

THE  
AMERICAN JOE MILLER:

A Collection of Yankee Wit and Humour.

COMPILED BY  
ROBERT KEMPT.

"I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment."—*Ben Jonson.*

"Oh, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!"  
*Shakespeare.*



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ADAMS AND FRANCIS, 59, FLEET STREET.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE AMERICAN JOE MILLER: A COLLECTION OF YANKEE WIT AND HUMOR \*\*\*

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## PREFACE.

So far as the Compiler is aware, no good collection of American wit and humour exists on this side of the Atlantic; certainly, no collection worthy to be considered as the American Joe Miller. In the well-known "Percy Anecdotes," in the numerous English Joe Millers, and other jest-books, a few of Brother Jonathan's good things are to be found, in company with the rich and genial wit of John Bull, the pawky humour of the Scotch, and the exuberant mirth of Paddy; but it is believed that the present is the first attempt to present anything like a complete collection of American witticisms to English readers. While every justice has been done in this matter to Scotland by Dean Ramsay's inimitable "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character;" and while a kindred service has been performed for England by Mr. John Timbs, and still more recently by Mr. Mark Lemon, not to mention others, no one, seemingly, has bethought him of gathering together the happy scintillations of Brother Jonathan's intellect. The Compiler trusts that he may have undertaken this task with at least some success.

No one at all familiar with the periodical literature of America will deny that the Americans are a witty people. Whether their native wit be so intellectual and refined as the English, so quaint and subtle as the Scotch humour, or so strong and hearty as the Irish, or, again, whether it be so keen and compact as the French *esprit*, may be reasonably questioned; but that it is a straw that *can* tickle, and therefore, according to Dryden, an instrument of happiness, all must admit. In considering the nature of American humour, it is obvious that broad exaggeration is its great characteristic. It is essentially *outré*. No people seek to raise the laugh by such extravagant means as the Yankees. Their ordinary speech is hyperbole, or tall talk. They never go out shooting unless with the long bow. Again, their humour comes from without, rather than from within, and is less a matter of thought than of verbal expression. It deals with the association of ideas rather than with ideas themselves. Transatlantic wit is not as a rule terse,

epigrammatic, pungent, like the wit of Lamb, Hood, or Jerrold, which often lies in a single sentence or even word. The humour of Sam Slick or James Russell Lowell, for instance, lies as much in accessories as in the thing itself. It is nothing unless surrounded by circumstantial narrative. But in this it must be confessed the Americans are great masters. The humour of a people always reflects the character of that people, and character, as we all know, is influenced in no small measure by country and climate. Our American brethren are born, or as they themselves say "raised," in a country whose physical features have been planned on a scale far surpassing in magnitude—not unfrequently in beauty also—those of every other country in the world. The Americans feel this, and are justly proud of the extent and magnificence of America. It leads them to compare it with other countries, and the comparison is certain to result in favour of their own. Theirs is the country of Lake Superior. Columbia is a Triton among the minnows. Into this Brobdignag of our cousins Munchausen emigrated early, and the genius of the celebrated German Baron still continues to control its people. Only in America will you find a man so tall that he is obliged to go up a ladder in order to shave himself, or so small that it requires two men and a boy to see him; only in America do the railway trains travel so fast that the train often reaches the station considerably in advance of the whistle; only in America are the fogs so thick that they may be cut with a "ham knife." It is only an American artist who can paint a snow-storm so naturally that he catches cold by sitting near it with his coat off; it is only in America that sportsmen are such dead shots that the birds when they see the gun "come down," rather than abide the consequences of remaining "up;" and it is only in America that every man is "one of the most remarkable men in the country." It must be said of American humour, that you can always, and at once, "see the joke." Its meaning is never hidden, and it seldom, if ever, takes the form of the *double entendre*. To borrow an idea from Elia, there is no need to grope all over your neighbour's face to be sure that he appreciates a genuine Yankee joke. The grins it causes are the very broadest, and the laughter it evokes is the very loudest.

While the Compiler hopes that all his readers may find something to laugh at in the wise saws of Sam Slick, the broad grins of Artemus Ward and Joshua Billings, the marvellous (impossible?) feats of the renowned Major Longbow, and the cute remarks of those notorious personages, the Down Easter and the Western Editor, which he has here collected, he also trusts that none of them may find anything to regret. Care has been exercised to exclude everything of an objectionable character from the collection.

Since his elevation to the presidential chair, Mr. Lincoln has acquired the reputation of being a good story-teller, and a number of the best things attributed to "honest old Abe" have been included in the collection, which will also be found to contain many of the humorous stories and incidents to which the present unhappy war has given rise. "Honest good humour," says Washington Irving, one of America's greatest sons, "is the oil and wine of a merry meeting." It is the earnest wish of the Compiler that the following pages may serve to convince every reader of the truth of the remark.

R. K.

*January 2, 1865.*

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# THE AMERICAN JOE MILLER.

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## EARLY RISING IN CONNECTICUT.—1.

The editor of the *Eglantine* says that the girls in Connecticut, who are remarkable for their industry, drink about a pint of yeast before going to bed at night, to make them *rise* early in the morning.

## SMALL LOAVES.—2.

A half-famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less,") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; put it through the keyhole."

## ONLY THE ELEVENTH.—3.

At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say: "Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed, but it's only the eleventh!"

## SHARP SHOOTING.—4.

The following dialogue on "sharp shooting" is reported to have taken place between a Virginee and a Yankee picket:—"I say, can you fellows shoot?" "Wall, I reckon we can some. Down in Mississippi we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle bow at

three hundred yards." "Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we seewt up in Varmount. I belonged to a military company ther', with a hundred men in the company, and we went out for practice every week. The capt'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider-barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go in the bung-hole the number who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

#### **FOUR POINTS OF A CASE.—5.**

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section had done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

#### **ADVANTAGE OF BURNING TWO CANDLES.—**

##### **6.**

A celebrated American judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle that we may see where the other stands."

#### **A 4-TUNATE YOUNG MAN.—7.**

There is a young man in the U. S. army, who was born July 4, at 4 o'clock, p.m., at No. 44, in a street in Boston, is the 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted in the Newton company, which joined the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, and on the 4th of August was appointed 4th corporal, and is now gone to defend his country.

## ELBOW-ROOM SCARCE.—8.

Elbow-room has been quite scarce in Nashville during the past week. Such scrouging, gouging, turning in and turning out, has seldom before been witnessed. Instance the following:— Traveller dismounts at a tavern. "Hallo, landlord, can I get lodgings here to-night?" Landlord: "No, sir; every room in the house is engaged." Traveller: "Can't you give me a blanket and a bunch of shavings for a pillow in your bar-room?" Landlord: "No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house." Traveller: "Then I'll thank you, sir, to shove a pole out of your second-floor window, and I'll roost on that."

## A COUPLE OF REASONS TOO MANY.—9.

The *Providence Journal* is accountable for the following: A drafted man in this State called upon one of our lawyers, and desired to have papers prepared claiming exemption from the military service for the several reasons which he named. 1. That he was the only son of a widow depending upon him for support. 2. That his father was in such infirm health as to be unable to get his own living; and 3, that he had two brothers already in the service. All of which facts Patrick desired then and there to verify by affidavit. The lawyer, who had travelled in Illinois and learned the knack of introducing *apropos* anecdotes, reminded the drafted man of a little story of the maple-sugar man in Vermont who was sued for returning a borrowed sap-kettle in a damaged condition, and pleaded in defence—first, that the kettle was sound when he returned it; secondly, that it was cracked when he borrowed it; and thirdly, that he never had the sap-kettle. Patrick grinned a ghastly smile, such as sometimes illumines the countenance of a man before the Board of Enrolment when the doctor blandly assures him that he has not got the liver complaint or the kidney disease, and withdrew his papers.

## EGG "BROF."—10.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Oh, very well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, missus biled three eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."

### **TO MAKE SAUSAGES.—11.**

The editor of the *Southbridge Journal* was set all aback the other day, when he asked a farmer's wife how she made sausages, and received for answer—"Take your in'ards, scrape 'em, scald, and stuff 'em."

### **"PREACH SMALL."—12.**

"Mother," said a little girl, seven years old, "I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words; I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Won't he, mother?" "Yes, I think so, if we ask him." Soon after her father saw her going to the minister's. "Where are you going, Emma?" said he. "I am going over to Mr. ——'s, to ask him to *preach small*."

### **HARD LYING.—13.**

There lives in New Hampshire a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell. A correspondent informs us that Joe called in at Holton's lately, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested, "You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure 'em." "Ah!" said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?" "Seen it?" said old Joe, "I think I have. I had the worst one in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much." "How was that?" asked Holton. "Why, you see," said Joe, "I built a little house out yonder, at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him I thought he'd have something wrong; but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire the next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out

of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By and by it came on to rain, and the rain began to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. I pretty soon saw what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drew downwards. It gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by bucketfuls." "Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton, "but what in the world did you do with the house? Surely you never cured that chimney?" "Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe; "yes, I did." "How?" asked Holton. "Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much." "Drew too much?" asked Holton. "Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see'd another of 'em shooting towards the fireplace. Next the table went, and I see the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other and started; but just as I got to the door I see'd the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just see her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her." "Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton; "of course you could not live in such a house?" "Couldn't I, though?" said Joe; "but I did; I put a poultice on the jamb of the fireplace, and that drewed t'other way, so we had no more trouble." This is what we call hard lying.

#### **BUSINESS AND AFFLICTION.—14.**

Curious combinations are oftentimes found in the advertising columns of newspapers. The following is the announcement made by a lately bereaved wife:—"Died, on the 11th inst., at his shop, No. 20, Greenwich Street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues

were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that his widow can supply hats at more reasonable rates than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality."

### **THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—15.**

In the Justice's Court in New Orleans the judge was in a quandary the other day. A coat was in dispute; the parties were Irish, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. After much wrangling, Patrick Power, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent, Timothy Maguire, should see whose name was on the coat. Timothy searched in vain, and the coat was handed to Pat, who immediately took his knife, opened a corner of the coat, and out dropped two small peas. "There, d'ye see that, now!" "Yes; but what of that?" said Timothy. "A dale it has to do wid it; it is my name to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power, be jabbers!" He got the coat, he did.

### **YOUNG JEFF.'S APPETITE.—16.**

When young Jeff. first came up to town, his father told him that it would be polite, when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that, if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited a sucking-pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Jeff., will you have this, our favourite dish, or haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his first lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

### **MY PEW, SIR!—17.**

While the Convention which nominated General Taylor was in session at Philadelphia, a somewhat noted local politician from

Pickaway county, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the Convention adjourned over Sunday, he concluded to go to church. "I mounted my best regalia," he says, "and looked fine; stopped at the door, and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a very short time a decent-looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently, and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a white handkerchief; looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his pencil, wrote 'This is my pew, sir,' and tossed the card to me. I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one; what rent do you pay?' and tossed it back."

### **MAKING A MAN'S COFFIN BEFORE HIS DEATH.—18.**

An amusing thing occurred in the 24th Ohio. A few days since, a soldier, passing to the lower part of the encampment, saw two others from his company making a rude coffin. He inquired who it was for. "John Bunce," said the others. "Why," replied he, "John is not dead yet. It is too bad to make a man's coffin when you don't know if he's going to die or not." "Don't you trouble yourself," replied the others; "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, *and I guess he knows what he give him.*"

### **DRAWING THE LONG BOW.—19.**

A fellow was kicked out of an editorial room the other day for impudently stating "that he had seen in Germany a fiddle so large that it required two horses to draw the bow across the strings, which would continue to sound six weeks!"

### **A QUEER CUP OF COFFEE.—20.**

I soon had an opportunity to judge for myself, having accepted an officer's invitation to take coffee in his tent. Captain H. was very proud of his table. His cook was said to be the best in the camp, his only fault being a disposition to a careless mixture

of ingredients. "There, sir," said the captain, handing me a brimming cup, "I'll warrant you'll find that equal to anything you ever drank in Paris." I tasted. The captain saw something was wrong. He tasted. His countenance assumed a stern and mortified expression. John was called and ordered to investigate the cause of the villanous taste of the coffee. The next moment he reappeared, holding the coffee-pot in his hand. "Och, be jabers, captain," said he, "it's meself that's mortified to death. I cooked the bowl of me ould pipe in your coffee this morning, and that's the innocent cause of the bad taste intirely!"

**THE TREASURE TROVE. BY B. O. B.—21.**

As Jonathan Dodge reel'd home one night,  
Tight as a brick in a prison wall,  
Beneath a gas-lamp's brilliant light  
His eye on a something bright did fall.

He steadied himself to know the cause,  
And eyed it long with inquiring gaze,  
Wondering much what the deuce it was  
That glitter'd and sparkled with such a blaze.

Then stooping down, with a forward dip  
Which came near sending him heels o'erhead,  
At the glittering wonder he made a grip—  
But clutch'd a handful of mud instead.

Again he tries; but another lurch,  
To strive against which was all in vain,  
Sent him sprawling out in the mud and slush,  
And the prize eluded his grasp again.

"The third time's lucky; I'll make it sure,"  
Said Jonathan, rising, and turning round.  
"'Tis a diamond as large as the Koh-i-noor,  
And far (*hic*) more costly, I'll be bound."

Again he tries; hurrah! success  
Has crown'd his untiring efforts at last!  
Thus Victory always will Industry bless,  
And the prize is more precious for dangers pass'd.

But the flowers of Hope which we fondest nurse  
First wither, and bleaker leave the soul;  
He dashes it down with a bitter curse—  
'Twas only a piece of a broken bowl!

## REMARKABLE TENACITY OF LIFE.—22.

A few evenings since, in the "private crib" of one of our exchanges, there was a learned dissertation, subject, "Bed-

bugs, and their Remarkable Tenacity of Life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled, and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he, "Some years ago I took a bed-bug to an iron-foundry, and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it broke all to smash; and what do you think, gentlemen, that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole, where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost upstairs! But," added he, by way of parenthesis, "he looked mighty pale."

### **SAM'S SOUL.—23.**

"Sam," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between the body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders and arms, "but there is something deeper in—you can feel it now; what is that?" "Oh, I know," said Sam, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

### **AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF THEIR CLERGY.— 24.**

The *Louisville Journal* assures an inquiring spinster that gospel ministers are not more addicted to dissipation than men of other professions. A few of the Kalloch type take gintoddies and liberties with females, but the majority of them are as good as lawyers. If you want a true Christian, marry an editor.

### **"WHERE WARREN FELL."—25.**

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him, with the expression of fourteen Fourths of Julys in his countenance—"Hurt him!" said he, "he was killed, sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

### **OUT-YANKEED.—26.**

After the battle of Fredericksburg a little Yankee officer was talking with one of our Alabama majors, who stood in that part of the field where we had suffered most severely—dead men and horses, broken cannon, and blown-up caissons being all around him. "You hurt us powerful bad yesterday," said the Yankee. "Yes," replied the major, drily. "Guess we hurt you some, too," rejoined the Yankee, looking at the wrecks of humanity strewn about. "Didn't kill a man or a horse," said the major. The little Yankee looked up at the tall Confederate for a moment, then at the dead men and horses on every side, and then wheeled suddenly round and walked rapidly away, utterly astounded at the cool manner in which the Alabamian had out-Yankeed the Yankees in deliberate lying.

### **THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE.—27.**

We got one darkie on the way out. He had never seen a cannon, and of course did not know what it was. He stood beside one when they fired it off, and I assure you Parry the clown never dropped as quick as he did. His eyes rolled wildly, and he alarmingly called out: "Oh Lord! hab mercy on dis poor chile. He am for de Union ebery time, sah." The artillerymen might have been tied with straws. When they had got over their laugh, they told him it was one of old Abe's guns. The nigger said, "He hab a bery loud voice."

## **HOW A "COPPERHEAD" WAS SHAVED.—28.**

One day, lately, a well-known gentleman in Philadelphia stepped into a barber's shop, sat in a shaving-chair, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and instructed the knight of the razor to take off his beard. The barber was an African. He simply replied, "Yes, boss," and produced his implements. The customer sat down. He was duly shaved. His face was wiped; he arose, and donned his coat and hat. "How much?" he asked, in a dolorous voice, as he adjusted his shirt-collar. "Fifteen cents, boss." "Why, I thought you shaved for ten cents at this shop." "Dat ar's de average, sah," was the reply. "Ten cents is de price of a shave in dis yer shop. You come in here, sah, and read the news of Sheridan's victory, and your face got about six inches longer dan when yer come in. If your face was like it was afore you read dat yar news ten cents was the price. When you commenced to read about de defeat of Early, den your face stretched down about four inches. Dat's what makes it wurf fifteen cents for der shave." The customer couldn't restrain a grin, though he was a Copperhead, and the hit at him was made by a "nigger." He paid the fee, and walked out. He was one of those gentlemen who go their length upon M'Clellan, and who of course shudder at every victory to the Union arms.

## **WHAT HE DID THE FIRST YEAR.—29.**

In one of the courts at Hartford, Connecticut, recently, a woman was testifying on behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross-examined her said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," she replied. The whole court laughed heartily, and the witness was questioned no further.

## **THE LEARNED MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN LEGISLATURE.—30.**

A good story is told of the landlord of a hotel at Holly Springs, Miss. It was a large fashionable hotel, and the landlord was a pompous man, with a large corporosity and a ruffled shirt-bosom. Printed bills of fare were provided, yet the landlord stood at the head of the table at dinner and, in a loud voice, read off the list of articles in a rhyming way—"Here's boiled ham, and raspberry jam; baked potatoes and cooked tomatoes; turnips smashed and squashes *squashed*;" and so on. Mr. M. asked him afterward why he read it aloud when printed copies were on the table. "Force of habit," replied the landlord; "got so used to it I can't help it. You see, I commenced business down here in Jackson (the capital of Mississippi), and most of all the Legislature boarded with me. There wasn't a man of 'em could read, so I had to read the bill of fare to 'em."

### **A CANDID PARSON.—31.**

A Yankee divine, of an advanced age, married for his second wife a damsel young and handsome. When the elders of the church went to inquire if the lady was a suitable person to make a useful figure as a parson's wife, he answered frankly that he didn't think she was. "But," added the irrepressible doctor, "although I don't pretend she is a saint, she is a very pretty little sinner, and I love her." The twain became one flesh.

### **A STUMP ORATOR.—32.**

An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and, with one eye partially closed, modestly replied, "I think, sir—I do indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir; and I'd not say a word during the whole time, sir."

### **THE COLONEL ANSWERED.—33.**

A certain colonel, a staff officer of one of the northern generals, noted for his talent for repartee and the favourable

opinion which he entertained of his own good looks, stopped at the house of a farmer, and discovered there a fine milch cow, and, still better, a pretty girl, attired in a neat calico dress cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves. After several unsuccessful attempts to engage the young lady in conversation, he proposed to her to have the cow milked for his own special benefit. This she indignantly refused. The colonel not wishing to compromise his reputation for gallantry, remarked that if all the young ladies in Virginia were as beautiful as the one he had the pleasure of addressing, he had no desire to conquer the Confederacy. With a toss of her pretty head, and a slight elevation of her nose, she answered thus: "Well, sir, if all the gentlemen in your army are as ugly as you are we ladies have no desire to conquer them." How are you, colonel?

#### **PITHY LETTER.—34.**

General Rosecrans a few days ago received the following pertinent letter from an indignant private:—"General,—I have been in the service eighteen months, and have never received a cent. I desire a furlough for fifteen days, in order to return home and remove my family to the poor-house." The general granted the furlough.

#### **THE GRAHAM SYSTEM.—35.**

A little prattler, who had been brought up on the Graham system, asked what she should have to eat when she went to Heaven. "The bread of life, my dear," was the reply. "Will there be any butter on it, ma?" was the quick retort.

#### **WARD BEECHER'S PREACHING.—36.**

Henry Ward Beecher asked Park Benjamin, the poet and humorist, why he never came over to Brooklyn to hear him preach. Benjamin replied, "Why, Beecher, the fact is, I have conscientious scruples against going to places of public amusement on Sunday."

### **KISSING IN WISCONSIN.—37.**

A Milwaukee paper says that when a Wisconsin girl is kissed, she looks surprised, and says, "How could you do it?" To which the swain replies, "It will give me much pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give her a duplicate.

### **TOO SLOW FOR PARADISE.—38.**

Pickering is a very nervous little man, who fusses and fidgets about in a remarkably quick manner, and who holds in detestation anything that can possibly come under the head of a slow coach, and indulges in rather queer expressions when anything moves too slow for his views. He is blessed with a "maid-of-all-work," who has caused him to utter more profane words during the past three months than three years in purgatory can atone for. One evening last week he despatched the girl upon an errand to the neighbouring store, and according to his ideas she remained an unaccountably long time. He pulled out his watch and looked half-a-dozen times within ten minutes, whistled, drummed upon the table with his fingers, beat time with his feet upon the floor, and finally started up again and began pacing the room, as if his nervous agitation could in any degree accelerate the movements of the absent abigail. But the girl came at length, and her impatient master broke forth with—"For goodness' sake, Maggie, where have you been?" "In the store, sir," was Maggie's reply. "Well," said her master, "it is about one hundred yards to the store, and you have been fifteen minutes in going and returning." "Yes, sir," broke in the girl. "Now, Maggie," continued he, "take my advice, and when you die, remain quietly in your grave, and never make an attempt to get to Heaven." "And why not, sir?" queried the bewildered girl. "Because," said Pickering, "the sun is ninety-six millions of miles from the earth, and Heaven is beyond that; and if you ever make an attempt to get there, at the rate you move, eternity will come to an end before you reach your destination."

### **THAT'S A GOOD 'UN!—39.**

Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: 'Paradise, Year 1, Adam.'"

### **INTERESTING TO THE PARTIES CONCERNED.**

—40.

In connexion with the late riot in that city the *Boston Journal* publishes the following:—The individual who dropped half of his thumb at the corner of Cooper and North Mangin Streets on Tuesday night, may have some interest in knowing that it has been picked up and carefully preserved by a worthy citizen of Ward 5; and the individual in his shirt sleeves who limped off with a bullet in his hip from a spot near the same neighbourhood, on the same night, may receive the brick he gave in exchange for it by returning the bullet to the 3rd police-station.

### **A KNOWING JURYMAN.—41.**

A New Jersey paper tells a story of a well-known character who frequently figured on juries in New York. While on a jury, as soon as they had retired to their room to deliberate, he would button up his coat and "turn in" on a bench, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I'm for bringing in a verdict for plaintiff (or defendant, as he had settled his mind), and all creation can't move me. Therefore, as soon as you have all agreed with me, wake me up, and we'll go in."

### **PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—42.**

An American paper commends the following terrible lines to some of its correspondents who have forgotten to prepay their letters, and saddled the editor with sundry twopences to save their penny. The wild beauty of the lines bespeaks the editor to have been in a mesmeric *coma*:—

"The man who now-a-days will write,  
And not prepay his letter,  
Is worser than the heathen are,  
What don't know any better.

"And if you take a fine tooth-comb,  
And rake down all creation,  
You couldn't find a meaner man  
In this 'ere mighty nation."

### **SOUND ADVICE.—43.**

The private secretary of a cabinet minister is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber and asked for the governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure." A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

### **SIMPLICITY.—44.**

An exchange tells the following simple story of a little child kneeling by his bed to pray, as he retired for the night. He said: "Dear Heavenly Father, please don't let the large cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and don't let me run away outside of the gate when mother tells me not to."

### **CORKING UP DAYLIGHT.—45.**

It is reported that a Yankee down East has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supersede gas. He covers the interior of a flour barrel with shoemaker's wax, holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut into lots to suit purchasers.

### **A BABY STORY.—46.**

A very curious baby story comes to us from New Jersey. A mother and a daughter were confined on the same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment, both babies were placed in the same cradle, and, to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which was the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery. The family is in the greatest distress over the affair.

### **MARRIAGE NOTICES.—47.**

A Western paper gives the following notice:—All notices of marriage, where no bride-cake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked into some outlandish corner of the papers. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves, or other bride favours are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony in *propria personâ*, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or coined from the brain editorial.

### **A HOMELY FLAG OF TRUCE.—48.**

A rebel at Gettysburg, wishing to surrender, and having nothing else for a flag of truce, dived his hands into his pantaloons, and elevated his shirt above his head, amid roars of laughter from the Federals, who immediately accepted his unconditional surrender. Rather a good thing for that rebel that he was the possessor of such a luxury as a reasonably clean shirt.

### **HE HAD HIM THAT TIME.—49.**

A candidate for office, wishing to describe his opponent as a "soulless man," said: "Some persons hold the opinion that just

at the precise moment after one human being dies, another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular inquiries concerning my opponent, and I find that for some hours before he drew breath nothing but a donkey died. Fellow-citizens, I will now leave you to draw the inference."

### **"DE DISSOLUTION OF COPARSNIPS."—50.**

A coloured firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis:"—"De dissolution of coparsnips heretofore resisting twixt me and Mose Jones in the barber profession, am heretofore resolved. Pussons who ose must pay to de scribe. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

### **UNACCEPTABLE GRATITUDE.—51.**

Lieutenant J——n, late of the 16th regiment, was, a few days ago, walking down Main Street, Utica, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute. "God bless your honour," said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be Irish, "and long life to you." "How do you know me?" said the lieutenant. "Is it how do I know your honour?" responded Pat. "Good right, sure, I have to know the man who saved my life in battle." The lieutenant, highly gratified at this tribute to his valour, slid a fifty cent bill into his hand, and asked him when. "God bless your honour, and long life to you," said the grateful veteran. "Sure it was at Antietam, when, seeing your honour run away as fast as your legs could carry you from the rebels I followed your lead, and ran after you out of the way whereby, under God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honour; I never will forget it to you."

### **FEELING HER WAY.—52.**

General Schenck, discussing the Democratic platform, in a speech at Hamilton, Ohio, brought down the House by the

following illustration:—"I know nothing at all that is like it, unless it may be the character of the fruit that is sold by an old lady who sits at the door of the court-house in Cincinnati. She is a shrewd old woman. A young sprig of a lawyer stepped up one day and said to her, 'You seem to have some fine apples; are they sweet or sour?' The old lady tried to take the measure of her customer, and find out whether his taste was for sweet or sour apples. 'Why, sir,' said she, 'they are rather acid; a sort of low tart, inclined to be very sweet.'"

### FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—53.

The following is as an extract from the recent address of a barrister "out West" to a jury:—"The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the prisoner, it is your duty to fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view, in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honour of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion and reflect with pleasure that you have done as you would be done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard the principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every fair cornfield, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be apt to light on you one of these dark nights, *as my cat lights on a sasserful of new milk.*"

### STORY WITH A MORAL.—54.

A young Yankee had formed an attachment for the daughter of a rich old farmer, and after agreeing with the "bonnie lassie" went to the old farmer to ask his consent; and during the ceremony, which was an awkward one with Jonathan, he whittled away at a stick. The old man watched the movements of the knife, at the same time continuing to talk on the prospects of his future son-in-law, as he supposed, until the stick was dwindled down to naught. He then spoke as follows:—"You have fine property, you have steady habits; good enough looking; but you can't have my daughter. Had you made something, no matter what, of the stick you whittled

away, you could have had her; as it is you cannot. Your property will go as the stick did, little by little, until all is gone, and your family reduced to want. I have read your character; you have my answer."

### **ODD EXCUSE FOR NOT BEING HUNG.—55.**

Two bushwhackers were captured, both of whom were very properly dealt with summarily by being hanged. One of them had received a shot in the shoulder, inflicting a painful wound, disabling him from making his escape. While the officer was arranging the hempen necklace about the wounded tory's neck, it produced considerable pain in the wounded shoulder, which induced him to exclaim—"Oh! do please don't! I don't believe I can bear to be hung—my shoulder is so sore!"

### **AN AGREEABLE CUSTOMER.—56.**

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office till the boat starts; I'm afraid somebody will steal him." "You can't do it," said the clerk; "take him out." "Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you." "Take him out!" roared the clerk. "Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here, Dragon," he said to the dog, "sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp!" and turning on his heel said: "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome." The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and howling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better half of the office.

### **FAILED FOR A GOOD REASON.—57.**

Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Taxan ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. "Wall, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres once't," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt without any shoes, and offered me their titles to two leagues just below for a pair of boots." "For a pair of boots!" we exclaimed. "But why on earth did you not take it?"

