NEWSPAPERIANA.

The most interesting departments of a newspaper to many individuals include the bir:hs, marriages, and deaths, which a humorous editor in the West classifies under the headings of "Hatched," "Matched," and "Despatched:" while yet another places marriages under the line "Noose of the Weak." In olden times these were more notable as literary curiosities than at present. The first heading is but little used in this country, being almost confined to Europe, although much might be said in favor of its adoption everywhere. The second, however, is of the most general use, but its contents have been sadly reduced. In the childhood of newspapers they gave us fuller information of the bride and bridegroom than now commonly published, and therefore saved many inquiries. For example, take a batch of marriages from a Scotch newspaper of 1730:-

"Mr. Baskett to Miss Pell, with £5000, "Mr. Davis to Mrs. Wylde, with £400 per annum. "The Lord Bishop of St Aspah to Miss Orell, with "J. Whitcombe, Esq., to Miss Allen, with £10,000.
"Mr. Will Hurfer to Miss Sally Michener, with

This at least showed in part the worth of the women who had changed their state. Of similar import are some contained in the Salisbury Journal, January 29, 1738. As we read them we cannot but think that the matrimonial announcements now published must yield the palm of interest to those contained in the early provincial papers. It is something to hear about the person of the bride, her figure, and her for-

"Married, at St. George's, Hanover Square,
Ayres, of the county of Northampton, Esq., to Miss
Ann Sampson, only daugnter of John Sampson, of
the county of Leicester, Esq., a young lady of £10,000

"Mr. Henry Murray, Esq., a young gentleman possessed of a plennful estate in the county of Wilts, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, to Mrs. Wicks, relict of Simon Wicks, Esq., a fortune of £12,000, and £400

Per annum.

'Lieutenant Cotton Dent, of the Royal Navy, of Digby Dent, Esq. late Commodore in the West Indies, to Miss Kitty Bowerbank, daughter of Thomas Bowerbank, barrack-master of Portsmouth, a lady of merit and fortune.

"Villiers Fitz Gerald, Esq., to Mis-Newcomen, eldest daughter to Colonel Newcomen, in Ireland, a most agreeable young lady, with a large fortune."

Sometimes our American editors travel beyond the record, and and to the customary announcement. Occasionally they are known to indulge in a little pleasantry, in the form of an epithalamium, thereby showing their ready wit, and acknowledging the slice of cake. A single example, for which the Boston Post is responsible, must suffice:-

"Married-Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, to Miss Sarah J. Dove. "It isn't often that you see, Oh, what a savage he must be To Tommy Hawk a Dove!

But the unctuous way in which a bachelor editor, lately married, taks of his bliss is really tantalizing to the inexperienced. Writing of his newly found happiness, he says:-

"A pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delicate hands, and a pink wais-ribbon, will do as much to anhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill.

It may appear to be almost sacrilegious even to smile at obituary notices, but it cannot always be resisted. A certain Philadelphia daily gives more reason in its obituary columns for nation than all the rest of the paper. It is but tair, however, to state that its notices are paid for. Some of their verses are apparently stereotyped, and appear in almost every paper. Others are unique and confessedly original. Such is the following on the death of a child, and is a fine specimen of bathos:-

So sweet a flower to bloom on earth, The rose that crowned our little plot Has withered here to blossom forth In a superior flower-not. His body lies in the Union ground His soul has gone to Him who gave it; And snall we never hear again The prattling of our little Jacob?"

announced that he would not publish poetical obituaries unless paid for, while he "would be happy at any time to publish a simple announcement of the death of any of his friends," must have been now and then troubled with such visi tations as the above.

Of course, none other but a Western paper could have given us the following in a notice of the death of a prominent citizen:-

"He was the lather of eleven sons, five of whom married five sisters. He had one hundred and eighty-nine grandchildren; and at his funeral, two weeks ago last Sabbath, two horses were stung to death by bees, and another came very near losing his life by the same."

Another paper in the same locality gives, as below, a wholesome specimen of an honest obituary-something really uncommon:-"He came to his death by too frequently nibbline

at the essence of the still-worm, which soon placed him in a non-travelling condition. He lay out the night previous to his death near a cotton gin in this place, and was tound too late on the ioliowing morning for medical aid to be of much importance in staying his breath. He has been a regular uppler for the last half century." A paragraph published in the Foxtown Fusitier

betrays, perhaps, a little professional jealousy, but serves as an obituary and advertisement : POSTSCRIPT.-We stop the press, with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary, Mr. Snaggs, editor of the Foxtown Flash. He has now gone to another and a better world. Success to him. Fersons who have taken the Flash will find the Fusilier a good paper.' A fictitious notice of death sent to the editor

of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, is thus served up quite daintily, and made to answer a double purpose:-

"If Pratt was really dead, we should be very happy to write his obituary for nothing; but as we are quite certain he is alive, and may see these lines, we would respectfully suggest to him that he has an unsettled account at this office, and that if he has any serious intention of dying, it may ease his conscience a little, in the last hour, to know that he has

Obituary notices may be occasionally gratify-ing to survivors, but I have rarely known them to have been of much consequence to the subjects themselves. The Circleville (Ohio) Journal, however, thought otherwise when, as an induce ment to certain of its friends, it stated that "ail

subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-rate obitunry nodes in case of death." Another Western paper chronicing the lamentable occurrence of a staging, attached to a church, being blown down and "fatally injuring" a workman, very feelingly said:-

"We are happy to state that over twenty persons were suddenly brought to the ground safe, and one man, Mr. Wilkins, had his neck broke Mr. Wilkins was an estimable young man, and the father of a good many children, besides a large farm well stocked. He was fatally injured."

