

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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Advertisements of one square of eight lines or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,

Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

DR. D. B. SMITH,

Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain. August 1, 1867.

Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.—15.

C. W. SEIP, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—14.

J. B. COOPER, E. L. ROGERS,

COOPER & ROGERS,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS for the sale of Flour, Grain, Feed, Seeds, &c., 217 North Water Street, and 220 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Particular attention paid to BUCKWHEAT FLOUR. [Oct. 1 '68m6.

A Card.

Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,

Physician and Surgeon,
BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HAVING returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SATURDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—1 yr.

NEW GROCERY STORE.

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED to call at the New Grocery Store of the subscriber, on Main Street, one door below the "Jeffersonian" office, Stroudsburg, Pa., and examine of the best stock of GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS, FLOUR &c.,

ever brought to the place. Everything in the Grocery line will be found on sale in great abundance, and at prices at which all can purchase and live. Purchasers will save money by heeding this notice.
GEORGE F. HELLER.
October 22, 1868.—14.

M. D. COOLEAUGH,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
Opposite Woolen Mills,
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Respectfully announces to all citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.
CHAIRS, FURNITURE, &c., painted and repaired.
PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.
June 11, 1868.—14.

BEEF,

IRON AND PURE BRANDY,

BY DR. HARTMAN,
Regular Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

It will positively cure Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and all diseases of the Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.
It has been the means of RESTORING THOUSANDS to health who have been given up beyond the reach of medical assistance. It does more to relieve the Consumption than anything ever known. Unequaled strengthener for delicate Ladies and Children. EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS THE NECESSARY PORTION OF TWO POUNDS OF CHOICE BEEF.

The cure of Consumption was first effected by the use of RAW BEEF and BRANDY in Russia, afterwards in France, in which countries I have travelled for years.

I have used it with perfect success in my own family. In presenting this preparation to the public I feel confident that every afflicted one who reads this (even the most skeptical) may become convinced, by a single trial that it is truly a most valuable medicine.

Circulars and medicines sent to any address. Price \$1 per bottle—six for \$5.
Laboratory 512 South Fifteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale Agents, French, Richards & Co., Tenth and Market streets; Johnson, Holloway & Coyden, 602 Arch Street; R. Shoemaker & Co., Fourth and Race streets, Philadelphia.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Cheap Feed.

GRAIN AT 25 CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Apply at the BREWERY,
July 30, 1868.—14

LADIES' LUGGAGE

BY A. BRUTE.

How happy is the single life
Of all the priests and monks!
Not one of whom has got a wife
To bother him with trunks
And hand-boxes a load too great
For man or horse to bear,
Which railways charge for over weight
And cabs ask double fare.

Fell care, as when your bride you post,
Distracts your anxious mind,
Lest this portmanteau should be lost,
Or that be left behind;
Her baggage as you travel down
Life's hill, weighs more and more,
And still, as halder grows your crown,
Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by fashion vile and vain,
Hoops, petticoat and vests,
Now Yankee females to contain
Require no end of chests;
To which bags, baskets, bundles, add,
Too numerous to name,
Enough to drive a poor man mad;
A Job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head,
With baggage piled above,
Overturn you ride in dread,
With her whom you should love;
Then you the station when you gain,
Must see the lumber stowed,
And fears about it in the train
Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil
Of yours that she partakes;
Thus keep you on the fret and broil,
Your peace and comfort breaks,
With all these boxes all her things
(How many!) to inclose,
The fair incumbrance on you brings
A wagon load of woes.

Desperate Conflict With a Large Dog.
Mr. Patrick Flinn, butcher, of Wilmington, Del., says the *Republican*, had a desperate conflict with a savage dog, in which he came near losing his life. The circumstances were as follows:

A bull terrier, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, had been kept to guard the slaughter house. It was known that he was savage, and therefore he was usually kept chained and muzzled. At this time, however, the dog was free, having neither chain nor muzzle on him. Mr. Flinn was in his stocking feet, just preparing to kill, when he observed the dog come sneakingly towards him. Not thinking anything of it, however, he allowed the dog to approach him, when the brute suddenly seized him by the thigh. Mr. Flinn endeavored to pat him and coax him, but the animal meant mischief.

