

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

VOLUME 57.

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BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1860.

VOL. 5, NO. 15.

NEW SERIES.

BROAD TOP RAIL ROAD!

Arrangements have been effected between the PENNSYLVANIA R. CO. and HUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP R. CO., by which freights are transported at the following low rates: From Huntingdon to Philadelphia, Flour, 62 cents per barrel; Grain, 31 cents per 100 lbs. Merchandise Westward, from Philadelphia to Huntingdon, per 100 lbs., 1st class, 75 cents. 2d class, 60 cents. 3d class, 50 cents. 4th class, 35 cents. Salt and Plaster, 50 cents.

Freights Westward are received at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, 13th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and forwarded daily. Freights Eastward are received at the Hopewell station of Broad Top R. R., and forwarded daily.

S. B. KINGSTON, JR., Freight agent, Penna. R. R. Co., Phila.

Freight Agent, H. & B. T. R. R., Hopewell Station, Riddlesburg, Pa., Fine and Lump, always on hand and for sale.

S. S. FLUCK.

Sept. 7, 1860.

CONFECTIONARY AND GROCERY.

The undersigned has just received and keeps constantly on hand the following articles:—Coffees, sugars, molasses, cheese, crackers, currants, prunes, raisins, figs, almonds, fibrous, cocoa nuts, ground nuts, pecans, Eng. walnuts, cream nuts, candied oranges, lemons, tobacco and cigars, slices in variety, spices of all kinds, baking soda, cream of tartar, sulphur, bromine, canister and keg powder, shot, caps and lead, grain and grain, insecticides, whetting tools, wash tubs and boards, madders, oil polish and Mason's blacking, sweeping, dusting, shoe and scrubbing brushes, clothes, hair, tooth and flesh brushes, bat and infant brushes, hair oils and perfumery, purses and port monies, pocket and memorandum books, bonnet and round gum combs, reading glasses, fine combs, bracelets and jewelry, pens, pen-holders, penknives, scissors, knife-sheaths, umbrellas, suspenders, spool cotton and floss, clocks, small looking glasses, violins, violin strings, toy watches, watch chains, currys and sparcards, horse brushes, cloth-lined, Rock and Little's White Oil, Merchants' celebrated Gargling Oil, for man or beast, and many other articles of a similar nature. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

A. L. DEFIBAUGH.

June 17, 59.—1y.

BLOODY RUN FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

The subscribers are now prepared at their Foundry in Bloody Run, to fill all orders for Castings of every description for **CASINGS AND GRINDING AND SAW-MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, APPLE MILLS, PLOUGHS** and all things else in our line that may be needed in this or adjoining counties.

We manufacture and warrant equal in quality to any made in the State. We keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Wood Cook, Plug and Hillside Ploughs, WARRANTED to give satisfaction, or no sale. Points, shafts and land sides to fit all Woodcocks, or Saylor's ploughs in the county.

Farmers' Bells, Ploughs and Castings of our make may be had at the store of

Wm. Hartley, in Bedford.

Sonderbaugh & Peet, East Providence Tp.,

John Nyeum & Son,

Times being hard, we offer great inducements to Farmers and Mechanics to buy of us.

All kinds of repairing done in a neat and substantial manner and all work warranted. Call and examine our castings and work and judge for yourselves. Our agents sell at township prices.

OSIAH BAUGHMAN & BRO.

March 26, 1858.

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

The subscribers having formed a partnership under the style of "Dock & Aschom" for the purpose of conducting a general

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE

business in the establishment recently erected by Gilliard Dock, in Hopewell, Bedford county, are now prepared to execute orders for **CASINGS AND GRINDING** of every description. They will build to order steam-engines, coal and drift-cars, horse powers and threshing machines—also, casting of every kind for furnaces, forges, saw, grist and rolling mills, ploughs, water-pipe, columns, house fronts, bracks, &c., &c.

They are also now making a fine assortment of **STOVES** of various kinds of the latest patterns and most approved styles, including several sizes of **COOK STOVES** of the best make, heating stoves for churches, offices, bars, &c., &c.

A full assortment of **Stoves** will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at wholesale and retail, at prices to suit the times, and quality, warranted equal to the best Eastern make. Machinery of all kinds repaired promptly. Patterns made to order.

