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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 28, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

ROBIN'S COME.

BY WM. COLDWELL.

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song,
Telling, one and all, that now
Merry spring-time hastes along;
Welcome tidings thou dost bring,
Little harbinger of spring!

Robin's come.
Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly when we hear thee sing
The reveille of the spring!

Robin's come.
Ring out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers;
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil.

Robin's come.
Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou needst not fear;
Nothing shall such venture near.

Robin's come.
Swinging still o'er yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily,
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
"Alice! claps her hands in glee;
Shouting from the open door,
With her clear voice o'er and o'er,
"Robin's come!"

Miscellaneous.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S TREASON.

A REMINISCENCE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

In collection of a portion of the private letters and correspondence of Washington recently published under the editorship of Mr. Richard Rush, we have found the subjoined very interesting opinion of Washington upon Arnold's treason. It was spoken by the General during an after-dinner conversation, at the residence of Col. Tobias Lear, while at Mount Vernon, who recorded it in his diary, and from which Mr. Rush obtained it. Gen. Washington remarked:

I confess I had a good opinion of Arnold before his treachery was brought to light; but that not been the case, I should have some reason to suspect him sooner, for when he commanded in Philadelphia, the Marquis Lafayette brought accounts from France of the armament which was to be sent to co-operate with us in the ensuing campaign. Soon after this was known, Arnold pretended to have some private business to transact in Connecticut; and on his way there called at my quarters; and in the course of conversation expressed a desire of quitting Philadelphia and joining the army the ensuing campaign. I told him that it was probable we should have a very active one, and that if his wound and state of health would permit, I should be extremely glad of his services with the army. He replied that he did not think his wound would permit him to take a very active part; but still he persisted in his desire of being with the army. He went on to Connecticut, and on his return called again upon me. He renewed his request of being with me the next campaign, and I made him the same answer I had done before. He again repeated that he did not think his wound would permit him to do active duty, and intimated a desire to have the command at West Point. I told him I did not think that would suit him, as I should leave none in the garrison but invalids, because it would be entirely covered by the main army. The subject was dropped at that time, and he returned to Philadelphia. It then appeared somewhat strange to me that a man of Arnold's known activity and enterprise should be desirous of taking so inactive part. I, however, thought no more of the matter. When the French troops arrived at Rhode Island I had intelligence from New York that General Clinton intended to make an attack upon them before they could get themselves settled and fortified. In consequence of that, I was determined to attack New York, which would be left much exposed by his drawing off the British troops; and accordingly formed my line of battle, and moved down with the whole army to King's ferry, which we passed. Arnold came to camp at that time, and having no command, and consequently no quarters (all the houses thereabouts being occupied by the army,) he was obliged to seek lodgings at some distance from the camp. While the army was crossing at King's ferry, I was going to see the last detachment over and met Arnold, who asked me if I had thought of anything for him. I told him that he was to have command of the light troops, which was a post of honor, and which his rank indeed entitled him to. Upon this information his countenance changed, and he appeared to be quite fallen; and instead of thanking me, or expressing any pleasure at the appointment, never opened his mouth. I desired him to go on to my quarters and get something to refresh himself, and I would meet him there soon. He did so. Upon his arrival there, he found Tighman, whom he took a one-side, and mentioning what I had told him, seemed to express great uneasiness at it—as his leg he said, would not permit him to be long on horseback; and intimated a great desire to have the command at West Point. When I returned to my quarters, Col. Tighman informed me of what had passed. I made no reply to it—but his behavior struck me as strange and unaccountable. In the course of that night, however, I received information from New York that Gen. Clinton

