

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

J. J. Gerritsen, Publisher. Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, April 29, 1856. Volume 16, Number 17.

The Maiden at her Mother's Grave.

Stars their silent watch were keeping,
Birds in sylvan canons sleeping,
Cynthia's beams, on lake and river,
Shone with phosphorescent quiver,
Hushed the lazy beetle's drone,
Still the distant woodlark's moan,
Sunk the ring-dove's mournful cooing,
Echoed not the herd's faint lowing,
When a young and blooming maiden,
Lorely as a sylvan Aidaon,
Knelling where her mother slumbered,
"Woe the dear departed" numbered—
"While the angels stooped to pity—
Breathed this melancholy ditty:
"Gone! gone! is my mother,
And never to return;
Her place in this bosom can fill;
Jehovah hath spoken,
The golden bowl's broken—
Her feet-bonding pulses are still.
"Where erst was but gladness,
Reigns sorrow and woe—
Our bosoms no longer rejoice;
For, alas! nevermore
Will our home, as of yore,
Resound with her musical voice.
"I well do remember
One morn in September,
When I learned my dear mother was dead
How, with sadness oppressed,
Her cold cheek I crossed,
And wept that her spirit had fled.
"Kind friends, ere the mornow,
O'er-burdened with sorrow,
Her form in a winding-sheet hid;
A deep grave was made her,
In coffin they laid her,
And heaped the damp mold on its lid.
"But why do I languish?
Or woe bitt'r anguish?
The lost one to heaven has flown—
I hope soon to meet her,
And lovingly greet her,
Before the Omnipotent throne.
"We mourn the departed,
And oft broken-hearted
In sadness go down to the tomb;
But we all may unite
In a land of delight,
Beyond the cold sepulchre's gloom.
SESSY GLYS.

Getting a Marriage License.
A license to marry is often wanted when it can't be had, but a poor one is better than none, when a man is in a hurry—namely, the following:
In the early days of Texan independence and youth, an eccentric genius, still living and reigning, was clerk of one of the western counties. The village was quite secluded in the Prairies, and the squire pastured his cows on the broad acres around, bringing them home at night, and letting them go to graze in the morning. He kept a bell on one of them, to help in finding them; but as he was letting them loose, he perceived that the clapper of the bell was left out, and being unable to find it, he substituted in its place a fast in the bell his office key. Not till he reached his office did it occur to him that he should want the key, but now finding himself locked out, he betook himself to other matters, proposing to find the key at night. About noon, a rough-and-ready young Texan, in buck-knife dress, came riding into town, and inquired for the clerk, raised him up, and asked for a marriage license.
"Sorry I can't accommodate you to-day, but it's no go."
"Why not? I'm going to be spliced to-night, and I must have it whether or no."
"But, the fact is," said the clerk, "my office key is locked up, and my cow has gone away with the key."
"The cow! What does the cow want of the key?"
"So the old fellow told the whole story, and they set off for the prairie to find the cattle and get the key. But the more they looked the less they found, and finally had to give it up. A bright thought struck the clerk of the county.
"If I'll fix you out," said he, and the young Texan jumped a rod, so tickled was he to know that he was to be fixed out of the fix he was in. They proceeded to a store closed by the office, and there the county scribe indicated the following autograph:
"REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.—To all who shall see this present green; Whereas, I, clerk of this county, having the this morning and thought to my office key as a clapper to my cow's bell; And, whereas the said cow has gone away to parts unknown, bearing with her the said key, and therefore the said key is now in her possession; and it can't be had; And, whereas, one Abner Barnes has made application to me for a marriage license, and the said Abner persists that he cannot wait until the cow comes back with the key, but is compelled, by the violence of his feelings, and the arrangements already made to get married; Therefore, these presents are to command any person legally authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony, to join the said Abner Barnes to Rebecca Downs, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient authority.
"Given under my hand and private seal, on the door-step of my office—the seal of the office being locked up, and my cow having gone away with the key—this fourth day of October, A. D. 1836.
—HENRY OSBORNE, Clerk."

