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Teeth, Bad Breath, Diseased Gums, Tootkache, Earache, and Neuralgia. OUR ARTILLERY IS DR. WM. B. HURD'S DENTAL TREASURY. A COMPLETE SET OF REMEDIES FOR PRESERVING THE TEETH. Purifying the Breath and Mouth, and Curing Toothache and Neuralgia.

**VOL 8.** 

Two Irishmen out of employ

Adrift in a grocery store,

in again,

And out of the elbows as aisily,

The one was a broth of a boy,

His name was Paddy O'Toole-

I think of enlisten," said Pat,

There is nothin' adoin' at all

It's not until afther the war

And fightin's the duty of all"-

Now, if its gintale for to stale,

l'm glad I'm no gintleman born"-

Aud by the same token, I think,

Now, if its the nagers they mane

Be chivalry, then it's a sin again

To fight for a cause that's so black''-

A nagur's a man you may say,

But chivalry's made him a brute,

t's not for such gintlemen light"-

The nager States wanted a row,

They have chosen a bed that is hard,

However they strive for to cotton it.

They'll be inclined to come in again ;

Och, hone ! but it's hard that a swate,

should lose his ten shillings a day,

But that's just the reason, you see,

It's that will bring wages once more"-

Juost mind what old England's about,

A sendin' her troops into Canada,

"You're right, sir," says Misther McFinigan

Good-lookin' young chap like meself, indade

Because of the trouble the South has made

Why I should help the Union to win again

"You're light, sir," says Mishter McFinigan

But then we must bate them at first"-

'm thinkin' when winter comes on,

And aiqual to all other Southerners,

Sure, look at the poor crathur's heels,

And look at his singular shin again,

And so he's a monkey to Northerners ;

"You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan

And now, be me sowl, they have got in

The spalpeens made bold to remark,

Their chivalry couldn't be ruled by us;

They're never too smart to be fooled by us

. "You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan

Bad luck to the Rebels! I say,

For kickin' up all this qobbery-

They call themselves gintlemen, too,

While practicin' murder and robbery;

And to take all your creditors in again,

"You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan

Were smoking and taking it lazily;

The other was Mishter McFinigan.

But drinkin? at Mrs. O'Dockarty's.

That business times will begin again

"You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan.

"Because do you see what o'clock it is?

PRO PAT-RIA.

Whose cheeks-bones turned out and turned

CONTENTS:

Dr. Hurd's Celebrated MOUTH WASH, on bottle. Dr. Hurd's Unequalled TOOTH FOWDER, one box.

Dr. Hurd's Magic TOOTHACHE DROPS, One bottle.

Dr. Hurd's UNRIVALLED NEURALGIA PLAS-

TER. Dr. Hurd's MANUAL on the Best Means of Preserving the Teeth, including Directions for the Proper Treatment of Children's Teeth. FLOSS SILK for Cleaning between the

FLOSS SILK for Cleaning between the Teeth. TOOTH PICKS, etc., etc. TOOTH PICKS, etc., etc. Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, 77 Fourth St., Brooklyn, (E. D.) Parce, ONE DOLL AR; or, SIX for \$5. IF The Dental Treasury makes a package eight inches by five, and is sent by express. IF Full direction for use is on each article. The following articles we can send sepa-rately, by mail, viz: The Treatise on Preserving the Teeth sent, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents or four stamps. The Neuralgia Plaster, for Neuralgia in the Face, Nerrous Heacache, and Earache, sent, post paid, on receipt of 18 cents, or six

sent, post paid, on receipt of 18 cents, or six stamp The NEURALGIA and RHEUMATIC

The NEURALGIA and RHEUMATIC PLASTER, (large size), for Pains in the Chest, Shoulders, Back, or any part of the body, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 37 Cents. Address, WM. B. HURB & CO., Tribune Buildings, New Yonk. ET Dr, Huid's MOUTH WASH, TUOTH POWDER, and TOUTHACHE DROPS can-not be sent by mail, out they can probably be obtained at your Drug or Periodical Stores. It they cannot, send to us for the DENTAL Treasury, Price, \$1, which contains them. NOW ARE

Dr. Hurd's Preparations Good. The best evidence that they are is, that their firmest friends and best patrons are those who have used them longest. Dr. William B. Hurd is an eminent Dentist of Brooklyn, Treasurer of the New York State Bentists<sup>2</sup> Association, and these preparations have been used in his private practice for years, and no leading citizen of Brooklyn or Wil-hamsburg, questions their excellence, while emigent Dentists of New York recomm ind them as the best known to the profession.---Without the aid of advertising, dealers have sold them by the gross.

