Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & BENFORD. | Freedom of Thought and Opinion. | TERMS, $2 PER YEAR.

WHOLE NO. 2776.——VOL. 53. | BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1857. | NEW SERIES——VOL. 1, NO. 21.

Select Poetry.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Bright fell thy smiling ray,
Rosy Aurora!
Where Alvarado lay,
Dreaming of Mora!

To the tent stole a youth
Lovely as morning,
Was his mien in sooth
Full of proud scorning.

Bright, wavy locks fell o'er
Eyes wildly beaming,
Deep the plumed cap he wore
Shadowed their gleaming.

To his pale cheek there came
Hues like the sunset,
For his light, fragile frame
Thrilled for the onset.

Fiercely his sword he drew,
Bold was his bearing,
While on the knight he threw
Words of wild daring.

Crying—"Thou craven false!"
Dark the knight lowered—
"He who in battle halts
Proves him a coward."

Long had he calmly heard—
Brave Alvarado—
Heeding each daring word
Boyish bravado.

But that bitter name
Left the quivering,
Flashed the keen sword—a flame
Through the air whirling.

Proud as his princely foe,
Dauntless in danger,
Springing to meet the blow
Sprang the bright stranger.

Home struck the steel—and lo!
At his feet lying,
Pale as the waning star—
Who is it dying!

Back fall the cap and plume,
Back the bright tresses—
No more her rosy bloom
Meets his caresses.

Lightly her lovely hair
Floats o'er his shoulder,
To his heart's mad despair
Soft his arms fold her.

"Woe worth the day," he cried,
Sweetest Lenora!
Would I left thee, my bride!
For the false Mora!

Then in her wistful eyes,
Blue as yon heaven,
He saw her soul arise,
Sighing "Forgiven!"

But her pale, parted lips
Silently quiver,
And in Death's dark eclipse
Falls she forever!

Sad fell thy sunny ray,
Rosy Aurora,
Where Alvarado lay
By his Lenora.

HAMLET'S HISTORY.

TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET.

Many persons are aware that the story of Hamlet is taken from the Danish historian Saxo-Grammaticus. At the same time, few persons have read so much as a line of Saxo-Grammaticus, for he wrote in Latin, and his book is a folio. By writing in Latin, a man secures immortality at the expense of popularity. What he gains in duration he loses in extension. Nor are folios opened at the present day with avidity. People like to read in an easy position, possibly with legs horizontally placed, and to hold a light volume in their hands. A folio, resting against a reading desk, defies every attempt at luxurious indolence.

Under these circumstances, it is probable that many persons know exceedingly little of the legendary character of Hamlet, and that when they hear him hint to his friends that he is going to put an antic disposition" on, they think it only that the grave pleasantries of the tragedy are the sole consequence of his voluntary eccentricity. Hence, at the risk of offending annotaries by the narration of a (to them) well-worn tale, we show to the general reader what sort of a funny person Hamlet really was—that is, Saxo-Grammaticus be a faithful historian.

Once upon a time—and a very long time ago it was, for Ruric was the son of Hoder, who was the son of Balder, son of the god Odin—once upon a time, when Ruric reigned over Denmark, the district of Jutland was governed by two brothers, surnamed Horwendil, slew the King of Norway in single combat, and presented to large a portion of Norwegian booty to Ruric, that the grateful monarch bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter Gerutha. Of this strange marriage Hamlet was the result.

Fengo, the other viceroy, instead of rejoicing at his brother's good fortune, murdered him out of sheer envy, and married Gerutha himself.—On account for this singular proceeding, he explained to King Ruric, that the deceased was in the habit of maltreating his wife to such a degree that his murder was absolutely necessary, but he gave up the throne to relieve a most charming and inoffensive sister from an exceedingly disagreeable position. Ruric, who tenderly loved his sister, accepted this explanation perfectly satisfactorily, and confirmed the second marriage. Hamlet, however, the matter blew over; but the boy Hamlet, thinking that he might be murdered in his turn, began to feign idiocy, that he might thus appear too insignificant for his uncle's suspicions. He jabbered a great deal of nonsense; he contrived that his figure should approach as nearly as possible to that of a scarecrow, and he smutted over his face, so that his features were scarcely discernible. However, when he made certain wooden books, and having baked them in the fire, concealed them carefully, saying that they were arrows for his father's murderer, the more shrewd persons of the court, notwithstanding the laughter of the fools, deemed there was some "method in his madness," and communicated their doubts to the viceroy.