Lesson of Gentility.—The following lesson a very exquisite lesson on gentility: A gentleman from Boston happened to find himself among a little party of ladies away down east, led by a man, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent play, carefully placed his arms about the slender waist of a pretty damsel as Maine can boast, when she started and exclaimed, "Be done, sir—don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her. "No!" she replied, "well, if you didn't, you may do so again."

The young ladies down east complain that gentlemen are so poor that they can't pay their addresses.

HASSAN, THE COBBLER, OR THE SEIGE OF MEERSHOD.

BY LOUIS K. BURDICK.
CHAPTER I.
In the time of Al Mansoor, Caliph of the Moslem Empire, and one of the most wise as well as devout despots (whose memory may God embalm!), Yusef Ibn Hassass, a scrawny, thin, old man, was Emir of the district or province of Bassora, and at the particular time of which we make mention, he was with a troop of four hundred followers, beleaguering in a small town many leagues to the north-west of his capital. He had been on an important mission to the city of Khabib, and while returning, had come upon unexpectedly upon a large force of insurgents from a neighboring province which was at the time in a partial state of revolt; and, after a sharp skirmish, had succeeded in retreating and throwing himself into Meershod, a small town of some importance, which, when closed upon by his pursuers, he dispatched a messenger to his capital with full information of his condition, and with an order for his lieutenant to have, with a superior force, to his assistance.
A week passed away, and old Yusef was wondering at the tardiness of the expected aid, when he learned from one of the enemy, whom his men had captured that his messenger had been taken and beheaded. The news was at once apparent that the resources of the place were becoming fast exhausted, and that a few days more would find the inmates of the town without provision. Another messenger was dispatched for relief, but the town was so closely guarded, that he also fell into the hands of the horde without the walls, and his head, after being unceremoniously struck off, was elevated upon a lance and paraded before the principal gate of the town the following morning, accompanied with threats that the inhabitants would all meet with the like fate, unless an instant surrender took place.
The old warrior began now to be seriously apprehensive for the safety of himself and those under him. But he was brave and resolute, and was fully determined never to yield himself alive, but to make every exertion for the safety of the town. So, for a third time, he chose a messenger from among his bravest men, who, by dint of the boldest ingenuity, succeeded one night in beating his way through the enemy, and setting out upon his mission. But already the scarcity of food was so great as to cause much alarm; yet the inhabitants of Meershod were far too loyal to murmur, especially under the stern eye of their Emir. Thus, the governor of the town, a weak, old lover of much ease, and many women, had on one or two occasions, limited at the advantages which might result, if terms were to be made with the enemy; but the rumor coming to the ear of the Emir, that he neither meddle with affairs of that nature, but that he might—in fact that it was for his interest, to be as vigorous as possible in devising means for keeping