GILLIARD DOCK,

C. W. ASCHOM.

Nov. 11, 1859.

BEDFORD COUNTY MAP.

I will make a directory map of Bedford County from actual surveys, if a sufficient number of subscribers can be raised to justify me in the enterprise.

The map will be large and well finished and will show the location of all the public roads, streams, boundary lines, towns, villages, Hotels, Churches, School Houses, Post Offices, stores, grist mills, saw mills, &c., &c., and will contain the names of all the property holders, and show the business that each one is engaged in. I will put on the same sheet maps of all the towns and large villages, also tables and statistics of the County and (if taken in time) the census of 1860. Plans will be taken to make it as reliable as any Map in the State.

EDWARD L. WALKER.

July 1, 59.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, BEDFORD, PA.

MRS. S. FILLER would respectfully announce to her friends in Bedford County, and to the public generally, that she has opened for a term of years, the large and convenient brick hotel, at the corner of Pitt and Juliana streets, Bedford, Pa., known as the "WASHINGTON HOUSE," and lately kept by MRS. COOK. This house is being thoroughly refitted and refurnished, and is now open for the reception of guests. Visitors to the "BEDFORD SPRINGS" and persons attending Court, will find this house a pleasant and comfortable temporary home.—Every attention will be paid to the comfort and accommodation of guests. The table will at all times be supplied with the best markets afford. Charges moderate.

Extensive stabling is attached to this hotel, and a careful and competent hostler will be in attendance. Special attention will be paid to the accommodation of the farming community.

March 30th, 1860.

A LOT OF PURE MAPLE SUGAR, FOR SALE

July 26, '60.

A. L. DEFIBAUGH.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

BY B. F. MEYERS.

At the following terms, to wit:

\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.

\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.

\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.

No subscription taken for less than six months.

Not a paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. 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 offense.

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.

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

"Your turn now, captain," was the exclamation of several parties, who were seated round the convivial board, telling stories, narrating adventures, singing songs, and drinking each other's healths.

"What will you have, gentlemen?"—inquired Captain S., a small, wiry man of middle age, who had seen service in India.

"Oh, one of your most thrilling adventures," said one of the party; "for surely you must have had some, while stationed in that wild region which is said to teem with them."

"Ah! very well, gentlemen—I remember one that I think that will interest you, and here you have it. It was in the year 183—

that I joined my regiment, as a sub, at Bangalore, and not being used to such a climate, where the mercury runs up to 110 degs. in the spring, with no idea of coming down again till autumn, I soon found myself an invalid, and almost cursed the day that I had been tempted to leave cool old England for such a sweltering country. Some of my friends advised a trip to the Malabar coast, and I was nothing loth to try any change, believing even the worst I could possibly make must be for the better. So I procured a palanquin, and eight good bearers, to take a turn about, and set off forthwith, through as wild a country as poor mortal could wish to see.

"Nothing remarkable happened till we entered what is known as the Wynad Jungle, and if nothing had happened there I should have been tempted to indite the whole country as a libel on appearances. Such a jungle as that may I never behold again! Reeds, weeds, grass, brambles, and bushes were interlaced like a network beneath gigantic trees of teak, whose bows interlocked and canopied the whole, so that in many places the bright sunshine of heaven never penetrated to the earth, as I was borne along in my palanquin, on the shoulders of four timid coolies, while the other four walked leisurely behind, I had the satisfaction of knowing I was in a perfect wilderness unvisited by wild elephants, wild bears, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and any number of deadly reptiles, and that if we were attacked, by any ferocious beast, I should probably be deserted on the instant and left to take care of myself. And then fancy me at night, with all these howling beasts around me, attempting to sleep, amid all the poisonous exhalations of a malarious region, with millions of mosquitoes, moths and bugs, humming, buzzing, and perforating every pore of body, and you will form some faint idea of the pleasures of a sick man's journey.