They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?" "Just because I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two hundred leagues of land.

### **WRITING TO THE OLD WOMAN.—58.**

"Massa," said the black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you would write a few lines for me to the old woman, 'cause I can't write." The good-natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Pompey dictated. As the captain was about to seal up the letter, Pompey reminded him that he had omitted to say, "Please 'scuse de bad writin' and spellin'."

### **"I'M THE BAGGAGE."—59.**

As the mid-day Worcester train was about leaving the *dépôt*, a man of the Johnsonian type of manners entered one of the cars, and gruffly requested that two young ladies occupying separate seats should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a *tête-à-tête* on the other seat. "But," said one of the damsels, blushing, "this seat is engaged." "Engaged, is it?" brusquely responded the man; "who engaged it!" "A young man," said the conscious maiden. "A young man, eh! where's his baggage?" persisted Ursa Major. "I'm his baggage, Old Hateful," replied the demure damsel, putting her rosy lips into the prettiest pout. "Old Hateful" subsided; the young man came in, extended his arm protectingly, almost caressingly, around his "baggage," and Mr. Conductor Capron started the train.

### **CROSS PURPOSES.—60.**

A colporteur recently entered a log-house of a dweller in Ohio, and asked the mistress of the household if they had the gospel there. She said: "No; but they have it dreadful bad about four miles below." This may have been the same colporteur who entered another log-house, and inquired if there were any Presbyterians in that vicinity. He was answered: "I guess not;

my old man has not killed any since we have lived here." In one instance the colporteur was taken for a doctor; in the other for a hunter.

### **THE CHICKENS IN TENNESSEE.—61.**

One day a wealthy old lady, whose plantation was in the vicinity of the camp, came in and inquired for General Payne. When the commander made his appearance, the old lady, in warm language, at once acquainted him with the fact that his men had stolen her last coop full of chickens, and demanded their restitution or their value in currency. "I am sorry for you, madam," replied the general, "but I can't help it. The fact is, madam, we are determined to squelch out the rebellion, if it takes every chicken in Tennessee."

### **A SONNET INSTEAD OF A BONNET.—62.**

An officer in Banks's department recently received a letter from his little daughter at home, asking him to send her money with which to buy a new bonnet, to which he replied as follows:—

"I would send you a kiss, dear daughter,  
As pure from a fond father's lips,  
And as chaste as the drop of water  
That fresh from an icicle drips;  
But kisses thus sent in a letter  
Would lose all their sweetness for thee,  
And I know it would please thee far better  
To receive a few greenbacks from me.  
But as I am 'hard up,' and you not in need,  
You will have to put up with the will for the deed;  
I therefore send you this nice little sonnet,  
Instead of the greenbacks to buy you a bonnet."

### **THE OLD HEN AND CHICKENS.—63.**

Aunt E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown. "You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time." "Yes, aunty," replied Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

#### **STRANGE PECULIARITIES.—64.**

A Western editor sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary as follows:—He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy—so much for his goodness of heart! Of his industry, he says, the public may judge when he states that the only time he ever worked was when he mistook castor oil for honey.

#### **GRIM WELCOME.—65.**

On the evening before the last unsuccessful attempt to storm the defences of Port Hudson, some of our skirmishers were endeavouring, under cover of darkness, to draw closer to the rebel works. A rebel sentinel discovered them, and halloed out: "How are you, Yank?" One of our men replied: "Yes, we're bound to come." "All right," returned the rebel, "we have got room enough to bury you."

#### **BACHELORISM A LUXURY.—66.**

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said Mrs. Dackford to a resolute evader of the matrimonial noose. "I agree with you perfectly, madam," was the reply, "for bachelorism is a luxury."

#### **A COOL CUSTOMER.—67.**

The *Winsted* (Ct.) *Herald* thinks the fellow who wrote the following note, not considering it any disappointment to postpone his wedding, is a philosopher. The note was addressed to a Winsted clothing dealer:—"Dear Sir,—I do not care for the velvet collar, so you may do as you please about

putting it on. It was no serious disappointment, only I should have been married if I had received the goods."

### **SCRIPTURE NAMES.—68.**

Some young ladies who had been attending an evening party, desired to return home, but had no male attendant. The master of the house requested his son to accompany them, and made use of a scripture name. What was it? Jeroboam—Jerry beau 'em.

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman desired another son to act as escort. What scripture name did he utter? Lemuel—Lem you will.

Still there was a difficulty, and a like request was made in a similar manner to another son. What was it? Samuel—Sam you will.

Sam having consented, the parties took their seats in a sleigh, for the purpose of going home. It was found there was plenty of room for one more. What scripture name did the old gentleman use to induce another son to accompany the guests? Benjamin—Ben jam in.

The driver was requested to start in another scripture name. What was it? Joshua—Josh away.

When the sleigh was fairly off, it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been left behind. There was no possibility of recalling her companions, so the old gentleman asked still another of his sons to console the young lady for her disappointment. What was the last scripture name thus used? Ebenezer—Eben ease her.

### **AN INQUIRING MIND.—69.**

Some people have very inquiring minds; but few, we think, carry their curiosity so far as a Yankee friend of ours, who rang the bell of a fashionable residence the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance, politely inquired, "What are

you going to have for dinner to-day?" The girl, thinking the man was one of their tradesmen, and had made the inquiry in his business capacity, innocently replied, "Mutton, sir." "Mutton—with sauce?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, well! I was passing by, and thought I would inquire. Good morning." The servant was indignant when she came to comprehend the man's motive, but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciations.

### **THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—70.**

Mr. Dickson, a coloured barber in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connexion with a coloured 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." "Why did you leave your connexion, Mr. Dickson, if I maybe permitted to ask?" "Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson; "it was just like dis: I jined the church in good fait; I gave ten dollars towards de stated gospel de fus' year, and de church people call me *Brudder* Dickson; the second year my business was not so good, and I gib only five dollars. Dat year people call me *Mr.* Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?" "No, the razor goes tolerably well." "Well, sah, the third I fell berry poor; had sickness in my family, and didn't gib nothin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me 'dat ole nigger Dickson,' and I left 'em."

### **KNOCKING AT THE CHURCH DOOR.—71.**

An Indianapolis editor attending church on a recent Sabbath for the first time in many years, stopped at the entrance, and after looking in vain for the bell-pull, deliberately knocked at the door, and politely waited until somebody opened it and let him in.

### **SCENE IN AN AMERICAN COURT.—72.**

There was a hush in the police court-room as the red-nosed judge took his seat upon the bench, and in a pompous tone of

authority shouted, "Bring the prisoner into court!" "Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirit of turpentine said when he was all a-fire," said the prisoner. "We'll take a little fire out of you. How do you live?" asked the judge. "I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried." "We don't want to know what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?" "Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when she ran over a little nigger." "Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?" "That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table." "If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months." "I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook." "Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks." "No, sir; I can't go around the docks without a coat, and I ain't got none." "Answer me, sir! How do you get your bread?" "Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters." "No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?" "Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair." "How do you keep yourself alive?" "By breathing, sir." "I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?" "Pretty well, I thank you, judge. How do you do?" "I shall have to commit you." "Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation." The prisoner went out of court with a jerk, and was hastened to gaol.

### SOAP COMING HANDY.—73.

During one of the recent battles, while a regiment of our troops was rapidly marching over a dusty road, in changing their position on the field, a soldier noticed a cake of soap at a little distance from the rank, and sprang forward to get it, saying, "I shall need it after this fight." The shells of the enemy were falling thickly; and just as the soldier seized the soap, one dropped close behind him and exploded, tearing open an immense hole in the earth, and nearly burying the poor fellow. Every one supposed he was blown to pieces, but almost immediately he struggled out, begrimed with dirt from head to foot, yet holding on to the soap, and exclaiming, "There, I told

you I should need it!" Fortunately, he passed through the battle unhurt, and found his well-earned soap a great convenience.

### **A CONDENSED NOVEL.—74.**

Josh, here am a seafaring novel, dat missis gib me, case she know'd I was too lazy to read de whole book; and, by golly, it am just de ting for dese people dat lub to skip ober such stuff! Just read it: Gulf of Mexico; small ship; young man; very interesting; very romantic; black glossy curls; aquiline features; florid complexion; commanding figure; black clouds; "Pipe all hands to quarters;" storm coming on; very dangerous; "All hands to the pumps;" "There goes the gib!" masts cut away; storm clearing; all hands pumping; monster ship in the distance; very suspicious; black flag; skull and cross-bones; pirate; sailors fearful; young man determined; bound to die or perish in the attempt; armed to the teeth; addresses the sailors; great enthusiasm; flag of the free; die for our country; pirate approaches; hundred guns; pirate captain; big whiskers; crew all fiends; calls for a surrender; young man scorns; broadside; female shrieks on board the pirate ship; beauty in distress; young man vows vengeance; young man's ship sinking; flag shot off; nails it to the mast; crew leave in boats; board the pirate; terrific combat; seven pirates attack boatswain; kills two with a chaw of tobacco; throws others overboard; sharks around vessel; young man kills pirate captain; pirates give in; shouts tremendous; victory; young man rushes into cabin; finds young lady nearly dead; brings her to; falls in love; papers discovered; young man son of a nobleman; young lady rich heiress; tells her story; was stolen way by gipsies; sold to pirate captain; Heaven sent young man; preserved; falls on her knees; young man embraces her; sailors get drunk; marriage at sea; "life on the ocean wave;" ship in port; young man promoted; land of liberty. "Yankee Doodle!" FINIS.

### **SECURING HIS TRUNK.—75.**

A traveller stopped at a hotel in Wheeling several days. His trunk looked cheap, but was very heavy, when carried up-stairs. Traveller disappeared; trunk was heavier than before; it

could not be lifted. Landlord broke it open; found it empty, and nailed to the floor, with two spikes driven through the bottom.

### **A DRY JOKE IN A DRY GOODS' STORE.—76.**

An amusing incident recently took place in one of our dry goods' stores down town. A good-looking, honest-faced country girl, came to town with her lover, to do a trifle of shopping. The magnitude of the store, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the rows of busy clerks, the flitting cash boys, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her swain obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door. The clerks being all busy just at the moment, the young lady was obliged to remain standing a few moments. At length, a dapper fellow, with gold watch and chain and flourishing moustache, came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer, with—"Anybody waiting on you, madam?" The colour deepened in her cheeks, as she hesitated and drew a long breath; till, finally, with a nod of her head towards the door, she faltered out, "Yes, sir; he is."

### **YANKEE NOTION OF MACBETH.—77.**

After having witnessed the performance, from what I could make out of the play I don't think Macbeth was a good moral character; and his lady appeared to me to possess a tarnation dictatorial temper, and to have exceedingly loose notions of hospitality, which, together with an unpleasant habit of talking to herself and walking about *en chemise*, must make her a decidedly unpleasant companion.

### **THE PUGNACIOUS RAM.—78.**

John B. Gough, in one of his eloquent temperance lectures, was encouraging those who signed the pledge to stick to it. "Stick to it," said he, "as the old ram did to his butting." The story is that a farmer had a ram which would run his head against the cows, horses, pigs, and, indeed, against everything in motion. The farmer himself was more than once butted over, and he finally determined to break up this propensity: so he

tied a heavy block of wood upon a rope, and hung it on the limb of a tree. The block was set in motion, and the ram, seeing it move towards him, hit it a blow. This sent it off; but it swung back, and the ram hit it again, and so kept on doing. The farmer watched him until it was dark, and then left him (true to his nature) butting away. Early in the morning, on going out to see how the ram had fared, he found that he had butted himself all away, except a part of his tail, and that was hammering away at the swinging block. That's the way to stick to your pledge.

### A HORRIFIED DANDY.—79.

A dandy, who was seated on the balcony of a Saratoga hotel, among a large company, was exquisitely dressed, and very highly perfumed with musk, which is very disagreeable to some persons. A plain farmer happening to pass near him, commenced snuffing suspiciously, and, looking around for the cause of the musky effluvia, he soon smelt out the dandy, and thus addressed him:—"I say, mister, I can tell ye what'll take that smell out of yer clothes: just bury 'em under ground for a week. My uncle run agin a skunk once, and—" but before the sentence was finished the enraged dandy sped from the crowd to escape the shouts of laughter, while the innocent farmer, who only meant to do him a kindness, was wondering what caused his sudden departure.

### STRIKING EFFECT OF A STRIKE.—80.

A Boston contemporary says he finds among his exchanges the following paragraph:—

"The printerS are on  
 A sTriKe jor hiGher wAgeS, We H<sup>ave</sup> ConcludEd tO  
 sEt o<sup>ur</sup> o<sup>wn</sup> tYpes in futUrE! It 's eAsy eNough,"

[TN: "The printers are on a strike for higher wages, we have concluded to set our own types in future! It is easy enough,"]

### HABITS OF A GREAT MAN.—81.

Several paragraphs (says a New York paper) have been going the rounds in relation to the habits of great men, which paragraphs, as usual, are all wrong; inasmuch as we have had the pleasure of dining and hobnobbing with all the great men of this and every other country on the face of the globe. An illustration will prove this to the satisfaction of everybody. Mr. Seward generally rises from his bed in the morning about the time he gets up. He rarely, if ever, eats his breakfast before he gets it. He is not particular what kind of food he has, if he is provided with what he calls for. In his dress he is plain; never appearing in public without his pantaloons. He never wears his vest outside of his coat. He speaks his native dialect without a foreign accent. As an evidence of the methodical precision with which he attends to business, it is only necessary to allude to the fact that he invariably draws his salary the moment it is due; his memory in this respect is prodigious. He generally writes on paper, and uses a pen, which at intervals he dips into a stand of ink, that he keeps upon his table.

### **BILLY BRAY.—82.**

The enrolling officer of Salisbury district, Maryland, was very active and thorough in the performance of his duty. One day he went to the house of a countryman, and finding none of the male members of the family at home, made inquiry of an old woman about the number and age of the "males" of the family. After naming several, the old lady stopped. "Is there no one else?" asked the officer. "No," replied the woman; "none except Billy Bray." "Billy Bray! where is he?" "He was at the barn a moment ago," said the old lady. Out went the officer, but could not find the man. Coming back, the worthy officer questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after enrolling his name among those to be drafted. The time of the drafting came; among those on whom the lot fell was Billy Bray. No one knew him. Where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called on to produce him; and, lo and behold! Billy Bray was a *Jackass!* and stands now on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland.

## TRANSATLANTIC MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—83.

We clip the subjoined advertisements relating to matrimony from the *New York Herald*. As they are unique in their way, our readers will, no doubt, be amused by perusing them. It is to be hoped that the ardent gentleman in quest of "some congenial soul" is by this time in a fair way of resigning his bachelorhood:—

"De Factum.'—The undersigned, a young gentleman versed in the ways of the world, and of a cheerful temperament, seeks for some congenial soul with whom he can exchange vows of unchanging love. He is considered good-looking, is twenty-five years of age, and possesses a comfortable fortune. Wealth no object, as a true-hearted lady is all he desires. Any young lady or widow may, if they are prompted by sincere motives, address," &c.

"Two young gentlemen, possessed of large fortunes, but rather green, wish to open correspondence with young ladies of the same circumstances, with a view to matrimony. Brunettes preferred; but no objection to blondes, provided they are perfect—past all parallel. Address," &c.

"I am desirous to form the acquaintance of an Italian or Spanish gentleman with an ultimate view to marriage. As I cannot see myself as others see me, of myself I say nothing. Address," &c.

"Should this meet the eye of any sensible man not over thirty-five, who would like a wife that understands housekeeping in all its branches, educated and refined, whose forte is not all in a piano, he can address, &c. Cartes de visite desired."

## A CITIZEN OF ALL THE STATES.—84.

A son of the Emerald Isle, but not himself green, was taken up (for he was at the time down) near a rebel encampment not far from the Manassas Junction. In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade, and was roused from his slumbers by a scouting party. He wore no special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than an alligator, and on this he was arrested. "Who are you?" "What is your name?" and "Where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party. Pat rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and answered: "By my faith, gintlemen, them is ugly questions to answer any how; and before I answer any of them, I'd be after axin you, by yer lave, the same thing." "Well," said the leader, "We are of Scott's army, and belong to Washington." "All right," said Pat; "I know'd ye was gintlemen, for I am the same. Long life to General Scott!" "Aha!" replied the scout, "now, you rascal, you are our prisoner," and seized him by the shoulder. "How is that?" inquired Pat; "are we not friends?" "No," was the answer; "we belong to General Beauregard's army." "Then you told me a lie, me boys; and thinking it might be so, I told you another. Now, tell me the truth, and I'll tell the truth too." "Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina." "So do I," promptly responded Pat, "and to all the other States of the country too; and there I'm thinking I bate the whole of ye. Do you think I would come all the way from Ireland to belong to one State, when I had a right to belong to the whole of 'em?"

### **MIXING THE BABIES.—85.**

Patrick Lyon, an Irishman, and Hans Heidelbrooke, a German, and their families, both occupy one house in Cincinnati. Some nights since the families of both were increased, Pat's wife presenting him with twins, and Hans' wife presenting him with one, all girls. The nurse being desirous of contemplating the relative beauties of the little cherubs, with the hopes of finding out if there is any difference between a youthful Teuton and a cherub of Erin, got them so hopelessly mixed that it was impossible to distinguish "tother from which." Here was a terrible state of affairs. But the mother wit of the Irishwoman solved the difficulty. She was entitled to two of the children

any how, and two she would take, and if either of them when grown up should talk Dutch she would repudiate its paternity and lay claim to the third. The Dutch woman coincided with the idea, and clasped to her bosom the remaining child, resolved to watch for the first indication of the brogue that might change her parental love to unmitigated disgust.

### **DANIEL WEBSTER AND WILLIAM WIRT.—86.**

Daniel Webster was once engaged in a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which has been criticised as a brilliant romance. In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment he said: "Mr. K——, allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called Baron Munchausen?" Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption, but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favour I promise not to interrupt you again." Mr. Wirt, in the blindest manner, replied, "Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said: "Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry?'" The effect was so irresistible, that even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up;" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

### **NOT TO BE DONE.—87.**

You have heard, perhaps, reader, of the encounter between an Englishman and the market-woman at a fruit-stand in New York. The Englishman had learned of the Yankee habit of bragging, and he thought he would cut the comb of that propensity. He saw some huge watermelons on the market-woman's stand, and walking up to her, and pointing at them with a look of disappointment, said: "What! don't you raise bigger apples than these in America?" The woman looked at him for a moment, and then retorted: "Apples! any body might know you was an Englishman. Them's huckleberries."

### CAUGHT UNAWARES.—88.

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity of answering one question by asking another. To decide the bet a Down-Easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "*Du they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

### THE YOUNG PATRIOT.—89.

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are equal in wealth and social position." The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-five. With a sad aspect, the young man withdrew from the stately mansion. Six months later he stood again in the presence of the haughty father, who thus angrily addressed him: "What! you here again?" "Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here—your daughter's equal and yours!" The old man's lip curled with scorn, a derisive smile lit up his cold features; when casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried—"See! Look on this wealth; and I've tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door, but I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the army of the —— with beef——" "Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man. "And I bought up all the

disabled cavalry horses I could find——" "I see, I see!" cried the old man; "and good beef they make, too." "They do, they do! and the profits are immense." "I should say so." "And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand." "Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?" "To the core!" cried William Baker. "And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?" "I am, I am!" "Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! And, whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government."

### DEMOSTHENES NOT DEAD.—90.

They have orators out in Illinois, if we trust the description of a certain military one, furnished us by a correspondent in that State:—It was in dog-days, and a great hue and cry had been raised about mad dogs. Although no person could be found who had seen one, the excitement still grew by the rumours it was fed on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising plans for the extermination not only of mad dogs, but, to make safety doubly sure, of dogs in general. The "brigadier" was appointed chairman. After stating the objects of the meeting in a not very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat and allowing others to make some suggestions, he launched forth into a speech of some half-hour's length, of which the following burst of forensic splendour is a sample:—"FELLER CITIZENS,—The time has come when the overcharged feelings of aggrawated human natur are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are midst of us; their shriekin' yelp and fomy track can be heered and seen on our peraries. Death follers in their wake; shall we sit here like cowards while our lives and our neighbours' lives are in danger from their dreadful vorashus hidrofobie caninety? No, it mustn't be. E'en now my house is torn with conflictin' feelin's of wrath and wengeance; a funeral pyre of wild cats is burstin' within me. I have horses and cattle, I have sheep and pigs, I have a wife and children, and," rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation, "I have money out at interest; *all in danger of bein' bit by these infernal dogs!*"

### **A PUZZLED JUDGE.—91.**

A man, named Josh, was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it. A wag, having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:—"May it please your honour, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt, for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they DID NOT see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and, brushing back his hair, said: "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

### **TO NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.—92.**

An up-country editor thus pays his respects to "Newspaper borrowers—May theirs be a life of single blessedness; may their paths be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights be haunted with knock-kneed tom-cats."

### **PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.—93.**

Up this world, and down this world,  
And over this world and through,  
    Though drifted about,  
    And tossed without,  
Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,  
Or shining a field of blue;  
    If the bleak wind blows,  
    Or the sunshine glows,  
Still "paddle your own canoe."

What if breakers rise up ahead,  
With dark waves rushing through,  
    Move steadily by  
    With a steadfast eye,  
And "paddle your own canoe."

If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies,  
And the stars are lost to view,  
    Glide safely along,  
    With a smile and a song,  
And "paddle your own canoe."

Up this world, and down this world,  
And over this world and through,  
    Though weary and worn,  
    Bereft and forlorn,  
Still "paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come,  
Never grow sad and blue.  
    Never sit down  
    With a tear and a frown,  
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,  
Blooming and sweet for you;  
    There are rose-hued dyes  
    In the autumn skies—

Then "paddle your own canoe."

### TO SNORERS.—94.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which, he says, is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the nose a gutta-percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

### INGENIOUS BOOT-BLACK.—95.

The street boot-blacks are one of the "institutions" of New York, as well as of some other large cities. These boys are generally so polite and so industrious that we rather like them, and sometimes take a "shine up" just to see them work, and to chat with the smart little fellows. Here is a case illustrating their ingenuity:—A well-dressed man standing at a hotel-door not long since was hailed by one of them with the usual question, "Shine up, sir?" "What do you charge for blacking boots?" asked the man, who was somewhat noted for stinginess. "Five cents," was the reply. "Too much, too much; I'll give you three cents," said the man. "All right," said the youngster, and at it he went with might and main, and very soon had one boot shining like a mirror; but, instead of commencing on the other he began to pack up his brushes. "You haven't finished," exclaimed the man. "Never mind," replied the boot-black, with a twinkle in his eye; "I won't charge you anything for what I've done; there comes a customer who pays." The man glanced at the shining boot, then at the other, which was rusty and bespattered with mud, thought of the ridiculous figure he would make with *one* polished boot, and amid the laughter of the bystanders agreed to give the sharp boy ten cents to finish the job, which he did in double quick time, and with great pleasure.

### A YANKEE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—96.

Sir, I was born and raised in Connecticut;  
 Bolted to sea, and was wreck'd in Japan;  
 Quite a respectable figure I 'spect I cut,  
 When coming back to keep school I began.  
 Guess at the saw-mill I proved a top sawyer,  
 And as a minister made a small splurge;  
 Reckon I felt more at home as a lawyer,  
 Ere as a doctor I learn'd how to purge.  
 But the long words in the medical lexicon  
 Soon I forgot from a couple of years  
 Spent in campaigning against the darn'd Mexican,  
 When I commanded the Bragg Volunteers.  
 Just for a change, then a paper I edited,  
 Scorch'd politicians, and pitch'd into books;  
 That was before I was envoy accredited—  
 Austrian plenipo—General Snooks.  
 'Tis a slow life—that of Minister resident—  
 Posting despatches to kings, and what not;  
 But, as they propose to run me for President,  
 Hang'd if I care to repine at my lot.

### **COLD PICTURE.—97.**

An eminent artist, American, of course, lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

### **LINCOLN ON NIGGER MATHEMATICS.—98.**

Our humorous Chief Magistrate was lately visited by one of the "On to Richmond," sword of Gideon gentry, who confidently expressed the hope so common among the abolition noodles, that Lee's army would be "bagged." The President grinned to the utmost of his classic mouth, and remarked that he was afraid there would be too much "nigger mathematics" in it. The visitor smiled at the allusion, as he felt bound in politeness to do, supposing there must be something in it, though he could not see the point. "But I suppose you

don't know what 'nigger mathematics' is?" continued Mr. Lincoln. "Lay down your hat a minute and I'll tell you." He himself resumed the sitting posture, leaned back in his chair, elevated his heels on the table, and went on with his story. "There was a darky in my neighbourhood called Pompey, who, from a certain quickness in figuring up the prices of chickens and vegetables, got the reputation of being a mathematical genius. Mr. Johnson, a darkey preacher, heard of Pompey and called to see him. 'Here ye're a great mat'm'tishum, Pompey.' 'Yes sar, you jas try.' 'Well, Pompey, Ize compound a problem in mat'matics.' 'All right, sar.' 'Now Pompey, spose dere am tree pigeons sittin' on a rail-fence, and you fire a gun at 'em and shoot one, how many's left?' 'Two, ob coors,' replies Pompey, after a little wool scratching. 'Ya! ya! ya!' laughs Mr. Johnson; 'I knowed you was a fool, Pompey; dere's none left; one's dead, and dudder two's flown away.' That's what makes me say," continued Mr. Lincoln, "that I am afraid there was too much 'nigger mathematics' in the Pennsylvania campaign." And the result showed that in this instance, at least, the anecdote suited the fact. Lee's army was the three pigeons. One of them was taken down at Gettysburg, but the other two flew over the Potomac.

### **THE WRONG TRAIN.—99.**

Some young men, going from Columbus to Cincinnati Ohio, in the cars, were getting rather noisy and profane, when a gentleman in a white cravat tapped one of them on the shoulder, with the remark, "Young man, do you know that you are on the road to perdition?" "That's just my luck; I got a ticket for Cincinnati, and I've got into the wrong train."

### **SCIENTIFIC AGREEMENT.—100.**

A California paper tells the story of a showman who delighted an "appreciating public" with a view of the Mammoth Cave. It was his custom, as each scene was exhibited, to explain it. When the great cave came to view, he stepped forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a great phenomena—indeed, the greatest of the world. The learned of all nations

have visited it; but while none could agree as to the cause which had produced it, they all came to this grand conclusion, that it was one of the most tremendous holes in the ground they had ever seen."

### **THE SADDEST SIGHT.—101.**

The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wail" from the *Springfield Republican*:—"There are some sad sights in this world: a city sacked and burned—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a jug of molasses wrecked on the pavement; but the saddest sight to us of all is an old bachelor, stolidly walking towards his end, his great duties undone, his shirt buttons off, his stockings out at the toes, and nobody to leave his money to. Were we such a man, the mild, reproving eye of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad. But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly."

### **NO DOUBT.—102.**

A western editor, in noticing a new and splendid hearse, says, "He has no doubt it will afford much satisfaction to those who use it."

### **JOB'S PATIENCE—AS VIEWED BY A LADY.— 103.**

If there *is* a proverb that needs revamping, it is "*the patience of Job*." Now, in the first place, Job *wasn't* patient. Like all the rest of his sex, from that day to the present, he could be heroic only for a time. He *began* bravely, but ended, as most of them do under annoyance, by cursing and swearing. Patient as Job! Did Job ever try, when he was hungry, to eat shad with a frisky baby in his lap? Did Job ever try, after nursing one all night, and upon taking his seat at the breakfast-table the morning after, to pour out coffee for six people, and second cups at that,

before he had a chance to take a mouthful himself? Pshaw! I've no patience with "Job's patience." It is of no use to multiply instances; but there's not a faithful house-mother in the land who does not out-distance him in the sight of men and angels every hour in the twenty-four.

### **HUNTING UP A SOFT PLACE.—104.**

"I was down to see the widow yesterday," said Tim's uncle, "and she gave me a dinner. I went down rather early in the morning. We talked, and laughed, and chatted, and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to a piece of pie. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favourable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her too. So, after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt kind of comfortable like: I know I did. I fell over head and ears in love with her, and I imagined, from the way she looked, she had fallen in love with me. She appeared for all the world as if she thought it was coming. Presently—I couldn't help it—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked, when I placed it there, in my blindest tones, Tim—for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression—I remarked, then, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity right into hers: 'Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand in all my life!' Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones: 'Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place.' In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and, taking my hand, she very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head. Now, Tim, I havn't told this to a livin' soul but you, and, by jinks! you musn't. But I couldn't hold in any longer, so I tell you; but, mind, it musn't go any further."

