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## Select Poetry.



### SECRET SORROWS.

Unseen tears are like a river  
Springing from the mountain high,  
Gliding noiseless—flowing ever—  
Hidden from the gazing eye:  
None may mark the tear-drop starting  
From affliction's bitter smart;  
None may heed the hope departing,  
From the broken bleeding heart.

When alone, in silent sadness,  
Comes the heart-felt, gushing tear,  
Quenching every ray of gladness—  
Quickening every anxious fear:  
Then, indeed, we feel the sorrow  
Bursting from a soul of woe—  
Shadow of the gloomy morrow,  
Growing darker as we go.

Heartfelt anguish is retiring  
From the world's unheeded eye:  
Solitude to grief is inspiring,  
Freeing ever struggling sigh,  
Thus the spirit bears the wailing  
Sorrow brings in every tone,  
While our ceaseless cares are bringing  
Countless tears, because alone.

'Tis within the soul's recesses,  
Deep and hidden from the view,  
Where the heart-pang sorely presses,  
Piercing every vital through:  
When the raging flame of sorrow  
Boils the cauldron of the heart,  
Scalding tears will reach the furrow,  
And the eyelids feel the smart.

Could we see the inner weeping  
Of the dark despairing soul,  
Think you, we'd neglect the weeping  
Or unheed our brother's call?  
But, alas! the world is telling  
Startling truths of human woe,  
While ten thousand hearts are dwelling  
On the griefs but One can know.

## ROMANTIC BREACH OF PROMISE.

In fifteen hundred and thirty-eight, when France happened to be at peace, and nothing was talked of at Court, say the memoir-writers, but festivals, tournaments, carnivals, masquerades, and so forth, one incident occurred to supply the town folks with talk. This was no other than the action for breach of promise of marriage, brought by the Marquis Jehan Loys, of Saluces, against Madame Philippe de Montespèdon, widow of Marshal Monte-Jan, who had been governing Piedmont. Some of the details of this case are singular enough to deserve a narrative on their own account: others are amusing chiefly because of their odd similarity with sentimental passages in the lives of our own country folks, from time to time revealed to us in courts of law.

Marshal Monte-Jan died in Piedmont, leaving no children. His wife was instantly besieged with offers of marriage by various great lords of that state, a circumstance at which we are requested by the chroniclers "not to marvel," for Madame Philippe was a very respectable and virtuous lady, adorned with great beauty and in the flower of her youth; she possessed, moreover, sixty thousand livres of revenue in her own right, besides considerable expectations. First among the suitors who followed so closely on the funeral, was the above mentioned Marquis of Saluces, who seems to have been a foolish fellow, and who certainly was most scandalously treated. The narrator was on the lady's side, but he naively states very damaging facts. Madame Philippe feigned to accept the Marquis's services because it would be convenient to make use of his escort on the way back to France, whither he was going by express order of the king.

Despite of her riches, the fair widow seems to have been accidentally without ready cash. She allowed her suitor to pay her expenses all the way from Turin to Paris; and these expenses were by no means light. All the household of her late husband, besides her own, accompanied her. The Marquis thought he had the game in his own hands, and assumed the tone of a master by anticipation—intimated that the gentlemen, servants, and officers of the deceased should be dismissed and half those of the lady herself, especially the women—for she had, besides dames and demoiselles, femmes de la chambre, and others for different kinds of work, as many as fifteen or sixteen. But Madame Philippe was so prudent that she never, it is alleged, allowed a word to escape that would bind her; and yet so clever that she obtained all the assistance she wanted. The Marquis, as soon as he got upon French ground, had ordered (Italian that he was) all his people to be on the watch to prevent any communication being brought from a rival; for, he did not doubt that such a rare pearl would be eagerly sought after. Yet, in spite of all precautions, as soon as the party arrived at Lyons, a courier came from M. de Villeneuve, a relative of the lady, and delivered his letter so secretly that no one ever suspected their existence. These letters contained the information that the court had heard of the proposed marriage with the Marquis of Saluces, and believed the couple were coming to Paris for the wedding. The news had much pleased the king, because he had always heard that love bound a man to a country more than anything, and though the Marquis, having become a Frenchman by this alliance, would be more faithful ever afterwards. This was sentimentality not to be expected from Francis the First. However, said

the correspondent, "I think you are going to marry more for the good of your country than your own good—if what I hear be true: but I cannot believe it; for it is not likely that you would, after having been so happy in your first marriage, enter on another so hurriedly without even warning your friends."

