Wit and Humor.

Owed (Ode) to the Post Office.

LINES WRITTEN BY A "BOX HOLDER."—Oct. 1st 1861.

'Tis the first of October, and as often before
I've stepped up and settled with "Jack" the old score;
So I went to the office this morning to do,
And a right jolly time I had of it too;
For when I appeared at the window, so small,
The clerk roared out at me, "Four dollars is all!"
Now four dollars, these times, is a jolly good joke,
More particularly so, when a man is dead broke—
Having squared up his grocer, and paid his house-rent,
Finds himself in possession of "very nat rent."
But to talk of four dollars in this humorous style,
I really felt hurt, but couldn't but smile,
As I heard the pay chorus that greeted my ears,
"Four dollars! four dollars! or you'll be in arrears!
Four dollars! four dollars! four dollars! to-day,
Four dollars! four dollars! your box rent to pay.
Four dollars! four dollars!"—I couldn't but think,
As I saw the rich evils, and heard its clear chink;
Really I here true it is, "Money is King,"
And four dollars, just now, is a very "big thing."
Now what's to be done? thought I; here's a case—
Uncle Sam doesn't trust; so I can't "run my face,"
Till "play even" on the clerk, mixed I to myself,
And got him to lay my bill on the shelf.
So I steps to the window—puts on a sweet smile—
Oh, heavens! his face is even down till a mile.
"Come out, my good friend, and we'll take a small sup,"
"Four dollars! four dollars! or your box will go up!"
Zounds! thought I, a drink he refuses,
Now I'm bound to find out just what his excuse is.
"Good friend," said I, with my face all agrin,
"Do I understand you to say that you go back on your
pin?
"You're a liar!" roared the clerk, "on *that* point I'm
sound,
Just you wait a few moments and I will come round."
So shutting his window and locking the same,
I began to bethink me how to play out my game.
We must not officially, but met as friends,
His the inviter, with "many strings" (bends);
But my credit was good at Mendum's you see,
For 'twas there that I lived on those lunches so free.
So we bent our steps thither, and drew that drink
I made it all right—at least so I think:
For my friend from the post office kindly consented
To hold on to my box—so it rannot be rented.
I advise all my friends who are fixed in the same way
To do as I have done, and they'll come out "O. K."

LATER—OCTOBER 2.

What "change comes o'er the spirit of my dreams!"
I've lost my box!—yes, so it surely seems;
For when I called to-day my friend to see,
He tells me—"Round the corner—I to 2."
Indignantly I looked at him, and scanned his visage o'er—
"I thought you'd holdon to my box—you told me so before."
"And so I will," the clerk replied, "and won't let go my hold.
'Till you come down four dollars more, and own that you are sold!"

MORAL.

All ye that have a P. O. box, with dun bill stuck therein,
Don't think that you can "soap" the clerk with Mendum's
"OLD TOM GIN."

MATRIMONIAL.—Here is a genius that deserves to be cultivated. If any young lady or widow is in want of a beau we rather think this is her Billy Barlow:

I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition; and hair of any color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height I am either five feet eight or eight feet five, I forget which. Weight 135, 315, or 531, one of these; recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement, am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes butternut brindle, tinged pea-green. Nose blunt, according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the Composite, and mouth between a catfish and an alligator's made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters.—Ears palmated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog hair, moss and briar bush, well behaved, fearfully luxuriant.

I am sound in limb, and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 9, when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile with double rhyme on both edges, to read backward and foreward, crosswise, diagonally.—Can play the jewsharp and bass drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first-rate at ten pins; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal and perfectly docile, when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want some one to tell me. Money is no object as I never was troubled with any, never expect to be.

PLUCK OF THE HOOSIER GIRLS.—The young ladies of Logansport, Ind., at a meeting held on the 30th of September, passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we deem it to be the duty of every young unmarried man to enlist and fight for the honor of his country, his flag, and his own *reputation*.

2d. That the young men, in this time of our country's peril, have but one good excuse for not being a soldier and that is cowardice.

3d. That the young man who now fails to respond to the call of his country, is not worthy the kind regards or the smiles of the young ladies of our native Hoosier State, and that none but ladies of a doubtful age will smile on such men.

4th. That we will have nothing to do with young men who refuse to go to the war, and that "Home Guards" must keep their distance.

5th. That the young man who has not pluck enough to fight for his country has not got the manliness to make a good husband.

6th. That we will marry no man who has not been a soldier.

7th. That we will not marry till after the war is over; and then "Home Guards!" *no, never!!*

COULDN'T DEAD-HEAD.—The principal avenue leading to Detroit has a toll-gate near the Elmwood Cemetery road. As the cemetery was laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was made one of the conditions of the company's charter that all funeral processions should go back and forth *free*. One day, as Doctor Price, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gate-keeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," the keeper readily replied, "*we* couldn't afford that. You send too many *dead heads* through here as it is."

The doctor paid his toll, and never asked any favor after that.

A "SUMPTUOUS" traveler overtaking an old Presbyterian minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman upon his "turn out." "A nice horse yours, doctor! very—valuable beast that—but what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?" "Why, as you have asked me I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so—a sort of natural weakness."

A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent. At length a good-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said: "Vell, he was a good smoker!"

SHERIFF'S SALES.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas* and *Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County, and to me directed; there will be exposed to sale, by public vendue or outcry, on

Saturday, November 9th, 1861,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Pottsville, Schuylkill County, the following described Real Estate, to wit:

All that certain lot or piece of ground, situate in the Township of North Manheim, in the county of Schuylkill, and the first side of Centre street, in Broad Mountain, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post, thence along said street one hundred and fifty feet, (150) to a post, thence at right angles with said street, one hundred and fifty feet, (150) to a post, thence parallel with said street one hundred and fifty feet, (150) to a post, thence at right angles with said street one hundred and fifty feet, (150) to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and fifty feet square, be the same more or less, and is the same lot of ground which Jacob Hetrick and wife, by deed dated the 1st day of April, A. D. 1861, and recorded in Schuylkill County, in Deed Book No. 82, page 200, &c., granted and conveyed to Jacob Hetrick, party of the first part, in fee, with the appurtenances.

ALSO—All that certain lot or piece of ground, situate in the Township of North Manheim, in the county of Schuylkill, and the first side of Centre street, in Broad Mountain, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post, thence along said street one hundred and fifty feet, (150) to a post, thence at right angles with said street