

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUMVIER.

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Poetry.

LICENSED FOR WHAT.

Licensed to make the strong man weak;
Licensed to lay the wise man low;
Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.
Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed to what the murderer's knife.
Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain,
And rob him of his very last;
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crows thy work at last.
Licensed, like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
To mock his struggles—such him dry—
Then cast the worthless hulk away.
Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below.

PUMPKIN PIE-TY FOR THANKSGIVING.

Tell me not of beef and mustard,
Buckwheat cakes, wheat bread or rye;
Puddings vile or marsh-mallows,
But give me the Pumpkin Pie!
Take away your nasty taters,
From such base born things I fly;
He who to my relish eaters,
Must fetch on the Pumpkin Pie!
If the boon to man was given,
Choice of death, by which to die,—
Mine would usher me to heaven,
Eating hunks of Pumpkin Pie!

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

HARPY FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The exciting, shifting course of events requires us again to introduce the Jewess, and her bright, blue-eyed, intelligent boy. We left them in a talk about the shaded valley of death—the boy seated by the old family harp, and looking up into his mother's face, with a strange, thoughtful gaze. Since then—together, perhaps, with a few christian friends, many such like precious seasons had been enjoyed—seasons of social converse and praise. And the time had glided as pleasantly and profitably away, as it could well have done, under the circumstances,—the boy rapidly progressing in knowledge, and the mother maturing fastly for the coming glories. Residing in a retired part of the city, at a long distance from the scenes of death and horror then going on, and surrounded by the poorer and less-noticed classes, the mother had felt herself and boy hitherto quite secure. For a night or two past, however, small detachments of soldiers had dashed past the door, shouting their accustomed imprecations; and she had, in consequence, experienced no little uneasiness in her lonely, unprotected condition. But her trust was in the God of Israel, whose angel encampeth round about them that fear Him. And then—her sweet, darling boy! Was he not more to her than many angels? Did he not far excel all others in the maturity of his powers? And was there not in his mild, soft blue eyes a something more than earthly?—a spirituality, that pointed her to him as the special gift of heaven, to cheer her widowed hours, and throw a bright sunshine all along the future of her life. So she felt—thought,—and as, betimes, a sense of loneliness would steal over her, or some distrustful fear flit across her mind, a look at the mystic eyes, or a touch of the soft, curled hair, or a kiss impressed on the white, transparent cheek of her boy, would instantly tranquillize her soul, and fill it with a strange, mysterious joy. Then every spare moment found them together in the little anti-chamber,—the boy reclining in his dear mother's arms, and, looking up brightly in her face, making his inquiries about the life to come, while her hand rested delicately on his forehead, or her fingers adjusted, with a mother's pride, his soft, curling locks; or, as they were often wont, they would sing together some favorite Hymn of the Christians, or some of the sweet songs of Israel,—the old harp never failing to do its part at such times.—They are thus engaged at present, and have been for an hour or more. They had just been singing one of Israel's plaintive songs, and the tears which it had drawn from the mother's eyes, are still fresh on her cheeks. It had awakened the fond memories of other days, and recalled vividly to her mind some sad things in her nation's history. "O! I should like to sing that sweet song of Israel again,—though I see it makes you sad, mother," said the boy, hesitatingly. "Yes, my child, it does, but I love to sing it,—more so now than ever, for I feel more for my poor, dear people now." In a moment, the boy's fingers were again on the strings of the harp, and their voices rising in blended strains to heaven. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; we wept, when we remembered Zion. Thereof we hanged our harps on the willows in the midst. For they that carried us captive, required of us a song; they that wasted us, required of us mirth, (singing, sing us one of the songs of Zion."

"Was that your people—the Jews, mother?" inquired the boy, looking up earnestly in his mother's face.

The tears were coursing freely down her cheeks, while, seated close by his side, her hand rested on his shoulder.

"Yes, my child," said she, wiping the tears from her eyes, "they were my fathers, and many were their afflictions."

"But why were they carried into Babylon, so far away from their own country?"

"Because of their sins, my child."

There was a short silence—the boy gazing thoughtfully at the harp, and carelessly touching its strings with his fingers, while the mother leaned her head sorrowfully on his shoulder.

"I don't wonder your people wept, so far away, in that strange land,—I think I would have wept, too."

