

# Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 26.

"EXCELSIOR."

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1859.

TERMS—\$1.25 per Annum.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 2.

## The Republican:

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J. H. LARRIMER.

## Business Cards:

### DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and dispatch. Being familiar with all the latest improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row.  
Sept. 11th, 1858. Iya.

### DR. R. V. WILSON.

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

J. H. LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law.  
Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to Claims, Land Acquisitions, &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties.  
July 30—y

### JOHN TROUTMAN

STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry.  
June 13, 1858.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.  
Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order.  
Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.  
June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,  
Physician, may be found either at his office at Scotland's hotel, Curwensville, when not professionally absent.  
Dec. 29, 1851

FREDERICK ARNOLD,  
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.  
April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,  
At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield. MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber,  
July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,  
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., Ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville.  
Dec. 29, 1853.

DR. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.  
Residence on Second street, opposite to that of J. Crans, Esq.  
my 1 156.

P. W. BARRETT,  
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTLER,  
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield.  
March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,  
RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa.  
Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

D. O. CROUCH,  
PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville.  
May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,  
CARRIES on Chalmers, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to.  
Jan. 5, 1855.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office.  
Dec. 1, 1848.—17.

JOSEPH PETERS,  
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.

ONE door east of Montague & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice.  
March, 31, 1853, y.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain to ornamental, of any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms.  
EDWIN COOPER.  
Clearfield, April 17, 1857. y.

**YOUR TEETH.**  
TAKE CARE OF THEM!!  
DR. A. M. HILLS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now devoting all his time to operations in Dentistry. Those desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence nearly all times, and always on **Fridays and Saturdays**, unless notice to the contrary be given in the town papers the week previous.

N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory.  
Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

## Select Poetry.

### I'M GOING HOME.

Oh! I'm going home to the old hearth stone,  
Where warm hearts will greet me as homeward I come;

The fetters are strong round the household throng,  
And I've wandered long—  
But I'm going, going, I'm going home.

Neath the evergreen hill by the gentlest rill  
That ever kissed pebbles, the old cot still  
Goes on to decay, as it did that day  
When I wandered away—

But I'm going, going, I'm going home.

Soon shall I press to my throbbing breast,  
The friends I in childhood so fondly caressed;  
My heartstrings thrill, my eyelids fill,  
For I love them still—

Oh! I'm going, going, I'm going home.

Oh! would that my joy were free from alloy,  
Oh! would that no badings my hopes would destroy  
But soon shall I know whether seal or woo  
Begets where I go—

For I'm going, going, I'm going home.

Kind strangers, adieu—with heart ever true,  
As onward I go, I'll think of you;  
And when loved ones I meet round the family seat,  
Your praise I'll recite—

For I'm going, going, I'm going home.

### THE BELL AT SEA.

The dangerous list called the Bell back on  
the coast of Fife. So that, used formerly to be  
marked only by a Bell, which was so placed as to  
be swung by the motion of the waves when the  
tide rose above the rocks. Mrs. Hemans, who  
wrote so exquisitely, thus beautifully poetized  
the idea:—

When the tide's billowy swell  
Had reached its height,  
Then tolled the Rock's lone bell,  
Stirring by night.

Far over cliff and surge  
Swept the deep sound,  
Making each wind wild dirge  
Still more profound.

Yet that funeral tone  
The sailor blessed,  
Steering through darkness on,  
With fearless breast.

Even so may we, that float  
On life's wild sea,  
Welcome each warning note,  
Stern though it be.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE BLOOD.

Blackwood's Magazine for June contains a paper upon the life-current of the human system, embodying many facts, which, however familiar to anthropologists, may be instructive to the common mind. We quote some of the most interesting statements made by the author of the contribution in question:—

The blood is described as a torrent impetuously rushing through every part of the body, carried by an elaborate network of vessels, which, in the course of twelve months, convey to the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds weight of nutritive material, and convey from the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds of waste. At every moment of our lives there is nearly ten pounds of this fluid rushing in one continuous throbbing stream, from the heart through the great arteries, which spread and branch like a tree, the vessels becoming smaller and smaller as they subdivide, till they are vanishing in the naked eye, and they are called capillaries (hair-like vessels), although they are no more to be compared in calibre with hairs, than hairs are with cables. The vessels form a network finer than the finest lace—so fine, indeed, that if we pierce the surface at almost any part with the point of a needle, we open one of them and let out the blood. In these vessels the blood yields some of its nutrient materials, and receives in exchange some of the waste products of tissue; thus modified the stream continues its rapid course backward to the heart, through a system of veins, which commence in a myriad of capillaries that form the termination of the arteries. The veins instead of subdividing like the arteries, become gradually less and less numerous, as the branches enter, and the branches enter, till they reach the heart. No sooner has the blood poured into the heart from the veins, than it rushes through the lungs, and from them back again to the heart and arteries, thus completing the circle of circulation.