But their cost is so small that every one may test the matter for himself. Beware of the ordinary Tooth Powders. r. Huid's Tooth Powder contains no acid, nor alkali, nor charcoal, and polishes without wearing the enamel. Use no other. What will Dr. Hurd's Remedies Effect?

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder will give young ladies that finest charm in Woman-a sweet breath and pearly teeth -Try them ladies. Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Pow



## An Judependent Pennsylbania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms-One Dollar a Year

**MARIETTA, MAY 3, 1862.** 

## Mrs. Passable Trott. BY N. P. WILLIS.

Je suis comme vous. Je n'aime pas que les autres soient heureux. The tererity with which I hovered on

the brink of matrimony when a very young man could only be appreciated by a fatuitous credulity. The number of very fat mothers of very plain families who can point me out to their respective | my nephew Bob the secret of my happioffspring as their once imminent papa, is ludicrously improbable. The truth was that I had a powerful imagination vate, counting the hours. The slowest in my early youth, and no "realizing sense." A coral necklace, warm from the wearer-a shoe with a little round stain in the sole-any thing flannel-a bitten rose bud with a mark of tooth | demise of Mr. Passable Trott-June 2, upon it-a rose, a glove, a thimbleeither of these was agony, ecstasy ! To | well know, but the minutes seemed to any thing with curls and skirts, and stick on that intermidadle morning. I especially if encircled by a sky-blue sash, my heart was as prodigal as a

Croton hydrant. Ah me ! But, of all my short eternal attachments, Fidelia Balch (since Mrs. P. Trott) was the kindest and fairest .--Faithless of course she was, since my name does not begin with a T .- but if | run the risk of it. Lovers, besides, are she did not continue to love me-P. Trott or no P. Trott-she was shockingly forsworn, as can be proved by I knew, opened upon the lawn, and it several stars, usually considered very attentive listeners. I rather pitied poor Trott-for I knew • Her heart-it was another's,

and he was rich and forty-odd. But they seemed to live harmoniously, and if I availed myself of such little consolations as fell in my way, it was the result of philosophy. I never forgot the faithless Fidelia.

This is to be a disembowelled narrative, dear reader-skipping from the maidenhood of my heroine to her widowhood, fifteen years-yet I would have von supply here and there a betweenity. My own sufferings at seeing my adored Fidelia go daily into another man's house and shut the door after her, was cutting. Though not in the habit of alabaster-thrown carelessly over her rebelling against human institutions, it | chair-ber eggshell chin resting on her did seem to me that the marriage cere- other thumb and forefinger-her eyelids mony had no business to give old Trott | sweeping her cheek-and a white-yes! aggravating part of it was to come !- | was snowy lawn-white, bridal white ! Mrs. P. Trott grew prettier every day, Adieu, old Passable Trott ! and of course three hundred and sixtyfive noticable degrees prettier every year! She seemed incapable of, or not liable to, wear and tear; and probably on the table, and-did I see aright ?-old Trott was a man, in-doors, of very even behavior. And, it should be said. too, in explanation, that, as Miss Balch. Fidelia, was a shade too fat for her model. She embelished as her dimples grew shallower. Trifle by trifle, like the progress of a statue, the superfluity fell away from nature's original Miss Balch (as designed in Heaven), and when old Passable died (and no one knew what that P. stood for, till it was betrayed by the indiscreet plate on his coffin) Mrs. Trott, thirty-three years old, was at her maximum of beauty. Plump, taper, transparently fair, with an arm like a high-conditioned Venus, and a neck set on like the swell of a French horn, she was consumidly good looking. When I saw in the paper, "Died, Mr. P. Trott," I went out and walked past the house, with overpowering emotions. Thanks to a great many refusals, I had been faithful! I could bring her the same heart, unused and undamaged, which I had offered her before! I could generously overlook Mr. Trott's temporary occupation (since he had left us his at twenty-may I hope that I may stand money !)-and when her mourning should to you in a nearer relation ? May I be over-the very day-the very hourher first love should be ready for her, unworthy of a union with the Balches ?--good as new ! I have said nothing of any evidences of continued attachment on the part of Mrs. Trott. She was a discreet person, and not likely to compromise Mr. P. Trott till she knew the strength of his constitution. But there was one evidence of lingering preference which I built upon like a rock. I had not visited her during these fifteen years. Trott liked me not-you can guess why ! But picture !" she exclaimed again, kissing it I had a nephew, five years old when Miss | with rapture. Balch was my "privately engaged," and as like me, that boy, as could be conied by nature. He was our unsuspected messenger of love, going to play in old tion !) Balch's garden when I was forbidden the house, unconscious of the billetdoux in the pocket of his pianofore; and to Fidelia to cling. Ho grew up to a youth you ?" of mind and manners, and still she cherished him. He all but lived at old

