

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2925.

VOLUME 57.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 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.
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INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence, published in the *Richmond Enquirer*, recently took place between J. S. Brisbin, Editor of the *Centre Democrat*, the home organ of A. J. Curtin, Governor elect, and John Letcher, Governor of Virginia. Comment is unnecessary, as the patriotic and high-toned letter of Gov. Letcher places Mr. Brisbin's meddlesome and fanatical conduct in the proper light.

BRISBIN TO LETCHER.
CENTRE DEMOCRAT OFFICE,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENNA.
November 13th, 1860.
Governor John Letcher, of Virginia:

DEAR SIR: The present position of South Carolina, and the sympathy manifested for her by many of the Southern States, is to some a matter of amusement—to others a matter of alarm.

The disunion sentiment, which has been growing gradually in this country since the nullification of 1833, has at length assumed large proportions, and in my opinion, this spirit of rebellion should now be crushed, and effectually crushed. If we are to have disunion, let it come now; we will never be better able to grapple with the monster than at the present hour. The rapid growth of ideas and sentiments in this country renders delays dangerous to the stability of our Government and the welfare of our people. If we wish to crush an obnoxious doctrine, we must do it at once, or it will grow to be formidable, and utterly distract the peace and harmony of our Government. Polygamy is an example of this fact. Twenty years ago, and the man who dared to mouth disunion was looked upon as a traitor; now it is the mouth of millions, and men, to gaping multitudes, and in our market-places, every day boasts themselves disunionists. The South will never be satisfied until she has attempted to separate these States—sooner or later that the test of the stability of our Government must come, and the sooner the better. I would rather have this danger in the past than in the future. Twenty-eight millions of freemen in the North are ready to meet disunion now, and crush it as the strong man crushes an eggshell in his hand.

States cannot reserve the right to secede.—They are the common property of the Government. Texas cost us many millions of dollars, and shall Texas now be permitted to walk out of the Union with the millions of our money? Suppose we pay two hundred millions for Cuba one day, shall we permit her to go out of the Union the next with those two hundred millions? This doctrine of the reserved right of States to secede is preposterous.

The people of the North will never peacefully submit to the secession of the South. If the worst comes to the worst, let brother go to war with brother, and let the stronger party take possession of the whole Government. We must have no Southern Confederacy, no Northern Republic, but a Union of many in one.

Two hundred of your Virginians have tendered me their command in the event of disunion I am at your service—I will march at a moment's warning, and, if necessary, give my life for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union.

I hold that the election of Abraham Lincoln is no just cause for secession. It is the result of our system of Government. The majority of our people have declared through the ballot-box that he is their choice, and the minority should acquiesce. I await your orders.

JAMES S. BRISBIN.
Please answer.

LETCHER TO BRISBIN.
RICHMOND, VA., NOV. 19, 1860.

SIR: Yesterday morning I received your extraordinary letter of the 15th inst. I am really at a loss to understand what good end you expected to accomplish by the preparation and transmission of it to me.

The country is deeply excited. Sectional feeling reigns supreme. The Union is seriously threatened with disruption. Patriots and conservative men of all parties, East, West, North, and South, are looking to the future with fearful and alarming apprehensions. The prudent, considerate, reflecting minds of the nation are engaged in laudable and noble efforts to allay the excitement, restore confidence and kind feeling, remove all irritating causes of difference, and, if possible, save the Union from dissolution. It is all this time, and under such circumstances, that you send me a letter denunciatory of the motives and conduct of a portion of the Southern people, and which, in its tone and spirit, is well calculated (I hope it was not so intended) to add fuel to a flame that is burning with sufficient intensity now.

In your haste to assail your Southern fellow-citizens you seem to have forgotten that your own State is, to some extent at least, responsible for the present alarming crisis in public affairs. If I am not greatly mistaken Pennsylvania is one of the eleven non-slave-holding States which have passed statutes, now in full force and effect, designed to obstruct the execution of the fugitive-slave law. This is one of the grievances of which the Southern people have complained for years; and although earnest and respectfully appeals have been addressed to you to remove this cause of irritation and complaint, those appeals have passed unheeded.

As a conservative man, who ardently desires the perpetuity of the Union, under the Constitution, I appeal to you, and to the conservative element of the North, to arouse yourselves at once, and initiate the proper measures to secure a repeal of those obnoxious laws. Such action on the part of your Legislature will have a most happy influence in relieving the Southern mind, and restoring peace and quiet throughout our now fearfully excited country.

