"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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A Story of the Knockings.

THE REGISTER.

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(An Original Story-very.) THE WILD GOOSE CHASE A TALE OF THE TEXICAN REVOLUTION.

BY EBENEZER B. PEACOCK; ESQ.

Prologue.

Two editors in their sauctum sat, Talking of this and thinking of that; The one called Dicky, the other named Dick, and both were sharp as a wooden tooth-pick. Says Dicky to Dick, our fame's at low ebb-We must do something to raise it a peg : Tu true, replied Dick, but what shall it be: Write a Love Story, quick answered Dickee. So at it they went, helter-skelter, pell-mell, And between them they managed to make a great

They bottled a quart of nonsense in a jug, nen boiled it down to a pint-all so snugkixed with it a sigh, a kiss, and a hug, Then took it in doses, as for a disease. And the tale, like a tape-worm, came out by degreesi

Chapter 1.

Tall oaks from little acords grow, Large streams from little fountains flow."

It is a strange world we live in. There are occurrences on every side of us too subtle for Horatio's philosophy. In the vegetable kingdom, mush--oms grow up and mature of a single night; but ail Sol, the great leveller of premature vegetation, beams upon their pulpy lieads and long legs, and they vanish. In the animal kingdom, we have also our mushrooms; babes of grace, who grow apace, and mature as quick as the tender dung-hill herb. First the baby, crawling like a crab upon the floor: then the Pedagogue, teaching the youthful mind how to suck eggs then the politician and brilliant barrister, taking princely airs, in the full flush of a wild goose Chase for fame. Nature has her freaks, her phenomena, her mysterios.

Chapter IL.

"And my name was Robert Kidd, As I sailed, as I sailed." Amulus Influenza was a Texican of great re-

nown. He raised the fattest pigs, drank the best whiskey, and chewed the best tobacco of any man in the county. Twenty miles from the house of Mr. Influenza, (crackee! what a name to fill the tramp of fame!) in a straight line, as a crow flies, lived another renowned Texican, who had a daughter Clara. Mr. Influenza had a great gossoon of a son, whose name, like that of his daddy, was Am-

Chapter III

Oh, poor Lucy Neal, oh, poor Lucy Neal, If I had you in my arms how happy I should feel,"

The gossoon Amulus had not mingled much in the society of ladies; indeed, like Caliban on the Lizzd he had never in his life seen any other woman than his own dam, who stood six feet four in moceasins, and who, in a fair fight, was a match for eleven Mexicans. What wonder, then, that the poor youth was petrified with love and astonsament, when, being out one day, he spied the brely Clara taking trout with a hook and line .de clasped his hands and struck his forehead, like Ned Forrest before the footlights, and approached the coy nymph as stealthily as he would approach a bear. The damsel twigged the youth "comin" through the rye," and started full speed for home, like the frightened deer. The gossoon Amulus followed after as fast as his gerrymander legs would

Chapter IV.

"Lookee here, Lookee dare, Lookee way down

Dont you see de old gray goose smilin' at de gan

A wild goose Chase! a wild goose Chase! and a evere trial of speed it was. But "love has wings," and of course assisted the pursuer, so that, with his legs and wings, he made the speed of the Ostrich, and soon overtook the divine Clara. He wooed her softly and tenderly, but the gal clouded him in the face with her fish bag. "O my darling dacky," exclaimed the poor youth, " if you will not give me any encouragement at this time, I entreat you to accept this (handing her a Bowie-knife a cubit in length,) as a remembrance gift" .Clara the formidable wenpon with a gracious smile, but no sconer had she grasped it firmly than she turned than the wooer: "Now you sun of a gun, take yourself away instantly, or I'll split you like a shingle." Amulus tore the greasy shirt from his bosom, and addressed her in the words of the Roman comminator:

There's your dagger, and here's my naked breast, guilty propers ejaculated the culprit.

