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Original Poetry

For the Bedford Gazette.

INDIAN SUMMER.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."
Sad Autumn with its chilly frost,
Hath on the gale the leaden tresses,
And strewn decay along the ground,
And spread a desolation round—
And all is ruin—all is blight;
And yet, how beautifully bright!
But 'tis the loveliness of those,
In whom Consumption's hectic glows—
Life's fairest, but its latest, spark,
Ere it departs, and all is dark!
'Tis Autumn—but not Autumn's breath
Is this, that fans the cheek of death,
And seems as tho' it rain would strive
To bid the dying year revive!
The sun is red, as if with blood,
Serenes the earth, and calm the flood;
And bluer seem the distant mountains,
More darkly deep the stilly mountains;
And all is soft in the sweet twilight—
Known only to the Western Climate—
Which thus redeems its season past,
One genial ray from wintry blast,
And smiles too brief for August so bland,
The "Indian Summer" of our land!

'Tis summer—but without its flowers,
Pale monitors of fleeting hours;
'Tis summer—but the leaves are sere,
The hoary hairs of aged year;
Yet beauty—'tis in other guise;
For beauty changes, never dies—
Delights us still with charms anew—
Variety of glorious hue;
And gives to earth the lovely dyes,
That make the rain-bow of the skies!
O earth! why unto thee were given
The beauty and the light of heaven?
That man should mark, with deeds of ill,
The loveliness, which is so still;
That he—an insect on thy breast—
Should make thee cursed, when thou art
And soil the green of thy fair plains [blessed,
With murder's dark and gory stains;
And trace his path with sorrow's blight—
Leave ruin where he found delight,
And turn thee to a home of death—
Thou that sustain'st his fleeting breath!

HOW TO EAT.

We have long considered eating an important part of our daily pleasure and duty. There are rules to be observed, which physiologically considered, are intimately connected with health and life, and hence, with our success and character. We should eat at regular times, eat wholesome food, eat slowly, masticate well, be cheerful while we eat, drink but little while eating, eat to live and not to kill ourselves. But the thought on our mind just now, is relatively to the proprieties of the table. There are many little courtesies and refinements among well-bred people at the table, which many regard with indifference, that just now seem to us particularly appropriate and becoming. We say just now, because we had occasion a few days since, to feed some Indians, fresh from the forest. Their manner of eating was so hoggy, greedy, gormandizing, as to be absolutely repulsive, not to say loathsome. That human beings could eat so like brutes, we had not before dreamed. We had heard before of "bolting food," "roughing it," "taking it the natural way," &c., but we had no real conception of the coarseness and brutality of savage eating. We saw then the beauty of the refinements of the civilized table, as we had never seen it before. We realized sensibly the importance of cultivating a chaste and proper manner of eating, a refinement of table etiquette that shall be at once graceful and agreeable. There are few places in which one's breeding shows itself more clearly than at the table. A low bred man will generally be ill-mannered and coarse at the table. A selfish man will usually show his selfishness as soon as the festival board is elsewhere. An awkward man will be sure to be doubly awkward when he eats in company of others. A mean man will be especially mean at his own table. On the contrary a gentleman is especially a gentleman at his meals. The generous here shows his generosity; the polite man his politeness; the well-bred man his good manners; the graceful man his polish; the dignified man his dignity. With the American people, table etiquette is too much neglected. More attention to good manners to a graceful and easy style of eating, to table politeness and courtesy, would do much to polish our people, and make their common behavior more agreeable and satisfactory to themselves. Our example and instruction to our children are important to them. There is such a thing as excessive politeness, as an exquisite mannerism at the table, which is to be avoided, but we are more likely to offend with our coarseness. Charity obliges not to mistrust a man; prudence not to trust him before we know him.

POLITICAL.

Read!

From the New York Journal of Commerce, Oct. 9th. LETTER FROM GOVERNOR DENVER.