the garrison and town-men from starving—which advice he proceeded to follow, as the most wise and the most dangerous under existing circumstances. A proclamation accordingly went forth, to the effect that all persons having a supply of grain, or other provisions, in store, were to report the same to the government, and that a neglect on the part of any one to do so would subject the unfortunate owner to the loss of his head. Nevertheless, the result was by no means gratifying, and famine stared grimly into the faces of the inhabitants of Meershod.
"I can't see how the inhabitants of Meershod," said Hassan Ibn Abbas, an ardent believer in the teaching of the great prophet, as well as a skillful maker of men's shoes. He was a young, handsome, generous-hearted Arabian, and a great favorite with the humble residents of that part of the town were he lived, who patronized him extensively, and delighted in listening to the tales he would tell for he was a wit, withal, and had a most lively imagination when forming one of those long, low, thin, and pointed noses, who were wont to gather in the morning, before the hour of prayer. He lived entirely alone, in a little house which, with the scanty implements of his trade, had been left to him at the death of old Abbas, his venerable father.
Next to Hassan dwelt a rich old man, whose name was Zoraya, and whose name, as was known throughout the town as Azwar, the miser, from his strong love of gold, and the many miserly propensities he exhibited. He was an old man, his only child, whose name was Zoraya, of whose person he was vainly boastful; yet she was seldom seen by her father, whose affections rested next to his gold upon her, kept her confined as much as it was possible within the walls of his house. It was said that she was the brightest jewel of old Azwar's treasure—young, graceful, and lovely as the loveliest in the land.
The dwelling of the miser was a large square structure, behind which were spacious grounds filled with beautiful flowers and shady groves of orange, date, and pomegranate trees; and here, in the heat of the day, would the fair Zoraya often come to pass her hours alone. The humble house of Hassan was built up against the eastern wall of Azwar's dwelling, and from his little garden adjoining, he had often seen the form of Zoraya passing through her father's grounds, and as often had watched her till she disappeared from his sight amid the foliage of the shrubbery. The youth was struck with the deepest admiration when by accident the veil of Zoraya was wafted aside one day, as she was walking near the garden wall of the cobbler, giving that young man, who happened at that moment to be near at hand, a full view of her exceeding beauty, his senses were completely intoxicated with love, and he could not repress an exclamation of rapture which rose to his lips. The maiden heard it and turned; and as the figure of Hassan met her vision, his handsome face lighted up with such an open admiration of her, and his rich tones still sounding in her ear, a burning blush suffused her countenance, and a hastily replacing her veil, she turned away, not a little confused, but with a sensation of pleasure at heart which she was totally unable to account for.
Hassan the Abbas was a persevering and an ingenious fellow, and when he had collected his senses in some degree—for they had been considerably scattered—he set about devising in his mind a means of getting the acquain-

