Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1863. VOL. 9.—NO. 49.

WHERE ARE THE COPPERHEADS?

Go look upon the battle field,
Where shot and shell fly fast;
Where Freedom's stiring battle cry
Is heard upon the blast;
Go where the lifted sabres flash,
And fall on traitor crests;
Where Southern bayonets are dim
With blood from Northern breasts;
Go search amid the loyal ranks—
Among the glorious dead—
Among them all you will not find
A single Copperhead.

Go, search the gunboat's bloody deck,
When the dread conflict's done,
The traitor's banner in the dust,
And silenced every gun;
While o'er the hard won rampart floats
Our flag, yet oh! what pain,
'Neath that dear flag since morning light,
How many have been slain;
Among the heroes of the fight,
The living and the dead—
Go search among them—there is not
A single Copperhead.

Go search the crowded hospital,
Where ghastly wounds are seen,
Which tell through what a struggle fierce,
Those noble men have been;
But look upon their faces, lo!
They smile through all their pain;
The scars they bear were nobly won—
Their honor has no stain.
Soft hands are ministering; kind words
Are heard around each bed;
Some soothe, some suffer, all are true;
There is no Copperhead.

Go where the look can scarce conceal
The treason of the heart;
And where the tongue would willingly
Defend the traitor's part;
Where Seymour, Wood and Voorhees are
Deemed patriotic men;
Go where desertion is no crime,
Where loyalty is dead,
Where sad disaster gives no pain;
There is the Copperhead.

Go where foul scorn is heaped upon
Our noble boys, who go
To stand, a wall of fire, between
Us and our traitor foe.
Go where bold Grant's revilers are;
Where Burnside is defamed;
Where Banks and Butler—noble names—
In scorn alone are named.
Go where true patriotic pride,
Honor, and truth, are dead—
Where our success brings but despair;
There is the Copperhead.

LAW FOR CONSPIRATORS.

From N. Y. Tribune

Casting about for means wherewith to nullify the Conscription Law and resist the Draft, disloyal men and newspapers seemed to have agreed with considerable unanimity on a plan for arraying the State against the National Government by help of Habeas Corpus and the State Courts. It was proposed that whoever was drafted should sue out a habeas corpus from some Court presided over by a disloyal Judge, and that upon the hearing on the writ the Judge should pronounce the Conscription Act unconstitutional, and therefore discharge the conscript, who was to go on his way rejoicing. The recent instructions of Provost Marshal-General Fry, in anticipation of this purpose, direct his subordinates not to produce the deserter or conscript before a State Court in obedience to a writ of habeas corpus, and the conspirators whose plot is thus frustrated have made haste to denounce the instructions as an outrage upon the judiciary and the rights of the States. They propose that a Marshal refusing obedience to the writ shall be proceeded against by attachment for contempt; that the Sheriff serving that process shall appeal to the State Militia to enforce it, and finally that Gov. Seymour shall put himself at the head of his State troops in battle array against the National forces. By the time this is accomplished, it is expected that a very material diversion in favor of the Rebellion will have been accomplished; or in other words that a Northern Rebellion shall be organized with military force. All this is based upon the supposed respect of the people for legal forms and Constitutional rights, and might be in that view a very good plot but for one consideration. The Supreme Court of the United States has already decided the question on which this issue is to be made, and has decided it adversely to the authority of the State Courts.

The case of *Ableman, agt. Booth*, 21 Howard's Supreme Court Reports, 506, is well known, both to the legal profession and the country, as that in which the effort of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin to protect a citizen of that State against Federal persecution was finally defeated. Booth was arrested on a United States Commissioner's warrant, for aiding and abetting the escape of an alleged fugitive who had been arrested under the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. He was discharged from the custody of the U. S. Marshal by the Supreme Court of the State, on the ground that the Fugitive Slave Act was unconstitutional; exactly the ground on which it is now proposed that a conscript shall be discharged, so that the two cases are in all respects identical. Booth was legally in the custody of the U. S. Marshal, just as the conscript will be legally in the custody of the Provost-Marshal. But the United States Court decides not only that he should not have been discharged because the law was constitutional, but goes further and declares it to be the duty of the Marshal *not to obey the precept of the State authority*. He is to make known to the State Judge that he holds the prisoner under a United States process, but he is *not to produce the prisoner* in obedience to the writ of habeas corpus from the State Court. This decision is the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, and is pronounced by no less a person than Mr. Chief Justice Taney himself. It is so full and emphatic, and so completely disposes of the whole case, that we copy the material portion of the opinion. Judge Taney says:

"We do not question the authority of a State Court or Judge, who is authorized by the laws of the State to issue the writ of habeas corpus, to issue it in any case where the party is imprisoned within its territorial limits, provided it does not appear when the application is made that the person imprisoned is in custody under the authority of the United States. The Court or Judge has a right to inquire, in this mode of proceeding, for what cause and by what authority the prisoner is confined within the territorial limits of the State sovereignty; and it is the duty of the Marshal, or other person having the custody of the prisoner, to make known to the Judge or Court, by a proper return, the authority by which he holds him in custody. This right to inquire by process of habeas corpus, and the duty of the officer to make a return, grow necessarily out of the complex character of our Government, and the existence of two distinct and separate sovereignties within the same territorial space, each of them restricted in its powers, and each within its sphere of action, prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, independent of the other. But after the return is made, and the State Judge or Court judicially apprised that the party is in custody under the authority of the United States, they can proceed no further. They then know that the prisoner is within the dominion and jurisdiction of another Government, *and that neither the writ of habeas corpus, nor any other process issued under State authority, can pass over the line of division between the two sovereignties. He is then within the dominion and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States.* If he has committed an offense against their laws, their tribunals alone can punish him. If he is wrongfully imprisoned, then judicial tribunals can release him and afford him redress. And although, as we have said, it is the duty of the Marshal, or other person holding him, to make known by a proper return the authority under which he detains him, *it is at the same time imperatively his duty to obey the process of the U. S., to hold the prisoner in custody under it, and to refuse obedience to the mandate or process of any other government. And consequently it is his duty not to take the prisoner, nor suffer him to be taken, before a State Judge or Court upon a habeas corpus issued under State authority.* No State Judge or Court, after they are judicially informed that the party is imprisoned under the authority of the United States, has any right to interfere with him, or to require him to be brought before them. And if the authority of a State, in the form of judicial process or otherwise, should attempt to control the Marshal or other authorized officer or agent of the United States, in any respect, in the custody of his prisoner, *it would be his duty to resist it, and to call to his aid any force that might be necessary to maintain the authority of law against illegal interference.* No judicial process, whatever form it may assume, can have any lawful authority outside of the limits of the jurisdiction of the Court or Judge by which it is issued; and an attempt to enforce it beyond these boundaries is nothing less than *lawless violence*."—(21 Howard S. C. R., 523 4.)

Now, that was the law which the Supreme Court of the United States announced in order to carry into effect the most infamous statute ever passed in this or any other country—the Fugitive Slave act of 185 . Democratic papers and politicians exulted over it then, when it was meant to consign to prison a citizen whose only crime was that he refused to be an accomplice to slave hunting under the law. They may not welcome it now, when it serves to enforce a law vital to the safety of the Republic, but they must accept and obey it. Northern conspirators and their agents, the rioters, may as well understand now that the Government stands pledged to enforce the draft at all hazards; that it has both Law and Force on its side, and that it will execute the one by help of the other, if necessary. Messrs. Seymour, Wood, Brooks & Co., you have tried to incite to sedition by language, you have created a riot which you meant to be insurrection, and you may even yet strive to entangle the Courts and the State in a conflict with the National Government; but you will fail in that effort as you have failed in the others, and you will then stand, if possible, more openly convicted of treason, and even more heartily execrated than now, by the country which you in vain seek to destroy.

ONE OF JEFF. DAVIS' CHILDREN IN WISCONSIN.—The Oshkosh (Wis.) Northwestern says: "We have been informed on good authority, that there is a child of Jeff. Davis, the President of the so-called Southern Confederacy, educating among the Stockbridge Indians, at their settlement in Shawnee county. Davis, it is well known, was stationed at Fort Winnebago, some years ago, and there formed the acquaintance of the mother of the child, a Menomonee squaw."