"Seize her!" cried the heroic nymph, brandish ing her weapon in defiance, "seize her, if you dare." But she was satisfied that the poor devil meant her no harm, and walked away leisurely,-"O my lovely gal," blubbered the smitten youth, apple of my eye, talisman of my life, my angel of hope, my key to heaven, my dear, dear birdie, if you will not permit me to take a farewell kiss. I beseech thee to let me suck the pecter from thy toey lips with a long stray !"

Chapter V.

Ab. who is more brave than the dark Suliote. With his dirty camines, and his sheepskin capote;

What ! I tell you the Mexicans are coming !" "I gave her my knife," replied the bumpkin, and I offered her my heart!"

"Are you a fool?" continued the old man, " I tell you the Mexicans are coming, and we'll have a shindy with them; so get your pitchfork, and heave at 'em, boy !"

She accepted the present with a smile," continued Amulus, "and O there is bliss in the thought, my name was engraved upon the handle!" "The boy is mad," said the old man, musingly, "he has been bitten by the tarantula."

Epilogue.

An editor in his sanctum sat. Combing his whiskers and brushing his hat; Right over his table was a small looking glass, On which there seemed painted the head of an ass But a close observation would explain to the view The face of the editor admiring his cue. Quoth he to himself, " My tale is now done. I think it will stand about A No. 1. The finished, the story, and run is the race; And so, long live 'the wild goose Chase!"

> From Graham's Magazine, My Heart is With Thee. BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

When dewy eve closes Her flowers with a sigh, And sunset's bright roses Grow pale in the sky, When Spirits seem stooping O'er Day in his grave, Their solemn wings drooping Afar o'er the wave. When the love star is keeping Her watch o'er the sea, My warm heart is leaping. Sweet spirit, to thee

When the breeze with a whisper Steals soft through the grove, A sweet, earnest lisper Of music and love. When its gentle caressings Away charm each sigh, And the still dews, like blessings

Descend from the sky, When a deep spell is lying On hill vale and lea, My warm heart is flying Sweet spirit, to thec.

When stars, like sky-blossoms Above seem to blow, And waves, like young blossom Are swelling below When the voice of the river Floats mournfully past, And the forest's low shiver

Is borne on the blast, When the wild tones are swelling From earth, air and sea, My warm heart is dwelling Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the night-clouds are riding, Like ghosts, on the gale. And the young moon is gliding Sweet, lonely and pale, When the orean is sobbing In ceaseless unrest And its great heart is throbbing

All wild in its breast, When the strong wind is wrestling . With billow and tree,

My warm heart is nestling Sweet spirit, with thee

When the song birds are dreaming. Of blossoms and love. And the green leaves are gleaming In moon-light above, When silence leans listuning

From Heaven's blue steep. And the shot-star is glistening Above the blue deep, When love seems upspringing Bright boundless and free

My warm heart is clinging Sweet spirit, to thee. When in slumber thy fancies In loveliness gleam, And a thousand romances Are bright in thy dream,

When visions of brightness Like young angels start In beautiful brightness All wild from thy heart, When thy calm sleep is giving Thy dream-wings to thee, Oh say, art thou living,

Sweet spirit, with me?

An Old Joke in a New Dress.

An old lawyer in the city of New York tells a good joke about one of his clients. 'We have read or heard something like it before, but even if we have so good a story will bear a repetition. Here

A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The stolen ar-ticles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer d was applied to by the prisoner as counsel; and, seeing no escape for his client except on the plea of idiocy, he instructed the fellow to put on as lly a look as possible, and when any question was put to him to utter in a drawling manner, with an idiotic expression the word "spoons." If successful, the fee was to be twenty dollars. The court proceeded to business; the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner—"Guilty or not

The court put several questions to him, but poons poons " was all the answer it could

The fellow is a fool!" said the judge: "let him go about his business."

The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer fol-

owed close in his wake; and when they had got in the hall the course lor tapped his client on the shoulder; saying. "Now, my good fallow, that twen-

The rogue, looking the lawyer full in the face, putting on a grotesque and silly expression, and winking with one eye, exclaimed—"h poons" and then made tracks.

With his dirry camines, and his sheepakin capote;
He leaves to the wolf and the vulture his flock,
And descends to the plate like a stream from the

rock."