Madame de Monte Jan in reply, wrote a very characteristic letter. Among other things, she said: "I would rather die than do anything of which I might have reason to repent: yet I will confess that the extreme necessity in which the death of the late marshal left me, almost made me trip in words. But Heaven has so helped me, that here I am arrived in France without being affianced, promised or contracted to any living man. I am very much surprised the king should think I am going to bring him servants at the expense of my good fortune, and against my tastes. I will never be an Italian; and, if I were, the last man I should choose to make me so would be the Marquis Jehan Loys—for reasons which I will give you when we meet, but, especially, because he is not, and never will be, a true Frenchman."

But in spite of this declaration, the beautiful Madame Philippe remained at Lyons, under the charge of this Marquis, who spent twelve days in making preparations, intending to arrive at court in magnificent style. When the party at length set out, their baggage was so enormous, and their train so numerous, that six great boats were filled. They did all their cooking on board. With them they took a band of fiddlers, engaged by that Marquis to amuse them on the river, and alleviate the ennui of the lady for the loss of her husband. They embarked on the Loire at Romagne, and sent by land the horses and mules, which arrived as soon as they did at Briare.

M. de Villeneuve had news of their movements nearly every day, by the couriers who constantly passed on their way from Piedmont to their court; he went out from Paris as far as Corbeil, with about eighty horses, on the evening when the travellers arrived at Ermenonville. He sent a messenger directly to Madame Philippe, informing her of his movements, and got back an answer not to show himself until the next day, at the dinner that was to take place at Joinville. The lady appears to have been afraid that if the slightest suspicion of her intention had come to the Marquis, he would have seized her and married her by force.

Villeneuve politely kept out of the way until dinner was over, and then rode up with his troop. There were great reveries and salutations; and all those men began to talk as well about the good cheer they had enjoyed by the road, as about the adventures that necessarily happen so long a journey.

At a fitting opportunity, however, the lady slipped away; and secretly calling the Sieur Plessis au chat, a Breton gentleman in her service, ordered him as soon as they reached the Porte Saint-Marc, to disengage her train from that of her suite, and move along the moat, in the direction of the Porte Saint-Garnier, where they were to stop whilst she bade adieu to the Marquis.

Soon afterwards every one mounted, ladies and all; and this gorgeous, brilliant train arrived in good time at Paris. At the gate, Plessis au chat carried out his instructions, and dexterously separated the lady's people from the others. The Marquis surprised, called out that they mistook the way. But now, Madame Philippe pulling up, said: "Sir, they are going where they ought: for your lodging is in the Hotel des Ursins, in the Cloister of Notre Dame, and mine is in the Hotel Saint Denys, near the Augustines. My honor commands me not to lodge in your house, but to separate myself from you, which is why I now bid you adieu; but not sir, without thanking you very humbly for your good company by the road. As to my part of the expense, I have it all down in writing. Your Maître d'Hotel and Plessis au Chat will settle matters so well together, that before a week is over we shall be quits: I mean as far as regards money; for my obligations to you will be eternal. Now, I beg you to consider that this is only a bodily separation: I leave you my heart, which you will be pleased to keep." So saying, she kissed him, and said, "Adieu, sir; we shall meet to-morrow at the king's lodgings."

The Marquis was so astonished at this sudden change that for a long time he could not utter a single word. His sobs and sighs, however, showed his anguish and his sadness. At last his presence of mind returned and looking at the lady in anything but a loving manner, he said: "Madame your adieu gave my heart a pang; but your last words, and the kiss with which you have honored me, have somewhat revived me, though this sudden change and prompt resolution seem strange. To-morrow as you say, we shall meet; but bear in mind the promise you have given me."

Then the two companions parted; and Madame Philippe joyfully took her way in liberty to the Hotel Saint Denys. The same evening Villeneuve brought to her and introduced as a suitor the Prince de la Rochesurion, who was of Royal blood, being brother to the Duke of Montpensier. "If you will believe me, make this gentleman as soon as possible, master of your person and your wealth, for all delay will be perilous," said he. The Prince and Madame Philippe were pleased with one another, and exchanged promises.