### **ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—105.**

The "Comic Grammar" says:—

But remember, though box  
In the plural makes boxes,  
The plural of ox  
Should be *oxen*, not oxes.

To which an exchange paper adds:—

And remember, though fleece  
In the plural is fleeces,  
That the plural of goose  
Aren't *gooses* nor *geeses*.

We may also be permitted to add:—

And remember, though house  
In the plural is houses,  
The plural of mouse  
Should be *mice*, and not *mouses*.  
—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

All of which goes to prove  
That grammar a farce is;  
For where is the plural  
Of rum and molasses?  
—*New York Gazette*.

The plural—*Gazette*—  
Of rum don't us trouble;  
Take one glass too much  
And you're sure to see double.  
—*Brooklyn Daily Advertiser*.

A pair of blue eyes—  
Just to vary the strain—  
Says the plural of kiss  
Is—"Do it again!"  
—*Howard County Sentinel*.

Our English vernacular  
Is rife in abuse:  
"Unloose" is the same thing  
As if you said *loose*!  
—*Montreal Pilot*.

To these observations  
We also might add  
Much to prove that all grammar's  
Deplorably bad;  
But for Lennie and Murray  
We have too much respect,  
To say e'en a word  
Having evil effect.

—*Anon.*

### **ALL WELL.—106.**

A young lady of extraordinary capacity, addressed the following letter to her cousin:—"We is all well, and mother's got the his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh, and sister Ann has got a babee, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your apfhectionate kuzzen."

### **WHAT HE ALWAYS DID AT HOME.—107.**

There is a story told of an Irishman who, landing in our harbour, was met and welcomed by a countryman who had been longer here. "Welcome, Pat," said the latter, "I'm glad to see ye; ye've come just in time, for to-morrow's election day." Pat and his friend took some refreshment together, and presently the newly arrived began to make some inquiries about voting. "Ye'll vote for who ye plaize," said his friend, "sure it's a free counthry." "Well, thin, begorra," rejoined Pat, "I go agin the Government, that's what I always did at home."

### **HAVING THE COFFIN HANDY.—108.**

A man near Cleveland, Ohio, applied for exemption from the draft because an old mother needed his cherishing care. To show how much feeling this affectionate son has for his old mother, the neighbours say he has had her coffin in the house for over two years. He came to town with a load of wood one day, and being unable to sell it, he contrived to trade it off with an undertaker for a coffin. His mother being old, might die suddenly, and then, as Mrs. Toddles says, "how handy it would be to have in the house." Being of a frugal as well as an ingenious turn of mind, he put the coffin in the cellar to keep turnips, against such time as the old lady might drop off.

### **PATERNAL ADVICE.—109.**

"Ven you arrive at the dignity of sawin' wood, Lafayette, if you

is elvevated to that perfesshun, mind and always saw de biggest fust; cause vy? you'll only have te leetle vuns to saw ven you gets tired out. Ven you eats pie, as I spose you may if you lives to be a man, eat de crust fust—tain't a good thing to top off with, if it's tough and thick as sole leather. Ven you piles up wood, always put de pig vuns on to te bottom—always, Lafayette, cause it's mighty hard vork to lift dem to de top ob te pile. Dese are te results ob observation, Lafayette, and may be depended on, and it's for your good I say it." "Vy, father," said young hopeful, "vot a 'normous 'xperience you must a had!"

### **THE FIRST MARRIAGE.—110.**

We like short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appeared to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Mademoiselle Eve, and she without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first event in the world, we have however, our thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood have wished that we were the man that did it. But the deed is done. The chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden; it is a good taste. We like a private wedding—Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the wedding brings queer thoughts to us spite of scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians; mere babies—larger, but no older; without experience, without a house, without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden.

### **NOVEL COMMENTARY BY A PARSON.—111.**

A minister at a camp meeting was delivering a discourse on pride, and, in cautioning the ladies against it, he said: "And you, dear sisters, may perhaps feel proud that our Lord paid you the distinguished honour of appearing first to one of you

after the resurrection; but you have no reason for it, as it was undoubtedly done that the glad tidings might spread sooner."

### **LOBSTER SALAD.—112.**

In a lecture at Portland, Maine, the lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The lecturer confessed she had the advantage of him there.

### **COULDN'T HELP IT, IN FACT.—113.**

A grand jury down South ignored a bill against a negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded, and he concluded thus:—"You may go now, John, but let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and a broad grin, displaying a beautiful row of ivory, replied: "I wouldn't been here dis time, Judge, only de constable fotch me."

### **AFTER JOINING CHURCH.—114.**

Uncle Sam had a neighbour who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while he joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his over-coat."

### **REMARKABLE DREAM.—115.**

A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Youth called one day when she was alone at home. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into

his face, "I dreamed of you last night," "Did you? Why, now." "Yes, I dreamed you kissed me!" "Why, now, what did you dream your mother said?" "Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home." A light dawned on Youth's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack.

### THE NEST EGG.—116.

Some friends of ours in Ohio have a little boy about six years old, and a little girl about four. They had been cautioned in their morning strife after hens' eggs not to take away the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg, and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother, mother! Suzy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

### WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW? BY J. G. SAXE.—117.

I know a girl with teeth of pearl  
And shoulders white as snow;  
She lives—ah! well,  
I must not tell—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,  
And wavy in its flow.  
Who made it less  
One little tress—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue)  
And dazzling in their glow.  
On whom they beam  
With melting gleam—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,  
Like roses ere they blow.

What lover sings

What lover sips  
Those dewy lips—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair,  
When lilies fairest grow.  
Whose hand they press  
With fond caress—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall  
Like snow-flakes on the snow.  
And where it goes  
Beneath the rose—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name  
That language can bestow.  
'Twould break the spell  
If I should tell—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

### **WOMAN-ODOGY.—118.**

We (*Home Journal*) wish to be learned in the subtle science of the softer sex. We aspire to know, at least, what it is that makes woman so adorable as magnetism pronounces her to be, and we have seen nothing so tributary to this science as an article in "Once a Month," entitled "The Good that hath been said of Woman." From the pleasant little periodical we speak of (edited by a younger brother of our own), we quote thus largely:—"One day the Fairy Blue descended upon earth with the courteous intention of distributing to all her daughters, inhabitants of different lands, the treasures and favours she brought with her. Her dwarf, Amaranth, sounded his horn, and immediately a young girl of each nation presented herself at the foot of the throne of Fairy Blue. This happened a long time before the revolution of July, 1830. The good Fairy Blue said to all her friends: 'I desire that none of you shall have to complain of the gift I am about to make you. It is not in my

power to give each of you the same thing; but such want of uniformity in my largesses, should that deprive them of all merit?' As time is precious to the fairies, they say but little. Fairy Blue here finished her speech, and commenced the distribution of her gifts. She gave to the young girl who represented the Castiles, hair so black and so long that she could make a mantilla of it. To the Italian girl she gave eyes, sparkling and brilliant as an eruption of Vesuvius at midnight. To the Turkish, an *embonpoint* round as the moon, and soft as eider-down. To the English, an aurora-borealis, to tint her cheeks, her lips, her shoulders. To the German, such teeth as she had herself, and what is not worth less than pretty teeth, but which has its price, a feeling heart, and one profoundly disposed to love. To the Russian girl she gave the distinction of a queen. Then, passing to detail, she placed gaiety upon the lips of a Neapolitan girl, wit in the head of an Irish, good sense in the heart of a Flemish; and when she had no more to give, she prepared to take her flight. 'And I?' said the Parisian girl, retaining her by her blue tunic. 'I had forgotten you.' 'Entirely forgotten, Madam?' 'You were too near me, and I did not perceive you. But what can I do now? The bag of gifts is exhausted.'"

### **OLE HARRY AND OLE NICK.—119.**

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to be loafing about the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darkey, "Well, what is your name, my old friend?" "Harry, sir—ole Harry," said the other, touching his seedy hat. "Old Harry," said Biddle; "why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?" "Yes, sir," said the coloured gentleman; "sometimes ole Harry and sometimes ole Nick."

### **WESTERN OBITUARY NOTICE.—120.**

Mister Edatur,—Jem bangs, we are sorry to stait, has desized. He departed this Life last mundy. Jem was generally considered a gud feller. He died at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without any struggles, and rich in Life. To Day we are

went full without any struggle, and such is life. To-day we are as pepper grass, mighty smart, to-morrow we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His virchews was numerous to behold. Many is the things we bot at his grocerry, and we are happy to stait to the admirin world that he never cheeted, especially in the wate of markrel, which was nice and sweet, and his surviving wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his hous; nor water in his Lickuris, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Pece to his remaines. He leves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a grocerry stoar, and quadrupets, to mourn his loss; but, in the spalendid language of the poit, his loss is there eternal gane.

### PUTTING FORWARD HIS CREED.—121.

The gentleman who edits the *Kentucky Rifle*, having been taken to task by a lady correspondent as to what constituted his particular faith, thus puts forward his creed:—"We believe that Mrs. Zebedee was a nice woman and that Mr. Zebedee was the father of his own children. We believe that guano and lime mixed together will make splendid hartshorn. It is our opinion that a donkey's kick and editing a newspaper are two of the hardest things in creation. We believe that getting 'tight' loosens the morals, but we shall always contend that it is cheaper in the long run to try the experiment with good whisky than with a mean article. We believe that a man who can be kept awake six nights in the week with jumping toothache, and be 'roused' by a squalling baby just as he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night, without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented, is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all his Spartans put together. We believe that a man is not likely to be sick so often if he pays his physician by the year as if he pays him by the visit. We believe that every well-regulated family ought always to have one baby in it, just for the fun of the thing. We believe that the man who invented tallow candles must have been too poor to afford pine-knots. It is our opinion that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together talking sensibly upon some subject, and a lady enters, they will

immediately commence talking foolishly and keep it up until she makes her exit. We believe they do so by way of complimentary condescension to female weakness."

### NOT SO.—122.

Many proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following:—"The more the merrier." Not so—one hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so—a ring has none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." Not so—the sun goes over it in a day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so—it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so—for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so—the labour of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

### THE OHIO DEMOCRACY.—123.

The *Cincinnati Commercial*, in a report of a Vallandigham meeting at Carthage, Ohio, sets down what it calls "the barometrical register" of the meeting as follows:—"Nine a.m.—Invitations to drink are freely offered and accepted. Ten a.m.—Sober, but drinking. Eleven a.m.—Noisy and demonstrative; liquor becoming effective. Twelve a.m.—Generally 'tight;' pugnacity rising. One p.m.—Rather drunk; fights freely offered. Two p.m.—Quite drunk; black eyes in abundance—holders not very firm. Three p.m.—Very drunk; hacks and furniture-cars in demand. Four p.m.—Decidedly drunk; too far gone to fight."

### A NICE GIRL.—124.

There is nothing half so sweet in life—half so beautiful, or delightful, or so loveable—as a "nice girl." Not a pretty, or a dashing, or an elegant girl, but a *nice* girl. One of those lovely, lively, good-tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, happy, domestic creatures met within the sphere of home, diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her

goodness like the essence of sweet flowers. A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera; or the giraffe-like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about "using her eyes," or coquetting with a fan. She is not given to sensation novels—she is too busy. At the opera, she is not in front showing her bare shoulders, but sits quietly and unobtrusively—at the back of the box most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes we discover her. Home is her place. Who rises betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast and the tea, and buttons the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlour and sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the *élégante*? Not a bit of it—it's the nice girl. Her unmade toilet is made in the shortest possible time; yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant her neat dress and plain colour! What kisses she distributes among the family! No presenting a cheek or a brow, like a "fine girl," but an audible smack, which says plainly, "I love you ever so much." If I ever coveted anything, it is one of the nice girl's kisses. Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to see about dinner; always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is done, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl," when illness comes; it is she that attends with unwearying patience to the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue that she will not undergo, no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands. One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is ever associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of neck-ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet. I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous, but

these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

### **A REASON FOR DEAR CREAM.—125.**

The *Boston Post* says that the reason why cream is so dear is, that milk has risen so high the cream can't reach the top.

### **ADVICE TO PARENTS.—126.**

Rear up your lads like nails, and then they'll not only go through the world, but you may clench 'em on to the other side.

### **EXTRAORDINARY CROW.—127.**

A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well, that the sun, upon several occasions, has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

### **LOGS WANTED.—128.**

The printer of the *Western Gazette* lately published the following notice:—"Dry stove wood wanted immediately at this office, in exchange for papers. N.B. Don't bring logs that the *Devil* can't split."

### **LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.—129.**

*Matrimony*.—Hot buckwheat cake—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—buttons—redeemed stockings—boot-jacks—happiness. *Bachelorhood*.—Sheet-iron quilts—blue noses—frosty rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated linen—heelless stockings—coffee sweetened with icicles—gutta-percha biscuits—flabby steaks—dull razors—corns—coughs and colics—rhubarb—aloes—misery.

### **ABSENCE OF MIND.—130.**

A Mr. Jaber J. Jenkinson, of Arkansas, whose sight is such as

to render glasses necessary, put his spectacles on his ear instead of his eyes, one day last week, and actually walked three miles sideways in a heavy rain before he discovered his mistake.

### **DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—131.**

The *Boston Herald* has the following infallible recipe:—"To make pie: Play at blind man's buff in a printing-office. To have music at dinner: Tell your wife she is not so handsome as the lady who lives over the way. To save butter: Make it so salt that nobody can eat it."

### **TALL RELATIONS.—132.**

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

### **WE WONDER, TOO.—133.**

A little boy once said to his aunt, "Aunty, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God." "He must be troubled enough, indeed, I should think," she answered. "I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there *was no devil to put him up to it.*"

### **INFLAMMABLE AND DANGEROUS.—134.**

Judge Beeler put a notice over his factory-gate at Lowell: "No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls; for," says he, "the one will set a flame agoin' among my cotton, and t'other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account."

### **A RARE PRINTER.—135.**

A western paper contains the following advertisement:—"Wants a situation a nactical printer who is comnetent to

...and a student, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as pastor to a small Evangelical church, or as a local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies, to instruct in the highest branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious."

### **SOMETHING LIKE A GOOD SHOT.—136.**

Two passengers coming down the Mississippi in a steamboat were amusing themselves with shooting birds on the shore from the deck. Some sporting conversation ensued; one remarked that he would turn his back to no man in killing racoons—that he had repeatedly shot fifty a day. "What o' that?" said a Kentuckian; "I make nothing of killing a hundred 'coon a day, or'nary luck." "Do you know Captain Scott, of our State?" asked a Tennessean bystander; "he, now, is something like a shot. A hundred 'coon! why he never points at one without hitting him. He never misses, and the 'coons know it. T'other day he levelled at an old 'un, in a high tree; the varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out, 'Hallo, Cap'n Scott, is that you?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, pray don't shoot, I'll come down to you—I'll give in—I'm dead beat.'"

### **ABSENCE OF MIND.—137.**

A highly respectable inhabitant in the city of New York lately died under very remarkable circumstances. He was subject to fits of extreme absence of mind from childhood; and one night, upon retiring to rest, having carefully tucked his pantaloons under the bed-clothes, he threw himself over the back of a chair, and expired from the severe cold he experienced during the night. The editor of the *New York Herald*, who relates this extraordinary fact, assures his readers, as a guarantee of its truth, that he received his information from the individual in question.

### **A REMARKABLE MAN.—138.**

There is a man in the West who is described as being so remarkably tall that he requires a ladder to shave himself! The same individual never troubles his servant to sit up for him when he is out late at night, for he can, with the most perfect ease, put his arm down the chimney and unbolt the street-door.

### **SPECTACLES AND BIBLE READING.—139.**

The will of Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, has just been proved. It contains the following clause:—"I give to the president and managers of the New Jersey Bible Society 200 dollars, to be laid out in the purchase of spectacles, to be given by them to the poor old people; it being in vain to give a Bible to those who cannot obtain the means of reading it."

### **TO THE POINT.—140.**

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer honour!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

### **EXTRAORDINARY MOTTO.—141.**

The *New York Herald* has the following for its motto:—"Take no shin-plasters (all damned rogues who issue them), live temperately, drink moderately, eschew temperance societies, take care of the sixpences, never hurt a saint, go to bed at ten, rise at six, never buy on credit, fear God Almighty, love the beautiful girls, vote against Van Buren, and kick all politicians and parsons to the devil."

### **EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—142.**

A Californian poet gives the following lesson on politeness to

A Californian poet gives the following lesson on politeness to the youth of the Golden State:—

"Indeed, my friends, far better it would seem,  
Were you to choose the opposite extreme;  
Like one 'Down East' who an umbrella took,  
And from the rain gave shelter to a duck;  
Who to a limping dog once lent his arm,  
And to a setting hen said, 'Don't rise, ma'am';  
Nor e'er to lifeless things respect did lack—  
Said always to a chair, 'Excuse my back';  
'Excuse my curiosity,' he said to books;  
And to the looking-glass, 'Excuse my looks.'"

### "A SHELL IN DE STOVE."—143.

The *New York Herald's* Morris Island correspondent relates as follows an incident of the operations at Charleston:—Quite an uproar was occasioned in the rear of the *Herald's* tent here yesterday. General Terry, whose head-quarters adjoin those of your correspondent, has a sable cook, who wanted some lead for his fishing-tackle, and undertook to melt some from the outside of a ten-pound Parrot shell, which he discovered lying about the camp. Placing the projectile in a stove, and seating himself where he could catch the molten metal in a shovel as it fell, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing one of the most startling views ever brought to his vision. The shell exploded, and besides blowing the stove and cookhouse to atoms, inflicted serious wounds upon the darkey. My servant, a contraband from Beaufort, gave vent to the universal sentiment, while he was surveying the wreck which the explosion occasioned, and from which we so narrowly escaped, in the following sage remark:—"De dam ole fool, come clar gown yere f'm Bos'n an' put a shell in de stove!" If General Terry's niggers continue to obtain their "sinkers" in this manner, you may expect to hear that the *Herald's* head-quarters have been removed.

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—144.

In New York, a quick-witted toper went into a bar-room and called for something to drink. "We don't sell liquor," said the law-evading landlord; "we will give you a glass, and then if you want a cracker (a biscuit) we'll sell it you for three cents." The "good creature" was handed down, and our hero took a stiff horn; when, turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him the dish of crackers, with the remark, "You'll buy a cracker?" "Well, no, I guess not; you sell 'em too dear. I can get lots on 'm five or six for a cent anywhere else."

### **EDITORIAL TRIBULATIONS.—145.**

The editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Just hearken unto his wailings:—"Owing to the fact that our paper-maker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, the rats ran off with the paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of its publication."

### **SAMBO AND CUFFEE.—146.**

Varnum S. Mills, of this city, tells a story illustrative of the simplicity of Virginia niggers. He was visiting a friend in the Old Dominion, who owns many slaves, among whom were two, named Sambo and Cuffee, who seemed to be mortal enemies. Sambo was a favourite with the master, who one day said to him: "Sambo, you have always been a good nigger, and when you die you shall have a funeral. My family will all attend, and all the niggers shall be present, and Cuffee shall be a pall-bearer." The darkey looked his master in the face with the simplicity of a soft clam when dug out of the mud at low tide, and indignantly responded: "Massa, if Cuffee comes to de funeril, I won't go to the grabe." It apparently did not occur to Sambo that he should be "conveyed" thither.

### **AN ODE ON GAS.—147.**

A country town having been recently lighted with gas, the

A country town having been recently lighted with gas, the local editor electrifies the community with an ode:

"Luminous blaze!  
I never seen the like in all my born days!  
Tallow candles ain't no mor'n tar  
When you're about;  
And spirit lamps is no whar,  
Bein clean dun out.

"Sparkling lite!  
I think I never seen anything half so brite;  
Everything is amazing clear;  
The hidjus glume  
Is defunct; and every cheer  
Is apparient in the rume!

"Glorious halo!  
Your skintelashuns make a surprising display;  
You don't need no snuffers,  
But you are just scrude out;  
When you are squenched by puffers,  
Ojus fumes aryse.

"Brillyant flame!  
The nites was next to darkness when you came;  
But candles has vanisht  
Before you, and lard oil gone to grass;  
Every greasy nuisance has been banisht—  
Hurraw for Gass!"

### **CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN SPEECH.—148.**

In a book on Americanisms, published last year, a Baltimore young lady is represented as jumping up from her seat, on being asked to dance, and saying, "Yes, sirree: for I have sot, and sot, and sot, till I've nigh tuk root!" I cannot say I have heard anything quite equal to this; but I very well remember that at a party given on board one of the ships at Esquimault, a young lady declined to dance a "fancv" dance upon the plea.

"I'd rather not, sir. I guess I'm not *fixed up* for waltzing;" an expression the peculiar meaning of which must be left to readers of her own sex to decide. An English young lady who was staying at one of the houses at Mare Island when we were there, happened one evening, when we were visiting her friends, to be confined to her room with a headache. Upon our arrival, the young daughter of our host—a girl of about twelve—went up to her to try to persuade her to come down. "Well," she said, "I'm *real* sorry you're so poorly. You'd better come, for there are some almighty swells down there!" A lady speaking of the same person, said, "Her hair, sir, took my fancy right away!" Again, several of us were one day talking to a tall, slight young lady about the then new-fashioned crinoline which she was wearing. After a little banter, she said, "I guess, captain, if you were to take my hoops off you might draw me through the eye of a needle!" Perhaps one of the most whimsical of these curiosities of expression, combining freedom of manner with that of speech, was made use of to Captain Richards by a master-caulker. He had been vainly endeavouring to persuade the captain that the ship required caulking; and at last he said in disgust, "You may be liberal as a private citizen, captain, but you're mean to an almighty pump-tack!"—in his official capacity of course. Again, an American gentleman on board of one of our mail-packets was trying to recall to the recollection of the mail-agent a lady who had been fellow-passenger with them on a former occasion. "She sat opposite you at table all the voyage," he said. "Oh, I think I remember her; she ate a great deal, did she not?" "Eat, sir!" was the reply; "she was a perfect gastronomic fillibuster!" One more example and I have done with a subject upon which I might enlarge for pages. The boys at the school at Victoria were being examined in Scripture, and the question was asked, "In what way did Hiram assist Solomon in the building of the temple?" It passed two or three boys, when at last one sharp little fellow triumphantly exclaimed, "Please, sir, he *donated* him the lumber."

### VERY LIKELY.—149.

"From Camden to Bletchly, a distance of forty miles I travelled

along with Mrs. Greaves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Second, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me and tell Greaves. Third, I do not think Mrs. G. would let me."

### **CURIOUS EVENT.—150.**

A diffident Hartford bachelor went to the sea-shore in August to seek refuge from the loneliness of his celibacy, and one dark evening, enjoying the breeze on the piazza of his hotel, happened to take a seat that had just been vacated by the husband of a loving wife, with whom the happy man had been chatting. In a few moments the lady returned, and, mistaking the stranger for her husband, lovingly encircled his neck and gave him an affectionate kiss, with the remark, "Come, darling, is it not about time to retire?" He did not faint, but the shock was very severe.

### **HOT PIES.—151.**

One freezing February morning a negro hawked mutton pies in a basket around Faneuil Hall Square, roaring out, "Hot mutton pies!" "Hot mutton pies!" A teamster bought and tried to bite one, but found it frozen as solid as the curb-stone. "What do you call them hot for, you black and blue swindler?" yelled the teamster to the shivering pieman. "Wy, wy, a white man guv 'em to me hot dis mornin'. Dey was hot wen I got 'em dis mornin'!" "Well, you fool, it didn't take ten minutes to freeze them in that old basket. Why call them hot now?" "Wy, bless you, dats de name ob 'em—de name ob 'em! If I didn't holler de right name nobody would tetch 'em. You want me to holler froze pies, I suppose! No, sa; you can't fool me dat way!"

### **A MIGHTY THICK FOG.—152.**

A rather loquacious individual was endeavouring to draw an

old man into conversation, but hitherto without much success, the old fellow having sufficient discernment to see that his object was to make a little sport for the passengers at his expense. At length says loquacious individual: "I suppose you consider Down East a right smart place; but I guess it would puzzle them to get up quite so thick a fog as we are having here this morning, wouldn't it?" "Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that. I hired one of your Massachusetts chaps to work for me last summer, and one rather foggy mornin' I sent him down to the meadow to lay a few courses of shingle on a new barn I was finishin' off. At dinner-time the fellow came up, and, sez he, 'That's an almighty long barn of yourn.' Sez I, 'Not very long.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I've been to work all this forenoon, and haven't got one course laid yet.' 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a lazy fellow, that's all I've got to say.' And so after dinner I went down to see what he'd been about, and I'll be thundered ef he hadn't shingled more than a hundred foot *right out on to the fog.*"

### WHISKERS AND KISSES.—153.

The editress of the *Lancaster Literary Gazette* says she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow as allow a man with whiskers on to kiss her. We (*Petersburg Express*) don't believe a word of it. The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could; but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies—God bless them!—adopt our fashion as far as they can. Look at the depredations they have committed on our wardrobes the last few years. They have appropriated our shirt-bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching necks in our standing collars and cravats—driving them to flatties and turn-downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as naturally intended. They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables, unwhisperables, unthinkaboutables; and they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear, gentlemen?—we say boots!

## LITTLES.—154.

Everything is beautiful when it is little (except souls!)—little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little Martin boxes of houses are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear, and little charities fly furthest and stay the longest on the wing. Little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books the most read, and little songs the best loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Agar's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was two hours. The Roman said, "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—I came, saw, conquered; but despatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of. Everybody calls that little which they love best upon earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a woman. We saw her; she weighed two hundred and ten; we were surprised. But then it was no joke—the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little? We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, for Nature deals in littles altogether. Life is made up of littles, death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars. *Multum in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.

## SPEAKING HIS DEEP EMOTIONS.—155.

"My dear Ellen," said Mr. Softfellow to a young lady whose smiles he was seeking, "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my dearest Ellen, that I love you most tenderly: your smiles would

dearest Ellen, that I love you most tenderly, your smiles would shed—would shed——" "Never mind the wood-shed," said Ellen, "go on with that pretty talk."

### **SPIRITUALISM EXTRAORDINARY.—156.**

An enthusiastic spiritualist, when relating to a sceptic certain spiritual performances to which he could testify, said that on one occasion the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and, seating herself on his knee, put her arms around him and kissed him, much to his gratification, as she used to do when living. "You do not mean to say," remarked the sceptic, "that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?" "No, not exactly that," replied the believer; "but her spirit took possession of the female medium—the future Mrs. B—— that is to be, you know—and through her embraced and kissed me."

### **MILWAUKEE ELOQUENCE.—157.**

Western eloquence continues to improve. A Wisconsin reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night-time, and thus he spake in conclusion:—"Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of Night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim—and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp, dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amidst the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented, to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give."

### HEAVY TOP-DRESSING.—158.

"It's all very pretty talk," said a recently married old bachelor, who had just finished reading an essay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him—"it's all very pretty, this cultivation of women; but such a charge as this for bonnets is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment."

### HAIRS, NOT BRISTLES.—159.

"I am willing to split hairs with my opponent all day if he insists on it," said a very distinguished American lawyer the other day, in a speech at the bar. "Split *that* then," said the opponent, pulling a coarse specimen from his own head, and extending it. "May it please the court, I didn't say *bristles!*"

### ANTEDILUVIAN DIET.—160.

A friend thinks the antediluvian life must have been a great contrast to ours, and pictures it thus:—"Only fancy having two dried whales hanging in your larder, and a cold mammoth 'cut and come again' on the sideboard. 'Shall I help you to a bit of Icthyoturns?' 'Thank you, I should prefer a slice of your Mastadon.' Stewed Plesiosauri! Leviathan *à la crapoderie!* Imagine a bill, not at twelve months, but at two hundred years; and a fellow who carried off your plate-box getting sent to the treadmill for fourscore summers! Consider an elderly gentleman, with a liver complaint of only one hundred years' standing, wearing out four sets of false teeth, and finally carried off, after a brief illness of three hundred and ten years, in a galloping consumption!"