Fengo, therefore, determined to watch his nephew closely; and, on one occasion when Hamlet took a ride into the woods with some youth of his own age, it was expected that his true character would be revealed. But his foster-brother warned him that he was surrounded by spies and accordingly, to sustain his character for imbecility, he mounted his horse with his head toward the tail—which he used as a bridle—thereby causing much laughter and diversion.

Had Hamlet lived at the end of the seventeenth century, instead of flourishing at the commencement of the year nothing, we should have concluded that he framed his sham character on the model of Charles the Second, as described by that famous epigram, which says that the Merry Monarch

"never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

Since, while by the excessive stupidity of his acts, he maintained his reputation for insanity, he constantly shook the very belief he wished to establish by sayings of remarkable shrewdness. Thus, on the occasion of the notable ride into the wood, a wolf happened to cross his path;

"What's that?" said Hamlet.

"A young foal," replied one of the attendants; winking, no doubt, at the rest.

"Aha," quoth Hamlet, "there are many such foals at Fengo's court."

Ere the sting occasioned by this sarcasm had quite ceased to tingle, the party arrived at the sea shore, where the rudder of a wrecked ship was the first object that met their gaze. The graceless youths, intending once more to "poke their fun" at the demented prince, exclaimed: "Look, what a big knife we have found!"

But Hamlet reflected for a while, and then said gravely: "Of a truth the ham must be large, that such a knife was intended to cut," thereby referring to the sea, and possibly the saltness thereof. But, not quieted by this sharp retort, his facetious comrades proceeded to explain to him hat the sand on the shore was flour, and that the pebbles were groats. But Hamlet said: "Such flour as that has been ground by the storm and the white foaming billows."

These jokes may not appear very brilliant now, but they made a great sensation in the year nothing, and the court of King Ruric was often convulsed with laughter on hearing of "Hamlet's last." Indeed, there is no doubt that Hamlet and Yorick were historically one and the same person.

However, delightful as the mad prince's jokes were considered by other persons, they were not liked by his uncle, Fengo, who always suspected that some mischief was brooding, and was determined to worm out his nephew's real character. He, therefore, by the counsel of a friend feigned to leave the country on some urgent matter, that during his supposed absence, Hamlet might have an interview with his mother, at which the same friend engaged to be present, unseen. The interview took place, and Fengo's friend, according to promise, hid himself under a heap of straw, that constituted an important part of the furniture of the royal apartment.—With his usual shrewdness, Hamlet guessed there was something wrong in the room, and to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct, danced upon the straw, clapping his hands and crowing like a cock, to the great astonishment of his mother and the infinite annoyance of the listening friends, who had to endure all the weight of the prince's eccentricities. Naturally enough something began to move beneath the straw, and that something—which the reader may, if he pleases, call Polonius—was immediately transfixed by the sword of Hamlet. Queen Gerutha, shocked at this new manifestation of madness, began to weep aloud, but Hamlet, dropping the mask, read her a severe lecture on the impropriety of her position. His words seemed to have an effect, as, indeed, well they might, for they were marked by a ruffianly coarseness which could not be exceeded, and of which Shakespeare does not convey the slightest idea. In the fullest sense of the expression, Hamlet gave his mother a "bit of his mind," and a very unsavory it was.