had altered his plan and was debarking his troops. This information obliged me likewise to alter my disposition and return to my former station, where I could better cover the country. I then determined to comply with Arnold's desire, and accordingly gave him the command of the garrison at West Point. Things remained in this situation about a fortnight, when I wrote to the Count Rochambeau desiring to meet him at some intermediate place (as we could neither of us be long enough from our respective commands to visit each other,) in order to lay the plan for the siege of Yorktown, and proposed Hartford, where I accordingly went and met the Count. On my return I met the Chevalier Luzerne towards evening within about 15 miles of West Point (to join the Count at Rhode Island,) which I intended to reach that night, but he insisted upon turning back with me to the next public house; where, in politeness to him, I could not but stay all night, determining, however, to get to West Point to breakfast very early. I sent off my baggage, and desired Col. Hamilton to go forward and inform General Arnold that I would breakfast with him. Soon after he arrived at Arnold's quarters, a letter was delivered to Arnold which threw him into greatest confusion. He told Colonel Hamilton that something required his immediate attendance at the garrison, which was on the opposite side of the river to his quarters, and immediately ordered a horse to take him to the river, and the barge, which he kept to cross, to be ready, and desired Major Franks, his Aid, to inform me when I should arrive that he was gone over the river and would return immediately. When I got to his quarters and did not find him there, I desired Major Franks to order some breakfast and as I intended to visit the fortifications, I would see General Arnold there. After I had breakfasted I went over the river, and inquiring for Arnold, the commanding officer told me that he had not been there. I likewise inquired at the several redoubts, but no one could give me any information where he was. The impropriety of his conduct when he knew I was to be there struck me forcibly, and my mind misgave me; but I had not the least idea of the real cause. When I returned to Arnold's quarters, two hours after and told Col. Hamilton that I had not seen him, he gave me a packet which had just arrived for me from Colonel Jennison, which immediately brought the matter to light. I ordered Colonel Hamilton to mount his horse and proceed with the greatest dispatch to a post on the river about eight miles below, in order to stop the barge if she had not passed; but it was too late. It seems that the letter which Arnold received which threw him in such confusion, was from Col. Jennison, informing him that Andre was taken, and that the papers found on him were in his possession. Col. Jennison, when Andre was taken with these papers, could not believe that Arnold was a traitor, but rather thought it was an imposition of the British, in order to destroy our confidence in Arnold. He, however, immediately on their being taken, dispatched an express after me, ordering him to ride night and day till he came up with me. The express went the lower road by which I had gone to Connecticut, expecting that I would return by the same route, and that he would meet me; but before he had proceeded far he was informed that I was returning by the upper road. He then cut across the country and followed in my track till I arrived at West Point. He arrived about two hours after and brought the above packet. When Arnold got down to the barge he ordered his men, who were very clever fellows, and some of the better sort of soldiery, to proceed immediately on board of the Vulture sloop-of-war, as a flag, which was lying down the river, saying that they must return in a short time to meet me, and promised them two gallons of rum if they would exert themselves. They did accordingly; but when they got on board the Vulture, instead of their two gallons of rum, he ordered the coxswain to be called down into the cabin, and informed him that he and men must consider themselves as prisoners. The coxswain was very much astonished, and told him that they came on board under the sanction of a flag. He answered that that was nothing to the purpose—they were prisoners. But the captain of the Vulture had more generosity than this pitiful scoundrel, and told the coxswain that he would take his parole for going on shore to get clothes, and what ever else was wanted for himself and his companions. He accordingly came, got his clothes, and returned on board. When the got to New York, General Clinton, ashamed of so low and mean an action, set them all at liberty.

DOING GOOD TO OTHERS.—Here is a pretty story of a little girl. Perhaps you have read it before, but it will do you good to read it again: "A mother who was in the habit of asking what they had done during the day to make others happy, found a young twin-daughter silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still the little bright face was bowed down in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little girl said timidly: "A little girl sat by me on the bench at school had lost a little baby brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face on the same book, and cried with her. Then she looked up and put her arms around my neck, but I do not know why she said I had done her so much good."

"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson? do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to swear with great care. I don't wish to insinuate that Mr. Van Slops is not a good musician. Not at all. All I wish to say is this: The day after he commenced playing the clarinet, a saw-filer, who lived next door, left home and has never since been heard from." "That will do, Mr. Thompson. Call the next witness."

Burglars in the Partington Mansion.

