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### POETRY.

#### FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

FAREWELL! thy moon is on the wane,  
Thy last bright day is near its close;  
On rosy lips that thirst for rain,  
Heaven not a drop bestows;  
The cricket, Summer, sounds thy knell,  
Queen of the seasons! fare thee well.  
The flowers that wreathed thy beauteous head,  
Droop pale and withered on thy brow—  
The light that made thy morning red  
Is dull and misty now;  
Sad voices pipe in woods and dell,  
To Summer and her joys farewell.  
Gone is thy belt of rainbow shine,  
Starred with the dew drops of the showers,  
And kittle of enchanted green  
Embroidered o'er with flowers;  
Thy golden wand of wondrous spell  
Is dim and broken now—farewell!  
There is a Summer of the heart  
That hath its mournful ending here;  
Delights that warmed its core depart  
While it grows dull and drear.  
And sadder than the funeral bell  
Hope whispers to the soul—farewell.

### DIED.

On the 7th July last, at his residence in North Huntingdon township, Westmoreland County, Pa., JACOB BYERLY, in the ninety-ninth year of his age.  
The deceased was born in Bedford Fort, in May 1760. His father, Andrew Byerly, who had been in Braddock's army, moved with his family—wife and ten children—across the Alleghenies in 1762, and built a cabin on the land now known as Harrison City. This cabin was the only improvement between Fort Ligonier and Fort Pitt. It was a gloomy period to the few settlers scattered west of the mountains. The war between England and France for supremacy in the New World was over, and Canada, with all its dependencies, had been surrendered to the victorious English. But the inveterate hatred of the Indians on the frontier to the settlers was not allayed. Pontiac, the great chief of the Ottawas, had formed a combination of all the tribes from the mountains to the Mississippi. The forts and stations were simultaneously attacked. "The most terrible border war known in our history, was raging along the whole western frontier. Everywhere were experienced the same horrible cruelties of savage warfare, the sudden surprise, the massacre, the scalping and burning. Everywhere were ashes of cabins mingled with the charred bones of their tenants. Everywhere the ripe harvest stood without the reapers." Such were the perils that surrounded the family of Jacob Byerly. It is reported that Chapman, at the mouth of the Big Sewickly, their nearest neighbor on the south, is killed; Andrew Byerly hastens to his cabin. An Indian friendly to the family, advises the mother to leave at once with her children for Fort Ligonier. The advice is taken; the father overtakes them on the route and they escape with safety into the fort, which is immediately attacked by the Indians. From the distinct recollection of Jacob Byerly, as to the incidents occurring in the fort during this attack, (such as running a nail in his foot, and from some data in possession of his brother, Michael Byerly, Esq., who died many years ago,) it was generally supposed that his age was greater than he himself represented.  
In 1763, a force under Col. Bouquet released the beleaguered garrisons of Forts Bedford and Ligonier, and marched to the relief of Fort Pitt. Andrew Byerly joined the expedition, and was present at the battle of Bushy Run. The engagement continued for two days, and the savages were defeated. Fort Pitt re-occupied, and an expedition organized by Bouquet against the Ohio Indians, forced them into a treaty of peace.—Andrew Byerly returned to his former settlement, and built a cabin on the land now owned by Peter Highbarger. During the Revolutionary war, the frontiersmen were again summoned to defend their homes and firesides against their old foes—the Indian warriors incited to hostilities by the bribes and promises of English emissaries. Jacob Byerly, then a young man, active and athletic, with an iron constitution, and of most indomitable courage was early in the field. He was engaged in a number of scouting parties; and in that most hazardous of services, he was always ready to turn out at the call of his distressed neighbors. His scouting expeditions extended through Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, and into Ohio. He went with a party to bury 21 settlers who had been killed at Wheeling; went to the relief of Fort Lawrence and Wallace's station; was on a scout to Parkersburg, and joined in pursuit of the party who killed the Willards; was on the expedition against the Tuscaroras in Ohio, and served under Gen. Broadhead in the destruction of the towns of the Cornplanter Indians. In this expedition, while following a trail, in company with Jacob Smith and another scout, he killed an Indian chief in a hand to hand en-

counter. His regular services were in the 13th Virginia regiment, two companies of which regiment formed part of the garrison at Fort Pitt. He belonged part of the time to a company commanded by Captain (afterward General) O'Hara, of whom he always spoke in the highest terms. He was the last of the Revolutionary soldiers in this country who drew a pension from the General Government. After the Revolutionary war, the deceased married Elizabeth Harman, and raised a family of twelve children, only four of whom survive him.

