

# Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1857.

VOL. 30, NO. 32

## Read! SALE OF THE MAIN LINE.

LETTER No. 9.

### RECAPITULATION OF THE LEADING FACTS BROUGHT OUT.

Previous to submitting the few general remarks which this subject suggests, a recapitulation of the points established in these letters will aid the reader in grasping all the bearings of the question.

Letter I refers to the importance of the subject, and points out wherein onerous taxation had crippled our industrial interests. It announced as the main proposition to be proved, that the Main Line is not self-sustaining, but has exhausted and is exhausting the whole proceeds from the taxation of the people. As a general proof of this proposition, it was shown that since 1815 there had been no material diminution in the amount of the debt, notwithstanding the fact that over seventeen millions of dollars had, in that time, been raised from tax on real and personal estate. If this immense sum had not been used in paying current expenses, why had not the debt been partly paid? That it has not been, is the best evidence that it could not be, and that it could not be, is the best evidence that the Main Line has drawn largely upon this amount for the payment of expenses, of one kind or another, incurred upon it.

No. 2 explains the difference between the modes of keeping the account of expenses on the Main Line, adopted by the Auditor General and the Canal Commissioners; and shows the classes of payments which the latter exclude from their annual statements. From 1855 to 1856 certain of these excluded items amounted to \$2,070,896 12— which, if placed opposite the fabulous profits reported by the Canal Board, would have made a fearful hole therein. Likewise in 1856, the payments on the Public Works are stated by the Auditor General, as \$1,040,004 98 greater than by the Canal Commissioners; and on the Main Line, as \$72,159 77 greater— whence is inferred the necessity, in order to gain an accurate knowledge of the facts, of a thorough investigation of the payments for each year.

No. 3 makes such an investigation of the operations of the Main Line for 1856, and proves that, instead of making \$382,596 42 as the Canal Board assert, it actually lost \$256,194 01, and this without including the \$181,495 74 spent on the new Portage Railroad. It also investigates each portion of the line—the Columbia road, the Canal portion and the Portage road—and shows the condition of each, as fully as the data supplied by the Commonwealth's officers permit.

In No. 4, a review is given of the State of the Line, as found in the report of the State Engineer, Edward F. Gay. It shows that the Engineer asks this year \$117,010 98 more for repairs than were expended last year, and announces the necessity for more expensive repairs in a year or two. It also publishes the Main Line appropriations in the General Appropriation Bill, which foot up \$253,437 16 more than the gross revenue from the line for 1856.

No. 5 discusses the line for 1855. The Canal Commissioners reported profits at \$202,354 85. The expenditures—exclusive of new Portage payments—exceeded the revenue \$25,071 58, to which must be added interest on cost. In 1854, the balance against the line was \$222,065 21, although the Canal Commissioners reported a balance in favor of \$233,142 04. 1853 and 1852 present a substantially similar state of facts—the discrepancies between the two statements being caused by the Canal Board omitting sundry items of expense which the auditing officer includes, because the money for them passes through his hands and he, of course, claims credit for the payment.

No. 6 gives a summary of the total receipts from the line for 1853, '54, '55 and '56, and shows the balance against the line, exclusive of new Portage work, to be \$457,689 45. The Canal Board made the profits of these years over a million. It is also shown by the official figures that while the gross revenue from the Public Works has been increasing for years, the gross revenue from the Main Line is diminishing; and that the gross expenditures, whether inclusive of exclusive of construction, are increasing—the line thus doubly losing ground.

No. 7 shows the profits for 1853, '54, '55 and '56, claimed by the Board to have

been \$1,170,985 63, and examines each year separately, showing the annual suppressions of the Canal Board to be at least \$333,029 71. A table also shows the increase of the Construction account, under the system adopted by the Canal Board.— From completion of Line to 1854, this increase amounted to \$4,365,926 70.— From 1854 to 1856, a million more has been added. Most of this properly belongs to Repair Account, but it is shoved over to Construction, to avoid having it brought in to comparison with the comparatively slender receipts.

No. 8 analyzes the receipts and expenditures for 1852, '53, '54, '55 and '56, and shows the relation of the Main Line thereto. It proves that if the Main Line had been sold last year for nine millions, the State debt would have been reduced, during that year, \$10,235,597 61. The table also shows that with the Main Line sold, the ordinary revenues would soon reduce the debt at the rate of two millions a year. It also proves that the State debt is not less now than in 1847, however it may have slightly varied in that time. Then it was \$40,628,949 51. In December, 1856, it was, without including \$584,000 of temporary loans due and unpaid, \$40,177,835 25. Whilst from 1847 to 1856 inclusive, the tax on real and personal estate has realized to the State \$14,469,564 11. The question is, shall the Line be sold that the debt may be at once largely reduced and then rapidly paid; or shall it be retained and the debt and the rates of taxation be maintained at present figures?