The New York Tribune having published an article on Kansas affairs, September 20, which contained several gross misstatements as to the action of Governor Denver and President Buchanan, the Governor addressed the following courteous letter to the editor of the Tribune, correcting its errors, but it had not the fairness to print it. Under these circumstances, the gentleman to whom it was sent for transmission to the Tribune, has handed it to us, and we cheerfully lay it before our readers:

LEXINGTON, K. T., Sept. 30, 1858.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune.

GENTLEMEN:—My attention has been called to an article in reference to Kansas affairs published in your daily of the 20th instant, and Tri-weekly of the 21st, in which you suggest that I had probably been compelled by the Administration to resign the post I have held here for some months past, and on that supposition you proceeded to make some serious charges against Mr. Buchanan and his Administration, for all of which there is not the slightest foundation. It is true that I have resigned the office of Governor of Kansas, but it was an act of my own free will. The President desired me to remain, but the condition of my private affairs would not permit me to do so longer. In June last I sent up my resignation to take effect in August, but while in Washington in July, at the urgent solicitations of many persons interested in Kansas, and also at the request of the President, I then withdrew it for the time being. Those who are conversant with the facts know that I have been with extreme reluctance that I have remained here from the first, and that I have always declared my intention to resign the office of Governor, as soon as it could be done with safety to the public interests. I have received the most ample assurance of the cordial approval of my course in this matter by the President, and here I must be permitted to say that in all my conversation with the President about Kansas affairs, he has always manifested the deepest concern for the peace and happiness of the country, and a determination that the people of the Territory should have a fair opportunity at the ballot box, to settle questions at issue before them in their own way, and without any extraneous influences. Such has been the character of all his communications to me, whether verbal or written, and while endeavoring to carry them out in good faith, I have met with no opposition from the moderate men of the Territory, nor from those who have been classed as proslavery men.

The frauds perpetrated at the election in January last, were committed by the violent and unscrupulous men of all parties, and the investigation of them was partisan and partial. Such acts as the forging of the returns from Delaware Crossing were paraded before the public with great gusto, while the destruction of the ballot box and the ballots at Sugar Mound, by Capt. Montgomery, was passed by in silence. The actors in all these transactions ought to have been severely punished, but there were no laws that would reach them, and the late Legislative Assembly, which was all Free State, made no sufficient laws to meet such cases in the future, but endeavored to paralyze the powers of the Circuit Courts and invest the Probate Courts with powers they could not exercise. You admit that things have gone on here quietly under my administration. This is not exactly correct. There have been some disturbances in Doniphan, Leavenworth, Linn and Bourbon counties, and in every case the disturbances have been produced by persons calling themselves Free State men. In Doniphan county an effort was made to assassinate the gentlemen who were elected to the Legislature on the first Monday in January last, and although they escaped with their lives, they were plundered of their property, and their houses burned. No steps have been taken to punish the perpetrators, and yet all the county officers were Free State men. The troubles in Leavenworth county continued nearly all winter, and if the mayor, and other city officers did not encourage them, they certainly took no measures to have them suppressed. In Linn and Bourbon counties all was quiet until Montgomery and his band commenced plundering, and driving off the people who differed with them in political sentiments, in the course of which they committed some outrageous acts, one of which was to drive a farmer away from his home, on pain of death, and then to take the ladies of his family, strip off all their clothing, and in that condition compel them to walk backwards and forwards for their amusement. I passed through the counties where those outrages were perpetrated, and for some 30 miles it presented such a scene of desolation as I never expected to have seen, and hope never again to see in a country inhabited by American citizens. Is it any wonder that the people on whom such outrages were perpetrated, should become exasperated? Some three hundred families were thus robbed of their property, driven away from their homes, and compelled to fly from the Territory. About two-thirds of them from Linn county, where every local officer was and is a Free State man, after providing places of security for their families, some of the men, maddened and desperate with the treatment they had received, returned to seek revenge, and perpetrated the bloody and unjusti-