Upon yet another paper the pressure of death appears to have been heavy, the editor printing the notice in one of his issues, "Several deaths

unavoidably deferred. The last to be now cited is a most graceful notice in a Southern paper of a brother of the quill, lately deceased, under the caption, "An Editor in Heaven," the first of all places, next to the printing-office, which he deserves to inherit, for there "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The obituary closes

with these words:—

"Are we not also glad that such an editor is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political opponents with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promigrate. There he shall never be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as soon as they reach the deared height and need him no kore. There he shall ne able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowing and unknown as he has been doring his wears pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited—not a clap as his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a feve."

The labors and therefore difficulties of an with these words:-

be merely a "local," he must prove himself a man not only of incredible industry, but should or at least pretend to be thoroughly posted on all subjects, from the sublime to the ridiculous, Several montas since a member of the corps thus capitally epitomized the necessary qualifications of a successful local editor, all of which representations may be regarded as correct, and therefore fitting for the reformation of certain ambitious young men: ambitious young men:-

ambitious young men:—

"A good local must combine the loquacity of a magician with the impudence of the d—l. He must know how to time a race-horse, gail a cock, teach a Sunday School, preach a charity sermon, run asawmill, keep a hotel, turn a double summersault, and brew whisky. He must be up to a thing or two in political economy, and as fail in the matter of cooking beans. On the trail of mysterious items he must be a verifable gry hound. His hide must be like that of the rundeeros. He must be insensible to the crue at snubs, and manifest no sense of anger when he is kicked down stairs. He must throw modesty to the dogs. But, above all, he must be an adept at the art of puffing. The nearer he approaches to the blacksmith's bellows the better ne will succeed. He must be ready at all times to say something tunny in regard to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Flounce's millinery establishment with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of hams, verbore in extelling hardware, and highly tracinative in the matter of a very goods. He nams, verbore in extolling hardware, and highly imaginative in the matter of dry goods. He must look pleased when invited to walk sixteen squares in the brothing sun to write a six-line puff for a labor-saving churn or a patent washing machine. He must feel grateful when invited to dine at the Dogsness Hotel, and write a glowing account of the excellence of the hash and the durability of the beefsteak. If he feets any sense of humination in aftting down to a festal gathering, on the occusion of the presentation of a sword to Captain Sankopanzy, or a set of sliver service to a horse inspector, he must smother it, and revenge himself on the champaine and cigars. He must affect to believe that he is inand cigais. He must affect to believe that he is invited in a purely social way, and not for the sake of
having him write a good account of the ceremonies,
with three communs of speeches in full, for the
next morning's paper. It he flags in his description of licdge's premium bull, or 'let's down' in
winding up the oil indications of 'shovedyke's
farm, he must take it kindly for being reproved for his shortcomings. In the matter of
show, the local must always be brilliant. He must
talk learnedly oil panoramss, with a liberal admixtalk learnedly of panoramas, with a liberal admixture of knowing words, such as 'warmth,' 'tone, 'foreshortening,' 'high lights,' 'fore-ground,' 'perspective' 'etc.' he must be heavy on concerts, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Squawk's execution of difficult tents in the 'upper register;' he must be eca-tatic in praise of double-headed calves, and elo-quent in behalf of tat women and living skeletons. All this, and more, it takes to be a 'local.'"

The onerousness of the work of one occupying such a position is best illustrated, perhaps, by the journal of an employe of a French paper, although he might not have been strictly a local, his duties were very similar. An ex-

"To-day I have been a journalist collector of news for sixteen years. I have not been ill a single day, and, excepting on the five great festivals of the year, I have not failed to make up and distribute my cor-respondence to the journals of Paris and the Depart-

ments every day

"As my working year is thus 360 days, to-day makes 5760 days that I have worked on the daily press. Consequently, I have made up 5760 budgets of news. As each budget contained, on the average, 20 facts or different pieces of news, it follows that I have sent into the world 115 200 articles of intelli-

"Every day, to collect and distribute the news, I "Every day, to collect and distribute the news, I have travelled on the average ten leagues, which avounts to 8600 leagues a year, and in eixteen years to 77.0.0 leagues. The circuit of the terrestrial globe being about 9000 leagues, it follows that in sixteen years, to find my 115.200 pieces of news, I have traveled as much as six and one-third times the circuit of the globe.
"I affirm, on my honor, that I have never suffered

the least attack of that cruel malady called the gout. From this I conclude that those citizens who shall, like me, travel ten leagues a day, will not have to suffer any further from that terrible malady.

