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Select Case.

THE TWO FRIENDS: OR THE PRESENTIMENT.

About four years ago, a party of travellers arrived at a certain convent in Jerusalem, at which you can put up for the night, and be entertained very much as European travellers who are crossing the Alps are received at the Great St. Bernard. Amongst the party who had newly arrived was one who had got the lock of his pistol so deranged that it was impossible to str it, and as he, as most other eastern travellers, very much disliked the idea of proceeding on his journey unarmed, he was anxious to have the defect attended to at once. It was easier to feel this want than to get it supplied, there being no one at that time in Jerusalem who would be likely to understand the pistol in question, which was a revolver, and furnished with all the latest improvements. At length, however, after much consideration and casting about as to what was to be done, one of the lay brothers of the convent suggested a way out of the difficulty which seemed promising enough. There were, he said, a couple of German travellers sleeping that night in the convent who were locksmiths by trade and he had little doubt that one of them would be able to do what was necessary to the pistol. If anybody could. The weapon was handed over to the lay brother, who at once took it to the room which the two Germans occupied, and explaining to them what was amiss, asked if they would undertake to set it right. The traveller, he added, would pay them liberally for their trouble.

The two Germans were sitting at their supper, when the lay brother came in with the pistol in his hand. The elder of them, whose name was Max, got up from the table, took the weapon from the monk, and carried it to the window that he might examine it more completely. His friend remained at the table sitting with his back towards Max, finishing his supper in a philosophical manner enough. The German who was examining the pistol had not been so occupied for more than a couple of minutes, when it went off with a loud noise. At that moment, the poor fellow who was sitting at the table, fell forward without uttering a sound. The whole charge had entered his back.

He fell upon his face upon the ground, and when my friend who told me the story—who was surgeon to the embassy was sent for at once—when he arrived, it seemed to him at first as if two men had been killed instead of one, for both the Germans were stretched upon the floor, and he who was to be the survivor holding the other locked in his arms, were upon his ghastly countenance the deadlier look of the two. It was quite a difficult thing to separate them. The wounded man had got the other's hand in his, as if by that to reassure him, and to show him that he loved him all the same.

The surgeon caused the wounded man—it was too evident that he had not long to live—to be removed to the Infirmary and laid upon a bed to die. It was a bed that stood beneath a window, and across which, when the sun was setting, the shadow of a cypress fell. A very brief examination showed that any attempt to relieve the dying man would be useless, and they could only staunch the blood that flowed from his wound, and watch him with breathless eagerness—there is none like it—with which men watch their brother, when each breath, drawn less and less often, seems as though it were the last. As for the other German, he was sunk in a heap upon the ground beside the bed, in speechless stupefaction. One of his hands was on the couch, and the expiring effort of the dying man was to take this passive hand in his. Those who were around him, seeing then a change upon his face, leaned hastily over him, for they had heard him whisper faintly.

"Poor Max!" he said—"Poor Max!" The last act of the man who died was to pity the man who lived.

For some time it was very uncertain whether the man who had thus slain his best and dearest friend would not speedily follow him into another world—so fearfully was he affected. For a still longer period it was doubtful in the last degree, whether he would retain his reason. And, indeed, at the time when the story was told me, he could hardly be said to be altogether of sound mind. At that very time the man was haunted by a fixed presentiment that he should die one day as his friend had died. No reasoning with him had the least effect—the presentiment had such a hold upon his mind which nothing could shake. Those who wished him well—and there were many—had often tried to lead him to a happier frame of mind, and to make him take an interest in his own future. They had urged him since he had taken up his abode in Jerusalem to settle himself more comfortably, to get into a better and more convenient workshop, and since his skill as a workman always ensured him the means of living, to marry; for they knew that the fresh interests of a domestic nature which would follow would be of the greatest service to him.

"The day will come," was his invariable answer to all such advice—"the day will come when some one will shoot me with a revolver through my back just as I shot my friend. That day will surely come: what have I to do then, with a wife or children whom I should leave a widow—with children whom I should leave fatherless? What have I to do with settling—with comfort or a home? I shall have them when the pistol bullet sends me to my grave beside my friend," said the German locksmith.