Fengo, on his return, missed his friend, for Hamlet had not only killed that most unfortunate of courtiers, but had boiled down his limbs and thrown them into the sewer to be devoured by the pigs. This deed the prince openly avowed, but those who heard him merely thought that he was uttering one of his mad pleasantries, and laughed as usual. Indeed, at the court of Jutland everybody seems to have been an arrant blockhead, with the single exception of Fengo himself. That worthy viceroy would have killed his nephew without further ado, had he not feared to offend King Ruric, who as we have seen, was the lad's maternal grandfather. To get rid of Hamlet, stratagem was necessary, and accordingly the good youth was sent on an embassy to Britain—a proceeding which, as he was a reputed maniac, must have been deemed highly complimentary to the British court. Two Danish gentlemen—whom the reader may, if he pleases, call Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—were, moreover, appointed to accompany him, and secretly carried with them (by turns, we presume) a bit of wood with certain letters carved upon it, requesting the King of Britain to put Hamlet to death. It may be observed that, in the days of King Ruric, bits of carved wood were the approved means for carrying on an epistolary correspondence. With all the cleverness that seems to have been inherent in the Jutland Court, the two confidential gentlemen went to sleep one night in Hamlet's presence with the precious document in one of their pockets. Of course the pockets were rummaged by the artful prince, and of course he found the wooden dispatch, which he had no sooner read than he shaved off the inscription and carved another, in which he not only named the two sleepers as the persons to be killed, but also formed a request from Fengo, that the King of Britain would be kind enough to give his daughter to Hamlet for a wife.

The policy pursued by Hamlet during his sojourn in Britain was the very reverse of that which he had adopted while he was at home in Jutland. Among the Danes he wished to pass or a fool or a madman; by the Britons he wished to be thought a model of wisdom. He first excited the general wonder by refusing to taste a single morsel, or to drink a single drop at the very munificent banquet which the king of Britain had provided for his reception. Indeed, so much was the hospitable monarch surprised by in abstinence so unusual in the good old times, that when Hamlet and his attendants retired to their sleeping apartments he ordered one of his servants to listen at the door, and pick up as much as he could of the conversation. Hamlet's attendants, who shared the general curiosity, no sooner found themselves alone with him, than they inquired into the cause of his mysterious abstinence. He quietly told them that the bread was stained with blood, that the drink tasted of iron, and that the meat smelt like a human corpse—all good and weighty reasons for not making a hearty meal. His companions further asked him what he thought of the king and queen of Britain; and his answer showed that his opinion of the illustrious pair was not very exalted. The king, he said, had the eyes of a serf, and as for the queen, she betrayed her slavish origin by three distinct signs.

Now, the king of Britain was naturally of a kindly and pacific disposition, with the additional qualification of that laudable spirit of curiosity that in later days has been styled the desire of knowledge. So instead of flying into a passion when his servants informed him of Hamlet's disrespectful observations, he thought they were worthy of a cool and serious inquiry. Beginning with the subject of dinner, he asked where the bread came from, and presently learned, on the authority of the court baker, that the corn of which it was made was the produce of a field which a great battle had been fought, and which had been selected by judicious agriculturists on account of its excessive fertility.—Clearly, Hamlet was not so wrong about the bread; so the admiring king pursued his investigations with reference to the bacon, when it turned out that the pigs of the royal sty had on one occasion, broken loose, and feasted on the corpse of a malefactor who had paid the last penalty of the law. Moreover, in the well from which the water had been drawn for the supply of the royal table, sundry rusty swords were found, and this accounted for the taste of iron. The fine taste and the fine nose of Hamlet could not be sufficiently admired by the excellent king of Britain, who was resolved to look into those little family matters that had been likewise touched upon by his Danish guest. Accordingly, he sent for his mother, the Queen dowager of Britain, and having asked her, very seriously, why he had the eyes of a serf, received the agreeable information that a certain slave, who had been made prisoner of war, held a more important position in the royal pedigree than had generally been imagined. Hamlet was right again! He was therefore personally questioned as to the three signs of slavish origin he had remarked in the behaviors of the queen consort. Not in the least daunted, Hamlet replied, that in the first place the illustrious lady was in the habit of wearing the hood of her cloak over her head, contrary to the usages of what Osric calls "soft society;" that in the second place, when she walked she tucked up her gown by the girdle; and that in the third place, when after dinner she used her tooth-pick she swallowed the extracted particles of food instead of spitting them out with royal dignity.