In addition to this general consideration, which reaches every citizen and taxpayer, there are several special reasons why the Line should be sold. These will be briefly adverted to in my closing communication.

#### A MARVELOUS CONJURER.

Ordinary magicians would feel rather nervous at the idea of undertaking the remarkable feats recited below. We must remark, however, that as regards the performance mentioned last in the former article, it does not appear to have been altogether original with him. It is related of Cagliostro, that having deposed Frederick, and received an order to leave Berlin, he went out in a coach and six through each of the six principal gates of the city at the same instant of time, exactly twelve, M.— All the gatekeepers knew him, and testified to having seen him depart at the identical moment.

The Russians have long exhibited a remarkable taste for juggling, and all that snacks of the marvelous. Conjurers, professors of natural magic, ventriloquists, and the entire race of mountebanks, who in France and England astonish the gaping crowds at races and country fairs, ever find a ready welcome and liberal encouragement among the higher classes in the Russian cities. About the beginning of the present century a species of Cagliostro, or rather a superior kind of Wizard of the North, made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and astonished the natives by his marvelous performances. His name was Pirnetti, and his fame is retained in the memory of those who have witnessed his unrivaled talents.

The Czar Alexander, having heard Pirnetti so much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him; and one day it was announced to the conjurer that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock.— A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met, but the conjurer was absent. Surprised and displeased, the Czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Pirnetti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was no more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour and no Pirnetti. Messengers who had been sent in search of him, returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations.

At length after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front and the serenity of one who had nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was greatly displeased, but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied with the greatest coolness, 'Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?'

'Just so,' exclaimed the Czar, at the height of exasperation.

'Well, then,' said Pirnetti, 'let your Majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock.'

downright piece of insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock! He looked at the clock of the saloon, which had been twenty times consulted during the space that the assembly had been kept waiting: the clock also marked and struck seven o'clock! In turn the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found as usual exactly regulated by that of their sovereign. Seven o'clock indicated with one accord all the clocks and watches of the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifested in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him:

'Your majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious truth is at court, it is really necessary that your watch should tell it to you sir. If you consult it now you will find that it marks the real time.'

The Czar once more drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight; the same ratification had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in the clocks of the palace. The exploit was followed by others equally amusing and surprising.

At the close of the performance, the Czar after having complimented Pirnetti brought back to his remembrance that, in the course of the evening's amusements, he had declared that he could penetrate everywhere.

'Yes, sir, everywhere,' replied the conjurer, with modest assurance.

'What,' exclaimed the Czar, 'could you penetrate into this palace, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?'

'Into this palace, sir, even into the apartment of your majesty, quite as easily as I should enter into my own house,' said Pirnetti.

'Well, then,' said the Czar, 'at mid-day to-morrow I shall be ready in my closet with the price of this evening's amusement.'

But I forewarn you that the doors shall be carefully closed and guarded.'

'To-morrow at mid-day I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty,' and he bowed and withdrew.

Two gentlemen of the household followed the conjurer to make sure he quitted the palace, they accompanied him to his lodging and a number of the police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it.— The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter, were he prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution.— The exterior openings of the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet. A few moments previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a despatch which a member had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home.

'Ah! he has found out that the undertaking is impracticable, and has abandoned it,' observed the Czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated, the door which communicated from the bedroom of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary silence, while fixing a suspicious look on Pirnetti, he said, 'are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?'

'Yes, sire,' he replied, 'I am only a humble conjurer, with no ambition—but that of amusing your majesty.'

'Here,' said the Czar, 'are a thousand roubles for last night, and a thousand more for this day's visit.'

Pirnetti, in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the Czar, who with a thoughtful air inquired of him, 'Do you count on remaining some time in St. Petersburg?'

'Sire,' he replied, 'I intend setting off this week, unless your majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn.'

'No,' hastily observed the Czar, 'it is not my intention to detain you, and moreover,' he continued, with a smile, 'I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will.— You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you have found your way into this palace.'

'I could do so, sire,' said Pirnetti, 'but far from wishing to quit St. Petersburg stealthily or mysteriously, I am desirous of

quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital a striking example of my magical powers.'

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts, and he announced he should leave St. Petersburg the following day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit all the city gates at the same moment. Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg at that time had fifteen gates, which were encompassed by a multitude eager to witness this marvelous departure.