"Finally, to sum up the results:—On the average I have honestly gained 1800 francs a year. Consequently, through the publishers and editors of the journals, I have made 28,800 france, of which there remain to-day 12 francs 50c. (about \$2.25), which I hope will carry me through to the 30th of the present month.

Arduous, however, as are his duties, which are scarcely exaggerated in the above, they have their jests and fun like common people. have their jests and run mae companies, savings' As the various insurance companies, savings' banks, State officials, and missionary societies are making their annual reports, and publishing long columns of figures which are of the most intense interest to the reading public generally, the local reporter of the Memphis Builetin gives his also for the year:-

	Drapk	-	11,892	Н
	Requested to retract	416	11111	L
	Didn't retract		416	П
	Invited to parties, receptions, presen-			П
	tations, etc., etc., by people fishing	Vac. 100 0 000		Г
	for puffs	8,888		1
. 4	Took the nint		33	П
	Didn't take the hint		3,860	L
	Threatened to be whipped			п
_1	Been whipped		0	h
	Whipped the other fellow		7 770	R
	Didn't come to time		170	П
	Been promised bottles of Champagne,			ı
ď	whisky, gin, bitters, boxes of cigars, etc., if we would go after them	9 650		ı
	Been after them	0,000	0	Г
				ı
	Been asked "What's the news?"	000,008		L
	Joid		18	ı
	Didn't know		200,000	1
	Lacd about it		90.987	L
	Been to church	2		П
И	Changed politics	32		ı
3	Expected to change still	83		ı
1	Expected to change still	85 90		1
	Gave for a terrier dog	28 00		1
	Cash on hand		0 00	1

The poor fellow refers to having "whipped the other fellow" but four times, which scarcely speaks well for his "science" or independence Ot a very different character was a sharp tellow named Doolittle, of whom I have an anecdote out little known. He was a Connecticut "exotic." About twenty years ago he was trans-planted from Harvard University to one of the Southern States, for the purpose of assuming the editorial control of a violent party paper, where no one ever labored with advantage for the party, simply because an infinite quantity of pistols and a multiplicity of bowie knives pre vented the strenuous advocacy of certain princi-ples, and fettered the freedom of speech in elegant style of efficacy. Doolittle was highly educated, was impetuous, brave, yet—with the characteristic conning of his tribe—careful of his own interests. He took hold of the paper with a determination to make it "serviceable to the cause," and serviceable he did make it. The opposing candidate was a bad fellow-a duellist, a dram-drinker, a lover of "poker," and a decided votary of Venus. Doolittle dared what no other editor had dared—he said so. The day on which his article appeared the candidate entered the editorial chamber.
"You are Doolittle, the editor of this paper?"

holding a copy of the sheet in his hand.

"You have bicelled and insulted me, and"— (drawing a large knife)—"I have come for your "I beg your pardon," said Doolittle. "I am a stranger to your customs, and perhaps have taken a license which, in this part of the country, is inexcusable. Such is, I think, the fact. Suppose we compromise the matter?"

Very well," said the bluff Southerner; "Pli kick you, and you shall make a full retraction. 'You'll what?" said Doolittle, quietly.

"Kick you." "You insist upon that little privilege?" "I am unalterably fixed in my determination!" "So am I'—and Doolittle, firing a horse pistol. an big as a blunderbuss, and shattering the Southerner's right leg—"not to be kicked?" He held his situation six months; was stabbed

twice, shot three times, belabored with a bludgeon once, thrown into a pond once, but he was never kicked. During his six months' experience he killed two of his adversaries. All of these are absolute facts.

That editors are frequently judependent cannot be doubted by those who read the metro-police press. One of the smallest but most americs instances, perhaps, occurred in New York in 1849. A man in that city, wishing to obtain a certain office under the Government, sent to the New York Courier and Enquirer a puff of himself, with a promise of fifty dollars in case he succeeded in his aim. The editors published both the puff and the promise, thus killing the candidate politically.

The labors and therefore difficulties of an editor are multifarious. If he sheets happen to

example of "glorious independence," well worthy of imitation: "We do not belong to our 'patrons,"

Our paper is wholly our own; Whoever may like it can take it, Who don't can just let it alone There are but few, however, who can afford to take so noble a stand. I cite the above, therefore, as a most remarkable, nay, as an almost isolated instance of independence on the part

of a country editor.

The experiences of the country editor are divers. He is not only editor-in-chief but ever else—even occasionally playing the "devil." He frequently sets his own type, verv handles his roller, works his press, keeps his books, writes his editorials, and does work generally, besides sometimes sawing and splitting his own wood, dandling the baby, and carrying water. He is, however, often in difficulty when obliged to leave his home in search of delinquent subscribers, or to attend to other equally momentous and unprofitable business. Then it is that the paper is frequently handed over to the care of the loving wife of diligent "devil."

