

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

VOLUME 55.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1859.

WHOLE NUMBER 2860.

VOL. 2, NO. 52.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY MEYERS & BENFORD.

At the following terms, to wit: \$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance. \$2.00 " " if not paid within the year. \$2.50 " " if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for less than six months. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence. The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them or not.

Poetry

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And there they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
While troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And chiding for the fray.

Contenting with this mighty force,
Is but a little band—
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of godlike form,
Of countenance serene,
And glowing on his sacred breast,
A naked cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign,
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth
A truth as great as sure—
That to be victors, they must learn
To love, confess, and endure.

That faith sublime in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm—
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win the battle-field,
Fast toil is quite forgot—
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Sprang from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

A PERILOUS HOUR.

I was apprentice to a decorative painter, but being of a bold, danger-loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very good head, and could stand on an elevation that made most men dizzy, and so I was a favorite hand with my master.

We had on one occasion, to fasten a lighting-conductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Straming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About a half a dozen of us went that morning with a hand-cart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box of cradles. Having flown the kite, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.

Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stepped into the cradle, the men asked him if he had not a last dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Straming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over the town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw the streets were already thronged with stares. Colly was very quiet; and when I waved my cap to the people, he said, snappishly, that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse those gaping fools, who, he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer the top, and had nothing as it seemed, belonging to this world near us but this strained rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of it, I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might get used to the height.

Good Heavens! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away without abating speed in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that windlass the

rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He too, got up safe; and still they went on winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and the cradle, hauling line, and the man rope with its block fell down. Thus were we two men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with fright; and the moment he got upon the coping which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out: Where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray?—and so I said very solemnly: 'Sit down, Jim, God will hear us if we pray' to him sitting down.

The color of his face was as transparent blue, and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swaying his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain that he must topple over.

'Come, Jim, lad,' I said, thinking to take the fright off him, 'it's bad enough, but it can be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arm round the rod—may be it will steady you.'

'Where are you, and where is this rod?' he asked in a hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew he was gone blind with the fright, and self preservation said: 'Don't go near him; but then I remembered his newly wedded wife, and that taking him all through he was always a very decent fellow, and I thought how I should have liked him to have done if I had been his case; so I determined to run a bit of a risk in his favor.

Of course, I durst not stand on my feet; but working myself on my hands, I got to him, and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerfully as I could to keep cool I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the sapling for five yard down, and was so loose that it swayed with him and I expected every minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away toward the engine-house. One of the men walked after them with a hat in his hand; then I knew somebody had been hurt with the fallen cradle, and that it must be poor Stauning, as none of our men had ever been hurt before. I saw the man being carried off with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never thought about us, and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus we were left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making catcalls, and yelling as if he was possessed.—Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad. Even now I tremble to peer down the shaft, black and sooty and yawning, and scarcely less to look outside at the flight of pigeons swooping round at considerable less height than we were.

Then Colly—thank God he was so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times, as I sat fairly cowering in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin, and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself towards me. I worked away from him noiselessly as I could, with every hair on my head standing on end. He followed me twice round that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then having come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that I had fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he covered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I supposed it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me. I had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom; and by another good providence, I happened to have a bit of red lead pencil in my pocket.—I wrote on the paper, 'Get us down—Colly's gone mad, this I shut in my tobacco box, and was fortunate enough to drop it just at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine-house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and, I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him up, I scrambled in myself, and clutching him fast, shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

He was in a madhouse for some months, and then went to scavenging, for he can never face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that adventure.

WHAT IS BLACK REPUBLICANISM?

Those who desire an answer to the above interrogatory are referred to Massachusetts, the birthplace of the Black Republican States. In Massachusetts a negro slave who escapes from the South is permitted to vote after one year's residence; but a white man, who comes from Europe or Canada, is not allowed to vote until two years after he has become legally, by naturalization, a citizen of the United States.

THE LATE OUTRAGES IN MEXICO.

President Buchanan Formally Demands Satisfaction.

