

Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

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

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BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1857.

VOL. 30, NO. 34.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

AN INCIDENT OF NAPOLEON'S TIME.

The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. It was on the 22d of October. The sentinels were given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight Pierre Saseoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this hour, leaving requested to be called at midnight to visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?" "Ay, mon colonel, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men nor brutes without good proof." "Never fear," was Pierre's answer as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Saseoin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp, or rather around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine, in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to the outer side.

The night was dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; with a sort of fog seemed to rise also from the marsh. The wind moaned from the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly; with a slow, steady tread the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicions. He had stopped for a moment close by the rock, when he was startled by a quick screech from the wood, and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"Parbleu!" he uttered, after the night bird had flown over his head, "could mortal man have stopped that fellow from passing?" "He satisfied himself that he had done nothing in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock when he was sure he saw a dark object just crossing the line towards the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing his musket to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim he advanced towards the spot where the object had stopped. But as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move on again toward the camp.

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any further and I fire! What, pardieu! La prience! Ho, ho; why Prince?"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would jump up to the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier beckoned him off.

"Bravo Prince," Pierre cried reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon its haunches. Pierre now recognized the intruder as a great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had now been missing for about a week. He had disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu, mon grande Prince," Pierre uttered as though the dog could understand every word, "the men will be happy to see you; where have you been so long?"

The dog made no answer to this save a low whine and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, mon ami, you must keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we will go together. Mind that will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis, and in a commanding tone, Pierre started on his bent again. He had got half way to the rock when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. La Prience was moving towards the camp again.

Ha! Prince that won't do! Stop! Stop! or I'll shoot! Diable, the Colonel, was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so lie down. Down! Down, Prince I say!"

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly, and stretched out his paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal remained perfectly quiet, and over and

anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go into the camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and on turning he would just see his uneasy companion making off.

"Diable! the honest fellow uttered. 'I must obey orders. The Colonel's word was plain, here! Parbleu! Come here! Here, Prince! Mon Dieu! you must die if you don't.'"

With a few quick bounds, the soldier had got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

"Moncher ami, you must stay with me.—Here! Come back! I must shoot you if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to start the whole camp for to shoot a dog!"

"Ah, now Prince will be relieved," the soldier said, as the tramp of the coming guard was heard, "you shall go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction, this time starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! Parbleu, don't you run off again!"

But the fellow took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Grand Dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus! In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he eloped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dark object now and he fired.—

There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn for the guard were approaching.

"Qui est la? (Who is there?) he cried. 'Relief guard,' was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign he informed the official what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer, "Prince, did you say?"

"He looked like Prince, but you should have seen him run on his hind legs!"

"Eh! Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come, show us where he was."

Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found in the last struggle of death.

"Grand Dieu!" cried the officer, "what legs for a dog, eh?"

And no wonder he said so. The hind legs of the animal were booted. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body a deep groan came up, and the words "God take me!" in the Prussian tongue followed.

"Diable! here is an adventure!" uttered the officer and made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and having lifted the strange animal upon it they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were now brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog's skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some twenty years of age; but he was dead. Pierre's ball having touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them were found a cypher, but no one could make out what it was. The Colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About 4 o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same spot where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp.

He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper, who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had before been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher, which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the Colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be directions to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near to Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and delivered him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for the spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got it too, but for the sportive order of the Colonel, and willfully faithful obedience of Pierre Saseoin.

On the next day Pierre was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and the Emperor said to him as he bestowed the boon:

"If you make as faithful an officer, as you

have made yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more."

From the North American.

Pennsylvania Southern Railroad to Pittsburg and Wheeling.

There is now in use a railroad from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, by the way of Lancaster, another by Reading and Dauphin, and a road from Baltimore, by the way of York, to Harrisburg. It is also known that the Reading and Lebanon Valley line from Philadelphia to Harrisburg is near completion for use. It is manifest that it is essential for the public accommodation in freight and travel through Pennsylvania, that there should be constructed as early a time as practicable, another line of railroad, to Pittsburg, other than what is or will be furnished by the Pennsylvania Central.