An amusing circumstance occurred, not very long since, in the history of the Green Bay (Wisconsin) Advocate. The editor, during an baence, left the management of the paper the hands of his wife, who, being a good Republican, took the Democratic ticket down from its columns, and wrote some energetic Republican editorials. The editor, it appears, was soon afterwards again obliged to leave his home when his substitute announced as follows:— "Our editor has gone to Madison, and in order to make a sure thing of it, and prevent the appearance

of any more Republican editorials, has taken his The "devil," however, plays more innocen pranks, but never forbears to inform the public 'who's who" in the temporary management. And never does he fail to display his native price. Thus, the editor of a Vermont paper being absent from his post, his sub poetically

exclaimed:-"The easter's absent; his seissors and quill Are left with the 'devii' to handle at will;

This item is given, kind reader, that you May for once, as you read, 'give the devil his due. In another case, that of the Newcastle (Pennsylvania) Courant, the "devil," a young man of parts, and evidently on his way to fame, thus

"The improvement in the general appearance of this number of the Courant is owing to the absence of the editor!

'N B - When, in the course of human events, it be comes necessary for us to forsake, for a brief p-riod, the 'ink-keg' and 'roller,' and take our place in the chair, editorially, a que respect for our vanity makes it incumbent on us to give the following notice, to wit: viz. as follows:—During this week all edito-rial favors, such as wedding-cake, bouquets, cigars, specimen whisky, and other summer drinks, Thanks-giving turkeys, and all the et ceteras that are part of the emoluments of our new position, should be sent DEVIL.

Here is another instance of a courageous editress which I have under the date January 2, 1855. Mrs. Prewett, who, after the death of her husband, edited the Yazoo (Mississippi) Whiq, having received an offensive note, pub ished a slightly severe rebuke couched in the following language:-

"If the biped that sent us the anonymous letter from Jackson, signed 'Cheruburco,' will come to Yazoo city, and call at the Whig office, two poble little yoys, one eight and the other six years old, shall tie a leather medal around his neck, as a duebill for a flogging they owe him, payable some ten years hence, with compound interest."

We sometimes find, again, that country editors are occasionally short of editorial and other reading matter, for the absence of which their are of "all sorts." For instance, a excuses Hoosier editor thus writes:-

"A httle 'circumstance' in our domestic affairs which is not likely to occur oftener than once in a year or two, must apologize for any deficiency in our editorial department.'

Another. Hooper, the witty editor of the Latayette (Alabama) Tribune, thus gives vent to little bad humor arising from lack of "mat-

"OFF our Foot.-We can't help it, and we "OFF OUR FOOT.—We can't help it, and we wouldn't if we could. For the life of it we can't make up a decent paper this week. We have had a little cold for several days—we have fretted about little money matters—the hands in the office are all half sick and out of humor—the weather is nasty—and our whole editorial machine-box is as intractable as a stubborn mule in a mud hole. We promised o 'do' one of the 'Montgomery Characters' for the Number; but we sha'n't! 'It's no use knockin' at the door,' we are off our foot, sick, mad, and ready to fight any one of our subscribers who doesn't lake our remarks, provided he doesn't weigh more than one hundred and fifteen pounds'

A down-East quill-driver modestly apologizes as follows. Perhaps his reasons are sufficient:-"Yesterday, we had a note to pay, a libel suit to look after, and a new telegraph arrangement to negotiate. If any one thinks that he could attend to all these things and write editorials too, we should like to employ him as an assistant."

The editor of the Asheville (North Carolina Messenger would seem to be a thorough "man o all work," judging by the following substantia reasons he gave for his homocopathic dose of edi torial in a late number:-

"Our editor (fortunately for our readers) is short "Our editor (fortunately for our readers) is short this week. We have no apology to make, only that we are an editor, a squire, a councy registrar, house and sign painter, tavern keeper, singing master, fiddler, 'daddy' of two children, and a first-rate bootblack and whitewasher. Having our professional engagements sometimes pretty well divided, it is out of our power to 'do equal and exact justice' to all, without cracking a brain or splitting our cabbage head."

Another editor, and a Western one at that, expresses the hope that his subscribers will excuse the scarcity of original matter in a certain number of his paper, for he has "had the head sche, the gout, a lit of the ague and fever, and an increase of one to his family, besides, he hasn't been very well himself," He, of course under such circumstances, ought to be excused.

But about the coolest thing on record is the advice of the editor of the Madison Courier, who, in the absence of reading matter from his paper, re marked, that if reading the news alone the object of his subscribers, "they will find enough that is new to them in the Bible, and it

is good reading too,"
Of the many trials of the country editor those arising from poverty, mainly caused by delinquent subscribers, are probably the most abundant, but amidst them all the poor fellow seems to carry a merry heart. At any rate, he strives to drive dull care away from the end of his pen. Seldom is this better seen than in the "dun-ing" paragraphs, in which the writer sometimes discloses family secrets, the lightest word of which is designed to harrow up the soul of the debtor. It would sometimes seem as it the writer, like the renowned King Richard, could smile while he murdered. Yet, how pitiful are many of these, especially when we know how,

for the most part, true they are!