The spectators at these various gates all declared that at ten o'clock precisely, Pirnetti, whom they all perfectly recognized, passed through. 'He walked at a slow pace, with head erect, in order to be seen,' said they, and 'he bade us adieu in a clear and audible voice.' These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers placed at every gate to examine the passports of travellers. The inspection of Pirnetti's passports were in fifteen registers. Who is the Wizard whether coming from the North or South, who could perform so astonishing an exploit.

#### AN IRISHMAN'S RESOURCES.

Mr. Meagher, in his speech at the St. Patrick's Day dinner, told the following:

Paddy Shannon was a bogger in the 87th regiment—the *Faugh-a-ballaghs*—and with that regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, served all through the Peninsular campaign. When the campaign was over Paddy had nothing left him but the recollection of it. His only solace was the notice taken of him in the canteen. It is no wonder, then, he became a convivial soul. From the bottle he soon found his way to the halberts.

The regiment paraded, the proceedings given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

'Listen now, Sir Hugh. Do you mean to say you are going to flag me? Just recollect who it was sounded the charge at Boreas, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that eagle on the colors.'

'Take him down,' said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed before Paddy again found himself placed in similar circumstances.

'Go on,' said the Colonel.

'Don't be in a hurry,' ejaculated Paddy; 'I've a word to say, Sir Hugh.'

'The eagle won't save you this time, sir.'

'Is it the eagle, indeed! then I wasn't going to say anything about that same, though you are, and ought to be, proud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French, and only the 87th to defend it, it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up 'Garrytown, to glory, boys, and you Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them upon your coat of arms in testimony thereof.'

'Take him down,' said the Colonel, and Paddy was again unseated.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services to get through, and a good deal of whiskey, and ere another two months passed he was again tied up, the sentence read and an assurance from Sir Hugh Gough that nothing again would make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was of no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride and the breach of Tarifa without any avail.

'And it is me,' at last he broke out, 'that you are going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole regiment, who knew it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French Field Marshal's staff at the battle of Waterloo; that the Duke of Wellington sent to the prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a Field Marshal into the bargain! The Prince Regent said, 'You've sent me the staff of a Field Marshal of England!—Wasn't Paddy Shannon that took it? Paddy Shannon, who never got rap, or recompane, or ribbon or star, or coat-of-arms, or tark of distinction except the flogging you are going to give him.'

'Take him down,' cried Sir Hugh, and again Paddy was forgiven.

'When Dr. H. and a lawyer were walking arm in arm a wag said to a friend: 'These two are just equal those highwaymen.' 'Why,' was the response. 'Because,' rejoined the wag, 'it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money your life.'

#### LONDON SHOP WINDOWS.

But, after all, the grand source of gratuitous entertainment in London is the shop windows and the shops. Here lies the great exhibition, which is perpetually open to all comers, and of which nobody ever tires.— It is an awful blunder to suppose that those only profit by the display in shop-windows who are in a position to purchase. Every shop front is an open volume, which he who runs may read, while he who stands still, may study it, and gather wisdom at the cheapest source, which may be useful for a whole life. To the money-less million, the shops of London are what the university is to the college; they teach them all knowledge; they are history, geography, astronomy, chemistry, photography, music, mechanics, dynamics, mechanics—in a word, they are science in all its practical developments—and, glorious addition, they are art in all its latest and noblest achievements. While to one class of observers they are a source of inexhaustible amusement, to another they are a source equally inexhaustible of instruction. Therefore it is that the mechanic and artisan, out of work and out of money, wanders along the interminable miles of shop-fronts, peering here, puzzling there, guessing in this place, solving in that, some one or other of the mechanical problems presented to their view. A common thing with men and lads thus circumstanced, is to saunter forth in groups to dissipate the weary hours of enforced idleness by gazing in at the shop windows, and speculating on this or that unknown material or contrivance; and guessing, or if practicable, inquiring into the circumstance of its produce or construction. A well known source of gratis recreation to the unemployed is what is called 'a picture fiddle,' when a party of idle hands will hunt up all the print shops and picture spots in a whole district, and spend perhaps the whole day in the contemplation of this gratuitous gallery, which having the charm of novelty, recommends itself more than do the rooms of the National Collection of the long chambers of the British Museum. Others may prefer 'a book fiddle,' and these roam from stall to stall in the second hand book districts, beguiling the time by a chapter from a dog's eared *Pickwick*, or a brown-studied over the columns of an old *Mechanic's Magazine*. There is no end to the entertainment derivable in tolerable weather from shop stalls and shop windows; and it is our notion that he who has a spare room, indeed, who would undertake to specify in set terms the influence they have had in forming the mind, character, and habits of our city population.—*The Little World of London*.