The route from Chambersburg, to be located, would be that of the Chambersburg and Allegheny road, to intersect the Pittsburg and Conneville at or near Myer's Mill, about fourteen miles west of Cumberland. Explorations and surveys which have been made, would show this route to be by Loudon, Burnt Cabins, the south side of the Broadtop coal fields, and by the town of Bedford, a distance of eighty-five or ninety miles. Explorations along this route since Hegis' survey in 1838, show the latter to be susceptible of great improvement. This line of road crosses the valley from Chambersburg, a distance of sixteen miles, before it reaches the Cove or Tuscarora mountain. That barrier, which seemed formidable from its elevation of 1800 feet when crossed by the turnpike road to McConnellsburg, was passed by Hegis' survey, at a depression in the mountain four miles north of the turnpike called Cowen's Gap, at an elevation of only 550 feet above Chambersburg, and that with little cutting, and with the low grade of fifty five feet in the mile.

A recent survey by the Engineers of the Sherman's valley and Broad Top Railroad Company from Burnt Cabins to the intersection of the Conneville Road, shows the road to be practicable without a tunnel or any formidable obstacle, and with moderate grades. In their report they say that they had made the survey, and the results are more favorable than the most sanguine had dared to hope for. Their report states that from Bedford to the end of their survey, to intersect the Conneville Road, it is twenty two miles of very light work and direct line, and except the summit cut, will not cost over two thousand dollars per mile for graduation.

The local trade and travel on this section, there is every reason to believe, would be remunerative on the cost of construction.—

It passes the south side of the Broad Top coal field for miles, and at a point nearer Harrisburg, by thirty miles, than the coal mines of Broadtop, by the way of Huntingdon. It will bring into market, as soon as it enters Franklin county, a distance of less than twenty miles, coal, which is there greatly wanted for manufacturing, for fuel, and the burning of lime. It also traverses extensive mines of iron ore of the best quality, passing valleys of fertile land with prosperous villages. It will bring into use great districts of pine and other timber, now comparatively valueless for want of access to market.

There is now in use sixty miles of railroad from Pittsburg to Conneville, which includes twelve miles of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, by arrangement between the Companies. The road from Conneville eastward is in progress of construction at several points. To this part of the road the city of Baltimore has subscribed one million of dollars, and as Fayette and Somerset counties contribute according to their ability and advantages, this road to Cumberland will be made.

Miles.
The distance from Harrisburg to Chambersburg is 50
From Chambersburg to Myer's Mill, 38
From Myer's Mill to Pittsburg, 134
From Harrisburg to Pittsburg, 272
From same to Pittsburg by the Central Railroad is 250
22

This small difference of distance may be compensated in the southern route by lower grades and straight lines of road. Between these two great leading roads there need be no unfriendly rivalry; there will with both, by proper management, be as much to do for the public accommodation as they will be able to accomplish in transporting trade and travel through our great State.

This route from Chambersburg, by Cowen's Gap, Burnt Cabins, Littleton and Bedford, is that of one of the most ancient roads in the State. It was that used for supplies for Braddock's army from Penn-

sylvania. It was the road preferred for the march of Gen. Forbes and his army in 1758, in the campaign against Fort Duquesne, and was used in all military expeditions from Pennsylvania to the Ohio during the Colonial wars. It was also the line of march for the Pennsylvania and Jersey troops under Washington, to suppress the Western insurrection.

The link to be provided for in this Southern Pennsylvania Railroad is that from Chambersburg to the Conneville road at or near Myer's Mill, a distance of about ninety miles. This improvement would be of great advantage to Somerset, Bedford, Fulton, Franklin, Cumberland and other southern counties, to the Cumberland Valley Railroad, to the Lebanon Valley Railroad, to Philadelphia, to Pittsburg. So extended an interest could easily provide for its construction, and should give it their immediate attention. It will be a continuous road, within Pennsylvania. It is a mistake to suppose that any company or authority from Pennsylvania has the right to intersect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at any point on its line without the consent of that company, and even with that consent without further legislation from Maryland and Virginia.