### JIMMY O'NEIL AND PRESIDENT JACKSON.— 161.

When Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neil, the porter, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Colonel Donelson, and caused his

the fastidiousness of Colonel Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good nature of the old general. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence, and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The general, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed, "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the general: "I have just heard it from two senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believe all that twenty senators say about you it's little I'd think you are fit to be President." "Pshaw! Jimmy," concluded the general; "clear out and go on duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his kind-hearted patron not only to the close of his presidential term, but, accompanying him to the Hermitage, was with him to the day of his death.

### **THE ORIGIN OF "SOME PUNKIN."—162.**

An old lady was engaged in making pumpkin pies; she had got the pumpkin all prepared, when by an untoward accident the table was overturned, and the pumpkin went on to the floor. The table in overturning overset the slop-pail, and the slops went on the floor too. The old lady being of a saving disposition, concluded to save the pumpkin and clean up also; so she takes up one handful, looks at it—"That's punkin"—puts it into the pumpkin-dish; takes up another—"That's slops"—puts it into the slop-pail. So she goes on picking up alternately pumpkin and slops, till finally she gets a handful mixed. She looks at it, and says, "That is *some punkin*, but mostly slops!" and hence the phrase.

### **ARTEMUS WARD ON THE NEGRO.—163.**

Feller Sittersuns,—The African may be our brother. Severil hily respectable gentlemen and some talented females tell us so, and for argyment sake i might be injooiced to grant it, tho' I don't beleeve it myself. But the African isn't our sister, and wife, and unkle. He isn't severil of our brothers and fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and grate grandfather and

remember the day our granddaddy was shot granddaddy, and our aunt in the country. Scarcely: And yet numeris persons would have us think. It's troo he runs Congress and severil others grossery's, but he ain't everybody. But we've got the African, or ruther he's got us, and how are we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. P'raps he isn't to blame for it. P'raps he was created for some wise purpis, like the measles and New England rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate here, and as I stated to Mr. What-is-it, it's a pity he coodent go off somewheres quietly by hissself, where he cood wear red weskits and speckled necties, and gratefy his ambition in varis interestin wayse, without havin a eternal fuss up about him. P'raps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy.

#### **A QUAKER'S EXCUSE FOR FIRING.—164.**

A good story is told of a Quaker volunteer, who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a Secessionist, he remarked: "Friend, 'tis very unfortunate, but thee standest just where I am going to shoot;" and, blazing away, down came his man.

#### **BROTHER OF FOUR MILLION CHILDREN.— 165.**

A Kansas woman, named Million, was lately married, and by her marriage the bride becomes sister to her father and mother and aunt to her brothers and sisters. The groom becomes son of a younger brother, his sister-in-law becomes his mother, and he becomes the brother of four "Million" children. What relation were said parties previous to their marriage?

#### **SUSPECTING THE SHELL.—166.**

When the mine dug under Fort Hill, at Vicksburg, by General Logan, exploded, June 26th, a large number of rebels were killed and wounded. Among others who were blown high above the works was an American citizen of African descent, who fell on his head on the outside of the rebel fort, and to the astonishment of our soldiers was not killed. As some of the men ran towards the darkey, of course carrying their arms, he

men ran towards the dairy, of course carrying their arms, he rose to his feet, and shouted, "For de Lord's sake, sogers, don't shoot dis nigger. I wasn't doin' no fighting; I was only totin' up grub." When asked how high he had been, he replied, "Two or dree mile, I reckon;" and on being asked how he came within our lines said, "Dunno, massa; shell, I spec."

### A SMART RAILWAY EMPLOYÉ.—167.

A railroad *employé*, whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family. "You are in employ of the railroad?" asked the gentleman applied to. "Yes." "You receive your pay regularly?" "Yes." "Well, now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night, and carry you home?" This seemed a poser, but it wasn't. "No," said the man, promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he would not let me ride." Mr. *Employé* came out three minutes afterwards with a pass good for twelve months.

### THE LATE FLOYD.—168.

A gifted poet has perpetrated the following epitaph on the late Floyd:—

"Floyd has died and few have sobb'd,  
Since, had he lived, all had been robb'd;  
He's paid Dame Nature's debt, 'tis said—  
The only one he ever paid.  
Some doubt that he resign'd his breath;  
But vow that he has cheated even death.  
If he is buried, oh! then, ye dead beware;  
Look to your swaddlings, of your shrouds take care.  
Lest Floyd should to your coffins make his way,  
And steal the linen from your mould'ring clay."

### A VEGETABLE HEAD.—169.

The late Judge Peters has left behind him a host of well-remembered puns worth relating. When on the District Court Bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carrotty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turn-up* nose, and a *sage* look."

### OBJECTING TO MISSIONS.—170.

A wag was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions. "Not on any account," said he. "Why not?" asked the collector, "the object is laudable." "No, it isn't," was the reply; "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

### HIS FIRST STEP.—171.

We extract the following from a popular story. It narrates the early experience of a bashful boy:—"Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house, whistling 'Old Dan Tucker,' dancing to keep my feet warm, watching heads bobbing up and down behind the window-curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to climb up the door-post. No sooner said than done, and I found myself snug in bed. 'Now,' says I, 'let her rip! Dance till your wind is out!' And, cuddled under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft-shelled crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at my room-door and woke me up. 'Rap,' again. I laid low. 'Rap, rap, rap!' Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. 'Rap, rap!' Then Lib sings out, 'Jack, are you in there?' 'Yes,' says I; and then came a roar of laughter. 'Let us in,' says she. 'I won't,' says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder, I began to get riled! 'Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!' I cried; 'can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out!' And sending a boot at the door, I felt better. But

presently—O mortal buttons!—I heard a still small voice, very like sister Lib's, and it said, 'Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!' Oh dear, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets, and cloaks, and twenty girls outside waiting to get in. As it was, I rolled out among the ribbons in a hurry. Smash went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark, and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment at last came. I opened the door, and found myself right among the women! 'Oh, my Leghorn!' cries one. 'My dear winter velvet!' cries another. And they pinched in—they piled me this way and that—boxed my ears; and one little bright-eyed piece—Sal——, her name was—put her arms right round my neck and kissed me right on my lips! Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I had ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the Fourth of July. 'Jack,' said she, 'we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I will.' I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other."

### HIS WIFE'S COUSIN.—172.

A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in the city only a day or two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover Street. Finally his visit became a visitation, and the merchant found, after the lapse of eleven days, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the livery stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill. "Very well," said the stable-keeper, "I understand you." Accordingly, in a short time the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill of course was presented to him. "Oh "

to get ready. The bill, of course, was presented to him. "Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. ——, my relative, will pay this." "Very good," said the stable-keeper, "please get an order from Mr. ——; it will be the same as money." The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long Wharf, which the merchant kept. "Well," said he, "I am going now." "Are you?" said the gentleman. "Well, good-bye, sir." "Well, about my horse; the man said the bill must be paid for his keeping." "Well, I suppose that is all right, sir." "Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin." "Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not."

### **YANKEE TOASTS.—173.**

The following toasts were given at a recent dinner of New Jersey Democrats:—"Blessed are the peacemakers." "The last man and the last dollar—May the one be an Abolitionist, and the other a shin-plaster, and may they both perish in the last ditch together." "State rights—May they not be forgotten in delirious and bloody triumph of State wrongs." "Things we remember—Habeas corpus and trial by jury." "To the first Governor who shall have the virtue and courage to keep his oath of office, and defend the constitution, laws, and sovereignty of his State, and the rights of its citizens." "The light of other days, when Liberty wore a white face, and America was not a negro." "The Democratic party, as it was, before cowardice, treachery, shoddy, and greenbacks had demoralized its councils." "The abolition war for disunion—Let those who think it is right go to it, and those who think it is wrong stay at home." "May those who say we shall never have the Union as it was follow the example of their brother traitor, Judas Iscariot, who died and went to his own place." "The war Democrat—A white man's face on the body of a negro." "The only possible remedy for secession and the only hope of the Union—Peace, mutual concession, and compromise."

### **A BIG PUFF.—174.**

A model certificate is the following:—"Dear doctor,—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step except

when moved by a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw nineteen summersaults without stopping."

### **VERY ODD THAT.—175.**

A conversation took place during dinner at head-quarters at ——. A number of officers being present, the conversation turned upon the condition and efficiency of their different regiments. Colonel —, of the New York —, stated that nine different nations were represented in his regiment; and, after going over Irish, German, French, English, &c., several times, could enumerate but eight. He said he was certain there were nine, but what the ninth was he could not remember. Lieutenant —, who was present, suggested "Americans." "By Jove!" says the colonel, "that's it—Americans."

### **HOW ALE STRENGTHENED HIM.—176.**

A student of an American State College had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to the rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president, who said: "Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room." "Yes, sir." "Well, what explanation can you make?" "Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic; and, not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room." "Indeed! and have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Ah! yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room I could scarcely lift it; now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

### **LUMINOUS EVIDENCE.—177.**

"Johnson, you say Snow was de man dat robbed you?" "Yes." "Was it moonlight when it took place?" "No, siree." "Was it starlight?" "I, golly! no; it was so dark you couldn't see your hand afore your face." "Well, was there any light shining from any house near by?" "Why, no; there wasn't a house within a

mile of us." "Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any house, and so dark you couldn't even see your hand before your face, how are you so positive that Mr. Snow was the man, and how did you see him?" "Why, Cuff, you see, when the nigger struck me, de fire flew out ob my eyes so bright, that you might see to pick up a pin."

### **SCIPIO'S WIFE.—178.**

Who was Scipio's wife? Missis-sippi-o, of course.

### **THE DYING SOLDIER AND HIS MOTHER.— 179.**

In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels near Mechanicsville, in May last, a young lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell that on reaching Washington he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, one of those dear reserves of the army, hastened up to join the main force. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until the morning. One sat by his side fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble fluctuating pulsations which foreboded sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done, not a word had been spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said, "That feels like my mother's hand; who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas and let me see mother!" The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted and wept forth its expression.

### **CANINE RESEMBLANCE.—180.**

A Boston paper says their townsman, Abel Sniggs, has a dog so closely resembling one belonging to Tom Clegg. that it

often happens that Clegg's dog takes himself into Sniggs's house, and does not discover his mistake until informed by the *cat*.

## MARRIAGE AND SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—181.

We subjoin a curious specimen of verse, which is both ingenious and witty, and admits of being read in two ways. To suit the taste and inclinations of the married, or those who propose marriage, we transcribe it as follows; but to convey a directly opposite sentiment, for the benefit of the singly blessed, it will be necessary to alternate the lines, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth:—

"That man must lead a happy life  
Who is directed by a wife;  
Who's freed from matrimonial claims  
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

"Adam could find no solid peace  
Till he beheld a woman's face;  
When Eve was given him for a mate,  
Adam was in a happy state.

"In all the female race appear  
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,  
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,  
In woman never did reside.

"What tongue is able to unfold  
The worth in woman we behold?  
The failings that in woman dwell  
Are almost imperceptible.

"Confusion take the men, I say,  
Who no regard to women pay.  
Who make the women their delight  
Keep always reason in their sight."

## A "FOREST-BORN" ORATOR.—182.

Rev. G. D. —, of Fayetteville, Ark., one of the genuine "forest-born" orators, preaching not long since on "the glory of the saints," delivered the following burst of native eloquence, which is too good to be lost:—"Who, my bretherin, can describe the glory of the saints? Why, nothing on earth can liken it. Ef you drill a hole in the sun and put it on your head for a crown, and split the moon, and put it on your shoulders for epaulettes—if you tear down the starry curtain of the skies and wrap it round your body for a robe, and ride to Heaven on the lightning wings of the tempest—this will be as nothing compared to the glory of the saints."

## HEN PERSUADERS.—183.

The *Springfield Republican* speaks of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying until she has laid herself all away.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.—184.

One evening as I was a-sittin' by my Hetty, and had worked myself up to the stickin' pint, sez I, "Hetty, if a fellar was to ask you to marry him, what wud you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me; but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I again, "Suppose it was me?" And then you orter see her pout up her lip, and says she, "I don't take no supposes." Wall, now, you see there was nothin' for me to do but touch the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Wall, Hetty, it's me; won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullobaloo in my head, I don't know exactly what tuk place, but I thought I heerd a 'yes' whisperin' somewhere out of the skirmish.

## NEGRO SERMON.—185.

"There are," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two roads tro dis world—the one am broad and narrow road, that leads to perdition; and the oder a narrow and a broad road, that leads to destruction." "What i' dat?" said one hearer. "Say it again." "I say, my brethren, there are two roads tro dis world—the one am a broad and narrow road, that leads to perdition; the oder a narrow and broad road, that leads to destruction." "If dat am the case," said his sable questioner, "dis elluded individual takes to de woods."

### **GRANDPA'S SPECTACLES.—186.**

"There now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau; "there now, grandpa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?" And shortly afterward, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand, and an errand on her lips: "You goin' to die?" "They tell me so." "Goin' to Heaven?" "I hope so." "Well, here are grandpa's spectacles—won't you take them to him?"

### **TREMENDOUS GALE.—187.**

We like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a Western paper:—"In the late gale, birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off." We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on!

### **A WITTY SENTINEL.—188.**

A lieutenant of the 10th United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, expressed his feeling with an indignant "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came: "Advance, Ass, and give the countersign."

### **A CAUTIOUS WITNESS.—189.**

A witness in a certain court, not a thousand miles from Rappahannock, on being interrogated as to whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied: "Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk exactly, but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the floor, making grabs in the air, and saying that he'd be dogoned if he don't catch the bed the next time it ran around him!" This story reminds us of a cautious witness in an assault case in Baltimore, who testified that he did not see the prisoner strike the man, but he saw him take away his hand very quick, and the man fell!

### **A POETICAL EDITOR.—190.**

The editor of an American paper has taken to writing poetry, as the following will show:—"Brethren,—Is there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: I will my country paper take, both for mine own and family's sake? If such there be, let him repent, and have the paper to him sent; and, if he'd pass a happy winter, he in advance should pay the printer."

### **NO PATIENTS LIVING.—191.**

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day a gentleman of the old fogey school blundered into the wrong shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old documents. "Oh! I thought this was his office?" "Next door." "Pray, sir, can you tell me if he has many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

### **CRIMINAL DIDN'T SEE IT.—192.**

A criminal being asked, in the usual form, why judgment of death should not be passed against him, answered: "Why, I think there has been quite enough said about it already. If you please, we'll drop the subject."

## **A RETURNED SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS NURSE.—193.**

"Dear Miss T——, I set down to tell you that I've arove hum, an wish I was sum whar else. I've got 3 bully boys an they are helpin me about getting the garden sass into the groun but they haint got no mother an I've a house and a kow and I thort youd be kinder handy to take care of um if youd stoop so much. Ive thort of you ever sense I com from the hospittle and how kinder jimmy you used to walk up an down them wards. You had the best gate I ever see an my 1st wife stepped off jes so an she paid her way I tell you. I like to work and the boys likes to work an I kno you do an so Ide like to jine if youv no objections an now Ive made so bold to rite sich but I was kinder pushed on by my feelins an so I hope youl excuse it an rite soon. I shant be mad If you say no but its no harm to ask an as I sa I cant help ritin an the boys names are Zeberlon Shadrac an peter they want to see you as dos your respectful friend which oes his present health to you.—JOSEPH C——."

## **SUPERFLUOUS TESTIMONIAL.—194.**

Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, notices the presentation of a silver cup to a brother editor thus: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a pickle-jar, the spill of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

## **HARD UP.—195.**

An officer, arrived at Chattanooga, inquired of a negro where he could find accommodations for his horse. "Don't know, sah, 'bout de 'commodations. De fence rails is all gone, and dar ain't nothin' for 'em to eat any more, only a few barn-doors, an' we want dem for the general's horses."

## **PRESIDENTIAL PUNS.—196.**

Mr. Lincoln, in his happier moments, is not always reminded of a "little story," but often indulges in a veritable joke. One of

the latest reported is his remark when he found himself attacked by the varioloid. He had been recently very much worried by people asking favours. "Well," said he, when the contagious disease was coming upon him, "I've got something now that I can give to everybody." About the time when there was considerable grumbling as to the delay in forwarding to the troops the money due to them, a western paymaster, in full major's attire, was one day introduced at a public reception. "Being here, Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I thought I'd call and pay my respects." "From the complaints of the soldiers," responded the President, "I guess that's about all any of you do pay." The President is rather vain of his height, but one day a young man called on him who was certainly three inches taller than the former; he was like the mathematical definition of the straight line—length without breadth. "Really," said Mr. Lincoln, "I must look up to you; if you ever get in a deep place you ought to be able to wade out." That reminds us of the story told of Mr. Lincoln somewhere, when a crowd called him out. He came out on the balcony with his wife (somewhat below medium height), and made the following "brief remarks:"—"Here I am, and here is Mrs. Lincoln. That's the long and short of it."

### **OPENNESS OF COUNTENANCE.—197.**

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a south-wester to a down-easter, who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wal," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeow call a handsome critter, but he's got a great deal of openness when he smiles."

### **HOLDING THE STAKES.—198.**

An individual at the races was staggering about the track, with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is—hic—a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to

hold the stakes."

### **THE JUDGE AND HIS COACHMAN.—199.**

One day, when Mr. Bates was remonstrating with Mr. Lincoln against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with, "Come, now, Bates, he's not half so bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his waggon. 'Hello, Lincoln, are you not going to the court-house? Come in, and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently, the waggon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so, says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said: 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth.'"

### **A STAGE-STRUCK HOOSIER.—200.**

An awkward-looking, stage-struck Hoosier went to see one of the New Orleans theatrical managers, some time since, and solicited an engagement. "What *rôle* would you prefer, my friend?" asked the manager. "Wal, squire," said the would-be Western Roscius, "I ain't partial to rolls, nohow—corn-dodgers is my favourite."

### **TAKING HIS PATIENT FOR A RIDE.—201.**

Dr. A——, thinking a little exercise and fresh air preferable to physic, had taken one of his patients to ride, and was seen by Dr. L——, who addressed Dr. A—— as follows: "Well,

doctor, I saw you taking one of your patients to ride." "Exactly," said Dr. A——. "Well," said Dr. L——, "a thing I never do is to take my patients out to ride." "I know it," said Dr. A——; "the undertaker does it for you."

### **A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.—202.**

The following, written in pencil, was found on the body of a Union soldier. It commenced: "I, John Wilheimer, Second New York Cavalry. I am shot and dying. Whoever finds me, send this to Sarah Wilheimer, Brooklyn Post-office, New York. She is my sister, and only relative in the country. Oh! my poor sister, do not break your heart; but I am shot through the breast and dying, and they have gone and left me here." \* \* \* What followed in this paragraph is obliterated by blood. The next sentence reads: "Write to Conrad Vitmare, of our company; he owes me fifty dollars, which he will pay you. Oh! my dear sister, farewell!"

### **YANKEE BRASS.—203.**

The editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, when arrested for hoaxing the New York papers by a pretended proclamation of President Lincoln, addressed the following letter to the *Eagle* from the walls of Lafayette:—"Dear *Eagle*,—In the language of the 'magnificent' Vestiali, 'I am here.' I think I shall stay here, at least till I get out. Perhaps you are surprised at my sudden departure; so was I. But I received a pressing invitation from General Dix to come down here, which I did not feel at liberty to decline, so I didn't. Bob Murray brought the invitation. Bob Murray is United States marshal, and he marshalled me the way I should go; so I thought it best to go it. Bob is a nice man; he has a very taking way with him; but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance."

### **NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.—204.**

Not long since, an elderly woman entered a railroad car at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dredful rheumatiz" that she was

troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her: "Did you ever try electricity, madam? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it completely cured me." "Electricity," exclaimed the old lady; "y-e-s, I've tried it to my satisfaction. *I was struck with lightning* about a year ago, but it didn't do me a mossel o' good!"

### **PETE'S EXPECTATIONS.—205.**

Pete, a comical son of the Emerald Isle, who carried wood and water, built fires, &c., for the "boys" at Hamilton College, is as good a specimen of the genuine Hibernian as ever toddled into a brogan. One of the students having occasion to reprove him one morning for delinquency, asked him where he expected to go when he died. "Expect to go to the hot place," said Pete, without wincing. "And what do you expect will be your portion there?" asked the Soph, solemnly. "Oh!" growled the old fellow, as he brushed his ear lazily with his coat-tail, "bring wood and water for the boys."

### **LOOKING FOR A SITUATION UNDER GOVERNMENT.—206.**

Petroleum V. Naseby writes that he had an interview with the President lately, which terminated thus:—"Is there any little thing I kin do for you?" sez he. 'Nothin' particklar. I woold accept a small post-orfis, if sitooatid within ezy range uv a distilry. My politikle dase is well nigh over. Let me but see the old party wunst moar in the ascendancy; let these old ize wunst moar behold the constitooshun ez it iz, the Uneyun ez it wuz, and the nigger ware he ought 2 be, and I will rap the mantel of private life around me, and go in 2 dilirium tremens happy. I hev no ambishen. I am in the sear and yaller leef. These whitin' locks, them sunkin' cheeks, warn me that age and whiskey hev dun their puffek work, and that I shall soon go hents. Linkin, scorn not my words. I hev sed. Adoo.'"

### **IN BLACK AND WHITE.—207.**

A white man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts of a Free State, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court. "A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing." "Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the parties; "pray what does your honour want more than this?"

### **A GUARDED ANSWER.—208.**

In one of our courts lately a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "Your honour, he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead." This is considered the best guarded answer on record.

### **QUEER QUERIES.—209.**

Is Death's door opened with a skeleton key? Would you say a lady dressed loud who was covered all over with bugles? Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair? In selling a Newfoundland dog do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch or what it will bring?

### **DO YOU SMOKE?—210.**

A sharper, seeing a country gentlemen sitting alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made out of him, entered, and called for a paper of tobacco. "Do you smoke, sir?" asked the sharper. "Yes," said the gentleman, very gravely; "any one that has a design upon me."

### **A RAT STORY.—211.**

The *Greenfield Gazette* is responsible for the following rat story:—"A family in South Deer field, Massachusetts, left

some Indian meal on the bottom of an iron pan in which they had baked a johnny-cake the night previous, in the buttery, one of the recent cold nights, which the rats attempted to eat; but the frost on the iron froze their tongues to the pan so that they could not release them, and they were caught the next morning."

### **SUBSTITUTING ONE TREAT FOR ANOTHER.— 212.**

"Papa," said Mr. Brown's youngest son, the other day, "can't I go to the circus?" "No, my pet," affectionately replied Mr. B.; "if you are a good boy, I will take you to see your grandmother's grave this afternoon."

### **HOTEL RULES AT THE "DIGGINS."—213.**

The proprietor of a Reese River Hotel (according to Hoyle, who has just returned) has posted up the following "Rules and Regulations":—Board must be paid in advance; with beans, 15 dols.; without beans, 12 dols. Salt free. Boarders not permitted to speak to the cook. No extras allowed. Potatoes for dinner. "Pocketing" at meals strictly forbidden. Gentlemen are expected to wash out of doors, and find their own water. No charges for ice. Towel bags at the end of the house. Extra charges for seats round the stove. Lodgers must furnish their own straw. Beds on bar-room floor reserved for regular customers. Persons sleeping in the bar are requested not to take off their boots. Lodgers inside arise at five a.m.; in the barn at six o'clock. Each man sweeps up his own bed. No quartz taken at the bar. No fighting allowed at the table. Any one violating the above rules will be shot.

### **ODD NAMES.—214.**

What odd names some mortals are blessed with! We heard of a family in Michigan whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. Three elder children of a family in Vermont were named Josenh. And.

Another; and it is supposed that, should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing that it was their last; but they afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement. A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

### **LEGAL ADVICE UNDER SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.—215.**

A client, while bathing in the sea, saw his lawyer rise up, after a long dive, at his side. "Ho, there Mr. ——, have you taken out a warrant against Burt?" "He is in quod," replied the agent, and dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to his client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview with the shark until he got his account, containing the entry, "To consultation at sea, anent the incarceration of Burt, six shillings and eightpence."

### **SHARP CHILD.—216.**

Recently the wife of one of the City fathers of New Bedford presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years of age, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little beings a few moments, when, turning to her father, she inquired: "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"

### **TAKING THE STARCH OUT.—217.**

"A capital example," writes a reader, "of what is often termed 'taking the starch out,' happened recently in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and, addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired: 'Is the cashier in?' 'No, sir,' was the reply. 'Well, I am dealing in pens—supplying the New England banks pretty largely—and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier.' 'I suppose it will,' said the teller. 'Very well. I will

cashier. 'I suppose it will,' said the teller. 'Very well, I will wait.' The pen-pedlar took a chair, and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time, he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in. 'Well, I don't know exactly,' said the waggish teller, 'but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time.' Pedlar thought he would not wait. 'Oh, stay if you wish,' said the teller, very blandly; 'we have no objection to your sitting here in the day time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you of nights.' The pompous pedlar disappeared without another word."

### **THE EFFECT OF ELOQUENCE.—218.**

One of the late Governors of South Carolina was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner, and said: "Jem, the danger is passed; and now, honour bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied: "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took the horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did."

### **HOTEL ACCOMMODATION IN THE SOUTH.— 219.**

There was a traveller once, down South—say in the State of Georgia—who, halting for the night at an inn, where he was told that, as there were many guests, he must put up with a shakedown, was conducted after supper to an outhouse full of cows and pigs. "Where am I to sleep?" cried the despairing wayfarer. "Spect 'yiccan please yisself, mas'r," answered with a grin the negro who acted as chamberlain; "but," he continued, pointing to a corner of the lair, where there were only two cows and no pigs, "dat's de mose fashionable part."

cows and no pigs, hats de mode fashionable part.

### A PLUMP QUESTION.—220.

The late gallant General Sumner, about twenty years ago, was captain of a company of cavalry, and commanded Fort Atkinson, in Iowa. One of his men, Billy G——, had received an excellent education, was of a good family, but an unfortunate habit of mixing too much water with his whisky had so reduced him in circumstances that out of desperation he enlisted. Captain Sumner soon discovered his qualifications, and as he was a good accountant and excellent penman, he made him his confidential clerk. At times the old habit would overcome Billy's good resolutions, and a spree would be the result. Captain Sumner, though a rigid disciplinarian, disliked to punish him severely, and privately gave him much good advice (after a good sobering in the guard-house), receiving in return many thanks and promises of amendment; but his sprees became more and more frequent. One day, after Billy had been on a bender, the captain determined on giving him a severe reprimand, and ordered Billy into his presence before he was fully sober. Billy came with his eyes all blood-shot and head hanging down, when the captain accosted him with: "So, sir, you have been drunk again, and I have to say that this conduct must cease. You are a man of good family, good education, ordinarily a good soldier, neat, cleanly, and genteel in appearance, of good address, and a valuable man; yet you will get drunk. Now I shall tell you, once for all that——" Here Billy's eyes sparkled, and he interrupted his superior with: "Beg pardon, captain, did you say that—hic—I was a man of good birth and education?" "Yes, I did." "And that I was a good soldier?" "Certainly." "That usually I—I—am neat and genteel?" "Yes, Billy." "And that I am a valuable man?" "Yes; but you will get drunk." Billy drew himself up with great dignity, and throwing himself on his reserved rights, indignantly exclaimed: "Well now, Captain Sumner, do you really think Uncle Sam expects—to—to—to get all the *cardinal virtues for twelve dollars a month?*"

### THE CORDS OF HYMEN.—221.

A poetical feminine, who found the cords of Hymen not so silky as she expected, gives vent to feelings in the following regretful stanzas. The penultimate line is peculiarly comprehensive and expansive:—

"When I was young I used to earn  
My living without trouble;  
Had clothes and pocket-money too,  
And hours of pleasure double.

"I never dream'd of such a fate,  
When I A-LASS was courted—

Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper,  
chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub  
generally,  
doing the work of six,

For the sake of being supported."

### **CURE FOR FAINTING.—222.**

A New York man, who had not been out of the city for years, fainted away in the pure air of the country. He was only resuscitated by putting a dead fish to his nose, when he slowly revived, exclaiming, "That's good—it smells like home!"

### **A CHEAP TREAT.—223.**

A hard-shell preacher, in discoursing about Daniel in the lion's den, said: "And there he sat all night long, looking at the show for nothing, and it didn't cost him a cent."

