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BY DAVID OVER.

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## REPORT

### SURVEYS AND LOCATION OF THE SHERMAN VALLEY AND BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

BY E. D. LAMPMAN, Civil Engineer.

(Concluded from last week.)

There appears to be an opinion prevailing in many parts of the East, that the greatest and most important roads are those which reach the basin of the Lakes. This is undoubtedly a mistake. It probably arises from the fact, that the longer routes by the Lakes were first completed, and as a long Railroad is better than a short Turnpike road, trade and travel sought the longer roads, until many believe they are the great natural outlets.

But where ought a road to terminate? In the Lake basin or in the Ohio basin? Let facts answer. By an examination of the map, it will be seen that the Ohio Basin is very extensive, compared with the Lake Basin, and has an area, according to Prof. Darby, of 200,000 sq. miles; the valley of the Mississippi proper 180,000 sq. miles; the valley of the Missouri 500,000 sq. miles; and the valley of the lower Mississippi, 330,000 sq. miles.

Let us now examine the commerce. In 1851 the commerce of Lake Erie, Lake and River St. Clair, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan amounted to \$141,593,567. Aggregate tonnage 187,466.

In 1840 the net valuation of the western rivers was,

Value of vessels,	\$256,223,820
Number of hands on craft,	18,661,600
The gross valuation of all the Lakes,	283,187,134
The gross valuation of the western rivers,	512,467,640

On the Lakes, above Niagara, there are 126 steamers, with crews of about 2000 men; on the Mississippi 241 steamers, with crews of about 6414 men; and on the Ohio, 317 steamers, with crews of 8338 men.

This shows the steam marine of the Ohio basin to be nearly equal to that of the upper Lakes and the Mississippi together. In the year 1851, the domestic produce received at tidewater by the three routes, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, and the Mississippi, were

By St. Lawrence,	\$9,133,590
By Hudson,	53,927,503
By Mississippi,	108,051,708

Number of miles of Steam Navigation on the Ohio and Missouri Rivers:

Ohio and branches,	3295 Miles
Missouri and branches,	2355 Miles

These figures clearly indicate the valley of the Ohio, as the great producer, the great fountain of trade. Here commerce is centralizing; especially at Cincinnati—St. Louis, which from its position and natural advantages must ever be the great Western mart, is in the same latitude due West, and they are connected by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, which is nearly an air line. Hence, the object of first importance, in building great trunk lines from the Atlantic seaboard to the West, is to make the most direct connections with Cincinnati, and through her, with St. Louis, and the 500,000 sq. miles of the fertile valley of the Missouri.

The Lake ports will naturally do, whatever trade may arise from the basin of the lakes, but beyond that they can never extend, when the lines projected, and in progress further South, shall be completed. Look at the population of Cincinnati, in

1800	1810	1820
750	2,540	4,644
1830	1840	1850
24,831	46,328	116,108

Here is an increase almost without a parallel; if the ratio of increase continues for the next ten years the same as the last ten she will have a population of nearly 300,000. In the last five years she has doubled her commerce, and at the present time the increase is going on as rapidly as ever.

THE POPULATION OF LOUISVILLE.

1800	1810	1820
600	1,300	4,000
1830	1840	1850
10,090	21,210	42,000

Louisville is the largest and most enterprising place on the southern shore of the Ohio; and while Cincinnati is spreading her commercial arms abroad in every direction North and West, she, by her lines to Lexington and Nashville, is centralizing the trade of the great Southwest, and pouring it into the same common reservoir.

Eastern capitalists are beginning to realize this fact, and projects are already on foot to tap this great granary.

Turn now to the accompanying map, and

trace the route from New York to Cincinnati, via Dunkirk, Albany and Buffalo. It requires but a glance to show any one, that this vast trade cannot long be forced over such circumferential lines to market. Also trace the route from Philadelphia to Cincinnati by the Pennsylvania Railroad to Pittsburg, Gallion and Columbus. An air line from Cincinnati to Philadelphia, passes 64 miles south of Pittsburg; and trade will do so too, when the proper channels are opened. It will be seen that Wheeling the western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is 20 miles North of an air line from Cincinnati to New York, and 40 miles North of one to Philadelphia. Commencing now at Cincinnati, trace a line through Chillicothe, Marietta, Grafton, Cumberland, and thence by the Sherman Valley and Broadtop Railroad to a point about six miles west of Harrisburg. This is the great central route from New York and Philadelphia to the valley of the Ohio. It approaches so near an air line, that it has nothing to fear from the competition of roads now in use, nor from rival lines which may be constructed in the future.