"Yes, my child, their beautiful temple on mount Zion, and all the pleasant things they had had there, came up to their remembrance and drew bitter tears from their eyes. Even the recollection of one's early home, and the sunny pleasures of youth, in certain conditions of life, may sadden the heart."

"But why did your people hang their harps on the willows? Couldn't they sing in that strange land as well as in any other? Isn't it our duty, too, mother, to praise God in every place, wherever we are?"

"Perhaps, they were in fault, my child, but their sorrow and anguish were too great. There is a sorrow so intense, that music is only an aggravation of it, and seems to do violence to the feelings. Ah! my dear child, my people were then called to a time of weeping and mourning only, and they hung up their harps, and mingled their tears with the sullen waters."

"But, sing on," said the mother.

In a moment his fingers were on the harp strings.—

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

If I prefer not Jerusalem before my Chief Joy." Here the boy suddenly stopped, and quickly turned his blue, sparkling eyes up at his mother.

"O! how I should like to go to that place—Jerusalem! How your poor, dear people must have loved it!" said he.

"Yes, dearly—dearly! my child;—but it was worthy *them* of their love."

"And, O! wasn't it there, the 'sweet singer of Israel' himself lived?"

"Yes, my child, but there're no such singers there now. The glory of Israel has departed. Her happiest and best days are gone. Her olive yards and vineyards lie waste—her rocks and daughters are wandering afar without a home or shelter;—they are a poor, afflicted, guilty people," said the mother, with a sigh.

"Guilty! O, yes—they put the dear, blessed Saviour to death. How horrid—dreadful a thing that was in them, mother! Wasn't it?"

"Yes; but they knew not what they did."

"Didn't they know he was the dear Saviour, mother?"

"No; their eyes were blinded."

"Then, they may be saved, too—mayn't they?"

"They were not the less guilty, on that account, my child; but there's salvation for them as well as others, if they repent and believe. Many of them *did* repent, and the very blood which their own hands had shed, washed away their sins."

"What a Saviour! what love, too!" exclaimed the boy, almost in an ecstasy. "O! I should like to go, to see the land where he lived—where he died. I might see the very cross itself—stained with his dear, precious blood. But—I know I shall never go, mother."

These last words were uttered with a low, solemn, hesitating voice; and as they were spoken, he hung his head, and looked, sorrowful, at the floor. She gazed upon him a moment, surprised, but said quickly:

"Perhaps you may, my child, when you grow older. If I'm spared, we may visit the land together. I should like to die there, and be laid in the sepulchres of my fathers. It's been in my mind many a year—'a foolish desire, perhaps, but natural, I think."

The boy still sat with his eyes fixed on the floor.

"It's nigh the hour of meeting, my child; you'd better go before it's late, if you still think you must go. It'll be dark to-night, I guess," said the mother, rising from her seat, and looking out at a small window.

Again she re-seated herself at his side.

"I must go, mother,—I feel I must; but I was thinking—thinking, mother, of another Jerusalem—the *New Jerusalem* on high. That's a better and happier place still. There their harps are all gold, and they're all sweet singers there like David; and there I can see the dear, blessed Saviour face to face. I'd rather go *there*—I think I'd be willing to go at any time, if it wasn't for leaving you, mother."

The mother made no reply, but impressed a fond kiss on the cheek of her darling boy.

"We're never too young to die,—are we, mother, if we are only ready?" said he, at the same time, laying his hand on her's.

"And do you feel ready, my child?"

"I do, mother—I feel my sins are all washed away by the dear Saviour's blood. I feel some times, too, as if I must go to where he is soon—to that strange, happy—happy place. O! if it wasn't leaving you, mother!" and a big tear or two fell from his eyes.

"God bless you, my child, and keep you

under his care to-night. Be watchful, and keep along that quiet, narrow street, till you arrive at the gate. They're all quiet, good people along there,—no one will disturb you. Return as soon as you can after the meeting's over—I shall be lonely."

"I shall—I'll return quickly, as I can. You'll see me again, mother. But you mustn't weep when I'm gone;—I mean, gone *to-night*," he added, after a moment's pause.

Saying this, he threw himself into his mother's arms, and embraced her again and again; and though a bright smile played over his white, transparent features, his eyes, all the while, were filled with tears.

"The Lord bless thee, mother—we'll meet again," and, rising quickly from her knees, he hurried out, and set off down the crooked, narrow street, at quite a run.