Under existing laws, the right to intersect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad under Pennsylvania authority, was to be in Washington county, Maryland—east of the North Mountain—which is about twelve miles west of Williamsport. To evade and defeat that connection, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company extended their road into Virginia, at Harper's ferry, and continued it through Virginia, to a point within a few miles of Cumberland. This frustrated all the provisions of the Pennsylvania Legislature for the connection.

The Sherman's Valley and Broad Top Railroad Company have surveyed a route for a railroad from the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, six miles west of Harrisburg, through Sherman's Valley, by Burnt Cabins Broadtop and Bedford, to intersect the Pittsburg and Conneville Railroad, at or near Myer's Mill, west of Cumberland.—

This would be on the same line, as contemplated by the Chambersburg and Allegheny Railroad Company. If the road from Burnt Cabins to the Conneville road is made, it is immaterial by which company it is made, so that the public have the accommodation of this road. The road through Sherman's Valley, from the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to Burnt Cabins, a distance of about seventy two miles, would be an improvement of great accommodation to the district in which it is located, yet it cannot in this mountainous route, with innumerable curves, high grades, a tunnel of 866 yards, and trestle work at one place of 900 feet long, for through travel compete with the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and the cost of construction of the road from Chambersburg to Burnt Cabins, a distance of less than thirty miles.

SI LVER STATE.—The N. Y. Times says the gold State is likely to have a companion silver State. The projected territory of Arizona is reported to be as richly endowed with silver mines as California is with gold diggings. The Gadsden purchase, if all the reports from that quarter should prove true, will be almost as valuable an addition to our territory as California. The Illinois, on her last passage, brought among her freight several packages of silver from that supposed desert, which are represented as being very rich.

Those ores were from the veins lately opened and occupied by the Sonora exploring and Mining Co., and were forwarded by the manager of the company from Tubac, Gadsden purchase, to the office of the company in Cincinnati.

The late discoveries of silver in the Gadsden purchase, it is said, are attracting much attention in California. Some of the mines are represented as being very rich in silver, and the proprietors are only waiting for government to protect the inhabitants of the Purchase from the depredations of the Indians, to enter, extensively upon mining operations.

A farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged.

"Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman, "but how the deuce did it happen?" "Must have been an Irish gun."

"Not at all," said the farmer, "and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it." A good sell.

War and love are strange compeers—war sheds blood, and love sheds tears; war has spears and love has darts, war breaks heads and love breaks hearts.

A Lawyer with Two Characters.

One cold evening of November, ten years ago, a man wrapped in a large cloak knocked at the door of Mons. Dupin, one of the most able advocates of Paris. He entered, and drawing from under his coat a large package of documents, laid them on the table.

"Monsieur," said he, "I am rich; but a lawsuit, which is commenced against me, may ruin me utterly. At my age, a lost fortune is not to be remade. The loss of this suit, therefore, would involve me in the most frightful misery, I come to implore your aid. Here are the papers which explain my claims."

The advocate listened attentively while his unknown visitor thus briefly explained his business. Then opening the pile of documents, he went through them with the searching rapidity of his professional eye.— They were at last laid upon the table.

"The action which is commenced against you for this property," said he, "is based upon justice and right—legal and moral.— The property belongs to your opponent. But, unfortunately, in spite of the fine elaboration of our code, law and justice do not go together; and here the law is on your side. If, therefore, you rest your case entirely upon the law, and use without reserve all its technicalities and quibbles, and if the legal points in your favor are all stated clearly and ably to the court, you will inevitably gain your case."

"No man living," said the stranger "can do what you thus describe so ably as yourself. Might I venture to hope that you reduce your legal opinion to writing, and thus render me invulnerable?"

The advocate reflected for a minute or two, and then taking up again the document, which, at the first word of the request, he had roughly pushed away, he said he would do as the stranger wished. On the morrow, at the same hour, the legal opinion would be ready.

The client was punctual. The paper was presented to him—accompanied with a demand very abruptly made, for a fee of three thousand francs.

He stood mute with astonishment.

"You are at liberty to keep your money," said the lawyer, "and I am at liberty to throw my written opinion into the fire."

Advancing to the chimney, apparently for the purpose, he was stopped by the visitor.

"I will pay you the sum," he said, "but I must give you my written acceptance for it."

"The money in gold," said the advocate, "you shall not have a line."