The conversation turned upon various burglaries that had been committed in the town, and Mrs. Partington gave it as her opinion that any one who would burglariously break into a house would be mean enough to steal, particularly if he took anything. This opinion was given without any hesitation and the listeners admitted that they thought so too. The old dame was standing with her snuff box in her left hand and her right forefinger raised, preparatory to making some new remark, when a door was heard to slam violently in the attic. "What can that be?" said one listening attentively with eyes and ears wide open. "It must be the cat," replied Mrs. Partington calmly. "I am not infected with fear of burglars. Blessed is he that has nothing, for it can't be taken away from him."—A noise of a stealthy step on the attic stairs was heard a moment after. "What's that?" was asked by one of the most timid. "Don't be decomposed," said Mrs. Partington, "it may be a breath of air, but we will go and see what it is." She was always very resolute, and never heard a sound in the house that she did not ascertain at once what caused it. The dame and her guests opened the door, and proceeded to the attic, but there was no evidence of disarrangement there; they then proceeded through all the rooms to the cellar, with the same result. They stopped a moment to listen, when they heard the door of a closet in the room above gently closed. There were numerous garments hung in this closet, and among the rest the black bombazine dress that had mourned for forty years the loss of Paul. Cautiously moving towards the spot, they opened the door. Everything hung in its position. There were the dress and sundry flannel garments that we forgot the name of, and Ike's Sunday jacket, and lots of other things. They were just about turning their attention to a search in other quarters, when the timid one cried out, "There is the bugler!" And sure enough there, from beneath the bombazine dress protruded a pair of legs encased in blue woollen stockings and terminating with a pair of thick brogans. "Who are you, and what do you want?" said Mrs. Partington in a tone denoting great strength of mind and some lungs. There was no answer to the question, though a spasmodic movement in one of the blue stockings denoted consciousness. "What do you want here?" she repeated, a little tremulously, as if she were slightly "infected." "Do you come here to rob us in our beds and murder our property?" She probably meant "murder us in our beds and rob us of our property," but she evidently was confused. The blue yarn stockings still maintained their position. "If you don't come out I'll call in a policeman and have you shut up in solitary confinement." The stockings moved, and now a chin opened among the pendant garments, through which protruded a face glowing with mirth and mischief, and a laugh rich and unctuous with boyish glee broke the silence. "Why, Isaac!" said the good dame, "how could you do so? I have a great mind to punish you severely for your naughty conduct." But Ike and the blue stockings passed out of the door, and anger passed from the memory of Mrs. Partington. But Miss Prew, who had gone past the period when chance for matrimony had become a sort of dead reckoning, said to Mrs. Spry, another of the party, that if that boy was her'n she guessed he'd have to take something.

THE WATERS OF THE NILE.—The Nile water is particularly soft. It fills the mouth with a rich, creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallowed in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals, every other hour or so. In the house the water-jar—the admirable Egyptian water-jar, which is so much more porous than the Indian jar—should be at hand by day and by night continually. The passion for Nile water, like the love of everything that is intensely exquisite in its way, increases with its enjoyment. No one who has once or twice tasted Nile water, and has a capacity for pleasure, will ever after consent to drink of it poisoned with the infusion of any other liquid. Jealous of its own honor, it appears to be the most avowed of all waters to join in harmony with wine. Indeed, mixed with wine it is a most nauseous compound. In the hotels, the water undergoes filtration. In the cottages through the country, it is kept in large vessels, which allow the sediment to fall to the bottom. The small clay jars, in which it is placed before it in the hotels, are very graceful in form, and finely adapted to keep the liquid cool.—Bruce's Scenes and Views in the East.

LOVE.—A common complaint of the heart, growing out of an ordinary longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of fifteen and forty; some have been known to have it at fifty. Symptoms.—Absence of mind; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a fondness for poetry and music, gazing on the moon and stars, loss of appetite, neglect of business, a loathing for all things save one, bloodshot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh. Effects.—A strong heart burn, pulse high, stupidity, eloquent eyes, sleeplessness, and all sorts of things. At times imagination bright—borders of roses—winged Cupids—and but-tered peas; and then again grim ocean's despair, racks, torments and pistols. Cure.—Get married immediately.

A witty lawyer jocosely asked a boarding house keeper in the Recorder's Court the following question: "Mr. Smith, if a man was to give you a hundred dollars to keep for him, and he dies what would you do? Would you pray for him?" "No sir; I would pray for another like him."

Through some mistake a gentleman in the south of Ireland, led off a dance, at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder, and received the following reply: "Sir I cannot understand why, because I open a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning."