Cooking did no good, and he at once commenced a terrible attack on Mr. Flinn; and releasing his bite on his thigh, endeavored to seize him by the throat. Mr. Flinn, however, prevented the dog from doing this, and a terrible conflict commenced between them. Mr. Flinn fighting for his life, and the dog to tear him to pieces. They were fastened in a small slaughter house, so that Mr. Flinn had no chance of escape. There was another man in the slaughter house, but he took a panic, and ran up a ladder into a loft. Mr. Flinn finally succeeded in getting his hand down the dog's throat, and seized him by the tongue, which he endeavored to tear out. Sometimes the dog, whose weight was equal to Mr. Flinn, would almost overcome him, when he would again succeed in getting him upon his back. Both became nearly exhausted.

He called in vain for the craven up the ladder to come to his assistance; to hand him a knife, or anything to dispatch the brute—but every time he come down a few steps, the dog who apparently understood all, would become more enraged, and his panic would again seize him, and he would run up the ladder. A crowd of women and children had got around the door, all of whom heard the fight and cries, and not one of them thought of running to the morocco factory which was a short distance off, and where several men were at work, for assistance, but stood there horror stricken. Finally when Mr. Flinn was nearly exhausted, he managed to break away from the dog, and by some means to get up in a window, where the savage brute was too much exhausted to follow him. Assistance finally arrived, Mr. Flinn was rescued, but the animal appeared to know he had done wrong, and once made his escape. He was followed by a crowd, who shot him. Mr. Flinn, when liberated, had his clothes torn off him, and he was covered with blood, being bit all over by the animal. It was a narrow escape from a dreadful death.

To Remove "Proud Flesh."
Pulverize loaf sugar very fine, and apply it to the part affected. This is a new and easy remedy, and is said to remove it entirely, without pain. It has been practiced in England for years.

A friend of ours is very severe in his denunciation of the Grecian Bend. He says his wife has it and gets her back up so often that it is unpleasant to live with her.

A farmer at home should be found, And often looking at his ground— Inspecting fields, repairing fence— For dollars come by saving pence.

It is estimated that there are 265,000 threshing machines in the United States.

A Preachers' Stratagem.

It is said that one time when Lorenzo Dow preached under a large spruce-pine in South Carolina, he announced another appointment for preaching in the same place on that day twelve months. The year passed; and as Lorenzo was entering the neighborhood preceding his appointment, he overtook a colored boy who was blowing a long tin horn, and could send forth a blast, with rise and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him, "What's your name, sir?" "My name, Gabriel, sir," replied the brother in ebony. "Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?" "Yes, massa; I've been dar many a time." "Do you remember a big spruce-pine tree on that hill?" "O yes, Massa; I knows dat pine." "Did you know that Lorenzo Dow had an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?" "O yes, Massa; everybody knows dat." "Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow; and if you'll take your horn and go to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?" "Yes, Massa, I takes dat dollar." Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree top in due time. An immense concourse of persons, of all sizes and colors, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of the resurrection and grand assize, at the call of the trumpet phals which were to wake the sleeping nations. "Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose you should hear at this moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet." Sure enough at that moment the trump of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran, others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt, for a time, that the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the driving storm till the fright abated and some one discovered the colored angel who had caused the alarm quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying, "I forbid all persons from touching that boy up there. If a colored boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when you shall hear the trumpet of the archangel? How will ye be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?"

Death Warrants.

The Governor has signed the death warrants for the execution of George S. Twitchell for the murder of Mrs. Mary E. Hill, and Gerald Eaton for the murder of Timothy Heenan. The time fixed for carrying out the death sentence is the 5th of April. Some few weeks since, the celebrated pugilist, John C. Heenan the "Benicis Boy," one of the numerous husbands of the late Adah Isaacs Menken, was at Harrisburg, to intercede with Governor Geary, and endeavor to get a commutation of the death sentence to imprisonment for life in the case of Eaton. He was, however, unsuccessful, in his efforts to procure a modification of this man proved guilty of the murder of Heenan's brother. Soon after Eaton's counsel obtained an interview with Governor Geary, and got a respite of the sentence upon the representation that he was now able to prove that Eaton did not fire the fatal shot. There, however, seemed to be no reason for a longer delay, and the Governor, therefore, signed the death warrant on Monday. The execution to take place in the yard of the Moyamensing Prison of Philadelphia, at the time indicated.

Saturday Night.

