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J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

## Select Poetry.

### "KISS ME!"

"Kiss me!" said an artless child,  
Tossing her sunny curls aside,  
And clasping then, with dimpled arms,  
A youthful mother's neck with pride:  
"Kiss me!" she said, "my mother, now,"  
As though unsexed electric chords  
Were charged with eloquence of love,  
Which might not breathe or speak in words.

"Kiss me!" said a maiden fair,  
As she twined, with graceful hand,  
Her parting lover's raven locks,  
Ere he sped to a far off land:  
"Kiss me!" she said in sweetest tone,  
"And leave thy truest love with me;  
My heart shall blend its own with thine  
And bring them both unchanged to thee."

"Kiss me!" said a dying boy,  
As a tear strayed down his pallid cheek,  
And near drew his sister's cheek,  
To catch that voice so soft and weak:  
"Kiss me!" he said, "I'm dying now,  
As fade the sunset hues of even;  
But, sister, I will watch for thee,  
And meet thee at the gates of Heaven!"

### SONNET TO THE BLUE BIRD

Sweet messenger of Spring, complaining bird,  
How from the budding top of yonder elm,  
That hangs o'erwaving thee, I've stood and heard  
With throbbing heart, the embassy of love.  
Sweet bird! art thou commissioned to our realms  
Ambassador to cheer the wasted grove,  
To tell the daisy when to lift its head,  
To whisper to the tulip that 'tis time  
With fearless smile to leave a wint'ry bed;  
Or dost thou sing to wake the red-breast up,  
To rouse the sleeping songsters to their chime,  
And tell them all the nipping frost is o'er?  
Oh, if you come for this, sweet bird of Spring,  
Welcome, thrice welcome, for the news you bring

From the Home Journal.

### Tales of the South.

BY A SOUTHERN MAN.

### THE AVENGER.

[Continued from last week.]

Of the guilt of Orme he felt morally certain. But as he pondered upon the circumstances by which his mind had been brought to that conclusion, he perceived that they were not only not absolutely conclusive of guilt, but admitted of an explanation entirely compatible with innocence. The possession of his father's sleeve-buttons for so long a time as he stated in Mobile that he had owned them, though, without doubt, a highly criminative circumstance, if sustained by other and more positive proof, was not alone, or even when aided by slightly corroborative evidence, sufficient to prove his participation in the murder, since they might, originally, have come to him by lawful transfer from another, and have lain unobserved, for years, or they might even have been retained, by design, in his possession, for other and very different purposes, than the deliberate suppression of a means of proof against himself. The mutilated finger might be a mere coincidence, owing its force, as a damning proof, to the belief, already engendered in his mind, by the unexplained possession of the buttons for thirty years or more, that Orme was one of the murderers of his father. At all events, a doubt as to the guilt of Orme might be extracted from the criminative circumstances thus far developed, and that was enough to determine a person so conscientious and just as A. M., to forego decisive action until the doubt was removed by more conclusive testimony. He wished no Banquo's ghost, in the shape of an unappealing regret for having, perhaps, shed innocent blood, to hover over his pathway through life, refusing to be glad, because he possessed not the exonerating proof of indubitable proof that the killing was just; and, therefore, he determined, he could not make the facts which he already knew, tributary to the attainment of more satisfactory proof against Orme, and he would abandon the pursuit of him both hazardous and unjust. After long and patient reflection upon the many conflicting plans which suggested themselves in his mind as likely to produce the result sought, one was selected which he felt confident would produce the proof he desired, or establish that he did not exist; and this plan he prepared to carry to immediate execution.

It was now night, and the iron tongue of the city clock had told the hour of eight. In a somewhat shaded recess of the magnificent gambling hall which has been already described, a thin man, of medium height, was gazing, with eager eyes, at the scene before him, and watching with inquisitive scrutiny the form and features of every new-comer into the room. In a short time four men, all newly arrived in the hall, seated themselves for a game, at a table, not far from the place where this observer was standing. So intent were they upon their approaching game, or so used to the bustling scene around them, that they seemed utterly unobservant of all other persons and things in the room. By accident, the largest and most repulsive-looking man of the four seated himself directly opposite to the shaded recess above alluded to, and thus Orme and A. M. were brought vis-a-vis to each other, the one standing in the only shadow, and the other seated in the midst of the blazing light of that brilliant hall.