Mr. Byerly always enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He was a man of the purest character, and his integrity was proverbial. He ever felt a warm interest in the progress and prosperity of his country, and in the administration of national affairs.—He voted at every general election, from the adoption of the Constitution until his death.—At the foundation of parties, he attached himself to the Democratic party, and he remained zealously and actively devoted to the support of the principles of his early political faith.—Having a personal knowledge of the transport of joy which thrill the hearts of his countrymen, when their independence was established, and the Union of the States was formed, he always viewed with distrust and alarm every movement which had a tendency to alienate a section of the Union from the other, and to destroy those fraternal feelings which prevailed during the Revolution. He spoke of these things a few days before his death. Honest and upright in all his dealings, enjoying the respect and friendship of his neighbors, easy in his circumstances, happy in the well doing of his children, surrounded by every thing that can render life desirable, the venerable patriarch was permitted to live long beyond the period of life usually allotted to man; and after a stormy youth, to pass the evening of his days in tranquility and ease. He lived to see the blood thirsty savages, the tenants of the forest, disappearing before the advancing steps of the white man; the unbroken wilderness transformed into highly cultivated farms; hardship and perils of frontier life, exchanged for the comforts and luxuries of the present day. He saw his countrymen who in his youth barely maintained a precarious foothold West of the Alleghenies, declaring the right to be an independent people, maintaining that declaration against the most powerful of modern empires, and establishing a form of Government, the advantage and the hope of mankind. He saw them spreading themselves over the valleys and in vigorous communities on the shores of the Pacific; their progress in the arts and sciences, in commerce, agriculture, and manufacturing skill, keeping pace with the spread of population, their flag respected in every quarter of the globe; their might and prowess so recognized, that far them, a world in arms has no terrors. He had the satisfaction of feeling, that he too had contributed in his humble sphere of life his full share of these results; in war, serving his country, and in peace, an industrious law-abiding citizen. During the last illness of the deceased, the Rev. Mr. McGaughey, of the Presbyterian Church, was his spiritual adviser.

He met his last enemy with tranquility; in peace with mankind, and in a blessed hope of a life beyond the grave. Until prevented by the infirmities of age, Mr. Byerly had regularly worshipped at the Lutheran and German Reformed Church at Adamsburg. In his younger days, often with rifle in hand, he had attended Divine worship there. There in 1826 he had buried his wife, in the 66th year of her age. There were the graves of his children, and there the mortal remains of the old patriarch and soldier now repose.

The citizens of Adamsburg paid the last tribute of respect to the Honored Dead, by firing a salute of cannon over his grave.

### CURING HAMS.

The slaughter of the porkers begins this month on all well regulated farms, from Aroostook, to the farthest West and South to Mason and Dixon's line, and only a little later further South we see the sleek beauties suspended from the gambrels, their open mouths biting the cob, from which they shelled corn while living. The hams and shoulders, destined for bacon, are liable to be spoiled in two ways—by too much salt and too little. Not one ham in ten offered in the market is properly cured for human food. Many persons put the hams in with the other pork, and spoil them. Many of the receipts offered are too indefinite to be of any service. The following cures bacon fit for a king, or his eldest daughter.  
For an hundred pounds of ham take salt ten pounds; Turke Island is the best—six ounces of saltpetre, and two pounds of brown sugar. Mix the ingredients as evenly as possible and rub them upon the flesh side of the hams and shoulder. Pack the hams in a clean cask, skin side downward. Put a stone and board on top of the hams and fill up with clean cold water so as to cover them. In a few days all will be dissolved and form a pickle just right. But the salt in the solution is continually sinking to the bottom. Therefore, either change the pickle pouring it out and pouring it back again—or if the barrel is but partly filled, roll it around a few times so as to stir the contents thoroughly, as often as once a week. The neglect of stirring the pickle, after it is made, spoils many a barrel of hams. In six weeks they will be cured just right. Smoke them ten days, to two weeks, in a cool smoke house. Put them in tight cloth wrappers, whitewash the wrappers, and they will keep for years. This is our family recipe, used for fourteen years, and always makes quarters of ham, that keeps the better half in constant good humor at meal time.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 8.—The deaths from yellow fever during the past week were 12.

### TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN S. FORD.

Among the Comanches war parties are formed by volunteers. In many instances the commander has only temporary authority, which ceases with the campaign; in others, an acknowledged chief takes the lead. It is not unusual for a party to remain absent, while operating in Mexico, for the space of twelve months. A young warrior will make any sort of sacrifice to equip and mount himself for an expedition. The officer second in command always places himself at the head of the column—the superior officer is in the extreme rear, superintends movements, rectifies errors, and is presumed to be in a position to have everything under his immediate inspection. A front guard usually precedes the main body from a quarter of a mile to two miles in advance. They keep a strict look-out—ride to the top of eminences—scan the surrounding country in every direction. When an enemy is supposed to be near, they approach the apex of a hill with very great caution. They will crawl on the ground, carrying before their faces a bunch of green branches of grass, to prevent suspicion, if discovered. Unless to one well acquainted with Indian contrivances, the disappearance or moving of a bunch of leaves would be attributed to the agency of the wind.

Discoveries made by the vanguard are speedily communicated to the officer in command. There is a rear guard, whose duty it is to prevent surprise from that direction. Flankers are often thrown out. When a large body is moving, upon approximating a point of danger, pickets are sent out in every direction, which operate on a more extended scale than the above mentioned guards.

There is a place of rendezvous appointed at which everything in relation to the expedition is concluded upon. For instance, if a foray upon the country adjacent to Laredo is contemplated, time, manner and second place to rendezvous are arranged. Formerly they used to make the Raices the point where they formed their camp preparatory to active operations.—From here they would send out scouts, to ascertain the condition of the country—the presence of troops—upon the information thus acquired they would act. Sometimes they would move down in a body, fall upon the ranches boldly in the day time—kill, plunder, and carry off women and children prisoners; at others, when secure from danger, they would divide into two squads, and make a simultaneous demand prisoners, collected horses and mules, they would, if unpursued, move for the Raices, and remain in camp several days, recruiting animals, feasting and preparing for a quick march to their own camp. If another party should be still behind, they leave signs designating all they wish them to know. A small branch, supported by a little heap of rocks, is inclined in the direction they will move. The grass is removed from the earth, a line drawn, a number of marks made on each side, to represent the number of men and horses in the party. They have a species of hieroglyphic and symbolic characters they use in conveying ideas. When they wish to inform their friends of the death of a warrior, it is done by drawing an Indian without a head.—If wounded only, the figure is completed with a streak of red at the part wounded. Upon a tree on the Narces, some thirty or forty miles above the Laredo and San Antonio crossing, at a place known as the Comanche crossing, are a number of these symbolical representations.—One of them is descriptive of a combat between a Comanche with a lance and a Mexican with a sword. The sword is miserably deficient in length. The rough painting conveys a rather ludicrous idea of the matter, evincing very clearly the contempt in which the Indians hold Mexican progress, and the almost inevitable conclusion that the fight resulted in the Don's overthrow and death.

The full of the moon is the time they are usually looked for. The rays of this luminary afford them the means of discovering animals, and of traveling during the night. In the event of being pursued, immediately after the perpetration of depredations, the Comanches move day and night, very often not breaking a gallop, except to change horses, which they do several times, and to water the *caballado*, until they deem themselves safe. Under these circumstances they will travel at least seventy miles per day, which is a long distance, with the encumbrance of loose animals.