Analysis capote:

A young widow for the loss of her husband, spoke her ar ever,
in a very serious tone remarking that he was one
rock."

Poor gal! she
n't do nothin' h

Doolittle love h Poor gal! she was terribly agitated; she could that day. "Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger, rock."

Amulus, and the old man to his see, and would not be consorted. Such a poolitile love her the more and ware the harder.

When they got to the Squire's office, and the see again. You cannot find his square pour travel by that was on the watch seed him help her out to the horsest of the harder of the fellers occasionally in two.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER MARRIED A

BY MAJ. J. JONES, OF PINEVILLE.

It's about ten years ago sence the incident what I'm gwine to tell tuck place. It caused a great sensation in Pineville at the time, and the effect to make fellers monstrous careful how they runaway with other people's daughters ever sence.

Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the abominablest man after rich gals over was. He hadn't been keepin school more'n six months, before he had found out every gal in the settlement whose father had twenty niggers, and he had courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be popular with the gals, and somehow they didn't like his ways, and the way they bluffed him off was enough to discourage any body but a Yenter schoolmaster what wanted to get married and had n't many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make no sort of difference to him. He was bound to have a rich wife out of 'em, and if he failed in one case it only made him more persevering in the next. His motto was "never say die!"

Betty Darling, as they used to call her, old Mr. Darling's daughter, what used to live on the Runs -was about the torn downest gal in all Georgia. more admirers than she could shake a stick at; but she was such a tormentatin' little coquet that the boys was afraid to court her in downright earnest. When Mr, Doolittle found her out he went rite. at her like a hous-a fire. She was just the gal for him and he was determined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid siege to old Darling's house day and night, and when he couldn't leave his school to go and see her, he rit letters to her that was enuf little. 'I call upon the law!' to throw any other gal but Betty Darling into a fit of hystericks to read 'em. Jest as every body expected, after encouraging him jest enuf to make the feller believe he had the thing did, she kicked him flat. But shaw, he was perfectly used to that he was too much of a filosopher to be discouraged by sich a rebuff, when the game was worth pur

He didn't lose a minit's time, but just brushed up and went rite at her agin. Every body was perfectly surprized to see him gwine back to old Darling's, after the way he had been treated by but they was a great deal more surprised and the boys was terribly alarmed in about a month, at the headway he seemed to be makin' in his suit. All at once, Miss Betty's conduct seemed to change towards him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, any body could see that she was beginning to like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on this way for awhile, till bimeby old Darling got so uneasy about it that he told Mr. Doolittle one day, that he musn't come to his house no more; and if he ketched him sendin' any more love letters and kiss-verses to his darter by his nigger gals, he'd make one of his boys give him an alfired cowhiden.

But Mr. Doolittle didn't care for that neither. He could see Miss Betty when she came a shoppin in stores in the town, and there was more n one way to get a letter to her. What did he care for that old darling? His darter was head and heart in love with him, and was jest the gal to run away with him too, if she was opposed by her parents. And as for the property, he was certain of that when once be married the gal.

One Saturday, when there was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old Source Rogers, and told him he must be ready to marry a couple that night, at

'Mum,' ses he, 'you musn't sav a word to nabody Source. The license is all ready, and the party wants to be very private' Squire Rogers was one of the most accommoda-

tin fellers: in the world on such occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a cranky, cross old lady. And nothin done the squire so much good as to marry others. it didn't make no odds who they was. Besides, Mr. Doolittle was an injured man and a great schollar in his opinion, and belonged to his church, Mr. Doulittle arranged the whole business in first rate order. Miss Betty was to meet him at the end of her fathers lane, disguised in a ridin' dress borrowed for the occasion, when he was to take her in a close one horse barouche and 'fly with her on the wings of love," as he said he would to the squire's office, where they was to be united in the bands of wedlock, before anybody in the village kno'd anything about it. He had made arrangements at the Hotel for a room, which he seed fixed for the auspicious occasion, and he writ a letter to a friend of his down in Augusta to be thar the next week to take charge of his school as he thought it might be necessary for him to keep out of old Darling's way for a few weeks till th old feller could have time to come to. All day Mr. Doolittle was hustling about as if he wasnt certain which end he stood on, while the sunshine

of his heart beamed from his taller colored face in a way to let every body know something extraor dinary was gwine to happen.