As a matter of history, before referring to cases of less note, and perhaps better illustrative of this point. I would refer to that of Samuel Keimer, whose name so often occurs in the history of Benjamin Franklin. In 1723 a paper wa issued from the Friends' Monthly Meeting, setting for:h that Samuel Keimer, who had then lately arrived from Europe, had printed divers papers, particularly one styled The Parable, wherein he assumes the language of Friends; wherefore they certify that he is not of their society, nor countenanced by them. This proved to be rather an awkward introduction to the public. In 1728 he started the Pennsylvania Gazette in opposition to Bracford's Weekly Mercury. It was announced in a strange braggadocia style, and in one year failed, and fell into the hands of Franklin, who conducted it with success for many years, while poor Keimer go into prison. In 1734 he set up an establishmen as a printer and publisher at Barbaboes. In his poetical appeal to his patrons there he gives some facts as to the compensation of American colonial printers:

"What a pity it is that some modern bravadoes Who dub themselves gentlemen here in Barbadoes, should time after time run in debt to their printer, And care not te pay him in summer or winter! In Penn's wooden country Type feels no disaster, The printers grow rich—one is made their po

In further pursuing his subject he shows that Mr. William Bradford, of New York, had £60 a year from the King. In Maryland and Virginia each province allowed the "established" editors

£200 a year; for, he added, "by law he is paid 50,000 pounds' weight country produce"—meaning tobacco.

"But, alas! your poor Type prints no figure tike

Cursed, cheated, abused by each pitiful fellow— Though working like a slave, with zeal and true de can scarce get as yet even salt to his porridge!" He was, however, able to continue his paper, as

two octave volumes of extracts from it were published in London. Modern instances will show that the times have not much improved. The unfortunate editor of an Indiana journal thus addresses his delinquent subscribers:-

"HARD UP,-It is but seldom we trouble our patrons by asking them to fork over the smal bal-arce due us; but we think if they only knew how difficult a task it is for us to make provisions to protect rally and the children from the cold chilling blasts of winter that is new coming upon us like an avalanche, it would hardly be neces any to say pay more than once, for they would come to our rescue instanter.'

"One more unfortunate" in Kentucky speaks to his patrons in these touching words;-"Friends, we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was almost a midionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if the price of sait was two cents a barrel, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jay bird."

Another appeals thus to the sympathies of his readers:-

"We cannot belp thinking how much easier an editor's his might be made if his generous patrons could only hear his better half' scraping the bottom of the flour-barre! A man that can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn summersaults in the branches of a thorn-binh." the branches of a thorn-bush.' Another writes on the subject more philo

sophically, but not the less points his moral:-"Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can. Every man ought to get married, if he can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue if she can. Every lawyer should occasionally tell the trath, if he can. Every man ought to mind his own tu-iness, and let other people's alone, it he Every man should take a newspaper and pay tor it ANY HOW.

The Louisville Times has a fair "take off" on the expression "in a few days," too commonly used by poor debtors, and applies it to serve a good purpose. He who cannot see its wit is to be pitied:-

"You present a man a small account, he will pay you in a few days;' pretty girls expect to marry in a few days;' we expect to give our readers some interesting local news in a few days.' And we are hoping that a great many of our subscribers will send the amount of their dues 'in a tew days.' In fact, we know they will, for some of them have been promising to 'do that little thing' every few days for a year or two. We expect them to be 'in funds in a few days.'"

The following "dun" of a poetical stripe is worthy of preservation in these columns, it only as a good parody on the popular song, "Then you'll remember me," in Balie's opera, entitled the Bohemian Girl:-

"When other bills and other duns Their thie of woe shall tell Of notes in bank, 'without the funds,'
And cotton hard to sell; There may, perhaps, in such a scene, Some recollection be Of bills that longer due have been, And you'll remember me!

"When hard-up customers shall wring Your hearts with hopes in vain, And deem it tut a trilling thing To tell you 'call again,' When calling proves a useless task, In such a moment I but ask That you'll remember me!'

Two other representative instances of the poverty of this class may yet be given. The first s that of a Western editor who lately called his "devil" to him, and told him that he could not afford to hire his services any longer, unless he would agree either to take ninepence a week for them, or share equally the profits of his paper. The boy concluded to stay, but unhesitatingly chose the ninepence a week for his wages. The other is of a more melancholy character,

and reters to a New Hampshire editor who, while recently travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by some adroit thiet. The pick-pocket was so disgusted with the result of his exploit that he returned the plunder by express to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:-You miserabil skunk, hears yure pocket-book

Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nutbin in it but a lot of noospapur scraps, a ivery tuthecom, too noospapur stamps, and a pas from a relevant directur, is a contempturbal impursition on the public As I hear yure a noditur I return yure trash. I never robs any only gentlemen." The editor of the Alabama Argus, published at Demopolis, seems to have been thoroughly

imbued with the spirit of "Mark Tapley," when, after the following fashion, he showed himself 'jolly" under what most people would consider a serious circumstance:-

"We see that the sheriff, during our absence, has advertised the Argus for sale. We hope the bidders have a merry time of it. If the sheriff can sell it he will do more than we ever could. Like a damp per-cussion-cap, we think it will fail to 'go off.'"