"Well, one hot, sultry afternoon, when we had reached somewhere near the heart of this jungle, as I was leaning back on the seat of my palanquin, and dreamily listening to the drowsy, monotonous song of the bearers, I was suddenly roused and startled by two or three hoarse trumpet blasts, which proceeded from a wild elephant, who was crashing through the jungle at no great distance; but before I had time for a word, my attendants dropped me without ceremony, and betook themselves to flight. I leaped to my feet, with kind of delirious strength, and, knowing there was not a minute between me and eternity if I remained where I then, I plunged into the copse, and ran like a madman in the direction opposite to the sounds of my advancing foe.

"Fortunately for me, I was only a few seconds in reaching the foot of a large teak tree, up which I began to climb as only a man may climb for life. I heard the monster crashing down the bushes, and making the very earth tremble under his powerful tread, and I went up, up, up, faster than I ever climbed a treble before, and ever shall again, with every stitch of clothes upon me completely saturated with the perspiration wrung from me in an agony of fear—not so much the natural fear of death itself, as the instinctive fear of such a death.

"I think the animal must have turned from a direct course before espying me; for though close upon me, as I supposed, when I began to climb, I succeeded in reaching the first limb, at least some thirty feet from the earth, when he made his appearance at the foot of the tree, snorting and belching in the most terrific manner. Seeing me beyond his reach, he dashed himself into a perfect fury, his comparatively small, pig like eyes shooting gleams of fire as he cast them upwards in his disappointed rage. Then laying hold of the tree with his trunk, he tried his strength in shaking it; but as it was too heavy for him to endanger my position by that means, he soon relinquished it for another. Quietly stepping back a few paces, he measured his ground; and then with a tremendous blow with his head and tusks, I was watching him closely, but only barely comprehended his design in time to throw my arms and legs around a limb, and brace myself for the shock. Nor was I at all too well prepared; for the concussion bruised me considerably, and it seemed to me as if a few pounds more force must have sent me clean from off my perch.

"But my enemy was not done yet. Stepping back and looking up at me with an expression that seemed to inquire what I thought of it, at the same time that he would assure me of its being only the beginning of his battering

operations, he returned to the charge with increased vigor. But this time I was better prepared for him, and come not so near being unseated as on the first trial. Nothing discouraged, he retreated still further, and then came down like an avalanche. It was terrible. I had twined and braced myself in every possible manner; but when he struck, it seemed as if the concussion, after first bruising me, and almost knocking the breath from my body, re-lashed every nerve. Doubtless, I should have fallen to the earth below, only that I was pretty securely balanced in the crotch of the tree, and, having resisted the main shock, had now no difficulty in retaining an upright position.

"On again looking down at the elephant, I was surprised to see him with his head fast against the tree, lashing his tail. Pasting the earth, and uttering a sort of moaning, howling sound, altogether not unlike a vicious bull when about to make an attack. I did not at first comprehend what had occurred, but supposed his actions to result from the anger of disappointment in not being able to bring me to the ground. But I soon had cause for rejoicing rather than fear. His last charge had been made with so much force, as to imbed his long ivory tusks in the tree, and he was now a prisoner to his own brute strength. In vain he pulled and wrenched, moaned, bellowed, and lashed himself into a perfect fury. There he was, a fast prisoner—caught, as one might say, in his own trap—and if ever a poor mortal was justified in rejoicing over the misfortune of a living creature, I think that individual, was myself.

"But I was still a prisoner also. How was I to get down? and how make my escape when down? True, the elephant might not be able to liberate himself in time to do me any injury; but I already knew enough of the terrible jungle to feel little inclination to set off through it alone. There were many intricate paths branching off from the main one, over which I had been borne, and the mistake of taking any one of these would almost certainly be fatal—resulting in death from starvation through being lost, or death from some one of the thousand other surrounding perils. What should I do? It was reasonable to hope that some of my attendants would, sooner or latter, return to learn the fate of their master; and before venturing on anything rash, I resolved to wait a proper time for them.

"Dreadfully passed the next three hours that I remained upon my giddy perch, above the imprisoned beast, looking off upon an undulating sea of masses of bushes, with the sunbeams of this tropical climate pouring down upon me its scorching rays, and almost stifling me with its feverish heat. How eagerly I turned my eyes in every direction, in the hope of getting a glimpse of one my attendants, to whom I could make known my situation. No human being was in sight, and my wildest shouts brought no reply. Should I remain where I was, or descend? We were, as I knew, almost a half day's journey from any settlement, and it would therefore be impossible for me to reach a habitation before nightfall, even should I be fortunate enough to follow the nearest path, while a single mistake would leave me to perish in that awful solitude. I decided, therefore, to remain where I was, either till the sun of another day, or till I should see at least one human being capable of acting as a guide.