Capitalists in Philadelphia have foreseen that trade would leave the circuitous route by Pittsburg, and have commenced building a cut-off from Greensburg to Wheeling. This makes their route some shorter, but it does not cure the evil; it only helps it; for when they get to Wheeling they have no connections with Cincinnati, except by river, and if they had, it would be much farther, over steeper grades, and through a section of country which during winter, is subject to heavy blockading snows, which ours is comparatively free from.

Our connections at both ends of the route are all that can be desired. On the eastern we shall connect directly with Baltimore, by the N. C. R. R., and directly with Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, Lancaster and State Railroads. With New York, by P. C. to Harrisburg, the Lebanon Valley, and proposed Reading and Lehigh, and New Jersey Central Railroad; or by the N. C. R. R. to Dauphin; Dauphin and Susquehanna to Port Clinton; Port Clinton and Allentown Railroad (proposed) to Allentown, and New Jersey Railroad to New York. There can be no doubt but the Reading and Lehigh Railroads, or the Allentown and Port Clinton, will one of them be built right away, and perhaps both of them; as they are the last short link to connect New York with Central Pennsylvania and her Western trade.

On the west, by lines finished, or nearly so, we have the best possible connection with Cincinnati, and her vast trade, and also with the southwest. By a reference to the map, it will be seen an air line from Lexington to New York passes directly through Cumberland, the point where we connect with the B. & O. R. R. Lexington is the most important point south of the Ohio river, and is already the focus of seven Railroads. All the produce of the Regions South and West, for eastern markets, will be gathered by the converging Railroads at this point, and seek an outlet on the main line at some point between Hamden and Grafton. No part of the trade of this large region can ever be enjoyed by more northern routes; their location forbids such an idea.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

New York to Cincinnati via S. V. & B. T. R. R., Miles.	75
N. Y. to Easton, 75	In use.
Easton to Allentown, 16	"
Allentown to Reading, 34	To construct.
Reading to Harrisburg, 53	N. Y. grad'd.
Harrisburg to P. C. R. R. bridge, 6	In use.
S. V. & B. T. R. R. Bridgeport, 141	To construct.
Bridgeport to Cumberland, Pittsburgh & C. R. R., 12	do.
Cumberland to Grafton B. & O. R. R., 101	In use.
Grafton to Parkersburg Marietta, N. W. V. R. R., 103	Nearly comp.
Marietta to Cincinnati, 180	will be fin. in a few mo.
Total	721 Miles.

From New York to Cincinnati, via Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Columbus, 922 Miles.

From New York to Cincinnati, via New York and Erie R. R., Cleveland and Columbus, 872 Miles.

From New York to Cincinnati, via Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Wooter, Gallion, and Columbus, 788 Miles.

From New York to Cincinnati, via Baltimore, Grafton, Parkersburg, Marietta, and Chillicothe, 747 Miles.

### DISTANCE FROM PHILADELPHIA BY DIFFERENT ROUTES TO CINCINNATI.

To west end of Susquehanna river bridge, 112	In use.
S. V. & B. T. R. R. to Bridgeport, 141	To construct.
Bridgeport to Cincinnati as above,	396
Total	649
To Pittsburg, 353	Dist. saved by
To Cincinnati, via Gallion and Columbus, 363	S. V. & B. T. R. R.
Total	716 67 Miles.
From Philadelphia to Lexington, via S. V. & B. T. R. R. and proposed routes,	677
From Philadelphia to Lexington, via Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, 794	117 Miles.
Philadelphia to Baltimore, 98	
Baltimore to Grafton, B. & O. R. R., 279	
Grafton to Marietta, N. W. V. R. R., 103	
Marietta to Cincinnati, 180	
Total	660 11 Miles.

Here it will be seen that your route passes a clear advantage in distance, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Pennsylvania Railroad, which are the only lines in operation that can by any possibility ever become rivals for the trade of the Ohio basin. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad approaches nearer than any other in distance, being but 11 Miles longer, but the grades and curvature are so much heavier, that were they of equal length, your line would possess a very decided advantage. The ruling grades against trade on the two routes are as 52 8-10 to 117.

