

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 47.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 29, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Press.]
WINTER EVENING.

With my heavy footstep
Treads the crisp frost snow,
Crash the north winds blow;
And there comes no pleasant murmur
From the quiet glen below.

Silver-voiced, the little brooklet
Sings no more the pleasant tune
That it whispered me in June;
And the dry leaves on the branches
Chatter sadly to the moon.

Chattering downward through the valley,
Flung wealth of pearly snow;
Clouds are blushing in the glow,
And by Phoebe when he parted
O'er the hill an hour ago.

In the softening shade of twilight
Faintly now one golden eye
In the calm eternal sky;
And the grey hills by the river,
Rare and wasted, sleeping lie.

And bear, the fitful night-wind
Moans among the pine-tops high—
Walls among the laurels by;
And, departing of a shelter,
Sobs with deep-pointed sigh.

Pressing on the rustling branches
Where the trailing wild vine clings,
Shadows softly fold their wings;
And, as if of the darkness,
Voice close, like living things.

Springing 'mong the stunted fir trees
See the thickening shadows creep;
Sleepless grows the crazy steep;
Traged with blackness, dream the islands
Where the icy waters sleep.

Beating o'er the stately pine-tops,
Let the youthful glow of night
Pass in her downward flight—
See poles her inefficient fins
As she bids the world good-night.

Striding in the deepening shadows,
Phantoms pour from deep ravines;
From the caverns of the pines;
From lone haunts by woodland waters,
Keeling crags, and caves, and mines.

Forebodingly their cold wings flutter
By my creeping, stilling hair,
As they cleave the icy air;
And I see their myriad columns
Sweeping o'er the furrows bare.

And I hear their low, sad whisp'rings,
As I pause with list'ning ear;
Ah! were not the village near,
Hearing such mysterious noises,
I should reel, methinks, with fear!

Swift things! we are not strangers—
I know you on another shore—
Ye have stirred my heart before!
Vibes, ye are all pervading—
Ye are whisp'ring evermore!

The purple line has fled the valley;
Now the sickle moon is down;
Glimmering the mist-cloths brown;
And the lone hills by the river
Laid deeper shade have grown.

Darkness closes in the landscape;
Once again in march sublime,
Night has clasped the hand of Time,
And the trooping stars in gladness
Sing full-chorded Earth's natal hymn.

TOWANDA, 19th March, 1858. J. M.

Miscellaneous.

[From Life Illustrated.]
HOW TO EARN A HOME.

The other evening I came home with an extra ten dollar bill in my pocket—money that had earned by out-of-hours work. The fact that I'm a clerk in a downtown store at a salary of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to you and three thousand dollar holders, but nevertheless we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on one floor of an unpretending little house, for which I pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty—my wife, you'll understand—does all her own work, so that we lay up a little sum every year. I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars in the savings bank, the hoard of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel!

Well, Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance. Well I came home with my extra bill, and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who of course was delighted with my industry and success.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to your account at the bank, and with interest at the end of the year—"

With a I commenced casting interest and calculating in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her hands.

"I've been thinking, Harry!" said she after a moment's pause, "that since you've got this extra money we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadful shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact. I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," resumed my wife.

"Well, seven dollars!" groaned I. "That's a common tufted rug like this, would only cost three," said my cautious bet-husband, who seeing she couldn't carry her ambitious point, wisely withdrew her hands.

"I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern on Canal street this morning, and I can get it for six dollars—only six dollars, Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a very pretty green silk dress?"

"That old thing! Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married."

"Is it soiled, or ragged?"

"No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress forever? Everybody knows it is the only silk I have."

"Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is getting!"

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming."

"Of course—you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact, on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a more modern time piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the ten dollars to furthering that purpose. Savings bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before our fire, each wrapped in thought, my neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed in the same store as myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage out on the Bloomingdale road to-day."

"What! that beautiful little wooden cottage with the piazza and lawn, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty, almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried. "A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often admired on the Bloomingdale road, had always been the one crowning ambition of my life—a distant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired."

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy up the Mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbor, "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, patched, mended, and saved—we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by red coppers, one by one."

"Well, you are a lucky fellow," said I, with a sigh.

"Times are hard, you know, just now. The owner was not what you call an economical man, and we was glad to sell, even at a moderate price. So you see that even hard times have helped me!"

When our neighbor was gone, Kitty and I looked meaningfully at one another.

"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad, after all; and my green silk will do for another year, with care."

"And a silver watch is quite as good, for all practical purposes, as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set aside all imaginary wants."