"The sun was rapidly nearing the western horizon, and I was despairing of any succor that day, when my attention was attracted to a commotion in the jungle, some quarter of a mile distant. Birds of various kinds flew up screaming, and either hovered over the spot in anger or darted quickly away in fear, and I could catch glimpses of the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, bounding off in every direction. What could be the cause of this disturbance? Was it some one or more of my attendants turning to ascertain my fate? No, I knew, was almost universally learnt by the wild, feathered tribe of the wilderness and the animals of the brute creation, and in man was now my hope wildly did my heart beat, and eagerly did I strain my eyes to catch a view of my deliverer.

"The line of commotion advanced slowly, but still I could not be certain of the cause.—Nearer and nearer it gradually came, till at last I felt a cold thrill of terror pass through my frame, as I suddenly caught a glimpse of the sleek, spotted hide of a royal tiger, slowly and softly making his way through the jungle directly towards the tree upon which I was perched. I looked down at the elephant, and perceived that by some peculiar faculty or instinct he was already aware of his danger.—He was standing perfectly still, no longer making an effort to release himself, but I could see the skin of his broad back quiver, as if every nerve of his body were electric.

"The tiger gradually drew nearer, and at last stopped within a few paces, as if to calculate his chances. Then, with bristling hair, he stole softly round his intended victim in a broad circle, his sharp teeth visible and his terrible eyes glaring with fierce anger and desire.—Then crouching for the spring, he gave one fearful roar and bound, and fairly landed upon the back of his helpless victim, who uttered one agonized cry—a sort of shriek and groan combined—that made me pity him, enemy though he was.

"But his sufferings were of short duration; as he could make no resistance, the tiger had matters all his own way; and almost in the time it takes me to tell you the fact, he had torn open the throat of the giant beast, and was drinking his fill of the warm gushing blood.—This sight sickened me, and I clung to the tree with closed eyes and a dizzy brain.

"When I looked again, the terror of jungle was making his retreat, licking his chops with gluttonous satisfaction. I looked down at the elephant, and beheld a gory carcass, still held to the tree by his tusks. He was dead, and in his death was perhaps my own salvation, though I

was still afraid to descend, lest I should be assailed by some carnivorous beast, attracted thither by the smell of blood.

"I expected nothing but that I should be compelled to remain there through the night; but I bethought me to try the virtue of my voice again, and shouted for help. To my surprise and almost frantic joy, an answer was returned. I repeated my call for help, and one of my attendants made his appearance. I explained what had occurred, and by a signal of his own, he soon brought three of the other to his side. I then descended, but found myself very faint, and was by two of them assisted to my palanquin where I swooned away.

"It is enough to add that I passed thro' the jungle in safety; though if any gentleman thinks I flattered myself on being a hero before I left it, I beg to undeceive him. I have since experienced some remarkable adventures, but none that have left upon my mind so vivid an impression of the terrible as the one I have just related."

AN ELEPHANT EGG.

The following French anecdote is translated for the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

At the last fair at Tarascon there were of course assembled a troupe of gymnasts, jugglers, acrobats, and a multitude of menageries, in one of which was an Asiatic Elephant remarkable for the largeness of his ears. His owner called him Kiouki II.

Among the acrobatic troupe was a maker of red balloons, recently so popular in England and America. He travelled with the show, and seduced a couple of sons from the pockets of many a patron of it by selling him a balloon.

A countryman stopped one day before the menagerie tent, and enticed by a painted representation of the elephant, paid his money to see him. Astonished at his size, he asked the balloon man as he went out.

"Does that beast bring forth young, or lay eggs?"

"Without a moment's hesitation, the mountebank replied.

"He lays eggs."

"I thought so."

"And if you wish one, to afford you the happiness of possessing, under your own roof, an individual of his species, for a frame I will guarantee that you shall carry home what no one else in the country possesses."

