Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 57. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 2925.

NEW SERIES. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1860. VOL. 4. NO. 17.

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.
☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It hae been decided by the United States Courts that ths 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.

POPULAR SONG.

DIXEY'S LAND.

AS SUNG BY E. P. DIXEY, OF SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE.

Away down South in the fields of cotton,
Cinnamon seeds and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away,
Den 'way down South in de fields of cotton,
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.
Den I wish I was in Dixey's land
Oh—ho, oh—ho!
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand
And live and die in Dixey's land
Away, away, away,
Away down South in Dixey.

Pork and cabbage put in the pot,
It goes in cold and comes out hot,
Look away, &c.
Vinegar put right on red beet,
It always makes them fit to eat;
Look away, &c.
Den I wish I was in Dixey's land, &c.

Old Massa's mad and I am glad
He's lost the one he thought he had
Look away, &c.
If he comes back which I think he'll do,
Massa'll make him dance till he is blue.
Look away, &c.
Den I wish I was in Dixey's land, &c.

A nigger up in a great big tree,
Lookin' right straight down at me.
Look away, &c.
I up wid a stick an' I hit him in de eye,
And I make this little monkey cry.
Look away, &c.
Den I wish I was in Dixey's land, &c.

A nigger in a bushel measure,
Was tickled to death by swallowing a feather.
Look away, &c.
De doctor tried to fotch him to
But he soon found out it warn't no go;
Look away, &c.
Den I wish I was in Dixey's land, &c.

SELECT TALE.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

We presume our Illinois readers will readily expand the town of C——, mentioned in the following sketch, into Carlyle:

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practising law in Illinois in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office in the town of C——, by a pretty woman, who not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B, an ex-senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive gang of horse-theives and counterfeiters, whose head-quarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he would never have done if he had not drank. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been for eyes brightened by "pearly tears," (blast the poet that made them come in fashion) I'd never been caught in the lasso of matrimony And my would be client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her ripe lips, and her snowy bosom, rose and fell like a white gull in a gale of wind at sea. I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still, he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter his appearance, and the opposition party could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brain; who, if they could not fathom the depths of argument, or follow the lybyrinthian mazes of the law, could feel for a fellow in a bad fix, weeping and pretty wife nearly broken hearted, and quite distracted. Knowing the use of "effect," I told her to dress in deep mourning, and bring her little cherub of a boy only three years old, into court, and to sit as near her husband as the officer would let her. I tried that game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence, and the judge's charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly, inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all, more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for the defence. Witnesses I had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to the gubernatorial clemency and slight sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man entered into life, wedded an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well dressed, made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with the liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol had reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy plead for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. Oh how earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the jury looked melting, If I could have had the closing speech, he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verd ict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three montos after this I received an account for collecsion from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke under attachment. Finding that I was neck ahead and zound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety four dollars and eight cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southwest of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C——, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon in which were seated four men, evidently of a high strung order.—They swept past as if to show how easy they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up to them, and hailing me, asked me to "wet," or in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had in the wagon; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse don't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a nice stopping place, and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows nor their actions. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sulky, but in a belt around my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would drive on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon standing at the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as death when she saw me—she did not speak—but with a meaning look she put her finger to her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully declined to do so.

"By God, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I purposely showing the butt of a Colt which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a segar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

"Beware! they are members of the gang.—They mean to rob and murder you! leave soon; I will detain them!"

I did not feel comfortable just then but tried to feel so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked turning toward the woman.

"What, are you not going on to night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," I replied, "I shall stay here to night."

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern for you," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute, I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! More whiskey old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old fashioned, and "linch pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife and take one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and then I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was but the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway when I heard a yell from those I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw my lantern away and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along furiously with the wreck of the wagon, Finally they seemed to fetch up in the woods. One or two shrieks I heard as [illegible] far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore Prairie team had run away, and two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; I didn't cry. My clients got their money, and I didn't travel that road any more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

Long story, but must make it short. No room for love while politics rule. Got the particulars from individual who had it all by heart.

Young man of the name of William. Young lady by the nam of Belinda. Lived in same neighborhood near neighboring village.—Young man good looking, but not rich—plenty of kin, but no money. Young lady's beauty not likely to be the death of her; her grandma went under a few years ago, and left her a pile of ten cent pieces as large as a pound of wool. Young lady desperately in love with young man, and young man desperately in love with young lady. Young man wouldn't let concealment "like none of your dem'd worms," feed on his cheek but told his love "emejitly." Young lady acknowledge the corn—"thine forever thine, dearest William!" and wilted into young man's arms, as sweet as you please.