The poor mother followed him to the door—followed him with her prayers—followed him with her eyes, till his light, agile form was lost in the darkness.

She then returned to the little chamber, and throwing herself back in her seat, thanked God for such a child—for such a bright angel-gift; and then, her good heart fairly trembling with the full, gushing tide of her joys, she set herself expertly about sewing at a small article of dress for him, which she hoped to have finished by his return.

And now the reader may as well take a glance at her person. Though seated, you can easily see that her form is tall, slender, and delicate. Her hair is a light auburn; her complexion fair, with rather a peculiar whiteness about it. Her features are fine and regularly formed, and although her countenance is indicative of a more than ordinary seriousness, yet, as she now appears, busy at her sewing, no better specimen could be wished of the true, kind-hearted woman, or the wise, prudent, affectionate mother.

To be continued.

Miscellaneous.

RACE FOR A HUSBAND.

There lived in Gloucester county, N. J., an old widower, named Peter, who was an odd compound of whim and caprice; his circumstances were not affluent, nor yet indigent, but were considered "comfortable." At no great distance from his farm resided a buxom widow, about four feet in height, and it was said that her altitude was nearly the true gauge of the circumference of her waist. In the same direction, though further from the residence of Peter, lived another widow, named Amey. These ladies were competitors for the favorable regards of the widower. Peter's mind was long divided which of the two widows should have the preference. Amey was beyond doubt the most beautiful, but then Christiana was corpulent, and of course there was "more of her." He at last hit upon an expedient to bring the affair to a conclusion. He wrote a billet to each, purporting that he had also sent for her competitor, and was resolved to marry the one who should first arrive at his house; a lad was dispatched with the pair of billets; and first delivered the one addressed to Amey, whose residence was the most remote from that of the love-sick swain. She immediately ordered her fleetest horse to be saddled, while she arrayed herself in her best attire. By a very lucky chance, a stout horse stood saddled at the gate of Christiana, who was ready dressed to pay a visit to a neighbor when the messenger delivered the billet; she quickly mounted her courser, but no sooner had she got into the road that led to Peter's house, and cast her eyes in the direction towards Amey's residence, than she saw her rival rushing after her with the swiftness of the wind; and away went Christiana and Amey, whipping for dear life, with their bonnets gracefully hanging on their backs. Both ladies being equally mounted, Christiana preserved the lead, and after a race of a quarter of a mile, she bounced into Peter's door, exclaiming: "Well, here I am, Peter—I got here first!" The old gentleman expressed his happiness at the result, and took the *fast widdier* for better or for worse.

The following is the style of oath used by the Chinese in the Courts of California:

"Hong Tong chock shen ye shat lon sat ho now ree koo yau sock mou sin Kamshat koug shap pat chong ye coum shock shing teek yany an kasi." "I, —, give my oath in this public court to give evidence with the truth, and without any particle of partiality. I am certain that the heavenly God will examine into it, and send down his calamity on me; although, if my oath be a true one, his blessing will be bestowed upon me."

The above oath is written upon yellow paper, signed by the one who takes the oath, and burned in court. The oath sworn in China gives the blood of the witness to the devil if he tells a lie.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.—The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment, from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could, without any difficulty, make the staves, set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out after the barrel was headed—that was the question.

A HOLY PACK OF CARDS.

Richard Middleton, a British soldier, lately attended divine service with the rest of his regiment, in a church in Glasgow. Instead of pulling out a Bible to find the parsons text, he spread a pack of cards before him. This behavior was observed by the clergyman and the sergeant of the company to which he belonged. The latter ordered him to put up the cards, and on his refusal, conducted him after service before the Mayor, and preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent behavior.

"Well soldier," said the Mayor, "what excuse have you to offer? If you can make an apology it is well; if not, you shall be severely punished."

"Since your honor is so good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to speak for myself, I don't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march with the bare allowance of sixpence per day, and consequently could not have a Bible or any other good book." On saying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the Mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows: "When I see an ace, may it please your honor, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look upon a two or three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, and the latter, of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; a four, of the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; a five, the five virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps, (there were ten, indeed,) but five, your worship may remember, were wise, and five were foolish; a six, that in six days God created Heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; and eight, of the eight righteous persons who were saved from the deluge, viz: Noah and his wife and three sons, and their wives; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour, (there were ten, but only one offered his tribute of thanks;) and a ten, of the ten commandments."