So much for what I learned from my friend the surgeon, concerning the past life of the singular man by whose appearance I had been so powerfully struck. Of the remaining portion of his history the particulars came under my own knowledge, and with the circumstances of its termination I was myself to a certain extent mixed up. My revolver was sent back to me repaired, just as I was about to start away on a short journey into the environs, and I was in some haste, I set off without trying it. In the course of a day, however, partly wishing to ascertain how far my pistol was restored to a condition of usefulness, partly from a desire to bring down a bird which I saw on the wing, apparently in pistol-shot, I lifted my revolver to let fly at him. The weapon missed fire. On examination, I found that the defect this time was precisely the reverse of what it had been before. The lock went so loosely now, and had so little spring in it, the hammer did not fall upon the cap with sufficient force to explode it. I tried the pistol several times, and finding it useless sent it again, on my return to Jerusalem, to the German locksmith, charging my servant to explain to him its new defect, and above all things to caution him as to its being loaded, as I had done on the former occasion. Mark how it returns to him again and again. Why not have done his work at once? The revolver was brought back to me the next day in a state as I was told, of perfect repair. This time I took it into the garden to try it. The first time it went off well enough, but the next time—for I was determined to prove it thoroughly—I found that its original defect had returned, and the lock would not stir, pull at the trigger as I might.

"There is something radically wrong here," I said. "I will go myself and see the German locksmith about it."

"That pistol again," said the German locksmith looking up, as I entered his miserable abode.

What would I not have given to have been able to say anything that would have altered the expression of that haggard countenance?—But it was impossible. I made some attempts to draw the poor fellow into conversation, though I felt even if these had not proved (as they did) wholly useless, my comparative ignorance of his language would have stood in the way of my saying anything that could have been of any service. Our conversation then limited itself to the matter in hand, and we agreed that the only thing to be done with the pistol now was to take its lock off, and make a perfectly new one in imitation of it. This, however, would take some time, and it would be necessary that the locksmith should keep the weapon by him for three or four days at least. He took it from my hands as he told me so, and placed it carefully on a shelf, at the back of his shop.

"Above all things," I said, as I left the house, "above all things, remember that the revolver is loaded."

"I shall not forget it," he said, turning round to me with a ghastly smile.

This, then, was the third time that pistol was taken back to the German for repairs.

It was the last. The German locksmith, being very much occupied, owing to the reputation he had obtained as a clever workman, had taken into his employment a sort of apprentice or assistant, to help him in the simple and more mechanical parts of his trade. He was not much of use, a stupid, idle, trifling fellow at best. One day soon after I had left my revolver for the last time to be mended, this lad came in from executing some errand, and standing idly about the place, took down my pistol from the shelf on which it lay, and began to look at it with some curiosity, not being accustomed to the sight of a revolver.

The locksmith turning round from his work, saw the lad occupied hastily told him to put the pistol back in the place where he had taken it from. He had not, time he said, to attend to it yet. It was loaded, and it was dangerous to pull it about in that manner. Having said this, the German locksmith turned round, and went on with what he was about, with his back towards the lad whom he had just cautioned, and who, he naturally supposed, had restored the pistol at once to its sheath.

The boy's curiosity, however, was excited by the revolver, and instead of doing as he was bid he retained it in his hand, and went on prying into it, examining how the lock acted, and what were its defects.

The poor German was going on with his work muttering to himself, "Strange, how that pistol returns to me, again and again."

The words were not out of his lips when the fatal moment, so long expected, arrived, and the charge from my revolver entered his back. He fell forward in a moment, saying, as he fell "At last!"

The foolish boy rushed out of the shop with the pistol in his hand, screaming for assistance so loudly, that the neighbors were soon alarmed and hastened in a crowd to the house of the poor locksmith.

My friend, the surgeon, was instantly sent for, and from him I gained the particulars which follow:

Turning the poor fellow over on his face, and cutting open his garments to examine the wound the surgeon said to those who were standing around: "The ball has entered his back; if by chance it should have passed round by

the ribs, as will sometimes happen, this wound will not be fatal."

"It is fatal," said the wounded man, with a sudden effort. "Have I been waiting for this stroke so long, and shall it fail to do its work when it comes? It is fatal he gasped again—and I shall die—but not here."

I have to relate a horrible and incredible thing, which, impossible as it seems, is yet true.