ble act of the Marais des Cygnes. This was followed on the part of Montgomery, by setting fire to the town of Fort Scott, in the middle of the night, while the people were all asleep; and then pouring in volleys of rifle balls to prevent the people from extinguishing the flames. Although no serious consequences resulted from this act, though several persons escaped very narrowly, yet its conception, I know of nothing worse in the whole history of Kansas. If such an act had been committed by a band of hostile Indians, it would have sent a thrill of horror throughout the whole country. Such have been some of the troubles in this Territory, and yet the perpetrators are running at large without an effort to arrest them, in counties where the Free State men have all the local officers, upheld by a portion of those calling themselves Free State men, among the most active of whom have been the hired reporters of the Eastern newspaper press. If any further disturbances occur in this Territory, these are the people who will be justly responsible for it.—The Free State party have a majority in every county in the Territory, and they have the sheriff and all other local officers in all but two or three of the counties, and there is no county in which the sheriff cannot preserve peace if he desires to do so.

You make another complaint against the President, that he has twice postponed the sale of the public lands. If I mistake not, last Spring you complained because the sales were ordered for July. The first postponement was made at the urgent solicitation of the people in all parts of the Territory, and so anxious were they to have it done, that they sent on a committee of three to see the President on the subject, and the result of their interview was published by you. The second postponement was more necessary than the first, for money had become more scarce in the Territory, the rates of interest had gone up to 5 and 10 per cent. per month, and there was a good deal of sickness throughout the whole country. By adhering to the second order for the sales to take place in November, the settler would be placed at the mercy of the money lender, when to postpone it the settler would have another year within which to obtain the means to secure a home, without having to give one-half of his land for the money with which to enter the other half. No good government would knowingly impose such terms on her citizens, and hence the second postponement of the land sales until July next. It was a measure demanded by the condition of the Territory, and everything the Administration might do, and a few money-lenders whose percentage has been greatly reduced by it.

By giving publicity to this, you will correct some erroneous impressions conveyed in an article alluded to, and oblige yours, respectfully, J. W. DENVER.

A BLACK REPUBLICAN.

Moses Perkins was a man who had no sympathy for the "suffering Africans," and didn't like to hear anything about the abolition of slavery. He didn't think the "suffering Africans" troubles were anything to him, and was not disposed to bother about them. He had a brother-in-law who was of a different stripe, and here is told the way he served him:

"I had a brother-in-law," said Moses, "who was one of the ravenest, maddest, rodest, hottest Abolitionists you ever seed. I liked the pesky critter well enough, and should have been very glad to see him come and spend a day, fetching my sister to see me and my wife, if he hadn't loved his tongue to run so 'bout niggers and slavery, and the equality of the races, and the duty of overthrowing the Constitution of the United States, and a lot of other things, some of which made me mad, and the best part of 'em right sick. I puzzled my brains a good deal to think how I could make him shut up his noisy head 'bout Abolitionism."

"Well, one time, when brother-in-law came over to stay, an idea struck me. I hired a nigger to help me through the haying time. He was the biggest, strongest, grasiest nigger I ever seed. Black! he was blacker than a stack of black cats, and just as shiny as a new beaver hat. I spoke to him."

"Jake," sez I, "when you hear the breakfast bell ring, don't say a word, but you come into the parlor and set right down among the folks and eat your breakfast."

The nigger's eyes stuck out of his head 'bout a foot.

"You're jokin, massa," sez he.

"Jokin," sez I, "I'm sober as a deacon."

"But," sez he, "I shan't have time to wash myself and change my shirt."

"So much the better," sez I.

"Well breakfast came on, so did Jake, and he sat down 'long side my brother-in-law." He started, but he didn't say a word. There warn't no mistake 'bout it. Shut your eyes and you would know it—for he was loud I tell you.—There was a first rate chance to talk Abolitionism, but my brother-in-law never opened his mouth.

"Jake," says if you be on hand at dinner time and he was. He had been working in the meadow all the forenoon—it was hot as hickory and bilin' pitch, and—but I will leave the rest to your imagination. Wall, in the afternoon brother-in-law came up to me madder than a short-tailed bull in hornet time.