Just after dark he mought have been seen driving out by himself in a barouche towards old Darling's. Every body 'spected something, and all hands was on the lookout. It was plain to see Squire Rogers' importance was swelled considera ble with something, but nobody could get a word

out of him Mr. Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he go out of town, and with straining eyes and palpita-ting heart, he soon reached the place appointed to

meet the object of his consumin affections.

Was she thar? No! Yes! It is! Yes, thar she is the dear creatur! The skirts of her nankeen ridin' dress, what sets close to her angelic form, flutterin in the breeze. She stands timidly crouclin in the fence, holding her veil close to her face, tremblin' in every jint for fear she mought be discovered and tore away from the arms of her beloved Ebenezer!

'Dearest angel!' says he in a low voice.
'Oh, Ebenezer!' and she kind o' fell into his

'Compose yourself, my love.'

'Oh, if father should . Den't fear dear creature. My arm shall protect ou agin the world. And he was just gwine to all her veil to kise her --'Oh,' says she, didn't I hear somebody comin'?'

And with that he helped her into the barouche and contented himself with imprinting a burning kiss that almost singed the kid glove of her dear little hand as be closed the door. Then jumplat on the front seat, encouragm ber all the way, and

'Eh, says he lookin' round; let's get in, my

was half out of their senses and it was necessary to hurry the cerimony over as quick as possible. for fear of the row that was evidently bruin'.

'Be quick, Squire,' ses Doolittle, handin out the license, and shakin like he had the ager, 'for Miss Darling is very much agitated.'

The Squire hardly waited to wipe his spectales, and didn't take time to enjoy himself in readin the ceremony slow, and putting in the dimisimi quavers in his voice like he always did. The noise ras gettin louder out of doors and somebody was knocking to get in.
'Oh,' ses Betty, leanin' on Mr. Doolittle for sup-

Go oa, ses Doolittle, pressin her to his side, his eyes on the Squire, and his face as white as a

But the Squire didn't hear nothin' till he pro nounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenounced man and wife.

Jest then the door opened. In rushed old Darling, and Bill and Sam Darling, followed by a whole lot of fellers. The bride screamed and fell into the arms of the

triumphant Doolittle. Take hold of her,' see old Darling, flourishing his cane over his head. 'Take hold of the huzzy,' 'Stand off!' see Doolittle, throwing himself in a real stage attitude; and supporting his failiting bride on one arm. 'Stand off, old man! She is my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law.

'Knock him down! take hold of him,' says half a dozen; and Bill Barling grabbed the bridegroom by the neck, while Squire Rogers, jumped up on the

table and hollered out: 'I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgial' 'She's my wife-my lawful wife!' shouted Doo-

Jest then the bride got over her faintin' fit and raised her droopin' head; the veil tell off, and—oh, cruel fate! Mr. Doolittle stood petrified with horror, holding in his arms not Miss Betty, but Miss Betty's waitin' maid, one of the blackest niggers in Georgia, who at this interesting crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two peeled onions, and throw-

her arms around his neck exclaimed: 'Dis is my dear husband what Miss Betty gin me het own self!'

Sich a shout as did foller!

Go to the Devil, you black——, see Doolittle tryin to null away from her Stick to him Silly, says the boys, he's yourn eccordin' to law.'

accorain to faw.

Old Squire Rogers looked like he, had married his last couple, poor old man, and hadn't a word to say for himself. The boys and young Darlings liked to laugh themselves to death, while old Darling, who was mad as a bornet, was gwine to have Doolittle arrested for nigger stealin' right off. Poor Doolittle? He made out at last to git

loose from his wife, and to find the back door. He haint never been heard of in Pineville from that

An Eloquent Appeal. One Paul Denton, a Methodist Preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out-

"Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better iquor. Where is the liquor!"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet, " is the liquor which God, the eternal. brews for all his children! Not in the simmering still, over smokey fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, does our Father in Hea ven prepare the precious essence of lite, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rill sings; and high up the mountain top, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun-where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash: and away far out on the wild, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops; sing-ing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that scraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sun-beam of heaven all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shricking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends—would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol ?"

