter of social decorum than of virtuous self-denial. The ladies have done much to cause these difficulties, and by a change of mode in dress and style of living, they can do more than fathers, brothers and husbands, to extricate the country from this unfortunate condition.

The Printer's face is long and solemn,
For, he wants two lines to fill his column.

OPIUM AND LITERATURE.

There are two persons who stand forth conspicuously among the literary men of the present century, distinguished alike for their splendid intellectual endowments, their ideal creations and their love of a drug which sends the imagination, "anywhere, everywhere, out of the world"—of action. These are Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Thomas de Quincey.

The author of the "Ancient Mariner" was a metaphysical, poetical, conversational wonder. Perhaps no man ever lived who ran through the whole gamut of colloquial music with such charming effect. Like the hero of the great "Rime"—a hero who spell-bound the Wedding Guest, and to whom the genius of the author has imparted a living personality—Coleridge held his listener under the spell of his glittering eye, with a fire-torrent of his wondrous eloquence poured from his tongue.

It has been observed of Coleridge that his "intellectual and social existence were as distinct as two parallel streams running side by side, but never joining." The one flowed pure, strong and majestic, the other crept lazily along, rejecting in its muddiness, the element whose intellectual life was strangely beautiful, genius-illumined, knew not the meaning of the sanctity of his word, nor the rapture of that social circle which was Tom Campbell would have it, "plighted love-endears."

In his golden youthhood, we find him exclaiming, "My happiest moments for composition are broken to by the reflection that I must make haste. I am too late! I am already months behind. I have received my pay before hand!" and thanking God for the gifts bestowed upon him, but confessing that he would have been more thankful to Heaven had he been born a shonaker instead of a poet!

In that same olden youthhood, we find him reckless of oblations, imprudent, and deceiving Collette, the bookseller, with literary promises which failed to perform.

In that same olden youthhood, too, he played for the vast wilderness and the grandeur of American sterner because vastness and grandeur were akin to a nature. The spirit of the man rose, like the Angel of the Resurrection, white-winged, joyant and resplendent with the glories of that majestic inner life which allies genius to creative energy and power of the Maker of the Stars. While the spirit of intellectual beauty breathed into his immortal verse the breath of life until it became a living thing, the sadder, baser, earthier man presented a melancholy contrast.

Thus greatness and littleness clashed and contrasted; song and genius and parvenu meanness stood side by side. He reared a grand temple to the base, with airy pillars, frescoed dome and spandil proportions, wherein he might worship the Nine with the Majesty of a god. But the world was stronger than the Castilian sists, and so Coleridge too often kissed and paid with the beautiful Muses, and rushed into the hell of English temptation. There were tinsel lipped Aspasiads in the great world ocean that dragged him away from his idea temple, but the inherent faultiness of the man, the sad want of moral stamina and an unquenchable appetite for opium, which, while it deluged his mind with magnificent and gorgeous visions, destroyed truth, honor and justice.

Yet the use of the drug which thus laid prostrate the nobility of humanity—for he it is known to all the earth, earthy, that genius is not of human, but of God, being that loftier attribute of that speaks of the Ideal as the Real—brought forth from the soul of the splendid dreamer a dreamiest of oriental dreams, the quaint and most rhythmically musical of mad productions. We beg pardon of the great reader, who, loving Sue and Reynolds but than Coleridge and Shelley, look with wistful eyes at a quotation from a standard work. We crave pardon—but we mean Kublahan. Thus dreamed the poet while his mind unfolded itself, and the winged thoughts upon one flew out, all radiant with joy.

When did Kubla Khan
ately pleasure dome decree—
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

Shadow of the dome of pleasure
Dwelt midway on the waves;
Where he heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves,
It is a miracle of rare device—
A pleasure dome with caves of ice!
A sultan's command
The Abyssinian maid,
And her dulcimer she played—
King of Mount Abora.
Came with him
In sympathy and song,
To a deep delight 't would win me,
To a music, loud and long,
Which build that dome in air—
To sunny dunes with caves of ice!"

The song of a flute over the blue waters of Oman is only more musical than these lines, and the fragment overflows with vocal and rhythmic liquidly. The only regret is, that we are having been awakened from an opiate sleep by some dull cloud of the neighborhood of opium. The remaining lines could not be so as an unfinished. Like the wing of Kubla hanging over the walls of Paradise, we only a glimpse of the vision of beauty and a rosy grandly in the mind of Coleridge.

Talk of Coleridge reminds us of the author of the "Passions of an Opium Eater." Many years before the blue eyes of our fair poet glared brighter than this paragraph with look—Samuel Warren, of Ten

Thousand a Year celebrity, visited "Kit North," in Edinburgh, anxious to see how the literary lion appeared among the lions who were to be present. The Professor told Warren that a celebrated friend was in the portico, and he would introduce him. In a few moments a small pale angular man, with dull, leaden eyes, entered. It was Thomas de Quincey. "You will see him drink some strong wine by and by," observed Wilson; and sure enough, when the cup of the guests, sparkled to the brim with the bubbles of the grape, De Quincey poured out a wine glass of laudanum, and swallowed it with an air of indifference that would have astonished a suicide.