#### THE MOON.

The *Boston Courier* says:—It has long been known that the moon revolves on its axis in the same time in which it revolves round the earth, and that it consequently always presents nearly the same side towards the earth, while the opposite side is never seen from our globe. No bodies of water nor clouds can be seen on the moon by the aid of the most powerful telescope, nor is the apparent direction of stars close to its edge changed by refraction, as would be the case if an atmosphere enveloped the moon. Hence it has been inferred by Whetwell, the reputed author of a late work entitled 'Of Plurality of Worlds,' that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and consequently, no inhabitants.

This inference is shown to be conclusive by a recent discovery of the astronomer Hansel, whose study of the moon's motion, continued for many years, established the fact that the centre of gravity of the moon, instead of being like that of the earth, at the centre of figure, is beyond that centre, and farther from the side next to the earth than it is from the other side by seventy-four miles. The nearer side of the moon, therefore, is a vast protuberance or mountain, seventy-four miles high, and any fluid, whether air or water, would flow downwards from the nearer to the farther side of the moon, where for aught we know, intelligent beings may exist. The nearer side of the moon cannot be inhabited, at least by beings to whose existence air and water are essential, as in the case with all terrestrial animals.

It has been discovered within a few years, by means of long continued, hourly observations with a barometer, that the moon exerts an appreciable influence on the pressure of the atmosphere; and also by means of long continued magnetic observations, that it exerts an influence on the declinations of the magnetic needle.

The existence of this influence on the pressure of the atmosphere from the moon, may explain why people are 'moon struck,' as it is termed, and possibly those who have been supposed foolish in thinking that the moon's changes affected the weather on this earth of ours were of philosophers than fools.

How to Quarrel with Your Wife.—(An unailing recipe.) Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight, remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnet is straight, and winking up with the remark that you never knew but one who had any common sense about her.

Wife will ask why you did not marry her then. You, with a sigh, reply, 'Ah! you never mind.'

Wife will ask why you did not marry her then. You, with a sigh, reply, 'Ah! you never mind.'

#### TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Go to work. Take off your coat, roll up your sleeves and look about you. If you can't find anything congenial or remunerative in the city or town, betake yourself to the country. Better weed gardens and tend sheep, or follow the ploughshare barefooted, and tread on the furrows, or to act as a scare crow in a corn-field, than remain in the city, out of pocket, out at the elbows, in debt, and in misery generally. Don't be afraid to commingle freely with your mother earth, and then sit under a cataract and be washed clean—be invigorated and feel like a man. The country is the place for you, decidedly, where the sunbeams steal through the cracks in your chamber and dance flags on the floor, where one doesn't have to walk a mile and a half to see the sun rise, and where the waving grain bows gracefully to the gentle breeze, and eggs can be had for the hunting. Onse there, and re-invigorated, and you will look with pity upon mortals walled in by brick and mortar on all sides with the heavens far, far before them and no hope of ever reaching that blessed, abode.

#### THE GERMAN AND HIS SOURKROUT.

Some amusing incidents occasionally occur in our police courts. Here is one. A day or two ago, a German entered one of our police courts, were Justice Flandreau was presiding, when the following dialogue took place:

Dutchman—Meester Joojde, I want a warrant.

Judge—What do you want a warrant for?

Dutchman—I tells you vat for I want a warrant: A man comes to my house and likes my wife; but I no care for that.

Judge—Well, what did he do then?

Dutchman—Vell, he tricks my lagerbis, then kiss my wife, but I cares nothing for dat.

Judge—Well, what does the man do then that you want a warrant against him?

Dutchman—Vell, after he tricks my lagerbis, he poots his hand on my wife; but I no care nothing for dat.

Judge—Well, what does he do then, I have no time to listen to a long rignuarole story!

Dutchman—Vell, then he takes his hand off my wife and puts in the sourkrot barrel and throws it on the floor, and dat is for what I want a warrant.

The Judge declined the application.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

#### ORIGINAL AND STRIKING SMILE.

At a recent meeting in New York, the Rev. Mr. Cuyler told the following amusing story:

A city buck of the Broadway order went into the country, and they invited him to a deer hunt. He had seen the deer antlers, and had a lively notion of venison, but he knew about as little of the live animal as he did about the gun they gave him. They placed him where the deer was to pass and told him to fire as soon as he saw him. He stood and trembled. Soon he heard the baying of the hounds, and before long there was a cracking of the underbrush, and before long there was a crackling of the underbrush, and a magnificent deer rushed by with immense antlers, and his tail erect.— The city buck still stood and trembled.— The hunters came up and asked why he did not shoot? His lips trembled, as he answered, 'I saw nothing but the devil got with an arm chair on his head, and his handkerchiefs sticking out behind.'