But, verily, we must have fallen on the "last days" in which St. Peter declared that "scoffers" should come. For are not these men scoffers of overty? And not only of poverty, but also of riches; for should once an editor become fortultously wealthy, he is regarded as a rara avis, and his name emblazoned in full caps in every paper in the country. Read how the editor of the Horicon (Wisconsin) Argus discourses:—

"An exchange says that editors are, as a generathing, not everstocked with worldly goods. Huml bug! Here are we, editor or a country paper, farrly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a double-barrelled rifle, seven suits or clothes, three kittens, a newlosed and pup, two gold watches, three kittens, a newlosed land pup, two gold watches, threen day and two night shirts, carpels on our floor, a pretty wife, own one corner lot, have mnety-three ceuts in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If e are not wealthy it is a pity."

Here now is a small batch which reminds one of an editor who wrote his editorials on the soles of his boots and went barefoot while his boy set up the manuscript-so making himself rich by saving paper:-

"There is a nich editor in New Hampshire who has made his money by always practising economy. He always writes his equitorials on a slate."—Mail.

"There is another who saves the expense of his slate and Steals his editorials from us."—Concord

"But you don't mean to say that he gets rich off such stealings? Should think he starve for want or subscribers."—Mail.
"What a rampus a rich editor always does kick up!" spitefully adds a Western contemporary.

Alas, alas! it is that so many of these creators and conservators of public opinion are doomed to travel in the walks of poverty and that while so few of them are bred to the pro-lession, in the majority of cases the business is not bred to the editor. Hence, many a burning and shining light of literature is obscured by the withdrawal of editors to private life. The valedictories of such are among the most curious specimens of pathos to be found in our language. Two of three of these are now quoted to be immortalized by a place in these pages.

Mr. Edward Willett, one of the editors and proprietors of the Cairo Times and Delta, takes farewell of his readers in the following expres-

"I know well that I need not offer a word of justification for the course. I have struggled and starved long enough for Cairo; have wasted nearly three years of active vigorous, vouthul life, the end of which shows a beggarly account of nothing at all except much iriendship and a little reputation; and as Scripture bids us to rejoice in the days of our youth, I desire, before that halevon period is quite ended, to obey its orecepts in some measure. I leave Cairo with deep affection for my triends, of contemps Cairo with deep affection for my triends, of contempt for my enemies, if any I have, and of infinite disput for that abominable old nuisance, the Cairo Company.

I give another which approaches almost to the sublime, notwithstanding its free and easy style. B. S. Goelet, of the Pass Christian (La.) Times, on retiring from the editorial charge of that paper, was safely delivered of the follow-"VALEDICTORY—STAND FROM UNDER.
"Fare thee Well, thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone and brighted,
More than this I scarce can die."
"Although we have been engaged in the editorial

Luminess for several sears, yet we never wrote a vale-dictory under such circumstances in the whole course of our life; nor did we expect so soon to be called upon to do so; but as it is we do the best we can. "We retire from the chair editorial of the Times "We retire from the chair editorial of the Times with the full conviction that all is vanity. In general we have found our patrons to be spright and honerable personages, but in part we have been dealing with a set of scoundrels and villains, and as evil communications are apt to corrupt good morals, we retire in disgust from the present scene of our labors. We have been solicited to us upon every subject: to insett said hes free graits; to send our paper to those who are able but too mean to pay what they owe; to puff into notoriety all business, without a taint hope of remuneration or reward. We have endeavored to build up the 'Pars,' and are pleased to see that our labors have 'Pass,' and are pleased to see that our labors have been crowned with success; notwiths anding all this two bon-tail-won d-to S. P.'s ('Some Pumpkins') have done all in their power against us; but we beg to assure them that their labors a c duly appreciated and kindly remembered.

"As for the ladies (Heaven bless them!), we have

found a few frue ones among the many, but who they are we feel not called upon to say. But as for the girs—by sirs we mean all the single members of the softer sex under the age of thirty—these lines picture them:"The girls are all a fleeting show,

For man's delusion given; Their smiles of joy, their tears of wee, Decentful shime, decentful flow; There's not one true in seven.' But the paring hour is at hand when we are called upon to bid adieu to you, dear reader, perhaps forever. The chain that has bound us together

has teen broken by circumstances over which we have no control, and we must depart on the road pointed out by destiny. But go where we will, we will ever cherish fond remembrances of the past and hope for the future—what the inture will be we know not, but we hope we may all meet again in that bright heaverly home where we are never called upon to any 'good-by.' upon to say 'good-by.'
"BOBERT S. GOELET, Ex-Ed." But I must quote one other, the reason given for withdrawal from "the chair" being so un-usual and praise-worthy that every reader will

naturally desire the speedy restoration of the health of the writer:-"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started this paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial having a thorough contempt of himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

I cannot refrain from inserting in this paper some rich morceaux of editorial humor on "things in general," with two or more instances of ludicrous blundering. Thus, for instance, does an editor puff his own class:-