The play began. The stakes, though moderate in amount, seemed to excite the cupidity and to kindle the zeal of the players, quite as effectively as if the sums had been large. Their eyes flashed, their feelings rose, and the demon of the place, possessing them all, seemed to be driving them, fast and furious, whither he would. At the moment when the excitement seemed to have become the greatest, and while they made a brief pause in the play to gulp down the fuming toddy just brought in by the waiter, a servant, apparently a stranger to all present, entered, inquired for James Orme, and, having him pointed out, approached, delivered a letter, and immediately withdrew from the room.

The eye of Orme instantly caught the address, Mr. James Orme, vastly important, open and read without delay, and he at once broke the seal, and read as follows:—

MY DEAR ORME,—I came over by the mail-boat from Mobile to-day. When I left, it was beginning to be whispered about town that a pair of silver sleeve-buttons which you lost at play with Hughes and Reid, once belonged to a man who was murdered, and thirty or forty years ago, in what was then the Mississippi territory, and that you were one of the two men that killed him. It was also rumored that one or more of the detective police were already in New Orleans, or would be here, in a few days, in pursuit of you. As a friend, I give you notice of these facts. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear by remaining where you are. But if you are guilty, I would advise you to leave here immediately. Go to Galveston by the steamer which leaves early to-morrow for that city. Cut off your whiskers, shorten your hair, change your dress, and in every way disguise yourself as much as you can. Register your name as Philip Peas, keep to yourself while on board, and stay in Galveston until I write to you when it will be safe, if ever, for you to come back. And it is that I may be able to write to you, that I suggest the name to you. I give you all these directions as to what you ought to do, because, if you are guilty and have to fly, you will be so excited that you will scarce know what to do, and then these hints of mine will be of service to you. I should have seen you and told you all this, if I had not been overwhelmed with business. I am compelled to return by the mail-boat to-morrow, and have a thousand things to attend to. I shall not put my name to this, for if I did, and the bearer should be unfaithful, or the letter fall by accident into other hands than yours, I might get into difficulty. You shall hear again from me almost as soon as you reach Galveston, and then, as I shall sign my name, you will find out that I am truly, A FRIEND.

Orme had scarcely finished the perusal of the second sentence of this letter, when his face became almost as white as the sheet on which it was written; as he progressed, his hands trembled so violently that he could scarce hold the paper, and by the time he reached the conclusion, he seemed ready to faint and fall upon the floor. All immediately around noticed his extreme agitation. Rising, or rather staggering, from his seat, he stated to his associates in the game and those around, that the letter he had just received contained most distressing news in relation to a near kinsman, and offering that as an excuse for not continuing the game, he immediately left the room.

Rapid, however, as was his exit from the hall, there was one who had already preceded him, and stood, deep in the shadow of the veranda, close to the door, awaiting him. Orme rushed out like a madman, and seemed utterly bewildered in both mind and vision. As he passed the spot where A. M. was standing, he was muttering audibly—the fumes of liquor he had drunk, and his mental perturbation, combining to make him both loquacious and imprudent. The only words which the eager ears of A. M.—distinctly caught, were these:—"Found out at last; who'd have thought it? Confound the sleeve-buttons; must leave here quick." Thus he went on, muttering as he walked, and increasing his pace almost to a run before he reached his hotel, into which he darted, or rather hurriedly staggered, and disappeared.

A. M. remained stationary in his position near the door of the saloon, while the retreating Orme was staggering across the street. His strategem had been crowned with complete success. He had now elicited indubitable proof of the guilt of Orme, and it only remained to select the means, the time, and the place of his punishment.