This wondrous stream ceaselessly circulating, occupies the very centre of the vital organism, midway between the functions of nutrition and functions of exertion, feeding and stimulating the organs into activity, and removing from them all their useless material. In its onward upward of fifty different substances are hurried along; it carries gases, it carries salts—it even carries metals and soap!—Millions of organized cells float in its liquid; and of those cells which are considered by some to be organic entities, twenty millions are said to die at every pulse of the heart, to be replaced by others.

The iron which it washes onward can be separated. Professor Bernard used to exhibit a lump of it in his lecture room—may, one ingenious Frenchman has suggested that coins should be struck from the blood of great men. Let no one suggest that we should wash our hands with the soap extracted from a similar source!

The blood, instead of being red, is of a yellowish red color, and has in solution, many "floating solids" known as blood discs and corpuscles. These were first discovered in 1658, but the first accurate knowledge of them dates from 1673, and is due to Lewenberg. The corpuscles are not numerous in healthy human blood, and play but a secondary part, unless they are the early stage of the red disc.

The constituents of the blood are stated to be water, 784 parts out of a thousand; albumen 70, and fibrine 220. The remaining elements are chiefly fat containing phosphorus, chloride of potassium, oxide and phosphate of iron, with various other substances. The blood of no two men is precisely similar; the blood of the same man is not precisely similar in disease to what it was in health, or at different epochs of life. The iron which circulates in the veins of the embryo is more abundant than the blood in the veins of the mother, and this quantity declines after birth to augment again at puberty. The fats vary in different individuals, from 13 to 33 in 1000. The blood cells vary with the varying health. The albumen fluctuates from 60 to 70 parts in 1000, the fibrine usually amounting to about 3 in 1000, may rise as high as 7, or fall as low as 1.

There are two descriptions of blood in circulation in every human being—venous and arterial blood—the former being dark purple, the latter bright scarlet. If venous blood be injected into the arteries, death ensues. Yet arterial blood thus injected will revive an animal suffering from loss of blood. Between the two fluids, therefore, a profound difference exists; and yet the venous blood has only to pass through the lungs in an atmosphere not overcharged with carbonic acid, and at once it becomes transformed into a nutritive sustaining fluid.

Arterial blood is everywhere the same—it is one stream perpetually flowing off into smaller streams, but always the same, guiding its current till as in its largest currents. Not so venous blood. That is a confluence of many currents, each one bringing from it something from the soil in which it arises; the streams issuing out of the arteries being substances unlike those issuing out of the veins, and the blood which carries out of the intestines contains substances unlike those which carry out of the liver. The waste of all the organs has to be carried away by the vessels of the organs. Wondrously does the complex machine work its many purposes; the roaring loom of life is never for a moment still.

The amount of blood in the human frame is variously stated. If we say ten pounds for an adult healthy man, we shall probably be as near the mark as possible. The quantity, however, necessarily varies in different persons, and seems from some calculations to be greater in women than in men. In the seal its quantity is enormous, surpassing all other animals, man included.

### The United States Navy.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—There are at present nine naval vessels employed on foreign stations without regular pursers, namely: sloop of war *Falmouth*, storeships *Release* and *Relief*, steamer *Waterwitch*, brig *Perry*, *Painbridge*, and *Dolphin*, and Schooner *Femina* Cooper. In addition to this number there are five chartered steamers and one revenue cutter steamer attached to the Paraguay expedition, which have no pursers on board, namely: steamers *Southern Star*, *Atlanta*, *Caledonia*, *Metacombet*, *M. W. Chapin* and *Harriet Lane*, for which pursers on board of other vessels are acting, and for which they can receive no additional compensation.

The department was unable to assign pursers to the above named vessels on account of the insufficient number of officers belonging to that corps. Sixty four are only allowed by law. Eleven of that number are unemployed. Of these one has been in the service forty-nine years, two more than forty-one years, and one more than thirty-five years; one has recently been invalided from a foreign station and sent to the United States; five are old pursers who have been relieved from duty. There are three pursers who have returned within three months from sea, and are employed in settling their accounts.

It has not been the practice of the department, the secretary says, except in extreme cases, to order old pursers, who have served in turn in vessels of all classes, to sea again in small vessels, as in view of their age and past services, it would seem contrary to the spirit and intention of the law to require them to perform duties in such vessels for which, by the act of Congress, regulating their pay, provides less compensation than their leave of absence pay.