A party of warriors, dressed in their trappings—embellished shields—fancy moccasins—long pigtail bedecked with silver—shoulder-belts worked with beads, and adorned with shells—fine leggins—ornamented cases for bows and arrows—mounted upon spirited horses—singing a war song, and sweeping over a prairie; is a beautiful spectacle to a man with plenty of brave fellows to back him. Their motions are easy and graceful. They sit a horse admirably and manage one with a master hand. Charge them and they will retreat from you with double your numbers, but beware: keep your men together—well in hand—with at least half their arms loaded, or else you will find when it is too late, a flying Comanche well knows the nick of time to turn upon and charge his pursuer to the very teeth. A Comanche can draw a bow when on horseback—standing or running—with remarkable strength and accuracy. They have been known to kill horses, when at full speed over one hundred yards.

In the commencement of a fight, the yelling of defiance is borne to you, long, loud and startling. The war whoop, has no romance in it. It thrills even a stout heart with an indescribable sensation. The excitement of battle is quite as evident among these people as others. Let the tide turn against them—send leaders messengers through some of their warriors, and then the mournful wail is heard—its lugubrious tones are

borne back to you with uncouth cadence, betokening sorrow, anger and a determination to revenge.

Never ride between a bowman's left; if you do, you to one he will pop an arrow through his low against an object behind and to his right.

The dead are usually borne from the field.—Nothing but the most imminent danger prevents them from performing the incumbent duty of not leaving the body of a comrade in the hands of an enemy. Over a fallen chief they will make a desperate stand. Their caution seems to be merged in the determination to risk everything to bear him from the field. They will fight bravely, bravely, and even hopelessly, to attain this object. If they abandon him it is in despair. Flight is no longer methodical and menacing to the pursuer. Retreat degenerates into rout. After this, they have seldom, if ever, been known to resume the offensive.—They will hide themselves in the first chapparal affording security against discovery, remain during the day, visit the dead at night, and if not able to remove them, will spread blankets or some covering over them.

The bow is placed diagonally in shooting—a number of arrows are held in the right hand—the bow operates as a rest to the arrows. The distance, the curve the missile has to describe in reaching the object, and in fact, everything connected with their archery is determined by the eye without taking aim. Arrows are sped after each other in rapid succession. At the distance of sixty yards and over they can be dodged, if but one Indian shoots at you at the same moment—under forty, the six-shooter has little advantage over the bow. At long distances the angle of elevation is considerable.—It requires a quick eye to see the arrow, and judge the wrier-about of its descent—a good rider, withal, to keep the saddle. A man is required to keep both eyes engaged in an Indian fight.

Prisoners are treated with extreme cruelty by the Comanches. They are beaten, starved, made slaves of and subjected to many torturing indignities. This rigor is relaxed when a man or youth evinces a desire to become one of the tribe. The man is suffered to marry, and the boy is educated to become an Indian in habits. An adroit rogue is held in great esteem.

### THE FRENCHMAN AND THE COCK-ROACHES.

The November number of that excellent periodical, the "Knickerbocker," contains the following:—Six days after the battle of Jena a French regiment was announced to arrive in the afternoon, but from some cause or other, did not make its appearance till late in the evening.—According to custom, they were then billeted out among the citizens, and a baker in our neighborhood received six for his share. The dinner had been prepared early in the afternoon, and the troops not arriving at the expected time, the viands were placed in the bake-oven to be kept warm. At last after the lapse of four or five hours over the expected time, they arrived, very much fatigued by an unusually long day's march, in consequence of which they did not seem in good humor when they entered the house, and impatiently cried out for supper. The table having been set long ago, the baker and his lads hastened to bring in the dishes from the bake oven; but what was the terror of the baker, when, accidentally looking over the various plates on the table, to see them all full of drowned cockroaches! The impatience of the question and consternation got the uppermost of the baker. Frightened out of his wits, he made some pretence for a sudden exit, and told his people to flee for their lives, for the Frenchmen would surely kill them all when they found out what a mess was placed before them. The baker himself retreated into a dark corner of his bake-house, through a small aperture, he could observe the movements around the table in the room. But what was his agreeable surprise, when he saw them repeatedly stick their forks among the cockroaches on the plate, crack them with delight between their teeth, and call out to one another, "Bon! Bon!" no doubt supposing them to be some delicious peculiar to that part of the country!