The German locksmith started up from where he lay, pushing aside all those who stood around him with an unnatural strength. His body swayed for an instant from side to side, and then he darted forward. The crowd gave way before him, and he rushed from the house. He tore along the streets—the few people whom he met giving way before him, and looking after him with horror as he flew along—his clothes cut open at the back, blood-stained and with death in his looks. Not one pause, not an abatement in his speed till he reached the infirmary, passed the man who kept the door, and up the stairs he flew, nor stopped till he came to a bed which stands beneath the window and across which the shadow of a cypress falls when the sun begins to set.

It was the bed on which his friend had breathed his last.

"I must die here," said the German locksmith, as he fell upon it. "It is here that I must die."

And there he died. The haunting thought which had made his existence a living death, was justified. The presentiment had come true at last; and when the thunder-cloud which had hung so long over his man's life, had discharged its bolt upon his head, it seemed to us as if the earth were then lighter, for the shade had passed away.

Is death the name for a release like this?—Who could look upon his happy face, as he lay upon that bed, and say so?

It was not the end of a life—but the beginning.

Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL JESUP.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

The public at large, but especially his companions in arms, will be grieved to hear of the death in this city, yesterday morning, from paralysis, of Major-General Thomas Sidney Jesup. The deceased was but a few days ago in the active personal discharge of his duties as Quartermaster-General of the Army, and we met him with firm and elastic step on the street, with an apparent prospect of continued usefulness. This brave officer, whose name is to be found conspicuous in our military annals, was not more admirable as a soldier than he was estimable for his domestic and social virtues.

General Jesup was born in Virginia in the year 1788, and entered the army in 1808 as a second lieutenant of the seventh infantry, and his subsequent military history is succinctly described as follows:—So rapid was his promotion, that in 1812 he was Brigadier Major and Acting Adjutant General to Brigadier General Hull. In 1813 he was Major of the nineteenth infantry; transferred in 1814 to the twenty-fifth infantry as Brevet Lieutenant Colonel for distinguished and meritorious service in the battle of Chippewa, of the 5th of July, 1814. In November of the same year he was brevetted Colonel, for gallant conduct and distinguished skill in the battle of Niagara, of the 25th of July, 1814, in which he was severely wounded. On the reduction of the army in 1815 he was retained in the first infantry, and in 1817 was Lieutenant Colonel of the third infantry. In 1818 he was appointed Adjutant General, with the rank of Colonel; and the same year Quartermaster General, with the rank of Brigadier General; and was brevetted Major General in May, 1828, for ten years' meritorious service. He was assigned to the command of the army in the Creek nation, Alabama, in 1836, and succeeded General Ball in Florida on the 8th of December, 1836; was wounded in action with the Seminole Indians, near Jupiter Inlet, on the 24th January, 1838, and was succeeded by Colonel Z. Taylor on the 15th May, 1838; whereupon he returned to the duties of his department, which he managed with distinguished ability.

In his despatch from Chippewa Plains, July 7, 1814, Gen. Brown, in detailing the incidents of the battle of Chippewa, thus refers to the subject of this sketch:

"Major Jesup, commanding the left flank battalion, finding himself pressed in front and in flank and his men falling around him, ordered his battalion to 'support arm and advance'; the order was promptly obeyed, amidst the most deadly and destructive fire. He gained a more secure position, and returned upon enemy so galling a discharge as caused them to retreat. By this time their whole line was falling back, and our gallant soldiers pressing upon them as fast as possible."

In his despatch concerning the severe battle of Niagara, July 25, 1814, Gen. Brown refers to some of his officers:

"Of the preceding details you have new evidence of the distinguished gallantry of Generals Scott and Porter, of Colonel Miller and Major Jesup, of the first Brigade."

To his fine military capacity in the field Gen. Jesup added great administrative ability, in the management of the vast concerns of the Quartermaster's Department he evinced great foresight, but the labor devolved upon him by the Mexican war, in managing the details of the campaign in a far-distant country, can only be properly appreciated by those who shared in its difficulties and responsibilities. A grateful country must ever bear in honorable remembrance the service of the veteran soldier and gentleman, whose name and fame will go down to posterity as a portion of our brightest military records.

THE COVODE COMMITTEE.

Startling disclosures, showing John Covode and his Associates refuse to investigate charges of republican corruption.

