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A. J. GERRITSON, Proprietor.

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ORIGINAL.

THE MILLENIUM.

Lydia Cheever's heart did incline
When she had lived years eighty-nine,
To say that Satan will be bound
In chains till a thousand years roll round.

The Bible saith, "The old serpent will
Be bound in fetters, and kept still
A thousand years;" then is come
The time when he is loosed to run.

He has not yet been bound at all,
Since the Creation, and the Fall
Of Adam, from his state of peace
Into a gulf of wretchedness.

But he has had full liberty
To tempt the human family;
And has deceived the nations so,
That all are sunk in sin and woe.

We read in God's own Book of some
Who will in ages, yet to come,
Build houses and their vineyards plant,
And eat the fruit—which others can't.

Their labors shall not be in vain;
But reap the fruit of all their pain;
These people—they shall long enjoy
The things that did their hands employ.

They are the blessed of the Lord,
Who will enjoy this rich reward,
But such a state has not been found,
Nor will it come till Satan's bound.

And when the thousand years shall end,
Satan will from his pit ascend,
And gather Gog and Magog; for
There then will be a dreadful war.

Upon the earth they are to go,
And compass camp, and city, too;
Then God will send fire, and destroy
The army Satan did employ.

'Tis in this world these things shall be,
(Not in a long eternity.)
It is then more than a thousand years
Before this earth shall disappear.

SCANDAL.

"Now, let it work. Mischief thou art loof,
Take what course thou wilt."

The substance of the following is no fiction. In a neighboring village, whose inhabitants like the good people of Athens, were much given to "either tell or hear some new thing," lived Squire P., a facetious, good natured sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of village record, and have been re-told through various editions, from the first dawn to the present day.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their dates—doctored all the babies, and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap, and when they had had luck, made every child in the house sit cross-legged until the luck changed. In fact, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a gist scandal to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with "the way of the transgressor is hard;" "poor Mrs. A. or B. (as the case was) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some such very soothing reflection.

Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds," &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best neighbors and friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing in her own way a fair reputation, or as the only mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the Squire was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the Squire brot her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by "what's your hurry, Aunt Lizzy?"

The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office and the following dialogue commenced:

"Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this forenoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversation, as the good book says, and become a serious man, you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance is considered as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—"

"When ye fast be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance; but anoint thy head and wash thy face, (Aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff,) that thou appear not unto men to fast."

"Now, there Squire—that's just what I told you—see how you have the scrip at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that, Aunt Lizzy, I don't see

that your 'professors' as you call them, are a whit better than I am in private. I respect a sincere profession as much as any man; but I know enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that she is no better than she should be!"

At these innuendoes Aunt Lizzy's little eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she commenced fire—

"Now, Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of our church? I know who you mean, the trollope; I didn't like so many curls about her head when she told her experience."

The Squire finding curiosity was putting his boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth two of them—Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression "in private"—this was a dear word with Aunt Lizzy.

"Now, Aunt Lizzy, will you take a Bible oath that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you to a living being, and that you will keep it while you live as a most inviolable secret?"

"Yes, Squire, I declare I won't never tell nobody nothing about as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magister in the country."

"Well, then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago."

"Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you too—Sussey B. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzy; there was a whole lot of passengers—but, but—"

"None of your buts, Squire—out with it—if folks will act so—a trollope!"

"But, Aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll bring me into a scrape!"

"I've told you over and over again, that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I ain't leaky!"

"My wife! I wouldn't have her know what I was going to say for the world—why, Aunt Lizzy, if she should happen to know it—"

"Well, don't be afraid, Squire, once for all I'll take my oath that no living crittur shall never so long as I live, know aisp on it."

"Well, then, if you must know it, I slept with one of the boys—the way my Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath, shut up her snuff-box and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

"The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Sussey B., likeliest—this come of being flattered a trollope—Well, one thing I know, 'the way of the transgressor is hard;' but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, Squire; for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good by; let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a polite note from Parsous G. requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the South Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P.'s requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife. But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by 2 o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came, the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Sussey B. Mrs. P. stared and Sussey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight.

The Parson, with softened tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Sussey B., which he observed was in everybody's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and Squire P. being called on the stand as a witness, after painting in lively colors the evils of slander, with which their village had been infected, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzy in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath!