Richard then took the knave, placed it beside him, and passed on to the queen, on which he observed as follows:

"This queen reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, as her companion the king does of the great King of Heaven, and of King George the Second."

"Well," returned the Mayor, "you have given me a good description of all the cards except the knave."

"If your honor will not be angry with me," returned Richard, "I can give you the same satisfaction on that, as any in the pack."

"No," said the Mayor.

"Well," returned the soldier, "the greatest knave I know is the sergeant who brought me before you."

"I don't know," replied the Mayor, "whether he be the greatest knave on foot; but I am sure he is the greatest fool."

The soldier then continued as follows:

"When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are three hundred and sixty-five—so many days are there in a year. The cards in a pack are fifty-two—so many weeks are there in a year. When I reckon how many tricks there are in a pack, I find there are twelve—so many months are in a year. So that a pack of cards is both Bible and almanac, and prayer-book to me."

The Mayor called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said he was the cleverest fellow he ever heard in all his life.

BY AND BY.—There is music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There is a hope wrapped up in them, and an articulate beat of a human heart.

By and by? We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California, the other to our lonely home.

Everybody says it sometime or other. The boy whispers it to himself when he dreams of exchanging the stubbed little shoes for boots, like a man.

The man murmurs it—when in life's middle watch he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes yet in the bud, waving in a cold late spring.

The old man says it when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow.

The weary watcher for the morning, while away the dark hours with "by and by—by and by."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in the almanac—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come. But fairy-like as it is, flitting like a star-bean over the dewy shadows of the years, no body can square it—and when we look back upon the many times these words have beguiled us, the memory of that silver by and by is like the sunrise of Ossian,—pleasant but mournful to the soul!"

It is said that a pretty pair of eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. Exactly so; and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them.

ART OF A YANKEE PAINTER.

A person who kept an inn by the road side, went to a painter, who, for a time, had set up his easel not a hundred miles from Lake Ontario, and inquired for what sum the painter would paint him a bear for a sign-board. It was to be "a real good one," that would attract customers.

"Fifteen dollars," replied the painter.

"That's too much," said the innkeeper; "Tom Larkins will do it for ten."

The painter cogitated for a moment. He did not like his rival should get a commission in preference to himself, although it was only for a sign-board.

"Is it to be a wild or tame bear?" he inquired.

"A wild one, to be sure!"

"With a chain or without one? again asked the painter.

"With a chain."

"Well, I will paint you a wild bear, without a chain, for ten dollars."

The bargain was struck, the painter set to work, and in due time sent home the sign-board, on which he had painted a huge brown bear, of a most ferocious aspect. The signboard was the admiration of all the neighborhood, and drew plenty of customers to the inn; and the innkeeper knew not whether to congratulate himself more upon the possession of so attractive a sign, or on having secured it for the little sum of ten dollars.

Time slipped on, his barrels were emptied, and his pockets filled. Everything went on thrivingly for three weeks, when, one night, there arose a violent storm of rain and wind, thunder and lightning, of the kind so common in North America, and which pass over with almost as much rapidity as they rise. When the innkeeper awoke next morning, the sun was shining, the birds singing, and all traces of the storm had passed away. He looked up anxiously to ascertain that his sign was safe. There it was, sure enough swinging to and fro as usual, but the bear had disappeared. The innkeeper could scarcely believe his eyes.—Full of anger and surprise he ran to the painter, and related what had happened. The painter looked up coolly from his work:

"Was it a wild bear or a tame one?"

"A wild bear."

"Was it chained or not?"

"I guess not."

"Then," cried the painter, triumphantly, "how could you expect a wild bear to remain in such a storm as that of last night without a chain?"

The innkeeper had nothing to say against so conclusive an argument, and finally agreed to give the painter fifteen dollars to paint for him another wild bear, with a chain, that would not take to the woods in the next storm.

For the benefit of our readers, it may be necessary to mention that the roguish painter had painted the first bear in water-colors, which had been washed away by the rain; the second bear was painted in oil colors, and was, therefore, able to stand the weather.

LIGHT SUPPERS.—One of the great secrets of health is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing.—Let such a one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard-working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the ordinary et ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to affirm, that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.