ance of the fair object of his adoration—for he really did adore her from that hour. He was quite successful. Seeing each other day after day, a week had not elapsed, ere salutations passed between them, and then words of a different nature; and when a month had fled, they were become very intimate; on two or three occasions stolen interviews had taken place in the grove, and finally they had mutually pledged themselves to love one another till the end of time, though there was not a ghost of a hope that they would ever be united. But youth is ever sanguine.
One unlucky day, a short time before the Emir Yusef had entered the town, Hassan met his loved one by appointment, in the most secluded portion of the miser's garden. He was seated in the shade beneath her, with one of her slender hands clasped in his, and into her willing ear was pouring his passionate tale of love. He was urging her to forsake her home and fly with him to some more favored spot, where they could be united, and enjoy, undisturbed, each other's society, promising by all the stars in heaven, and all the truths in the Koran, that no other maiden should share his love, but she alone should reign undisputed mistress of his heart—when a slight noise was heard behind them, and the next moment they were confronted by the person of old Hassass, who stood before them with flashing eyes, and rage in every feature. The lovers started to their feet, and Zoraya nearly swooned with affright.
Hassan was terribly embarrassed, and could not, for an instant, reply.
"Why art thou here?" inquired the old man again, still more fiercely.
"Of a truth," replied Hassan, recovering himself somewhat, and wishing to be reconciliatory, "of a truth, oh, most excellent Azwar, I was enjoying the welcome shade of thy grove."
"And the company of my daughter?" said the miser, sardonically. "Dismislah!" and he spat upon the ground, as expressive of the disgust of the young cobbler and his entire proceedings.
Hassan was silent, but he glanced towards the trembling Zoraya.
"I know thy purpose," continued the old man; "thou wouldst have stolen this silly girl, and have robbed me."
"Yes," interrupted Hassan, "I am not a thief; but thy daughter is very fair, and I could have persuaded her to fly."
"Thou son of a dog! thou darest to love her!"
"Thou Alah! exclaimed the young man, with sparkling eyes, and carried away by his passion, "I will make no denial of it—I do love her as my life."
The miser's rage was redoubled by this confession. Turning fiercely to his daughter, he said:
"In with thee, in to thy chamber, thou shameless one! Away! I will see that ye meet not here again."
As she hurriedly weeping from the spot, Hassan caught one glance from her dark eyes, which assured him of her continued love; but he could not speak to her, though he returned the glance, with one that told more than words how he would cherish her in his heart.
The old man noticed it.
"What," he cried, "dost thou still dare to look toward her? Away! Get thee gone here I seek thee, beggar. Know that she is not far from thee, though the fire of Jehennam scorches thee."
With such thoughts and exclamations, the miser advanced menacingly toward the young man. But Hassan retreated precipitately, not liking at all the attitude of the enraged dman, and knowing that any reply would only irritate him the more, and render the liability of his meeting with Zoraya still less.
And for a month he saw her no more, though he daily puzzled his brains not a little, as he sat in his little dwelling at work, for he was not one of those who could allow his business to interfere with his labor—in endeavoring to derive some mode of obtaining one more interview with the object of his adoration.
While his hands and mind were thus busily employed one evening—for he had set later than usual at his labor that day—his attention was suddenly arrested by a dull, clicking sound, scarcely audible, which proceeded, seemingly, from the earth directly beneath him. He listened attentively; again the sound was heard, and this time he fancied that it was accompanied by a slight jarring of the ground. For more than an hour, at intervals, the noise was audible, causing rather uneasy feelings to enter the breast of the young cobbler, who, being very superstitiously inclined, fancied that the geni were at work in the earth somewhere in his immediate vicinity; and he reverentially uttered all sorts of prayers that they would not trouble him, but depart to other regions, and visit only with persons whose regards for the prophet were feebler than his.
CHAPTER II.
On the evening of the day succeeding the one on which Yusef, the Emir, had dispatched his last messenger for relief, the young cobbler went from his dwelling with thoughts of a most desponding nature, wondering whether or not it would ever be his happy fortune to again behold Zoraya, but letting his mind run more particularly upon the idea of obtaining some food; for the famine was affecting the good people of Meershod not a little, and that very day the youth had eaten the last trifle of food his house contained, and none could be purchased in the market-place.
As the evening advanced, Hassan found the center of a small group of his friends, who were gathered together, discussing upon the all-absorbing topic of the siege of the town and its probable consequences. The conversation waxed warm and earnest.
"The town cannot hold out much longer," observed one.
"Allah Achbar!" uttered another, devoutly, "we shall be massacred every one, of taken."
"Famine is more dreaded than the sword," said a third.
"Thou sayest truly," said a grave old man, "were it not that we have no food, I would have no fear of capture by the horde without the wall of Hassan's within."
"By the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed Hassan in an animated tone, "let the enemy remain before these walls another week, and not one shall escape alive. The forces of