GOING WEST!—Yes, of course, everybody is going West! We look at no newspaper nowadays, but the columns are overrun with accounts of this migration. We clipped from the Cincinnati Gazette of Tuesday, a notice of the numbers going West through and from that city, but we have mislaid it. The account was, however, startling. One county in Ohio, Belmont, we think actually shows the depopulation. We could add similar items in reference to this State. A steamer left our landing yesterday, with a large company of leading active men of the first respectability, from one county (Perry,) in this State. They represent a large sum of money which is to be drawn from circulation here, and invested in Nebraska, somewhere about Omaha. We were told by a manufacturer in Massillon, a short time since, that he had found it necessary to double the wages paid, in order to keep anybody to do his labor. With difficulty he succeeded even then. They will go West. So it goes.

Now, in what we have to say, we shall be deemed a sort of Cassandra, a prophet of evil, no doubt; but we think we see tokens of a grand smash approaching in the speculation now raging in the West. If these people were going out upon new lands to till them, to raise crops and add to the substantial value of the national wealth, it would be a far different case from the present: Everybody is raking together their cash, more or less to speculate with. Everybody is crazy. We read in the money article of the St. Paul Times about a week since, that money had commanded as high as 12 per cent., a month in that place, and in one instance which had fallen under the notice of the editor 15 per cent! How long can such a state of things continue?

You will hear every body saying now, that they have no doubt about a final explosion, but "after me—I will get ready for it and leave my successors to stand from under." Men doing a sound and healthy business in this city and in the East, are already scenting the breeze; we know of some who refuse to fill orders for houses in the West, which have embarked all the money they can spare in lots cities and towns, and we refer to wait a little and sell to sane men, rather than risk their property in the hands of men paying cent per cent, and more even for money to speculate upon.

GOING WEST. Well that is all right, but go young man and know that you are a son of Adam and you must pay the penalty—you must work. There can be no shirking.—Pittsburg Gazette.

MONEY AND MIND.—Of five hundred and fifty-one lunatics in Great Britain, there are five hundred and five whose aggregate annual income is near twelve hundred thousand dollars each. In connection with this fact we may state that of a given number of lunatics in Massachusetts, three-fourths were of parents, or one of whom drank liquor largely. Extremes meet. The rich, who revel in luxury and ease, and the poor, who riot in rum, furnish the children for the mad-house; thus giving us the strongest reason to infer, that if our race is perpetuated in physical vigor and mental power, it must be done, in the parents, by the practice of temperance and industry; temperance in the indulgence of all the appetites of our nature, and industry in the prosecution of our callings, whatever those callings may be—giving the preference always to out-door activities. No man was made to be a loafer; no man was made to be a beast. And he who violates nature in either case, is working out for himself or his children, if not for both, a certain and miserable end.

CATCHING SNEAKERS.—Some time ago there lived in Vermont a queer old man named Miller. He had lost part of his palate and was a rare specimen. He owned a mill, the water of which was brought from some distance through a wooden flume. One morning an apprentice informed him that the flume was full of sneakers. Miller posted himself at its mouth, placing a large basket to catch the sneakers in, while the boy went to the other end to hoist the gate. There was a rush of many waters, carrying Miller, basket, and all over the overshot wheel, half thirty feet below. All dripping, he scrambled out, spluttering.—"You may think I'm an idiot, but I ain't such a d—d fool that I can't see through that joke?"

A JUDICIAL WAG.—They have a Judge in the Blue Ridge circuit, Georgia, named Brown, who not only administers justice in a dignified and impartial manner, but is likewise a bit of a wag in his way, as witness the following manner in which he "dona brown juror": While hearing a case, recently, the attorney stated, in his plea, that he believed one of the jurors was intoxicated. The Judge, addressing the man alluded to, said, "Sir, are you drunk?" The juror, straightening himself up, in a bold, half defiant tone, said, "No sir, I'm not." "Well," said the Judge, "I fine you five dollars for the 'no', and ten for the 'sir'." The juror "wilted."

YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY.—The following incident, coming direct from one of the dramatists persons may be relied upon as a fact.

The Rev. Mr. W., a Clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son, a lad of four years, calmly folding his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied, with a grave face, "No, I don't like the looks of them taters."

Through some mistake a gentleman in the south of Ireland, led off a dance, at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder, and received the following reply: "Sir I cannot understand why, because I open a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning."