Aunt Lizzy's apology was that she told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath that she wouldn't tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Rogers Toothacher's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went thro' the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member, half the way up to Boston, and that he

believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she never would hear or retail slander.

All eyes were now alternately on Sussey B. and Squire P.'s wife. Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a sort of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member to whom he alluded was his own lawful wife!

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room like a dog that has been killing sheep.

The Squire, as usual, burst out into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Sussey B. and even the Parson, could not refrain from joining. Parsous G. afterwards acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village, which all his preaching could not have done.

Mrs. Lincoln Again.

The N. Y. correspondent of the Boston Post tells the following:

"When Lord Lyons represented England at the Court of the Republic, his wife had a waiting maid who took the fancy of a certain lady in the White House. By the promise of preferment and increased wages, this maid was induced to transfer her services from Lady Lyons to another lady whose name had the same initial. She thought, poor thing, that she would have nothing to do but exhibit herself about the White House; but this delusion was very speedily dispelled; for it was only a few days when she was set to making drawers out of the linen sheets of the establishment. This wounded her feelings so much that she soon 'gave notice' to her employer, and when she spoke of her sorrows to her friends, she said that the extraordinary length of the drawers she was employed on left no doubt in her mind as to the person who was to have the comfort of wearing them."

"Mrs. Clarke' made several trips to New-York in the war times, and made some extensive purchases each time she came. On one occasion the leading proprietor of a lading jewelry and furnishing establishment on Broadway, received (so the story goes) an order for a beautiful chandelier for the White House. The price of the chandelier was \$500; but somebody (as I was not present at the time, I will not be positive about names) suggested that the bill should be made out for \$1,000, and that the difference should be made up in jewelry, but the gentleman to whom the proposition was first respectively declined to entertain it, to Washington."

"On another occasion, a Broadway dealer, well known throughout the country, was favored with an order for some super-fine sets of porcelain and china ware for the national establishment. The value of the sets was \$870, but other purchases made at the same time brought the bill up to \$2,200. The store-keeper was requested to make the porcelain and china ware cover the whole amount of the bill, and to oblige his customer, he did so. The bill went to the Secretary of the Interior, who said to himself: 'Twenty-two hundred dollars is a very high price for those sets; I must look into it.' He did look into it by sending an agent to a large furnishing house in Philadelphia, where the same kind of goods were sold, and the agent went back to Washington with the information that the Philadelphia price of the article was \$800. The Secretary of the Interior then wrote to the Broadway dealer to know how he came to charge \$2,200 for goods that were sold for \$800 in Philadelphia, and the merchant wrote back that he charged only \$800 for them, and that the extra \$1,400 covered the purchases which had not been specified."

"A Paris correspondent enlightens his letter with the following anecdote: 'I heard an amusing anecdote the other day, illustrative of French incompetence to master any foreign language. A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chausse d'Anin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address."

"And your name, ma'am?"

"Really, sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter—if you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows."

"Young man, pay attention. Don't be a loafer, don't keep loafer's company, don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your health—better for your prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper, tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world—to him that hath shall be given. Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances."

"The fellow that looks like me. In sad despair I wonder,
My heart is filled with woe,
When on my grief I ponder,
What to do, I do not know;
For cruel fate has on me frowned,
And the trouble seems to be,
There's another fellow in this 'ere town
That's just the image of me.

CHORUS—
Oh! wouldn't I like to catch him,
Wherever he may be,
O, wouldn't I give him partic'lar fits,
That fellow that looks like me.

With a lady fair I started
To the Central Park to go,
But was stopped in the street by a man
Who said, pay this bill that you owe.
In vain I said, I know you not,
He wouldn't let me free,
Till a crowd came round, I paid the bill
For the fellow that looks like me.

The other day while walking,
Through a narrow street up town,
I was seized by a man in a rage,
Who said, I've caught you, Mr. Brown,
You know my daughter you have wronged,
Though this gal I never did see,
He beat me till I was black and blue
For the fellow that looks like me.

One evening I sat sparking
A girl as dear as life,
When a lady who had just dropped in,
Says, Brown, how is your wife?
In vain I said, I'm a single man,
Though married I wish to be;
They called me a swindler and kicked me out
For the fellow that looks like me.