Yusef will be down upon them like a whirlwind."
"But if they come not soon we shall be unable to resist; many are famishing already," said one of his companions.
"True; our greatest enemy is hunger," muttered Hassan; and then he said vehemently; "Would I were governor of Meershod—I would be governor but for a day!"
"What wouldst thou do?" said a deep, quiet voice.
Every eye was instantly turned to the speaker, a tall powerful man, who stood upon the outer edge of the circle, and who had come up unperceived by those who now beheld him, so absorbed had they been by their own conversation.
"What wouldst thou do?" he asked again, his dark eyes still fixed upon the young cobbler.
"What wouldst thou do if thou wert governor of this town for a day?"
"What would I do?" repeated Hassan, confusedly and bewildered by the sudden appearance and stern bearing of the stranger, and by a question so directly to the point; "of a truth, I would—I would procure food to sustain the inmates of Meershod till we could be relieved."
The stranger gazed at him in silence for a moment and a slight smile played about the corners of his mouth.
"Thy name?" he then said, "what art thou called?"
"Truly," answered the astonished cobbler, "I am named Hassan Ibn Abbas."
"And I," said the other, "am Yusef, Emir of Bassora. Thou shalt have thy wish. At the rising of to-morrow's sun thou shalt be proclaimed Governor of Meershod. See that thou provide the food within that time, and the government will be confirmed to thee; fail to do so, and thou shalt lose this office, and also receive a sound lesson from Meershod."
In a moment and before his astonished listeners could recover from the complete amazement which enthrallied them, the speaker was gone.
The bestinado is no light punishment, and was not at all to the taste of Hassan, who had ample time, as he walked slowly homeward, to reflect upon the dilemma in which he was placed, and to heartily curse himself for uttering the expression which caused it. Not that he was at all loth to take upon himself the government with all its powers and dignities, but to be deprived of it at the end of a single day, with the additional humiliation of receiving a sound flogging—and he could not possibly see how it was to be avoided—what was weighed upon his spirits, and yielded him food for the bitterest reflection.
He reached his dwelling, entered, and barred the door, and seated himself to think upon his situation in as calm a manner as possible. For more than one hour he sat thus, his whole mind being upon the subject, his hands resting on his head, his eyes closed, and his thoughts given to reflect upon the noise in the earth beneath him, which he had heard a few nights since. He endeavored to turn his mind from the subject, and reflect upon the coming morrow, but he could not. The more he attempted to centre his thoughts upon a plan to escape the calamity which hung over him, the more forcibly the mysterious sounds he had heard occurred to his memory.
"Who knows," said Hassan to himself, after pondering for some time over the singular circumstance—"who know but the geni were good spirits, who would help me in my emergency? But now to raise them—how to call them before me, I know not. It has been done by others, I know; but alas! I have not the talisman wherein lies the power. Perhaps they have a place of resort beneath my very seat."
A gleam of awakened hope lit up his eye as he thus mused. He continued:
"They have vast treasures, too; and could I but gain them, what could I not do! By Allah! something was at work in the earth! I was not deceived, and it could not have been other than they. Can I not reach them or their treasures?"
He started to his feet as the thought struck him, and then uttering aloud, "I will try," he hastened to procure a spade, which found its way to the spot from beneath which the sound had seemed to come, and without ceremony, was vigorously to work throwing up the soil; he soon had quite a hole excavated. Once or twice he paused, for a few moments, to rest from his toil; but, at length, after an half hour's labor, his implement struck against a solid substance, and he could proceed no further. He cleared the earth from the spot, and great was his surprise to find a wall of masonry beneath him. It was a wall of brick, of a most peculiar color, and it was the work of human, or of ghost's hands. That it was the latter there was no doubt in the young man's mind. At first, he was astonished—alarmed—awed struck. He believed there was a cavern beneath, the resort or residence of a powerful race of spirits; and he stood in instant dread of the sudden appearance of himself by them, for disturbing their abode.
Gradually, however, as nothing presented itself, his fears were calmed; and he reflected that he was in a dilemma that required courage to meet; that his wants were immediate and pressing; and that the spirits of the earth would inflict punishment upon him for what he had already done, if at all; and so, his mind was soon made up—to proceed, and at his hazards, to the investigation of the mystery. Accordingly he trimmed his light, and went to work, with renewed vigor, at clearing a space for the spot from beneath which the sound had come; which he accomplished, he soon after, by dint of honest labor, succeeded in dislodging one of the large stones forming the arch, when he found that an opening was effected to some kind of a vault. The removal of other stones was not so difficult, and, in a short time, an aperture was made sufficiently large to easily admit his body.
Hassan grasped his torch, pressed into the cavern, and perceived that the bottom was at no great distance below; so, without hesitation, he dropped through, safely landing upon the earthen floor. He looked around him; he walked across the passage; he stopped; he went still further; he stopped again, and took another observation. The apartment were nearly full of well-filled sacks. He made an investigation into the contents of several—they were filled with barley. The sacks were piled up on either side, leaving a