Let our recreations be many, moderate, seasonable, and lawful. If your life be sedentary, let it be tending to the exercises of your body; if active, more to the refreshing of your mind. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest.

A friend in California writes us that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They hang their kettles on their hind legs, which are bent for the purpose, like pot hooks.

One day a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper, "Ah master," said the artizan "it's a sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

A Record of Inhuman Cruelties.

REBEL BARBARITIES IN E. TENNESSEE.

Innocent Men Hanged, Children Shot and Women Tortured to Death.

The editor of the Memphis *Bulletin*, who has been upon a visit to Nashville, communicates the following to his paper, in reference to the rebel rule in East Tennessee. Col. Crawford, the gentleman from whom the facts are obtained, has a personal knowledge of some of the circumstances, having left the scene of their enactment quite recently and vouches for the truth of all of them.

Last summer three young men, brothers, named Anderson, left their homes in Hawkins county, and attempted to make their way into Kentucky. They were arrested by a squad of rebel cavalry on Clinch river, about seventy five miles from Knoxville, shot and thrown into the river. Their bodies were found floating in the stream, fifteen miles from their own forsaken homes.

In the month of January, 1863, at Laurel, N. C., near the Tennessee border, all the salt was seized for distribution by confederate commissioners. Salt was selling at seventy-five to one hundred dollars per sack. The commissioners, declared that the "tories should have none," and positively refused to give Union men their portion of the quantity to be distributed in that vicinity. This palpable injustice roused the Union men; they assembled together and determined to seize their proportion of the salt by force. They did so, taking at Marshall, N. C., what they deemed to be their just share. Immediately afterwards, the 65th North Carolina regiment, under command of Lieut. Col. James Keith, was ordered to Laurel to arrest the offenders.

L. M. Allen was Colonel of the regiment, but had been suspended for six months for crimes and drunkenness. Many of the men engaged in the salt seizure left their homes. Those who did not participate in it became the sufferers. Among those arrested were Joseph Wood, about sixty years of age; David Shelton, sixty; James Shelton, fifty; Roddy Shelton, forty-five; Elison King, fifty; Halen Moore, forty; Wade Moore' thirty-five: Isaiah Shelton, fifteen; Wm. Shelton, twelve; James Metcalf, ten; Jasper Channel, fourteen; Samuel Shelton, ninteen and his brother, aged seventeen, sons of Lifus Shelton—in all, thirteen men and boys. Nearly all of them declared they were innocent, and had taken no part appropriating the salt. They begged for a trial, asserting that they could prove their innocence.

Colonel Allen, who was with his troops, but not in command, told them they should have a trial, but they would be taken to Tennessee for that purpose. They bid farewell to their wives, daughters and sisters, directing them to procure the witnesses and bring them to the court in Tennessee where they supposed their trial could take place. Alas! how little they dreamed what a fate awaited them!

The poor fellows had proceeded but a few miles when they were turned from the road into a gorge in the mountain and halted. Without any warning of what was to be done with them, five of them were ordered to kneel down. Ten paces in front of these five a file of soldiers were placed with loaded muskets. The terrible reality flashed upon the minds of the doomed patriots. Old man Wood (sixty years of age) cried out: "For God's sake, men, you are not going to shoot us? If you are going to murder us give us at least time to pray." Colonel Allen was reminded of his promise to give them a trial. They were informed that Allen had no authority; that Keith was in command, and that there was no time for praying. The order was given to fire. The old men and boys put their hands to their faces and rent the air with agonizing cries of despair; the soldiers wavered and hesitated to obey the command. Keith said, if they did not fire instantly he would make them change places with the prisoners. The soldiers raised their guns, the victims suddered convulsively, the word was given to fire and the five men fell, pierced with rebel bullets. Old man Wood and Shelton were shot in the head, their brains scattered upon the ground, and they died without a struggle. The other three lived only a few minutes.