Unto a ball one night I went,
And was just enjoying the sport,
When a policeman grabbed me by the arm,
Saying, you're wanted down at Court.
You've escaped us twice, but this time
I'll take care you shan't get free;
So I was arrested, dragged to jail,
For the fellow that looks like me.

I was tried next day, found guilty too,
And about to be taken down,
When another policeman then bro't in
The right criminal—Mr. Brown.
They set me free, and locked up him,
Oh! he was a sight to see—
The ugliest wretch that ever I saw,
Was the fellow that looked like me.

A gentleman of the Milesian persuasion, who has achieved some little newspaper notoriety in this country, and the initials of whose lost name, if put together, would spell Murphy, for some reason or other, and much to the disgust of his brother Irishmen, changed his time-honored patronymy to the more high-flown cognomen of St. Clair. Every one knows how it hurts an Irishman's feelings to see a brother Irishman "go back on the old sod," and it may be sure he got many a sharp rap over the knuckles, as the saying is, for the change of name.

Some time during the war our hero was stopping at the M—House, as was also a dashing young Irish officer of our army. They chanced to be *vis-a-vis* at table, and Major J—, who always goes for a joke, whether at his own expense or at some one else's, thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he sings out to the waiter:

"Patrick!" Pat came. "Bring me a St. Clair," said the Major, in his matter-offact way.

"A which, sur?" says Pat.

"A St. Clair, I said; don't you understand the American dialect?"

Pat, sorely bothered, scratched his head and replied:

"Shure, Ameriky is a quare country, and I niver heard thim things asked for before, sur, at all."

"Well," quoth our joker, with the air of one about to impart useful knowledge, "it is a potato I want; we used to call them 'Murphies' at home, but I believe the polite name for them in this country is St. Clair."

The Major hit hard that time at least, for the owner of the "polite" name left the table, amid the unrestrained roars of the company, who understood and fully appreciated the "joke," and I believe this was his last appearance on that stage.

VERY DRY JOKE.—In Easton the other evening, just as a performance in the public hall was about to end, two wags put themselves in front of the door-way with an umbrella, and waited for the outgoing crowd. It was not raining, but when the first persons of the audience reached the door and saw the warning umbrella, scores of hands were thrust out, coats were buttoned closely, and dresses taken up, while quite a number remained in the hall, refusing to come out on account of the rain. The "sell" was complete.

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Romance in Mixed Circles.

In one of the battles during the latter part of the war, a soldier in one of the Ohio regiments was taken prisoner. His comrades, supposing him killed, so reported it to the family he had left behind him, consisting of a wife and one child. The woman remained single a year or two, living from hand to mouth, but finally went to Toledo, where she accepted a situation as cook in a restaurant owned by a mulatto. After a while they were married. The mulatto sold out his establishment at Toledo, wandered about from place to place, and finally brought up in this city, and procured a tenement in the upper part of town. After running the gauntlet of several of the Southern prisons, the soldier was finally exchanged, and at the end of eighteen months after his reported death went back to his old home to find that his wife and child had disappeared, but where she had gone no one could tell him. He at last came to Lafayette and accepted a situation in a cooper shop, he being a cooper by trade. One day about two weeks ago a little boy came to the shop after shavings, and the soldier at once recognized him as his own. He asked the little one what his name was, if his mother was living and if she was married. The child gave his name—the same as his own—and said his mother was married to a black man. He told him to come back the next day and he would have some nice shavings and blocks ready for him. The next day the boy returned, and at the soldier's request, conducted him to where his mother lived. The mulatto was not at home. Upon seeing her soldier husband, the woman, as a matter of course, fainted after the most approved fashion and went into hysterics. She soon recovered, however, and after a few moments conversation an understanding was arrived at between them. Her last husband had but two hundred dollars in money—what was left of the proceeds of the sale of his establishment in Toledo—which she proceeded to secure, together with such little articles as she needed for her own comfort and that of her child, and the two, with their boy, left the house and the city the next day and has not been seen since.—Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.

Joking in School.

Mr. Moody of the Winthrop Gazette, who has had some pedagogical experience, tells the following good joke of himself:

We once had a pupil who would not passably engaged with his slate. Accidentally passing his desk, we discovered on his slate a picture of somebody. We cared nothing for the picture, but wishing him to know we had seen it, said:

"George!"

He looked up and bawled out:

"What?"