Meanwhile the Marshal Dannebund, who had succeeded Marshal Monte-Jan in his Governorship, had formed the project of succeeding also to his widow and property. He therefore had written to the Dauphine to plead his cause, and to represent that, by putting their revenues together, they might make up a hundred thousand livres a year, a very rare thing in France for any one but a Prince. The Dauphine came with the proposal, and strongly spoke in favor of Dannebund. "I know," said she, "that the Marquis of Saluces is three times as rich, but his position is more uncertain. Besides he is very disagreeable in person, with a

big belly, fat, dirty, swarthy, and awkward.—Whereas my candidate, as you know, is a very presentable fellow."

To this Madame Philippe replied by confirming her engagements with the prince, and the Dauphine accordingly withdrew her proposal, and recommended her to marry as fast as possible, because the king had laid great stress on the alliance, and might exercise his absolute authority.

The Marquis never passed a day without calling to see his mistress; instead of finding her alone he always met the Prince de la Rochesurion, who thus became a very thorn in his side. By no means whatever could he obtain a tête-à-tête interview. So at last, unable to put up with his annoying position any longer, he suddenly began a legal action, and arraigned the lady before the Parliament of Paris. This he did by the express command of the king, who had the marriage very much at heart, though he did not like to use his own authority against the interests of a prince of his own blood.

Madame Philippe was much disturbed by the prospect of being forced to ally herself with her obstinate suitor; and we may be sure there were anxious consultations at the Hotel Saint Denys. When the day of trial came she appeared accompanied by M. de Villeneuve, and many other lords and gentlemen, ladies and maidens. Every one expected a long and scandalous discussion. The First President began the proceedings by telling Madame Philippe to raise her hand and swear to tell the truth: one then asked her if she had not promised marriage to Monsieur le Marquis Jehan Loys de Saluces, then present. The lady forgetting her hints and innuendoes, replied on her faith, No. The President was about to examine her closely, and the greffier had taken up his pen, when the far defendant stepped forward, and in a firm voice uttered the following speech:

"Monsieur, this is the first time I have ever before a court of justice and therefore, I am afraid that timidity may make me contradict myself in any answers. But, to cut short all the subtleties in which you are proficient, I now say and declare, before you gentlemen and all present, that I swear to God and the King—to God on the eternal damnation of my soul—to the King on the confiscation of my honor and my life—that I never gave my promise of marriage to Monsieur le Marquis Jehan Loys de Saluces and what is more, never thought of doing so in my life. And if any one says the contrary, here, (taking M. de Villeneuve by the hand,) here is my knight, who is ready saving the honor of this court, to prove that he villainously lies!"

This wittic demonstration, so much in harmony with the character of the period, and the chivalry which Francis the First was trying to revive, met with complete success.

"Here's business!" exclaimed the President familiarly. "Greffier, you can pack up your papers. There is no writing to do. Madame la Marchese has taken another road, and a much shorter one." Then addressing the Marquis he said:

"Well, what observation do you make on this incident?"

The Marquis had glanced at his own portly person, and compared it with the martial aspect of the lady's knight.

"I don't want a wife by force," said he, "if I won't have me, why I won't have her; and there's an end."

With these words he made a low bow and left the court. The M. de Villeneuve asked if the lady were not free to marry whom she liked and being answered in the affirmative invited the whole company to come and be present at the betrothal between Madame Philippe and the Prince de la Rochesurion, which would take place immediately. But the wily lawyer did not accept, saying they must deliberate and send a deputy to acquaint the king with what had taken place. One of them also whispered to the knight, "You had a six months trial before you if you had not been so clever. The Marquis had an interrogatory of forty articles prepared as to expressions that had been publicly used by the lady to him and his people; as to the kisses she had given him by the way, especially the kisses at Porte Saint Julien (a circumstance that would have gone much against her), that she would give him a chain of five hundred ecus for the wedding."

"Well, well," said Villeneuve smiling, "all we need say now is, that a French woman has outwitted a hundred Italians."

The betrothal between Madame Philippe and the prince immediately took place; and in two or three days they were married at the Augustines without much ceremony, the bride being a widow. They lived happily together for twenty-five years, and had a son and a daughter; but the princess survived both her husband and her children, and died in 1578, forty years after her curious journey from Turin to Paris.