The business of the present, however, was to guard against his escape by flight. Although he evidently credited the authenticity of the letter which he had just received, there was nothing to indicate whether he would adopt his suggestions

as to the manner of his flight and the place of his retreat. That was a point which his subsequent movements alone could decide; and as these must be observed, a continuous watch became necessary.

Fortunately the night was warm and cloudless, combining the temperature of autumn with the translucent air of mid-winter. The moon, at the full, lit up the streets and alleys of the city with the effulgence almost of day. The throng of pedestrians upon the street, and of visitors to the saloon until midnight, made it impracticable to keep up his watch, without the fear of particular notice, alternately upon the sidewalk and in the corner of the veranda which he had occupied during the day. At twelve o'clock, to avoid the challenge and observation of the police guard, he secreted himself in a pile of goods boxes, left over night on the street to be removed in the morning—a position which enabled him to see the brown hotel, without being seen by the watchman.

One by one the hours vanished from the dial-plate of time, their departure being heralded by tireless, metallic tongues in belfry and steeple. The solitary watcher slumbered not at his covert post, but no form gilded forth from the opposite hotel to flee, like the vagabond Cain, to some far off land, because the stain of his brother's blood was upon his hand. Could it be that Orme had escaped by some rear passage or hidden avenue, and thus evaded the watch of the Avenger?

The day was beginning to dawn when a man, with smooth face and short hair, habited in a fisherman's smock-coat and coarse trousers, a large cap being drawn down over the forehead and brow, emerged from the brown hotel and started, with a quick step, in the direction of the boat-wharf of the city. He had paid his reckoning the night before, and announced that he should leave very early in the morning, on a sail-boat for Point Clear, a fashionable resort of Mobilians and the citizens of New Orleans, during the summer months. He carried a well-filled valise in his hand, and moved with the alert step and absent air of a man who was both absorbed and in haste.

Having reached the wharf, Orme passed along the levee, examining the names of the vessels, and the handbills posted in front of many of them, announcing their destination and day of departure. He paused, at length, in front of a steamer which displayed a flag on which he read these words:—"For Galveston, this day, at nine o'clock." Looking up and down the wharf, and seeing no one in sight, not even A. M., who had retired behind a pile of cotton bales as soon as Orme stopped, and was peeping at him through a convenient crevice, he went on board the vessel, and soon disappeared behind the bulky furniture of the boiler deck.

The sword of retribution was beginning to sharpen on the anvil, but the destined victim heard not the ring of the metal beneath the hammers of the avenging furies. A. M.—satisfied that Orme would not leave the vessel, returned to the St. Charles taking care, as he retired from the wharf, to keep some object, as a screen, between himself and the steamer. Having written to his family, that the important business referred to in his last letter from Mobile required his presence in Galveston, and, perhaps, elsewhere in Texas, he directed his baggage to be sent to the Galveston steamer, and immediately returned to the wharf, which, by this time, was beginning to fill with the multitudinous concourse that daily throngs its spacious surface.

The wharf, or, as it is more popularly called, the levee of New Orleans, is, with the exception of Broadway in New York, the most magnificent thoroughfare of business on the western continent. Stretching for miles along the crescent margin of the Mississippi River, and frequented by the trading vessels of every commercial, and of nearly every civilized and semi-civilized nation on the globe, it is alike remarkable for the extent of the facilities it affords for loading and unloading cargoes, and for the variety, importance and value of the cargoes themselves. The productions of nearly half a continent find their exit to market through its avenues, and over its surface spreads the tide of that refulgent commerce which carries the necessities, the comforts and the luxuries of life, to an almost boundless interior. During the most active portion of the business season this wharf is covered from morning till night with a vast multitude of people, draught animals, vehicles, productions and cargoes of every description, both outward and inward bound, all mingling, moving, whirling, lying and piled together, in a maze of apparently wondrous and inextricable confusion, through which, however, run the guiding lines of an order that directs the whole without a jar, and confines all the parts within the orbit of their prescribed activity. A *coryd'ail* of this grand panorama of commerce, obtained from any eligible point of observation, cannot fail to impress the beholder with a high estimate of the wealth, importance, and business operations of the Crescent City.