"Moses," sez he, "I want to speak to you."

"Sing it out," sez I.

"I haven't but a few words to say," sez he, "but if that ere confounded nigger comes to the table while I'm stoppin' here, I'll clear out."

"Jake ate his supper that night in the kitchen, but from that day to this I never heard my brother-in-law open his mouth about Abolitionism. When the fugitive slave bill was passed, I thought he'd let out some, but he didn't for he knowed that Jake was still working on the farm."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Oh! Friday last, a man named Wilson made an ascent from the Fair ground at Centralia, Ill., a balloon, belonging to Brooks, the J. Root. He descended about eighteen miles distant at the farm of Mr. Harvey. After the grating iron had been made fast, Harvey, to amuse his children, one a boy of four years, and the other a girl of eight years, placed them in the basket car, and permitted them to ascend several times as high as the rope would allow. Unexpectedly the grapping iron slipped from the father's hand, and the balloon with its precocious freight was wafted out of sight. The distressed parent knew no bounds. The perils his children he considered imminent, for what assurance had he that they would not be blown into some dense forest, where they would be overtaken with hunger before they could be found, or perhaps descend into some lake or sea, and be drowned? As soon as it was possible an Extra was issued at Centralia, and the whole neighboring country placed on the alert to watch for the balloon and children.

Saturday morning at day break, a farmer near New Carleton, forty-three miles distant from Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the balloon suspended in the air, attached by the grapping rope to a tree in his yard. He immediately hauled the balloon down, and found the youngest child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the eldest carefully watching over her little brother. They had been waited about by different currents of air throughout the whole night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

The story the girl told was that, as the balloon ascended she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with grief, and the heroic girl took off her apron, covered him and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing, she found she approached the earth.

The young aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may be easily imagined that among the neighbors mind and loving consideration for the safety of the incident itself was of such remarkable character that we opine it will not soon be forgotten in that section.

The boy and girl were conveyed home as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say were received with outstretched arms.

HYMN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

The Marseillaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth, beauty and champagne. Rouget de Lisle was an officer of the garrison at Strasbourg, and a native of Mount Jura. He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a pleasant friend, named Dietrick, whose wife and daughters were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at De Lisle, said, "Plenty is not our feast, but we have the courage of a soldier's heart; I have still one bottle left in the cellar—bring it, my daughter, and let us drink to liberty and our country!" The young girl brought the bottle; it was soon exhausted, and De Lisle went staggering to bed; he could not sleep for cold, but his heart was warm and full of the beating of genius and patriotism. He took a small clarivator and tried to compose a song; sometimes the words were composed first—sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument, and waking at daylight, he wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night.—Then he woke the family, and sang his production; at first the women turned pale, then they wept, then burst forth into a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation and of terror.

Two months afterwards, Dietrick went to the scaffold, listening to the self same music, composed under his own roof and by the inspiration of his last tottle of wine. The people sang it everywhere; it flew from city to city, to every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted the song at the opening and close of its clubs—hence the name. "Hymn of the Marseillaise;" then it spread all over France. They sang it in their houses, in public assemblies, and in the stormy street convocations. De Lisle's mother heard it and to her son, "What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands, and with which your name is mingled?" De Lisle heard it and shuddered as it sounded through the streets of Paris, rung from the Alpine passes, while he, a royalist, fled from the infuriated people, frenzied by his own words. France was a great amphitheatre of anarchy and blood, and De Lisle's song was the battle cry.

There is no national air that will compare with the Marseillaise in sublimity and power; it embraces the soft cadences full of the peasant's home, and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endures the memory of the vine dresser's cottage, and makes the Frenchman, in his exile, cry "La Belle France!" forgetful of the torch, and sword, and guillotine, which have made his country a spectre of blood in the eyes of nations. Nor can the foreigner listen to it, sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the pi-broch of battle and war.

If you wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann; 'an' is an indefinite article.

LITTLE MITTIE.