You reach Cincinnati sixty-seven miles shorter than the Pennsylvania Road. This difference is decisive, and will settle the question as to the route that will be taken by the current of trade flowing westward. But you have other important advantages in your location and grades. Your maximum grade going East is fifty-two and eight-tenths feet per mile, while the Pennsylvania Road has grades in the neighborhood of one hundred feet per mile. But I need not elaborate this point, for every one must see that your road will possess very superior business facilities, as compared with any other running in the same direction. As I said once before, you need not fear competition, the only limit to your business will be measured by the capacity of your road. The Ohio River bears upon its bosom hundreds of Steamers, and thousands of smaller craft, ascending and descending, laden with the rich products of the valley, and representing a capital of many millions of dollars; which at certain seasons of the year cannot reach Pittsburg, on account of the low stage of the water. This is a very serious loss and inconvenience, which is so severely felt that a Charter was granted a year ago last winter to a Company to improve the navigation by building Dams and Locks.

Your road will reach the River two hundred and fifty miles below Pittsburg, and below most, if not all, the difficulties from low water, which is a matter of the utmost importance. Instead of low water cutting off your freight, and leaving your trains to run empty, it would pour upon your route a double quantity. For the freight for upper ports being unable to reach its destination, must perforce stop at Parkersburg.

There are no less than ten lines of railway on the south side of the great trunk, from Parkersburg to St. Louis, which will become feeders; and by their connections open to you the trade of the entire southwest.

From Cincinnati you will have a direct line to Chicago, by the Cincinnati, Logansport and Chicago Railroad, which will allow you to compete for the northwest trade, on equal terms with any other Company.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

L. D. LAMPMAN, Engineer.

Grandmother, said a child on returning from Sunday School one fine morning, is the Bible true!

Certainly, replied the old lady, 'but why do you ask?

Because, replied the juvenile, it says that every hair of our head is numbered, and so I pulled out a handful to-day, and there wasn't a number on any of them.

What heresy! exclaimed the old lady, and faintly clean stiff stone dead on the floor.

I don't care so much about the bugs, said Mr. Wormly to the head of the general private family in which he resided, but the fact is, I haven't got the blood to spare, you see that yourself.

THE GREATEST WORK OUT.—By permission of the Publisher, T. B. PETERSON, Esq., of Philadelphia, we take the liberty to insert the following sketch taken from that excellent work "The Humors of Falconbridge," written by the late Jonathan F. Kelley and published for the benefit of his widow and children. It is a most beautiful work, with splendid steel engravings of the characters, and we hope to see it very extensively circulated. This work can be had by addressing, T. B. Peterson Philadelphia, or at any of the Bookstores in the United States. It will be a golden harvest to any lover of reading. Read the following extract taken from the work:

### DOG DAY.

I used to like dogs—a puppy love that I got bravely over, since once upon a time, when a Dutch botcher, in the city of Charleston, S. C., put an end to my poor Sue—the prettiest and most devoted female bull terrier specimen of the canine race you ever did see, I guess. My Sue got into the wrong paw, one morning, the croak eating cordwainer and she had a dispute—ha, the bullet-headed bill of wax, up with his revolver, and—I was dogless. I don't think dogs a very profitable investment, and every man weak enough to keep a dog in a city ought to pay for the luxury handsomely—to the city authorities. Some people have a great weakness for dogs. Some fancy gentlemen seem to think it the very apex of high-civilization to have the skeleton of a greyhound and highly polished collar—following them through crowded thoroughfares. Some young ladies, especially those of doubtful ages, delight in caressing lumps of white, cotton-looking dumpy dogs and toasting them around, to the disgust of the lookers-on—with all the fondness and blind infatuation of a manum with her first born, bran new baby. Wherever you see any quantity of white and black leathers—Philadelphia, for instance, you'll see rafts of ugly and wretched-looking curs. Box says poverty and oysters have a great affinity in this country, for oysters read dogs. Who has not that avaricious over this remarkable country, had occasion to be down on dogs! Who that has ever lain awake, for hours at a stretch, listening to a blasted cur, not worth to any body the powder that would blow him up—but he has felt a desire to advocate the doglaw, so judiciously practiced in all well-regulated cities!—Who that ever had a sneaking villainous cur slip up behind and nip out a patch of your trousers, boot top and calf—the size of an oyster, but has felt for the pistol, knife or club, and sworn eternal enmity to the whole canine race! Who that ever had a big dog jump upon your Russia-ducks and patent-leathers—just as he had come out of a mud-puddle, but has nearly forfeited his title to Christianity, by cursing aloud in his grief—like a trooper? Well, I have, for one of a thousand.

