

# Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## I WANT A STEADY MAN.

I'm getting tired of single life,  
And see no reason why  
The ups and downs of married life  
I should not boldly try.  
I'm certain I should do my best  
To end as I began,  
And try and please, if I but had—  
A quiet, steady man.  
If I have had no offer yet,  
There's less of need, you see,  
For any one who thinks of me.  
To harbor jealousy  
I own I long have passed my teens,  
And think the wisest plan  
Is to look out for one to suit—  
I want a steady man.

One who will do the best abroad  
To help his wife at home,  
Who promises that he shall have  
No need from her to roam;  
Who is content with competence,  
Not seeks to lead the van;  
Whose greatest pride is but to be  
Known as a steady man.

## CHANCES AND CHANGES.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.  
"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go out to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes to-night, sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough query.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute, I'll bet my boots against a jack knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour."  
"Why in nature didn't you get us here sooner? Fourteen hours in Chicago is enough to break a fellow all to smash. Fourteen hours in Chicago, puffing and blowing! I've been told they keep a regular six hundred horse steam power all the while a running, to blow themselves up with, and pick the pockets of every traveler to pay the firemen and engineers! Wal, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke, I think that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brag—give your old hoss another peck of oats? I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best; but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortunes to our account. Snow drifts and the thermometer sixteen below zero, are enemies we can not readily overcome."

"That's so," said the first speaker, with broad emphasis, and a good natured, forgiving smile. "Fourteen hours in Chicago!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet, had aroused every sleeper from elysian dreams into which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, every eye was fixed on the man who had broke the silence. He was standing by the stove warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cowhide and sole leather, would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in these boots, with shoulders (cased in a fur coat) that looked more like bearing up a world than you will meet ordinarily, in half a lifetime. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark, piercing eye, and his jaws externally moving, with a rousing quid between them, while a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Wal, I can stand it, if the rest can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borrow of my friends, I've got the things that'll bring 'em. That's so."  
And he thrust his hand, a little less in size than a common spade, down into the cavernous depths of a broad striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand, full as it could hold, of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chicagoers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious looking little man, "you're more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well, I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's so. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the p'arries trapping p'rarry hens and the like, to get him a night lodging, or a pair of shoes, to keep the Massangers from biting my toes; I've hung myself up more one night in the timber, to keep out of the way of the wild varmints; best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree top! Now, I reckon you wouldn't believe it; but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot; and lived on wild game, when I could catch it. That's so."

"Didn't stant your growth," said a voice.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These p'arries are wonderful roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but mother and me held a caucus, and decided that she was getting old, and blind like, it tuk too long, and cost too much time to sew up the legs of my trousers, and so I put a step to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his breeches. It was only my love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd had an idea of a sewing machine, there's no telling what I might a done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket, you can afford to get your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother caucus, and see what you can do? If she would let you expand yourself you might sell out to Barnum, and make a fortune travelling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along."

"Stranger!" said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed with a mingled expression of pain and pride—"stranger! I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slightly word, like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back, for one hour, to look upon the country as it is now. She had her cabin here, when Chicago was nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give them larnin', but she taught us better things than books can give—to be honest, and useful, and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by a friend, and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side with our own hands; and, with many a tear and sob, turned ourselves away from the cabin where we'd been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothing to keep us—and so we went to seek our fortunes. My brother, he took down to St. Louis, and got married down there somers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped money enough together, I came back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I'd lain her bones was sacred, like. Well, in the course of time, it turned right up in the middle of Chicago. I couldn't stand that—I loved my old mother too well to let omnibusses travel over her grave, so I cum back about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved her away to the buryin' ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent arterward to sell my land. What cost a few hundred to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand—if I'd a kept it till now, it would have been worth ten times that; that's so, but I got enough for't. I soon turned that forty thousand into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, 'till I don't know nor don't care what I'm worth; that's so. I work hard, am the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink, nor fight; wish I didn't swear and chaw; but them got to be kind a second nature like, and the only thing that troubles me is my money—haven't got no wife nor children, and I'm going to hunt up my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, ain't ashamed of my big boots and old fashioned ways, and his gals is young women, and not ladies, and if they help their mother, and don't put on mor'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, every one of 'em."

"Now, gentlemen, 'tain't often I'm led to tell on myself after this fashion. But these old places, where I trapped when I was a boy, made me feel like a child again—and I just felt like telling these youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life, if he only tries to make the most of himself."