Our attentive correspondent at Vera Cruz transmits to us the following despatch addressed to the Government of Miramon, at the City of Mexico, by our Minister, Mr. McLane, on the subject of the Tacubaya massacre. As our correspondent well says, 'its importance cannot well be over estimated.' It is a formal demand, and in the name of the President of the United States, of satisfaction for the atrocities and indignities committed upon American citizens during those days of terror in Mexico.—And followed up, as we may hope it will be, by decided action on the part of our Government, it will at once solve this whole question, which has of late given us so much trouble.—We do not see, indeed, how there can honorably be any backing out now, till our long-aggrieved rights are once for all redressed, reparation for the past obtained, and security given for the future:

U. S. LEGATION, VERA CRUZ, June 11, 1859.

Sir:—The undersigned, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States near the Republic of Mexico, having called the attention of the Government of the United States, to certain cruelties perpetrated at Tacubaya, on the 11th and 12th of April, 1859, by persons acting under the authority of the Government, having the seat of its power at the city of Mexico, of which General Miramon is the Chief Executive, and of the withdrawal of the exequatours heretofore issued to consuls of the United States in Mexico; and having informed it that several citizens of the United States have been victims of these cruelties, three of whom, Doctors John Duval, Ignacio Ritchie and Albert Lamson, were physicians actually in attendance upon the sick and wounded in the military hospitals, and two others, unoffending youths under age, has been instructed to address to you the earnest remonstrance that the occasion calls for.

The President of the United States has examined this subject with deep concern and an anxious desire to adopt the necessary measures, not only to procure the punishment of the persons who were the authors of these cruelties, but also to protect the lives and property of the citizens of the United States residing in the Republic of Mexico. He feels in common with his countrymen, great indignation that these citizens of the United States should have been murdered under such atrocious circumstances as to merit the reputation of the civilized world.

In the peaceful recognition of the Constitutional Government, without any forcible intervention, the Government of the United States exercised an unquestioned right under the law of nations which gave no cause of offence to the opposite party contending for power over the country and did not authorize interference with the Consuls of the United States in the discharge of their consular functions in their respective districts, and least of all could that political measure justify, or in any way excuse, the shocking barbarities whose condemnation is now passing through the world; although the position now occupied by the United States, with respect to Mexico, precludes any formal diplomatic intercourse with those exercising power in the City of Mexico, who are not recognized as constituting the Government of the Republic, yet the enormities are of such an unusual nature as to justify unusual proceedings.

Therefore, the undersigned, by the express instructions of his Government, calls your attention to these outrages, in violation of the common rights of humanity as well as of solemn treaty obligations, perpetrated under circumstances that justify this direct remonstrance, that the shedding of blood may be stayed, the personal rights of citizens of the United States respected, and the atrocious criminals who have brought disgrace upon their country duly punished. This measure is due to the character of those exercising power in the City of Mexico, not less than to the character of the Republic.

So far as citizens of the United States have been the victims of these violations of natural rights and treaty stipulations, they will be held in remembrance, and redress will be demanded, and ultimately obtained therefor, whatever may be the result of this remonstrance.

The President of the United States has read with much satisfaction, a communication addressed to the undersigned, under date of the 22d April, 1859, by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Constitutional Government, which is recognized by the United States as the imperial Government of Mexico, pronouncing its unqualified condemnation of these reprehensible proceedings, and also conveying assurance of its determination to put a stop to them, and to do its duty to a friendly power. Nevertheless, he considers it proper, as has already been stated, that a direct remonstrance should be addressed to those who are immediately responsible for the outrage and indignities that are the subject of this communication, that the civilized world may know upon whom rests the responsibility of disturbing the ordinary relations of amity and friendship that has been established and guaranteed by treaty stipulations between Mexico and the United States, and which the best efforts of the Governments of the two Republics have failed to maintain in consequence of the reckless and inhuman excesses of those now acting in the City of Mexico, under the authority of the Government referred to, and with which you are associated as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The undersigned has the honor to subscribe himself, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

(Signed) ROBERT M. McLANE, To His Excellency Manuel Diez de Bonilla, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Government of which Gen. Miramon is Chief Executive, City of Mexico.

INTRODUCTION OF EXOTICS—EXPERIMENTS WITH THE GRAPE VINE AND WITH THE TEA PLANT.