"A newspaper may be destroyed at night, it may light a cigar, it may curl a lady's hair. An! only think of that, girls! An editor's thoughts completely, sweetly, exquisitely wreathed in your rich treeses, and — yes, nesting down with you in your midnight slumbers, to gently guard and peacefully keep watch over your happy dreams! Who would not be an

Another goes to work to display his scholarship, and hunts after the root of the name Canistota. Our Western friend gives its deriva tion thus:-

"Canis, dog; and totas, whole; that is, dog (w)hole. Some of the Canistotans may growl at this, but, on the whole, we think the game not worth even a growl," Another, who would depreciate and write down a contemporary, writes that "his mind is so small that it might dance a hornpipe in a mosquito's watch-tob."

A California paper, attempting to be witty and severe at the expense of a new-born con-temporary, spoke of it, saying—what may truly be said of too many journals—"It only lacks ability and character to be influential." Another, in striving to be just to a rival con-

temporary, magnanimously wrote:-He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose until he obtained a respectable position as an editor—a noble example of perseverance under depressing circum-tances."

The last, however, is decidedly less complimentary when speaking of a quill-driving "His intellect is so dense that it would take the

augur of common-sense longer to penetrate than to bore through Mont Blane with a boiled carrot." But how queerly and carelessly do some of them strain at metaphors and mix up hyperbole The following fearful announcement lately appeared in the Washington (D. C.) Star; and while it is a curious conglomeration of horti-

men of stellar literature:-"It is evident from this that the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst, and, unless nipped in the bud, it threatens to burst forth in a conflagration that will deluge the whole land." This is almost paralleled by the remark of

the Boston Puot, some years ago, while congratulating the Whig party upon its non-alliance with Know-Nothingism, that it had refused to be bound to "the chariot wheels of this mush-

The following "splendiferous" sentence is from the pen of a Down-East editor, who, speaking of a literary contemporary, spreads himself thus:-

"The raft on which he was fast pulling himself into the Federal eddy has been suddenly brought up against the wreck of that party, so that, by certain feats of lofty tumbling, he is on his face before the passing simoom of fanaticism, bigotry, and proscrip-A Western editor also "cuts it rather fat" in

speaking of a man who had been bitten by a mad dog, which he brilliantly lengthened out by saying:—"He was attacked by a canine quadruped while laboring under cerebral excitement. But for a "blazing burst" of eloquence com-mend me to a worthy writer in the "Nutmeg

State," who some time ago, in describing the burning of a barn, the property of a man who had been active in prosecuting the vendors of argent spirits, indulged in the following:-"There can be little doubt but that this blazing barn with its contents, valued at about \$350, with the cow bellowing in agony from which she could not be relieved, should be hung on the northern

branch of the Connecticut rum tree as its legitimate The violations of syntax are sometimes fairly excruciating, but nevertheless apt to cause a bursting of buttons. A New Orleans editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says:-

"We are grieved to say that a rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other degs A New York paper, announcing the arrival of a vessel near the Narrows, says:—

"The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-learths of the vessel and the captain's wile," The editors of a Western paper observe:-"The poem which we publish in this week's Herald was written by an esteemed iriend, who has lain many years in the grave for his own amuse-

ment. The editor of an Eastern newspaper expresse great indignation at the manner in which a woman who had committed suicide was buried: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." But here I must close my chapter of elegant extracts, selected from my huge pile, illustrative of many matters pertaining to newspaper

hie. And this I cannot do better than by an extract from the "Printer's Prayer," first published in Ede's journal in 1816:-"Protect and bless us, and keep us from the evils of the night, and when we lay down may we ask ourselves what we have done for the good and instruction of mankind; if not much, and we have lessure to do it, may we repent, and by the next number get out a rich and fertile sheet."

So mote it be! TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, ETC. PHILADELPHIA SUBGEONS
BANDAGA INSTITUTE, No. 14 N
NINTH Street, above Market.—B. &
EVERETT, after thirty years' practical experience
guarantees the skilful adjustment of his Premius
Patent Graduating Pressure Truss, and a variety
others. Supporters, Elamic Stockings, Shoulder Base
Crutches, Suspensories, etc. Ladies' apartments coducted by a Lady.

52

UNADULTERATED LIQUORS ONLY
RICHARD PENISTAN'S
STORE AND VAULTS,
No. 45 CHESNUT STREET,
Nearly Opposite the Post Once,
PHILADELPHIA.
Papillee supplied. Orders, from the Country promptly,
attended toj

LUMBER. 1866. —FLOCRING! FLOORING!!

5-4 CAROLINA FLOORING.
6-4 CAROLINA FLOORING.
6-4 VIRGINIA FLOORING.
6-4 VIRGINIA FLOORING.
6-4 DELAWARE FLOORING.
6-4 DELAWARE FLOORING.
ASH AND WALNUT FLOORING.
ASH AND WALNUT FLOORING.
NIFF BOARDS.
BRAIL PLANK.