The South asks only for the fair and faithful execution of the laws passed for the recovery and protection of her property—that you will cease to embarrass and lend your aid to effect their execution, according to their letter and spirit—that if her property shall escape, and be found in the non-slaveholding States, you will see that it is promptly restored to the rightful owner. Surely there is patriotism enough in Pennsylvania, and the other non-slaveholding States, to grant what the law has declared to be our due, especially when the preservation of the Union depends upon it.

In concluding this branch of the subject, permit me to add, that if the North will respect and uphold the rights of the States, the Union will be perpetual, our country will continue to grow in power and influence, the people of sections will have secured to them the blessings of peace, quiet, and order, and a prosperity, such as has never been known or appreciated in our past history, will be the necessary result.

It will require prudence, wisdom, and patriotism, to avert the evils now impending over our country. Crimination and inflammatory language can have no other effect than to exasperate and thus precipitate a result that is already imminent. In this hour of danger to the Union, it is the duty of patriots in all sections of our country to cultivate a kind, generous, and conciliatory spirit one towards another. Your letter, however, breathes nothing of this kind; it taunts the South with her superiority of numbers and threaten to crush them by your fancied power.

You assure me that "two hundred" Virginians have agreed to place themselves under that you are at my "service," and await my "orders." Virginians owe allegiance to this Commonwealth, and I have too much respect for my fellow-citizens of all parties to suppose that "two hundred" of them, in any part of the State, are willing to go to Pennsylvania for a commander, even if they had determined to aid in the ungracious work of reducing a Southern sister State to the abject condition of a conquered province of the Federal Government. True Virginians will, I am sure, recognize their obligations to the State, and will hold themselves in readiness to respond to the call of her constituted authorities. We now have in Virginia duly and legally organized, eighty-eight troops of cavalry, twenty-six companies of artillery, one hundred and nine companies of infantry, and one hundred and ten companies of riflemen, uniformed and well prepared for service. Think you, my dear sir, under these circumstances that any "two hundred" men in Virginia would seriously propose to import a commander from Pennsylvania? No! No! You have been cruelly hoaxed by some wag, who desired to play off a good joke at your expense.

You have no right to come into Virginia to raise troops for any purpose whatsoever, and I take the occasion to say to you in the kindest spirit imaginable, that such a course will be taken at your peril. It is made my duty to see that the laws are executed, and in the contingency referred to, they will be executed to the letter. If you desire to march against a Southern State, for purpose mentioned in your letter, raise your troops at home, and present them to the sons of the South, as "food for gunpowder." We have other and better uses for Virginians.

As your letter is of a public character, and as the people of this State may feel some interest in your views, I have thought it advisable to publish it, accompanied with my reply. A number of the *Enquirer* containing the correspondence will be sent to your address.

Respectfully,
JOHN LETCHER.
JAMES S. BRISBIN Esq., Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.

A POLITICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have realized in the short period of my political career the truth of the old saying, that "Republicans are ungrateful." Unlike many of my political brethren, who nurse in silence the recollection of unrequited services, I have come to the deliberate conclusion to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and give to the world a history of my wrongs.

If a summary of the distinguished services I have rendered, the fatigues and struggles I have endured, and the cruel neglect I have suffered, fail to bring me a measure of tardy justice, they will, I hope, excite that public sympathy in my behalf so seldom shown to the broken down politician.

A few months since I was in possession of a situation as confidential clerk, which afforded me a comfortable livelihood. The salary not only sufficed me to support a wife and child in a neat cottage in the suburbs, but left me a surplus, as I hoped, for a rainy day. Moreover, I had a pew in church, and had charge of a class in the Sabbath school, was addressed by the minister as brother Muggins, and in short, for aught I know, was in a fair way to become an exemplary citizen, if not a true Christian.—Thus matters stood in July, Anno Domini, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty, when I received a note from Bubbles, an ambitious young acquaintance of mine, informing me, that in view of the critical exigency of the times, and the "impending crisis" in our national affairs, it behoved every lover of liberty and true friend of his country to organize for active work in the campaign just opening, and as the country would be vastly benefited by my (Muggins') intellectual and physical services, I was pressingly invited to attach myself to the "Stentorian Worm Fence Club," of which he was President and generalissimo. I lost no time in seeking the rendezvous, which was a large building over a drinking saloon. I was furnished with a lager beer Zouave cap and oil cloth cape, and a pole with a coal-oil lamp at the top, and was drawn up in line with a hundred other patriots and put through the manual of exercises, which consisted of movements by files of four, six and eight, in open order, at the distance of ten feet apart, which was explained to me as intended to magnify our numbers in presence of an enemy, practising in blows from the shoulder, and other artistic movements of the manly art, the whole varied by different species of yells, groans, cheers and "tigers," the most successful in the last named drill receiving the post of honor in parades and at public assemblies.