When the baker had fully satisfied himself that the supper was approved of, he ventured back into the room, and with his people went to work to clear away the table, to make room for the beds on the floor. After having made the necessary preparations for a good night's rest, and when he was just leaving the room, one of the soldiers kindly tapped him on the shoulder, saying in broken German: "Landlord! to-morrow morning, for 'dejeuner,' some more of de little fishes."

"The bake-house being well supplied with the needful article, a number of plates and dishes with attractive bait were set, and sufficient were caught for an ample fricasee for breakfast, which was dispatched with as much relish as the late supper. When the drum beat, no men could have left their quarters better satisfied than these six, with the good things of life!"

SHARP PRACTICE.—The lawyers of Troy are proverbially a sharp set, and the following instance, related by the Albany Times, does not detract from their reputation. A criminal was on his way to New York in charge of an officer who would not allow him an opportunity of seeking bail. In this dilemma, a man "learned in the law" was summoned, who thus accomplished his end. He hired a small boy to go within arm's length of the prisoner, who dealt him a smart blow. Boy ran up to the police office, and soon appeared on the ground with a constable and an assault and battery warrant. The constable insisted on taking the prisoner to jail on this complaint, and in the meantime bail was procured on the former charge. The lawyer who designed and executed this maneuver is now in possession of our hat.

### GOODNESS ETERNAL.

The pains we spend upon our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give out of a good heart to others, the efforts of disinterested duty, the deeds and thoughts of pure affection, are never lost; they are liable to waste; and are like a force that propagates itself for ever, changing itself, but not losing its intensity. In short, there is a sense in which nothing human dies; nothing, at least, which proceeds from the higher and characteristic part of man's nature; nothing which he does as a subject of God's moral law. Material structures are dissolved, their identity and function are gone, but mind partakes of the eternity of the great parent spirit; and thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to the world are never lost; they exist as truly and perform their duty as actively a thousand years after their origin as on their day of birth.

WEBSTER MATCHED BY A WOMAN.—In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight upon the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up.—And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out:—

"We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know."

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say sir," and went on with her testimony.

And notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to his nostrils, drew it up with a gust; and then extracting from his pocket very large haadkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir, she had one very dirty trick."

Webster—"What's that ma'am?"  
Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff!"  
The roar of the court-house was such that the future defender of the Constitution subsided and neither rose nor spoke again until Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness—having ample time to reflect upon the unglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.

LEGAL TENDER.—Some people are at a loss to know what is a legal tender of money.—Most persons are greatly in error in supposing that cents are a legal tender for any amount, and sometimes capacious people make large payments in copper coin, which creditors suppose they are obliged to receive—from the fact that it is coined at the mint and bears the impress of the United States upon it. From the following, which is a synopsis of the act of Congress upon the subject, it will be seen what is and what is not a legal tender. The law regulating the payment of debts with one coin provides:—

1. All gold coins at their respective values for debts of any amount.
  2. The half dollar, quarter dollar, half dime, at their respective values for debts of any amount under five dollars.
  3. Three cent pieces for debts of any amount under thirty cents; and
  4. By the law passed at the last session of Congress, we may add, one cent pieces for any amount under ten cents.
- By the law of Congress, passed some four or five years ago, gold was made the legal tender for large amounts. Those who, to get rid of large quantities of cents and small coins, sometimes pay their bills with it, to the annoyance of the creditor, will perceive that there is a stoppage to that anticopy of the law.

AN IRISH REPARTEE.—The Irish mind is a never failing source of wit. The following is the latest specimen:

Patrick— is baggage master on the Georgia Railroad, and always attentive to his business. A few evenings since, while at his post, he was accosted by an excited passenger, who in a rude and boisterous manner demanded repeatedly to know the whereabouts of his trunk. After several times replying to the interrogatory, he at length lost his patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning:—"Och, mister, I wish in my soul you were an elephant instead of a jackass, for then you'd have your trunk always under your eye."

ANOTHER CHLOROFORM CASE.—Another dentist, Dr. Webster, of Montreal, has been convicted of an attempt to commit a rape upon a patient while under the influence of chloroform. It is insisted by those who understand the effects of chloroform that in most cases outrages like these are vagaries of the brain, and exist only in the imagination. If so, why will denials run the risks of administering chloroform to patients who are unattended? If not, why will females claiming to be respectable subject themselves to the risks which numerous convictions seem to show result from their taking chloroform when not in the presence of third parties.—Journal of Commerce.