passage-way in the centre. There were many hundreds of them, for the vault was an extensive one.
Hassan Ibn Abbas seated himself upon one of the sacks, and reflected, for a few moments, upon his discovery. The genie, he thought, were entirely different in their nature, from what he had supposed, if it was one of their haunts. He began to believe that it was nothing of the kind; and, as this belief gained ground, he became impressed with the fact, that if the place was not consecrated by the spirits, it must have been by mortals. With this conviction he arose, and proceeded to make further explorations. He passed along the chamber till he could go no further, and then he knew, by the direction from which he had come, that he must be directly under the house of old Azwar, the miser. And then the truth broke on him at once, and he became convinced that the old man had been in a vault which he thought secure from detection, hoarded away this great amount of grain, and, fearful of losing it, and of coming to want himself, he had kept the knowledge of it from the governor. He returned to where he had effected an entrance; near by the detected signs of recent improvement in the wall overhead, and he rightly conjectured that a portion of the old stonework having fallen in, the miser had, on the night when he had heard the mysterious sounds, been secretly at work repairing it. He clambered through the opening above, reached his own room, fitted the stones in the aperture, and, in a little time, had replaced the earth upon them. He slept little that night.
Great was the amazement of the people of Meershod, but greater that of old Mosyan, the governor, to hear heralded the proclamation of the Emir, that Mosyan was deposed, and that Hassan Ibn Abbas governed in his stead. The cobbler was escorted to the place of public justice, and in the audience chamber, the under officers waited to offer their obedience. Of the Emir, he saw nothing. All to him was new, but in the prosecution of the morning's simple business, he was quite successful. When that was completed and he was left alone, with two or three attendants, he dispatched one of them to bring before him the old miser, Azwar, a grumbling not a little in the thought that he had the power to humiliate one who had used him with so little ceremony on the occasion of their meeting in the grove, and congratulating himself that he saw in the miser, also, the means of confirming him in his new position.
It was not long before Azwar stood before him. He ordered his attendants to leave him, and then he turned and confronted the old man. Astonishment and dismay was on the countenance of the latter, for it was not till now that he was conscious that his young neighbor was in power. Hassan looked him sternly in the face.
"Thou knowest me?" he inquired.
"Truly, I have not forgotten thee," was the answer.
"No; it is not long since we met—you remember the time?"
"Allah Achbar! God is great!" said the miser, "thou wert not governor then."
"True; but I have something else to speak to thee about," said Hassan, in a grave tone. "Thou knowest that famine is within these walls."
"Dismislah! it is even so."
"Many are perishing for want of food, and the strength of the soldiers is wasting away."
"Allah preserve us!"
"We must preserve ourselves. Thou hast heard the proclamation that whoever lays grain must yield it up?"
"The old man looked quickly up into Hassan's face.
"Yes, said he, 'I have heard it.'
"Then why has thou not acted?"
"I uttered the miser, starting and trembling.
"Yes, thou! Remember, thy life is forfeited in not obeying the decree."
"Allah forbid! I have none," said the old man, exhibiting signs of great terror.
"Beware how thou sayest!" exclaimed Hassan, warmly. "In the great vault beneath thy house and mine, are stored many hundred sacks of barley."
The miser was thunderstruck. He fell upon his knees before the governor, his face pale with terror.
"Dost not despair!" exclaimed Hassan; "if thou make not seed it all either ere noon, it shall be forced from thee, and thy death shall surely follow."
"Mercy! cried the frightened man, "it shall all be given up. But spare my life."
"Upon one condition."
The miser looked up with an expression of hope.
"Thou hast a daughter," continued Hassan, "thou shalt give her to me to wife."
"God is great!" ejaculated old Azwar, rising with perfect composure; "she is thine."
Before the set of sun, Yusef Ibn Hassass, the Emir, was gratified and astonished—he had looked upon his affair with Hassan more as a pleasant than otherwise—at the reception of sufficient food to suffice for his men for several days, with word from the young governor that the most would be forthcoming when needed. The Emir kept his word in confirming the cobbler in his new office, and two days after he honored Hassan by attending his nuptials with the beautiful Zoraya.
The next day, four thousand horsemen swept down across the sands, and when night closed, not a rebel—save the many dead—remained about Meershod.