Somebody gets off the following beautiful paragraph on the closing night of the week. There is a volume of truth in it: Saturday night makes the people human, sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them in to war drums and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a clash; the iron door vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters which it will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward ho! The door that has been ajar all week generally closes behind him; the world is shut out! Shut in, then, rather. Here are his treasures after all, not in the book—save the old family Bible—and not in the bank.

May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then poor fellow; Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue eyed or black eyed, but above all true eyed; get a little home, no matter how little, and a half, and then get the two or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of courage.

A good story is told of a captain who went into a grocery where there were a lot of loungers and no one offered him a seat. Knowing everything about the grocery he went behind the counter, and seizing a keg marked powder, threw it upon the fire, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, in my opinion we've lived long enough." The way they ran out of the store was a caution to ground and lofty tumbling. Of course the keg was empty.

A Great Mining Blast.

In a paragraph a short time since we referred to the preparations, in the hydraulic diggings at Smartsville, California, in an immense blast—the largest that had ever been undertaken in the mines of that State. A hill was to be blasted down with 1,200 kegs of powder! The last number of the *Mining Press* has a letter from an eye witness of the explosion. Says the writer: "On Tuesday evening last, the Smartsville Consolidated Hydraulic Mining Company's claims, where 1,200 kegs of powder were to be exploded was completed, when the drifting or total tunneling was measured, showing 570 feet in length, by 1½ in width and 3½ in height. The powder was then placed in different cross drifts, the head taken out of each keg, the kegs being stowed so as to break joints, and distributed in quantity, in proportion to the height of the hill to be operated upon. Mr. T. D. Field, of San Francisco, whose services were secured for the momentous occasion, entered the drifts, arranged the wires, placing cartridges in each of the cross-drifts, in such a manner as to ignite the whole mass at twelve different points at the same instant. Seventy feet of the main drift was then tamped, which was completed by 11 o'clock a. m. on Thursday. The wires were then laid to a point 500 feet distant, selected for the battery. The quantity of powder to be exploded in the blast, and the effects, to be anticipated, had been a theme of conversation and speculation by the people of the surrounding country for some time, many contending that life and property would be endangered; and it was publicly announced some time before, that on Tuesday at 12 o'clock the blast would be fired. The whole neighborhood was on the move. Families in the immediate vicinity could be seen with their little ones climbing over the mountain for safety. On the top of the most prominent hills could be seen groups of people anxiously waiting, whilst others, to show their bravery, remained within two or three hundred feet. The hour of twelve having at length arrived, and all having been ready for an hour past, Mr. Field charged the battery and gave the word when Miss Angie Crary promptly drew the cut-off, and, as quick as lightning can travel 500 feet, the hill was seen to rise some fifteen feet, open into a thousand pieces, and then settled back a pulverized mass, without making any report, there being only a slight trembling of the earth, and all was over. The space blown up was 170 feet in length, 180 feet in width, with an average depth of over 160 feet, supposed to amount to 200,000 tons of gravel and cements, which was thus prepared for washing. The cost of this blast is near \$6,000, and it will require 150 days full running time to wash per day, and fifteen cents per ton, will cost \$12,000. The cost of cuts and flumes, etc., preparatory to washing, is about \$200,000. You may judge from these items what it costs to commence, or what requires to place a hydraulic mine in order to commence work."

Old-Time Reception of the Presidential Message.

The manners of Congress have altered since the days of Washington. Then the Presidential Message was received with dignified courtesy, and a committee appointed to wait on the President with the reply. At the time appointed, the Senators went in procession to the President's room, and were received with that serious and stately courtesy which was then in vogue among persons high in office. Fancy a long dining-room with the tables and chairs removed. Before the fireplace stands a tall and superb figure clad in a suit of black velvet, with black silk stockings and silver buckles. His hair, white with powder, is gathered behind in a silk bag. He wears yellow gloves, and holds a cocked hat adorned with cockade and plume. A sword, with hilt of polished steel and sheath of white leather, further relieves the sombre magnificence of the President's form. The Senators enter, with the Vice President at their head, and read the address, to which the President makes a brief and courteous reply, and, at its conclusion, the Senate made a formal and ceremonious exit, and then returned to their chamber. Customs and manners have changed since then to a complete antithesis.

Calico Balls.