TWO DARKEYS in the west went out to hunt possums, and by accident found a large cave with a small entrance. Peeping in, they observed three young bear whelps in the interior.

"Look heah, Sam, while I go dar and git de young bars, you jest watch here for de ole bar."

Sam got asleep in the sun, when opening his eyes, he saw the old bear scrounging her way into the cave. Quick as wind he caught her by the tail and held on like a blaze.

"Hollow, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?"

"Lor bless you Jumbo save yourself honey, ef distail come out you'll know what dark de hole!"

SOCIAL DISTINCTION.—I sees Missus Jonsing dat you got anoder white gal workin for you. 'Yes, I see her dese free weeks?' "What de cause of your preference ob dese white gals, honey?" "Why de fac am when you gets one ob dese colored gals dey tink dars an ekality and makes demselves too familiar like; but dese white gals don't: dey keeps um's place!"

AN EXEMPLARY JUDGE.—The most extraordinary instance of patience on record in modern times is that of an Illinois judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of worthy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking—"Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

"Is that clean butter?" asked a grocer of a boy who had brought a quantity to market. "I should think it ought to be," replied the boy, "for marm and Sall were more than two hours picking the hairs and motes out of it last night."

VALUE OF A MANUSCRIPT.—The original manuscript of Gray's Elegy was lately sold at auction in London. There was really a "scene" in the auction room. Imagine a stranger entering in the midst of a sale of some rusty looking old books. The auctioneer produces two small half-sheets of paper, written over, torn and mutilated. He calls it "a most interesting article" and apologizes for its condition. Pickering bids £10; Rodds, Foss, Thorpe, Bohn, Holway, and some few amateurs quietly remark, twelve, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and so on, till there is a pause at sixty-three pounds! The hammer strikes.

"Hold!" says Mr. Foss.

"It is mine," says the amateur.

"No, I bid sixty-five in time."

"Then I bid seventy."

"Seventy-five," says Mr. Foss; and five are repeated again, until the two bits of paper are knocked down amidst a general cheer, to Pay-on and Foss, for one hundred pounds sterling!

On these bits of paper are written the first drafts of the Elegy in a country church yard by Thomas Gray, including five verses which were omitted in publication, and with the poet's interlinear corrections and alterations—certainly an "interesting article," several persons supposed it would call forth a ten pound note, perhaps even twenty.

RATHER STRONG!—Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always the buttered side down?

"I don't know. It hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this yere is the strongest butter I ever seed?"

"Hush up! it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? The great lazy thing!"

"What, your aunt?"

"No; this yere butter! To make that poor old woman churn it, when it's strong enough to churn itself!"

"Be still, Ziba! It only wants working over."

"Well, marm, if I's your, when I did it, I'd put in lots o' molasses!"

"You good-for-nothing! I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses."

"Well, people o'rank ought to eat it."

"Why people o'rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint you! What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter's taken the skin of my tongue, mother!"

"Ziba, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I tell you what I'd do with it, marm. I'd keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over, and die, as soon as they touch it!"

"Ziba, don't exaggerate; but here's twenty-five cents, go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."—[N. Y. Pic.

CAMP MEETING ANECDOTE.—At a campmeeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said: "I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down?"

This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said:

"Oh, brother, how could you say that?"

"Say that?" said the old gentleman; "it's a fact. If they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on?"

POLITICAL BITTERNESS.—Parson Eaton, of Harpsville, whose three cornered cocked hat, big white wig and shoe buckles, indelibly impressed our childish memory, was one of those stern old revolutionary Feds, who preached politics, as was the fashion of the day; and he prided politics, too; for in one of his public performances, during the struggle between Adams and Jefferson, he said—

"O Lord, thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies—and let us begin with Thomas Jefferson."

QUEER MATRIMONIAL BREAK.—A letter from a citizen in Livingston Co., Ky., to the Danville Tribune, relates the following bit of family history in that neighborhood:—"A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when at the age of eighteen she married him, she then being in her fifth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 68 years old, and she 18."

"Ah you don't know what mutchal enthusiasm it is!" said a music mad Miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, Madam, replied the wit, 'but I do: musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup: for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion."

"We know a man who is so mean that he won't draw his last breath, for fear he will lose the interest."

"Soldiers, come what may, can never be at a loss for bread, as they can always fall back on the regimental roll."