The number of seamen now in the naval service is that authorized by law,

namely, 8,500  
Number of marines including non-commissioned officers, musicians, drummers, fiddlers and privates, 1,895

Number of other employees under charge of the navy department, as near as can be ascertained at the several navy yards, 8,471

There are in the navy ten ships of the line, ten frigates, twenty-one sloops-of-war, three brigs, one schooner, eight screw steamers of the first class, six of the second class, nine of the third class, two screw tenders, three side-wheel steamers of the first class, one of the second class, one of the third class, one side-wheel tender, three store vessels, and five permanent stores and receiving ships. The total number of vessels is eighty-eight.

Commander Perry has been ordered to the command of the storeship *Relief*, soon to leave for Aspinwall.  
Lieutenant Fitzgerald recently restored to the navy, has been ordered to the same

vessel.  
Lieutenant Mercer, dropped as Midshipman, and restored as lieutenant has resigned.

L. L. Dawson, of Texas, late Clerk in the Land Office, has been appointed lieutenant in the marine corps.

### Remarkable Shipwreck.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CASES OF SHIPWRECK AND PRESERVATION OF LIFE UPON RECORD—ARRIVAL OF KENNEDY, AND HIS STATEMENT—ARRIVAL OF THE AUSTRIA.

The bark *Azor*, Burd, from Fayal, arrived at Boston on Thursday last, 13th instant, having on board William Kennedy, the only survivor of the ship *Margaret Tyson*, Morris, bound from New York to San Francisco. Kennedy was picked up at sea by the schooner *Oread*, and taken to the hospital at Fayal, and from thence was sent home by the U. S. Consul at that port, in the bark *Azor*. Kennedy's statement does not differ materially from the one made by him at Provincetown, and already published, yet it is exceedingly meagre, and he appears to be unwilling to give a more extended account.

He said he should not have anything to say about the matter, as he was going to New York in a day or two, and then he should relate his story to the owners of the *Margaret Tyson*. He seemed to have a superstitious idea that he should get into trouble if he gave a full account of the matter. This, perhaps may have been owing to the fact that he is either foolish or has been instructed by some of the crew of the *Azor* to say nothing about it, or from secret motive of his own. On learning that a statement was wanted from Kennedy, several of the crew took him one side, and so far as could be ascertained, told him in Portuguese, French, Dutch, and Hottentot, to keep "mum," and after that, he for a time was almost as silent as a Sphinx. He however became more communicative after sufficient coaxing, and said that he shipped in New York, in the *Margaret Tyson*, it being his first long voyage. He had been on short watch, however, previous, shipping at New York. He believed he was born in San Francisco, although he does not seem to have any definite idea in regard to the matter. He thinks the *Tyson* was about twenty days out, when a tremendous gale sprung up on a Saturday night, in the course of which the ship was thrown on her beam ends and lay in that position for some hours, until finally she went down. As the vessel sank, the ship's house was wrenched from the deck, and left floating on the water. Kennedy swam toward this portion of the wreck and lost himself upon it, where he found two of the crew, and was shortly after joined by two more. He cannot remember their names. He was unable to say how many days he was upon the wreck, but seemed to have an idea that he was there seven or eight days. His companions were either washed overboard or died before he was picked up. He states that the weather was, a portion of the time, very cold, and at other times quite warm. He remembers that he caught a fish one or twice, and also at different times a little fresh water in his hands when it rained. When the last man died he cut a piece of flesh from his leg and ate it. He was not wholly insensible at the time he was picked up by the *Oread*, as he states that he remembers seeing the ship swing too and haul him on board. After that he was for a time unconscious as to what passed. One of the crew of the *Oread* told a seaman on board the *Azor* that when Kennedy was picked up he was a horrid object to look upon, having been reduced to mere skin and bones, and it was thought that he would not live through the day, when he was picked up. He was however carefully attended to until the *Oread* arrived in Fayal, where he was lodged in the hospital. He seems at present to have entirely recovered from his exposure, and is in excellent condition. He is small in stature, not more than five feet and one-half in height, and of sandy complexion. He looks intelligent. The only visible trace of his late sufferings is shown in his hair, which evidently all came off after his rescue, and has just begun to grow out again. He will leave for New York in a day or two.