## LAPLAND MARRIAGES.

Every Laplander has his dozen or two dozen deer, and the flock of a Lapp Cressus amount to two thousand head. As soon as a young lady is born—after having been duly rolled in the snow—she is dowered by her father with a certain number of deer, which are immediately branded with her initials, and thenceforth kept apart as her especial property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance improve of making a good match. Lapp courtship is conducted pretty much in the same fashion as in other parts of the world. The aspirant, as soon as he discovers that he has lost his heart's off in search of a friend and a bottle of brandy. The friend enters the tent, and opens simultaneously the brandy and his business; while the lover remains outside, engaged in hewing wood, or some other menial employment. He, after the brandy and the proposal have been duly discussed, the eloquence of his friend prevails, he is himself called into the enclosure, and the young people are allowed to rub noses. The bride then accepts from her suitor

a present of a reindeer's tongue, and espousals are considered concluded. The marriage does not take place for two or three years afterwards, and during the interval the intended is obliged to labor in the service of his father-in-law.

From the German.

## THE LEFT EYE.

A rich old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market-place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring them on his return. The two eldest asked him for trinkets, but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish though it was the price of his life.

"If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you to do as follows: sell your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the Chan's left eye." The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else than the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ear of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they found him and carried him as a madman, before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, whose motives he was perfectly ignorant of; and the Chan suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked—  
"Why dost thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me."

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it."

"Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and the noble generally stand on the right hand, while the poor and humble stand on the left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favorest the noble and the rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy left eye; it being no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceedings were the effect of malice or wisdom.

Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the top. Kookju threw it into the water and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, while the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton and seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, while the other crept away, she judged the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan: his vanity was hurt; and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He, therefore, ordered her before him, and asked:

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fence, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over; and Kookju said, "to cross it would be nearest, going round the farthest."

The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies; and having reflected for some time he again inquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming known?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites for a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a piken, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scales of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a shecamel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means of attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to

absolve her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him and said, "Confess, O Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat!" The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remark that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his left eye.

## An American Traveller in England in 1763.

We must fancy our American traveller to be a handsome fellow, whose suit of sables only made him look the more interesting. The plump landlady from her bar, surrounded by her china and punch-bowls, and stout gilded bottles of strong waters, and glittering rows of silver flagons, looked kindly after the young gentleman as he passed through the inn-hall from his post-chaise, and the obsequious chamberlain bowed him up stairs to the Rose or the Dolphin. The trim chambermaid dropped her best courtesy for his fee, and Gumbo, in the kitchen, where the townsfolk drank their mug of ale by the great fire, bragged of his young master's splendid house in Virginia, and of the immense wealth to which he was heir. The post-chaise whirled the traveller through the most delightful home scenery his eyes had ever lighted on.

If English landscape is pleasant to the American of the present day, who must needs contrast the rich woods and glowing pastures, and picturesque ancient villages of the old country with the rough aspect of his own, how much pleasanter must Harry Warrington's course have been, whose journeys had lain through swamps and forest solitudes from one Virginian ordinary to another log-house at the end of the day's route, and who now lighted suddenly upon the busy, happy, splendid scene of English summer!

And the high-road a hundred years ago, was not that grass-worn desert of the present time. It was alive with constant travel and traffic: the country towns and inns swarmed with life and gaiety. The pond-rout wagon, with its bells and plodding team; the light post-coach that achieved the journey from the White Hart, Salisbury, to the Swan with Two Necks, London, in two days; the strings of pack-horses that had not yet left the road; pack-draws galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion—all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the young traveller on his summer journey.

Hodge, the farmer's boy, took off his hat, and Polly, the milkmaid, bobbed a courtesy, as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village-green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church spires glistened with gold, the cottage-gables glared in sunshine, the great elms murmured in summer, or cast purple shadows over the grass. Young Warrington never had such a glorious day or witnessed a scene so delightful.

To be nineteen years of age, with high health, high spirits, and a full purse; to be making your first journey, and rolling through the country in a postchaise at nine miles an hour—O happy youth! almost it makes one young to think of him! But Harry was too eager to give more than a passing glance at the Abbey at Bath, or gaze with more than a moment's wonder at the mighty minister at Salisbury. Until he beheld Home it seemed to him he had no eyes for any other place.—*The Virginians: A Tale of the Last Century.* By W. M. Thackeray.