riding-indeed, when home from college, | ested." her sole society. Are you surprised that, in all this, there was a tenderness bosom.)

of reminescence that touched and assured me? Ah-On revivent tonjours A ses premiers amours !

I thought it delicate, and best, to let silence do its work during that year of mourning. I did not whisper even to ness. I left one 'card of condolence after old Trott's faneral, and lived prikind of eternity it appeared !

The morning never seemed to me to break with so much difficulty and reluctance as on the anniversary of the 1840. Time is a comparative thing, I began to dress for breakfast at fourbut details are tiresome. Let me assure you that 12 o'clock A. M., did arrive! The clocks struck it, and the shadows verified it.

I could not have borne an accidental "not at home," and I resolved not to not tied to knockers and ceremony. I bribed the gardner. Fidelia's boudoir, seemed more like love to walk in. She knew-I knew-Fate and circumstances knew and had ordained-that that morning was to be shoved up, joined on and dovetailed to our last separation .---The time between was to be blank. Of course she expected me.

The garden door was ajar-as paid for. I entered, traversed the vegetable beds, tripped through the flower walks, andoh bliss !- the window was open ! I could just see the Egyptian urn on its pedestal of sphinxes, into which I knew (per Bob) she through all her fading roses. I glided near. I looked in at the window.

Ab, that picture! She sat with her back to me-her arm-that arm of rosy (I stood ready to clasp her to my

NO. 40.

"Tell Robert my mourning is overtell him his name" (the name of Gof course) "is the music of my life, and that I will marry whenever he pleases !" A horrid suspicion crossed my mind. "Pardon me !" said I ; "whenever he pleases, did you say? Why particularly, when he pleases ?"

"La! his not being of age is no impediment I hope !" said Mrs. Trott. in some surprise. " Look at his miniature; Mr. G --- ! It has a boyish look, it's

true-but so had you-at twenty !" Hope sank within me ! I would have given worlds to be away. The truth was apparent to me-perfectly apparent, She loved that boy Bob-that childthat mere child-and meant to marry 'him ! Yet how could it be possible ! I might be-yes-I must be mistaken. Fidelia Balch-who was a woman when he was an urchin in petticoats ! she too think of marrying that boy ! I wronged her-oh I wronged her ! But, worst

come to worst, there was no harm in having it perfectly understood. "Pardon mo!" said I, putting on a

look as if I expected a shout of laughter for the mere supposition, "I should gather-(categorically, mind you !--only catagorically)-I should gather from what you said just now-(had I been a) third person listening, that is to saywith no knowledge of the parties)-1 should really have gathered that Boblittle Bob-was the happy man, and not I! Now don't laugh at me !"