Possibly our sage western judges suffer unjust reproach at times, writes one who knrws, from the conduct of some among them; but, having lived in their midst. I can bear witness to the truth of the following circumstances: A farmer, residing in this region, had remarked during the sittings of the Circuit Court, a part of his cornfield to be beaten down in a regular track of ten or twelve paces in

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered-

length, as if by the ranging of some animal to and fro. Anxious to detect the cause he enscoreed himself one day among the thick leaves, and ob-served about the hour of adjournment, one of the judges cautiously approaching the spot. Arrived at the path, he commenced pacing it gravely up and down, with knit brow and air of cogitation, and at length, drawing a small chip from his pock et. he spat on one side of it, balanced it an instan on his inger, flipped it up in the air, and, watching its descent intently, exclaimed as it fell: "Wet for defendant—dry for plaintiff;" then stooping down; added, "Plaintiff has it!" The farmer avoided all

A young man and a female, upon a time, slopswarm to her how he would love her and make ped at a country tavern. Their awkward appear her happy, and tellin' her how her father and mon ance excited the attention of one of the members of Tanapa as a ... A clergyman, who was remained the mappy, and the many and more and the family, who commenced a conversation with young widow for the loss of her husband, spoke her are very serious tone remarking that he was one. Poor gal! she was terribly agitated; she could that day. "Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger.

litigation from that moment !- Knickerbocker.

Characters Classified.

RARE BIRUS.-A plous soldier, an economical sailor, a rich author, an impartial critic, an incomelable widow, a happy old bacheler, an uncensori-ous old maid, a moderate reformer, an under sanguine projector, a peace making lawyer, a clergyman who practices all he preaches, a physician who does not kill more patients than he cures, a smoker who is not just on the brink of leaving off, a wellfed boarder, a cheerful tailor, a lean butcher, a silent barber, and a successful gold digger.

Unpopular Personages.—A fat man in an om-

nibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on parade.

TIME PEOPLE.—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and a steamboat company with a cholera case on board.

Dignified Men.—A cit. in accountry town, midshipman on quarter deck, and a school commit-

tee on examination day.

SEART FOLKS. The Gent that drives the first herse, my voungest boy, and the fellow that took the prize for the connundrum.

Knowing Chars -Those country merchants that bid off those chap gold watches. Those chaps that give those gilt books and jewelry to the girls, and those far-seeing fellows that give us the latest

news from Washington.
STUPID FOLKS.—The man who cannot see any fun in your jokes. The editor who respectfully de-clines communications, and the old folks that will

not leave you alone with your lady love. Sornowful Men .- The doctors in time of great sickness. The man who is not able to lend you any money, and the friend that regrets that you cannot stay any longer.

GRAVE PROPLE—An undertaker at a funeral.

A deacon on Sunday, and the man who thinks the Yankee Blade too trifling.

Good People.—The man whose religions opin

ion is the same as yours. The man who never laughs. The young lady who has a horror of novels. The lad who hever entered a theatre, and the chap who does not know the meaning of trumps. KIND FOLES .- The man who makes you presents you do not want. The friend who gives you so much good advice. The lady who insists that you have not made out a good dinner. The old gentheman who is siarving himself to lay up money for you. The shopkeeper who abates the price of

an article because it is you, and the dear mother who lets the dear children do as they please.

HAPPY PROPER.—A child with a rattle, a small one drumming on a tin pan. A school boy on a holiday. Two lovers walking by moonlight. A gent imbibing a cherry cobler. A boy sucking new cider through a straw, and two country misses over an ice-cream.

Fine Fellows.—The man who advertises in your paper. The man who never refused to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sis-

INDEPENDENT MEN.-A wood sawver, a philosopher with no post at his back, a turn coat. GENTEEL PEOPLE .- The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of spreading her hands. The miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to

be seen walking with his father.