"But, boys," said he, turning to a party of young men, "there's something better than money. Get Education. Why, boys, if I had as much larnin' as money, I could be President in 1860 just as easy. Why, I could buy up half the North, and not miss it from my pile. But get larnin'; don't chaw tobacco; don't take to liquor; don't swear; and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live Speaker; and if you mind what I say you may be men, (and it ain't every fellow that wears a gaiter and breeches, that's a man, by a long ways.) Foller out her counsels; never do a thing that will make you ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reprov'n' me; and I never done a good thing and made a good move, but I've seemed to hear her say, 'That's right, Jack,' and that has been the best of all. Nothin' like a mother, boys; nothin' like a mother—that's so."

All this had passed while waiting to wood just outside of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up from the dark shadows of the past; his big, rough, heavy frame heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his deep set and earnest eyes—they swelled up to the brim—and swam around asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's memory—tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back to the end of the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, but-toned it close, and leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was there! what a giant intellect, sleeping, buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, habit and custom—doing but half work for want of culture! "A mute, inglorious Milton," or rather Webster, going about the world, struggling with his own soul, yet bound in chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good in his power to do.

All the way on our long, tedious journey, he had ever been on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire, to an Irish woman and her child, and took one further back; soon a young girl seated herself by his side; as the night hours wore on, and she nodded wearily, he rose, spread his beautiful leopard skin with

its soft, rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet bag and insisted that she should lie down and sleep.

"What will you do?" said she, naively.

"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep like a buffalo; I'm used to it—that's so!"

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap to give place to incomers, was pacified and made happy by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the big man's pocket. When he left the cars for refreshments, he brought back a handful of pies, and distributed them among a weary group. A mother and seven little children, the eldest not twelve years old, whose husband and father left the cars at every stopping place, and returned more stupid and beastly each time, scolding the tired, restless ones, with thick tongue, and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor grieving victim of a wife, like a tiger on its prey, "because she did not keep her young one still; they would disturb everybody." No bite of refreshment, no exhilarating draught, no rest from that fat, cross baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hand and took her baby boy for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

"I'll give yer a thousand dollars for him," said he as he handed him back to her arms.

"You may have the whole lot for that," answered the drunken man, with a swinlike grunt.

"It's a bargain," said the big man, "providin' the mother's willing."

"Indeed, sir, it's not one of them that can be had for money," was the quiet yet determined response of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her of the cars when, at the break of day, they came to their journey's end!

Thus, all night, he had been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars. But his kindness and rough politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers, had he not stamped it upon our memories with gold.

"I wonder who he is?" "Where did he get on?" "What an interesting character?" "Education would spoil him." "What rich furs!" "Did you notice what a splendid watch he carries?" "He's some great man, incoog."

Such were a few of the queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer, for he, who alone could have answered, sat crouching in his fur coat, seemingly unconscious of his own deep thoughts.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a band box for a sweet looking country girl who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage we discovered him again, holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, gray haired sire, the right information as to the route he should take to get to "his darter" who lived near Muscatine, Iowa.

"God bless him for his good deeds!" was our earnest aspiration, as we whirled around the corner. May his shadow never grow less, or the gold in his pocket diminish, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is, perhaps, doing more good in his day and generation, than he who denotes his thousands to build charitable institutions, to give honor to his own name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts that are capable to comprehend little things! and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise, and the rich, outgrow the everyday wants of humanity, and, feeling within themselves the power to move mightily, pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap with joy—and push on, looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished; and falling to find the great work, live and die, incarcerated by their own selfishness, and do nothing at all!

The rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance; his great heart warmed, and his great hand executed his little works of charity—so small that one would have expected to see them slip between his giant fingers unaccomplished—yet they were done. The "angel over his shoulder" will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done, than all the rest of the passengers of that crowded passenger car, on that long, tedious, stormy night, in January, 1866.

The Newport, Kentucky, News says that a slave was chained up and beaten to death recently in Pulaski county, by a Mr. Stigal, his owner, who gave him one hundred lashes a day for six days, and would have given him another hundred, but he was dead the seventh morning. The cause of the slave's whipping was his going to see his wife, on the next plantation, after having been forbidden.

The Jersey City Telegraph says that about 2500 cans of milk, containing 40 quarts each, or in the aggregate 100,000 quarts, are bro't to that city every day, of which the New Jersey company brings from Essex, Union, Middlesex and Somerset counties about 600 cases. The freight on all is about \$700, and the receipts at 6 cents per quart, is \$6000.