" You the happy man !-- Oh, Mr. G--! you are joking! Oh no! pardon me if I have unintentionally misled you-but | sah?" if I marry again, Mr. G-, it will be a young man !!! In short, not to mince the matter, Mr. G ----, your nephew is to become my husband (nothing unforseen turning up) in the course of the next week ! We shall have the pleasure | Dickson'- and I left em."-New York of seeing you at the wedding, of course ! Oh no! You ! I should fancy that no

woman would make iwo unequal marriages, Mr. G----. Good morning, Mr. G----!" I was left alone, and to return quite so much for his money. But the a white bow in her hair. And her dress as I pleased, by the vegetable garden or man's full of religion you can't hurt him; the front door. I chose the latter, being There was three Arabian Children-

A PERSIAN STORY .--- ) Persian story, arrived at a and sent his disciples forwal. pare a supper, while he himselt, on doing good, walked through the into the market place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground, and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter around his neck, by which he appeared to, have been dragged through the dirt, and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eye of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long shall the foul beast offend our sight ?" said another. "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it .--"And his ears," said a forth, "all dragged and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for stealing."----And Jesus heard them, and looking down on the dead creature, he said : "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people turned to him with amasement, and said among themselves-"Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only he could find something to pity and approve, even in a dead dog;" and, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and each went his way.

THE BARBER'S RAZOR .- Mr. Dickson, a colored barber, in a large New England town was shaving one of his customers, respectable citizen, one moreing, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former conection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, are you not. Mr. Dickson ?" said the customer. "No, sah, not at all,

"What, are you not a member of the African church ?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave your connection, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, sharpening a concave razor on the the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis: I jined the church in good fait; I gave ten dollars toward de stated Gospel da fus' year, and de church people call me 'Brudder Dickson ;' the second year my buisness was not so good, and I gib only five dollars. Dat year people call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you

"No the razor goes tolerably well." "Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and din't gib nothin' for preachin.' Well sah arter dat dey call me 'dat ole nigger Albion.

A HARD SHELL SERMON .--- "My brethren," said a hard sheel Baptist, who was holding forth one Sunday, "if a somewhat piqued as well as inexpressi- they put 'em in a, fiery furnace hetted And there was John the Evangeler they "Fidelia is content !" said I to my- | put him-and where do you think, brethbiled him all night, and it didn't faze his shell. And there was Daniel-they my fellow travellers and respected auditors, do you think he was put into a lion's den for ? Why, for praying three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethren and ever get into a lion's den !" A SNART YANKEE GIRL .-- We relate a true story, which is a gratifying instance of successful Yankee enterpirse. A young girl, belonging to a respectable family in reduced circumstances, four years ago learned to operate sewing machines, and then went to Peru to teach the art to Spanish girls and to establish the business in that country. She has since enjoyed uniform good health, and has realized between three and four thousand dollars a year beyond her expenses. About a year ago, she married a wealthy old Spaniard, who, dying, bequeathed to her a fortune of eighty thousand dollars, and thus placed her in very comfortable and independent circumstances. She now writes to urge her relatives to emigrate to Peru and share her good fortune. The inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it." The Richmond, Whig, intimates that some of the rebel leaders are "hanging back." . They ought not to hang back or to hang forward but to hang perpendicularly.

der will cleanse the mouth from all foul ex-halations, and if used in the morning, will make the breakfast taste sweeter and the day begin more pleasantly. Hundreds of persons can testify to this. Try them, gentlemen.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Pow ber aro the best preparations in the world for curing bad Breath and giving firmness and health to the gums. Hundreds of cases of Diseased Bleeding Gums, Sore Mouth, Canker, etc., have been cured by Dr. Hurd's astrongent

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Pewder give an additional charm to courtship, and make husbands more agreeable to their wives and wives to their husbands. They should be used by every person having ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

which are liable to impart a taint to the mouth. Dr. Hurd's TOOTHACHE DROPS cure Toothache arising from exposed nerves, and are the best friends that parents, can have in the house to save their children from torture and themselves from loss of sleep and sympa-

thetic suffering. Farmers and Mechanics! you cannot well afford to neglect your teeth. For a trifling sum, you can now get preservatives, than which Rothschild or Astor can get nothing better, Remember that DYSPEPSIA and CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS often originate in Neglect of Teeth. Send for the Treatise on Teeth, and read Dr. Fitch's ob-servations on this subject. If too late to airest decay in your own teeth, save your children's teeth. Neuralgia Plasters.