My first night's experience may be thus summed up: "Was diverted, then felt enthusiastic, then grew patriotic, then became beligerent; passed through the ordeal of the drill with satisfaction to myself, and received the post of honor for the loudest yelling. This excited the envy of my comrades, to conciliate whom, I stood treat for the party. Went home; found my wife alarmed at my long absence. Made all right by pleading business engagements as the cause. Went to bed—dreamed of nothing but politics; disturbed by the glare of torches, cheers and groans. Next day had several visits from my comrades of the club, with whom, for fear of being thought mean, I drank and talked politics. Thus the first week was passed amid the excitements of controversy by day and heavy campaign work by night, when the following Sabbath found me physically disabled to endure the monotony of the sermon, and spiritually incompetent for the instructions of the Sabbath school. My wife for the first time went to church alone. I improved her absence by recruiting my exhausted energies at the nearest bar.

ones, except as the campaign nears its conclusion, drills and parades were more frequent, often continuing through the greater portion of the night, and taxing the physical strength to the utmost, requiring frequent internal applications of stimulating medicines to keep up strength and enthusiasm. The last week of the campaign found our club swelled to the number of five hundred, less they boys who had no votes, most of whom had been attracted by the splendor of our outfit and parade, and the prospect of free drinks. By reference to my diary, I find that up to this time I had drilled fifty times, paraded over five hundred miles of street, without reckoning frequent trips to the interior on special trains; wore out twenty-five pair of shoes, three capes by the friction of the lamp pole, burnt up six caps, and consumed ten gallons of oil in my single lamp. I had lost during that period three hundred and sixty hours of sleep, spent all my surplus change to pay for drinks, flags and other decorations; had frequent family jars on account of late hours, lost my pew in church and my class in the Sabbath school. Am minus three teeth, the result of a street encounter with a political opponent; have a cracked voice, the result of over-exertion in cheering; and last, though not least, have a disagreeable hankering after "brandy smashes" and "gin cocktails," and a mysterious affinity for drinking saloons and their associations.

To conclude the long story of my sufferings, I have lost my situation as confidential clerk, and the many letters I have written to the man I have done so much to elevate remain unanswered. I am ready for rebellion.

Yours indignantly,
PETER MUGGINS.

LIFE EVERYWHERE.

Under this heading an interesting and instructive article makes its appearance in the *Cornhill Magazine*:
Life everywhere! The air is crowded with there would have occurred the least commercial—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, total disaster? Certainly not, for confidence, whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety—which is the mainstay of all business, would the anxiety of love, The air is swarming with have remained. The truth is, the Re- insects—those little animal-miracles. The publican politicians of the North have dared waters are peopled with innumerable forms—his panic to come. They were determined from the animalcule, so small that one hundred that it should come. Scarce a week ago the and fifty millions of them would not weigh a New York Tribune said: "Let's have a panic! grain, to the whale, so large that it seems as if none of your little hollow half-way, make-believe as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed omelets, but a real old-fashioned break down, of the sea is alive with polyps, carps, star fishes, the pattern of 1857," and closes its semi- and with shell animalcules. The rugged faccicular article thus: "So let us take hold, and of the rock is scarred by the silent boring oget up a rousing, smashing, high old pan- soft creatures and blackened with countless muck."
Other Republican journals joined in, and said "Hurry up the panic!"
Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth—Hurry up the panic!"
crawling, creeping, burrowing boring, leaping. Well those jocose gentleman, who sneered at running. If the sequestered coolness of thecession, and said, "let South Carolina go out wood, tempt us to saunter into its checkerboard the Union if she wants to," have obtained shade, we are saluted by the numerous din their wish. They have brought upon the coun- insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling cry a "high old panic," and now they can squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, laugh away while their country is suffering.