The greenhorn did not hesitate to offer his money; and the acrobat presented a red balloon.

"Behold the egg I had the honor to promise you. It is one being only—and only for you, because the Jardin des Planets at Paris buys all my elephant's eggs at six francs apiece, for the Algerian expeditions, where they use all the elephants they can find for the war against Indiana. I chose the lightest egg I could find for you, that you might not wait too long for it to hatch. Its mother having already sat upon it many days, it will suffice you to wrap it up in wool and lay it in a dry place, to obtain without expense and without effort, the magnificent Asiatic product which it contains!"

"Astounding! but how in regard to suckling him?"

"Easy enough. No consequence what quadruped nourishes him. Lacking a cow, a sow, or even a goat, you can bring him up yourself on turtle soup."

The countryman departed, charmed with his prize, and to keep it safely as possible, wrapped it in a blue cotton handkerchief which he had bought at the fair for his wife. But in spite of all the care of which the egg that bore Kiouki II was the object, it was written in the Book of Destiny that its proprietor should not see it hatched under his roof.

Some little distance from the village where our countryman resided runs a stream. He approached it for the purpose of imbibing the clear water. For the purpose of making a cup with his hands, he deposited the precious burden on the ground. He drank freely of the water then rising, turned to his elephant's egg. He looks to the right and to the left, but no egg! He looks above him sees the egg rising higher—higher—and carrying with it his wife's handkerchief.

He believed that the elephant was about to be hatched, and it was not long after the egg was out of sight that he returned home crest fall—n. His wife asked him where the handkerchief was he had promised to bring her. Then he narrated the entire adventure. The good woman opened her eyes and ears and seeing her husband's grief not only at the loss of the elephant; but of the handkerchief, exclaimed:

"Content yourself husband; I'll be content with my black handkerchief, and I'm glad to know the poor baby hasn't gone off with swaddling clothes!"

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

The Mobile Register is responsible for the following mirth provoking incident:

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife.—He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, 25 or 30 feet deep, that at some time probably had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill-wind lifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the trout cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one

end of the rope to a stump hard by and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself or some other wicked spirit put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the old horse and unhooked the bell strap, approached with slow measured, "ting-a-ling-ting" the edge of the well.

"G—d dang that old blind hoss!" said Jake, "he's a comin this way sure, and aint got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball."

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as words that "Ball" wouldn't whoa. Besides, Jake was at the bottom resting, before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem!" said he, "the old cuss will be a top of me before I can say Jack Robison. Whoa! G—d dang you— whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot he kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, who. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a now.— Oh! Lord, have mercy on my poor soul.— Whoa, Ball."

Ned could hold no longer, and fearful Jake must suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know, if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOAFEE.

Let's see, where am I? Yes, I mind now. Was coming up street, met a wheelbarrow—wheelbarrow was drunk, comin' 't'her way; the wheelbarrow fell over me, or I over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar—don't know which now—guess it must have been me. I'm a nice man—yes, I am tight! tore! drunk! Well, I can't help it—ain't my fault—wonder whose fault 'tis? Is it Jones' fault? No. Is it my wife's fault? No. It's whiskey's fault. Who is whiskey? Has he a large family? All poor, I reckon. I think I won't own 'im any more. I'll cut his acquaintance.—I've had the notion for about twenty years, and I always hate to do it for fear of hurting his feelings. I'll do it now—I think liquor is injurin' me, its spoilin' my temper.

Sometimes I get mad when I'm drunk, and abuse Bets and the brats—it used to be Lizzie and the children—that's some time ago. I'd come home one evening, she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me dear William. When I come home now, she takes her pips out of her mouth and has out of her eyes, and says somethin' like, "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you; we're calc enough havin' no fire, 'thout lettin' the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Bets, and I'm Bill, now, I ain't a good Bill nuther; won't pass a tavern without gin in and gittin' drunk. Don't know what bank I'm on. Last Saturday night I was on the river bank—drunk.