The client saw that it was inevitable, and taking his leave for a moment's return, and took with the coin. He said it—but in revenge, after gaining his cause, he told the story in every corner of Paris. The journal held it of it. It was soon as universal as the name and fame of the great lawyer himself. Laments were made by the editors, over the grasping advantage thus taken of a client in his extremity, and even friends expressed their regret to him for his betrayal of avarice. But he simply shrugged his shoulders; and, as everything is forgotten at Paris, the matter soon passed out of the public mind.

Ten years passed by, and a few days since, at a celebration of which the dignitaries of the courts of law formed a part, the procession was interrupted by a woman, who suddenly sprang from the crowd and seized the hands of Mons. Dupin the Procurer General.

"It is he! It is he!" she exclaimed as she burst into tears, and covered his hands with kisses. "This is my benefactor, my friend, the angel by whose timely kindness I was saved from ruin, and spared to educate my children!"

"Poor woman!" said M Dupin, "she has lost her reason."

But she insisted on explaining to the bystanders that there was reason in her tears and gratitude. She stated it brokenly. Ten years ago, after the death of her husband, a claim was put in by a relative for the property upon which she had relied to support and educate her children. She resolved to defend her possession of that which she knew to be her own, and had already sold half her furniture to pay the commencement of the process, when one day a stranger called upon her. He abruptly announced his business. He told her that the suit, for which she was already running into expense, would be a losing one—that the law was against her, though justice was on her side—that she had better abandon it, and save what she still possessed. He then added that, from having been employed on the case, he had been able to rescue some portion of what was improperly taken from her—that it was contained in the bag of gold, which he laid on the table—abruptly taken his leave, and giving her as-

tonished senses no opportunity for thanks or inquiry. The three thousand francs with which she was thus enriched, enabled her to re-establish herself with her children and commence a timely support of them. And, from that fatal day, she had been trying in vain to discover her benefactor. But his features were engraven on her heart, and thank God! also recognized and could thank him now.

And so, after ten years of misapprehension, Mons. Dupin's "grasping avarice," was explained to his legal brethren and the public as quite another thing! Like some other people, he had two characters—one what the newspapers made him out to be, and the other a very different one, what he was.

POLITICAL COWARDICE.

The political coward excites as much contempt as any other coward. A poltroon is a despicable object, no matter on what field he displays the white feather. Hence we are not surprised to learn that the pusillanimity shown by Gen. Packer, through the loosefaced State Committee, in refusing to accept Wilmot's challenge to stump the State, has much mortified the rank and file of the party, and excited their ire to think that they have to be led by one who at the very outset turned tail upon the enemy.— Among them be it. Certainly his own party cannot despise the dastard any more than his opponents do. This cock who won't fight had better have his spurs taken off and be sent to the dunghill at once.

The democratic party professes to be a national party, a permanent party, an old party—a party, in fact, with a settled creed and well established principles, upon which it relies for success. Why, then, is it afraid to discuss those principles before the people? Is it because its professions are hollow and its creed a lie, that it shinks from a challenge to defend them? Does it fear the revelations which such a discussion would bring to the ears of the people? It would seem so. Either it is a weak party, devoid of ability to sustain its creed in discussion, or it is a hollow hearted, hypocritical, canting party, depending alone upon trick and chicanery for success, and hence cannot bear to have its policy and measures made the subject of popular inquiry.

But, the committee says, the challenge, if accepted, would lead to a discussion of the slavery question. And what if it did? Is not the slavery question a proper one for discussion? If it is not, why does the party in its presses make it the main staple of their political diatribes? And if the squatter sovereignty doctrine is so impregnable and unanswerable as they pretend, why should they dread a discussion of it, and put in that plea as a conclusive one for not going into the fight? Either the party should cease harping upon the slavery question or discuss it when challenged.

But the committee could not get along, in giving an answer, without violating the truth of history. It says:

"A canvass by candidates for the gubernatorial office has never been conducted in this State, nor, I believe, in any other Northern one, and may well be questioned on grounds of public policy."