Along the many squares that are not squarred on the plan of this city, is one of five acre rounded on the North by Missouri avenue, the East by Four and a half street, on the West by the canal, and on the West by Sixteenth Street. Less than a year ago this square was the better than a marsh or morass; but it is now fast assuming form and beauty. The drainage has rendered the soil dry, warm and friable and ingenious culture is developing upon this surface products that have seldom hitherto been found in close proximity. Here are young budding grape vines from El Paso, from Arkansas, and from other States of the Union, as well as from Hungary and Egypt. All are tested in various ways, but especially by experiments having for their object the blending of varieties by hybridization, in order that American retaining its vigor and exuberance, may have its acidity, its 'ferocity,' as it sometimes expressed, subdued through the influence of the older cultivated grapes of other climes; or that these may be reinvigorated through the influence of the more hardy American vines. The Egyptian varieties—the 'seedless' and the 'glady finger'—of which there are eight or ten thousand plants, have been introduced by means of cuttings, the El Paso, of which there are one or two hundred thousand, have been produced from seed. Here also is a forest of pine trees, an inch or two in height, sprung from seeds brought from the Pacific coast and native plum trees, from seeds obtained in Arkansas and in Texas; and radishes from China; onions from Egypt; 'Melochia,' an Egyptian soap plant, the leaves of which are exceedingly mucilaginous and agreeable in flavor. The Pyrethrum caucasicum, the dried flower heads of which produce the far famed vermin destroying powder; the wax bearing Ribuz of Japan, the product of which has recently created some sensation in commerce; the hemp palm from China, of which a grass cloth is made; the olea fragrans, of China, from which the better varieties of tea derive their rich aroma; the seedless pomegranate of Egypt, highly prized because it is seedless; the camphor tree, the cork tree, the nut tree, the cork oak, the olive, the chestnut, the mulberry, the cotton tree, the silk worm, the mulberry, the cotton tree, the silk worm, the mulberry, the cotton tree, the silk worm.

The head clerk of a large mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his firm. 'You may judge of its extent,' said he 'when I tell you that the quilts for our correspondence only cost two thousand dollars a year.' 'Pooh!' said the clerk of another house, who was sitting by, 'what is that to our correspondence, when I save four thousand dollars a year in ink, from merely omitting to dot the 'i's!'

The Late Accident on the Southern Michigan Railroad.—Horrible Scenes.

W. J. Hawks Esq., of Charlestown, Va., furnishes the Free Press with a thrilling account of the late horrible accident on the Southern Michigan railroad. Mr. Hawks, after stating that he was a passenger, and that he was swept forty yards down the stream from where the train was precipitated into it, says:

On reaching the shore I stumbled over a man—turned and found him alive—I asked him his name. He replied 'Walworth.' I could not raise him, and went to the cars for assistance, passing ten or twelve dead bodies on the beach. Arriving at the wreck I found some one had procured a light—returned and found Walworth dead. He was a large, fine looking old gentleman, I afterwards assisted his son in his last moments.

The first thing that arrested my attention on entering the car that I had left was that I was standing on a pile of dead bodies. One man I thought alive and gazing into my face. I turned the lamp around, and the glazed eye of death told me that all was over. A lady had her arm around her neck, with a frightful wound in her head, her feet caught and crushed in the wheels of the car. Others, caught and crushed by the falling timbers, begged me to kill them and put them out of their misery.—There was a lady, going to meet her husband, with her daughter six years old, and a babe at the breast. The mother and little girl were killed. The mother had clasped the babe in such a manner that it was unharmed.

The ground was strewn with heads, arms, legs and dead bodies. I saw several with their backs broken and their lower limbs paralyzed, writhing in the sand. Some of them would clutch me as I passed with a grasp from which it was almost impossible to free myself. Several beautiful boys and girls were taken from the water drowned, but looked beautiful in death. Others were crushed between the wheels, with their faces and hands lacerated in a supplicating manner. I passed a woman who begged me to find her children.' She was crying, 'Oh! my dear family! Oh my six children.' Both her legs were crushed off below the knee. She lived about ten or fifteen minutes. I afterwards assisted in taking two of her children from the wreck dead. Two more fine boys of hers were found—one with his leg cut off; the other had lost an arm, and both were living when I left.

A lawyer who was sent to prison for obtaining money under false pretence, was placed in a shoe-making department. Upon a friend visiting him he declined all sympathy, but desired to be congratulated on the fact that he had risen from the bar to the bench.

THE JAPANESE PRIZE RING.

No spectacle in Japan is complete or even possible, in which both spectators and performers do not make several changes of costume.—On the stage this is a matter of course with actors and actresses, but it is also extended to the audience. Ladies who go to the play are accompanied by numerous servants and a magnificent wardrobe; and in the course of the spectacle, which begins in the morning and ends late at night, they retire several times, and when they return, it is in new and gorgeous attire.

The wrestlers are dressed and led out for show, and then they are undressed again; and a space being prepared, and a ring formed, they are divided into two different parties. These two parties stand in the ring glaring at one another; then they tramp heavily backward and forward so as to show their points, and enable spectators to make up their betting books.