"The ten dollar bill must go to the bank," said Kitty, "and I'll economize the coppers, just as Mrs. Wilmot did. O! how happy she will be, among the roses in that cottage garden next spring!"

Our merry tea-kettle sung us a cheerful little song over the glowing fire that night, and the burden was, "Economy and a home of your own, amid the roses and the country air!"—*Harry Clover.*

DEACON BRIGGS.—Old Deacon Briggs is as remarkable for his closeness as was Dickens' man, Barks. His name has come to be a proverb in our region for such an economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter cold morning a few falls ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fattened for the market, into the little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the Deacon with a pair of pincers in one hand, and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off close up. So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even a stump of a tail—Cort, who worked for his grandfather, stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur hat over his ears, his body warped into a crescent by the cold, and his teeth drawing against the outrage with a prodigious clatter. At last he stammered out:

"Grandpa! What are you cutting off those tails for?"

"Sober and solemn was Deacon Briggs as he replied:

"You never will be a rich man, for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child, that it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail!"

Cort has gone to the west, and in the corn growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to the raising of tailless porkers.

A Scotch parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make, when he prayed for the Council and Parliament, that they might hang together in these trying times. A countryman standing by, cried out:

"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people."

"But my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," the fellow sang out again, "so it is only a strong one!"

Macaroni Making.

It was towards the afternoon that we got into Amalfi. A host of touters besieged us in vain; and as Domenico, the driver of the coach that brought us, usually gets a fee from the padrone of the inn for ever guest he brings, he was eloquent in his praise. An army of beggars surrounded us, shouting for a "botiglia;" and, thus accompanied, we arrived at the door of the Locanda dei Cappuani where the Don Matteo is something of a magnifico, and seems to think it somewhat of a condescension to play the host. The fare and treatment are very good.

I had a special object in view, which was to describe the great branch of industry by which Amalfi and the neighborhood subsist.

"Where will you take us, Luigi," said I to my cicerone, "to see macaroni made?"

"Well, sir, Gambardella is the largest maker," was the reply.

Off we went to the great flour france of Amalfi. A stream of water rushing down from the mountains in front of a great factory marked the place we were in search of; but, before entering, I stopped to purify my shoes from dirt acquired in the way. One rushed to get water, another straw, and another brush.

"I'll skin this stranger!" said the first of my eager assistants. "If I don't get half a piastre out of him—may I be hanged!"

"You have made a mistake," I replied, in Italian. On which the whole party laughed heartily.

The scene within the fabrica was comical enough. A crowd of men and boys, half-bred with flour, and as white as cauliflowers, sat on a lever bumping up and down, and making it describe the arc of a circle. Grinding, sifting, mixing, kneading and pressing were all going on in the same place; the manufactured article being taken to another place to dry.

With pencil in hand and book on a sack, I began to take notes.

"He is going to make a story about me," said one of the men who had mustered around us.

"No, he is not," said others; "he is going to set up a macaroni fabrica in England."

"Sister! will you take me with you?" said a sharp looking, fair-complexioned, young man. "Fifteen hundred ducats only will set it a going."

The poor fellow was really in earnest, I believe, and was somewhat disappointed when I assured him of his mistake.

The grain used for making macaroni is of the very hardest quality, is grown principally in Puglia, and is known as Saragalla. It is washed in the mountain stream which flows down from behind the city, and woe to the wearied traveller who is awakened at the dawn of day by the numerous grain washers.

The operation is cleverly and rapidly done, and amusing enough it is to watch it. When ground—which it is by the action of water-mills—the flour is sifted into five different qualities. The first is called Farina, which, being sifted, is divided into Fiore and Brenna. The Fiore is used for making the ordinary macaroni while the Brenna is used as food for horses and pigs. The Fiore is itself again sifted into a yet finer quality, called azemmatina, is formed. This is used to make a superior kind of macaroni. A last sifting produces semolina the finest kind which can be formed.

The flour is well mixed in a large tub, in the proportion of twenty-four caraffa of water (a caraffa being about a pint and a half) to a hundred and fifty Neapolitan pounds of flour. The quantity thus used, goes by the name of a Pasta, and is put on a large kneading board. At the farther end of the board a long lever moves horizontally by a screw; and, on the other extremity of it, sit three or four half naked girdled men, who, for three quarters of an hour move backward and forward on a kind of horizontal saw-saw describing diminutive arcs of circles. In this way the lever is brought to bear upon the dough, kneading and cutting it till it is ready for pressing. The men remind one of figures in Egyptian drawings; stiff and unmarred. This hard work, however, and there is always a relief party to take the place of the exhausted men. The last operation is most important, as it gives its character and form to the macaroni.