The *Azor* also brought as a passenger, Mr. Carl Baker, formerly a policeman in New Orleans, and one of the survivors of the steamer *Austria*, destroyed a few months since by fire while on a voyage from Hamburg to New York. Mr. Baker states that he was rescued by the French bark *Manrice*, after having been in the water about three hours. Before leaving the steamer his back and hands were buried in a shocking manner. He was left in the hospital at Fayal, and on leaving that port in the *Azor*, his wounds were considered healed, but the cold weather which he had experienced on the homeward voyage has caused the wounds on his back to break open afresh.

### A Tiger at Sea.

A somewhat extraordinary adventure was met with a few days ago near Mulky which is about 20 miles North of Mangalore, on the coast. Some fisherman, starting out very early in the morning, while it was dark, with their hooks and fish spears in their boats, remarked something dark in the sea, which it appears was outside the breakers; they made up to it to make it out in the dark. One of the first boatload of five called out "a cheetah, a cheetah!" but it was soon discovered to be a royal tiger. They rowed close up to it, and the first man dove his fish spears into it, and another belabored it on the head with an oar. But it soon turned on them, put one huge paw on the side of the boat, which capsized it, and with the other felled the poor man with the oar. Man and tiger disappeared together, at least

none of the others saw more of them.—They were all shot out by the capsizing of the boat, and it was some little time before they were picked up by the other boats.—That evening the tiger's body was washed up by the waves dead, and the next morning the poor man's corpse, with the unmistakable claw marks on the back of his neck. The others escaped unscathed, with the exception of an awkward blow on the ankle which one got from the boat. What possessed the tiger to go out for a cruise in this fashion, does not appear.—*Madras Athenaeum*.

**PURSUITS OF MATRIMONY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.**—The *Rural Intelligencer*, a Maine newspaper, relates a story of a rather romantic marriage, which came off in Gardiner, in that State, on Tuesday night, or rather on Wednesday morning, of last week. The bride was a young lady of the mature age of thirteen; the age of the bridegroom we have not learned, but he was old enough to outwit the sleepy vigilance of the guardian *pro tem* of the young lady. It seems that the girl bride was temporarily sojourning in that city, at the house of a relative, where she became acquainted with the hero of this sketch, who captivated her young and virgin affections. Her relative not deeming it prudent for her to form any "entanglement," quite so early, consulted the paternal "parent," who directed him to bring her home, "whether or no." So he engaged a conveyance for the next morning, when he intended to carry the young lady home. The night before, however, the young suitor came to make his parting visit, and stayed so late that the watchful relative was overcome by the drowsy nod, and went to bed. Where upon the loving couple stole out of the house, went to a friend's sent for a justice of the peace, and in the "twinkle of a bed-post," were made one flesh. The anger of the deceived relative was unbounded—he applied to the law for power to "put assunder" the "quintal joined," but it was a failure—the knot was strongly and indissolubly tied. In a year or so one of the parties will probably apply for a divorce, on the ground of "incompatibility." Of course the application will be granted.

**BILL SHAKESPEARE.**—In the course of a recent lecture at Chicago, Mr. James Grant Wilson, of that city, introduced an anecdote related to him by his Quaker friend, William Howitt:

"As I was passing through Stratford one morning, I saw the master of the village school mustering his scholars to their task. I stopped, being pleased with the old man, and said 'You seem to have a number of lads here; shall you raise another Shakespeare among them, think you?' 'Why, (replied the master,) I have a Shakespeare now in the school.' I knew that Shakespeare had no descendants beyond the second generation, and I was not aware that there was any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister, Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will yet exists, passed under her marriage name of Hart, at Tewkesbury, and a family in Stratford of the name of Smith." "I have a Shakespeare, (said the master, with evident pride and pleasure.) Here, boys, here." He quickly mustered his lads in a row, and said to me,—"There you, now, sir, can you tell me which is Shakespeare?" I glanced my eye along the line, and instantly fixing it upon one boy, said "That is Shakespeare." "You are right, (said the master,) that is Shakespeare. The Shakespeare countenance is there. That is William Shakespeare Smith, lineal descendant of the poet's sister." Mr. Howitt adds—"It sounded strangely enough, as I was passing along the street in the evening to hear some of the same schoolboys' say to one another, 'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakespeare a shilling this morning.'"