The fact of the business is with precious few exceptions, dogs are a nuisance, whatever Col. Bill Porter of the "Spirit," and his thousand and one dog-fancying and inquiring friends, may think to the contrary; and the man that will invest fifty-real dollars in a dog-skin, has got a tender place in his head, not healed up as it ought to be. While "putting up," rather day, at the Irving House, New York, I heard a good dog story that will bear repeating. I think. A sporting gent from the country, stopping at the Irving, wanted a dog's good dog, not particular whether it was a spaniel, hound, pointer, English terrier or Butcher's bull. So a friend advised him to put an advertisement in the Sun and Spirit of the Times, which he did, requesting, "the fancy" to bring along the right sort of a dog to the Irving House, room number—

The advertisement appeared simultaneously in the two papers on Saturday. There were but few calls that day, but on Monday, the "Spirit" having been freely imbibed by its numerous readers over Sunday, the dog men were awake, and then began the scene. The occupant of room number—had scarcely got up, before a servant appeared with a man and a dog.

"Believe, sir, you advertised for a dog?" quoth he with the animal.

"Yes," was the response of the country fancy man, who, by the way it must be premised, was rather green as to the quality and price of fancy dogs.

"What kind of a dog do you call that?" he asked.

"A greyhound, full blooded, sir."

"Full blooded?" says the country sportsman. "Well, he don't look as though he had much blood in him. He'd look better, wouldn't he, mister, if he was full bellied, looks as hollow as a flute!"

This remark, for a moment, rather staggered the dog man, who first looked at his dog and then at the critic. Choking down his dander, or disgust, says he:

"That's the best greyhound you ever saw sir."

"Well what do you ask for him?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"What? Seventy-five dollars for that dog?"

"I guess you're a fool any way," says the dog man: "you don't know a hound from a tan yard cur, you jackass! Phoe-w! come along, Jerry!" and the man and dog disappeared.

The man with the hollow dog had not stepped out two minutes, before the servant appeared with two more dog merchants; both had their specimens along and were invited to 'step in.'

"Ah! that's a dog!" ejaculated the country sportsman, the moment his eyes lit upon the massive proportions of a thundering edition of Mt. St. Bernard.

"That is a dog, sir," was the emphatic response of the dog merchant.

"How much do you ask for that dog?" quoth the sportsman.

"Well," says the trader, patting his dog, "I thought of getting about fifty-five dollars for him, but I—"

"Stop," interrupted the country sportsman, "that's enough—he won't suit, no how. I can't get those figures on dogs." The man and dog left growling, and the next man and dog were brought up.

"Why, that's a queer dog, mister, ain't it? 'Tain't got no hair on it; why, where in blazes did you raise such a dog as that; been scalded, hasn't it?" says the rural sportsman, examining the critter.

"Scalded?" echoed the dog man, looking no ways amiable at the speaker, "why didn't you never see a Chinese terrier afore?"

"No, and if that's one I don't care about seeing another. Why, he looks like a singed possum!"

"Well, you're a pretty looking country jake, you are, to advertise for a dog, and don't know a Chinese terrier from a singed possum!"

Another rap at the door announced more dogs, and as the man opened it to get out with his singed possum, a genus who evidently "killed for Keyser," rushed in with a pair of the ugliest-looking—savages—sun-baked, slaughter-house pups, "the fancy" might ever hope to look upon! As the meet-

axis canines made a rush at the very booted troops of the country sportsman, he "abbed off," pretty perceptibly.

"Are you de man advertised for de dogs, sa-a-ay? You needn't be afraid o' dem; only a here lay da-owa, Balty—day's de dogs, mister, vot you read o'?"

"Ain't they rather fierce?" asked the rural sportsman, eyeing the ugly brutes.

"Fierce! Better believe dey are—show 'em a f-f-ight, if you want to see 'em go in for de chances! You want to see der teeth?"

"No, I guess not," timidly responded the sportsman; "they are not exactly what I want," he continued.

"What," says Jakey, "don't want 'em? Why, look a here, you don't go for to say dat you 'spect I'm agoin' for to fetch d-dogs clean down here, for nothin', do you, sa-a-ay? Cos if you do, I'll jist drop off my duds and lam ye out o' yer boots!"