Through this rapidly gathering mass of the men of the implements of commerce, A. M. wandered to and fro, never going far, however, in any direction, from the anchorage of the Galveston steamer, until its second and final signal bell rang, when he stepped on board, carefully shading his features to avoid being seen by Orme, who might, in the then excited state of his faculties, be able to trace a resemblance between him and his father, whom he very closely favored in both form and feature. For reasons, also, too obvious to require specification, he registered under a pseudonym, and retired at once to his room. Orme had not registered at all, fearing, doubtless, to risk even the alias suggested in his apocryphal letter.

The vessel was the brag sailer on the line, and cut the blue waters of the Gulf with no laggard prow. The beams of the

cloudless sun and moon of that almost tropical clime, that fringed with diamond light each sail and spar, flaged down on a spectacle never before seen, even on the cosmopolitan deck of a passenger-boat. The culprit and the avenger—the one all unconscious of the nearness of his peril, and the other too painfully conscious of the necessity that was upon him to take life under a sense of duty—were voyaging together in a land where the air of expiation was ready for the homicidal victim. So went, in the olden time, but prompted by infinitely higher motives and with results infinitely more benignant and useful to the world, the gray-haired patriarch and his prattling son, journeying together to the mount of sacrifice. But Heaven, which saved the son because he was innocent and the father proved, has no miracle to offer as a shield for guilt, and even ordains as the allotted test of the purity and strength of our domestic affections, the sacrifices actually made in obedience to their behests. So the culprit and the avenger must pass on together to the yet unknown issue that awaits them.

During the voyage A. M.—insolated in his room, matured the plan, to be developed in the subsequent progress of the narrative, which he trusted would bring upon the alayer of his father the punishment he deserved. Only once did he venture a visit to the deck below, and that was to satisfy himself, by ocular proof, that Orme was still on board. Having seen him sitting apart, moody and silent, he remained closely in his own room the remainder of the voyage.

The run from New Orleans to Galveston was made without accident, in the usual time of the steamer. As soon as it touched the wharf, Orme, valise in hand, leaped on shore, and started on foot in quest of a boarding house in the city. A. M.—ordering the first porter he encountered to carry his baggage to the hotel for which he served, hurried off the vessel, and followed him, keeping his customary safe distance in the rear.

Orme, it turned out, was a stranger in Galveston, having never visited the place before, went straight, by accident, or more probably, by previous direction, to the quarter of the city most frequented by men of his own pursuit in life, and put up at a hotel kept by a professed and very noted gambler, registered his name as Philip Peas, and retired to the room which had been assigned him. A. M.—who found no difficulty in ascertaining these facts, without being observed by Orme, went to his own hotel, registered upon the same pseudonym he had used on the steamer, and then sought, in his room, the grateful and much needed refreshment of repose, in an unshaking bed, on his native dry land.

(Continued next week.)

### The Fate of a Bachelor who went Skating with Mary.

WHO MARY IS.

Mary is as pretty a piece of humanity in the shape of a woman as you could find this side of Heaven. Such eyes! such hair! such teeth! and her hand! Well, now, there! I think it was just the smallest, the whitest—why ivory is slow to it. And her foot was like a little white rose bud, its snowy leaves just showing enough to set off the neat covering that concealed the rest from profane eyes. It did not seem a foot, as one saw it reposing in its kid slipper, like a Canary bird in its nest.

MARY HAS THE SKATING FEVER.  
Well, sir, this Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be found in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her; but, bless me how my blood boils at the thought of the consequences.

Mary puts her foot in it.  
We went down upon the ice, and there that little witch of a Mary, just sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and quietly placed that foot, the foot, the poetic myth, in my lap, and bid me put on her skate. Sir, had Venus dropped down from Heaven, and bid me rub her down with rotten stone and oil, it could not have astonished me more than when the divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint—but I buckled on the skates, and stood up, with Mary by my side.