"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you eat." "Yes," said the boy, "I have been practicing it since I was a child."

flower in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its fissure, and awaiting their development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, under the microscope.

The same microscope reveals that the blood-rain suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals, and that the vast beds of snow which are redened in a single night, owe their color to the marvelous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant. The very mold which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants.—The many colored fires which sparkle on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel plows her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jeweled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.

MODERN INVENTIONS FORETOLD IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.—I will now, in the first place, speak of some of the wonderful works of Art and Nature, that I may afterwards assign the cause and methods of them, in which there is nothing magical, so that it may be seen how interior and worthless "all magic power is, in comparison with these works. And first, according to the fashion and rule of Art alone. Thus, machines can be made for navigation without men to row them; so that ships of the largest size, whether on rivers or on the sea, can be carried forward, under the guidance of a single man, at a greater speed than if they were full of men [rowers.] In like manner, a car can be made which will move without the aid of any animal, with incalculable impetuosity; such as we suppose the sychted chariots to have been which were anciently used in battle. Also machine for flying can be made, so that a man may sit in the middle of the machine, turn an engine, by which wings artificially disposed are made to beat the air, after the manner of a bird in flight. Also, an instrument, small in size, for raising and depressing almost infinite weights, than on which nothing on occasion is more useful; for, with an instrument of three inches in length, and of the thickness of a quill, and of smaller bulk, a man might deliver himself and his companions from all danger of prison, and rise or descend. Also, an instrument might be easily made by which one man could draw to himself a thousand men by force and against their will, and like manner draw other things. Instruments can be made for walking in the sea or in rivers, even at the bottom, without bodily risk; for Alexander the Great made use of this to see the secrets of the sea, as the Ethical Astronomer relates. These things were made in ancient times, and are made in our times, as is certain, except the machine for flying, which I have not seen, nor have I known any one who has seen it, but I know a wise man who thought to accomplish this device. And almost an infinite number of things can be made; as bridges across rivers without pillars or any supports, and machines and un- heard of engines.—Roger Bacon.

From the *Pittsburg Post*.

THE PANIC.

The great present subject of discussion is the cause and effect of the financial panic. It is admitted on all hands that it is not a commercial crisis, in the usual sense of that term. It is, in fact, a trial of the commercial value of the Union, and such a trial as will probably cost the country one hundred millions of dollars, at the least calculation.

The Republican journals charge the secessionists at the South with having caused the panic, but what caused the excitement in the North, except the triumph of Sectionalism in the South, in the election of Lincoln. Does any one in the North for a moment think that Douglas or Bell, or any other Union man, been elected President would have caused the excitement in the North, except the triumph of Sectionalism in the South, in the election of Lincoln. Does any one in the North for a moment think that Douglas or Bell, or any other Union man, been elected President would have caused the excitement in the North, except the triumph of Sectionalism in the South, in the election of Lincoln.

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DIPHTHERIA.

The Disease has become epidemic in many parts of the country. Every one, especially heads of families, should be on the watch and prepared to meet the first symptoms with proper remedies, to which the disease will be found readily to yield.

The word "Diphtheria" is derived from the Greek "Diphtheria," which signifies "membrane," and was introduced in 1827 by Bretonneau, of Paris, as applicable to a peculiar inflammation of the lining of the throat and windpipe, which produces a small "membrane." The disease is an old one as a sporadic disease, but is a new one as an epidemic. As in cholera times every diarrhea may end in cholera, and ought to be treated, "so now, every every sore throat may become 'diphtheria,' and ought to be treated. If this is attended to, there is little or no danger in the disease. The throat, as soon as discovered to be sore, should be instantly cauterized. Ordinary washes, or mild solutions of caustic, "do no good." Have eight grains of nitrate of silver dissolved in a drachm of water. Dip in this solution a camel's hair pencil or a mop, press the tongue with the handle of a spoon, and apply the mop or brush freely to every part of the throat that is red. Once a day is often enough; and two, and very often one application destroys the disease.

The disease is accompanied with fever, and in some cases with an eruption on the skin, which covers the whole body. These symptoms generally disappear as soon as the disease is checked.

A POISONED RING.