## PRaise YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable. For pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do upon the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Homely every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very humbleness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a white shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the task of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health; but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors because it is the custom; and they come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop your badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep, sometimes); if you would cease to speak of her faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-so-ish affection.—Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

## A "TAIL" OF A "SNAKE."

"Animals," says the lawyer, "sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cunning."

"I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent most of last year. I don't know why, but I was constantly watching them and testing their sagacity, by placing them in a new situation, and surrounding them with novel experiments. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copperheads.

"One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read—for I always had a book or a newspaper with me, and had been enjoying myself for some time when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred the rascal made a rush for the hole; but I caught the tail as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded not to let him try his hole again.

"After a while he started for it, stopping when I stirred to coil himself up; but as I kept pretty quiet, he recovered confidence and again went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs! But that didn't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another flirt.

"This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wriggled his tail, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so; and quicker than a flash he drew his head out, and came within a quarter of an inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out the next time. Well, he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work—I was too quick for him.

"This time he lay in a coil half an hour, without stirring. At last, however, he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! got the start of me by one of the cutest tricks you ever heard of."

"How was it?" we all exclaimed, in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest

and as a man could look, "why he just turned his head towards my hand, and went down that hole tail first!"

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year, and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Q. Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all revolutionary men—ended their terms of their service in the 66th year of their age. Washington born Feb. 22d 1732, inaugurated 1789, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; John Adams born Oct. 19th 1735, inaugurated 1797, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; Thomas Jefferson born April 21st 1743, inaugurated 1801, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; James Madison, born March 4th 1751, inaugurated 1809, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; James Monroe, born April 2d 1759, inaugurated 1817, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

MAKING AND SAVING MANURES.—In a recent meeting of the Legislative Agricultural Club of Connecticut, this subject was under discussion, and there was a very unanimous concurrence in the opinion, that the value of barn-yard manure is much increased by keeping it under cover. Barnyards washed by every rain, and manure heaps subject to the rain and to the sunshine lose vast amounts of their valuable constituents. One of the speakers stated that he had made fifty to seventy loads of manure from two hogs. He uses anything that can grow in one season—mullens, brush, alders, etc. All such material will rot in a hog pen; makes more manure in his hog-pen than in the yard, and keeps his yard manure as much under cover as possible.

FREE LOVE-ISM IN OHIO.—Free love-ism has broken out in Ohio. At a recent convention in Ravenna, Mrs. Lewis said, "although she had one husband in Cleveland, she considered herself married to the whole human race.—All men were her husbands, and she had an undying love for them." She said also, "what business is it to the world whether one man is the father of his children or ten men are? I have the right to say who shall be the father of my offspring." The universal affection creed is crossed with spiritualism and a very strong trace of religious infidelity. Whether the three will become incorporated into a new religion is yet a subject of doubt, though there are strong leanings that way.

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE.—The "National Hotel disease" has suddenly made its appearance in the capital of Russia. After a dinner which took place at a large educational establishment in St. Petersburg for the daughters of the nobility, under the patronage of the Empress, a number of young persons who were present on the occasion were taken suddenly ill. Five of them died within twenty-four hours, and the sixth was in the greatest danger. The Emperor visited the establishment, and ordered a most searching investigation to be instituted, but nothing has yet been discovered to throw light on the subject.

A SAFE MAN TO INSURE.—By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander and drawn out panting. "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, considerin'." Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."

Judge Wilmot's letter in favor of true American principles, says the Reading Journal, has completely knocked the breath out of the "side-door" operators. Their occupation is gone. The rank and file are everywhere flocking to the Union standard. Sanderson & Co. find themselves in the position of leaders without a party. They had better come out as flat-footed Loco-focos, and be done with it. The farce is as good as played out.

In five years from the present date Russia will have attained the age of one thousand years, an event to be celebrated by the erection of a monument, for which a subscription has been set on foot. The monument is to be built in the city of Novogorod, the capital of the first ruler of the empire, and voluntary contributions in aid of its erection will be received by government officials throughout the empire until 1862.

Chief Justice Carter, of Evansville, Ind., and two constables of that city, are now in jail there, having been sentenced to thirty days' confinement for a petty offence, and the Journal states that one of the constables of the city is in jail, that two others ran away in the night and have not yet returned, and that an ex-Justice swindled a number of his neighbors and decamped.