The Bachelor's Head Swims.  
Have you ever taught a woman to skate? No; well, let me tell you. You've been in a room lined with mirrors, haven't you? You have seen a kaleidoscope, with a few old bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it has seen all sorts of beautiful figures. Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass please substitute blue eyes, curving eyelashes, lips, ivory wavy hair, crinolines, gaiter boots, zephyr worsted, Cupids, hearts, a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning, and "aud Niek." Imagine yourself the center of a system with all things revolving round you, and a violet bank breathing sighs upon you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson.

But just let me try to describe our performances. Mary and I start—she on my left arm, all square. Lord have mercy on my poor puzzled brain while I try to unravel the stirred rainbow of sighs and sentiments. First, Mary's little gaiter boots present themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me, feel them pressing their blessed beauty, with emphasis, into the pit of my stomach.

Mary subduces him.  
Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came round. I am hers; but I wish to enter my solemn protest before the world that she alone could not have conquered me. But who could hold out when surrounded by an army of Marys on skates? I am hers; but I'm awfully sore! Ah! I have learned something. Cupid makes bachelors tender, as cooks do tough steaks, by hammering and pounding.

The Best Sewing Machine.—The very best sewing machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of a dust, at once in motion, will go on uninterrupted for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest of a wife—one for instance, that sings while working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is on hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind;—so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house!—Punch.

A MODERN WILLIAM TELL.—A case has been brought before the Police Court lately, at Sperryer, in Germany, of which there is scarcely a rival in the police records of any country. A weaver residing in the above-mentioned town, claimed to be a capital marksman, and to try his best, he went to his garden accompanied by his son, a boy of about twelve years, and placed a potato on his head, and then firing at him at a distance of twenty rods, hit the potato, splitting it in two. The neighbors to whom he boasted about his skill in handling fire-arms, would not believe him, and to convince them, he made appointments to repeat his master-shot. Meanwhile it grew dusk, and when he arrived at the spot, it became so dark that the boy had to hold a lantern. He fired again with the same success, but at the same time touching the boy's cap. When the above-mentioned deeds came to the knowledge of the authorities, he was summoned to appear before the Court, and being questioned as to his rationality, it was ascertained that he was at intervals partly deranged. The Court, for the first treatment in his disease, sentenced him to a fine of several dollars, and confinement in prison for five days.

RUSSIA IN POSSESSION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.—Biblical geographers point to the Lake Tan, in northern Armenia, and now a Russian possession, as the spot where once was situated the paradise lost by the fault of Adam and Eve. Indo-European theologists locate the primitive garden in northern Asia. It occupied all the western and part of the eastern part of Siberia, extending from 40 deg. to 55 deg latitude, and from 60 deg. to 100 longitude. The Arctic ocean, at that time as pleasant as the Mediterranean, with the Ural mountains as islands, was the Chinese Blue or Celestial mountains; on the south of Parnopomisus or Hindoo Koosh; and on the west the Caucasus and Arrarat.

Both the Edens are now Russian possessions. Besides, Russian influence is preponderating in Jerusalem; and the spot in Rome assigned by archaeologists as the one where Romulus was nursed by a she-wolf, is Russian property, having been bought by Nicholas for the sake of excavations. By a curious coincidence, Russia owns in this way the places most sacred in the history of our race.

A SNEEZE.—What a curious contrivance a sneeze is! The ingenuity of man never did, nor never can, produce a respectable counterfeit. Then, how clandestine and how mysterious in its visits; never coming at one's beck, but always taking a body by surprise. All of a sudden you feel it creeping along, titillating the most delicate nerves of the nostrils, as if with a thousand tiny feet. You hold your breath, shut your eyes, and lean back your head; then in an instant, some secret spring is touched, and *ah-sneez!* (as near as it can be expressed to Chinese) off you go like a kernel of pop corn. And O, what an enjoyment is that sneeze! God bless the inventor! Next to a hot toddy on a frosty night, commend me to a full grown sneeze. But who hasn't, some time or other, had the presentment of a good sneeze coming—put himself in order for it—turned his nose snivelling up to the sun; and then as he is just in the act of drawing in his breath, with blinking eyes, have the thing provokingly "flax out?" We have.—Clemens Journal.