A GROCERY SKETCH.—Will the reader be kind enough to picture a scene which took place the other day in a grocery. A lean countryman entered the establishment having in his hand a small basket of eggs, which he desired to exchange for sundry housekeeping necessities.

"Want my eggs to-day, Mister?"  
"Yes, will take 'em; how many have you got?"  
"Bout three dozen; how much d'ye give for eggs?"  
"Ten cents a dozen."  
"What! only ten cents?"  
"Yes; that's all we give."  
"Well, then, all I've got to say, is, it's a shame."  
"What's a shame?"  
"Why, look-a-here Mister," and here the countryman patted the eggs affectionately, and viewed them as though they were the veritable product of the "giant's golden hen"—"Why, look-a-here, if you was a hen, wouldn't you think it was mighty hard if you had to lay eggs for only ten cents a dozen?"

OUR YOUNG MEN WILL PLEASE BEAR IN MIND that when they desire a young lady to take a walk with them that it is impolite to say "Miss, will you take a promenade this evening?" You must address her thus:—"My sweet adorable! I would be exceedingly happy to have the exquisite pleasure of accompanying you on a balloon excursion this evening. 'Pon hono' I would." To which the following answer will undoubtedly be returned:—"Sir, I feel honored—your request is granted. Please meet me at the garden bars, to assist me in making an ascension over the fence—we don't use the gate any mo'—its length, balloon wise, is not of sufficient capacity to admit the crinoline without damage! 'Pon hono' it is n't."

A CURE FOR LOVE.—Take one grain of sense, half a grain of prudence, a drachm of understanding, one ounce of patience, a pound of resolution, and a handful of dislike, set them on a slow fire of hatred, strain from the drugs of melancholy, sweeten them with forgetfulness, fling put them into the bottle of your heart, stamp down with cork of sound judgement, there let them stand fourteen days in the water of cold affection.

This rightly made, and well applied, was never known to fail.

A PAIR OF HUSBANDS.—A country editor perpetrates the following upon the marriage of our life:  
The husband's a husband and so is the wife.

FAST.—The ladies of Iowa are decidedly "fast." On the 18th, a race of ladies, on foot, came off at Iowa city, for the prize of a silver basket. The prize was won by a Miss Handy.

There are some faults which we are pretty sure to overcome at last. When Jeremy Taylor objected to take orders in the church, the bishop applied to take orders in the church, "If I live, my lord, I shall hope to overcome that fault," said the witty candidate. By the by, that vice is one which most of us are sorry to have lost. It is not at all certain that we grow either wiser or better by growing older. Experience has been well likened to the stern lights of a ship, which merely illuminates the path we have passed over, but throws no light ahead.

An old toper bet he could, when blind-folded, tell each of several kinds of liquor.—When brandy, whiskey, gin and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him: he tasted it, paused, tasted it again, considered, and shook his head. He at last said—"Gentlemen, I give it up, I am not used to the these sort of liquors."

"How are you Count?" said a noted wag to a spruce-looking specimen of the genuine snob.  
"Sir!" exclaimed the indignant swell, "who are you, and why do you call me Count?"  
"Why, I saw you counting oysters in New York last spring, and I supposed you were of the royal blood," replied the wag.  
Snob vanished.

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?"  
The answer to this query was pretty much of a match —  
"Yes, I don't."  
"Friend Dabbs walked into a 'Dry Grocery' the other day. 'Can we do anything for you?' said Dickey."  
"Yes," said Dabbs; "but I'll bet a dollar yer won't."  
"Done," said Dickey. "What is it?"  
"Credit me with five dollars worth of yer truck."  
"Lost, by thunder!"

The latest style of female hoops is guaranteed to be of feminine lightness and delicacy, and warranted not to cut the limbs of attendant gentlemen.  
"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit, you know, I said you had but six hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did; but I did not take the dose you left me?"  
The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do if they always seem anxious to take when they get a chance.  
Wealth has been under-rated ever since wealth was over-rated.