## THE ELEPHANT AND THE NABOB.

The favorite elephant of the grand vizier under Rajah Dowlah was the hero of a noble feat. This great nabob was about to make the diversion of a mighty hunt in the neighborhood of Lucknow, where the game is rather plentiful. The preparations being completed, and a train of Indian nobility assembled, the procession of Nimrods began to move off for the field. After passing through a ravine, the gorgeous sportsman entered the meadow, which was covered with sick people, who were lying exposed to get the benefit of the pure air, and they were so distributed as to obstruct the course of the beasts of burden. Rajah Dowlah was intent upon feeding his cruel eyes with the sight that the mangling of the bodies of the miserable creatures would produce, by compelling the huge elephants to trample them under foot.

The grand vizier rode upon his own beast, and the nabob ordered the driver to goad him on, and he went at a quick pace, but when he arrived at the spot of the indisposed people, tho' in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The vizier cursed him the driver goaded him; and the nabob cried, "Stick him to the ear!" All, however, was in vain. More humane than his superior, the elephant stood firm, and refused to violate his better feeling. At length, seeing the poor creatures helpless, and unable to move themselves out of the way he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second, and third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage, along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any one of them. The brute and the man made an exchange of their proper sentiments, and humanity triumphed in the brute.

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door, and calls it a tavern or grocery, and make the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

## Humorous.

### A RICH PUFF.

A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend of his, living out West, for a "good strong recommendation" of his (the manufacturer's) "Balsam." In a few days he received the following which we call pretty "strong."

"DEAR SIR:—The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get his living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edge-ways—but hearing of your 'Balsam,' I put some on a corner of the ten acre lot surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rock had entirely disappeared; a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into even wood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard.

I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp, and in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle.

As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my oldest daughter, drew my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

"An old negro crossing the river from a dancing frolic, lost his cane, and came near swamping. In terror, he fell down on his knees, and exclaimed, 'O massa Lord, if eber gwine to help old Ira, now's de time!'"

"A student of medicine in Michigan having courted a girl a year and got the mitten hastened and sued her father for the visits he paid her."

"WHAT IS A DANDY?—A thing in pantaloons, with a body and two arms—a head without brains, and a cigar stuck in a hole before—light boots—a cane—a scented white handkerchief—standing collar—two brooches and a showy ring on his little finger."

"At a trial of three-year-old colts, at the Onondaga County fair, Job Crocker was trotting his tall, gaunt colt at full speed, and in such an eager manner—with his head stretched forward and his mouth wide open—as to attract the crowd, when Donaldson sung out, 'Shut your mouth, Job, or the draught will stop your horse.'"

"A fellow was invited to a party, one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. 'On the following morning,' he met one of the guests, who said, 'Well how did you enjoy yourself last night? were the quartettes excellent?'—'Well, really, I can't say,' said he, 'for I didn't take them; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate!'"

"WHAT IS MAN?—A young lady answers: 'A thing to waltz with, a thing to flirt with, to take one to places of amusement, to laugh at, to be married to, to pay one's bills, to keep one comfortable.' Not far from the truth."

"A talkative member of Parliament was reproaching one of his colleagues for not having 'opened his mouth' the whole session. 'You are mistaken,' he replied, 'for I yawned through all your speeches.'"

"There is a lady down east so high-minded that she disdain to own that she has common sense. There are a great many of the same sort to be found in other localities."

"The Philadelphia Gazette, speaking of a new prima donna, says:—'Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons.'"

"Brother Jonathan thus describes a steamboat: 'It's got a saw-mill on one side and grist-mill on t'other, and a blacksmith shop in the middle.'"

"Ralph Waldo Emerson speaks, in his 'Representative Men,' as follows, of Napoleon: 'He was a thief. He was rude in the extreme. He pinched ladies' cheeks. He listened to hear others secrets. He peeped through key-holes.'"

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I was sweeping the dirt, and leaving the room."

"Why is a lady putting on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief?" Because in so-lacing herself she's getting tight."

"The age is becoming more refined. 'Root hog or die,' is now rendered as follows: 'Penetrate the subsoil my porcine friend, or early expect an obituary notice on your untimely demise.'"

"The latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover, the other evening, rapped him on the face, and bade good-night to the door."

"A jilted chemist finds love to be composed of fifteen parts of gold, three of fame, and two of affection."

"The man who was 'filled with emotion' hadn't room for his dinner."

"An English barber advertises to shave anything—even 'the face of nature.'"

"A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was 'one of these. Such a jewel of a Christian; you can't find his equal, you well know.' To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart: 'Will bet I will!'"