### **JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.—224.**

I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so onsartin, that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so I called on the agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Company, and answered the following

questions, which were put to me over the top of a pair of specks by a slick little fat old feller, with a round gray head on him as any man ever owned:—1. Are you mail or femail? if so, state how long you have been so. 2. Had you a father or mother? if so, which? 3. Are you subject to fits? and if so, du yu have more than one at a time? 4. What iz your precise fitting wate? 5. Did you ever have any ancestors? and if so, how much? 6. What is your legal opinion of the constitushunality of the ten commandments? 7. Du yu have any night-mare? 8. Are yu married or single, or are yu a bachelor? 9. Du yu believe in a future stait? if yu du, stait it. 10. What are your private sentiments about a rush of rats to the hed? can it be did successfully? 11. Hav yu ever committed suicide? and if so, how did it affect yu? After answering the above questions, like a man in a confirmatiff, the slick little fat old feller with gold specks on sed I was insured for life, and probably would remain so for some years. I thanked him, and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

### **SHORT AND EXPRESSIVE.—225.**

Some years since there was a great gathering of people at Augusta, Maine, to take into consideration the subject of building a dam across the Kennebec River at that point. The meeting was followed by a dinner at the Mansion House, and the Liquor Law being a thing not yet thought of, the bottle circulated freely, and many of the guests were getting "jolly mellow," when Frank ——, a wag of an editor, was called on for a toast. Frank immediately staggered to his feet, and grasping the back of his chair with one hand, and holding aloft with the other a tumbler of "Old Jamaica," responded somewhat emphatically: "Gentlemen, d—n the Kennebec!—and improve its navigation," and sat down amid a roar of applause. The dam was built.

### **DOW, JUNIOR.—226.**

It was Dow, jun.—sacred to his memory—who said that "Life is a country dance: down outside and back; tread on the corns of your neighbour; poke your nose everywhere; all hands

around; right and left. Bob your cocoanut—the figure is ended. Time hangs up the fiddle, and death puts out the lights."

### **A PROMPT REPLY.—227.**

A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on the Sabbath, when his father, who was a clergyman, entered, and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's Day." "I'm making meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

### **INTERRUPTING THE SERMON.—228.**

An amusing incident says the *Selinsgrove (Pa.) Post*, occurred in one of our churches on Sunday, which caused considerable tittering throughout the congregation. While the minister was in the midst of his sermon, a little boy about ten years of age quietly left his seat, took his hat, walked up to the pulpit and asked permission of the minister to leave the church, saying that he forgot to feed the pig. The request was granted and the boy left; but returned in a few minutes, no doubt greatly relieved. It embarrassed the minister for some minutes afterwards.

### **HOW SAM WAS CAUGHT.—229.**

An old lady who was making some jam was called upon by a neighbour. "Sam, you rascal," she said, "you'll be eating my jam when I'm away." Sam protested he'd die first; but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the bubbling crimson. "See here, Sam," said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, "I'll chak your lips, and on my return I'll know if you've eaten any." So saying, she passed her forefinger over the thick lip of the darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back, she did not need to ask any question, for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.

### **FANCY HER FEELINGS.—230.**

Not far from Central New Jersey lived two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones. Both were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlour and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:—"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the far West with a young lawyer, who had but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make delightful and happy like this?" Dropping her head softly on his shoulders, she whispered, "I think I could, Archy." "Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going West, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."

### **ABSENCE OF MIND.—231.**

The *Lowell Journal* gives an account of a rich scene that occurred in one of the Lowell hotels recently. A lodger, who had been on a spree the previous evening, arose in the morning and rang the bell violently. Boots appeared. "Where are my pants? I locked my door last night, and somebody has stolen them?" Boots was green, and a little terrified. He left, however, struck with a sudden thought, and returned with the identical pants. The landlord was called to receive complaints against Boots; but he made it evident that the man had put out his pantaloons to be blacked instead of his boots. The lodger left in the first train.

### **KEEN AND SIGNIFICANT.—232.**

When the editor of the *Bulletin* said, "We are under conviction that," &c., the editor of the *Sunday Mercury* retorted: "This is not the first time that the editor of the *Bulletin* has been *under conviction!*"

### **A LEGAL TOAST.—233.**

At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the legal

fraternity, the toast was given:—"An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God;" but an old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarcest."

### **RATHER 'CUTE.—234.**

A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin maker.

### **NOVEL HINT FROM THE PULPIT.—235.**

The *Seneca Advertiser* tells the following:—The pastor of a certain church not a thousand miles from this place a few Sabbaths ago, when about to baptize a child, reproved the flock in the following fashion:—"My dear people, I fear that you are neglecting parental duties, as this is only the second child presented for baptism during my pastoral connection with this church." (Sensation among the crinoline.)

### **TIRED OF HIS BOARDING-HOUSE.—236.**

A prisoner of war advertises from Johnson's Island, in a New York journal, for a substitute to take his place in the military prison there:—"Wanted.—A substitute to stay here in my place. He must be 30 years old; have a good moral character; A 1 digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such a one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations, and unmitigated watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12, Johnson's Island Military Prison, at any time for the next three years, enclosing half a dozen postage stamps.—ASA HARTZ."

### **THE AMERICAN PLATFORMS.—237.**

The *Croydon Democrat* publishes the following platform arranged to suit all parties. The first column is the Secession

platform, the second is the Abolition platform; and the whole read together is the Democratic platform. The platform is like the Union—as a whole it is Democratic, but divided, one half is Secession, and the other Abolition:—

Hurrah for The old Union  
Secession Is a curse  
We fight for The constitution  
The Confederacy Is a league with hell  
We love Free speech  
The rebellion Is treason  
We glory in A free press  
Separation Will not be tolerated  
We fight not for The negroes' freedom  
Reconstruction Must be obtained  
We must succeed At every hazard  
The Union We love  
We love not The negro  
We never said Let the Union slide  
We want The Union as it was  
Foreign intervention Is played out  
We cherish The old flag  
The stars and bars Is a flaunting lie  
We venerate The *habeas corpus*  
Southern chivalry Is hateful  
Death to Jeff. Davis  
Abe Lincoln Isn't the Government  
Down with Mob law  
Law and order Shall triumph.

### ALL HUMAN.—238.

A Vermont farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, tractable, prompt, and industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good looking, reserved, and modest. The superintendent replied that their boys were all human, though they were orphans, and referred him to the New Jerusalem if he wanted to get the order filled.

### CONDITIONAL FORGIVENESS.—239.

A negro about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes sah," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gets well, dat nigga must take care."

### ILLEGIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.—240.

What guessers printers must be! A New York editor, in descanting upon the guess-at-half-of-it style of writing in which many articles are sent to be printed, gives the following amusing specimen. A piece of poetry before him, written in what, at a reasonable glance, seemed to be intelligible, when examined a little closer appeared to present the following:—

Alone toss'd rolls a tear by Moses,  
A many things we mourn by day;  
Tom and the shouting Indian chorus,  
And seethe their lambs at play.

Knowing, however, that his correspondent was not a fool, he more carefully examined it, and he guesses that the following version is nearer the author's intentions:—

I love to stroll at early morn  
Among the new-mown hay,  
To mark the sprouting Indian corn,  
And see the lambs at play.

### A CLOSE WITNESS.—241.

During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings:—Among the witnesses was one as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the Government paused, and then putting on a look of severity and

ominous shake of the head, exclaimed, "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I have told, sir?" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who these persons are." "Wall, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them." The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury, and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh.

### **A SATISFACTORY REASON.—242.**

A few days ago an Englishman came into a grocery to make a few purchases, but was not suited with prices, so he broke out with, "What a bloody country! I could get more for twopence at home than I can 'ere for 'arf a crown." "Why the devil didn't you stay at 'ome?" said the angry groceryman. "I'll tell you," replied John Bull; "I couldn't get the twopence."

### **THE OLD KING'S ARM.—243.**

The old king's arm had a barrel as long as a rail, requiring some little time for a musket-ball to get out of it. A sportsman, in speaking of its peculiarities, said: "I once aimed at a robin, snapped the lock four times, then looked into the muzzle, saw the charge coming out, raised the gun again, took aim, and killed the bird."

### **REASONS FOR NOT JOINING THE CHURCH.— 244.**

Two lawyers in Lowell were returning from court, when the one said to the other: "I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. ——'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it could do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

### **IRISH EXHORTATION.—245.**

An Irishman in Pittsburgh, who was exhorting the people against profane swearing, said he was grieved to see what he had seen in that town. "My friends," said he, "such is the profligacy of the people around here that even little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing!"

### **IN LOVE WITH THE DEVIL.—246.**

A Country exchange says:—As our "Devil" was going home with his sweetheart, a few evening since, she said to him, "Dick, I fear I shall never get to Heaven." "Why?" asked the knight of the ink-keg. "Because," said she, with a melting look, "I love the *Devil* so well!"

### **HOW MR. LINCOLN SHAKES HANDS.—247.**

The correspondent of the *New York World*, in an account of Mr. Lincoln's late visit to Philadelphia, writes:—"Mr. Lincoln passed some time in shaking hands. This salutation is with him a peculiarity. It is not the pump-handle 'shake,' nor a twist, nor a spasmodic motion from side to side, nor yet a reach towards the knee and a squeeze at arm's length. When Mr. Lincoln performs this rite, it becomes a solemnity. A ghastly smile overspreads his peculiar countenance; then, after an instant's pause, he suddenly thrusts his 'flapper' at you, as a sword is thrust in tierce; you feel your hand enveloped as in a fleshy vice, a cold clamminess overspreads your unfortunate digits, a corkscrew burrows its way from your finger nails to your shoulder, the smile disappears, and you know that you are unshackled. You carefully count your fingers to see that none of them are missing, or that they have not become assimilated in a common mass."

### **HARD SCRABBLE.—248.**

A farmer who lives on a certain hill, called "Hard Scrabble," in Central New York, says that last summer, owing to the drought and poor land together, the grass was so short they had to lather it before they could mow it!

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### **I WOULD IF I COULD.—249.**

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

### **A SOLEMN HOUR.—250.**

An old "revolutioner" says of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

### **PROVERBS.—PRESERVED BY JOSHUA BILLINGS, ESQ.—251.**

Don't swop with your relashuns unless you kin afford to give them the big end of the trade. Marry young, and, if circumstances require it, often. If you can't git good cloathes and edication too, git the cloathes. Say how are you to everybody. Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a good stock of impudence on hand. Bee charitable—three cent. pieces were made on purpose. It costs more to borry than it does to buy. Ef a man flatters yu, yu can kalkerlate he is a roge, or you are a fule. Keep both ize open, but don't see morn harlf you notis. If you ich for fame, go into a grave-yard and scratch yourself agin a tume stone. Young man, be more anxus about the pedigre yur going to leave than you are about the wun somebody's going to leave you. Sin is like weeds—self-sone and sure to cum. Two lovers, like two armies, generally git along quietly until they are engaged.

### **BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES.—252.**

Artemus Ward writes that he is tired of answering the questions as to how many wives Brigham Young has. He says that all he knows about it is that he one day used up the multiplication table in counting the legs sticking on a

multiplication table in counting the long stockings on a clothes-line in Brigham's back yard, and went off feeling dizzy.

### THE OTHER SIDE.—253.

One story is good until another is told, and the advice to "have both sides" is old, but always good. The annoyance caused by ladies in street-cars has been so frequently dwelt on that it has come to be accepted as a matter of course that the wearers of crinoline are sinners above all among the occupants of street-cars. But read the following indictment drawn up against the male persuasion of street-car society, and see if the account is not about balanced. What "female nuisance" can surpass, for instance, the man who crosses his legs, or puts his foot upon his knee, allowing a dirty boot to wipe itself on good clothes passing him; the man who gets in chewing the stump of a cigar, and declines to throw it away because he is not smoking, and consequently stenches the whole conveyance; the man who sits sideways when the seat is crowded; the man who fidgets in a crowded seat; the man who, in getting out, lifts his feet so high as to wipe the knees of every passer-by; the man who enters with a paint pot; the ever-talkative man, who insists on drawing you into conversation, and boring you with his ideas political; the man who is deep in his cups; the ill-natured, ugly-looking man, who frightens all children in arms; the over-dressed man, who is afraid of being mussed; the rowdy man, who is spoiling for a fight; the fat man, who occupies too much room; the lean man, who cuts you with his sharp hones; the pretty man, who smirks so disgustingly; the man who wants to pick your pocket; the friendly man, who requests a loan; the man with a writ; the man that smells of garlic; the man that perfumes with musk; the vanity man, who displays all the money he has while searching for a five-cent. postal; the lazy man, who never hurries to get on or off; the unaccommodating man, who refuses to have his basket placed on the front platform; the man who treads on your newly-blackened boots; the man who asks for a chew of tobacco; the profane man; the subscription man; the insane man, on his way to the insane asylum; the man who asks you the time of day when you are *minus* a watch: and the man who wants to be

over-polite to your wife.

## EDITORS EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS.— 254.

The *Louisville Journal*—an impudent, one-horse Kentucky concern, conducted by a walking whisky-bottle—says that one of our correspondents deprived it of its maps and despatches from Sherman's army. The *Journal* is unable to pay even wages to its correspondents, and relies upon us for the news. Our correspondent purchased the maps and intelligence referred to from one of the starving reporters of the *Journal*, in order to save him from putting an end to his miserable existence, since he could live no longer on the bottle of Bourbon a week with which the *Journal* supplied him. The Western editors are all whisky-bottles, their reporters are all whisky, and their papers have all the fumes of that beverage without any of its strength. So much for the slanders of the *Louisville Journal*.—(*New York Herald*.) From the *Louisville Journal*:—This paragraph is the one to which, without having seen it, we referred yesterday in our notice of W. F. G. Shanks, a war correspondent of the *New York Herald*. That paper says that its correspondent purchased from ours the map and the intelligence referred to; this is the map and the rebel newspapers mentioned by us yesterday. This is all a base and unmitigated falsehood. The map was given to the *Herald's* correspondent upon a condition which he scandalously violated, and he feloniously broke the seals of the papers and stole their contents for the use of his thieving employers. The employers and the *employé*, instead of throwing a stone at us, ought to be pecking the article in the State prison. It is not supposable that any paper on earth could have aught to gain from a dispute with the *New York Herald*. The editor of that concern is so low down that fifty millstones around his neck, waist, arms, and legs, couldn't sink him lower. Notoriously, he has been oftener kicked and horsewhipped than any other man in the United States. Whoever has had the slightest fancy for horsewhipping or kicking him has done it. The licence to operate on him in either way, or both, couldn't have been more perfect if he had worn the word "to let" in chalk-marks upon

his shoulders and coat-tail. When he has waked up each morning, his reflection has been, "Now, is it to be a horsewhipping or a kicking to-day?" and occasionally it has been both, eked out with a smart nose-pulling. In fact, his nose has been so frequently twisted that it is an entirely one-sided affair, and we think that in common fairness "the twister" should be sentenced by a court of justice to "untwist the twist." The editor of the *Herald* is said to have a great deal of money, but his kicks far exceed his coppers. The only time he was ever known to thank God was when sharp-toed boots and shoes were changed to square-toed. It is said that by long experience he could always tell, when kicked, whether the application was made by boots, shoes, brogans, or slippers; at what particular store the article was bought, what was its cost, what its quality, and whether it was made of the hide of Durhams, short-horned Alderneys, Herefords, or Devons. When cattle were killed, it was a frequent understanding that while the fat was to be tried on the fire the leather was to be tried on the editor of the *Herald*. He is regarded as being undoubtedly the best judge of leather in New York; not that he is a leather-dealer, but that leather-dealers have had so much to do with him. He has come so often in contact with leather that the part of him chiefly concerned has itself become leather; so he not only walks upon leather when he walks, but sits upon leather when he sits. The editor of the *Herald* has lived a good deal longer than he ought to have done, but it is to be hoped that he can't live always. And if he ever dies, his hide should be tanned to leather—that is, the small portion of it that hasn't already been—his hair used as shoemaker's bristles, and his bones made into shoeing-horns.

### A SLASHING ARTICLE.—255.

Editors, like other shrewd men, must live with their eyes and ears open. The following story is told of one who started a paper in a western town. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher" next day. Sure enough, his next issue

contained the promised "smasher;" and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man, with a horse-whip in his hand, who demanded to know if the editor was in. "No, sir," was the reply, "he has stepped out. Take a seat, and read the papers—he will return in a minute." Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs with his whip between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vamoosed downstairs, and at the landing he met another excited man with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in? "Yes, sir," was the quick response, "you will find him seated upstairs, reading a newspaper." The latter, on entering the room, with a furious oath, commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and had pounded each other to their heart's content.

#### **A NOVEL VERDICT.—256.**

A coroner's jury in Boston returned as a verdict, in the case of a woman who died suddenly, that "she died from congestion of the brain, caused by *overtipulation*."

#### **AMERICAN NOTION OF VILLANY.—257.**

The man that will take a newspaper for a length of time and then send it back "refused" and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

#### **CONFESSION OF A CLERGYMAN.—258.**

A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply-interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young woman in my neighbourhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

#### **PERSONAL.—259.**

A contemporary having published a long leader on "hogs," a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

### **AWKWARD COINCIDENCE.—260.**

An American divine preached one Sunday morning from the text—"Ye are the children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

### **HOW TO GET A SEAT BY THE FIRE.—261.**

A traveller came into a country hotel in Wisconsin upon a very cold day, and could get no room near the fire, whereupon he called to the ostler to fetch a peck of oysters, and give them to his horse. "Will your horse eat oysters?" replied the ostler. "Try him," said the gentleman. The loafing guests running immediately to see this wonder, the fireside was cleared, and the gentleman had his choice of seats. The ostler brought back the oysters, and said the horse would not touch them. "Won't he?" said the stranger. "Why, then, bring them here; I shall be forced to eat them myself."

### **RIVALLING NATURE.—262.**

Cotton being scarce, a Yankee "patriot" has invented, and is selling like hot dumplings, india-rubber breastworks for ladies, as his advertisement says:—"Rivalling nature in grace, shape, and elasticity!"

### **THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.—263.**

"Woman is most beautiful when in tears, like a rose wet with the crystal dew."—*Mobile Examiner*. "We suppose the editor of the *Examiner* whips his wife every Sunday to make her look beautiful."—*Baltimore Sun*.

### **A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—264.**

A lady that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

### **ANOTHER DISCOVERY.—265.**

The other day a crowd was assembled around a drunken man lying at full length in the street. They resorted to every known means to arouse him; they rubbed his ears, then his hands, and shook him violently, but all to no avail, for John Whisky had got too strong a hold on him. Presently, a boy came along who was selling brewers' yeast, which he carried in a pail. "What's the matter?" queried the hopeful; "can't you get him up? Well, I can. If this yeast won't raise him, he's a goner, for it'll raise anything that ever grew." Accordingly, he poured about half a pint down the man's neck, and, sure enough, to the surprise of all, it raised him instantly, and he went on his way, growing taller every minute.

### **UNNECESSARY APPREHENSION.—266.**

A fellow, who was being led to execution, told the officers not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there should arrest him for an old debt.

### **EITHER WAY WILL DO.—267.**

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me, if you will."

### **A MOOTED QUESTION.—268.**

It is a mooted question whether St. Paul was ever married. Eusebius says he was a widower, which would usually imply that he had been. We opine that he was, from the hearty manner in which he discouraged the institution.

### **PARTING FRIENDS.—269.**

A clergyman travelling in California encountered a panther, of which he subsequently wrote as follows: "I looked at him long enough to note his brown and glossy coat, his big, glaring eyes, his broad and well-developed muzzle, and his capacious jaws, when both of us left the spot, and, I am pleased to add, in opposite directions."

### **HOW TO DO BUSINESS.—270.**

It is told of a well-known American map-agent out here, that on a recent trip in the interior of the island, he was attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. Being more prudent than to carry money into the country, they failed in making a haul. "But," said our Yankee, "I have some splendid maps of the island along with me, which I should like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, and a map stuck up on a pole, and explained it so effectually that he sold each of the banditti a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey, better off for the encounter.

### **EXEMPT, DECIDEDLY.—271.**

"Ugh! How do you make out that you are exempt, eh?" "I am over age, I am a negro, a minister, a cripple, a British subject, and a habitual drunkard."

### **A LONE NIGGER.—272.**

During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued: "What's your name?" "My name's Sam." "Sam what?" "No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist Sam." "What's your other name?" "I hasn't got no oder name, sah. I'se Sam—dat's all." "What's your master's name?" "I'se got no massa now. Massa runned away—yah, yah! I'se free nigger now." "Well, what's your father and mother's name?" "I'se got none, sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else." "Haven't you any brothers and sisters?" "No, sah; neber had none. No brudder. no sister. no fader. no mudder. no massa—

nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam you see all dere is of us."

### **A LIBELLOUS ASSERTION.—273.**

Ask a woman to a tea-party in the Garden of Eden, and she'd be sure to draw up her eyelids and scream: "I can't go without a new gown."

### **WESTERN NEIGHBOURS.—274.**

"Where is your house?" asked a traveller in the depths of one of the "old solemn wildernesses" of the great West. "House! I ain't got no house." "Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods, sleep on the great Government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi!" And he added—"It's getting too thick with the folks out here. You're the second man I've seen within the last month, and I hear there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out into the woods again."

### **SNUBBING A LAWYER.—275.**

Old Mrs. Lawson was called as a witness. She was sharp and wide awake. At last the cross-examining lawyer, out of all patience, exclaimed, "Mrs. Lawson, you have brass enough in your face to make a twelve quart pail." "Yes," she replied, "and you've got sass enough in your head to fill it."

### **GETTING DOWN A LADDER.—276.**

"Mass Tom! Oh, Mass Tom! howse I goin ter get down dis ladder?" "Come down the same way you went up, you blockhead!" replied the master, running out to see what was the matter. "De same way as I come up, Mass Tom?" "Yes, confound you, and don't bother me any more!" "Well, if I must, I must!"—and down came the little darkey head foremost.

### **IRISH NEGRO.—277.**

A negro from Montzerat, or Marigalante, where the Hiberno-Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia when a number of Irish emigrants were landed; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue, expressed his surprise at the civility of the negro; who, understanding what had been said, replied in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for that he was a *bit of an Irishman himself*. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak in his *Milesian* dialect, it entered his mind with the usual rapidity of Irish fancy, that he really was an Irishman, but that the climate had changed his fair complexion. "*If I may be so bold, sir,*" said he, "*may I ask how long you have been in this country?*" The negro man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said he had been in Philadelphia only about four months. Poor Patrick turned round to his wife and children, and looking as if for the last time on their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four months they must also change their complexion, exclaimed, "O merciful powers! Biddy, did you hear that? He is not more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."

### INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—278.

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. If you ever had your fingers in an angry man's mouth, you will not dispute the veracity of this assertion.

### SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.—279.

I suppose the reason whi wimmin are so fast talkers, iz bekauze tha don't hav tew stop tew spit on their hands. After Joseph's brotheren had beat him out ov hiz cut ov many cullars, what did tha dew nex? Tha pittied him! Thare iz nothing in this life that will open the pores ov a man so mutch, as tew fall in luv; it makes him as fluent az a tin whissell, az limber az a boy's watch chain, and az perlite as a dansing-master; hiz harte iz az full ov sunshine az a hay-field, and there aint anv more ouile in him than there iz in a stik ov merlasses

and any more gains in him than there is in a box of peppercandy. There iz a grate number ov ways for folks tew make phools of themselves, but thare iz one way so simple, i wonder nobody haz ever tried it, and that iz tew run after real-estate advertizements. Thare don't seem tew be enny end tew the ambishun ov men, but thare iz one thing that sum ov them will find out if tha ever dew git tew Heaven, and that iz tha can't git enny further. He who can hold awl he gits, kan most generally get more, I serpoze if a commisshun should cum from Heaven tew gather up awl the intrinsick literature among men, a common-sized angel kould fly off with the whole ov it under one wing and not lug him mutch. Yu kant alwus tell a gentleman by hiz clothes, but yu kan bi hiz finger nails. Adam invented "*luv at first sight*," one of the greatest laber-saving machines the world ever saw. It iz a grave question, whether, in curtailing superfluitys in these hard times, we have a moral right tew cut oph a dorg's tale tew save the expense ov boarding it. I hav herd a grate deal ced about "*broken hartes*," and thare may be a few of them, but mi experiense iz that nex tew the gizzard, the harte iz the tuffest peace ov meat in the whole critter.

### **TWO THINGS MADE TO BE LOST.—280.**

A country editor comes to the conclusion that there are two things that were made to be lost—sinners and umbrellas.

### **REASONS ENOUGH.—281.**

An editor complained that he could not sleep one night, summing up the causes:—A wailing baby, sixteen months old; a howling dog under the window; a cat-fight in the alley; a nigger serenade in a shanty over the way; a toothache; and a pig trying to get in at the back-door.

### **LOW-NECKED FROCKS.—282.**

The Rev. Mr. Sniffkins has recorded in his diary that three conspicuous low-necked frocks in a congregation will neutralize the effect of the best discourse that ever was nreached.

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### **EMERSON AND THEODORE PARKER.—283.**

There is an allegorical story current that once, immediately after Theodore Parker had parted from Ralph Waldo Emerson on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried: "Sir, do you not know that the world is coming to an end?" Upon which Parker replied: "My good man, that doesn't concern me; I live in Boston." The same fanatic, overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world, upon which Emerson replied: "I am glad of it, sir; man will get along much better without it!"

### **HOW TO GO MAD.—284.**

Be an editor; let the devil be waiting for copy; sit down to write an article, and get a few sentences done; then let an acquaintance drop in and begin to tell you stories and gossips of the town; let him sit, and sit, and sit. This is the quickest way we can think of to go raving, distracted mad.

### **A WISE JUDGE.—285.**

A Massachusetts judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters, on the ground (so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus Parsons, of Cambridge) that "the husband and the wife are one, and the husband is that one!"

### **SPARING HIS FEELINGS.—286.**

The editor of the *Louisville Journal*, in speaking of an assailant who had vehemently denied a charge of having been drunk on a certain occasion, says "that he cannot positively state that the gentleman in question was drunk, but that he does know that he was seen in the street at midnight, with his hat off, explaining the principles and theory of true politeness to the toes of his boots!"

### **OF COURSE NOT.—287.**

The *Grand Rapids Eagle* man says he wouldn't mind the price of wood so much, if all his neighbours hadn't taken to the disgusting habit of locking their wood-house doors at night.

### **A FEMALE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.—288.**

Mrs. Ripley, of Concord, Mass., is well known to the naturalists on account of her valuable collection of lichens, and to the Cambridge professors on account of her success in training young men for the university. It is said that a learned gentleman once called to see this lady, and found her hearing at once the lesson of one student in Sophocles, and that of another in Differential Calculus, at the same time rocking her grandchild's cradle with one foot, and shelling peas for dinner.

### **A FLOATING POPULATION.—289.**

"You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second storey windows."

### **DEMOCRATS *versus* REPUBLICANS.—290.**

A prominent speaker at a Republican gathering in Ohio, said that "he expected to spend an eternity in company with Republicans," to which a Democrat replied that he "rather thought he would, *unless he repented of his sins.*"

### **A POOR COUPLE.—291.**

A couple announce in the *New York Post* their marriage, and add to the notice—"No cards, nor any money to get them with."

### **AN INDUCEMENT TO YOUNG PEOPLE.—292.**

A minister out West, advertised, in the hope of making young people come forward, that he would marry them for a glass of

whisky, a dozen eggs, the first kiss of the bride, and a quarter of a pig.

### **AN EDITORIAL HORSE.—293.**

An editor in the far West has bought a racehorse for which he paid 2000 dollars. On being asked what an editor had to do with a racehorse, he replied that "he was to be used in catching runaway subscribers."

### **HIGHLY PROBABLE.—294.**

An American editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy 48 years old, and says "this brandy is so old that we very much fear it cannot live much longer."

### **NOVEL EFFECT OF A SECOND MARRIAGE.— 295.**

One of the substitute soldiers who was presented for examination at Captain Hamlin's office recently was a man who gave his name as (we will say) Michael Flynn. When he was stripped, upon his arm was clearly tattooed the name of John Sullivan. "But, I thought, you said your name was Michael Flynn?" said the doctor. "Yes," stammered the Hibernian sub, "but I have been married twice." Michael passed.

### **STRIKING DEFINITION OF A COQUETTE.— 296.**

A Western genius defines a coquette as a box of snuff, from which every lover takes a pinch. Her husband, fortunate or unfortunate wretch, as he may think himself, gets the box—on the ear.