There is a man in Connecticut so much opposed to capital punishment that he refused to hang his gate.

## WHAT MEN DRINK.

A story has been going the rounds of the papers for several weeks, the gist of which is contained in the following paragraph:

"In the manufacture of brandy from raw spirits, a certain article called 'essence of brandy,' is sometimes used, which, in its properties is nearly allied to prussic acid, and a drop or two will produce instant death. At Toronto, Canada, a manufacturer of brandy, named Morris, applied his tongue to a preparation of this essence with a view probably to ascertain its strength, and in less than sixty seconds was a corpse."

From the various commentaries which have been made in relation to this fatal experiment of touching one's tongue to the "essence of brandy," it would seem that many of our editorial brethren have an extremely vague and indefinite idea of the nature of this strange and potent "essence." We propose to enlighten them, to the end that they and their readers will have a good reason to adopt the "taste not" adage in relation to this and all similar essences.

The true essence of all the alcoholic or intoxicating liquors in the world is alcohol itself. "Raw spirit" is simply alcohol, diluted with water. Every other alcoholic beverage, whether known as "spirituous or malt liquors, wine," &c., is nothing more or less than alcohol and water, commonly known as "raw whiskey"—and certain extraneous admixtures, alias poisons. With this raw whiskey and the appropriate compound or essence, all kinds of liquors, rum, brandy, wine, gin, ale, beer, etc., in all their variety, can be made to order on very short notice, and of any required degree of flavor, pungency, or intoxicating potency. The manufacture of these compounds has become quite an important business, and some of our chemists and druggists make their manufacture and sale a speciality.

The adulteration of alcohol, or the manufacture of fictitious liquors, is as profitable to the producer as it is killing to the consumer. For example, ten cents' worth of arsenic or corrosive sublimate, added to a barrel of rum, brandy, gin, or whiskey, will double its commercial value, that is, it will enable the dealer to add to it a barrel of water, and still have the same potency to effect, or disturb, or stimulate the system as an ordinary glass, or drink, or dose.

But if the well-skilled manufacturer wishes to augment the power of his liquor to act on the brain and nervous system rather than on the digestive and circulating system, that is, to intoxicate and stupefy rather than excite or irritate, he has only to change the leading drug of his "essence" from a caustic to a narcotic. Instead of arsenic, cayenne, corrosive sublimate, phosphorus, etc., he will use prussic acid, strychnine, henbane, belladonna, etc.

A dollar's worth of either of these drugs will increase the potency of a whole barrel of alcohol, in whatever form or disguise it may appear as a beverage, one hundred per cent. Hence, if a barrel of brandy, without "essence," will amount, when retailed by the drink, to one hundred and twenty dollars and ninety-six cents, (we allow half a cent for a drink, price six cents), one dollar invested in prussic acid or strychnine will enable the same barrel to bear an equal amount of water, while each drink will "make drunk come," equal to the genuine article, and if the flavoring and pungency is carefully managed with extract of logwood, burnt sugar, sulphuric acid, vitriol, sugar of lead, grains of paradise, cocculus indicus, hops, alum, horse-radish, "botanical" juniper, lime, chamber lye, etc., the "most fastidious taste" will not be offended, and the "connoisseur" will find his cultivated appetite and sensuality fully satisfied, while the dealer gets for his barrel of brandy two hundred and forty-one dollars and ninety-two cents.

The paragraph above quoted represents the "essence of brandy" which killed the Toronto manufacturer, to be in its properties, "very nearly allied to prussic acid. It is indeed so. It is as nearly allied to prussic acid as prussic acid is to itself. The same experiment has been tried many times before, and with exactly the same result. Many chemists, physicians and apothecaries have accidentally tasted the contents of a bottle containing prussic acid, and "in less than sixty seconds were corpses."—Life Illustrated.

In the Bull-fighting days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull-pup, induced his father to go on all-fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed, "hold him, Growler, boy, hold him! Bear it, daddy, bear it! It will be the making of the pup!"

"Do you sell pies?" asked a green looking fellow, as he lounged into a confectioner's in Wellington street. "Pies sir?" replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "Yes sir; all sorts; what kind of pie will you have, sir?" "Well, I think I'll take a mag pie."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin," replied the other, "hothershen, I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

There are now seven mariners in the Pittsburg jail. President Buchanan is now at Bedford Springs.