INDUSTRIOUS PEOFLE.—The young lady, who reads romances in bed. The friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.
UNLUCKY FELLOWS.—The chap who found a quar-

ter which was a pistareen. The man who left his pocket book at home. All fellows in my business. PERSECUTED PEOPLE.—Woman by the tyrant man. Boys by their parents, and teachers and all

r péople by society at large UNHAPPY PEOPLE -All old bachelors, old maids and married people. Aubitious Chaps.—The writer who pays the

magazines for publishing his communications. The politician who quite his party because he cannot get au office. The boy who expects to be Presi-HUMBLE PERSONS .- The husband who does his

vife's churning. The wife who blacks her bus bands boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

the United States," and the new contributor who expects cash for his first attempt.

pay for his papers, and daddy when he refuses to and upon a positive refusal, the match was broken let you have money.

SENSIBLE PROPLE—You and I.— Yankee Blade.

BREVITY.—We find in a California diary the fol-lowing glorification of a quality we should like.— "A man of few words" is well, but a "woman of few words" is a matter open to argument:

"I encountered to day, in a ravine, some three ing my addresses to you about two years ago."

I remember a person of that name, she rejoins from San Juse. She was at work with a large ed, who paid his addresses to my father's brown rooden bowl by the side of the stream. I asked mare. miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Juse. She was at work with a large wooden bowl by the side of the stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, 'Three weeks and an ounce.' Her reply reminded me of weeks and an ounce. Her reply reminded me of eluped from Louisville in order to get matried an anecdote of the late Judge B. who met a girl They took passage on a steamer bound up the Orteurning from market, and asked her. How deep hio. When the steamer arrived at Cincinnati the your butter!" 'Up to the knee and ninepence, was the reply. 'Ah!' said the Judge to handle she is the girl for me; no words lost there and opposed to the match, requesting him to arrest her turned back, proposed, was accepted and married under the law of Congress for the reclamation of the next week, and a more happy couple the conjugal bond never united: the nuptral lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last—

up to the knee and ninepence' is worth all the rose letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned. Not long since, writes an old friend and corres pundent, as I was returning from: Buffalo, I was amused, while the cars made a momentary stop, at a demonstration made by a crazy man, on his way to the State Lunatic Asylum at Utien. He was standing on the track, in front of the "iron horse."
"You think you are something!" he said, looking
wildly at the locomotive, and assuming a boxing attitude; "but look o' here I can whip you! I'v logged the fiery bulls of Bashan, and broken their horns off! Say! don't you stand there, whistling and smoking, like a blackguard in a bar-room; jett jump to me and I'll take the conceit out of you, you darn'd old cooking more on wheels ! Knick

rbocker.

DAGUERREOTTPH COURTING - A gentleman whe says he is of middle age, and worth forty thousand dollars, advertised for a wife yesterday. He proposes that Daguerreotypes shall be exchanged be-lore the parties meet, and if they look well in the pictured plate and like each other's ministures, a formal introduction is to take place. The gentle-man ways he intends to visit the World's Fair man rays no intends to visit the World's fair next spring, and travel over Europe and would like to take his wife with him. Here is a capital chance for a lady who has a taste for travelling. It is probable there will be a great ruch to the Daguerreotype alignia cant week, by the sager-girls who wish to take a European jamb with a rich husband—Phil. Drap.

A story of the "knockings" was told us report which we think too good to be lost, and there for give it a start:

In the Western portion of New York, the spiritual manifestations have created considerable considerable. citement. Among the subjects of this excitance, who a simple man of middle age, whose bumps marvellousness and reverence were equally large

He was, of course, superstitionally religious, in the knockings, of which he had taken eager occ-sion to be witness, impressed him with the utmo-The man's wife was a very different kind of being. She scouted the "spirite," laughed at his husband, and took every occasion to rally him t.

On what she deemed his special weakness.