Five others were ordered to kneel, among them little Billy Shelton, a mere child, only twelve years old. He implored the men not to shoot him in the face. "You have killed my father and brothers," said he, "you have shot my father in the face; do not shoot me in the face." He covered his face with his hands. The soldiers received the order to fire, and five more fell. Poor little Billy was wounded in both arms. He ran to an officer, clasped him around the legs, and besought him to spare his life, "You have killed my old father and my three brothers; you have shot me in both my arms—I forgive you all this—I can get well. Let me go home to my mother and sisters." What a heart of adamant the man must have who could disregard such an appeal. The little boy was dragged back to the place of execution; again the terrible word "fire!" was given, and he fell dead, eight balls having entered his body. The remaining three were murdered in the same manner. Those in whom life was not entirely extinct the heartless officers despached with their pistols.

A hole was then dug, and the thirteen bodies were piched into it. The grave was scarcely large enough; some of the bodies lay above the ground. A wretch named Sergeant N. B. D. Jay, a Virginian, but attached to a Tennessee company of the 65th North Carolina Regiment, jumped upon the bleeding bodies, and said to some of the men: "Pat Juba for me, while I dance the camned scoundrels down and through hell." The grave was covered lightly with earth, and the next day, when the wives and families of the murdered men heard of their fate, searched for and found their graves, the hogs had rooted up one man's body and eaten his head off.

Captain Moorley, in command of a cavalry force, and Colonel Thomas, in command of a number of Indians accompanied Keith's men. These proceeded to Tennessee; Keith's men returned to Laurel, and were instructed to say that the cavalry had taken the prisoners with them to be tried, in accordance with the pledge of Colonel Allen. In their progress through the country many Union men were known to have been killed and scalped by the Indians. Upon the return of Keith and his men to Laurel they began systematically to torture woman of loyal men, to force them to tell where their fathers and husbands were and what part each had taken in the salt raid. The women refused to divulge anything. They were then whipped with hickory switches, many of them till the blood coursed in stream down their person to the ground; and the men who did this were called soldiers! Mrs Sarah Shelton, wife of Esau Shelton, who escaped from the town, and Mrs. Mary Shelton, wife of Lifus Shelton, were whipped and hung by the neck till they were almost dead, but would give no information. Martha White, an idiotic girl was beaten and tied by the neck all day to a tree.

Old Mrs Unus Biddle, aged eighty five years, was whipped, hung and robbed of a considerable amount of money. Many others were treated with the same barbarity. And the men who did this were called soldiers! The daughters of William Shelton, a man of wealth and highly respectable, were requested by some of the officers to sing and pray for them. they prayed and sang a few national airs Keith learned that, and ordered that the ladies be placed under arrest and sent to the guardhouse, where they remained all night.

Old Mrs. Sallie Moore seventy years of age, was whipped with hickory rods till the blood ran in streams down her back to the ground; and the perpetrators of this were clothed in the habiliments of rebellion, and bore the name of soldiers.

One woman, who had an infant five or six weeks old, was tied in the snow to a tree, her child placed in the doorway in her sight, and she was informed that if she did not tell all she knew about the seizure of the salt, both herself and the child would be allowed to perish. Houses were burned and torn down. All kinds of property was destroyed or carried off.

All the women and children of the Union men who were shot, and of those who escaped, were ordered by Gen. Alfred E. Jackson, headquarters at Jonesboro, to be sent through the lines by way of Knoxville. When the first of them arrived at this place, the officer in charge applied to Gen. Donelson (formerly speaker of the House of Representatives at Nashville) to know by which route they should be sent from here, whether by Cumberland Gap or Nashville. Gen. Donelson immediately ordered them to be released and sent home, saying that such a thing was unknown in civilized countries. They were then sent home, and all the refugees met on the road were also turned back.

On the 14th of February, 1863, a squad of soldiers were sent to conscript James M'Collum of Greene county, Tennessee, a very respectable, industrious man, thirty-five years of age. They found him feeding his cattle. When he saw some of them he ran to the back of his barn. Others were posted behind the barn, and without halting or attempting to arrest him, one of them shot him through the neck, killing him instantly. His three little children, who saw it, ran to the house and told their mother. She came out, wringing her hands in anguish and screaming with terror and dismay. The soldiers were sitting on the fence. They laughed at her agony, and said they had only killed a "d—n tory." The murdered man was highly esteemed by his neighbors, and was a firm Union man.