"He held her gentle hand in his,
He pressed her slender form,
And vowed to shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm.
And then she raised her eyes to his,
And filled with drops of woe,
And in the tenderest accents cried,
'Oh, quit—don't hug me so!"

Such is life and love. Young lady told young man to interrogate the old folks. Young man did. Old folks said "not if they could help it." Young lady broken hearted—quit combing her hair—took off her hoops—wore shoes slip-shod—and wanted "to find relief in the silent tomb." Young man met young lady by moonlight alone. Wanted young lady to throw bundle of clothes out back window, climb down rope ladder "into these arms," and fly to the squire and happiness. "I may die—I know I shall die, William, but never, never will I wed thee, dearest one, without the consent of ma and pa." Young man pleads like angels, trumpet-tongued. Young lady stubborn and dutiful. Young man tries the indignant—upbraids young lady—swears

He did not think to find so cold
A heart he deemed so true;

and talks of pistols and prussic acid. Young lady dissolved in tears. "Oh William, leave ma—quit my sight forever—but take me along with you!" Young man as happy as a nigger at corn-s hucking, and tells young lady to look to Saturday night, and don't be scared if she sees ladder poked in at back window—"your William'll be at t'other end." Young lady, thinks she's gone too far, and says better wait till then. Young man says "her own mistress"—only five years. Young man says "five years be darned;" if his heart's idol would fly from paternal tyranny, and be happy with him, and let him be happy with her, well and good; if not, disappointment should not feed on his vitals long—a pistol would fix things quick enough. Young lady all tears again. "Cruel, cruel man—carry me to the ends of the earth; I don't care where—just so you carry me."

Saturday night young lady shuts up "savagerous dorg" in smoke house, and goes up stairs. Young man carries ladder two miles; puts ladder up to back window, and whispers "Belindy!" very loud. Belinda doesn't hear, but dog does, and cuts up among the meat barrels terribly. Old lady wakes up. Tells old man "somebody's tryin' to get in." Old man gets up, takes down double-barreled gun, opens front door easy, slips round to smoke-house, and lets dog out. Dog pitches round, and trees young man and young lady up ladder. Old man smells a large rat trap full of mice, and dodges behind tree. Young people reach the ground, young lady having driven off dog. "Oh, William, I am afraid!" "Afraid, dearest, and of what?—is not thine own William here to protect——" old man lets off one barrel of gun; young man disappears over fence, leaving coattail in possession of dog, and young lady screams and faints in old mah's arms.

Young lady sent off next day to Kentucky, and young man soon starts to Texas—in a horn.

Young lady had been two weeks at a small town in Kentucky; telegraph dispatch one night: Pa quite sick; see if company can be had at a hotel, and come home at once. Young lady sends to hotel to know if anybody is going to——, in Tennessee. Yes; genteel young man going right straight to that very place.—Early next morning, stage takes up young lady, and goes round to hotel for young man. Young man gets in.

"William!"

"Belinda! hush don't say a word."

"How's pa?"

"In first rate health."

"What dispatch?"

"Wretch! where are you going to take me?"

"To the parson's."

Happy couple at hotel here last week. Telegraph old man all about it. Old man comes next day, with all necessary feelings and arrangements to take young lady home a premature widow. But doesn't do it. Young son-in-law gentlemanly and polite—loved daughter so well couldn't help it. Young lady all tears again, with equal proportion of sobs. "Kill me if you will, my father, but spare William!"—Old man's "phelinks" go down several pegs.—Quiet your bats and bonnets over sealing wax.—Young couple happy as infant with fingers stuck full of molasses and feathers—fly around after baggage; old man pays hotel bill; and all leave town together.

"Didst thou know the ily touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words."

SOUTH CAROLINA DISUNION MOVEMENT.

GOVERNOR GIST'S MESSAGE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBIA, S. C., November 5, 1860.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

The act of Congress, passed in the year 1846 enacts that the electors of President and Vice President shall be appointed on the Tuesday next after the first Monday of the month of November of the year in which they are to be appointed. The annual meeting of the Legislature of South Carolina, by a Constitutional provision, will not take place until the fourth Monday of November instant. I have considered it my duty, under the authority conferred upon me to convene the Legislature on extraordinary occasions, to convene you, that you may on tomorrow appoint the number of electors of President and Vice President to which the State is entitled.