A VAPOR BATH IN FINLAND.—Bayard Taylor, in his travels in the North, gives the following description of a vapor bath in Finland: Mr. Wolley proposed to us another luxury, in the shape of a vapor-bath, as Herr Forstrom had one of those bathing houses which are universal in Finland. It was a little wooden building without windows. A Finnish servant girl, who had been for some time engaged in getting it in readiness, opened the door for us. The interior was very hot and moist, like an Oriental bathing hall. In the centre was a pile of hot stones, covered with birch boughs, the leaves of which gave out an agreeable smell, and a large tub of water. The floor was strewn with straw, and under the floor was a platform extending across one end of the building. This was covered with soft hay, and reached by means of a ladder, for the purpose of getting the full effect of the steam. Some stools and a bench for our clothes completed the arrangements. There was also in one corner a pitcher of water, standing in a little heap of snow, to keep it cool.

The servant girl came in after us, and Mr. W. quietly proceeded to undress, informing us that the girl was bathing-master, and would do the usual scrubbing and shampooing.—This, it seems, is the general practice in Finland, and is but another example of the unembarrassed habits of the people in this part of the world. The poorer families go into their bathing-rooms together—father, mother, and children—and take turns in polishing each other's backs. It would have been ridiculous to have shown any hesitation under the circumstances—in fact, an indignity to the honest, simple hearted, virtuous girl—and so we deliberately undressed also. When at last we stood, like our first parents in Paradise, "naked and not ashamed," she handed us bunches of birch twigs with the leaves on, the use of which was suggested by the leaf of scripture. We mounted on the platform and lay down upon our backs, whereupon she increased the temperature by throwing water upon the hot stones, until the heat was rather oppressive, and we began to sweat profusely. She took up a bunch of birch twigs which had been dipped in hot water, and switched us smartly from head to foot.

When we had become thoroughly par-boiled and lax, we descended to the floor, seated ourselves upon the stools, and were scrubbed with soap as thoroughly as propriety permitted. The girl was an admirable bather, the result of long practice in the business. She finished by pouring hot water over us, and then drying us with warm towels. The Finns frequently go out and roll in the snow during the process of the bath. I ventured so far as to go out and stand a few seconds in the open air. The mercury was at zero, and the effect of the cold on my heated skin was delightfully refreshing.

GEN. HOUTON'S PRESCRIPTION TO A "BORE."—Among the guests at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, recently, was General Sam. Houston, of Texas. Gen. Houston is, as all his acquaintances well know, fond of mirth and fun, and in short is what Doesticks would call a P. B. perfect brick.

The General, however, entertains an intense hatred for that species of human beings called "bores." One of these gentry, a good natured but soft headed chap, a regular button holder, cornered him at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him by a gentleman the day previous.

"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, "I wish you could do me one favor. A man of your eminence is so competent."

"Well, what is it?" inquired Mr. Houston, rather curtly.

"Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such an eminent man, such a—"

"Never mind that, what do you want to know?"

"Excuse me, but a person of your abilities and distinction must be aware—"

"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the buttoned Senator; "pray come to the point at once."

"Well then, give me the secret of your success in life—how you rose in position as you have done."

"Oh! but that wouldn't benefit you any I can tell you how you can rise in the world if you wish."

"That's just it," was the reply; "just what I was trying to get at."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. Undertake to approach a sore-headed bull with a red scarf on your neck. I'll guarantee your upward progress immediately on the completion of the experiment."

The button-holder collapsed, shivered his hat on his head, and walked sorrowfully away, while a cluster of gentlemen nearby, who had overheard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.—A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. He commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed, "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries and tick me besides?" The appeal was too much for the grocery man to stand out against.

A woman in Ohio, put her baby into the washing tub, and its dirty frock and petticoat into the cradle and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried, when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

An Irish lieutenant stationed abroad, being informed by letter that his widowed mother had married a second time expressed his alarm about his right of primogeniture, by hoping that "she wouldn't have a son older than himself."

THE HARDSHELL BEDFELLOW.—Sam Jenkins, in his young days, played so many jokes upon his venerable daddy that the old gentleman at last got wrathful and Sam had to leave, which accounts for our finding him out West. He was a great lark and full of fun. After residing in the woods for several years he got the idea in his head that he would like the taste of the glorious lobster such as he used to get at his father's, so he sent by express and imported some of the real articles which arrived safe "alive and kicking."