WHAT'S A VISITATION.—Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, at a recent dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, was reminded, by the absence of clergymen, of a story which perhaps he might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source—viz., from a very excellent divine who was himself a prebendary of the cathedral church of Durham. Two honest farmers in riding along together encountered a large number of clergymen, and one of them said to the other, "Where be all these persons coming from? To this his friend replied, "They have been to a visitation." The other, no wiser than before, says, "What's a visitation?" and the answer was, "Why, it's where all the parsons goes once a year and swop their sermons." (Laughter.) His friend, on this being enlightened, quietly remarked, "Dang it, but our chapman get the worst on it every time." (Roars of laughter.)

MISSISSIPPI HAIL STORM.—The city of Natchez was visited by a severe hail storm on Thursday evening, March 24th. The Courier in referring to it, says:  
"Since the immense hail storm of Thursday night, the atmosphere has become clear and quite cool. Just think of it! hail stones measuring ten to twelve inches in circumference. Surely, it is enough to make any climate cold for a time! And yet such was the case in the storm of Thursday. Even the 'oldest inhabitant' had not seen the like before. We heard of a friend in our city, Thursday night after the hail storm, who gathered enough of the cold missiles dropped from the clouds, to make a large quantity of ice-cream for household and neighbors."  
A correspondent of the *Free Trader* informs the editor, that a single hail stone fell near the residence of W. H. Forbes, which measured twenty-two by sixteen inches.

GRATE MISTAKE.—About the end of last month the following singular mistake was made at Dole, France; two persons had died at the hospital of that town and were to be buried at the same time. The deceased were a young girl and a soldier of the garrison. Both coffins being placed alongside of each other they were so confounded that the young girl was accompanied to her last home by platoons, with military honors while the young soldier, covered with a white pall of flowers, pious emblems of purity and innocence, was borne on four feminine shoulders, and followed by a procession of young girls reciting prayers.

WOULDN'T RIDE.—As the polite omnibus agent of the Lexington and Louisville Railroad was going through the Ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage which she wished to have taken to a hotel. She replied, "No, sir!" The agent then asked her if she would take a "bus." She instantly gave him a very sweet smile and replied, "No, sir, I am not in a bustling humor this evening." The agent dropped his memorandum book and returning to the baggage car, said he felt unwell.

PUNCH.—The best thing in the last number of Punch, is a picture of "The Queen in her Store-Room," which vaulted apartment is exclusively devoted to casks of gunpowder, cannons and cannon balls. The Queen has tied a handkerchief under her chin to ward off the dampness and chill, and remarks to her lusty attendant:—"I don't know what may happen, Mr. Bull, but 'keep our powder dry.'"

Under the head of "The Imperial Shoe Black Brigade," Louis Napoleon is made to say to Italy:—"Beg your pardon—don't you want your boots cleaned."

LANDOR CONDENSES THACKERAY'S LECTURE'S INTO A THIMBLE.  
George the First was reckoned vile,  
Viler George the Second,  
And what mortal ever heard,  
Any good of George the Third?  
When from the earth the Fourth ascended,  
God he praised the Georges ended.

WHY HE DIDN'T KISS HER.—The author of "Heart Pictures" assigns the following sufficient reasons for not kissing Mrs. G.:  
1. I am such a good husband, I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. 2. I was afraid the driver would see me and tell Mr. G. 3. I don't think Mrs. G. would have let me.

FANNY FEELS SURE.—"If one-half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old bachelors would be wonderfully increased," and the Boston Post adds that if the men could only look into the future life of the women they marry, the number of old maids would be still more advanced.

NOT INCLINED.—"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned namer to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

A COUNTRY GIRL, coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she "looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew." "Well," said she, "it wasn't anybody by that name, but it was Harry Jones that kissed me. I told him every one in the village would find it out."

"Oh, pray let me have my way, this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love.  
"Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married, I shall always have a Will of my own."