Oh, happy were the days when Ruric was King of Denmark, when Fengo was lord lieutenant of Jutland, and when What's his name reigned over this island! Talent had a chance of being rewarded then, especially at the British court. Far from reproving Hamlet for his matchless impertinence, the enlightened king of Britain was in exstacies at his acuteness, and at once gave him his daughter in marriage, thanking the gods for sending him such a clever son-in-law. That the wedding might not want its proper solemnity, the two attendants were duly hung up the very day after the ceremony. The advantage which Hamlet took of this latter circumstance can scarcely be called handsome. Although he had artfully contrived the destruction of his comrades, he pretended to be excessively enraged at their death, and the king of Britain, who felt great awe at Danish indignation, gave him, by way of compensation, a large sum in gold, which the astute Hamlet melted, and poured into two hollow sticks.

After he had lived in Britain about a year, he thought he would like to see his native Jutland once more, so, having asked the king for leave of absence, and obtained the same, he set off with his two loaded sticks, to visit the "Old folks at home." The first spectacle that met his eye in the royal palace, was the celebration of his funeral, held on the strength of a report that he had died in Britain; and greatly astounded were the mourners, when he re-appeared amongst them, looking as silly and dirty as ever. When he was asked what had become of his two companions, he showed the two sticks, and said, "Here they are, the pair of them."—Of course this reply was set down to the account of the old imbecility, and caused explosions of laughter, for these Jutlanders were not aware that the sticks contained the worth in bullion of the two executed gentlemen; nor had they reached the high philosophy of Hamlet, which taught him that a man's money value is, in fact, the man himself.

Neither was it suspected in Denmark, that the funeral ceremonies, which were so strangely interrupted by the safe return of the deceased, had been contrived by that very person. Before Hamlet had set out for Britain, he had a second interview with his mother, in the course of which he requested her to pretend, after his absence for a year, that she had received news of his death, to perform as much of a funeral as is possible when the corpse is wanting, and to hang the great hall of the palace with netted tapestry. By Queen Gerutha, who was of a remarkable pliant disposition, all these orders were carefully followed, though she knew well enough that she would see her son again at the end of a twelvemonth.

Most obstreperous was Hamlet in congratulating himself on his own happy return. The quantity of wine that he procured for the refreshment of the couriers was enormous, and he added a practical joke to his verbal pleasantries, dancing about with a drawn sword, that he flourished in the most reckless fashion, so that all were at their wits' end for fear they might receive some unlucky gash or thrust. His own fingers he really did cut, and the couriers took advantage of the circumstance to fasten the sword to the scabbard with a nail.

Through all these proceedings, a great deal of drinking went on, till at last every one of the couriers had fallen from his bench, and was lying senseless on the floor. Hamlet now took from his hiding place the wooden books that had caused so much mirth in early days, removed the net-hangings from the walls, and so fastened them over the sleepers, by means of the hooks, that escape was impossible. This done, he simply set fire to the palace, and proceeding to Fengo's chamber, took down the sword that was hanging over the sleeping king, and hung up his own in its place. Great was the consternation of Fengo when he was awakened by a voice that said, in no pleasant tone, "Fengo, your brave men are burning to ashes, and Hamlet is here to avenge the death of his father." The first impulse of Fengo was to reach down the suspended sword, but as that unlucky weapon was fastened to its sheath, it proved a sorry defence against the sharp blade welded by Hamlet, and the fratricide viceroy now received his mortal blow.

Now, it was quite possible that Hamlet's conduct on this eventful night might not be in accordance with the views of Jutland generally. With that prudence that was his leading virtue he retired, therefore, to a safe hiding place, whence he could watch the aspect of the political horizon. When the break of day revealed the gloomy spectacle of a palace in ruins and a heap of half-burned corpses, the early rising part of the population, not seeing any one who could tell them how it had all happened, were not a little puzzled. Sentiments were varied—some were indignant at the wholesale slaughter, some wept, while a third party, which seems to have been that of the majority, hinted that the event was to be regarded as rather fortunate than otherwise. On this hint, Hamlet issued from his nook, and made an affecting speech, in which he avowed what he had done, gloried that he had avenged his father's murder; and, in shart, managed matters so well, that a general shout proclaimed him the successor of Fengo.