### CHARITY.

The best charity is not that which giveth alms, whether secretly or with ostentation. The best charity, which "worketh no evil"—is the charity, which prompts us to think and speak well of our neighbors. Even if they be openly condemned, and that with warrant, it is a noble charity in us all not to gull their wounds by multiplying knowledge of their offences. We are all ashamed to confess that our quickest instincts, are to think ill of others, or to magnify the ill of which we hear. There is a universal slugging of the shoulders, as much as to say—well, I expected as much—it is just like him—I had my suspicions of her—"I could a tale unfold," and thus on every endless chapter, with which every reader will be somewhat familiar; from his or her own experience. Now one who says, "I could a tale unfold," yet holds it back, leaving the hearer to infer any and every evil, stabs character with the meanest, deadliest blow. Yet who is there that carries not this ever ready weapon—this poisoned dagger!—The charity that gives to help, and not to humiliate, is good, but the charity that makes us "think no evil," is better. Let us seek to possess this charity, and practice it, for it alone, is the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins."

During the recent election for United States Senator in South Carolina, one for the long term and one for the unexpired term of Judge Evans, there were many ballotings and much excitement. A gay, dashing young widow of great personal attraction, was in Columbia at the time, and the nephew of one of the contestants became so confused between the calls of love and the lobby, that he actually declared himself to the lady as "a candidate for the unexpired term of her late husband!" We are pleased to say he was elected to the vacancy on the first ballot.

## Humorous.

**TO THE PURE ALL IS PURE.**—The purd-spider converts that to poison which the bees work to honey; and it is thus that man has, at different times, debased and injured all he has touched, and lowered the most glorious pursuits to the level of his own corruption. Music, fit amusement for angels, has ministered to voluptuousness; painting to the grossest impurity; poetry has forgotten its noble nature to sing of forbidden things; and even botany, a study which unfolds the wonderful economy of nature, displays its beautiful regularity, and is conversant with those lovely and harmless things, the flowers of the field, conveys to some unhappy minds thoughts most unlike the purity of the lily, or the sweetness of the rose. There are minds, however, of a different stamp, minds which adorn and enrich all they touch, which can learn wisdom from a flower, piety from a blade of grass, can find "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

**SHAMEFUL CASE IN TENNESSEE.**—A law in Tennessee punishes the offence of obtaining goods under false pretences by imprisonment in the Penitentiary. A groggler, who had a poor female arrested for having defrauded him out of twenty-five cents worth of liquor by false pretences; she was tried and found guilty, but the Jury recommended her to mercy. The Judge paid no attention to this, and sentenced her for three years. The aid of the Supreme Court was invoked in the woman's favor, and the Judges of the court, expressing the opinion that the law was never intended to include cases of such a petty character, reversed the judgment, and liberated the woman.

**A married woman was brought before a Virginia Justice, charged with the larceny of some pewter plates. After hearing the evidence and deciding that the woman was guilty, he ordered that she should be indicted upon her husband, who was then and there present, giving as his reason that the Scripture declared that man and wife were one flesh, and as the wife was the weaker vessel, it was right that the man should bear the penalty.**

**I take goodness in this sense**—I am seeking the real welfare of men, which is what the Greeks call philanthropy. The greatest of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the character of the Ditty, and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched being, no better than a kind of vermin.—*Lord Bacon*.

**The Kansas Herald of Freedom** states that judgment has gone against General Lane in his case before the land office, the heirs of Col. Jenkins obtaining title to the land. This was the land about which Lane and Jenkins had their shooting match last summer.

**A Dutchman in one of the middle counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came. "Chon, (said he,) go and tell the circus preacher to come, den get the locust preacher, and if the locust preacher can't come, why then get the extortioner."**

**Judge Pearson** in a recent charge to the Grand Jury at Harrisburg, said that those noisy collections of men and boys, called "Callithumpians," who frequently annoy newly married people, are nuisances, and subjected to severe punishment, and that it is the duty of constables to arrest those participating.

**"Ma, I'm going to make soft soap for the fair,"** said a Miss of sixteen to her mother the other day.

**"What put that notion into your head, Sallie?"**

**"Why mother, the premium is just what I have been wanting for a long time,"** replied Sallie.

**"What is it?"**

**A New Jersey farmer, I hope he is good looking?**

**At this juncture the mother of Sallie, fainted.**

**A New Dish.**—A dish for epicures was presented at a dinner table in Philadelphia, a few days since—eggs fried in butter, with their shells on. The dish was invented by a young lady from Ireland, who said she could "do that and a dale besides."

**A COTEMPORARY** wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. Our impression has always been that between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one is the time.

**A paper out West** has for its motto—"Good will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news, fun, and making money."

**There is scarcely a man who does not inveigh against the scandal of woman, but all listen to it.**

**Ingratitude** is the pretext that selfishness seizes hold of for refusing to do a favor.

**The man who went into Quaker meeting with a hammer to break the silence, was bound over to keep the piece.**

**An Amazon** out West, in describing her runaway husband, says, "Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose, where I scratched him."