He had before been silent and reserved, but when the sleeping mind roused itself, and the silent tongue ran its eloquent race with extraordinary success. The speaker seemed caught away, like Elijah, into the ideal world.

And so, dear reader, we take leave of Coleridge and De Quincey—opium-eating and poetic imaginations—with the wish that, while we all should admire the genius of the men, we should also have charity for their vices.

The gloom, self-abasement and terrible dependency of the opium-eater are punishment enough.—N. O. Delta.

A GAME OF CHESS.

HOW IT ENABLED COLUMBUS TO DISCOVER AMERICA.

According to the old Spanish tradition, Columbus' discovery of America is mainly due to a hard-fought game of chess. Ferdinand of Spain passed the later hours of the day over the chess-board; his principal antagonist being an old grandee, whose skill put the monarch's powers to a severe test. Columbus had long been dancing attendance at the Court in pursuit of the aim of his life—the grant of an expedition in search of a new world—and although he had hitherto failed in his aim, yet he had nestled the sympathies and support of the good Isabella. Ferdinand was one of those matter of fact men, who object to furthering the schemes of enthusiasts, and withheld his consent to a New World expedition being formed.

Poor Columbus would long before have sought assistance elsewhere, but Isabella prevented him and redoubled her efforts with her husband. The day arrived when the great navigator was to receive his final answer; he wended his way towards the palace at night fall, more with the intention of bidding adieu to his royal patroness than from any hope of success with Ferdinand. Isabella had not, however, resigned herself and Columbus to defeat, and on the latter's arriving she immediately sought the King, who, being absorbed in a hard fought game with the aforementioned old noble, was not in a likely mood to be bothered by the application of an important sailor. The Queen's interruption had the effect of merely distracting the monarch's attention, causing him to lose his principle piece, which was followed by a volley of imprecations on suitors in general and Columbus in particular. The game grew worse and worse, and defeat seemed inevitable.

Now Isabella, without ever playing, had picked up considerable knowledge of the game by watching her nobles, and when Ferdinand told her that her protegee should be successful or otherwise, according as the game resulted, she immediately bent all her energies upon the board. The contest had been unusually long, and the courtiers clustered around the table, anxious at the excitement of the King and the quiet satisfaction of his antagonist. And so the game went on, which was to decide the discovery of a new continent, until Isabella leaned to her husband's ear and whispered "you can checkmate him in four moves." In the utmost astonishment the King re-examined his game, and announced a few moments subsequently that Columbus should depart on his voyage of discovery, with the title of "Admiral of the fleet."

CUTTING GLASS BY DIAMONDS.—It has been ascertained that the parts of the glass to which the diamond is applied are forced asunder, as by a wedge, to a most minute distance, without being removed, so that a superficial continuous track is made from one end of the intended cut to the other. After this, any small force applied to one extremity is sufficient to extend this crack through all the whole substance and across the glass; for, since the strain at each instant in the progress of the crack is confined merely to a mathematical point at the bottom of the fissure, the effort necessary for carrying it through is proportionally small. Dr. Wollaston found, by trial, that the cut caused by the mere passage of the diamond need not penetrate so much as the two hundredth part of an inch. He found also that other mineral bodies, recently ground into the same form, are capable of cutting glass, but they cannot long retain that power from want of the requisite hardness.

THE DROMEDARY EXPERIMENT.—The Galveston (Texas) News states that the camels and dromedaries, imported by the Government some years ago, into that State, for the purpose of trying the experiment how they would answer the purpose on our great American deserts or in the extreme west of the State, have proven eminently successful, and come up to the full expectations of all. At last accounts they were on their journey heavily laden, to the extreme frontier of New Mexico. All are now satisfied that the importation of camels was no chimerical flight, as was anticipated, but a wise, judicious and economical scheme, reflecting credit on the originators of the plan. There are now employed nineteen dromedaries and thirty-two camels on the frontier. The climate agrees with them admirably, and but few accidents, by disease or otherwise occurred.

A Utica editor has made an assignment of all his affections for the benefit of all his creditors.

IMPERISHABILITY OF GREAT EXAMPLES.

The following eloquent passage occurs in Everett's great oration:

"To be cold and breathless—to feel and speak not—is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirit into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, who tread the sods on you sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not see him, all pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of Heaven upon his cheek and the grey of liberty in his eye? Tell me, who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, in Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the Charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed, but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, 'make it life to live,' these cannot expire."