One morning after the old man had been out to hear the knockings the remembrance of which has stolen away a night's rest, he arese early as we his wort to make a fire. The wife was awake, and determined on having some fun. So right herself on her cloow, she regarded her husband not more than half dressed, certainly, as he kneel ad at the stove, and abstractedly poked among the

The wife applied her knuckles to the head-beard of the bod: rap-rap rap! The victim started, with his hair on end and peeped anxiously over the stove.

Me began to tromble, and anxiously, faltered out.

Rap-rap-rap! Does the spirit wish to communicate with me!

Rap-rap-rap! Spirit, art thou on thi errand of mercy to me!" Rap-rap-rap!
Spirit, what wilt then have me to do!

Make up that fire, you infernal old fool you!" disgust, as the trembling husband turned around and saw the saucy creature regarding him calmly, with eyes that entirely overshadowed the fear of spirits. He was mum .- Springfield Republican.

"TELL" a correspondent of the Boston Post wrote the following, which as it contains a wicked

word, should not be read by anybody:
County court was sitting a while ago in
on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year—cold weather anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and migs of flip were passing away without a group, when in came a rough, gaunt looking "babe of the winds," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand He looked cold and half peran bulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down for want of a chair, he did the next best thing-leaned against the wall and listened to a legal discussion that was going on, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"Wall, I 'spose I am-I come from Wisconsin afoot at any rate."
"From Wisconsin! that is a distance to go on

one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through "Yis sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phismahogany-I beet

through the outskirts. Well what are the manners and customs there! some of us would like to know.".
"Oh." says the rilgrin, deliberately—half shot ting his aves, and drawing around the co his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs with

as in this region: the lawyers sit nearest the fire!" A Good Story.-Epes Sargeant, of the Boston Transcript, tells a good many good stories under the head of "Dealings with the Dead." One of these numbers he devotes to fortune hunting, and amongst other illustrations gives the case of a Mr.

mass of masticated pig-tail appeared through the

slit in his cheek; " you'll find them much the same

Modest Mes.—The man that blows his own He was courting a young lady of some attractrumpet. The editor of "the best newspaper in tions and something of a fortune into the bargain, the United States," and the new contributes when After a liberal arrangement had been made for the expects cash for his first attempt.

Mean Peorle—The man who kicks people when they are down. The subscriber who neglects to manded that it should be thrown into the bargain. off After a couple of years, the parties accidentally met, at a country ball-Mr. Mewins, was quite willing to renew the engagement—the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of

Surely, you have not forgotten me," said be What name sir!" she enquired.
"Mewins," hie replied, "I had the honor of pay-

ELOPEMENT -- A few days ago a young couple find the stream! What did you get for U.S. Marshal went on board, found out the young tter! 'Up to the knee and ninepence, woman, and amounced to her that he had received a telegraphic despatch from her father, who was the next week, and a more happy counted the conjugation of the property of the pupils. The pupils is provided in the pupils of the pupils in pearly waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last—ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last capsized, take a lesson of the Judge. That from the Commissioner—and finally that officer consented to depart and leave the couple to get

> Is and Out. An Irish preacher was consider bly annoyed (as many before and since have like-wise ben) by persons getting up and leaving ehurch during his sertion.
> His patience being exhausted, he stopped his

Acres of the second

liscourse, and exclaimed Go on, me lad, I've seen the top of your head, The fellow turned around and with an angry

nenscing look, muttered:
"Ill see you again, sir."
"You had better see me new," replied the preacher, for when I am in the pulpit I fight for the Lord Jeans, but when I am out of it if ght for myall.

TARING IT EAST -- Mr. Lawrence, of Pawtocket. Mais, was lately stopped on the road between Pawtucket and Providence, R. I. by a season whe demanded his money. Mr. I. told him he was very sorry he was out of loose change just then, but would give his note for any resemble amount. would give his note for any reseasele amount.
The reffain was completely neephosed, and vemosed at once.

A hegre woman, having one day received a rep-fined from her mistress in some triling effects.

I was as much prilated the abe west directly out.

I therefore down and made the following prayer:

1 th, good masse Lord, come take me rite out
a child world die herry mind; If you so is coming
yourself, sord de debte, or my bedy also."