There are various kinds of macaroni, or pasta, rejoicing in different names, as vermicelli, stellata, starred, acine, dippe, ricci fultant, flowing rocks; semaza di meloni, melon seed; occhi di pernici, partridge eye; capelletti, little hats; stivalletton, small boots; punfi del ago, needle-points. The first is that long sort which we English use as a dolce or an gratin. All the others are used to thicken soup, like barley. First let me speak of the vermicelli. When kneaded, the dough is put into a large copper cylindrical vessel, hollow above and below; but at the lower extremity is fixed a moveable plate, perforated with holes. When held up to the light, it looks like the section of a honey-comb, being circular. On the top of the cylinder is a block corresponding to its size, and the whole is then exposed to the action of the press. Screw goes the press and far below from out of the holes of the cylinder a series of white worms protrude their heads. Screw, screw again, and out they come, longer and longer; until having arrived at the legitimate length, they are cut off; and so the operation of screwing and cutting is continued until the whole quantity of dough is exhausted. The vermicelli is then hung upon poles for drying, which requires usually about eight days under favorable circumstances, a north wind being always preferred, as a sirocco wind is preferred for the kneading. With regard to the smaller kinds of pasta, they are made by a mixture of machinery and hand-work. Thus the cylinder being placed horizontally, a man with a razor stands by the side, and as the dough protrudes through the holes, he cuts it off immediately into small bits—a simple and primitive method enough. The smallest kinds of all are made, however, by hand and principally at Minor and Majori, two small villages which we passed on route for Amalfi. In fact, the whole coast lives by making and eating macaroni; and one probable reason of this

is, that lying, as the whole of this district does under lofty mountains which are intersected by deep ravines down which pour mighty torrents there is an unlimited supply of water power.

I was informed that in Amalfi alone, about eighty thousand tomoli of flour are consumed annually for all purposes; a very small proportion for bread, for your macaroni eater is not a great bread eater.

Altogether, there are about twenty fabriche of macaroni in the city each fabrica employing in the simple manufacture of the article about 15 hands. Then a much larger number of persons are occupied in the washing, and preparation, and carriage of grain; for every thing is done by hand, and great numbers prepare macaroni on a small scale, without dignifying their more limited enterprises with the title of fabrica.

Gambardella is evidently the great man of the place, for he imports his own grain; has four brigantine, of two hundred and fifty tons each which bring up grain from Manfredonia and Sicily; and what Gambardella does not consume, he sells among his neighbors.

Let me now put on a paper cap and a white apron, and before concluding this article, give some experienced hints on the cooking of macaroni. In England it is boiled to a pulp—error the first. First take your water, as Mrs. Glass might say; let it boil well, and then put in your macaroni. The finger will soon ascertain whether the macaroni is softening; and before it loses its consistency, you must take it up. Now then for your sauce.

You may mix with it either a good tomato sauce, or a rich meat gravy, and a plate of grated cheese must perfume your macaroni. There are many other more complicated and luxurious ways of dressing the article, which are beyond the reach of my science. With the smaller kinds you will enrich your soups, and some of them you may convert into a really delicious dish, called Priest Strangles, so fond are the reverend gentlemen said to be of it.

When we had finished our survey, we found the horses at the door, and so was Domenico, D. Matteo, from a window at the primo piano, was making driers elegant and descending bows to us. We rushed through a host of beggars, who beset the path, and away we dashed through Atrani, Majori, and all other places which we traversed the day before. There was not a cloudlet in the heavens, and the heat was all too powerful; yet it was the middle of November. What a climate! and yet what a government.—*Household Words.*

Some people have a penchant for marring the finished works of Nature around them, as if there was too much of them.

We have an acquaintance who, like most all the world, is the proudest of precisely the qualities he does not possess, which in his case, happen to be, a knowledge of farming and sound practical sense.

And he has the worst type of this trimming mania. He hasn't a cow upon his premises that he has not mutilated; he has sawed off the horns of one, brought the tail of another to a premature end, and cut a triangular slice out of the ears of all of them.

He purchases beautiful creatures, but once within reach of him, they do not remain beautiful long. He converted a horse and bought him; a finished piece of work he was, and such a mane, that rippled down his neck in glossy waves, and how grandly he tossed it! Job would have been delighted to look at him.