Jakey was just beginning to square when his belligerent propositions were suddenly nipped in the bud, by the servant opening the door and ushering in more dogs; and no sooner did Jakey's pups see the new-comers, than they went in; a fight ensued—both of Jakey's pups lighting down on an abled-bodied, big-bone sorrel dog, who appeared perfectly happy in the transaction, and having a tremendous jaw of his own, made the bones of the pups crack with the high pressure he gave them. Of course a dog fight is the cue for a man fight, and in the wag of a dead lamb's tail, Jakey and the proprietor of the sorrel dog had a dispute, Jakey was attitudinizing a la "the fancy," when the sorrel dog man—who, like his dog, was got up on a liberal scale of strength and proportions—walked right into Jakey's calculations, and whirled him in double flip-flops on to the wash-stand in the rural sportsman's room! Our sporting friend viewed the various combatants more in boldly fear than otherwise, and was making a break for the door, to clear himself, when to his horror and amazement, he found the entry beset by sundry men and boys, and any quantity of dogs—dogs of every hue, size and description. At that moment the chafed-up pups of Jakey, and their equally used-up master, came rushing down stairs—another fight ensued on the stairs between Jakey's dogs and some others, and then a stampede of dogs—mixing up of dogs—tangling of ropes and straps—cursing and hurraing, and such a time generally, as is far better imagined than described.

The boards bearing such a wild outcry—no to anything of the yelps of dogs, came out of their various rooms, and retired as quietly, to escape the stray and confused

dogs, that now were ki-yi-ing, yelping and pitching all over the house! By judicious marshalling of the servants—broom-sticks, rolling pins and canes, the dogs and their various proprietors were ejected, and order once more restored; the country sportsman seized his valise, paid his bills and "vamoosed the ranche," and ever after it was incorporated in the rules of the Irving, that gentlemen are strictly prohibited from dealing in dogs while "putting up" in that house.

### Hon. Kenneth Rayner on our late Defeat.

A committee, acting in behalf of the American party, in Philadelphia, tendered to this distinguished gentleman the compliment of a public dinner. Mr. Rayner declined on account of the necessity of his immediate return to North Carolina. From his letter in answer to that of the American Committee we make the following extract:

"It is true, the Democratic party has secured a lease for four years more upon the offices, the jobs and contracts of the country. That is all they were after, and let them rejoice to their heart's content while yet they may. So far as regards the effect upon the future—so far as regard the moral influence to grow out of it—their victory is a defeat after all. Their candidate will go into power with a majority of at least 200,000 of the popular vote against him. So that, after all, they have received a decided rebuke from the people for their violation of the pledged faith of the nation in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise for their continued and systematic agitation of the question of slavery, and for their efforts to embroil the North and the South in difficulty, that by thus diverting public opinion from the contemplation of their misdeeds, they might the more quietly fatten upon the spoils.

"There is another consideration connected with the late election, which should cause those of the Democratic party even, who have any love of country, or pride of native land, to weep rather than rejoice, at the result. And that is, that the issue has been decided by the votes of Foreigners. Mr. Buchanan will not only be a minority President, but he will owe his elevation to the fact, that foreigners have forced him upon his reluctant and resisting countrymen.

But the most humiliating to us, of all the reflections growing out of the result, is, that notwithstanding this heavy foreign vote, we have been defeated by dissentions among our own friends. If all the friends of Mr. Fillmore in this State had cordially united on the same ticket, Mr. Buchanan would have lost the vote of Pennsylvania—and then the election would have gone to the House of Representatives. It is to be hoped that this will teach us wisdom in the future. It is to be hoped that our present misfortunes will hereafter impress upon us the importance of harmony, conciliation, forbearance and charity. It should also teach us to beware of and to guard against, the machinations of our common enemy, the Democratic party. That common enemy has sown the seeds of discord among us, and now they laugh at our calamities. They have practiced the tactics of Philip of Macedon. They have demonstrated that pack horses, led on with paupers full of gold, can effect a breach in walls which the most serried ranks cannot scale.

But, gentlemen, much as we have cause to grieve for our country, we still have means to console us. For myself, I by no means despair of our free institutions, and of the preservation of our glorious Union. Nothing but harmony of counsel and concert of action, among the conservative and Union loving men of the nation, is necessary for success. Let us then at once, as soon as the smoke of the battle has cleared away, and time has been allowed for reaction from the depression of feeling under which we all labor, set about to collect our scattered forces and reorganize preparatory for another struggle. Let us allow the enemy no idle moment. Let us give them to understand, that until we are finally crushed and subdued, we will give them some other employment besides feeding greedy politicians and rewarding importunate traitors.