BY LINA BELLE.
"Room, gentle flowers,
My child would pass to Heaven."
"Tired, little one?"
"Yes, Aunt Mittie, oh, so tired! And the little hands push back the damp hair from the pure white forehead, as the head sinks into its favorite resting place—my lap.
What a picture of beauty! So child-like and yet so unlike most children. I gaze and yearn for the gift to transfer its angelic sweetness to those delicate, dark brown, almost black, brows, though the hair is a light golden hue, the long fringe-like eye lashes, so long and dark that they throw a rayed shadow on the dove grey eyes, the little dimpled mouth, wreathed with a quiet smile of content, the rose white, pink cheek, (not the purple pink, so common in children, but the true rose hue,) all these might be painted. But could that spiritual expression, that shadow of something holy, that painters have so essayed to do in pictures of the Christ-child? Vain the attempt; it is the spirit shadow that goes home with the soul to Heaven.
It was so warm, but I thought I would not put it off any longer." And the pure eyes gave me one of those confiding, loving looks that always sent a thrill to my heart.

"What was the task that could not be put off, Pet, that you must tire yourself walking in the hot sun to do it?"

"I have been over to the cemetery to fix Virgie's grave. Something told me I must do it today. That selfish myrtle had crawled all over it, and almost smothered my sweet violets.—I had trained it up around the fence and over the post, but it would come down and crawl all over the grass and nearly covered up the violets I planted round dear Virgie's head. I've got it all nice now Aunt Mittie, and you shall go with me to-morrow to see it." That "to-morrow" never came.

White as the pillow on which she lies, the long dark lashes drooping on marble cheeks, one of which is pillowed on a little hand, while the other lies like a snow flake on the covert, so small and wasted that the little circles of gold that used to clasp the slender finger is now slipping from it. Quiet, yet so quiet, but not sleeping, for there is that expression, so sweet yet so holy. I gazed spell-bound. The large eyes open slowly but so calmly. "Aunt Mittie, is mamma gone?" Yes, pet. "The doctor told her I must die. I am sorry for mamma and father and Timie and you, but I am not sorry for myself, I think it will be so nice to be in heaven and never have to die again. Heaven funeral and don't let every body cry, full of violets. Virgie loved them so." And then those soft eyes look deep, deep into my soul and see a wall of partition that had never been thrown down, as the sweet voice murmured, "I know how you love Papa and Timie; give all the love you had for me to mamma." One hard struggle and the sweet voice was sealed with a kiss as she dropped her tiny ring in my hand.

"God gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not being near,
Death takes them from us, then we feel,
That angels have been with us here."

HOW TO EQUIP FOR A KANSAS TRIP.

A traveler in Kansas, who has evidently "dush-whacked" before, for he talks like an old Western pioneer, or a modern gold-miner, thus addresses all who intend making a Kansas tour:

My advice to all travelers is to take along a sack of cooked provisions, a good bottle of brandy to mix with the water, for it is so different, sometimes fire-stone, sometimes limestone, brook, branch, creek, river and spring, that you'll have thunder and lightning below, in twenty-four hours without it. Also a buffalo-robe or big blanket, with a box of matches, and with your gun get your meat, camp out, have a little bag of ground coffee and a tin cup; with these, you can travel from Jericho to Jerusalem, and avoid the taverns, and other annoyances, otherwise encountered in traveling in new countries. Boil or fry your meat on the coals, use bark for a plate, if you have flour make up the dough in a piece of bark off a tree, twist it round a bending stick, stick one end in the ground, while the dough end hangs over the fire; when one side is baked turn the other to the fire until baked, and you have a sweet biscuit. A little bag will carry along all articles necessary to be used, and you can squat down any where, at any time, turn out your team to grass, and become in reality "a squatter sovereign."