THE TOOTHACHE.—My dear friend," said H.—"I can cure your toothache in ten minutes."
"How?" inquired I. "Do it, in pity!"
"Instantly," said he. "Have you any alum?"
"Yes."
"Bring it, and some common salt."
They were produced. My friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.
"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to every eye, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible."
It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it—the pain and inflammation of the toothache. My friend, Mr. Zoraya.

Reading One's Own Obituary.
In the days of old Mycall, the publisher of the Newport (Mass.) Herald (a journal still alive and flourishing), the Sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagely, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last he one day told Mycall that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he.
The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the Sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his paper, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagely, esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had not fault very much to be deplored—he was not punctual in paying the printer.
Bagely, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way he struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more! Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office to deny that he was dead.
"Why, Sheriff?" exclaimed the facetious editor, "if thought you were defunct!"
"Defunct!" exclaimed the Sheriff, "what put that idea into your head?"
"Why, you yourself!" said Mycall, "Did you not tell me—"
"Oh! ah! yes! I see!" stammered out the Sheriff. "Well, there's your money! And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please."
"That's not necessary, friend Bagely," said the printer jocularly; "I was only printed in your copy."
The good Sheriff lived many days after this "sell," and to the day of his death always took care to pay the printer.
HARD WITNESS.—The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:
It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial, a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.
Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-inspiring smile): Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?
Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable)—A straddle, I believe, sir.
Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones)—But, sir, what gait does he ride?
Witness—He never rides any gait, sir. His boys ride all the gates.
Lawyer (his bland smile gone, and his voice slightly husky)—But how does he ride when in company with others?
Witness—Keep up if his horse is able, if not, he goes behind.
Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury)—How does he ride when he is alone?
Witness—Don't know; never was with him when he was alone.
Lawyer—I have done with you, sir.
WITNESS.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we went our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded two brethren were sent around with baskets for contributions, Parson I—who was one of the basket bearers taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat a gentleman of inflated humor and of dry jokes. Parson I—extended the basket and Bill shook his head.
"Come William, give us something," said the Parson.
"Can't do it," replied Bill.
"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"
"Yes; but I am not able to give anything."
"Poo! Poo! I know better. You must give a better reason than that."
"Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know."
"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."
"That's true, Parson, but then he ain't paying me like the balance of my creditors."
[The parson's face fell into rather a curious confusion as he passed on.]
"GOD HIM FOWL."—Aunt Jenny was a very exemplary colored woman, and always felt and showed much concern for the future welfare of her numerous children. But little Nicholas had so much of the "Old Nick" in him, that, with all her persuasions and threats, she could not bring him into the good way of saying his prayers. One afternoon Aunt Jenny was startled by hearing loud cries from the barn yard—"O Lord! and hastening out she saw young Nick pinned to the fence with the horns of a cow, one on each side of him, and now and then she would let him out, but only to "bum" him back again. Nick kept up his cries—"O Lord!" and all the louder when he saw his mother coming. But she didn't interfere. She stopped, took a good look, set her arms akimbo, and sang out, "Oh yes! you're mighty mighty to call on the Lord now you're in trouble; but you couldn't pray, wid yer mudder like a 'spectable ehle!" And turning to the kitchen she left Nick to the tender mercies of the cow, being quite sure, however, that no serious harm would come to him.
"How is it that girls can always tell a married man from a single one?"
The fact is, indisputable, Blackwood says, that "the fact of matrimony or bachelorhood is written so legibly in a man's appearance that no ingenuitly can conceal it. Everywhere there is some 'inexplicable' instinct that tells us whether an individual, (whose name, fortune and circumstances are totally unknown), be or be not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the frown in the messenger, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but the truth is so, we positively affirm."