This is not true. Indiana was canvassed last year in this way, and frequently before. Ohio and other western States have also frequently been canvassed in this way. Even in Pennsylvania the Democratic and Whig candidates in 1851 and 1854 canvassed the State separately; and it will require a very nice degree of hairsplitting to show the difference, in principle, between candidates canvassing a State separately and jointly. If it was right for a democratic candidate to canvass the State in 1851 and 1854, how can it be wrong to do so in 1857?

The Committee, speaking of the practice of stumping, says:

"A rule of party action which would prevent such men as Benjamin Franklin, Simon Snyder, and Francis R. Shunk from filling the Executive chair of this State, must be a bad one, and to be denounced rather than adopted."

This is a libel upon both Franklin and Shunk. Franklin was not a dumb statesman. If he was not a voluminous speaker, he was always ready to give a reason for his political faith, and it is well known that he was not merely capable of public speaking, but that he did, more than once, make public speeches. The same is true of Shunk. In 1844 he was frequently upon the stump, and the files of the Gazette contain the record of some of his speeches.

If Gen. Packer is incapable (as we suppose he is.) of meeting Judge Wilmot on the stump, and shrinks from it in sheer cowardice, let his party confess his incapacity, at once, and put forward some substitute for him. Let them say, if they will, for the purpose of eluding their followers,

"Gen. Packer is an able man and a statesman, but he is no speaker. We will, however, meet you with Schnabel," or any other windbag, of which the party contains an abundance. There would be some manliness in that; but there is none in this denial of the propriety of stumping after the party has so often and so lately engaged in it.

The fact is, the loosefaced party dare not go before the people upon present issues.— They know that their frauds and corruption in Philadelphia, the course of Walker in Kansas, and the many political developments growing out of the relation which the President holds to the South will not bear to be talked about. Their only hope is in keeping quiet and closing the public ear as much as possible to the voice of truth.— The watchword to their partisans, is, "low and deep dark." In this way they may achieve success this fall, but in no other way. Discussion is the one thing most to be dreaded; and hence they must decline it at all hazards, even though they make a craven of their candidate and subject the whole party to the reproach of cowardice.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

The noblest and purest character of all men born, into whose nostrils the blessed Deity ever breathed the breath of life, is drawn by his eloquent biographer in a nut shell:

"We have been accustomed to look to Washington's private letters for the sentiments of his heart. Those written to several of his friends immediately after his loss of the presidency of the United States, show how little he was, excited by his official elevation.

"I greatly fear," writes he, "that my countrymen will expect too much from me. I fear if the issue of public measures should not correspond with their sanguine anticipation, they will turn the extravaganza, and I might almost say undue praises, which they are heaping upon me at this moment, equally extravagant, though I will fondly hope, unmerited, censures."

Little was his modest spirit aware that the praises so dutifully received, were but the opening notes of a theme that was to increase from age to age, to pervade all lands, and endure throughout generations.—*Irving.*

WILMOT IN BERKS COUNTY.

The Berks County Press says: We give in to-day's Press, the proceedings in detail of the American Republican County Meeting. It was the largest ever assembled at Reading, and its action of such a character as will effect the onward progress of the Shamocracy most vitally. The climax that in union there is strength, was signally carried out—harmony and concord prevailing in our entire ranks, a thing unlooked for and unexpected by the Packites, and by the baker's dozen of enemies to Americanism. Berks will leave no stone unturned to achieve the election of David Wilmot, Her intelligent and freedom-loving voters are determined to work with a will and zest, heretofore unknown. They see and feel that the cause they have espoused is worthy of their suffrages, and worthy of success.

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting, heard a young friend make the following announcement.

"Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord."

"The devil ye are," said Pat. "Faith an' be jabers, an' it will be a long time before ye'll see yer father-in-law!"

"Dad, if I was to see a duck on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you tick me?"

"Oh no, my son! It shows you are a good marksman, and I would feel proud of you."

"Well, then, dad, I plumped our old drake as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him 'drap'!"

In a back town in Upper Canada, a magistrate who kept tavern, sold liquor to his people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and tried them on the spot, and besides fining them, made them treat each other to make up the quartet.

The woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year, and burgled to dry on a bare line.

It is supposed that Rollins, the American candidate for Governor of Missouri, has been elected. The other Southern States have voted as they did last fall.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.