Dr. Hurd's Neuralgia Non-Adhesive Plas-ters are the most pleasant and successful remedies ever prescribad for this painful disease. these ever prescribed for this painful discase. The patient applies one, soon becomes drowsy, fails asleep, and awakes free from pain, and no blister or other unpleasant or injurious consequences ensue. For Earache and Nervcons Headache, apply according to directions, and relief will surely follow. Nothing can be obtained equal to Br. Hurd's Compress for Neuralgia. Try them. They are entirely a Neuralgia. Try them. They are entirely a novel, curious, and original preparations, and wonderfully successful. They are of two sizes, one small, for the face, price 15 cents, e other large, for application to the body, 37 cents. Will be mailed on receipt of price 37 cents. Will be mailed on red price and one stamp. What are the People Doing?

The American people are intelligent enough to appreciate preparations that contribute so much to the happiness of those using them, and they want them. Every mail brings us letters, some ordering the Treatise on Teeth, some the Neuralgio Plaster, and not a few enclosing 37 cents for the Mouth Wash, to be sent by mail; but to these we are compelled to reply that it is impossible to send a half-pint bottle by mail. The people want these Remedies. Who will supply them?

NOW IS THE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.' Shrewd agents can make a small fortune in carrying these articles around to families,— The Dental Treasury is the neatest article that a man or weman cah carry around. Send for a man or weman can carry around. Send for one-and see, or, better, a dozen, which we will sell, as samples, for \$7. Agents supplied liberally with Circulars. IF Now is the time to go into the business, to do good, and make a profit. We are spending thousands for the a profit. We are spending thousands for the a profit. We are spenting thousands for the benefit of agents. New England men or benefit of agents. benefit of agents, new England men of women 1-here is something nice, and a chance to take the tide at its flood. Address, *WM. B. HURD* § CO., *Tribure Buildings*, New York

New YORK. That remittances may be made with confi-dence, W. B. H. & Co. refer to the Mayor of Brooklyn; to G. W. Griffith, President of Farmers' and Citizens' Bank, Brooklyn; to Joy, (oc, & Zo., New York; to P. T. Barnum, haq., New York, etc., etc.

nd all her ould ships on the coast, Are npe for some treachery any day; Now, if she should mix in the war-

Be jabers ! it makes me head spin again-Ould Ireland would have such a chance! "You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan

You talk about Irishmen, now, Enlistin' by thousands from loyalty,

But wait till the Phoenix Brigade Is called to put down British Royalty! It's then with the Stars and the Stripes All Irishmen here would go in again, To strike for the Shamrock and Harp"------"You're right, sir," says Mishter Mc Finigan

Och, murther 7 my blood's in a blaze, "To think of bould Coredran leading us Right into the campof the bastes, but start Whose leeches id long have been bleeding us The Stars and the Stripes here at, home, To Canada's walls we would 'giu again, And wouldn't, we rise them at Cork ?"?

"You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan. And now at the South, do ye mind, There's plenty of Irishmen mustering, Deluded to fight for the wrong, By rebcl misstatements and blustering ; But once let ould England, their foe,

To fight with the Union begin again, And sure, they'd desert to a man"-"You're right, sir," says Mishter McFinigan

There is never an Irishman born, From Maine to the end of Secessiondom, But longs for a time and a chance

'To fight for this country in Hessiondom ; And so if ould England should try

With treacherous friendship to sin again, They'll be on one side at once"-"You're right sir," says Mishter McFinigan

We've brothers in Canada, too-(And didn't the prince have a taste of them?)

To say that to Ircland they're true, Is certainly saying the laste of them ; If, bearing our flags at our head,

We rose Ireland's freedom to win again, They'd murther John Bull in the rear! "You're right sir," says Misther McFinigan.

I'm off right away to enlist, And sure won't the bounty be handy-O, To kape me respectably dressed,

And furnish me dudeens and brandy-O, I'm thinkin', me excellent friend, You're eyeing that bottle of gin again-You wouldn't mind thryin' a drop ?