When he was firmly established in this province, Hemlet fitted up three ships in a most expensive manner, and paid a visit to his father-in-law in Britain. His numerous attendants carried gilded shields, while his own target was ornamented with a pictorial record of the deeds he had done. Never had the Britons seen so fine a sight. The good king, however, found himself in a moral difficulty. He had, it seems, solemnly sworn to Fengo that he would avenge his death, if it occurred otherwise than by the course of nature, and now Fengo was slain by the person whom the king esteemed above everybody else in the world. Hamlet must be got rid of somehow or other; but, if he were put to death in the palace, the laws of hospitality would be shamefully violated. It was clear that he must be sent somewhere else in order to be killed, and Scotland at last suggested itself for the purpose. Scotland was at this time governed by a maiden Queen, named Hermetruda, who was so fierce, and withal entertained such a dislike to matrimony, that if a suitor presented himself, the popping of the question was instantly followed by a public execution. Hamlet was to solicit the hand of this lady for the King of Britain, who had recently become a widower, and the Scottish Queen, it was hoped would dispatch him according to precedent. Thus would Fengo be avenged, and the British king would be released from his moral difficulty.

However, when Hamlet reached the Scottish court, affairs took a turn which the king of Britain didn't contemplate. The terrible queen was greatly struck by a picture on Hamlet's shield, and told him in a few words, that if he would woo her on his own account, instead of courting by proxy, she would gladly bestow her hand upon him. The queen was not only fierce but fair, and Hamlet's heart had even been susceptible to feminine beauty. Therefore, we grieve to relate, he jumped at the offer, regardless of the tie in the South of the island, and having married the Queen of Scotland, had the consummate assurance to return to the King of Britain with his new wife, and a train of young Scots at his heels.

Hamlet's first wife, the British princess, was a gentle, forgiving creature, who was so delighted at her husband's safe return, that she vowed not only to love him still, but to love his second wife also. With these professions she met him on the raod, bearing in her arms an infant to which she had lately given birth. At the same time she warned him that her father did not entertain the same liberal views on the subject of family affronts and that he had better be on his guard against stratagem. When this amiable discourse had proceeded so far, the old king came up, embraced Hamlet as if nothing had happened, and invited him to a banquet in the palace. Hamlet was nothing loth; but, as his old prudence did not forsake him, he managed to put on a suit of armor, which was concealed by his upper garments. Nor did this precaution prove useless, for no sooner did Hamlet make his appearance at the palace gate, than the king flung a spear that would have gone through the body of the Dane, had it not been checked by the unexpected obstacle. The ennyte of the king being thus revealed, Hamlet retreated to the spot where he had left his Scottish adherents, but was immediately pursued by his enemy, who routed the little force of Scotsmen, and would have destroyed every man of them, had he not been interrupted by the approach of night. When darkness had set in, Hamlet did one of those clever things that had justly earned him immortality in the Danish chronicles. Instead of resting himself, he carefully picked up the bodies of the slain, and raising some into the perpendicular with the aid of sticks and big stones, while he placed others on horseback, he made them present a very formidable appearance. Hence, when the morning broke and the Britons saw the new force, they stood stupidly staring, wondering whence the auxiliaries could have come. Hamlet was not the man to lose an opportunity: at the head of the remaining Scotsmen, he charged the gaping Britons, whereupon a general rout ensued, in which the king was slain.

Matters being thus settled in Britain, Hamlet returned wih both his wives to Jutland, where he found himself involved in a constitutional difficulty. The people had, it is true, raised him to the head of the provincial government, on the death of Fengo, but then this post was the gift of the Danish crown: and though Hamlet's maternal grandfather Ruric, from family considerations, might have been induced to forego some of his rights that venerable monarch was no more, and his successor, Wigleth, was a person who would not bate an inch of his privileges. Indeed, the new king had already despoiled Gerutha of all her possessions, on account of the delinquency of her son. A war between the king and the irregularly elected viceroy resulted from this false position, but when the two armies came in sight of each other Hamlet, who had several gloomy forebodings, wished to shun the contest. At last he yielded to the persuasions of his second wife Hermetruda, who promised that she would follow him, and kill herself in the event of his death. A conflict ensued, in which Hamlet was slain, whereupon Hermetruda immediately married Wigleth, and thus became Queen of Denmark.