In April last two rebel soldiers named Wood and Ingole went to the house of Mrs. Ruth Ann Rhea, living on the waters of Lick creek, Green county, to conscript her son. The old lady was partially deranged; she commanded the soldiers to leave her house, and raised a stick to strike one of them. He told her if she struck him he would run her through with his bayonet; she gave the blow and he shot her through the breast.

In the same month Jesse Price, an old man sixty years of age, two sons and two nephews, were arrested in Johnson county, Tennessee, bordering on Virginia, by Col. Fonke's cavalry composed of Tennessee and North Carolina men. They were taken to Ash County, North Carolina, to be tried for disloyalty to Jeff. Davis & co. The old man had been previously arrested, taken to Knoxville, tried and acquitted. When the five prisoners arrived in Ash county, a groggery keeper proposed to treat Fonke's men to eight gallons of brandy if they would hang the old man, his son and nephews, without a trial. The bargain was struck and the five unfortunate men were hanged without further ceremony. The brandy was furnished, and some of it drank before the tragedy, the rest afterwards.

RIOTS IN ENGLAND AND HOW THEY ARE SUPPRESSED.

We may safely calculate on a terrific outburst of abuse, reproach, exultation, and sneers when the mail steamer China, which left New York on Sunday, reaches England with particulars of the riots in the largest city of our vast empire, the metropolis of American commerce, the seat of vast industry, wealth, and enterprise. We know, as well as if the article was bfore us in print, how the *Times* will inflict humiliating pity upon this country; how it will accuse us (because of New York) of an incapacity for government; how it will affirm that the natural and undeviating tendency of republican institutions is towards public tumults. Of course this is untrue; but this will not prevent its being strongly stated and fanatically believed. John Bull will complacently chuckle over the mote in our eye, self-ignorant of the beam in his own. Englishmen will shudder over the details of the bad work in New York—just as if such things were the rule with us, and not the exception. Our historic records are patent to the world, and show, we confidently affirm, less rioting within the period of our existence as a nation, than has occurred in any foreign country with a like population.

On the other hand, the frequency of riots in England is very remarkable. Without going very far back, we can point out many very serious instances which agitated the country at the time, and disgrace its annals.

In 1736, the noted Porteous riots occurred at Edinburgh, as described with vivid power in Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian." A police officer had rendered himself obnoxious to the mob, who broke into the prison where he was confined, dragged him out, took him to the place of execution, and hanged him there. The city was in the hands of the rioters while this was being done, and the whole proceedings were in direct violation of the laws of man and God.

In 1753, there were riots in many parts of England, on account of the excessive price of food and the great exactions of tolls upon the turnpike roads. The very safety of the Government was threatened, and it was considered necessary to reduce the cost of bread and lessen the number of toll-bars.

In 1765, when the English Parliament rejected a bill which was intended to act as prohibitory on the importation of foreign, and protectative of the manufacture of English silks, the Spitsfields weavers proceeded to rioting in London, and the military had to be employed to disperse them. It was on that occasion that the first Lord Holland shrewdly said, "What evil an artful man might do with these mobs." The full details are to be found in "Horace Walpole's Memoirs."

In 1780 occurred the "No Popery" riots of which the best description is to be found in Dicken's "Barnaby Rudge," A young man, Lord George Gordon, son of a duke, himself a member of Parliament, and unfortunately so feeble-minded that his insanity was never doubted, constituted himself champion of the cause of ultra-Protestanism in England, headed the Protestant Association, and after having encouraged a multitude of idle, quarrelsome and rascally persons of both sexes, was unable to control them when they broke into riot. London was at their mercy, the civic magistrates not daring to enforce the law against them. The Government itself was paralyzed for some days, during which rapine and even worse crimes were rampant in the capital of the kingdom. Prisons were burned to the ground and their inmates liberated; churches were destroyed; private dwellings gutted, plundered, and demolished. In fact, for several days the mob ruled and reveled, audacious and cruel, such of them as were not incapacitated by drink applying themselves to the business of pillage and murder.

In 1811, there were the Luddite riots in Notts and Derby; in 1816, the celebrated Spa Fields' riots, when London was again at the mercy of the mob; and, in 1830, the agricultural machine-destroying riots, in Surrey, Kent, and Sussex.