Origin of the Odd Fellows.
Many persons who are under the impression that the Society of Odd-Fellows is an origination of modern times will be somewhat surprised to learn that its origin dates as far back as the time of Nero, and was established by the Roman soldiers in the year 53.—At that time they were called "Fellow Citizens," the present name being given them by Titus Caesar, twenty-four years afterwards, and they were so called from the singular character of their meetings, and from their knowing each other by night or day by means of mystical signs and language. At the same time he presented them with a disposition, engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems of morality. In the fifth century the Order was established in the Spanish dominions, and in Portugal in the sixteenth century. It did not reach France and England until the eleventh century.—It was then established in the latter country by John de Neville who assisted by five knights from France, formed a Grand Lodge in London. This ancient fraternity has now its lodges in every quarter of the globe, and by its usefulness and benevolent character, commands the respect and countenance of all who are acquainted with its nature and purpose.
THE BUREAU BITTER.—A few years ago, a farmer, who was noted for his wagging, stopped at a tavern, which he was in the habit of stopping at, on his way from Boston to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveler, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and, while the landlady was absent, put the griddle into the pot with the potatoes, and pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when on taking up her dinner, she discovered the unpardonable addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called, as was expected, and pussy was put on the table, among other cold dishes, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice.
She said "she could not, for she had lost her."
"What?" said he, "don't you know whom she is?"
"O yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it."
As this is the season of the year when the people begin to clean up and make things look fresh for the approaching summer, a copy from the last Scientific American, the following in respect to the best and cheapest whitewash, both for the inside and outside of the house:
Take half a bushel of fresh burned white lime, and shake it either with hot or cold water, in a tub or barrel. When thoroughly slackened, dissolve in the water required to thin the lime, two quarts of common salt, stir it thoroughly, add one quart of sweet milk, and it is ready for use put it on with a brush.
This wash for outside of buildings, fences, &c., is very durable. Some put glib in whitewash, and others flour and rice paste; but those render it liable to scale off in very dry weather.
The above wash may be made a cream color by the addition of a certain quantity of the following:—The above whitewash in all that can be desired for the interior of houses, excepting the bath, it must be omitted as it tends to imbue moisture. French white is superior to lime washes for the ceiling of rooms, as it is not so liable to turn yellowish in color, but it rubs off so easily that it can not be used for side walls.
A few nights ago, Mr. Jones, who had been out on going home late borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed, and suddenly spread out the paraphernalia.
"What are you going to do with that thing?" said she.
"Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared."
"In less than two minutes Mrs. Jones was fast asleep.
Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—Refusing to do it.
If a small boy is called a lad, is it not proper to call a bigger boy a ladder?
Cockney Epitaph for a Cook—"Peas to his bushes."
Beautiful Extract—Helping a young lady out of a mud hole.
Why is it the most beautiful letter in the alphabet for a deaf woman? Because it will make her hear.
"Dob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities ever saw."
"Don't say so—what is it?"
"A tree that never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows."
"Well, that's a curiosity. Where did he get it?"
"From California."
"What's the name of it?"
"A tree that it once belonged to a California omnibus."
Now George, you must divide the cake honorably with your little brother Charles.
"What is honorably, mother?"
"It means that you must give him the largest piece."
"Then, mother, I'd rather have Charles divide it."
Two friends were dining together, one of whom remarked—
"As I am going abroad, I have made my will, and I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."
The other replied—
"You are very generous as well as kind.—You have left me by far the largest portion of your estate."
A Miss Johnson out West, claims to be poetess—listen:
Mary Ellen Johnson is my name,
And single is my station,
And happy will be the little man,
That makes the situation.