LIFE SAVED BY BEING JILTED.—A gentleman of Cincinnati has been "dying by inches" of rheumatism, and after travelling for some time he came home almost dead. He had been engaged to be married, and says the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"Weary of physicians, attempted cures and life itself, he came home to die, and again went to the Spencer House, thinking he would there receive from the kindly proprietress all the attendance he could at any place, not in every sense a home. He was carried from the boat to the hotel, and more dead than alive, placed in the comfortable apartment he had before occupied. On the sixth day after his return, he learned that his betrothed—thinking he could not survive, and wishing probably to lose no time in her conjugal relations—had been married the day previous to another person, more wealthy, if less meritorious than he. All the friends of the diseased lover thought that this would prove fatal at once, in his then state of health, but instead of their anticipations being realized, in a week from the day of the reception of the unsuspected news, he arose from his bed and rapidly recovered, and in less than a month was as well as ever."

The more polished society is the less formality there is in it.

A GOOD ARGUMENT.

It has been customary, for some time, when a man is arraigned before a court of justice, for his counsel to put in a plea of insanity on behalf of the accused. Recently an old negro man applied to us (says the Louisville Democrat) for instruction how to proceed against one of his own race whom he charged with purloining a dollar from him. He told us that he had placed three silver dollars in a small but strong box, which he kept in his room; that a few days ago, Handy Andy (we will call him) broke the box open, took a dollar therefrom and decamped. We told him that it was useless to prosecute Andy, unless he had proof to substantiate the charge, and then, probably, the accused would be acquitted on the plea of insanity, as no sane man would take one dollar and leave two behind.

Then the old man exclaimed, with great emphasis:

"Massa, I tell you dat nigger ain't crazy; he broke my box open and took de dollar out.—Now, if he had broke de box open and put in a dollar, den I say he's crazy."

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWS-PAPERS.

It is one great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it.—Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times. Let the gilded annals and poems on the centre-table, be kept a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family—men, women and children—read the newspapers.

OLD BACHELORS.

An exchange says:
"If our maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman upon the earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls."

The Savannah News meets the railing accusation:

"We protest against it." "The old bachelors were between Adam and the old bachelors of our day. Adam could afford to marry—many bachelors now a days cannot. What with crinolines, five hundred dollar shawls, diamond bracelets, and pin money, it is no small undertaking at this age of the world. Eve had no choice—it was Adam or nobody. She had no chance to get up a flirtation, for there was no one to flirt with. Seeing no other means of tantalizing her husband—a temineau peculiarity from that day to this—she got him in a scrape by eating the forbidden fruit. "Old bachelors are criminally guilty," are they? Give "old bachelors" the same chance Adam had, and our word for it, a majority of them would put on matrimony in no time."

And then the Columbus Enquirer clinches the matter:

"Thems our sentiments, to a fraction. And it is our opinion, further, that if some married men were restricted to the same attractions and temptations that Adam had, there would be fewer applications to put off matrimony when once assumed. O, for the good old days of Adam and Eve!"

CABBAGE AND DITTO.

We have just now heard a cabbage story which we will cook up for our laughter loving readers:

"Oh! I loves you like anything," said a young countryman to his sweetheart, warmly pressing her hand.

"Ditto," said she, gently returning the pressure.

The ardent lover, not happening to be over and above learned, was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto—but was ashamed to expose his ignorance by asking the girl. He went home, and the next day being at work in cabbage patch with his father, he spoke out—

"Daddy, what's the meaning of ditto?"

"Why," said the old man, "this here is one cabbage head, ain't it?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Well, that ere's ditto."

"Rot that good-for-nothin' gal!" ejaculated the indignant son; "she called me cabbage head, and I'll be darned if ever I go to see her again."

"Do you know Mr.—?" asked one friend of another, referring to an old gentleman who was famous for his fondness of the extract of hops.

"Yes sir, I know him very well."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Why, in the morning, when he gets up, he is a beer barrel, and in the evening, when he goes to bed, he is a barrel of beer."

"What are they talking about?" said a member, during a debate on the money question.

"Theology," was the reply. Theology? Why I thought it was the money question."

"Well, money is their deity, and they are discoursing about that."

If a journeyman dyer can earn two dollars a day by dyeing what should it cost him to dye