In 1831, while the Reform Bill was under discussion, the mob used violent means to intimidate the peers known, or supposed to be, hostile to the measure, assaulted the Duke of Wellington in the streets of London, grew tumultuous in Derby, where they attacked the prison and liberated all the prisoners, burned the Castle of Nottingham, and plundered the dwelling houses of neighboring peers and country gentlemen. In the city of Bristol, the mob went into even worse excesses, burning and plundering the residences of the Mayor, Bishop, and other obnoxious persons, as well as the prisons, custom house, excise office, and other public buildings, wholly destroying Queen Square, and, forty-two private houses and warehouses, causing the destruction of property to the value of $2,500,000. Next to the Gordon riots of 1780, this was the most disastrous outbreak of mob violence ever known in England. The Rebecca riots of 1843, which took place in Wales and were mainly directed to the demolition of turnpikes, too numerous in the poor agricultural country of South Wales, and which for a long time defied all the efforts of the Government to suppress them, may close this catalogue.

From this enumeration, which might readily be extended, for we have not mentioned the Peterloo massacre and the many other local riots of Manchester, Rochdale, Oldham, and other places it is obvious that public riots—such as recently came off in New York—are of frequent occurrence in England. There, as well as here, they are readily put down by the law, provided that the miscreants concerned in them are *certain that the law will be enforced, if resisted*. It is folly, in such cases, to indulge in mercy, a virtue then so feeble that its existence often becomes criminal. A mob directing its evil energies to murder, plunder, and arson, deserves no mercy. Let *that* be given to their victims. To quell a riot requires as much moral courage as phisical force; there is much virtue in a few files of soldiers, with loaded weapons, and a command to fire low, so as to intimidate the rioters, and cause them to retreat and disperse. In England, where rioting is frequent, that plan is invariably adopted now, and it is the most merciful, as well as the most effective, action in the end.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer of our youth is slowly wasting into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past years grow deeper, as if life were on its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of years. If we have a home to shelter us, and friends have been gathered together by our fireside, and then the rough places of wayfaring will have been smoothed away in the twilghtt of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will gorw brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical cords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching to the evening of age.

STORY OF A MISSISSIPPI LANDLORD.—Printed bills of fare were provided, yet the landlord stood at the head of the table, at dinner, and in a loud voice read off the list of articles in a rhyming way: "Here boiled ham, and raspberry jam; baked potatoes and cooked tomatoes; turnips smashed and, squashes *squashed*," and so on. A stranger asked him, afterward, why he read it aloud when printed copies were on the table. "Force of habit," replied the landlord; "got so used to it I can't help it. You see I commenced business down here at Jackson," (the capitol of Mississippi) "and most all the legislature boarded with me. There wasn't a man of 'em could read, so I had to read the bill of fare to 'em,"

A good looking fellow was charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first offence, and he was ready to plead guilty. The magistrate asked him what had induced him to commit the theft.

The young man replied, that "having been ill for some time, the doctor advised him to take something, which he accordingly did."

The magistrate was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked him what led him to select a watch.

"Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only took *time*, that Nature would work a cure!"

"Get up; get up," said a watchman the other night to a chap who had fallen a *grade* below the doorstep, and who had taken lodgment in the gutter. "You must not lie here."

"Lie! you're another! y-you lie yourself! not lie here! I tell you wh-what, old fe-fellow, that may do to t-t-tell in them slave States, but I-I'll let you know," said the agrarian, sputtering a mouthful of mud into the watchman's face. "that this is *free sile!*"

"Slavery is a divine institution," said George Francis Train, while delivering a speech, in New York. "So is hell!" shouted an old man in the audiance, and the house came down with terrible cheers.

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a humble bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming bird. "Oh," he exclaimed, "Devil burn! how hot his little fut is."

"Mamma, may I go a fishing?" "Yes, lad, but don't go near the water. And recollect, if you are drowned, I shall skin you as sure as you are alive."

A witty editor of a penny paper took for his motto, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance—the price of the *Star* only one cent."

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stops the press to *an-nounce*," what shall he do to a pound?

Many men espouse a party as an Indian espouses a wife—not to serve it, but to make it serve them.

The man who kept his word, gave serious offence to Webster who wanted it for his dictionary.

Why is an old lemon like an old maid? Because it isn't worth squeezing.