Under ordinary circumstances your duty could be soon discharged by the election of electors representing the choice of the people of the State, but in view of the threatening aspect of affairs, and the strong probability of the election to the Presidency of a sectional candidate by a party committed to the support of measures which, if carried out, will inevitably destroy our equality in the Union, and ultimately reduce the Southern States to mere provinces of a consolidated despotism to be governed by a fixed majority in Congress hostile to our institutions and fatally bent upon our ruin, I would respectfully suggest that the Legislatures remain in session, and take such action as will prepare the State for any emergency that may arise.

That an exposition of the will of the people may be obtained on a question involving such momentous consequences, I would earnestly recommend that in the event of Abraham Lincoln's election to the Presidency, a Convention of the people of this State be immediately called to consider and determine for themselves the mode and measure of redress. My own opinions of what the Convention should do are of little moment; but believing that the time has arrived when every one, however humble he may be, should express his opinions in unmistakable language, I am constrained to say that the only alternative left, in my judgment, is the secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union. The State has, with great unanimity, declared that she has the right, peacebly, to secede, and no power on earth can rightfully prevent it.

If in the exercise of arbitrary power and forgetful of the lessons of history, the Government of the United States should attempt coercion, it will become our solemn duty to meet force by force; and whatever may be the decision of the convention, representing the sovereignty of the State, and amenable to no earthly tribunal, it shall, during the remainder of my Administration, be carried out to the letter, regardless of any hazards that may surround its execution.

I would also respectfully recommend a thorough reorganization of the militia, so as to place the whole military force of the State in a position to be used at the shortest notice and with the greatest efficiency. Every man in the State, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, should be well armed with the most efficient weapons of modern warfare, and all the available means of the State used for that purpose.

In addition to the general preparation, I would also recommend that the services of ten thousand volunteers be immediatesy accepted; that they be organized and drilled by officers chosen by themselves, and hold themselves in readiness to be called on upon the shortest notice. With this preparation for defence, and with all the hallowed memories of past achievements, with our love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, and with the knowledge that we are contending for the safety of our homes and firesides, we can confidently appeal to the Disposer of all human events, and safely trust our cause in his keeping.

WM. H. GIST.

TO DRIVE CURS OFF.—If a man is persecuted and followed by a yelping cur, he can generally manage to get rid of him by stooping down and pretending to pick up a stone, for all curs have a mortal dread of a thrown stone; but on the bogs of Ireland, they don't care a bit if the person they are barking at pretend to pick up a stone; they know, the cunning brutes, there are no stones in the bogs to be picked up and thrown at them, but they act very differently if there happen to be a heap of stones anywhere handy. It is an unpleasant situation to be attacked by a dog; if you are so circumstanced, never attempt to run—try throwing a stone at him; present your hat in your hand, and when he has seized it, hit him with a stick across the nose or fore leg. These are the most vulnerable points in a dog; a blow on any other part of the head but the nose wouldn't hurt him a bit. If a dog comes up to you and growls, and wouldn't be friendly, don't withdraw from him; put on a bold face, and stretch your hand toward him, keeping it still if you withdraw it rather quick he will bite you) the dog will come up and sniff the hand, and having once done this, he will be your friend for life. A chimney-sweep once made a match to fight a bull dog single-handed, armed only with his brush. He entered the arena with his brush in one hand and a foot of bramble bush covered with thorns in the other. The dog sprang at him; he presented the bramble bush to the animal, who seized it in his [illegible] the thorns on it; the sweep belabored him over the head and nose with the back of the brush—and won the match. We are to learn from this, that if a man is attacked by a bull-dog, he should hold a stick between his hands and present it to the dog, who will seize it, and give the man time for further measures.

ANOTHER WHEELBARROW BET.

The Portland (Me.) *Advertiser* is responsible for the following report:—

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Woodbury R. Dyer paid his second bet, which was on the election of Mr. Lincoln, with Mr. James H. Fickett, by wheeling a barrel of flour from the corner of Park and York street, proceeding up York and State streets, down Congress and Middle, up exchange and down Congress to Hampshire street. He was accompanied by the Douglas Phalanx and Portland Band, with a strong delegation of boys and adults. On arriving at Mr. Fickett's house, Mr. Dyer presented the barrel of flour, with the following remarks:—

Friend Fickett:—As the fates decreed that Abraham Lincolns should be our next President, I, on the condition of the wager between us, present you with this barrel of flour, of Republican flour, (not black, however,) but extra superfine.