Well, the first thing this poor tailor and trimmer of God's creatures did, was to shear the horse of the glory of his mane, and now this perpetrator of "mayhem" as the lawyers have it, regards with great complacency, the bristling ridge, that looks like a monstrous scabbard with a horse for a handle.

He had a valuable dog, but he must needs divest him of his skin "a brush" as a dog ever said "thank you" with. Not a pig in his domain but has been remorsefully "cut off" in the innocence of pighood. We do not believe hew'd accept of an estate if it were entailed, or be a merchant if the goods must be retailled. Had he been the Duke of Venice in Othello's time, the Moor would have "delivered" nothing by any body's "gracious patience," for the Duke would have bridged the tale without regard to mercy or orthography.

His curtail mania was not content with mutilating the animal kingdom, for he so brushed up and trimmed up the trees in his orchard, that they looked like so many rows of chackle-headed scholars, newly washed and shorn for a holiday. Not an outline of beauty preserved; not a branch to sway gracefully in the wind.

Could he have had his way, he would have cut scollops in the edge of the horizon, or sliced out a section as if it were a pie.

And the secret of the whole matter was, that his son was shaped like a quadrant box, and his ideas were isosceles triangles.—*B. F. Taylor.*

CORN IN THE EAR.—A very clever writer for Godey got off a good story some time since about an Irishman, who being told by his master to give a "warm mash" to the black filly, endeavored to pour the horse feed down the throat of Phyllis, the respectable colored cook. The same literal obedience to orders occurred a short time since in New Jersey.

A farmer who had employed a green Emerald, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his coming in the farmer asked:

"Well, Pat, did you give the corn?"

"To be sure I did."

"How did you give it?"

"As sure as yez told, in the ear."

"But how much did you give?"

"Well, yez see the craythur wouldn't stand still, and kept switching his ears about, so I couldn't get not above a fist full in both of its ears."

COQUETTE.—A human wasp that tries to pass itself off for a bee.

THE WEDDING RING FINGER.

This is the fourth finger on the left hand. Why this particular digit should have received such a token of honor and trust beyond all its congeners, both in Pagan and Christian times, has been variously interpreted. The most common explanation is, according to Sir Thomas Browne, "presuming therein that a particular vessel, nerve, vein, or artery, is conferred thereto from the heart;" which direct vascular communication Browne shows to be anatomically incorrect. Macrobius gives another reason, which may perhaps satisfy those anatomists who are not satisfied with the above. "Pollex," he says, or thumb (whose offices and general usefulness are sufficiently indicated from its Latin derivative *pollex*, and from its Greek equivalent, *antichet*, which means "as good as a hand"), is too busy to be set apart for any such special employment; the next finger to enter the lists in such a contest, the spousal honors devolve naturally on *pronubus*, the wedding-finger." In the British Apollo, 1788, it is urged that the fourth finger was chosen from its being not only less used than either of the rest, but more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be stretched out their full length and straightness.—*Popular Errors Examined.*

A WIFE COMPRESSED INTO A RING.—A certain Russian noble, who lately visited Paris, was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and extended over his hand like a buckle for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color, and was traversed by red veins. It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger, until one day a lady, meeting him in a public parlour, ventured to say, "You wear a very handsome ring." The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself. "It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulchre!" A shudder passed through the whole company. "This jewel, madam," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since, in Russia. She was an Italian, and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance, which I could always carry about me. Eight days afterward he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin, a horrid collection of instruments and alchemicals. This jewel was lying on a table. He had through means of some corrosive substances and powerful pressure reduced and compressed that which was my wife, into this jewel, which shall never more leave me."

This burial by chemistry is an improvement upon the process of *cremation* lately proposed by the French papers. Should it become popular a widow may hereafter have her husband made into a bracelet with a chain attached to remind her of the hymeneal bond, a husband will have his wife done into a pin, and certain academicians—old fogies—we know would make very good coat buttons.—*New York Tribune.*

HONORABLE CONDITIONS.—Many years ago, in what is now a flourishing city in New Hampshire lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and of his joke. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms had ensnared the affections of a young printer. The couple after a season of billing and cooing, "engaged" themselves, and nothing but the consent of the young lady's "parent" prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged, and Typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman, who sat enjoying his pipe in perfect content. Typo dilated upon the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics, and taking the daughter by the hand, said—"I now, sir, ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from his parent bed—but his phelnicus overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his rhetorical flourish, blushed, stammered, and finally wound up with "from its parent bed into my own." The father keenly relished the disfigurement of the suitor, and after removing his pipe and blowing a cloud of smoke replied: "Well, young man, I don't know as I've any objection, provided you will marry the gal first."