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away,
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

A STEAMBOAT NEWSPAPER.—Among other innovations which the mammoth steamer Great Eastern is about to inaugurate will be the publication of a daily paper on board for the benefit of the traveling public—the regular "public" of travelers—who she may be bearing across the ocean. But this startling feature is anticipated on the western waters of the New World, for the New Orleans and St. Louis packed steamer James E. Woodruff now sails equipped with the force and material for the publication of a regular daily paper on board during her trips up and down the river, with a job office attached for the printing of bills of fare and other work.

"SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING."—Some years ago Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text: "In my father's house are many mansions." He had scarcely read the words, when an old coon stood up and said:

"I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in Old Kentucky, in an old log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house."

At another time the same Universalist preacher was holding forth in a meeting house in Haute. He had gone about half through his discourse, when a man came in, quite the worse for liquor, and reeled up in front of the pulpit, where he seated himself and listened. The preacher was earnest in proving there is no hell, and urged the Universalist doctrine with great eloquence till the poor drunkard cried out to him:

"That's it Kidwell, my old friend! Make them words true, or if you don't I'm a gone!" That brought the sermon to a close. It was an application quite unexpected, but all the more forcible on that account.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.—I learnt grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack, bookcase and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil: in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation. I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and bawling of at least half a score of the most reckless men—and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task—is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for its non-performance?—Cobbett.

ONE OF THE REASONS.—During the May anniversaries in New York, the following dialogue was overheard between two of the newsboys—
"I say, Jimmy, what is the meaning of so many preachers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, "They always meet here once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

MEDICAL.—"Dr. Kalamum, d'ye think my darter will get well?" "Well, if he don't git no wuss, and does git sum better, she may possible git over it. You see she's afflicted with a consteation of the diagnosis of the metacarpal flummix, which extends from the nebocis to the interior lobe of the anterior revulotion of the occiput. Nothin' kin help her but calomel and persimmons taken jointly both together—a spoonful, more or less, according to the symptoms, every other day, off and on. Them will eventually put her out of pain into a sweat, and restore a healthy action of the minor pedals, and restore the encyclopedia of the neuralgic diaphragm, immediately under the left side of the right eye." "Lor a mercy! such larnin'! who'd a thunk it?"

The Hon. Gerritt Smith is now lying very ill with neuralgia and typhus fever, at the house of his nephew, John Cochrane, M. C., No. 33 East Twelfth street, in New York.

The Milwaukee Sentinel estimates the wheat crop of Wisconsin at 18,000,000 of bushels for 1857, an increase of near 6,000,000.

In the commission of evil, far no man so much as thine own self. Another is but one witness against thee: thou art a thousand.—Another thou mayest avoid, but thyself thou canst not; wickedness is its own punishment.

Humorous.

DIPPING INTO THE GRAVY.—We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls who came on board the steamer— at the little town of Mount Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamer. "The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned without regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclined to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the elder one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and with her fork reached over a plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during the operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table— "Sal, dip into the gravy—dad pays as much as any on 'em!" This was followed by a general row, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

An old farmer out west, who was in the night habit of counting his live stock to see if any had gone astray, said to his son one evening previous to retiring:

John, have you counted the hogs?
Yes.
And the turkeys?
Yes.
And the cows?
Yes.
And the sheep?
Yes.
Well, John, now go and wake up the old hen and count her, and then we'll go to bed.

A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time into a bowling-alley and kept firing away at the pins, to the imminent perils of the boy, who, so far from having anything to do in "setting-up" the pins, was actively engaged in endeavoring to avoid the balls as the player, rattled them on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length, a fellow seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "Stand in among the pins, bub, if you don't want to get hit!"

THE PISTOL.—An Irishman driven to desperation, by the stringency of the money market, and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took the road.

Meeting a traveller he stopped him, with "your money or your life!"
Seeing that Pat was green, he said:
"I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol."
"Agreed."
Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveller, hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out."
"Blizzard away me hearty," said Pat, "divil the drop of powder there's in it, sure."

Hard times produce one good thing; they check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only had company once since last summer. The consequence is that the neighbors' characters stand higher than they have done for last five years.

Punch says that Adam had one great advantage over all other married couples—an advantage which has been lost to us with Paradise—he had no mother-in-law.

Two old friends met, not long since after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," says one "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl."
"I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

Somebody, describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says: "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

"What are the chief ends of man?"
asked a school teacher of his pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply. The teacher fainted.

A young lady rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatever ye would that man should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

"Sammy, why don't you talk to your massa, tell him to lay up his treasure in heaven?"

"What's the use of laying up his treasure dar, where he never see um again?"

Speaking of lions—that was an idea of the hard-shell preacher, who was discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions. Said he:

"There he sat all night, looking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent!"

A certain cockney bluebeard, overcome by sensibility, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.

"Let him alone," said a waggish by-stander; "he'll soon re-wive."

YANKEE POETRY.—A down east poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shade to old Hartford and freedom to man!"