In combining all the conservative elements of opposition to the Democratic rule, and their reorganization preparatory for another struggle—may I be allowed to express the hope that calm, dispassionate and conservative councils may prevail, that all ultras may be avoided, and that nothing may be said or done to prevent patriotic and national men, in the North and the South, the East and the West from meeting on a common ground of opposition to a common enemy, and of adopting a common basis of action for the preservation of our common rights and liberties.

What a Bene, good by agin, run that feller off.

2d P. S. I'm not a bit gelus Cate, don't let him cum about the house.

In all delicate cases where blame is due, you will generally find the following law enacted upon—the poor man accused, and the rich man excused.

Dr. George Perry says the bite of a rattlesnake is speedily and effectually cured by applying a rag saturated with ley to the wound.

The less a man does, the more fuss he makes. A hen with one chicken does more scratching than if she were blessed with a family of fifteen.

I say, mister, wasn't you born in the middle of the week? said an impudent urchin to a man with a severe pair of cross eyes.

No you little devil, why?

Case, I see you're allers lookin' both ways for Sunday.

A conceited young oxcomb met a handsome young lady on a narrow, muddy crossing a few days since. He stopped and said:

"Ah, I am like Balaam, stopped by an angel."

And I, said she, brushing by him, "am like the angel, stopped by an ass."

The exultant wifed.

An Irishman observing a dandy taking a promenade up Broadway, stopped up to him and inquired:

"How much rent do you ask for those houses?"

What do you ask me that for?

"Faith, and I thought the whole street belonged to you."

A Hoosier was called upon the stand, away out west to testify to the character of another Hoosier. It was as follows:

"How long have you known Bill Bushwhack?"

"Ever since he was born."

"What is his general character?"

"Letter A. No. 1.—Bove par a very great tray."

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"Yes sir, cu or off or any way."

What, in your opinion a e his qualifications to good character?"

"He's the best shot on the prairies, or in the woods; he can shave an eye winker off a wolf as far as shooting iron will carry a ball he can drink a quart of grog any day, and chaw tobacco like a horse."

"The British Empire, sir," exclaimed a John Bull to Jonathan, "is one on which the sun never sets?"

"And ones," replied Jonathan, "on which the tax gatherer never goes to bed."

Leigh Hunt says:

"God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purpose; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears binder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species."

Wanted—A pair of spectacles for the eye of a potato.

A CALIFORNIA LOVE LETTER.—A copy of a letter that was picked up in the street in Marysville, California, not long since, Mariessville, July fore 1856.

Pere Cate you know I luv you mor an any uther Gidle in the World, and wat's the Rezin you allways want me to tell you so. I no you R almost gitting tired waiting for me; I no you luv me fit to brake your hart. I no we ort to get marid, but how kin we if we kant—sa!—Wat's the use in thinkin bout it. I thort wen I sold mi mule that i wud have nough to pay the preacher and by you a nice goun. But I tried mi luv at poker, and got strap't the first nite. Cate, you never played poker—in horse nite. Wel its a confounded nice game as long as you kin sit behind a smol par, but when you can't get a par, the pots gone. I luv you so much Cate, that I almost hav a notion 2 sell me 1 horse wagin, and buck a nite or 2 at forrow, but how kin I—sa! Mi whole wagin wudent fetch more an fors: 5 good staks. ile go back to the mountings an work an dig and sweet and do everything I kin to git money 2 git marid. I sint any ways gelus Cate, but pleze dont bug an kins and set on J—n P—s lap any moor. You know he sint worth shaks, he kant drink moor an 8 horses 'bout gittin tite; I kin stand up under fifty. You no I kin lick him 2 and hav den it, and kin do it agin! But I sint a bit gelus, i no i ort to marid leng ago, seven years is rather long to korg a gal, but he hav you yit Cate.

Good by till we next meet,

D—G—

Note a Bene, good by agin, run that feller off.

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"And ones," replied Jonathan, "on which the tax gatherer never goes to bed."

Leigh Hunt says:

"God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purpose; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears binder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species."

Wanted—A pair of spectacles for the eye of a potato.