On Friday week a scene occurred in the United States House of Representatives which will arrest the attention of the whole nation. The majority of the Covode Committee have been caught in an ugly trap; and their conduct in refusing to allow the Hon. WARREN WINSTON, to summon witnesses to prove corruption on the part of the Republican leaders, will excite feelings of contempt and indignation wherever the record is made public. They talk about official corruption!—When Deftrees, their own candidate for Printer, solemnly testified before the Committee, that he had pledged the Republican Caucus to give one half of the proceeds of the office for "electrotyping purposes, and upon this hint" he was nominated and voted for by immaculate Republicans! We now ask our readers to examine the following proceedings in Congress—they need no comment—they speak for themselves—and show that Mr. John Covode refuses to dance to his own music!

On Friday last, June 1st, Mr. Warren Winston, (Dem.) of North Carolina, rising to a question of privilege, caused to be read certain extracts from the journal of the Covode investigating committee, of which he is a member, by which it appeared that he desired to subpoena certain citizens of Luzerne county, Penna.

To this Mr. Covode interposed that he had in his possession the names of a hundred persons as witnesses, but, as in every instance, they had no direct connection with the Government, he declined to summon them.

It appeared further from the record that Mr. Winston applied for these witnesses in April, but they had never been summoned. He had been informed on authority said to be reliable, and not by anonymous letters, that large sums of money had been used to secure the election of Mr. Scranton to the House.

Mr. Covode to this replied that he would vote to subpoena Mr. Winston's witnesses if that gentleman could trace back the use of the money to the Government, and as Mr. Scranton was here, he would summon him.

Mr. Winston's request was refused by the Committee, Mr. Winston and Mr. Robison of Illinois voting in the affirmative, and Messrs. Covode and Train in the negative; as was also Mr. Winston's request that this matter should be submitted to the House.

At a subsequent period Mr. Winston wished to subpoena McMullen and several others, of Philadelphia. By them he desired to prove bribery on the part of the officers of the election held in that city in the fall of 1856.

Mr. Covode said he had no objections to subpoena a portion of them, but was unwilling to subpoena the Government to the expense of summoning them all.

Mr. Winston's request, in this instance, was again denied by a tie vote.

Mr. Winston then moved to subpoena witnesses from Greensburg and Pittsburg, Pa., understanding that they could prove corruption in Westmoreland county; to which Mr. Covode objected, on the ground that those gentlemen had no connection with the Government.

This request was also refused. The record further states that when Mr. Frederick Eggle was called to the stand, Mr. Winston asked whether there was any minute made, and when he had been summoned, and the Clerk of the Committee replied that it was not noted in the minutes.

Mr. Winston then asked that a copy of so much of the journal as relates to summoning witnesses, be furnished him, which was agreed to.

The above is a summary of the record. Mr. Houston, (Ala.) asked, as Mr. Winston desired to have witnesses summoned to prove corruption and fraud in the Westmoreland district, who represents it.

Mr. Winston replied, "I believe the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Covode." [Laughter.]

Let the record go forth, that the Republican Committee has refused to investigate the charges directly made against their own confederates, and particularly against their Chairman, John Covode! So says the York Gazette.

FUSION IN CONFUSION.

The "signs of the times" appear to indicate considerable confusion in the fusion ranks of Abolitionism and render Lincoln's prospect more gloomy than desirable. For some time the Republicans professed great love for Mr. Fillmore, and proclaimed through their journals the hearty adhesion of that gentleman to the principles and candidates of the Chicago Convention. Now the joy is not so great, Mr. Fillmore having, in a manly letter, announced his opposition to Lincoln and his cordial endorsement of an intention to support BELL & EVERETT. Since the appearance of the Ex-President's manifesto against Sectionalism, their ranks having increased by thousands here and elsewhere.

The friends of BATES, in Missouri and West, are extremely hostile to the Republican nominees. As an evidence of their feeling at this juncture, the St. Louis News, the home organ of Mr. BATES, after hoisting the BELL and EVERETT ticket, says:

"The American portion of the Opposition of the country, who cast 800,000 votes in 1856, and who can, by a turn of the hand, dictate the President this year, were left wholly out of consideration at Chicago. How can they, with any sentiment of self respect, join in jubilation over their humiliating repulse?"

In New York the division in the Abolition ranks is wide, and increasing. The SEWARD and anti-SEWARD difficulty is far from being settled, and the New York Times is free to say that, "splitting rails was no part of the duties

of the Presidency, as those duties were defined in the Constitution and that it was not worth while for the Republicans to lay too much stress on LINCOLN's ability in that department." Further on, the Times very appropriately says: "We fear this appeal underrates the intelligence of the great mass of American voters. We do not think they are likely to elect a President upon any such grounds of sympathy, or upon any such presumption of knowledge derived from experience."