1866. PLASTERING LATHSII
PLASTERING LATHSII
AT REDUCED PRICES.
AT REDUCED PRICES. 1866. CEDAR AND PINE SHINGLES.

No. 1 LONG CEDAR SHINGLES.

No. 1 SHORT CEDAR SHINGLES.

WHITE FINE SHINGLES.

CYPRESS SHINGLES.

FINE ASSORTMENT FOR SALE LOW

1866. LUMBER FOR UNDERTAKERS!!
RED CEDAR, WALNUT, AND PIRE.
RED CEDAR WALNUT, AND PIRE.

1866. —ALBANY LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
ALBANY LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
SEASONED WALNUT.
DRY POPLAR CHERRY, AND ASH.
OAK PLK. AND BDS.
MAHOGANY.
ROSEWOOD AND WALNUT VENEERS. 1866.—CIGAR-BOX MANUFACTURERS.
CIGAR-BOX MANUFACTURERS.
SPANISH CEDAR BOX BOARDS.
AT REDUCED PRICES.

1866. SPRUCE JOIST! SPRUCE JOIST! SPRUCE JOIST! SPRUCE JOIST! SPRUCE JOIST! FROM 14 TO 22 FEET LONG. SPRUCE SILLS. HEMLOCK PLANK AND JOIST.

OAK SILLS.

MAULE BROTHER & CO., No, 2509 SOUTH STREET.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS CAN SAVE

TEN PER CENT.

By purchasing of me

W. PINE BOARDS, RUN OF THE LOG. W. PINE BOOFING AND SCAFFOLDING BOARDS. FIRST AND SECOND COMMON BOARDS. THIRD COMMON BOARDS. W. PINE AND SAP PINE FLOORING. CAROLINA FLOORING. W. PINE AND CYPRESS SHISGLES.

JANNEY. NOBLE STREET WHARF. SIlm No. 500 North DELAWARE Avenue.

IINITED STATES BUILDER'S MILL. Nos. 24, 26, and 28 S. FIFTEENTH St., PHILADELPHIA.

ESLER & BROTHER. WOOD MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR BALUS-TERS, NEWEL POSTS, GENERAL TURNING SCROLL WORK, ETC. SHELVING PLANED TO ORDER.

The largest assortment of Wood Mouldings in this city
7 19 3m C. PERKINS. LUMBER MERCHANT-Successor to R. Clark, Jr.,

Constantly on hand a large and varied assortmen Suilding Lumber. 524 § COAL.

No. 324 CHRISTIAN STREET.

ONE TRIAL

LEHIGH.

SECURES YOUR CUSTOM.

WHITNEY & HAMILTON.

SCHUYLKILL.

AND BITUMINOUS COAL.

No. 935 North NINTH Street, Above Poplar, East Side. 162 JAMES O'BRIEN

DEALER IN LEHIGH AND SCHUYLKILL COAL, BY THE CARGO OR SINGLE TON.

Yard, Broad Street, below Fitzwater. Has constantly on hand a competent supply of the above superior Coal, sunable for family use, to which he calls the attention of his friends and the public generally. Orde" left at No. 205 South Fifth street, No. 32 South Seventeenth street, or through Despatch or

Post Office, promptly attended to.

A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF BLACKSMITHS

MISCELLANEOUS. HITLER, WEAVER & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Manilla and Tarred Cordage, Cords!

Twines, Etc., No. 23 North WATER Street, and No. 22 North DELAWARE Avenue, EDWIN H. FITLER, MICHAEL WFAVER, CONRAD F CLOTHER. 216 GEORGE PLOWMAN,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER. No. 232 CARTER Street And No. 141 DOCK Street.

Machine Work and Millwrighting promptly attende O R N E X C H A N G B

BAG MANUFACTORY.

JOHN T. BAILEY & O

REMOVED TO

N. E. corner of MARKET and WATER Streets.

Philadalphia.

DEALERS IN BAGS AND BAGGING:
of every description, for

Grain, Flour, Sait, Super-Phosphate of Lime, BoneLarge and smail GUNNY BAGS canstantly on hand.

2224;
JOHN T. BAILEY.

JAMES CASCADES.

A LEXANDER G. CATTELL & CO. PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 26 NORTH WHARVES, No. 27 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA. 22
ALEXANDER G. CATTELL

COTTON AND FLAX COTTON AND FLAX
SAIL DUCK AND CANVAS,
of all numbers and brands.
Tent Awning, Trunk, and Wagen-Cover Duck, Also
Paper Manufacturers' Drier Fells, from one to sever
feet wide; Faulins, Belling, Sail Twine, etc.
JOHN W. EVERMAN & Co.,
S65
No log Jones' Alley.

W I L L I A M S. G R A N T,
COMMISSION MERCHANS
No. 33 S. DELAWARE Avenue, Philadelphia,
AGENT FOR
Dupent's Gunpowder, Refined Nitre, Charcoai, Ess.
W. Baker & Co 's Chocolate, Cocca, and Broma.
Crocker Bros. & Co. 's Yellow Metal Sheathing, Beits, and Nalis.