POVERTY AND GENIUS.—The history of those who, by their genius and untiring energy, have taken their sting from poverty and won for them selves a place in the catalogue of illustrious, must ever be interesting to the son of toil.—The greatness of real worth belongs to such characters; apart from high birth and proudly swelling titles, from the splendor of wealth and station, and frequently without the advantages of early education, the children of penury have marched on to honor, patiently triumphing over the obstacles which impeded their progress. The working man may well glory in the new and noble aristocracy which his gifted companions at the loom, the plow, and the anvil have helped to establish, and be stimulated by their example to show himself worthy of the fraternity to which he belongs.

"Well, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

"The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been trying to spin a mountain top.

Rest satisfied with doing, and leave others talk of you what they please.

Good nature, like a glow worm, sheds light even in dirty places.

"FASHIONABLE CONGREGATOR."

The news paper reporters pay a very equivocal compliment to this or that preacher, when they tell us he has listened to by a fashionable congregation. Fashion is all right at the theater or the opera, or other public assemblages of a secular character,—but the judge ought not to have anything to do in the Temple of the Most High. Think of Paul preaching, to a "fashionable" congregation to Mars Hill, or a greater than Paul delivering a sermon on the mount to a "numerous and fashionable audience." True, we have fashionable preachers, but it is a question whether their preaching would not be followed with better effects if the "fashion" were taken out of it. Fashion is a heartless thing at best,—and heartlessness in religion is hypocrisy.

THE USE OF POTASH AND SAND.—No vines can produce fruit without potash. Dyewoods and all color-giving plants owe their vivid dyes to potash. Leguminous plants all require potash. Without it we cannot have a mess of peas. Where it exists in a natural state in the soil, there we find leguminous plants growing wild, and in such places only we find wild grapes. All the cereals require potash, phosphate of magnesia, and silica, which is dissolvable in a solution of potash. It is this dissolved sand that forms the hard coat of the stalks, and gives them strength to stand up against the blasts of wind and rain while ripening. It is this substance that gives bamboo their strength, or the beards of grain and blades of grass their cutting sharpness. No cereal ever came to perfection in soil devoid of potash, silica, phosphate of lime, carbonic acid and nitrogen.

THE SPIDER.—The worst thing about this poor animal is that it is so thoroughly ugly.—In its nature has sacrificed everything to the formation of the industrial machine necessary for satisfying its wants. Of a circular form, furnished with eight legs, and eight vigilant eyes, it astonishes (and disgusts) us by the pre-eminence of an enormous abdomen. Ignoble trait! in which the inattentive and superficial observer will see nothing but a type of gluttony. Alas! it is quite the contrary. This abdomen is its workshop, its magazine, the pocket in which the rope-maker keeps his stock but as he fills this pocket with nothing but his own substances, he can only increase it at his own expense by means of a rigid sobriety.—True type of the artisan. "If I fast to-day," he says, "I shall, perhaps get something to eat to-morrow, but if my manufacture be stopped, everything is lost, and my stomach will have to fast forever!"

JUVENILE GUMPTION.—A farmer in Virginia who had been digging a well, was called away from home, leaving nine but two boys on the premises. During his absence, a favorite horse by accident got into the well, which was about twelve feet deep, and of sufficient diameter to allow the horse standing room. The boys set their young brains to work to get him out.—Their bill of "ways and means" was almost exhausted, when the youngest, only nine years old, suggested an amendment, which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were convenient, which the boys pitched in to fill up the well, the prisoner tramping it down, until he could walk right out upon "straw ball."

A VIRGINIA PICTURE.—If the scene of the following item, which we cut from the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, was located anywhere save in Virginia, we should doubt its truth:

"We saw yesterday, going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule, and a bull. The horse had the leaves, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon, which was an ordinary one, there sat a white man, a crippled nigger, and a lame skunk frailly bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk, and they all moved forward. To make this worthy of its place, it is essential to say that it is true.

A kind hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore.

"Let him wash them," said the doctor, "every morning with brandy."

A few weeks after, the doctor, chanced to meet the wife.

"Well, has your husband followed my advice?"

"He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor, but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the great est curiosities you ever saw."

"Don't say so—what is it?"

"A tree that never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

"What's the name of it?"

"Axle-tree! It once belonged to a California omnibus."

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."

"What is honorable, mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

"Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Because we can't make it out."

"Hold your jaw," as the man said when his head was in the lion's mouth.

"You'll break my heart," as the ass said to the hatcher.