The New York Express, the organ of the Americans and Old Line Whigs of the Empire State, is also arrayed in antagonism to the Chicago candidates, and says:

"For every Fillmore man going or gone over to Lincoln, such speeches as Sumner's will knock two back out of the old Fremont ranks. Lincoln will lose hundreds of votes Fremont got. Making rails is not up to sleeping with grizzly bears on the Rocky Mountains. The 'American organs' that go over to Abolitionism now will have just as much effect as in 1859, no more. The solid 100,000 Old Line Whigs and Americans, in this New York State, are never to be taken over by any newspaper editors into the bosom of the Abolition party."

From these and other extracts, which we might publish, were they necessary, one thing is apparent:—The conservative sentiment of the people are against LINCOLN, SUMNER, and Abolitionism. The first flush of the fever, excited by the Chicago nominations, having passed off, and the true purposes of the Republicans being ascertained, the Union-loving men of the Opposition are deserting the Black Flag everywhere in the North, and arraying themselves on the side of the Constitution and the country.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

[From the Boston Atlas and Bee.]

The legislative committee, yesterday afternoon, resumed and finished their investigation in relation to the cattle distemper. John A. Andrews, Esq., addressed the Committee in which remarks he said we fall into the error of taking coincidence for consequences; too much given to looking at the outside without examining into the subject. There is nothing in any disease but may be cured, but what had been done I fear has not served to give much information as to this disease. Why should you not establish a commission or a series of commissions to trace this disease down to its starting point. All diseases have their causes, all have abnormal foundations, and the result can be traced back to the cause. Some have thought this like the small-pox or other contagious diseases, but nobody knows anything about it. Our Commissioners have not attempted to classify the cases of this distemper; the most that they have tried to do is to trace each separate case back to a case of the same kind from which it was inherited. Now, unless a kind of careful and exact examination is entered into, nothing definite can be arrived at. The speaker was not bold enough, not being a physician, to suggest a course of procedure for the Commissioners, but he thought they should submit the disease to the fullest investigation of modern science, through the appointment of one or more commissions, to act separately or conjointly, as may be thought best.

Dr. Loring made some remarks, in which he said he thought the statement that nothing had been done or brought to light by the Commissioners was all wrong. The Commissioners have tried to lay before the public, through the co-operation of the newspapers and otherwise, the facts and the advance they made in their work, and these facts show to the contrary to what the gentleman that had just preceded him had stated. It appeared the disease was first known in this country at Belmont, and rapidly traversed to North Brookfield. The speaker then gave a history of the disease in Europe with which this is identical.

The question is, is this disease contagious. On this subject we have a vast deal of opinion, both here and in Europe. Prof. Morton and Simmons in the mother country, both veterinary surgeons, have given it as their opinion that it is contagious. The Commissioners have done all in their power, feeling that they had the virtual co-operation of the farming community, and that the Legislature would second their efforts.

If anything can be done to give light upon the disease let us have that, but in Heaven's name let us first get rid of the disease—let that be done sure, and first, and then we will learn as to the causes.

The Commissioners accepted their task, not knowing the full extent to which they would have to act. The disease was at first supposed to be confined to a small locality, but has proved otherwise, and as we have done we ask your careful consideration.

THE CATTLE DISEASE IN NEW JERSEY.

MEETING OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A special meeting of this Society was held at Elizabeth, on the 6th inst., called to consider the cattle disease. The President, Mr. N. N. Halstead, stated the object of the meeting. The report of a committee appointed by a meeting in Morristown, was made by Mr. D. B. Logan. The recommendation made by them, that the Governor call an extra session of the Legislature, excited much discussion.

Gov. Olden submitted a paper embodying his views, which was read. He recommended that the Society prepare an address to the people, to embrace the following points:

First, when and under what circumstances the disease appeared in Europe. Second, the time and manner of its introduction in Massachusetts, and its progress in that State. Third, all that is known of its introduction and progress in New Jersey. Fourth, symptoms of the disease and its contagious character. Fifth, the difficulty of ascertaining the length of time that elapses between the inception and the full development of the disease. Sixth, the importance of averting its ravages by promptly enclosing herds that are infected, in places where it is impossible for them to come in contact with other

cattle, and that in districts where the disease is known to exist, they be kept in lots enclosed in the middle of the farm, or in places secure from communication with other cattle. Seventh, vigorously prohibiting the turning of cattle upon the public highways. Eighth, by refraining from the purchase of cattle from other States, or bringing any into a healthy neighborhood which have for six months previous had any opportunities for contracting the disease, or whose previous location for six months is unknown. Ninth, what mode of treatment has been most efficacious after the cattle have been attacked. The paper also suggested that the Committee should visit other States, and enquire into the progress and present state of the disease, abroad and at home—to call town meetings wherever it may be deemed necessary—and to advise, if considered proper, the calling of an extra session of the Legislature; the Society to raise a loan of \$1000 or more to defray all expenses incurred by the Committee in the investigation of the subject—the Governor agreeing to recommend to the Legislature to reimburse them to this amount.

After slight debate the paper of the Governor was adopted.

During the meeting, statements were made from various counties, announcing the appearance of the disease.

Mr. Abraham A. Johnson said that he had known the same disease ten years ago, when many farmers in his vicinity lost numbers of cattle; and statements to the same effect were made by other gentlemen. Various modes of treating the disease were debated, and one gentleman announced that he had applied a remedy in one instance which had proved effectual. Its infectious character was conceded, and its cause was stated to be a minute insect which finds its way to the lungs of cattle.

MEETING IN MORRIS COUNTY.

A large meeting of citizens and farmers of Morris county, was held at Morristown, Tuesday evening, to consider the fatal disease among cattle. F. S. Lathrop was elected Chairman, and D. B. Logan, Secretary. Mr. Lathrop made some introductory remarks, stating the object of the meeting—that it was held to devise measures for preventing the spread of the contagion, &c. No specific for it, he said, had been discovered. The only remedy is to destroy all the cattle diseased. The horned cattle of this State, he said, are estimated at 1,000,000 averaging \$20 each in value. He urged New Jersey to follow the example of Massachusetts and Connecticut, in passing salutary laws to provide remedies against the spread of the disease.

The Secretary then read a paper giving information concerning the disease. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. A. M. Treadwell, C. K. Tattle, E. B. Graves, Dr. Quincy, S. F. Headley and others. Resolutions were adopted strongly urging the farmers of the country to cease entirely from purchasing, exchanging or boarding strange cattle during the prevalence of the disease; inviting the medical faculty to give the malady their attention, and recommending the isolation of diseased herds. A vigilance committee of fifty persons, from all parts of the county, was appointed to take measures for the protection of the county.

A YANKEE from Maine, being at Buena Vista the night before the battle, and somewhat doubtful of the result, went out of hearing, as he supposed, and made the following prayer:—"O Lord, here we are, about four thousand of us, and twenty thousand Mexicans—enough to swallow us without greasing. Now if you can help us, do it—and if you can't, for heaven's sake don't help the Mexicans—and just hold on until to-morrow, and you'll see the awfulest fight you ever saw in your life. Yours, respectfully, amen."

Do I understand the counsel for defendant, asked a very fat Western juror to say that he is about to read his authorities, as against the decision just pronounced from the bench? "By no means, responded the counsel aforesaid.—'I was merely going to show to your honor, by a brief passage I was about to read from a book, what an infernal old fool Blackstone must have been.' 'Ay, ay!' said the judge, not a little elated and there the matter ended.

An Irishman, travelling on one of the railroads the other day, got out of the cars for refreshments at a way station, and unfortunately the bell rang and the train was off before he had finished his pie and coffee.—"Hould on! cried Pat, and he ran like a madman after the cars, hould on, ye murthering ould stame engine— ye've got a passenger aboard that is left behind!"

ENGLISH TRAVELLER—"Hi say, ham I on the right road to 'Artford'?"

Jonathan—"Well you be."

Traveller—"Ow far shall I ave to go before I get there?"

Jonathan—"Wall, ef yeou turn round and go 'tother way, may be ye'll have to travel about ten miles. But, ef yeou keep on the way yeou are going, ye'll have to go twenty-four thousand, I reckon."

"Bob, lower yourself into the well and hold for help."

"What for?"

"To frighten daddy, and make some fun."

Bob did as he was desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered by a sapling. Distance five and a half feet.

A MERCHANT, having sunk his shop floor a couple of feet, announces that, "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than formerly."

SETTLED AT LAST.—The Chicago Journal says: "We have Mr. Lincoln's authority for saying that his name is Abraham."