Sam had in his employ an Irishman and his wife who had left the old country when they were children and who had grown up in the western forest as green and as fresh as the leaves which shaded their shanty. Sam, fully aware that they had a perfect horror of anything of a creeping kind, resolved to play a trick upon the verdant pair. Accordingly selecting one of the liveliest lobsters, he obtained an entrance to their shanty, and deliberately pulling down the covering of the bed, stowed away the lobster; and with a smile of satisfaction made tracks, and selecting a good sitting position outside the shanty where he could hear every word spoken in the bedroom. The evening had far advanced, and Sam's eyes twinkled as he heard Bridget and Patrick preparing for bed. Very soon the light went, and Sam, after strangling a noisy bull frog prepared to listen.

"Ah," said Patrick, "I dreamed last night my darling, that we were in old Ireland. But what makes your feet so cowlid, my honey?" said he abruptly, something cold touching his legs.

"Sure, it's your own feet that are cowlid, so they are," replied Bridget testily.

"Would ye be after telling me that it's my own feet that are cowlid?" said Pat deprecatingly, "don't I feel your cowlid feet on my warm legs?"

"Troth and it's me that feels the like too," said Bridget, "and sure, your toe nails are after making me uneasy now! But it bites! Ah! ah! Och honey! sure it has me by the leg! Let go! Bloody murders but its a ghost! Let go with yez?"

Here Pat and Bridget dove out of bed crying "bloody murder!" and Sam, choking with laughter, rushed into the room with a light to find Pat and his lady on a table, one armed with a shovel and the other a pair of tongs.

"Oh, boss!" cried Pat, "sure the devil is in the bed, and he has claws like a needle, so he has! and will you look at the blood on my legs? Oh, murder! and its an ugly mouth that he has! The blessed Virgin preserve ye boss, don't go near it."

"Shut up!" roared Sam; "what the devil are you making so much fuss about?" and pulling down the bed clothes, the lobster was revealed to the astonishment of Pat and his better half. The undaunted Sam picked it up, and finally succeeded in calming their fears.

"Sure," said Bridget, "isn't it an uncommon big spider?"

"Spitter!" replied Pat; "devil a spider is it; sure it's the biggest of all bedbugs so it is!"

A LEAK TO BE MENDED.—A friend returning from the depot, a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported "Maine Law," saw a young lady, whom he must inevitably join. So putting the bottle under his arm, he walked alongside.

"Well," said the young lady, after disposing of "health" and the weather, "what is that bundle you are carrying so mysteriously under your arm?" (from which she discovered a dark fluid dripping.)

"Oh! nothing but a coat which the tailor has been mending for me."

"Oh! its a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back, and get him to sew up one more hole, it leaks!"

AN ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT.—In a certain New England parish, a difficulty arose about the location of the new meeting house, and the church was rent with the division. The pastor at length preached a melting sermon off the subject of union and the congregation were dissolved in tears. The next morning Deacon Jones went over early to see his opponent, Deacon Shaw, to make an earnest effort for peace, and the following ensued:

Deacon J.—"Deacon Shaw, I hav'n't slept a wink all night—and I've come over to see if we can't have peace on this subject of the meeting house; we must settle the difficulty."

Deacon S.—"Well, I am very happy to hear you talk so, for to tell the truth, I always thought you were a little set in your way."

Deacon J.—"Not at all—and as a proof that I am not, I've come this morning on purpose to see you. Now, Deacon Shaw, we must settle this unhappily difficulty, and there is but one way to do it—you must give up for I can't."

At a Sunday-school examination the teacher asked a boy after he had been standing and repeating, whether he could forgive those who had wronged him? "Could you," said the teacher "forgive a boy for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s-s, sir I—think I—could, if he was bigger than I."

The man who is too poor to take a paper has bought a shabbed dog, an old shot gun, and a twenty shilling gold watch. He educates his children in the streets, and his shantails board on his neighbors.

Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen" with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother; or to a strutting collegiate who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

A carpenter's apprentice, too lazy to work, dodges it in this fashion: when he takes a notion he bumps his nose against a post till it bleeds, and then sits down to have a resting spell.