Calico balls are fashionable, but the manner of making up the dresses renders them (the dresses) worthless as gifts to the poor after the ball. Calico balls, as once given, were intended to combine pleasure with charity. Calico dresses were worn over the ball costume, at a specified hour taken off, and left with hostess, who, the following day, gave them to worthy poor people. Just now, however, the dresses are made up in all sorts of fantastic, ridiculous manners gentlemen even appearing in calico pants, vests and coats. Of course these things are useless as gifts. There is nothing to be done with them after the "party," and they must go into the rag-bag. The original idea was a sensible freak of fashion, and it is to be regretted that the present custom has come into vogue.

Velocipedextrinism has been added to the Unclesambocultrianlexicography by a Chicagoist as applicable to velocipedextrinism.

Don't speak ill of your old maids.

They are the true angels who resolutely refuse to make men miserable by marrying them.

A wag in town defines a lawyer to be a sponge that absorbs all it can, and yields nothing without squeezing.

Horses are so numerous in New South Wales that they can be bought for two cents apiece.

Advertisement in the "Jeff."

Speak Out!

Don't practice prevarication or circumlocution, young friends! It may be true of language, as judged by the dictionary, and as charged upon it by a famous satirical writer, that it was seemingly invented to hide thought, instead of expressing it. To this purpose the "ifs" and "ands" the "perhapses," etc. are very frequently put. But we warn you the more earnestly against their prevaricating use, if you are desirous of maintaining yourself respect and personal integrity.

No, no; never prevaricate. If a question is asked you answer promptly and squarely, or decline answering altogether. And the latter course it is your privilege to take, if an improper question is put to you, from idle curiosity, or some worse motive.

There are nothing more attractive in young people than frankness of bearing, frankness of look as well as of speech—an open countenance and a truthful tongue—an eye that never winks or squints beneath the burden of a falsehood, a lip that refuses to let a lie pass over it.

There are no words in the English language more valuable than the little monosyllables, "yes" and "no." There is not prevarication in them, when properly uttered. But when they are drawn out into "ye—e—s" and "no—o—o," then they become words of prevarication. Out with them, in a clear ring of the voice, when you speak them! Only so will you do justice to your native sense of propriety; only so can you be contented with yourself; only so can you be truly happy!

There is nothing so safe, in the long run, and surely nothing more beautiful, than truth frankly spoken.

A Funny Fight—An Elephant Attacks a Locomotive.

The following accounts of an encounter between an elephant and railway train in India, is taken from the *Benigalee* of January 24, an intelligent native newspaper published at Calcutta in English:

A correspondent writing to the *Indo-European Correspondence* from Moughry states that a very serious accident, brought about in a manner unknown, and perhaps unheard of since the establishment of railways, not only in India, but throughout the world, happened to a train on the 20th of December, at half past eight o'clock, between Sahelunge and Mizapore, about two miles from the latter station. At the time No. 5 down goods train was approaching a mango tree in which seventy elephants were stationed. The red lights glaring in the distance, and the noise and smoke of the engine, would have caused an awful consternation among the poor brutes, all of whom, more or less, tried to break away from their fastenings. One large male, however, the strongest and most courageous of the lot, became so infuriated that he broke his chain and rushed forward to intercept and encounter the supposed enemy. He had scarcely placed himself on the line when the train was down upon him. He encountered it with head and tusks; but animal strength proved no match for steam and machinery—the poor brute was knocked down and killed on the spot, and the engine, rebounding, ran off the line, and it and eleven carriages were capsized into a ditch. The fireman luckily managed to jump off in time, and the guard did the same, but the poor driver, named Smith, remained in his place, and received injuries from which it is not expected he will recover.

Rewards of Fidelity.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

Some persons are poisoned by tobacco, even in the smallest dose. Lifelong smokers frequently show symptoms, at an advanced age, of having suffered, by narcotic poison.—Among these symptoms are languor, giddiness, dyspepsia and colic feet. Such persons should give up tobacco entirely. "Swearing off" for a time does them no good.

Gen. Grant received the other day by express a stout, new three, stunged broom with red, white and blue handle. Several persons were present in the General's room when it was handed to him, and numerous jokes passed as to its being an intimation that he should "sweep clean;" but the General himself expressed no opinion.

"Hiram my Boy," said a tender father to his son, "you must be more careful of yourself. You have not the constitution of some."

"Don't you believe it." I've got the constitution of a horse. Daug it, if I don't believe I've got the constitution of the United States?"

Kansas claims to have the most and the purest salt springs in the United States.