'I understand you are now in de milk business.'

'Yes Sam,' said he, 'Ise now in de milk business—fus rate business,—pays well.'

'Glad to hear it, bones.'

'But a feller stoppe me de udder day an says he, 'Bones, you orter to shingle dem cows of yours.'

'Shingle your cows. Why what in de world did he ax you to shingle dem cows for?'

'Bones took a long breath, and casting a sly glance at Sam, replied:

'To keep de water from running in de milk.'

To KEEP BUTTER SOLID AND SWEET IN HOT WEATHER.—Have a stone jar, or butter firkin, the first is the best,) half full of brine, that will float an egg. Sugar may be added, but it is not indispensable. Into this drop your rolls, or prints of butter, when thoroughly worked and ready for use. Keep the jar closely covered, and will probably not have a plate of oily butter on the table all summer,—unless you are in the habit of putting your butter upon the table first, instead of the last thing, at meal times,—I have known such.

Vice stings even in our pleasure, but virtue consoles even our pains.

TAKING OUT AN EYE TO MEND IT.—The *Leipsic Journal of Literature, Science and Art*, publishes an account of the wonderful discoveries, of Dr. Graeff for disease of the eye, and the wonderful cures he performs. He has found the ball of the eye to be transparent, and by a curious instrument examines minutely the interior, takes it out and performs any necessary surgical operation, and replaces it without injury to its appearance or vision. A young girl had long been afflicted with excruciating pain in the left eye, the cause of which the most learned could not understand. Dr. Graeff found in the centre of the ball a little worm, which he removed, and restored the poor creature immediately to health and perfect sight. His office is thronged all day by the poor, praying for relief.

'I say, Sambo, does you know what makes the corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?'

'No, I don't know, cept it make the ground strong for de corn.'

'No, I just tell you; when the corn begins to huntin'. Onse there, and re-invigorated, and you will look with pity upon mortals walled in by brick and mortar on all sides with the heavens far, far before them and no hope of ever reaching that blessed, abode.'

'A maiden lady, not remarkable for either youth, beauty or good temper came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how she could get rid of a very annoying and troublesome suitor.

'O, marry,—marry him,' he advised.

'Nay, I would see him hanged before I would marry him.'

'No, madam, marry him, as I said to you and I'll assure you that it will not be long before he hangs himself.'

'A distinguished philologist says that although many modern cynics continually assert that the world is given up in these days to the worship of money, he has discovered that owing to the peculiar formation of the words, "gold" can never be synonymous with "god" until you kneel I out of it.

The estate known as Montpelier, in Virginia, and distinguished as the former residence of President Madison, has just been sold to Mr. Thomas S. Carson, late of Baltimore, but now of New York, for the sum of \$37,250. The estate embraces 1,165 acres, and therefore realizes \$32 per acre.

'A veritable young gentleman, four years old, recently threw his maternal relative into a fit of admiration by the following speech:—'I like most of all kind of cakes—pound cake, sponge cake, and jelly cake, but I don't like stomach-ach.'

The following is Prentice's last and best squib: An old woman up in Henry is collecting all the Democratic papers she can lay her hands on to make soap of. She says they are despute stiffer than ashes—they are most as good as clear 'fic.'

'Who but George D. Prentice could have originated the following?'

'The Roman Forum is now a cow market, the Tarpeian Rock a cabbage garden, the Palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk, and Ashland the residence of J. B. Clay.'

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again.

When you 'strike a balance,' has balance a right to strike you?

'Why is a man making love to a married woman like a sherriff loving on the wrong man's goods? Because he's the victim of a "misplaced attachment."

The woman in Ocean county, supposed to have been frightened to death by the Comet, has recovered, having only fallen into a comatose state.

If you would relieve the pain of a burn apply the white of an egg so as to exclude the burned part from the air. It is better than any other remedy.

The man who was so forgetful that he forgot his honest debts, we learn, has had his memory jogged by a 'Justice of the Peace.'

The Chinese think that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings till it starves.

The saying that there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving, is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

'Why are the country girls' cheeks like well printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep the color.'

'O, dear, Mr. Foster, you just when you say that my baby is the mos handsome one you ever saw, you must be soft-soaping it.'

'Well, madam, I thought it needed soap of some kind.'