It was intimated, in ancient days, that some went after the loaves and fishes. The loaves you will find, if properly kneaded, here. The fishes I shall endeavor to catch from the banks of the Salt River to which I and a goodly number of our brethren, are bound, and as the contents of this barrel diminishes, so may all party feelings diminish between us. And I pledge you, in 1864, we will meet again on the same field, with a new and stronger force, to battle for those good old Democratic principles, of which I am proud to say, I am this day a firm adherent. And although our political opinions may differ, yet as citizens of this country, will we stand shoulder to shoulder, to repel a foreign foe, and to prevent, as far as in us lies, a dissolution of this, our glorious Union.

HOW A NEGRO CAME TO STEAL TURKEYS.—A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so.—The two, however went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft: "You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master. "No, I didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted, however.—"Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa, I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night, when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, confound it, when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail!"

☞ Near [illegible] the following [illegible] is posted on [illegible]

Notis.—Know Kows is alowed on these medder eny man ur womin letten thare kow run the rode wot gits inter mi medders aforsed shel hev his or hur tale kut off by me obediah Rogers.

PRINTING OFFICE RULES.

Come into the office whenever you please and as long as you wish but—

Keep your hands off everything except the "devil" and a fighting editor; especially remember to let the "copy" alone.

Can't read "copy" on the compositor's cases, nor the proof sheets. "There's a time for everything," and the time for reading whatever may be in a newspaper when it is printed.

If you happen to be a good whistler just state the fact to the compositors—they will take your word for it without illustrations. If you are whistling, and they ask you to whistle louder, don't do it—they won't expect it of you.

Do not get into the ink especially if you have new clothes—as new cloth "takes ink" amazing well (and ink costs 25 cents per pound) which makes it bad for the ink.

If you keep in the way and the printer steps on your favorite corn and says, "Beg your pardon" you may know he's only joking.

These rules may be violated with impunity and entirely disregarded by the ladies—especially the rules relating to whisthing and ink.

In conclusion if the "coat" should happen to fit any person, they should not let their "angry passions rise, and gain mastery over their better sense," but keep "cool and calm as summer evening's gentle showers," for every loss of temper tends to shorten one's day's besides doing no good."

LEGISLATIVE WIT.—While Tom Corwin was a member of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, he brought in a bill for the abolition of public punishment at the whipping post. He made a speech thereon, to which an elderly member replied as follows:

"The gentleman is not as old as I am, and has not seen so much of the practical operation of the system of punishment, which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up any other rustics, they used to tie him right up and give him a real good thrashin'; and he always said it was the best way of getting rid of rogues that ever was tried, and without any expense to the State."

Corwin rose and replied:

"Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled to account for the fast emigration from Connecticut to the West; but the gentleman last up has explained it to my entire satisfaction."

The bill was passed without further discussion.

WINE BATHS IN PARIS.—An American traveler in the streets of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine baths given here," exclaimed:

"Well, these French are a luxurious people!" Vhen with true Yankee curiosity and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, walked in and demanded a "wine bath."

Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having to pay but five frances, he asked, in some astonishment, how a wine bath could be afforded so cheaply! His sable attendant had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humor, and thus replied:

"Oh massa, we just pass it along into anudder room, where we give baths at four francs."

"Then throw it away, I presume?"

"No massa; den we send it lower down and and charge the france a bath. Der's lots of people who ain't so berry particular, who will bathe in it after this at two francs a head.—Den, massa, we let common people have it at one france apiece."

"Then of course you throw it away, exclaimed the traveler, who tho't this was going even beyond Yankee profit.

"No indeed, massa," was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no in deed, massa, we're not so stravagant as dat comet to. We jest bottle up and send it to 'Merica for champaign.

☞ Timothy says the first time he went courting, he felt as if a pink angel had hauled him down a rainbow with a piece of chain lightning smack into a pile of down. Where's a pistol?

"As poor as Job's turkey" is a phrase that troubles the antiquarians, but they do not give up the hunt for its origin, and one of them says he has found out that the turkey had but one feather in his tail, and was so poor that he was obliged to lean against a fence to gobble.

SCENE AT A RESTUARANT. *Waiter*—"How will you have your steak cooked, sir?"—*Serious Gentleman*—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

☞ Four story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. The increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.

☞ A Flirt is like the dipper attached to a hydant, every one is at liberty to drink from it but no one desires to carry it away.

☞ Pathrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty or not guilty?

"Arrah, musha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

☞ "You flatter me," said a thin exquisite to a lady who was praising the beauty of his moustache. "For heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skippe, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is now."

some old cheese, when he found that it contained living inhabitants. "Bejabers," said he, "does your chase in this country have children?"