

YOUNG GRIMES.

BY S. F. BRILLABER. Old Grimes is dead—that good old man, We've seen shall see him more; But he has left a son who bears The name that old Grimes bore.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

Relics of Lincoln's Battles—The Case of Colonel North.

Slowly but surely the record of crime at Washington is unrolling itself. It is as black, but with letters more distinct than the charred papers which came from the mud and cinders of Pompeii.

Colonel Samuel North, who resides, we presume, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cooperstown, was, and is, a man of entire personal respectability.

Mr. Jones and the refractory Cohn were detained, and on the 30th, a friend, a Member of Congress from Buffalo, writes to Colonel North:

My dear Sir—I enclose you a certified copy of the order directing your release, saying you were acquitted. The officers are convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

And not until February 12, 1867, more than two years after the original arrest, did those injured men even succeed in procuring a glimpse of the record.

A couple were married in Ohio the other day, not leaving their sleigh, but the obliging magistrate standing on the curbstone.

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Holt, of course, prosecutor.

During this trial an incident occurred, which but that it is positively stated and proved, we might hesitate to believe.

To the desperate extremity to which the administration was driven, Mr. Cohn was sent for by the President, who proposed to try on him the experiment of "pumping."

We see, sometimes advertised, engravings of the "Republican Court, tempore Lincoln"—"Lincoln reading the emancipation proclamation."

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J. Wilkes Booth Dead!

New Revelations.

The Memphis Avalanche of Saturday has a lengthy article in which it argues the probability of J. Wilkes Booth being still in the land of the living.

The statement which appears in your paper of Sunday last, in regard to the point as to whether J. Wilkes Booth still lives, calls to mind other publications that have heretofore appeared in print on the same subject.

Some time last summer a man was arrested in Kentucky on a charge of horse-stealing and lodged in jail. If my memory serves me right, he gave his name as King.

They lunged a woman, who said on the gallows she was innocent; why don't Stanton have this man hung who says, "I murdered Abraham Lincoln?"

Now, as one who is somewhat in the habit of looking closely into facts and the circumstances surrounding complicated cases, I propose to call your attention to certain facts that have an important bearing upon the whole question as to the probability of Booth not having been the man who was shot in the barn when Harrod was arrested.

Where is the testimony showing any proof of the statement of Baker and Corbett that the body buried was that of Booth?

The paper stated that after Gen. J. C. Davis received the confession of the man King, he forwarded it to the Secretary of War.

The public was told by the newspapers of the time, and particularly those of the Radical party, that on the day of the night of the assassination, Mr. Lincoln had called and held a Cabinet meeting, and at said meeting Mr. Lin-

Voltaire's Pheasant Preserves.

The imperial pheasantry covers eight hundred and forty-two acres of the forest of Fontainebleau. It is managed by ten men—four keepers, two pheasant men, two servants and two egg-hunters.

They take all the eggs they find in them, and sift them on their return home. Once every fortnight the same ant-hill will afford a supply of eggs, but as each egg hunter is expected to bring home daily two hundred quarts of eggs, a great many ant-hills are necessarily visited every morning.

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The Pity of It.

The philanthropists of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin propose that the suffering poor of the South be left to starve to death on account of their political opinions.

Who could have thought that any person, much less the editor of an influential journal, in this Christian age, would give utterance to such an infamous sentiment!

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Wit and Humor.

"A little someone new and then Is polished by the best of men."

TOPEKA'S EXCUSE.—"Then to the Lord old Noah said, The water over takes my land, Because there has been downed therein All boats and sinners in thirty sin— 'Tis therefore, Lord, I ever think I would prefer some other drink."

The only shares that are sure to turn up all right—plover shares.

Punch says that resolutions are the best proof of a government's irresolution.

When is a young man's arm like the Gospel? When it makes glad the woe-stricken.

An archbishop remarked that the chief branch of education in his school was the graceful birch branch.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

"Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."

An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer, who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children."

A man was asked what induced him to make a law student out of his son. "Oh, he was always a lying little cuss, and I thought it no more than right to humor his leading propensity."

A Dutchman, a few days ago, picked up a bound volume of documents, on the back of which was stamped, "Pub. Dou's." "Ter teutel," said he, "vat kind of books will they print next? As I live, here is one on pop tugs."

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just bidden into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie, "I've got in some tobacco."

Mrs. Partington is in New York. She came in from Boston as soon as she learned by telegraph that gold was falling rapidly in Wall street, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the shower, is going back a disappointed woman.

A man named Aaron Bedbug recently applied to the Kentucky Legislature to have his name changed. He says his sweet-heart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling he shall be called A. Bedbug, she O. Bedbug, and the little ones, little Bedbugs.

"Jenny," said a venerable old man to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jenny, it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it," replied Jenny, "but it's a heap solemnier not to."

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt." "How do you know how much salt I give them?" "I think I judge from the appearance of the milk you have brought us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water—that makes their milk thin, you know."

A lady went the other day, into a dry goods establishment, and while examining some articles, another lady entered in search of (don't blush ladies,) some under-mustin. Not wishing to use this simple term, with several audible and diminutive hems, she said to the attentive clerk, "Have you any muslin that isn't up in the morning?"

A female freedman was brought before the Mayor the other day at Abbeville for fighting. "This is your first fight, is it not Peggy?" asked the Mayor. "Bress your soul, no, massa," was her energetic reply, "when we used to b'long to Dr. W., we fit constant. Darc want no police bothor our folks' business in dem times."

Going down street the other day we overheard the following colloquy between two "American citizens of African descent."

"See how Sam! who's going to make do greatest stir in de new Congress?" "De greatest stir, Julius? Why General Butler I specks."

"Why so, Sam?" "Why Julius, you see he's got do spoons to do it with!"

Two good to be lost.—A day or two since, two members of the West Virginia Legislature were engaged in a conversation on the Lord's prayer, when one offered to bet the other five dollars that he did not know it. The bet was accepted, and by agreement, the Legislature was to repeat it. He commenced as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Well, I declare," replied the astonished Member, "I did not think you knew it," whereat he handed him the five dollars.

Mrs. Partington and Ike.—"For pity's sake, what are you doin'?" said Mrs. Partington, as Ike came in, elevating his heels in the air, and falling against the clean buffet in the corner, his gravelly shoes endangering the ancient china; "what is the meaning of this? Are your brains so decomposed that you have forgotten which end you should keep uppermost?"

"I recovered, and simply said I was trying a little gymnastic exercise."

"I should think it was nasty exercise," said she, wiping the dirt from the buffet with her apron; "but you should be keener. Only think of constipation of the brain, and see how many men kill themselves during operation of mind, and let it be a warning to you. What should you think of my turning heels over head, now, and cutting up all sort of antiques like a circuit rider?"

"Bully!" shouted Ike, clapping his hands; "jest try it; you can't do it, I bet!"

"I shan't, you disgraceless boy," said she, blushing to the roots of her cap; "and if I see you trying any more of your nasty tricks, my shoe shall teach you which end belongs up."

She looked at him severely as if she meant it, and the boy went out, appearing as if he were regretting she did not try the experiment, kicking over the dust barrel on the sidewalk in his effort to jump over it.

SINGULAR FACT.—The "Youth's History of the War" says: "One singular fact in connection with the death of Mr. Lincoln was that no coroner's inquest was ever held on his body; no legal evidence taken as to the manner of his death, nor was a single person brought into connection with it ever brought into a court of law, nor is there to this day any legal testimony whatever as to the manner of his death, the cause of it, or who killed him."