"Were you looking in the glass when you drew that?"

"No," said he, "I was looking at you."

It is dangerous joking with clowns or fools. Once we set one of the latter class to work in our garden, and suspecting he would "nurse the hoe handle" as soon as we were out of sight, we stole upon him unawares after half an hour. He stood with his right hand poised over a large musquito that was drawing the foolish blood from his left arm. Stepping up behind him we gave him a sharp slap on the shoulder, and said briskly:

"Work away! Musquitoes never bite a fool."

The surprise hastened the fatal catastrophe to poor skeeter; as the fool raised the trap to see the result, one eye looking at the bloody blotch on his arm, and the other asked at us, he said, with very leisure emphasis:

"Hain't you glad orn't?"

Receipt for Fits.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and shall charge you nothing for them; you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also. Now then, for the prescriptions:

For a fit of passion, walk in the open air; you may speak to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaim yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next time and work like a horse.

For a fit of extravagance or folly go to the workhouse, or speak to the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced—

"Who maketh his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn."

For a fit of ambition, go into a church-yard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your chamber bed, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

Elias Howe, Jr.

The death of Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of sewing machines, is announced as having occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago. The deceased has left behind him an invention which will live forever a monument to his genius, perseverance, and industry. He was born in Spencer, Mass., in 1810, of poor parents. He received a scanty education, and developing a taste for machinery, learned the trade of machinist. He devoted his attention early to the invention of a sewing machine, receiving but little encouragement, as the idea of supplanting stitching with machinery was almost universally scouted, being classed with perpetual motion vagaries. However, in 1846, his genius triumphed and he received a patent on his pet machine. After years spent in litigation, growing out of infringements on his patent, he finally succeeded in establishing his rights, and found himself the sole possessor of an invention which not only benefitted thousands of the human family, but likewise brought fabulous wealth to his depleted treasury. During the war he enlisted as a private in a Massachusetts regiment, and served his country with credit and distinction. The soldier never had a better friend, nor the army a better private soldier than the millionaire volunteer.

A NEW-YORKER.—A little girl who had been visiting in the family of a neighbor, hearing them speak of her father being a widower, on her return home addressed him thus:

"Pa, are you a widower?"

"Yes, my child. Don't you know your mother's dead?"

"Why, yes, I knew mother was dead; but you always told me you was a New-Yorker."

Baron Platt once, when visiting a penal institution, inspected the treadmill with the rest, and, being practically disposed, the learned judge trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, he had had quite enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy.

"Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go."

So the Judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

CHASE AND THE PRESIDENCY.—A soon be inaugurated by the friends of Chief Justice Chase to bring him prominently before the country as a Presidential candidate. Leading Northern politicians have been in consultation with him for several days past, and it is intimated that one of the prominent Republican papers of New York city will soon hoist his standard and squarely advocate his claims against all other candidates.

The Counterfeit Bonds.

An expert of the Treasury Department, positively asserts that the alleged counterfeit bonds are printed from the same plate as the genuine, and the impression was obtained in the Department by the same means as was the hundred dollars interest policy plate, some months ago.

A most extraordinary matrimonial arrangement has lately been consummated in Chicago. The three bridegrooms are brothers, and the happy brides are sisters, and it was literally the marriage of two entire families. It was an economical arrangement, thus wowing and marrying at wholesale—a great saving in lights, fuel and the expenses of the wedding festivities was effected.

A Radical spread eagle orator, who recently addressed a meeting in New York State, wanted things to fly to every village and hamlet in this broad land, there to tell the story of Andrew Johnson's perfidy to the Republican party. He wilted, however, rather suddenly when a naughty boy in the audience sang out:

"Dry up, you old fool; you'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

"What object do you see?" asked a surgeon of a patient who had recently undergone an operation to restore his eyesight. The young'n hesitated a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it's your shadow."

The New York Commercial Advertiser says (the result did not turn half so much on the question whether colored men should vote in Ohio, as whether we would, by military law, convert the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, etc., into St. Domingos?)

A lawyer in Milford, whom we call Brief, received a letter a few days since, evidently directed in an honest Hibernian hand, to Squire Brief, Liey, and Attorney Milford, Mass.

The statement that coal has been discovered in Alaska is circumstantial, and in accordance with previous suggestions.