### **QUALIFICATIONS FOR A PARSON.—297.**

It is related of a certain church in New York, whose deacons and principal men are of the conservative order. that when

recently in want of a pastor, they made application to a divine noted for his talents and brilliancy of oratory to become their settled minister. While negotiating the "call" they signified to the divine that they did not want a man to preach politics or temperance. "What kind of a preacher do you want?" inquired the minister. To which they replied that they desired a pastor who was "*rather religiously inclined.*" This reminds us of a popular preacher we used to know down East, one of whose prominent parishioners considered him the perfection of a preacher, because "he never meddles with either politics or religion!"

### **EXTRAORDINARY ABSENCE OF MIND.—298.**

The most recent case of absence of mind is that of an editor, who lately copied from a hostile paper one of his own articles, and headed it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

### **A JOKE BY JENKINS.—299.**

"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins?" "Yes, very pleasant, indeed." "Good day for the race." "Race, what race?" "The human race." "Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one with which I sold Day." "Day, what Day?" "The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

### **"AND THAT'S A FACT."—300.**

A paper notorious for its veracity says "that a man in New Hampshire went out gunning one day this spring; he saw a flock of pigeons sitting on a branch of an old pine, so he dropped a ball into his gun and fired. The ball split the branch, which closed up, and caught the toes of all the birds in it. He saw that he had got them all, and so he fastened two balls together and fired, cut the branch off, which fell into the river. He then waded in and brought it on shore. On counting them there were 300 pigeons, and in his boots were two barrels of shad."

### A QUESTION FOR ASTRONOMERS.—301.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," came into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teachers came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked: "Wa'll, master, what do yer think he larnt the schollards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray, what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was *reound*, and went areound; and all that sort 'o thing. Now, master, what do *you* think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked: "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Wa'al," says she, "if the airth is reound, and goes reound, what holds it *up*?" "Oh, these learned men say that it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction." The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high larn't men sez the sun holds up the airth, *I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!*"

### GRIEVING FOR A WIFE.—302.

A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed—"Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

### WHAT IRISHMEN DO!—303.

George Penn Johnson, one of our most eloquent stump speakers, who loves a good thing too well to let it slip upon any occasion, addressing a meeting where it was a great point to obtain the Irish vote, after alluding to the native American party in no flattering terms, inquired, "Who dig our canals? Irishmen. Who build our railroads? Irishmen. (Great applause.) Who build all our gaols? Irishmen. (Still greater applause.) Who fill all our gaols? Irishmen!" This capping climax, if it

did not bring down the house, did the Irish in a rush for the stand. Johnson did not wait to receive them.

### **SAD SCARCITY OF PAPER.—304.**

Paper is so scarce in the South that the editor of the *Morning Traitor* writes his editorials with stolen chalk on the sole of his boot, and goes barefooted while his boy sets up the manuscript!

### **THE DATE WANTED.—305.**

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Say, mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

### **THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.—306.**

The meanest fellow in Onondaga county is a fellow who once had the plate of his grandmother's coffin made over into a tobacco-box.

### **COLUMBUS'S DISCOVERY.—307.**

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

### **THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.—308.**

One of the American papers observes of Mr. Wentworth, a member of Congress for a district of Illinois, that "he is so tall, that when he addresses the people, instead of mounting a stump, as is usual in the West, they have to dig a hole for him to stand in!" Another paper, which goes the whole ticket against Mr. Wentworth, politely observes that they "dig a hole for him not because he is tall, but because he never feels at home except when he is up to his chin in dirt."



A NEW ENGLAND postmaster complains that too much courting goes on in his office. The females give him more trouble than the "mails."

### **AN UNKIND REMINDER.—314.**

A negro boy was driving a mule, when the animal suddenly stopped short and refused to move. "Won't go, eh?" said the boy; "feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fader was a jackass."

### **"CLIMACTERIC SUBLIMITY."—315.**

The following peroration to an eloquent harangue, addressed to a jury by a lawyer in Ohio, is a rare specimen of climacteric sublimity:—"And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapped in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills, down upon the abodes of peace, broke open the plaintiff's door, separated the weeping mother from her crying infant, and took away—my client's rifle, gentlemen of the jury, for which we claim fifteen dollars."

### **MORE LAUGHABLE THAN LOGICAL.—316.**

A temperance lecturer, in addressing an audience in Boston, said, "Parents, you have children, or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

### **THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.—317.**

Joe being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitating, "but I have got a first-rate forgettery!"

### **COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—318.**

A little boy, of four years, who had been lectured by his aunt on the evil of disobedience to parents, was shown the example

of a boy who disobeyed his mother, and went to the river and got drowned. "Did he die?" said Bobby, who had given the story due attention. "Yes," was the serious reply. "What did they do with him?" asked Bobby, after a moment's reflection. "Carried him home," replied his aunt, with due solemnity. After turning the matter over in his mind, as it was hoped profitably, he looked up and closed the conversation by asking, "Why didn't they chuck him in again."

### THE MINISTER'S RECEPTION.—319.

A certain lady one day had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be made no more a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon, however, her minister called to see her, dressed in his nicest manner. He ascended the steps, and gently drew the bell-handle, when the lady shouted from the entry—"I see you, my boy! if I catch you I'll wring your neck!" The affrighted gentleman rushed down the steps through a crowd of young scamps, and was not seen at the lady's house again.

### PRINTERS' MISTAKES.—320.

During the Mexican war, one newspaper hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a *bottle*. Some other paper informed the public not long ago "that a man in a brown surtout was yesterday brought before the police court, on a charge of having stolen a small *ox* from a lady's workbag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket." "A *rat*" says another paper, "descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury done to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it." An English paper once stated that the Russian General Raekinoffkowsky "was found dead with a long *word* in his mouth." It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that "the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great *laughter*." Again: "A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer the

charge of having *eaten* a stage driver for demanding more than his fare. At the late Fourth of July dinner, in the town of Charlestown, none of the poultry were eatable except the *owls*."

### **PLAIN ENOUGH.—321.**

A Western editor, in reply to a contemporary, says to him, "The fact is as evident as the nose on your face, or the whisky blossoms on the countenance of your Mayor."

### **ONE OF THE PRESS.—322.**

A very fat man having taken his seat in an omnibus already crowded, to the great annoyance of the passengers, several, with partial breathing and muttering lips, inquired who such a lump of flesh as the new comer could be. "I don't know," said a wag, "but, judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a member of the Press."

### **ANOTHER BURST OF ELOQUENCE.—323.**

In a stump speech somewhere out West—the usual locality—a windy orator recently got up before an assemblage of his intelligent countrymen, and said: "Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly, deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that in cities where the population is very large there are a greater number of men, women, and children, than in cities where the population is less. And I firmly believe there is not a man, woman, or child in all this vast assembly that has reached the age of fifty or upwards but has felt this mighty truth rolling through his breast for centuries."

### **THE REASON WHY.—324.**

An American wag says that the reason why more marriages take place in winter than in summer is because the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

### THE CLERGYMAN AND THE LAWYER.—325.

The following incident is of recent date, and the witness was a clergyman. Scene, a crowded court: trial, an action on the warranty of a horse, commonly called a horse cause. Witness, a clergyman, who was sworn in his examination-in-chief that in his opinion the horse was sound.—Counsel: Well, you don't know anything about horses. You're a parson, you know.—Witness: I have a good deal of knowledge respecting horses.—Counsel: You think you have, I dare say, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow.—Witness: Yes, I dare say I do.—Counsel: Now, then, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow.—Witness: Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is, that the one has horns and the other has not; much the same difference, gentlemen, that exists between a *bull* and a *bully* (turning to counsel). (Roars of laughter, Judge joining.)—Counsel (very angrily): I dare say you thought that very funny, sir?—Witness: Well, I don't think it was bad, and several of the audience seem to be of the same opinion.

### EDITORIAL FIX.—326.

A Western editor must be in a bad fix. Having dunned a subscriber for his subscription, he not only refused to pay, but threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.

### A MEAT BABY.—327.

A wee little girl in Boston besought her mother, when she was going out shopping the other day, to bring her home a baby. The indulgent parent selected a pretty doll, and on her return made the presentation, expecting to see her daughter greatly pleased with it. But the precious child could hardly keep the tears from her eyes, as she disappointedly exclaimed, "I don't want that—I want a *meat* baby!"

### THE LAPSE OF AGES.—328.

Startling, terrific, paralyzing.—*Ditchville Chronicle*.

We understand that the publishers of this extraordinary work, in consequence of the immense demand, were obliged to issue three editions at once, and that the united energies of steam and manual labour in New York, have in vain been employed to satisfy the incessant applications for it. On various occasions the police have been called in to protect the booksellers against the insolence of disappointed customers, while several suits for libel are pending against persons who, in a paroxysm of rage, have vented their spleen on the innocent authoress. The excitement has reached a fearful pitch, and all business has been brought to a stand by the absorbing devotion of the public to this great work of genius. In some cases the engineers on the railroads, in perusing it, have been so lost to a sense of duty, as to let the fires of their locomotives go out, and cause the stoppage of trains for hours. Porters may be seen sitting on their wheelbarrows at every corner enjoying its contents. Omnibus horses are growing fat from the refusal of drivers to ply the lash, until they have read it through, line by line, to the fearful catastrophe of the last page, and even the clamorous voice of the newsboy is no longer heard, for he sits crouching over its fascinating pages in his cheerless garret. On the first day of the sale, the doors of the book-stores were strongly barricaded, extra clerks were provided, and yet, despite these precautions, fearful riots took place among the contending crowd, in which, as the historians say, "neither age, sex, nor condition were respected." The truth is, that if many more such books are written in the country, there is great danger that agriculture, commerce, and manufactures will be abandoned, and we shall become nothing else than a nation of novel readers.—*The Flambeau of Literature*.

**NOT PARTICULAR.—331.**

A Western editor says:—"Wood, chips, coke, coal, corn-cobs, feathers, rosin, sawdust, shavings, splinters, dry leaves, old rags, fence-rails, barn-doors, flints, or anything that will burn or strike fire, taken on subscription at this office."

### TRUE AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.—332.

A Down-Easter thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriotism:—"Some esteem it sweet to die for one's country; but most of our patriots hold it sweeter still to live *upon* one's country."

### POETICAL PATCHWORK.—333.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,  
Old Casper's work was done;  
Piping on hollow reeds to his pent sheep,  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
On Linden, when the sun was low;  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

What, if a little rain should say,  
I have not loved the world, nor the world me!  
Ah! well a-day;  
Woodman spare that tree!

My heart leaps up with joy to see  
A primrose by the water's brim;  
Zaccheus, he did climb that tree;  
Few of our youth could cope with him.

The prayer of Ajax was for light,  
The light that never was on sea or shore;  
Pudding and beef make Britons fight;  
Never more!

Under a spreading chestnut tree,  
For hours the gither, sat  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
A man's a man for a' that.

Truth crush'd to earth shall rise again,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,  
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
The child is father of the man;  
Hush, my dear, lie still in slumber.  
They can conquer who believe they can.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;  
Whatever is, is right,  
And things are not what they seem;  
My native land, good night!

### **SO HUMANE.—334.**

A lady in Brooklyn is known to be so humane that she will not allow even her carpet to be beaten; and was frightfully shocked on hearing a boy, who was relating a story about a donkey, tell his comrades to cut his tail short. She actually fainted away when a relative said he had been killing time.

### **THE LYING AT THE TOP.—335.**

"Truth lies at the bottom of the well." All very well, as long as it stays there; but it is the lying at the top and thereabouts that does all the mischief!

### **"BRAGGIN' SAVES ADVERTISIN'."—336.**

"Well," said the doctor, "I didn't want to put myself forward, for it ain't pleasant to speak of oneself." "Well, I don't know that," says I; "I ain't above it, I assure you. If you have a horse to sell, put a thunderin' long price on him, and folks will think

to sell, put a hundred long price on him, and folks will think he must be the devil and all; and if you want people to vally you right, appraise yourself at a high figure. Braggin' saves advertisin'. I always do it; for, as the Nova Scotia magistrate said, who sued his debtor before himself, 'What's the use of being a justice, if you can't do yourself justice.'"—*Sam Slick*.

### **CONCLUSIVE.—337.**

A story that General Hooker has been left immensely rich by the death of a Mexican wife is thus disposed of by the San Francisco *Atta*:—"1st, General Hooker's wife was not rich when he married her, nor at any other time. 2nd, General Hooker's wife was not a Mexican. 3rd, General Hooker's wife is not dead. 4th, General Hooker never had a wife. 5th, General Hooker is not a Croesus, never was, and never will be."

### **VERDICT OF A NEGRO JURY.—338.**

"We, the undersigned, being a Kurnet's Juray to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone before us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, did on de night of de fusteenth of November, come to def by falling from de bridge ober the riber in de said riber, whar we find he was subsequently drowned, and afterwards washed on the riber side, whar we s'pose he was frose to death."

### **VERY CIVIL WAR.—339.**

On our left, where our lines were close to the rebs, two videttes from opposite sides were moved out towards the same tree. After remaining for some time near the tree unknown to each other, our vidette discovered that he had lost his cap-box, and commenced calling for the corporal. After calling several times without effect, the reb vidette called out, "I say, Yank, what's the matter on your side of the tree?" The "Yank" immediately replied that he wanted to go for some water. "Well, go ahead," answered "Johnny;" "I'll watch both sides till you come back."

### A REAL HEAVY GALE.—340.

"Was you ever in a real heavy gale of wind?" "Warn't I," said I; "the fust time I returned from England it blew great guns all the voyage, one gale after another, and the last always wuss than the one before. It carried away our sails as fast as we bent them." "That's nothing unusual," said Cutter; "there are worse things than that at sea." "Well, I'll tell," sais I, "what it did; and if that ain't an uncommon thing, then my name ain't Sam Slick. It blew all the hair off my dog, except a little tuft atween his ears."

### AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.—341.

The *New York Atlas* says:—"Judge Kelly and other citizens of Philadelphia have presented a medal to President Lincoln. The medallion has the bust of Washington on one side, and that of Mr. Lincoln on the other. The peculiar felicity of this design is apparent to the most obtuse. Washington was a patriot and a hero, and Lincoln is unquestionably *the reverse*. It seems somewhat superfluous, however, to strike a medal to perpetuate the knowledge of a fact so indisputable."

### THE CROOKED STICK.—342

Maria, just at twenty, swore  
That no man less than six feet four  
Should be her chosen one;  
At thirty, she was glad to fix  
A spouse exactly four feet six,  
As better far than none.

### A SPARE GIRL.—343.

"I never," says Sam Slick, "see so spare a gal since I was raised. Pharaoh's lean kine warn't the smallest part of a circumstance to her. She was so thin, she actilly seemed as if she would have to lean agin the wall to support herself when

she scolded, and I had to look twice at her before I could see her at all, for I warn't sure *she warn't her own shadow*."

### **NEW WAY TO AFFIX A STAMP.—344.**

"You remind me," says I, "of a feller in Slickville, when the six-cent letter-stamps came in fashion. He licked the stamp so hard, he took all the gum off, and it wouldn't stay on nohow he could fix it, so what does he do but put a pin through it, and writes on the letter, 'Paid, if the darned thing will only stick.'"—*Sam Slick*.

### **THE ORIGINAL BROTHER JONATHAN.—345.**

When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as were necessary. His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the general placed the greatest reliance, and remarked: "We must consult 'Brother Jonathan' on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but "Brother Jonathan" has become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull is for England.

### **THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS.—346.**

It is said that some mothers in America are grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

### GRACE ONCE FOR ALL.—347.

Benjamin Franklin, when a child, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say *grace* over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time."

### PAINTING TO THE LIFE.—348.

Slick says: "I think, without bragging, I may say I can take things off to the life. Once I drew a mutton chop so nateral, my dog broke his teeth in tearing the panel to pieces to get at it; and at another time I painted a shingle so like stone, when I threw it into the water, it sunk right kerlash to the bottom."

### COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.—349.

Columbus, speaking with great humility of his discovery of America, some of the company spoke in very depreciating terms of the expedition. "There is no more difficulty," replied Columbus, "than in putting this egg on its end." They tried the experiment, and all failed. Columbus, breaking a little off the end, set it upright. The company sneered at the contrivance. "Thus," observed Columbus, "a thing appears very easy after it is done."

### THE HEAVENLY "BODIES."—350.

"Mamma, mamma," cried a little one, whose early hour of retirement had not permitted much study of the starry heavens, "here is the moon come, and brought a sight of little babies with her!"

### THE HAPPIEST OF VOWELS.—351.

One of the neatest and latest conundrums is as follows:—"Why is *i* the happiest of vowels? Because it is in the midst of bliss: *e* is in hell, and all the others in purgatory."

OF GIBBS, C. IS IN HEAVEN, AND ALL THE OTHERS IN PURGATORY.

### **A TOUGH YANKEE.—352.**

A friend writes of a Yankee boasting an inveterate hatred of everything British, living in a neighbouring city with a colonist family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at Brother Bull, and the colonist does what he can to defend the venerable gentleman. "You are arguing," said the colonist, "against your ancestors." "No, I'm not." "Who was your father?" "A Yankee." "Who were your forefathers?" "Yankees." "Who were Adam and Eve?" "Yankees, by thunder!"

### **USED TO IT.—353.**

Major N——, upon being asked if he was seriously hurt at the bursting of a boiler on a steamboat, replied that he was not, as he had been blowed up so many times by his wife that a mere steamboat explosion had no effect upon him whatever.

### **QUOTING HIS FATHER.—354.**

A broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked a few days since how old his father was. "Well," said he, abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

### **WHY THE WAR GOES ON.—355.**

The soldiers at Helena, in Arkansas, used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns, of which the following is a sample:—"Some time ago Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and invited President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss the terms of peace. They met accordingly, and, after a talk, concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and sea-board Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee; so that all were parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and so that they settle

have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split, and the war has been going on ever since."

### WHAT U. S. STANDS FOR.—356.

The *New York Herald* puts forward General Grant as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, on the ground that U. S. stands for—Ulysses S. Grant, Union Sustaining Grant, Unconditional Surrender Grant, Uncle Sam Grant, United States Grant, Unparalleled Success Grant, Unabridged Seizure Grant, Union Saver Grant, Undeniable Superior Grant, Unflinching Surmounter Grant, Undaunted Soldier Grant, Understanding Secession Grant, Use Sambo Grant, Unshackle Slave Grant, Ultimate Subjugation Grant, Uncommon Smart Grant, Unequaled Smasher Grant, Utterly Solid Grant, Utmost Safety Grant, Unrivalled System Grant, Unexceptionably Scientific Grant, Undertake Sure Grant, Unbounded Spunk Grant, Universal Sanitive Grant, Unadulterated Saltpetre Grant, Uniform Succeeder Grant, Undisputed Sagacity Grant, Unabated Siege Grant, Unbending Super-excellence Grant, Unexampled Skill Grant, Undoubtedly Spunky Grant, Unprecedented Sardine Grant; and, what is best of all, he belongs to US, and will be the Unanimously Selected Grant for the next Presidency.

### A WISE FOOL.—357.

A man brought before a justice of the peace in Vermont, charged with some petty offence, pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, judge," he said, "if I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful pull back to a man."

### "OLD BRAINS."—358.

One of the daily papers of New York made an amusing typographical error in its publication of General Halleck's report of war operations. The general, who enjoys the *sobriquet* of "Old Brains," wrote in depreciation of the immense cost of army transportation, and made out a case for himself by saying that "our trains have been materially

himself by saying that our brains have been materially reduced during the year." Imagine his disgust when he found the boast printed "our *brains* have been materially reduced!" Artemus Ward might add: "N.B.—This is sarkasm."

### **THE GOVERNOR AND THE JUSTICE.—359.**

William Penn and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacco house, the owner of which said to them: "You enter here without leave; do you know who I am? I am a justice of the peace." To which Story replied: "My friend here makes such things as thee; he is Governor of Pennsylvania."

### **AN ENTHUSIASTIC NEWSVENDOR.—360.**

An amusing incident occurred one day in front of General Turner's lines. A sergeant stepped out from our rifle-pits, and moved towards the enemy, waving a late paper, regardless of the probability that he would at any moment be shot. A rebel officer shouted to him to go back, but the sergeant was unmindful of the warning, and asked, "Won't you exchange newspapers?" "No," said the rebel, "I have no paper, I want you to go back." With singular persistence the sergeant continued to advance, saying, "Well, if you haint a paper, I reckon some of your men have, and I want to exchange, I tell you." "My men have not got anything of the kind, and you must go back," said the officer in a louder tone, and with great emphasis. Nothing daunted, the Yankee sergeant still advanced, until he stood plumply before the indignant officer, and said, "I tell ye now you needn't get your dander up. I don't mean no harm no way. P'raps if ye aint got no newspapers ye might give me suthin else. Maybe your men would like some coffee for some tobacco. I'm dreadful anxious for a trade." The astonished officer could only repeat his command, "Go back, you rascal, or I'll take you prisoner. I tell you we have nothing to exchange, and we don't want anything to do with you Yankees." The sergeant said ruefully, "Well, then, if you haint got nothin', why, here's the paper any way, and if you get one from Richmond this afternoon you can send it over. You'll find my name thar on that." The man's impudence or the officer's

my name was on it. The man's impudence of his chief's eagerness for news made him accept. He took the paper, and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg. "Oh, our folks say we can go in there just when we want to, but we are willing to gobble all you fellows first," was the reply. "Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the lieutenant, turning on his heel and re-entering his rifle-pits; "meanwhile, my man, you had better go back." This time the sergeant obeyed the oft-repeated order, and, on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.

### **PROFITLESS PREACHING.—361.**

The hat was passed round in a certain congregation in New York for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who, by the way had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a cent in it. He inverted his hat over the pulpit cushion, and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then looking towards the ceiling, he exclaimed, with great fervour, "I thank Heaven that I got back my hat from this congregation."

### **NOT FOR WANT.—362.**

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

### **SAM SLICK ON HAPPINESS.—363.**

It takes a great deal to make happiness, for everything must be in time, like a piano; but it takes very little to spoil it. Fancy a bride, now, having a toothache, or a swelled face during the honeymoon. In courtship she won't show, but in marriage she can't help it.

### **A LAGGING COMPLIMENT.—364.**

An American editor once, in attempting to compliment General Pillow as a "battle-scarred veteran," was made by the typos to call him a "battle-scared veteran." In the next issue the

types to call him a "battle-scarred veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "bottle-scarred veteran."

### WEDLOCK FIRST INSTITUTED.—365.

Wedlock was first instituted in Paradise. Well, there must have been a charming climate there. It could not have been too hot, for Eve never used a parasol, or even a "kiss-me-quick;" and Adam never complained, though he wore no clothes, that the sun blistered his skin. It could not have been wet, or they would have coughed all the time, like consumptive sheep; and it would have spoiled their garden, let alone giving them the chilblains and the snuffles. They didn't require umbrellas, uglies, fans, or india-rubber shoes. There was no such a thing as a stroke of the sun, or a snow-drift there. The temperature must have been perfect, and connubial bliss I allot was rael jam up. The only thing that seemed wanting there was for some one to drop in to tea now and then, for Eve to have a good chat with, while Adam was a studyin' astronomy, or tryin' to invent a kettle that would stand fire; for women do like talking, that's a fact, and there are many little things they have to say to each other that no man has any right to hear, and if he did he couldn't understand.—*Sam Slick*.

### A STRIKING LESSON.—366.

A canal boat was once passing through a narrow lock on the Erie line, and the captain hailed the passengers and said, "Look out!" Well, a Frenchman thinking something strange was to be seen, popped his head out, and it was cut off in a minute. "Oh, *mon Dieu!*" said his comrade, "dat is a very *striking* lesson in English. On land look out means open the window, and see what you will see. On board canal boat it means have your head in, and don't look at nothin."—*Sam Slick*.

### A DISINTERESTED LIEUTENANT.—367.

"Feller sogers," said a newly-elected lieutenant of the militia, "I am all-fired obliged to you for this shove-up in the ranks you have given me. Feller sogers. I'm not going to forget your

you have given me. I don't beg, I'm not going to forget your kindness soon, not by a darned sight; and I'll tell you what it is, I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine-board, so long as there's peace; but as I go in for rotation in office, and if we should come to blows with the British, darned if I don't resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory."

### **CLAIMING AND TAKING EXEMPTION.—368.**

THE *Steuben Courier* says that a man walked forty miles to claim exemption from the war-draft, on the ground of inability to stand long marches and the hardships of camp life.—A man named Jefferson Davis was drafted in New Bedford on Tuesday last. We hope that he may be able to go, and be in at the death of his illustrious rebel namesake.—Seven of the waiters in one of the popular hotels of Boston were the victims of the draft, but the next morning after their names had been drawn from the wheel of the Provost-Marshal, they had all skedaddled to parts unknown, and have not been heard of since.—There were two Mike Sullivans, the *Boston Herald* says, living at Fort Hill, and neither had any other distinction. One of them was drafted, but which of them neither could tell, nor any one else. One of them was called upon by a friend, who inquired if he was the Michael Sullivan who had been drafted. "Yes," said Mike, "I suppose I am." "Are you sure of that, now?" exclaimed Mike's friend. "How the divil do you know but you axe the other Mike Sullivan?"—A laughable circumstance took place in the Fourteenth Ward, Philadelphia, during the drafting. Everything was going on quietly, and good humour appeared to be depicted upon every countenance. Among the many hundreds that were there was a pale-faced son of the Emerald Isle, gazing on the wheel, and at every revolution gasping for breath. Of a sudden, losing all control of himself, he burst out: "Wherl it round! wherl it round!—rouse it, will ye!" "What's the matter with you?" said the Provost-Marshal. "Oh, be jabers, turn it round a dozen times, for that man you drew last is my next door neighbour."

### **GREAT SCARCITY.—369.**

Speaking of the great scarcity of provisions down South, a

Northern paper says—"Tea is so scarce in the South that they haven't even drawings of it, and there are no grounds for supposing that they have any coffee."

### **THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.—370.**

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him, than picking up the dish, and turning it round, as if to examine the china, he said: "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool;" and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish. "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling." And, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself. The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we will just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

### **SALARY NOT SO MUCH AN OBJECT, ETC.—**

**371.**

Minister used to amuse me beyond anything, poor old soul. Once the congregation met, and raised his wages from three to four hundred dollars a-year. Well, it nearly set him crazy; it bothered him so he could hardly sleep. So, after church was over the next Sunday, he said, "My dear brethren, I hear you have raised my salary to four hundred dollars. I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but I can't think of taking it on no account. First, you can't afford it, no how you can fix it, and I know it. Secondly, I ain't worth it, and you know it; and, thirdly, I am nearly tired to death collecting my present

income. If I have to dun the same way for that it will kill me. I can't stand it; I shall die. No, no, pay me what you allow me more punctually, and it is all I ask, or will ever receive."—*Sam Slick*.

## ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

—372.

"Friend Wales,—You remember me. I saw you in Canada a few years ago. I remember you, too. I seldim forgit a person. I hearn of your marriage to the Princess Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congreetoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bilding a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me. We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which answers the same purpuss. Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales. In my country we've got a war, while your country manetanes a nootral position! Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrificses. I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, and I stand reddy to sacrifics my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think somebody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as anybody else. My object in now addressin' you is to give you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years' experience in. You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about 'vikins' in connection tharewith. Not knowing what that air, and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook, I can't 'zactly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much frustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life. Dowlless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, and cheap, too. You can git half a mackrill at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's, for six dollars, and a biled pertaters throwd in. I manidge my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenst trainin' her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I

abanding'd. You had better do similer. There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales. As yehrs roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—and your responsibilities increase—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certinty of winnin'. It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecoonery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, and I understan' my bizness a good deal better than sum of 'em do. Respects to St. Gorge and the Dragon.—'Ever be happy.'"

"ARTEMUS WARD."

### **PROVIDING FOR BILLS.—373.**

Two city merchants conversing upon business at the door of the New York Coffee-house, one of them made some remarks on the badness of the times; and perceiving at the moment a flight of pigeons passing over their heads, he exclaimed, "How happy are those pigeons! they have no acceptances to provide for." To which the other replied, "You are rather in error, my friend, for *they* have their *bills to provide for* as well as we!"

### **GENERAL LEE AND A SON OF ERIN.—374.**

When General Lee was a prisoner at Albany he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine, the general remarked to his host, that after drinking he was apt to abuse Irishmen, for which he hoped the host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, general, I will do that," said his host, "if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this: whenever I hear a man abusing old Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his head with my shillaly!" The general was civil during the rest of the evening.