The Paris papers state that a gentleman who had lately purchased some works of art in the Rue St. Honore, was engaged in examining an ancient ring when he gave himself a slight scratch in the hand with a sharp part of it. He continued talking with the dealer for short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable sensation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyze all his faculties, and he soon became so seriously ill that it was considered necessary to send for a medical man. The doctor immediately discovered every symptom of poison by some mineral substance. He applied strong antidotes, and in a short time the gentleman was in a measure recovered. The ring was found to be what was formerly called a death ring, in use in Italy when acts of poisoning were frequent, about the middle of the 17th century. Attached to its inside were two claws of a lion, made of the sharpest steel, and having clefts in them filled with a violent poison. In a crowded assembly, or in a ball, the wearer of this fatal ring, wishing to exercise revenge on any person, would take their hand, and when pressing it the sharp claw would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough for on the following morning the victim would be sure to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since which the poison on this ring had been plated there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman.

HEALTHFULNESS OF APPLES.—There is scarcely an article of vegetable food, says *Hall's Journal of Health*, more widely useful, and more universally loved, than the apple. Why every farmer in the nation has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert which can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removes constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most improved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—for the pies, cakes, candies, sweetmeats with which their children are too indiscreetly stuffed, their would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

WANT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Already hundred and thousands of our people are out of employment, and before spring comes they will be parading our streets demanding labor or bread.—We advise all who are out of work to apply at the *Tribune*, *Post* and *Times* offices. These journals told us that the election of Lincoln was going to give peace to the country, and surely they ought now to be held accountable for the disasters upon us. Where are the merchants who so safely predicted prosperity as the result of Lincoln's election? Who has a copy of that circular signed by Shepherd Knapp and two hundred others?—*N. Y. Day Book*.

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of duty tinware and a broken shell article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful-looking head supported by the palms of his hands.—Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said "you seem to be in an awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are almost crazy, neighbor," said they woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there wasn't a potter gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head, now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with? asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe a capital shoemaker who although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear, now," groaned the old woman.

"And who is the feller that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and she ain't only knows how they are to earn a living."

WHO ARE DISUNIONISTS.

Is it he who breaks a compact, or he who, finding it broken, withdraws? Is not the guilt, the responsibility of disunion with him who disrupts the compact?

Many Northern States have deliberately and with the wicked purpose of aggression on unoffending friends, broken the compact of the Constitution in its vital points, in its letter and in its spirit.

The South thus finding the compact of the Constitution, repudiated by Northern States, in those provisions especially intended for the protection of Southern rights and interests, propose to withdraw from a compact in which she alone is required to keep faith.

Such is a simple statement of the case.—Will anyone, can any one deny it?

This then being the case stated, what is the remedy? How can the South stay her purpose and remain?

Why clearly, only by the removal of the just cause for secession, by the secession of the North from its violations of the Constitution and a cessation of its aggressive course.

ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

Jackson was elected judge and took his seat in the Supreme Court of Tennessee in 1798.—He continued to dispense justice in a rough and ready way for six years. The most prominent story told of his judicial career, relates to his being summoned by the sheriff, by his own order, to aid in seizing an unruly and dangerous citizen. The turbulent fellow, a man of great strength and courage, and armed to the teeth, was parading the street in front of the courthouse, bidding defiance to the whole world, and the rest of mankind.—"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "seize that man and bring him before me." The sheriff in a few moments reported that the desperado refused to be taken. "Summon the posse comitatus," ordered the bench. The posse was ordered, but the same result. "Summon me," commanded the judge. "The court stands adjourned for ten minutes." The judge was summoned accordingly, marched up to the delinquent with flashing eyes, bristling hair, and pistol in hand, and made him in a moment as submissive as a lamb.

YOUNG AMERICA.—The following delicate specimen of juvenile bravado is too good to be lost:
One night Freddy had been put to bed, and mother and Johnny were in an adjoining room. Presently Johnny cut up some caper, on which his mother threatened to take him into the other room and whip him.

"Mother," said Freddy's voice under the bed clothes, "I know where I'd take him."
"Where?" said the mother whose curiosity was excited.
"I'd take him under the left ear."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A Frenchman, having a violent pain in his stomach, applied to a physician (who was an Englishman) for relief. The doctor inquiring where his trouble lay, the Frenchman, in dolorous accents laying his hand on his breast, said, "Vy, sare, I have a ver' bad pain in my portmanteau."