After this they retire, and all with the exception of two, are again clothed in full dress, and take up their position on the front seats round the ring. The two who have been reserved now come forward with the simple cloth bound round their loins, and walk with slow and deliberate steps into the centre of the ring.—They stand eyeing each other with a wary look, glaring with a brutal ferocity, each watching a chance to catch his antagonist off his guard.—And as a savage nature comes more and more to the surface, they assume the look and even the movements of two wild bulls.

As they continue to eye each other, they stamp heavily on the ground, pawing the earth, as it were, with impatience, and then they stoop, grasp handfuls of earth and fling it with an angry toss over their backs. They crouch down low, still keeping their eyes fixed one on the other, and watching each movement; then in a moment there is a sudden spring, a great shock as the massive frames strike each other, a rebound, and then the two monsters become one monster with many limbs heaving and struggling, with great muscles rising in distinct outline, with bloated faces, and gushes of purple blood.

Prize fighting in Japan is very much like prize fighting in England. But perhaps in Japan they recognize the nature of the exhibition more truly than we do, and it is quite in character with the rest of the scene, and a legitimate demonstration, when the next antagonist lowers his head, and rushes at his opponent, bellying like a bull. Let us leave the wrestlers they will all struggle in succession, and with a and will be led down the stream, which can give and meanwhile, instead of talking slang and looking disreputable, like the frequenters of English prize fights, will go home to music, and poetry, and water parties.

Perhaps in the evening of the same day we shall find them in company of ladies, sitting by a cool running stream or in a shady grove, each with a book. The book may be of poetry, or containing religious and moral apophthegms.—*Household Words.*

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REASONS FOR DRINKING.—Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to drink.

Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not to, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes it because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's got a friend come home from Australia.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. K. because he's so cold.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his breast.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he is not.

Mr. U. because no one will have him.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z.—We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.

Poetic—A Germanic poet gets off a wonderful lyrical parody—the sentiments of which we cannot endorse. Mr. Von Kropfles entitles it

HOME, DREAD HOME!

Der other side of "Home, Sweet Home."

Mid par rooms on tier cellars dough we may roam,

Ve vinds dem much gooter more pleasant as home,

Vor noting but scholting on shqualing is dere,

Vich, go draugh der world, you can nix meet elsewhere.

Home! home! dread home!

Dere is no bease at home!

Dere is no bease at home!

A veller vrom home, un grief haunts him in vain,

So give me the old fashioned par room again;

Dere vrients singing shweetly vould trink at my call,

Dere is no bease at home!

Dere is no bease at home!

WHY THE KING OF NAPLES IS CALLED BOMBA.

The term Bomba is often misinterpreted as having some allusion to bombardments. It is not so. In Italy, when you tell a man a thing which he knows to be false, or when he wishes to convey to you an idea of the utter worthlessness of anything or person, he puffs out his cheeks like a bagpiper's in full blow, smites it with his forefinger, and allows the pent up breath to explode, with the exclamation of "Bomba." I have witnessed the gesture and heard the sound. Hence, after 1849, when royal oaths in the name of the Most Holy Trinity were found to be as worthless as beggar's in the name of Bacchus or the Madonna, when Ferdinand was perceived to be a worthless liar, his quick-witted people whispered his name. He was called King Bomba, King Puff-blow, King Liar, King Knave. The name and his character were then so much in harmony that he has ever since, retained it.

The President of a certain College was getting too old to fill his chair with the greatest advantage to the Institution, but the old gentleman held on—noting would induce him to resign; so at a College supper, a wag gave the following toast: 'President L.—' endowed with every virtue but that of resignation!'

Schoolmaster abroad.—"Mother," said a little chap, "what is this word, is it Valentines?"

"No, no," replied the knowing mother, "it's Valentines; here you have been to school for six months, and can't give the right pronunciation to words yet!"

"Well you see, mother, you went to school for a longer spell than I did!"

A lady sent for a doctor, in great trouble, to say she had a frightful dream, and had seen her grandmother.

"What did you eat for supper, Madam?"

"A mince pie, Doctor."

"Had you eaten two you would have seen your grandfather too."

Aunt Kosy was dividing a mince pie among the boys, when Jim who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no piece for the wicked."

Old Gent.—"Why don't you go to work and stop picking your nose?"

Boy.—"It's my nose, ain't it? and it's the Fourth of July, too. I'll pick thunder out of it, if I've a mind to."

Old Guzzel says if he could have his choice of three things, he should choose, first, plenty of tobacco, secondly, a good stock of rum, and thirdly, he should choose some more rum.

The chap who plucked the feathers from the wing of a house, has recently converted his hat into a brick yard.

When rogues give a dance, the devil is sure to play the fiddle.