The Vote in the House to increase the pay of Members.

When the twenty-third session of the Appropriation Bill was before the House of Representatives, a few days ago, Mr. McMiller, Democrat, moved to increase the pay of members from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars.

The discussion upon the amendment was conducted by Mr. McMiller, (Dem.) and Mr. Davis, (Rep.) in its favor, and by Messrs. Nicholson, Wilson and Herr, (all Republicans) against it. The Democratic economists of the House sat mute, secretly praying for the success of the amendment.

Upon its adoption the Yeas and Nays were required by Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Stokes and were as follows:

YEAS—Adair, Bena, Cloud, Davis, Foy, Hovey, Holgate, Hoag, Kleckuer, Martin, Morgan, Myers, 12.—(Rep.)

YEAS—Beard, Bosard, Beas, Dalley, Gouddie, Joseph, McCullough, McGinnis, McMiller, Mullin, Nelson, Niece, O'Neil, Rogers, Stout, Westler, 16.—(Dem.)

NAYS—Beatty, Brown, (Huntingdon,) Burrit, Chamberlain, (Warren,) Dunbar, Edwards, Hamilton, Heiman, Herr, Herrold, Huffman, Hopkins, Humphries, Hunter, Jackson, Kerr, Leedom, Leslie, Longnecker, Meredith, Nicholson, Niles, Painter, Peters, Phillips, Rea, Robb, Robinson, (Blair,) Robinson, (Mercer,) Stokes, Stephens, Strachan, Strong, Summers, Taylor, Vankirk, Walker, Webb, Weller, Westlake, Wilson, Clark, Speaker, 45.—(Rep.)

NAYS—Brobst, Brown, (Clarion,) Cornman, Creitz, Davis, (McKeen,) Eschbach, Fogel, Hollenstein, Harsh, Jones, McKinstry, Meek, Miller, Place, Playford, Porter, (Cambria,) Porter, (York,) Shiveley, 18.—(Dem.)

and of the Democrats who voted among the nays, two or more dodged until the result was ascertained and then recorded their votes by leave of the House. For the increase, the vote stood twelve Republicans to sixteen Democrats, against it forty-five Republicans to eighteen Democrats. A majority of the vote to increase was Democratic, and were the ballot recorded as it actually stood when the roll call concluded, that majority constituted more than the one-half of the Democratic vote polled. Of the Republicans barely one-fifth co-operated for the amendment.

These facts and figures will be valuable for reference next summer when the democracy come to fire the guns which certain Republicans throughout the State have, for some time, been actively preparing for their use. When an actual, vital and interested raid upon the treasury is made the Democratic party, as usual, as found in the van of the attack.—*Beaver Radical.*

The following purports to be told by a husband of his loving little wife and excellent housekeeper: One day the wife moved her low rocking-chair close to her husband's side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat-collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel! She moved her hand up and down his coat sleeve.—"Husband," said she. "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking—" "Were you, my love?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag-carpet." The husband felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

Anecdote of two Dogs.

A gentleman had two dogs of the terrier breed—the one rough coated, and of rather large size, of great intelligence and great attachment, named Pincher; the other was a very smooth coated snarling little animal, but an excellent house, guard named Jacko. These animals lived together on very friendly terms, domiciled generally in the house keeper's room where they were great favorites. One Sunday evening the servants were summoned to prayers, leaving the room with their supper on the table, the cook only remaining in the kitchen adjoining the supper-room. In a short time Pincher went into the kitchen and pulled the cook's gown who, supposing he was begging for food chid the animal and drove him away. In few minutes he returned, and again pulled at the cook's garments when he was again reproved. A third time he came, and pulled at her gown with more vehemence; when, wondering at the cause, she followed him to the supper-room, where the first thing she saw was little Jacko helping himself to the supper. In this instance it is impossible not to suppose that Pincher knew right from wrong, and that he thought it his duty to report the wrong done, although by his playfellow and friend, to the person in authority. Here, in fact, a degree of intelligence was shown which is nearly allied to reason.

Don't speak ill of your old maids.—They are the true angels who resolutely refuse to make men miserable by marrying them.

A wag in town defines a lawyer to be a sponge that absorbs all it can, and yields nothing without squeezing.

Horses are so numerous in New South Wales that they can be bought for two cents apiece.

Advertisement in the "Jeff."

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