I stay out pretty late; no, sometimes I'm out all night; fact is, I'm pretty much out all over—out of elbows and knees, and always outragously dirty—so Bets says; but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder why she doesn't wear good clothes—maybe she hasn't got 'em; whose fault's that? I ain't mine, must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however—I'm intoxicated now, in somebody's coal cellar. There's one principle I've got, I won't get in debt; I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone—got tore off, I expect, when I fell in here; I'll have to get a new suit soon.

A fellow told me that I'd make a good sign for a paper mill, 't'her day. If he wasn't so big I'd kick him. I've had this shirt on for nine days, and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearing. People ought to respect me more than they do for I'm in holy orders.

I ain't a dandy, though my clothes are pretty near the Grecian style. I guess I tore this window shutter in my pants 't'other night when I sat down in the wax in Ben Rugg's shop, and I'll have to get them mended or my—constitution might suffer; I ain't very stout as it is. As the boys say, I'm fat as a match, and healthy as the stone-pox.

My best hat has been standing guard for a window pane that went out the other morning, at the invitation of a brick. It's gettin' cold down here; wonder if I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink, I could think better. Let's see, I ain't got three cents, if I was in a tavern I would sponge one. Whenever a person treats and says, "come fellows," I always think my name is "fellows," and I've got too good manner to refuse. Well, I must leave this, or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary. I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow, it was the wheelbarrow that did the harm, not me.

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to a green Irishman whom he had taken on trial.

"Arrah! be aisy now," said Pat, "how the deuce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me! but give it to me in the barn, and be jabbers, I'll hold it with anybody."

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, advised his friend against taking dupli-Kates.

THE HAPPY LAND.—Some 'feller,' (we think it was an ex-devil of a country newspaper) with a hankering after an elysium, thus sighs his soul away.

"Oh, is there not a happy land—

A land beyond the seas—

Where pot pie smokes in boundless lakes,

And dumplings grow on trees?

Where gingerbread is found in stacks,

And smacra by the ton,

And when you do a job of work

You get the "ready John."

Where Nature's lessons may be read,

In every babbling brook?

Where bumble bees don't sting a chap,

And muley cows don't hook?"

TOM CORWIN REBUKED.—The Springfield, Ill., Register, of Oct. 17, says:—"On Monday last, Mr. Tom Corwin addressed a Republican meeting at Jacksonville. When he was about closing, a note was handed to him. He opened it, and glancing at the first lines, saw it was an invitation. By way of affording him a pretext for not speaking any other than a pre-ferred invitation, he told the crowd that he had just received an invitation, which he would read. Mr. Corwin then read the note. It was couched in the most polite terms, and extended an earnest and pressing invitation to the Hon. Mr. Corwin to visit—only one mile distant—the "Tomb of Hardin, who had been welcomed in Mexico, by bloody hands to a hospitable grave." Corwin was thunderstruck. He put the note down, took it up, twisted it, hung his head, and said nothing. The multitude, about equally divided between Democrats and Republicans, looked on the pitiable sight in silence. The rebuke was a crushing one. It was a complete discomfiture. Corwin at last essayed a justification of his course on the Mexican war, failed, provoked the jeering taunts of the crowd, left the stand, and quitted Jacksonville."

DOESTICKS ON BILLIARDS.—The following is Doesticks' idea of the game of billiard:—"I need hardly tell you that the game of billiards consists in punching ivory balls about on a big table covered with green cloth that looks like half an acre of meadow land with an India rubber fence around it; that the balls are punched with long wooden ramrods with wax on the end to save the wood, and leather on the end to save the wax, and chalk put on to keep the leather from wearing out. You take your ramrod and rub some chalk on the little end; then you lean over the table; then you squirt then you lift up your leg; then you fiddle a little on your left hand with your ramrod; then you punch your ball; if your ball runs against the other man's ball you've done a big thing, and you poke up a lot of buttons that are strung on a wire. This is all there is of the game of billiards—I can, and maybe you could.

A BUNCOMBE FENCE.—Lawyer—"Now Mr. A., was the fence alluded to a strong fence?"

Uncle Will—"Yes Sir."

Lawyer—"Well, what sort of a fence was it?"

Uncle Will (holding in)—"It was a Buncombe fence, Sir."

Lawyer, (thinking he had cornered the old gent.)—"Now Squire, will you ob