" You're right sir!" says Misther McFinigan

Tt seems to be an established me teorotogical fact, that a heavy discharge of artillery and small arms always brings on rain. Therefore, friends, whenever this boy, after our separation, seemed it rains you may begin to shout, for, to us, battle is victory.

soul on earth than the soul of our Foote. constant companion-reading, walking where my heart has been so long inter- your sole is your own.

I wiped my eyes and looked again .---Old Trott's portrait hung on the wall, but that was nothing. Her guitar lay

old Trott-taken out for the last time. Well-well! He was a very respectable man, and had been very kind to her, most likely. "Ehem !" said I, stepping over the sill, "Fidelia ?" She started and turned, and certainly looked surprised

"Mr. G-\_\_\_!" said she. "It is long since we' parted !" I said, belping myself to a chair. "Quite long !" said Fidelia.

"So long that you have forgotten the name of G-?" I asked, tremulously. "Oh no !" she replied, covering up the miniature on the table by a-careless movement of her scarf.

"And may I hope that name has not grown distasteful to you ?" I summoned courage to say.

"N-no! I do not know that it has, Mr. G----- !" The blood returned to my fainting

heart ! I felt as in days of yore.

"Fidelia !" said I, "let me not waste the precious moments. You loved me venture to think that our family is not that, as Mrs. G -----, you could be happy? Fidelia looked-hesitated-took up the miniature, and clasped it to her breast.

"Do I understand you rightly, Mr. G----?" she tremulously exclaimed .--"But I think I do! I remember well what you were at twenty ! This picture is like what you were then-with differences, it is true, but still like! Dear

(How could she have got my miniature ?---but no matter---taken by stealth; I presume. Sweet and eager anticipa-

"And Robert has returned from col lege, then ?" said she, inquiringly. " Not that I know of," said I.

"Not recently !"

"Ab, poor boy ! he anticipated ! Well

bly grieved and disappointed. But phi- seven times hotter than it could be het, losophy came to my aid, and I soon fell and it didn't singe a hair on their heads. into a mood of speculation.

a miniature just beside it! Perhaps of, self-" content after all! She made up ren and sisters; they put him? Why they her mind for me at twenty. But I did put him into a caldronic of bilin' ile, and not stay twenty. Oh no ! I unadvisedly, and without preparatively cultivating her taste for thirty-five, became thirty. | put him into a lion's det. And what. five. And now what was she to do?-Her taste was not at all embarked in Passable Trott, and it stayed just as it was-waiting to be called up and used. She locks it up decently till old Trott sisters; I don't, think any of you will dies, and then reproduces-what? Why, just what she has locked up-a taste for

a young man of twenty-and just such a young man as she loved when she was twenty! Bob-of course! Bob is like me-Bob is twenty! Be Bob her husband !

But I can't say I quite like such constancy !

A HAYFIELD ANECDOTE .- An old gentleman, who was always bragging how folks used to work in his younger days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load. The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out- "More hay ! more hay !" Thicker and faster it came. The old man was nearly covered; still he kept crying-"More hay! more hay?" At length struggling to keep on the top of the disordered, ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it. went from the wagon, and the old man with it. What are you down here for ?" cried the boys. "I came, down after hay !" answered the old man stoutly.

The New Orleans Delta asks whether we suppose that the United States troops can live in the summer in the alligator swamps of the South. No, but we mean to drive the rebels into them.

The Richmond Enquirer says that the military authorities of the South have plighted their faith for the establishing of the independence of their Confederacy. That's a very bad plight of theirs.

W Never run in debt, especially with Brentice says there is no braver Trott's, petted and made much of her Mr. G --- '! I will not affect to be coy shoemakers -for then you can't say

The Scriptures speak of men's asking for bread and receiving a stong. The rebels call for salt and get pepered. They think they get the wrong condiment.

The Union armies take no step backward; the rebel armies none forward. The rebels were driven away from Island No. 10 by Foote-balls.

Our armies will spike the rebel guns and nail the rebels themselves.

"Indeed !--- then he has written to