### **THE NIAGARA FALLS FROM FOUR POINTS OF VIEW.—375.**

Mr. G. A. Sala, describing the Niagara Falls, says:—"A Swiss watchmaker observed that he was very glad 'de beautiful ting was going.' He looked upon it as some kind of clockwork arrangement, which would run down and be wound up again. Everybody knows the story of the 'cute Yankee who called it 'an almighty water privilege.' It is one, and would turn all the mill-wheels in the world. 'Here creation's done its d—dest,' remarked another; and, quoth a fourth, 'I guess this hyar suckles the ocean sea considerable.'"

### **LOGIC OF CONGRESS.—376.**

The House of Representatives at Washington has passed, by a majority of seven to one, a resolution which, after stating the existence of rebellion, runs thus:—"Resolved, that it is the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the poople to meet it, fight it, and for ever destroy it, thereby establishing perfect and unalterable liberty."

### **COLT'S ARMS *versus* COLT'S LEGS.—377.**

Colt's arms are useful when you want to fight, but if you want to run away, colt's legs are better.

### **INFANTILE IDEAS OF DISTANCE.—378.**

A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency was made by a little child who rode fifty miles in a railway train, and then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, and was asked on her arrival if she came by the cars. "We came a little way in the cars, and all the rest of the way in a carriage."

### **"DAT'S DE MYSTERY."—379.**

Two darkies had bought a mess of pork in partnership, but Sam having no place to put his portion in, consented to trust the whole to Julius' keeping. The next morning they met, when Sam says—"Good mornin', Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your vicinity lately?" "Yaas, Sam, most a

strange thing happen at my house yesterlast night—all mystery, all mystery to me." "Ah, Julius, what was dat?" "Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis morning I went down into the cellar for to get a piece of hog for dis darky's breakfast, and I put my hand down in de brine and felt all round, but no pork dere—all gone. Codn't tell what bewent with it, so I turned up de bar'l, and Sam, true as preachin', de rats had eat a hole clar froo de bottom of de bar'l, and dragged de pork all out!" Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said—"Why didn't de brine run out of the same hole?" "Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery."

### OUR BOB.—380.

Judge S—— had a very wild son, named Bob, who was constantly on a spree, and upon being brought up once before the court for drunkenness, the judge cried out—"Is that *our* Bob?" *Clerk*: "Yes, sir." *Judge*: "Fine the rascal two dollars and costs; I'd make it ten dollars, if I didn't know it would come out of my own pocket."

### SAMBO'S SUSPICION.—381.

A gentleman who holds a responsible position under Government concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his baggage. Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterwards, he said—"Well, Sambo, did you bring my baggage down?" "No, sah!" blandly responded the sable gentleman. "Why, what was the reason?" "Case, sah, the gentleman in de office said you had not paid your bill." "Not paid my bill! why, that's singular—he knew me very well when he kept the Girard House, in Philadelphia." "Well, mebbe," rejoined Sambo, thoughtfully scratching his head, "*dat was de reason he wouldn't gib me de baggage.*"

### WHERE THE DUCKS WENT.—382.

A man was brought into one of the New York courts on the charge of having stolen some ducks from a farmer. "How do

you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel. "Oh! I should know them *anywhere*," said the farmer, who proceeded to describe their peculiarities. "Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be such a rare breed—I have some very much like them in my yard." "That's not unlikely, sir," said the farmer, "they are not the only ducks I've had stolen lately." Call the next witness.

### **NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—383.**

A young man, rather verdant, and very sentimental, while making himself interesting to a young lady the other evening by quoting from the poets, to the other choice and rare extracts he added, "There is no place like home." "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh, yes!" was the reply. "Then," said calico, "why don't you stay there?"

### **DAMAGING THE ENGINE.—384.**

A man was sitting on the track of the New London road, when the train came along and pitched him head over heels into the bushes. The train stopped and backed to pick up the body, when the man coolly informed the conductor, as he brushed the dirt from his coat sleeves, that if he "had damaged the engine any he was ready to settle for it," and walked off home.

### **A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—385.**

My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and brickbats into fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third, and last, thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

### **A DELICATE CUT.—386.**

A couple of Albany ecclesiastics were at Saratoga at the time of the annual races, which were under the management of Morrissey, the famous prize-fighter, gamester, &c. Parson M——, a Baptist clergyman, and Father C——, a Catholic priest, are both jolly fellows in an innocent way, and, despite their difference of creed, remarkably good friends. Meeting each other, M—— said jocosely, as he approached the other, "Ah! I understand it, you have come to attend the races!" and added, "Do you know Morrissey?" "No," said Father C——, "and I beg you won't introduce me."

### **NOVEL TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.—387.**

The following telegraphic message was sent from an Albany office:—"To ---- Third Epistle of John, 13th and 14th verses. Signed ——." The text referred to is as follows, and makes quite a lengthy and understandable letter:—"I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write to thee. But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name."

### **BREAKFAST IN BED.—388.**

A new way of keeping warm has been put in practice with good effect. It is to have a buckwheat cake made large enough to cover the bed-quilt, and spread over it "piping hot" at the time of retiring. When made of sufficient thickness it retains the heat until morning, and if a person is too lazy to get up, he can make a very good breakfast off the edges as he lies.

### **SHEDDING THEIR LAST DROP OF BLOOD.— 389.**

"General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' pertic'lar about the first drop." We have too many of that style of patriots now-a-days.

### **POINTED RETORT.—390.**

A politician was boasting in a public speech that he could bring an argument to a p'int as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," replied an acquaintance.

### **THE LETTER R.—391.**

The letter R is the embodiment of every American patriot's hope, because it is the end of war and the commencement of reunion.

### **NOT WILLING TO DIE.—392.**

A Jersey man was very sick, and was not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says: "John do you feel willing to die?" John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice: "I—think—I'd rather stay—where—I'm better acquainted."

### **HER POOR JERRY.—393.**

An old woman received a letter from the post-office, at New York. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began and read—"Charleston, June 23: Dear mother," then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad), the old lady exclaimed: "*Oh, 'tis my poor Jerry, he always stuttered!*"

### **TALL TALK.—394.**

A Kentuckian was once asked what he considered the boundaries of the United States. "The boundaries of our country, sir?" he replied. "Why, sir, on the north we are bounded by the Aurora Borealis, on the east we are bounded by the rising sun on the south we are bounded by the

by the rising sun, on the south by the coming of the procession of the Equinoxes, and on the west by the Day of Judgment."

### **AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—395.**

The Southerners are, of course, not nearly so commercial a race as the Yankees, but still they are much given to "trading" amongst each other. At an hospital in Gettysburg, an artilleryman, whose leg was to be taken off, no sooner knew that the amputation was decided upon by the doctors, than he turned to another wounded man in the next bed, and, before the operation was performed, had "traded" the boot, which was henceforth to be of no use to him.

### **WHAT A FINE WOMAN IS LIKE.—396.**

A fine woman is like a locomotive, because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the males. If there is any one of our hundred thousand readers has anything that can beat the above we will be pleased to hear from him.

### **TRUTH WANTED.—397.**

Two years ago, at the Spring Term of the District Court at Topeka, Kansas, Judge Rush Elmore presiding, a witness was called upon the stand. After being sworn, the counsel for the defence said to the witness—a tall, green specimen, and somewhat embarrassed—"Now, sir, stand up and tell your story like a preacher." "No, *sir!*" roared the judge, "none of that; I want you to tell the *truth!*" Just imagine the sheriff, deputies, and bailiffs trying to keep "order" and "silence."

### **AN IRISH BULL AT BULL'S RUN.—398.**

An Irishman, who was at the celebrated battle of Bull's Run, was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannon-ball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman rushed upon him exclaiming "You owld

when the Irishman rushed upon him, exclaiming, "You own woman, sthoph cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head!"

### **STRONG INDUCEMENT TO CLOSE UP.—399.**

A Cincinnati paper, in speaking of the overthrow of the rebels at Phillippi, says that just before the Federal troops entered the town, a certain Indiana company, almost worn out with the march, were straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted, "Close up, close up. *If the enemy were to fire when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a cussed one of you!* Close up!" And the boys closed up immediately.

### **STEAM DEFINED.—400.**

At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is ah!—steam, is ah! ah! steam is—steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

### **A "BUS" IN THE CARS.—401.**

Friends are in the habit of warmly greeting their acquaintances upon the arrival of passenger cars at some of the railway stations. It was only the other day that a young gentleman rushed through a crowd towards a lady, seized her hand, and gave her a hearty kiss, the smack of which sounded above—we were going to say the ding of dongs; but it is enough to state that the report startled a country lass hard by, who exclaimed to her "feller," "Massy, Josh! what on airth's gevv way on the keers?"

### **HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—402.**

Pshaw! Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! You hold your tongue! Let me be! Go away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch

BEHAVE YOURSELF! I WANT! YOU SHAN! NEVER MIND! YOU'LL CATCH it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! You did! I will have it! Oh, see what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it, though? It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Mah-h-h! Boo, hoo, boo, hoo, oo! What's the matter? Clear out of this room, directly! Do you hear me? Dear me! I never did see in all my born days! It's enough to set one crazy! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, says I! Says he! Says she! Says they! Bless me! No! Hem it all this way round! Three flounces! Gored! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards? Cut bias! Real sweet! Tut! Wal, now!

### **HIS REASONS FOR LEAVING.—403.**

On our trip up the river once we had on board a tall, gaunt-looking volunteer. His appearance not only indicated that he was lately from the hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in a fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to name), he had won the cognomen of "Beauregard." He was full of dry humour, and it had a peculiar zest, coming from such a dilapidated specimen of the human kind. I asked him: "How long were you in the hospital at ——?" "I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer." "Why so? Were you not well treated?" "Well, you see, when I went in there were six patients. The first day they buried one." "Well, what of that?" "Nothing—only the very next day they buried another." "They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you." "Unpleasant! I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days—one man each day—could't stand that."

### **YOUR FARE, MISS.—404.**

The most veracious chroniclers of Chicago relate the

THE MOST FAMOUS MEMBERS OF CHICAGO TELL THE experience of a young lady from the rural districts of Hoosierdom, who visited the Queen City of the West, accompanied by her particular swain, and took an appreciative view of the "elephant." Getting into one of the city cars for a ride, the maiden took a seat, while the lover planted himself on the platform. The graceful vehicle had sped but a few short blocks, when the beneficent young conductor insinuated himself into the popular chariot, for the purpose of collecting expenses. Approaching the rustic maiden, he said, affably, "Your fare, miss." The Hoosier rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself on her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The justly popular conductor was rather astonished at this, and ventured to remark once more—"Your fare, miss." This time the pink deepened to carnation, and the maiden fingered her parasol with pretty coquettishness. The conductor really didn't know what to make of this sort of thing, and began to look a little foolish; but as a small boy at the other end of the car began to show signs of a disposition to leave without paying for his ride, the official managed to say once more—"Hem! miss, your fare." In a moment those lovely violet eyes were looking up into his face, through an aurora of blushes, and the rosy lips exclaimed—"Well, they dew say I am good-looking at hum, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud!" It was not a peal of thunder that shook the car just then. Oh, no. It was something that commenced in a general passengerical titter, and culminating in such a shattering guffaw as Western lungs alone are capable of. In the midst of the cachinnatory tempest the "lovyer" came to the rescue of his Doxiana; and when the "pint of the hull thing" was explained to him, his mouth expanded to proportions that might have made Barnum's hippopotamus die of jealousy on the spot. The pair descended from the car amid a salvo of Mirth's artillery, and when last seen were purchasing artificial sweetness at a candy-shop.

#### **AGREEING WITH ALL THE GIRLS.—405.**

In a lesson in parsing the sentence, "man, courting capacity of bliss, etc.," the word courting comes to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along

well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and hung down her head. "Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?" "Ye—ye—yes, sir!" "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen says, "It a-agrees with *all the girls*, sir!"

#### **WHEN THE BOAT STARTED.—406.**

A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopping in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, said—"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?" Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated—"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?" Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out—"You sassafras-coloured, shock-headed bull calf, you don't look as if you knew much anyhow."

#### **THE BLIND PHRENOLOGIST OF ST. LOUIS.— 407.**

There is a blind phrenologist in St. Louis who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of the distinguished judges, who thinks a great deal of himself, and has a very bald head, which he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms one day, and have his head examined. Wags and judge arrive. "Mr. B.," said one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head; we wish to test your science." "Very well," said the phrenologist, "place the head under my hand." "He wears a wig," said one. "Can't examine with that on," replied the professor. Wig was accordingly taken off, and the bald head of the highly-expectant judge was placed under manipulation of the examiner. "What's this? what this?" said the phrenologist; and pressing his hand on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, Heaven has visited me with affliction—I have lost my eyesight—but I am no fool; *you can't pass this off on me for a head!*"

### CHASING A LOCOMOTIVE.—408.

A friend who lately indulged in a chase after a locomotive declares it "the silliest thing a sane man can do." This is his account:—"Rushing out from the refreshment-room on the platform, I saw my train moving off 'gradually,' with about seventy-five yards the start. I have been counted a good runner in my time, and for the first hundred yards I gained on it. Then for about a quarter of a mile it was 'nip and tuck,' at the end of which I concluded that steam was more than a match for muscle, and 'caved.' The last I saw of my train it was 'going it' around a curve at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the passengers waving their handkerchiefs at me, and cheering vociferously. As I walked sheepishly back to the dépôt, a thought came into my head that it *might* run off the track in going round the curve at that rate of speed, and I am afraid that I rather encouraged the idea."

### THE LATEST WAY.—409.

The latest way to pop the question is to ask a fair lady if you can have the pleasure of seeing her to the minister's.

### A GREAT TRAVELLER.—410.

A good story is told of a Washington countryman, who, on his way to Cincinnati, became somewhat elevated by sundry "drinks," but, as good luck would have it, found a boat at the wharf, and was quickly on his way. Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came round for his fare. Horrall handed him out a five-dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done, he leaned back into his chair and fell asleep. A little while and he was plucked awake by the same man, who again demanded fare. "Discovered the mistake," holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horrall again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly into dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and thus it went on for a long time. At last Horrall thought it

very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a bit of advice besides; so he said: "Is (hic) this a da-n-ger (hic) ous (hic) bo-boat?" "By no means," said the man. "Bran new." "Then, by gummy, (hic) why do (hic) don't you collect all the fa (hic) hair at once—not bo-both a fel (hic) heller for it every mile as it comes due?" "Really," said the man, "where do you think you are going?" "Cincin (hic) hinnati," said Horrall. "Cincinnati," said the polite conductor, "why you must be sadly out of your reckoning. This is the ferry-boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland."

### **WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?—411.**

A preacher stopped short in a pulpit; it was in vain that he scratched his head—nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "my friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

### **A MODEST LINENDRAPER.—412.**

A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and chemisettes under the mellifluous appellation of "Male and Female Envelopes."

### **GONE HOME.—413.**

One of the Richmond papers thus pleasantly announces the death of a newspaper man in the Libby prison:—"A Yankee reporter gone home to write up his reports by the fire."

### **AN INCIDENT AND AN EPIGRAM.—414.**

It chanced one evening, at one of the great hotels, that a gentleman, seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room at a late hour, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He took it and thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. Luckily for the poet (for

his epigram would otherwise have been pointless), the young lady was as handsome as she was polite:—

"You gave me a candle: I give you my thanks,  
And add—as a compliment justly your due—  
There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks  
Who could, if she tried, hold a candle to you!"

### **JUST GOT MARRIED.—415.**

The following amusing incident took place upon one of the Ohio river steamboats:—While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, in a suppressed voice; "I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger. "A *birth!* thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished man; "*we ha'nt but just got married;* we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—and a bed."

### **KIND AND SYMPATHETIC.—416.**

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, who had sat half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "Oh, I don't know," said he; "I have felt like a fool all day." "Well," returned the wife, consolingly, "I'm afraid you'll never be any better—you look the picture of what you feel!"

### **HUMAN NATURE.—417.**

Some wise man sagely remarked, "there is a good deal of human nature in man." It crops out occasionally in boys. One of the urchins in the school-ship *Massachusetts*, who was quite sick, was visited by a kind lady. The little fellow was suffering acutely, and his visitor asked him if she could do anything for him. "Yes," replied the patient, "read to me." "Will you have a

him. "Yes," replied the patient, "read to me." "Will you have a story?" asked the lady. "No," answered the boy; "read from the Bible; read about Lazarus;" and the lady complied. The next day the visit was repeated, and again the boy asked the lady to read. "Shall I read from the Bible?" she inquired. "Oh, no," was the reply, "I'm better to-day; *read me a love story.*"

### **A YOUNG LADY'S SACRIFICE.—418.**

A young lady has been heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an *old maid*, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as *anybody* could be called upon to make!

### **POETRY AND PROSE.—419.**

A country editor, referring to Tupper's line, "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," says, "If it is we prefer to get water from the pump."

### **DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS BILLS.—420.**

Our readers are aware that the late Hon. Daniel Webster was not so careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was at times taken advantage of. At one time a man sawed a pile of wood for him, and, having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster. The labourer was taken ill during the winter, and a neighbour advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill. "But he has paid me," said the man. "No matter," replied his dishonest adviser, "call again with it. He don't know, and don't mind what he pays. It is a very common thing for him to pay much larger bills twice." The man got well, and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, remembered him, but paid the bill without demurring. The fellow got "short" some three or four months afterwards, and bethought him of the generosity and loose manner of Mr. Webster in his money matters, and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account, which he immediately recognized, and, scanning the wood-sawyer a moment said: "How do you keep your books, sir?" "I keep no

moment, said: "How do you keep your books, sir?" "I keep no books" said the man, abashed. "I think you do, sir," continued Mr. Webster, with marked emphasis; "and you excel those who are satisfied with the double-entry system. You keep your books upon a triple-entry plan, I observe." Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster added: "Go, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objection to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them three times. You may retire." The man left the room, feeling as though he was suffocating for want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

### **KEEPING A SECRET.—421.**

Of the descendants of the Pilgrims there once lived an old man, who, unlike nearly all his brethren, had no particular respect for the clergy. Going his accustomed rounds one day, he met a reverend gentleman, who, after a few casual remarks on worldly topics, thus addressed him:—"Mr. Brown, you have lived long; very few attain your age. Would it not be the part of wisdom to attend to your soul's concerns immediately? Really, it would rejoice my soul to see you at the eleventh hour become a praying Christian." "Well, now, Parson Hoyt, my Bible tells me to pray in secret." "Ah, well—yes—but *do* you pray in secret?" "Why, now, Parson Hoyt, you know if I should tell you, 'twouldn't be any secret, anyhow."

### **MOST TOO SUDDEN.—422.**

An old lady, a resident of Providence, who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded, by the combined efforts of the children, James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion, she all the time saying that she knew something would happen. She took her seat with fear and trembling, taking hold of the arm of the seat next the passage-way. The train was late, as excursion trains are usually, and in coming round a curve the Boston express train was on the same track, both nearing each other faster than was pleasant. The momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they came together with a chuck, which pitched the old lady on her face in the passage-way between the seats. She rose to her hands, and, looking back, asked: "*Jeems, do they allus stop like that?*"

### **"ANY RELATIONS?"—423.**

The man who collects the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the lady of the house replying:—"Have you any friends in the war, madam?" "No, sir." "Any relations?" "No, sir." "Do you know anybody from this neighbourhood who is in the army?" "No, sir." As he was leaving, a bright thought struck her, and she rushed to the door, exclaiming: "Oh, my husband has gone to the war!"

### **DIDN'T CARE THEN IF HE DID.—424.**

A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies away down East this summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started, and exclaimed: "Begone, sir; don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her. "No?" she replied, archly. "Well, if you didn't, you may do it again."

### **NO JUSTICE IN THAT COURT.—425.**

A villanous specimen of humanity was brought into the Police Court before Justice Cole, of Albany, charged with having brutally assaulted his wife. The charge was substantiated in the clearest and most positive manner, and exhibited the most heartless cruelty on the husband's part. On his examination before the Justice, he had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice!" exclaimed Squire Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you!"

### **SENSATIONS OF A DOWN-EASTER.—426.**

It has been truly said that "we reckon the progress of our lives by sensations, not years," and an anecdote related by a friend very happily illustrates the truth of the maxim. A young man

"down East" was asked his age; to which he answered—"Wal, I don't know exactly, but I have had the seven year itch three times."

### CHANGES.—427.

A young lady, in a class studying physiology, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L.," said the young tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L.?" "Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly looking at the floor.

### LONGFELLOW AND LONGWORTH.—428.

One of the happiest witticisms on record is related by the Boston correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*:—"I heard the other day of a *bon mot* made by Longfellow, the poet. Young Mr. Longworth, from your city, being introduced to him, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names. 'Yes,' said the poet, 'but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply:—

"*Worth* makes the man, the want of it the *fellow*.'"

### NOVEL PROPOSITION.—429.

It is proposed to light the streets of a Western city with red-headed girls. In noticing the fact, a contemporary says, he'd like to play tipsy every night, and hang hold of the lamp-posts.

### INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT.—430.

It is with feelings too deep for utterance, and a sense of obligation overwhelming, and of worldly consequence never before experienced, and with a heartfelt ecstasy heretofore not even dreamed of, that the junior editor of this paper announces to his friends, and the rest of mankind, that a son was born unto him on the morning of Friday last. A general reprieve is

granted to all political offenders, and an earnest appeal made to those in pecuniary arrears to liquidate at the earliest convenience, as the young gentleman must be fed and clothed.

### **EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.—431.**

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup, with an angel at the bottom; and when she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom; and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason. "Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

### **TIGHT-FISTED.—432.**

The account comes to us of a young man who attends church regularly, and clasps his hands so tight during praying time that he can't get them open when the contribution box comes round.

### **EDITORS' WIVES WIELDING THE BROOM.— 433.**

An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasing.

### **THE WRONG WOMAN.—434.**

A Jersey man was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife.

### **A JOKE BY THE PRESIDENT.—435.**

"How do you do, Mr. Lincoln?" "Well, that reminds me of a story. As the labourer said to the bricklayer after falling

story. As the labourer said to the bricklayer, after falling through the roof and rafters of an unfinished house, I have gone through a great deal since you saw me last."

### WISE LAWS—BY SAM SLICK.—436.

If a woman was to put a Bramah lock on her heart, a skilful man would find his way into it, if he wanted to, I know. That contrivance is set to a particular word; find the letters that compose it, and it opens at once.

If a man's sensibility is all in his palate, he can't, of course, have much in his heart.

I tell you what, President, says I, seein' is believin', but it aint them that stare the most who see the best always.

Thunderin' long words aint wisdom, and stopping a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his onderstandin'.

Swapping facts is better than swapping horses any time.

Providence requires three things of us before it will help us—a stout heart, a strong arm, and a stiff upper lip.

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. It'll do on a pinch for a travellin' companion, but he is not the man for your banker.

"Don't care" won't bear friendship for fruit, and "don't know, I'm sure," won't ripen it.

What a pity it is marryin' spoils courtin'.

There's no pinnin' up a woman in a corner, unless she wants to be caught, that's a fact.

Consait grows as nateral as the hair on one's head, but it's longer in comin' out.

People have no right to make fools of themselves, unless they have no relations to blush for them.

It 'aint every change that's a reform, that's a fact, and reforms 'aint always improvements.

Blushin' for others is the next thing to taking a kicking from them.

### **A DOUBLE DIFFICULTY.—437.**

An anti-slavery man says what the Southern Confederacy wants is the capitol, and what they can't get to take it with is the capital.

### **WITH A QUILL.—438.**

A Mr. Hen has started a new paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens.

### **DOUBTFUL.—439.**

After asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of saying, in a confidential tone, "Well, now, what war yer name before yer moved to these parts?"

### **THE LETTER S.—440.**

A writer says the Americans will always have more cause to remember the S than any other letter in the alphabet, because it is the beginning of secession, and the end of Jeff. Davis.

### **NONSENSE ABOUT LOVE.—441.**

What nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepness nights, broken dreams, beatin' hearts, pale faces, a pinin' away to shadders, fits of absence, loss of appetite, narvous flutterin's, and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease. Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters; half mad and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggers catch flies, to pass time; hearts and darts; cupid and stupid; purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum!—*Sam Slick*.

### WONDERFUL.—442.

An exchange, recording the fall of a person into the river, says:—"It is a wonder he escaped with his life." Prentice says: "Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?"

### HARD UP.—443.

Jersey man (entering a dentist's store): "Air yeou a doctor, sir?"—Dentist: "Yes. Can I do anything for you?"—Jersey man: "Wall, no; I guess not in the way of physic. I've jest called to see if yeou don't want to buy some real, genuine, sound teeth?"—Dentist: "Well, I might want them; have you many?"—Jersey man: "I calkilate I can't say I have more'n a few, myself; but our Sal sez she has got some she'll sell, if I can strike a good bargain."—Dentist, having thought for some time, names a price, and the countryman consents.—Jersey man (taking a seat, and coolly spreading himself out): "Wall, I guess yeou may draw a dozen for the present, and I'll bring Sal to-morrow."—Dentist (looking aghast): "Why, you don't mean to sell your own teeth? They're of no use to me."—Jersey man: "Why, look here, they're no airthly use to Sal and me; for what's the use of teeth when one's nothing to eat?"

### MILITARY TACTICS.—444.

The stratagems resorted to by the soldiers at Cairo, to smuggle liquor into their quarters, were often amusing. One day a man started out with his coffee-pot for milk. On his return, an officer suspecting him to have whisky in his can, wished to examine it, and the man satisfied him by pouring out milk. At night there was a general drunk in that soldier's quarters, ending in a fight. It was at last discovered that the man had put a little milk into the spout of his can, sealing the inside with bread, and filling the can with whisky.

### SETTLING THE WINE BILL.—445.

An officer staying at a hotel in Washington, on asking for his bill one morning, found that a quart of wine was charged when he had but a pint. He took exceptions to the item. Landlord was incorrigible: said there never was any mistake about the wine bills. Officer paid it, and went to his room to pack his carpet-bag. Having made purchases, his bag was too full to let in an extra pair of boots. Landlord was sent for—came. Says the officer, "I can't get these boots into this d——d bag."—Landlord: "If you can't, I am sure I can't."—Officer: "Yes you can; for a man who can put a quart of wine into a pint bottle can put these boots into that bag." Landlord laughed heartily, cancelled the whole bill, and returned the amount.

### **SMILES.—446.**

What a sight there is in that word—smile; for it changes colour like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.—*Sam Slick*.

### **FORLORN HOPE.—447.**

An old maid, who had her eye a little sideways on matrimony, says:—"The curse of this war is, that it will make so many widows, who will be fierce to get married, and who know how to do it. Modest girls will stand no chance at all."

### **ARTISTIC EXECUTION.—448.**

A man out West, who had a brother hanged, informed his friends in the East that his "brother on a recent occasion addressed a large public meeting, and just as he finished, the platform on which he stood gave way, and he fell and broke his neck."

### **TALKING MATCH.—449.**

A talking match lately came off for five dollars a side. It continued for thirteen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were talked to sleep, and when they awoke in the morning they found the Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

### **KISSING BY PROXY.—450.**

One of the deacons of a certain church in Virginia asked the Bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings? "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the next question. "In all such cases," replied the Bishop, "the duty of kissing the lady is appointed to the deacons."

### **EFFECTIVE REMONSTRANCE.—451.**

One of the boys at Camp Noble, Indiana, was put on guard one night, and reported to his captain in the morning that "He was abused by a fellow because he would not allow him to pass." "Well," said the captain, "what did you do?" "Do? why I remonstrated with him." "And to what effect?" "Well, I don't know to what effect, but the barrel of my gun is bent."

### **LATEST DOG STORY.—452.**

Two dogs fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tustle one dog went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight, and whipped the other dog.

### **A NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—453.**

The editor of a Western paper owes a bank about 1000 dollars, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper:—"There is a large collection of the autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a 'note' in the handwriting of the autographist. We learn that they have cost the bank a great deal

of money. They paid over a thousand dollars of ours. We hope great care is taken to preserve those capital and *interest*-ing relics, as, should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be easily collected again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times."

### **DISCONSOLATE.—454.**

A disconsolate widower, seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Well, I've lost hogs, and I've lost cows, but I never had anything that cut me up like this."