LIFE OF A LION.

Let us sketch the story of a lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife, but as the males are more abundant than females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whom she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the termerity of youth and exasperation—the old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air, as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals the encounter is more serious.

An Arab perched in a tree one night saw a lioness followed by a tawny with a full grown mane; she lay down at the foot of a tree, the lion stopped on his path, and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distant growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously.

The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the honess roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival.

This continued about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness rose to go towards him, but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The two crouched and sprang at each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her.

This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of my lady; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal affection.

Our lion, then, is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence: when she stops he stops. On arriving at the *douar* (the collection of tents—what we call a 'village,') for their supper, she lies down while he leaps into the inclosure, and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one disturbs her; and not till her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. Towards the end of December they seek an isolated ravine, and there she presents her lord with one, two and sometimes three puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader has ever seen or handled a puppy lion, he will understand the idolatry of the father and mother. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton carefully skinned. The father whose habitual demeanor is grave, becomes fatigued with the frivolous sports of children, and for the sake of tranquility removes his lodging to a distance—within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where their father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany their father and mother on all their nocturnal expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward they usually wound ten for one they kill; it is not until they are two years old that they kill a horse or bull at one bite. While their education is thus in progress they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but killing that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches maturity and lives to thirty or forty.—When adult, he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect, color and disposition from the lions to be seen in the menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast bred like rabbits, deprived of the fresh mountain air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gerard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gerard had killed.—*Westminster Review.*

HONESTY OF COUNTRY GIRLS.—An amusing incident took place in one of the large dry goods stores of our city a short time since. A good-looking, honest-faced country girl came to town with her 'feller' to do a trifle of shopping.

The magnitude of the store, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the rows of busy clerks, the flitting cash boys, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her 'feller' obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door.

The clerks being all busy just at the moment, the young lady was obliged to remain standing a few moments. At length a dapper fellow with gold watch-chain and flourishing moustache, came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with,

'Anybody waiting on you, madam?'

The color deepened in her cheeks, as she hesiated and drew a long breath, till finally, with a nod of her head toward the door, she faltered out, 'Yes, sir, he is.'

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BABY.—A citizen of Jamaica Plain, L. I., went to answer a ring at the front door, on the request of his wife, where he found nothing but a basket. On the covering being removed, a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed, one of the lady visitors took up the baby and found a note pinned to its dress, which charged the gentleman of the house with being its father, and implored him to support it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and the indignant husband, the latter utterly denying all knowledge of the little one and asserting his innocence. The friends interfered, and at last the wife was induced to forgive the husband, although he still stood to it like a Trojan that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally the lady very roguishly told her husband that it was strange that he should not know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from its cradle up stairs by the nurse, for the very purpose of playing the joke.

EXQUISITE SENTIMENT.—"What!" exclaimed the accomplished and fashionable Fitzwiggle to the exquisitely lovely Miss De La Sparrowgrass; "what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?"

"I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be—*stationery!*"

☞ THE ALARM felt among the bachelors on account of the decision, by the courts, that a few visits and friendly attentions to a lady might be construed into an engagement is subsiding, under the following method of protection. Out West, the bachelors provide themsives with cards duly labelled, "Good for this call only!" which are sufficient evidence of no serious intentions.

☞ "MY DEAR, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair, in a decidedly "how-come-you-so" state. "You must be dreadful tired, sure with your long walk of six miles."

"Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the *length* of the way, at all that fatigued me—'twas the *breadth* of it."

☞ A conductor of a night train on one of the rail roads approached a sleepy passenger the other night, and asked him for his check. "Check!" replied the sleepy passenger, half awake, "I've stopped a giving of them. My last would draw no cash." He must be one of those chaps who were recently affected by the panic.

☞ A Yankee, who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in raptures with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care much about these stone gals."

☞ "THEY SAY——," said Kerchberg.

"It is not true!" exclaimed Faustina.

"What is not true, Countess?" asked he in amazement.

"Whatever begins with 'they say,' is on the face of it not true."

☞ It was never determined until recently who struck Billy Patterson. No one doubts now that he was struck by the panic.