### **INDUCEMENT UNNECESSARY.—455.**

They say that woman caused man to commit his first sin. But if she hadn't induced him to sin in eating, no doubt he would very soon have sinned of his own accord in drinking.

### **PRETENCE.—456.**

Pretend you know, and half the time, if it aint as good as knowin', it will sarve the same purpose. Many a feller looks fat who is only swelled, as the Germans say.—*Sam Slick*.

### **"OPEN THY CUPBOARD TO ME."—457.**

All lonely and drear is the street, love;  
The "watch" is asleep on his "beat," love,  
And I'm dying for something to eat, love;  
So open thy cupboard to me.

Get up from that warm feather bed, love,  
And bake us a cone of "corn bread," love,  
For I wish very much to be fed, love;  
So open thy cupboard to me.

Oh, hasten thy lover to cram, love,

With a slice of cold turkey or ham, love,  
For deucedly hungry I am, love;  
So open thy cupboard to me.

The stars are beginning to "wink," love;  
'Tis the hour for "snacks" and for "drink," love.  
You've a jug of old whisky, I think, love;  
So open thy cupboard to me.

The moon will be down before long, love,  
And the "night-bird" is singing his song, love;  
How plainly he says "mix it strong," love,  
And open thy cupboard to me.

My feet are all wet with the dew, love,  
And there's nothing so nice as "hot stew," love:  
Then get up and make it, pray do, love,  
And open thy cupboard to me.

The chickens are crowing for day, love,  
And I must soon hurry away, love;  
Then list to thy lover's last lay, love,  
And open thy cupboard to me.

### **NATUR'S BALANCES.—458.**

Them that have more than their share of one thing, commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength, there 'aint apt to be much gumption. A handsome man, in a ginerall way, 'aint much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that have genius have seldom common sense. A feller with one idea grows rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked meat pie; the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone; the middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavours the whole.—*Sam Slick.*

### **AN EPIGRAM ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—459.**

*By the Manes of the Murdered Murray.*

Abe L. is an able President,  
His mind has a mighty reach;  
Search all our cities and marts,  
You won't find a man with better parts,  
Excepting his parts of speech!

### **AMERICAN SOIL—ITS NATURAL RICHNESS.**

—460.

I took a handful of guano, that elixir of vegetation, and sowed a few cucumber seeds in it. Well, sir, I was considerable tired when I had done it, and so I just took a stretch for it under a great pine-tree, and took a nap. Stranger! as true as I am talking to you this here blessed minute, when I woke up, I was bound as tight as a sheep going to market on a butcher's cart, and tied fast to a tree. I thought I should never get out of that scrape; the cucumber vines had so grown and twisted round, and wound me and my legs while I was asleep! Fortunately, one arm was free, so I got out my jack knife, opened it with my teeth, and cut myself out, and off for Victoria again, hot foot. When I came into the town, says our captain to me, "Peabody, what in natur is that ere great yaller thing that's a sticking out of your pocket?" "Nothin'," sais I, looking as mazed as a puppy nine days old, when he first opens his eyes, and takes his first stare. Well, I put in my hand to feel, and I pulled out a great big ripe cucumber, a foot long, that had ripened and gone to seed there.—*Sam Slick.*

### **JOHN AND THE WIDDAH.—461.**

It a'n't the feed—said the young man John—it's the old woman's looks when a fellah lays it in too strong. The feed's well enough. After geese have got tough, 'n' turkeys have got strong, 'n' lamb's got old, 'n' veal's pretty nigh beef, 'n' sparragrass's growin' tall 'n' slim, 'n' scattery about the head, 'n' peas are gettin' so big 'n' hard, they'd be dangerous if you fired them out of a revolver, we get hold of all them delicacies of the season. But it's too much like feedin' on live folks and

the reason for it is that when she looks on the table, she devourin' widdah's substance, to lay yourself out in the eatin' way, when a fellah's as hungry as the chap that said a turkey was too much for one, 'n' not enough for two. I can't help lookin' at the old woman. Corned-beef days she's tolerable calm; roastin'-days she worries some, 'n' keeps a sharp eye on the chap that carves. But when there's anything in the poultry line, it seems to hurt her feelin's so to see the knife goin' into the breast, and joints comin' to pieces, that ther's no comfort in eatin'. When I cut up an old fowl, and help the boarders, I always feel as if I ought to say, "Won't you have a slice of widdah?" instead of chicken.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.—462.

An American, speaking of his niggers, said: "Cæsar and Pompey are so much alike that you can't tell the one from the other, '*specially Pompey.*'"

### UNDOUBTED COURAGE.—463.

"Sambo, you nigger, are you afraid of work?" "Bress you, massa, I no 'fraid of work; I'll lie down and go asleep close by him side."

### A SIMILE.—464.

A jeweller in Philadelphia advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of, adding that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

### FIVE OUTS AND ONE IN.—465.

A poor Yankee, upon being asked the nature of his distress, replied that he had "five outs and one in:" to wit, "*out* of money and *out* of clothes; *out* at the heels and *out* at the toes; *out* of credit, and *in* debt."

### SAM SLICK'S DESCRIPTION OF A TEETOTALLER.—466.

I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one of them air chaps. He was as thin as a whippin' post. His skin looked like a blown bladder, after some of the air has leaked out—kinder wrinkled and rumped like; and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin' on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs—all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; real gander-gutted lookin' crittur; as holler as a bamboo walking-cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a raft at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole.

### **ECLIPSING HIMSELF.—467.**

A Virginian tavern keeper going down to his wine cellar, by mistake went down his own throat. He did not discover the error he had committed until the candle he carried was blown out by the first inspiration he took. He described it as being very difficult to find his way up again in the dark.

### **FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE.—468.**

An aboriginal American was asked if he had known the Bishop of Quebec? "Yes, yes." "And how did you like him?" "Oh, vastly!" "But how did you happen to know him?" "Happen to know him! *Why, I ate a piece of him.*"

### **PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.—469.**

Abraham Lincoln made his first political speech in 1832, when he was a candidate for the Illinois Legislature. His opponent had wearied the audience by a long speech, leaving Mr. L. but a short time in which to present his views. He condensed all he had to say into a few words, as follows—"Gentlemen, Fellow-citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favour of a national bank. I am in favour of the internal improvement

system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

### **TAKE CARE OF YOUR BAGGAGE.—470.**

Travellers should be careful to entrust their baggage to proper persons only, as a gentleman, not long ago, on alighting from the train at Washington, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and she has not been heard of since.

### **AMERICAN COMPETITION.—471.**

It is in the nature of an American, says one, to be always in fear lest his neighbour should arrive before him. If one hundred Americans were about to be shot, they would fight for precedence, such are their habits of competition.

### **AMERICAN DEFINITIONS.—472.**

*Progress of Time.*—A pedler going through the land with wooden clocks.—*Honesty* (obsolete): A term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspapers, and the coat on his back.—*Rigid Justice*: A juror in a murder case fast asleep.

### **TWO THINGS UNEXPECTED.—473.**

Josh Billings says: "There air 2 things in this wurld for which we air never fully prepared, and those air twins."

### **PERPETUAL MOTION.—474.**

A New York Paper advertises that the owner of the perpetual motion lately exhibiting at Boston has absconded without paying the man who turned the crank in the cellar.

### **ARTEMUS WARD ON REORGANIZATION.— 475.**

Artemus Ward, in one of his letters, thus gives his idea of reorganization:—"I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's health, and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at nite, with considerable licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got perseschum of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' some cranky observashuns of Mrs. Ward's in the morin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice I said, Betsy—I continued crackin' the whip over the bed—I have come to reorganize you! I dreamed that nite that sumbody laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckootive times; and when I woke up I found *she* had. I haint drunk much of anythin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out."

#### **A RECEIPT IN FULL.—476.**

A German in New York being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following:—"I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swackhammer." Perhaps the sententious Tueton was full of lager beer.

#### **A SUDDEN DECLARATION.—477.**

A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan:—He politely handed his fair neighbour a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text:—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth—"And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes,

seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of St. John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

### **A VOCATION.—478.**

"You're a loafer—a man without a calling," said a judge to a person arrested as a vagrant. "I beg your pardon, your honour, I have a vocation." "What is it?" "I smoke glass for eclipses, but just now it is our dull season."

### **MAJOR DOWNING IN LONDON.—479.**

The Queen regretted that she could not invite me to stay to dinner, cause 'twas washin' day in the palace, and they only had a pick-up dinner.

### **ANY BETTER THAN NONE.—480.**

It may be said generally of husbands, as the old woman said of hers, who had abused her to an old maid, who reproached her for being such a fool as to marry him:—"To be sure, he's not so good a husband as he should be, but he's a *powerful sight* better than none."

### **A PRINTER'S TOAST.—481.**

At a printer's festival the following sentiment was offered:—"Woman, second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

### **WASHINGTON IRVING.—482.**

Washington Irving's characteristic was quiet humour; mild enough, but quaint; as when he said to a gentleman who, in a thunder-storm, declined to take shelter under a tree, having promised to his father who had been once hit never to do so.

promised to his father, who had seen once in, never to do so. "Oh, that makes all the difference in the world. If it is hereditary, and lightning runs in the family, you are wise."

### QUIZZING A WITNESS.—483.

Chapman, a witty lawyer of Hartford, was busy with a case at which a lady was present, with whom he had already something to do as a witness. Her husband was present—a diminutive, meek, forbearing sort of a man—who, in the language of Mr. Chapman, "looked like a rooster just fished out of a swill barrel," while the lady was a large portly woman, evidently the better horse. As on the former occasion, she balked on the cross-examination. The lawyer was pressing a question urgently, when she said, with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes, "Mr. Chapman, you needn't think to catch me; you tried that once before!" Putting on his most quizzical expression, he replied, "Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks as if he was sorry he did." The husband faintly smiled assent.

### A WITTY AIDE-DE-CAMP.—484.

During the battle of Fredericksburg, the Confederate General Lee observed one of his aides-de-camp, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, seek to evade, if possible, the shot. "Sir," said Lee, "what do you mean? Do you think you can dodge the balls? Do you know that Napoleon lost about a hundred aides-de-camp in one campaign?" "So I've read," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

### NATURE AND ART.—485.

A worthy English agriculturist visited the great dinner-table of the Astor House Hotel, in New York, and took up the bill of fare. His eye caught up the names of its, to him, unknown dishes:—"Soupe à la Flamande"—"Soupe à la Creci"—"Langue de Boeuf piquée"—"Pieds de Cochon à la Ste. Ménéhould"—"Patés de sanglier"—"Patés à la gelée de volailles"—"Les cannelons de crème glacée." It was too much

voluntarily let Cameron go down the stairs. It was too much for his simple heart, and laying down the scarlet-bound volume in disgust, he cried to the waiter, "Here, my good man, I shall go back to *first principles*! Give us some beans and bacon!"

### **THE PRESIDENT AND THE MARSHAL.—486.**

A devoted admirer of honest old Abe makes a very severe conundrum upon Marshal Kane. "What two characters in scripture remind us of a certain President in Washington and a certain Marshal in Baltimore?" Give it up, reader? Certainly! "Wicked Kane and righteous Abe L. (Abel)." This, of course, is a delicate allusion to the sons of Adam, who must have been Ameri-cains, since they went to fighting so soon about nothing.

### **INSINUATING REJOINER.—487.**

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady to a bachelor acquaintance who was on a visit. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to take me, and have not yet succeeded," was the reply. "Then you haven't been down our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

### **STYLING THE FIRM.—488.**

"John, my son," said a doting father, who was about taking him into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?"—"Well, governor," said the youth, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin and Father?" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

### **A REMARKABLE CHAMBER-MAID.—489.**

A notice in an American newspaper of a steamboat explosion ended as follows:—"The captain swam ashore; so did the chamber-maid. She was insured for 15,000 dollars, and loaded with iron "

### **SAVING THE TRUTH.—490.**

"Do you mean to insinuate that I lie, sir?" exclaimed a fierce-looking, mustachioed gentleman to a raw Yankee, who hinted some slight scepticism as to one of his toughest statements. "No, mister, not at all—only it kind o' strikes me that you are 'tarnal savin' of truth."

### **NIGGER EXPLANATION.—491.**

"Where is the hoe, Sambo?"—"Wid de rake, massa."—"Well, where is the rake?"—"Wid de hoe."—"But where are they both?"—"Why, bof togeder. By golly, old massa, you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis mornin'."

### **A JEW D'ESPRIT.—492.**

Mr. Noah, a Jew, was a candidate for the office of sheriff of the city of New York, and it was objected to his election that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians, indeed," remarked Noah, "to need hanging!"

### **CUFF'S CABIN.—493.**

A gentleman riding through Virginia was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. He took shelter in a negro's cabin, and found the water streaming through many crevices in the roof. "Why don't you mend your roof, Cuff?" he asked. "Oh, um rain so, maussa, 'can't," said the negro. "But why don't you mend it when it doesn't rain?" asked the gentleman. "Yah, maussa," said the negro, with a grin, "den um dohn want mendin'."

### **SMALL WAISTS AND TIGHT LACING.—494.**

"My dear girls," said the preacher, "I like to see a small waist as well as anybody, and females with hour-glass shapes suit my fancy better than your Dutch-churn, soap-barrel, slab-sided

sort of figures; but I don't want to give the credit to corsets."—  
*Dow's Sermons.*

**THACKERAY AND THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER.**  
—495.

Shortly after his first landing in America, Thackeray was invited to dinner by one of the Messrs. Harper, the well-known publishing firm, whose magazine, *Harper's Monthly*, is a deliberate compilation from all the best English periodicals. On his introduction to Mr. Harper, Thackeray had joked with him on the American contempt for copyright; and when he went into the drawing-room he took a little girl, whom he found playing there, on his knee, and gazing at her with feigned wonder, said in solemn tones, "And this is a pirate's daughter!"

**GENERAL MEADE TO GENERAL LEE.—496.**

The following lines were found in a Confederate soldier's note-book, on the camping-ground near Breckenridge's headquarters, before Washington, July 17, 1864:—

Quoth Meade to Lee—  
Can you tell me,  
In the shortest style of writing,  
When people will  
Get their fill  
Of this big job of fighting?

Quoth Lee to Meade—  
Why, yes, indeed,  
I'll tell you in a minute:  
When legislators  
And speculators  
Are made to enter in it.

**ADOPTING THE OTHER COURSE.—497.**

The following advertisement appears in a California paper:—"Wanted, by a blackguard, employment of any kind, temporary or otherwise. The advertiser having hitherto conducted himself as a gentleman, and signally failed, of which his hopeless state of impecuniosity is the best proof, is induced to adopt the other course, in the hope that he may meet with better success. No objection to up country. Terms moderate."

### **A WHALE AT PEAS.—498.**

The dinner was a capital one, and Judge Tips played an excellent knife and fork. A dish of peas came round, the last of the marrowfats; the latest peas of summer. I am very fond of peas, and was rejoiced to see my favourites once again; and I anxiously awaited their arrival. Miss Tips, Miss Julia Tips, and Tips *mère*, as the French would say, had each taken a decorous spoonful from the flying dish, and now the black waiter was offering the delicacy to Tips himself, enough being left for five persons, at least. What was my horror to behold the judge deliberately monopolize the whole—sweep, as I live, every pea into his own plate—and then turning to me, with a greasy smile, remark: "I guess, stranger, I'm a whale at peas."

### **A TEARFUL RESPONSE.—499.**

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a barber, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go very easily."

### **A PRETENDED PELHAM.—500.**

A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries was accosted by one of those peripatetic vendors of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about such public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, sir? Only two shillin'." The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said: "Why, I am Bulwer, myself!" Off went the lad, and whispering to another at a distance, excited his

wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eyeing the pretended author of "Pelham" with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and, holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly: "Buy the 'Women of England,' sir? You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?" Of course, the proposed sale was effected.

### **DINNER, BUT NO BREAKFAST.—501.**

A gentleman was stopping at the plantation of a friend in Georgia, and for his benefit a social fishing party was got up to go to some river, a few hours' drive in the country. The party made a very early start in the morning, and it so happened that a venerable old "uncle" of extreme African descent, who was selected to drive them out, missed his breakfast in the hurry and bustle of departure. This disagreeable circumstance rendered the old darky very crusty and melancholy during the entire morning; but at early noon the party adjourned to a country tavern on the river bank, and had a good dinner, and the old "general" was not slow to seek some alimentary compensation for the loss of his matin meal. It was taken for granted that the old gent's good humour would be restored by the dinner, but it was soon noticed that he continued to remain "blue" and sorrowful, and, being surprised thereat, his master asked him why he was still so cross, since he had had so good a dinner. The old darky replied: "Yes, massa, me know I'se had me dinnah, but me habn't had no brekfuss yet, nohow."

### **THE LOAFER'S HAT.—502.**

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please your honour," said John, "it's an old one of yours, that missus gave me yesterday, when you were in town."

### **THE DEBT OF NATURE.—503.**

An impertinent editor in Alabama, says a paper, wants to know when we "intend to pay 'the debt of Nature?'" We are inclined to think that when Nature gets her dues from him it will be by an *execution*.

### **A BLACK BULL.—504.**

At a coloured ball the following notice was posted on the doorpost:—"Tickets, fifty cents. No gemmen admitted unless he comes himself."

### **A NEW DISH.—505.**

Pete Johnson was a tall, green, raw-boned country negro, and knew nothing of city life or polished society. Recently he became tired of tilling the soil by the month, journeyed to the metropolis, and let himself as a waiter on board a steamer which plies up and down the Sound on the New York, Norwich, and Boston line. As is customary with new waiters, in order to train them to ease, and give them the necessary polish and experience, he was required at first to attend the officers' tables exclusively. But one evening, after a few weeks' service, there came a great rush of passengers, and, of course, the supper-room was thronged. Pete was sent to the public tables for the first time. He got along very well until a guest called for an omelet. This was a new dish to the green waiter, but he thought he understood the order correctly, and with his usual gravity, stepped up to the kitchen door and cried out, "An almanac!"

### **THE LAST COMPLIMENT.—506.**

A story is told of a very polite sheriff and a very polite criminal. "Sir," said the culprit, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really your attention deserves my thanks; in fact, I do not know anybody I should rather have hang me." "Really," said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."

### **PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—507.**

Dr. Channing had a brother a physician, and at one time they both dwelt in Boston. A countryman was in search of the doctor. The following dialogue ensued:—"Does Dr. Channing

live here?"—"Yes, sir." "Can I see him?"—"I am he." "Who, you?"—"Yes, sir." "You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach."—"Heard me preach?" "Certainly! you are the Dr. Channing that preaches, ain't you?"—"Oh! I see you are mistaken now; 'tis my brother who preaches; I'm the doctor who practises."

### **A FAIR RETORT.—508.**

Mr. Cobden, in one of his speeches, said that he once asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possesses, but must ever be lusting after the lands of its neighbours. Her somewhat remarkable reply was, "Oh! the propensity is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from you."

### **DR. FRANKLIN.—509.**

The town of Franklin, in Massachusetts, was named in honour of Benjamin Franklin, the printer philosopher. While in France, a gentleman in Boston wrote to him of the fact, and added, that as the town was building a meeting-house, perhaps he would give them a bell. Franklin wrote the characteristic reply, that he presumed that the good people of F. would prefer sense to sound, and therefore he would give them a library. This he did, and the library is now in good condition, and has been of great service to the intelligent people of that pleasant town.

### **REASONABLE INSTINCT.—510.**

A dog, which had lost the whole of her interesting family, was seen trying to poke a piece of crape through the handle of the door of one of the sausage shops in this city.

### **DANIEL WEBSTER'S COURTSHIP.—511.**

The manner of Daniel Webster's engagement to Miss Fletcher is thus pleasantly described by a letter writer:—"He was then a

young lawyer. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher he had, probably with a view of utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying, 'Grace, we have thus been engaged in untying knots, let us see if we can tie a knot; one which will not untie for a lifetime.' He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind gave it her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in the little box marked by him with the words 'precious documents,' containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found—the knot never untied."

### **PRESENTED AT COURT.—512.**

An American who had returned from Europe, told his friend that he had been presented at the court there. "Did you see the Queen?" asked one. "Well, no, I didn't see her zactly, but I seed one of her friends—a judge. Yer see," he continued, "the court I was presented at happened to be the Central Criminal Court."

### **CRITICAL.—513.**

A Western critic, in speaking of a new play, says:—"The unities are admirably observed; the dulness, which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment until the curtain falls."

### **HARD FEATHERS.—514.**

An American sitting on a very hard seat in a railway carriage, said, "Wal, they tell me these here cushions air stuffed with feathers. They may have put the feathers in 'em, but darn me if *I don't think they've left the fowls in too!*"

### **SNORING IN CHURCH.—515.**

The *Boston Bee* contains the following polite hint:—"Deacon — is requested not to commence snoring in church tomorrow morning until after the commencement of the sermon."

as several of the congregation are anxious to hear the text."

### **PROFESSOR EVERETT AND JUDGE STORY.— 516.**

Professor Everett, once the American ambassador to this country, was entertained at a public dinner before leaving Boston. Judge Story gave as a sentiment—"Genius is sure to be welcome where Ever-ett goes." Everett responded—"Law, Equity, and Jurisprudence: no efforts can raise them above one Story."

### **LOVE-LETTER INK.—517.**

An ingenious down-easter, who has invented a new kind of "love-letter ink," which he has been selling as a safeguard against all actions for breach of promise of marriage, in so much as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after date, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note for 90 days. At the expiration of the time, the ink inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a blank piece of paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

### **A ROUGH BEDFELLOW.—518.**

A man in Arkansas had been drinking until a late hour at night, and then started for home in a state of sweet obliviousness. Upon reaching his own premises he was too far gone to discover any door to the domicile he was wont to inhabit, and, therefore, laid himself down in a shed which was a favourite rendezvous for swine. They happened to be out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. The weather being rather cold, they, in the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, gave their biped companion the middle of the bed, some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts he

SOMEWHERE, IN CRASSER IGNORANCE OF HIS WHEREABOUTS, HE supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of an old hog, exclaimed: "Hallo, my good friend, you've got a deuce of a beard! When did you shave last?"

### **NEW, IF NOT TRUE.—519.**

In one of the Northern States of America, according to veracious authority, the pious young women established an association which they styled "The Young Women's Anti-young-men-waiting-at-the-church-doors-with-ulterior-objects Society." (We suppose this must be founded on the model of "The Anti-poking-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society," in London.)

### **TRUE, IF NOT NEW.—520.**

A burnt child hates the fire, but a man who has been singed by Cupid's torch always has a sneaking kindness for the old flame.

### **CURING TWO AFFLICTIONS.—521.**

An American secretary of state had two afflictions—an obliging doorkeeper and a pertinacious office-hunter. Day after day the latter called, and the former was too polite to shut him out. The secretary, when he could stand the nuisance no longer, said to the doorkeeper: "Do you know what that man comes after?" "Yes," replied the functionary, "an office, I suppose." "True, but do you know what office?" "No." "Well, then, I'll tell you; he wants your office." The bore was admitted no more.

### **PLAIN SPOKEN.—522.**

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: "Yes, *sir-ee*, and so are women; and if you get anything out of me just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt." "Very well. I'll

it. — You'll be committed for contempt. — very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

### POPPING THE QUESTION.—523.

A bachelor, too poor to get married, yet too susceptible to let the girls alone, was riding with a lady "all of a summer's day," and accidentally—(men's arms, awkward things, are ever in the way!)—dropped an arm round her waist. No objection was made for a while, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden, whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known, the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye exclaimed: "Mr. B., I can support myself!"—"Capital," was the instant reply, "you are just the girl I have been looking for these five years—will you marry me?"

### A GEM.—524.

At a lecture of Bayard Taylor's a lady wished for a seat, when a portly, handsome gentleman brought one, and seated her. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," he replied, "I'm a jeweller—I have just *set* the jewel!"

### THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—525.

A fashionable bootmaker who was not "from Paris."

A gentleman who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies' bonnet-linings.

A male pedestrian divorced from his cane who knew what to do with his hands.

A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet; or put on her cloak, or shawl, without crushing her bonnet, or hair; or diet himself when he was ailing; or take physic that did not "taste good;" or be good-natured when he was sick, or had cut his chin in shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused"

minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever released by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out *first* in front of the looking-glass.

A male author who could successfully counterfeit a feminine letter.

An editor, or author, who did not feel nervous at the idea of examining trunk-linings and parcel wrappers.

A handsome child who did not grow up to be homely.

A woman who was not *at heart* inimical to her own sex.

A married man who could give the right hand of fellowship to a wife's old lover; or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company.

A milliner who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head.

A dressmaker who did not consider a "perfect fit" to consist in an armour of whalebone and a breathless squeeze.

A husband's relatives who could speak well of his wife.

A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.

A washerwoman who ever lost an article of clothing.

A public speaker who did not search for the lost thread of his discourse in the convenient tumbler of water at his elbow.

A woman who would not feign to be "so fond of cigar-smoke," rather than exile the smoker.

An old maid who was not so from choice.

FANNY FERN.

### QUESTION FOR QUESTION.—526.

Franklin was once asked, "What is the use of your discovery of atmospheric electricity?" The philosopher answered the

question by another, "What is the *use* of a new-born infant?"

### THE YANKEE.—527.

"No matter where his home may be—  
What flag may be unfurl'd!  
He'll manage by some *cute* device,  
To *whittle* through the world."

—MISS ALLIN'S "*HOME BALLADS*."

### TRUE POLITENESS.—528.

Sir W. G., when Governor of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said a gentleman, present, "do you descend to salute a slave?" "Why, yes," replied the Governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to *exceed* me in *good manners*."

### A "DISTANT" FRIEND.—529.

Meeting a negro on the road, a traveller said: "You have lost some of your friends, I see?" "Yes, massa." "Was it a *near* or distant relative?" "Well, purty distant—'*bout twenty-four mile*," was the reply.

### JONATHAN OF ALL TRADES.—530.

The editor of the *Boston Daily Star*, in relinquishing his charge, gave the following notice:—"Any one wishing corn hoed, gardens weeded, wood sawed, coal pitched in, paragraphs written, or small jobs done with despatch, and on reasonable terms, will please make immediate application to the retiring editor."

### MUCH VIRTUE IN AN "IF."—531.

"If you can only get kit rid of them little failings" (blindness and deafness) said one Yankee to another, "you'll find him all

and greatness), said one tinker to another, "you'll find him all sorts of a horse."

### **THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—532.**

A Californian gold-digger, having become rich, desired a friend to procure for him a library of books. The friend obeyed, and received a letter of thanks thus worded:—"I am obliged to you for the pains of your selection. I particularly admire a grand religious poem about Paradise, by a Mr. Milton, and a set of plays (quite delightful) by a Mr. Shakespeare. *If these gentlemen should write and publish anything more, be sure and send me their new works.*"

### **ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT.—533.**

A merchant advertising for a clerk, "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been ten years in the State prison!

### **THE LOVERS' LEAP.—534.**

Mr. Dickens tells an American story of a young lady who, being intensely loved by five young men, was advised to "jump overboard, and marry the man who jumped in after her." Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and four lovers were out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" "Take the *dry one.*" And the young lady did, and married him.

### **COMPLIMENTARY.—535.**

She was all sorts of a gal—there warn't a sprinklin' too much of her; she had an eye that would make a fellow's heart try to get out of his bosom; her step was as light as a panther's, and her breath sweet as a prairie flower.

### CUTTING.—536.

General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Because," replied Lee, "you are in love with *yourself*, and you have not a *rival* upon earth."

### THE DARKIE'S WISH.—537.

I wish de legislatur would set dis darkie free,  
Oh! what a happy place den de darkie land would be  
We'd have a darkie parliament,  
    An' darkie codes of law,  
An' darkie judges on de bench,  
    Darkie barristers and aw.

### POOR PREACHING AND POOR PAY.—538.

"John, what do you do for a living?"—"Oh, me preach."—"Preach, and do you get paid for it?"—"Sometimes me get a shilling, sometimes two shillings."—"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"—"Oh, yes, but it's mighty poor preaching."

### A TRUMP CARD.—539.

There was a very large family of Cards wunst at Slickville. They were mostly in the stage-coach and livery-stable line, and careless, reckless sort of people. So one day Squire Zenas Card had a christenin' at his house. Says the minister, "What shall I call the child?"—"Pontius Pilate," said he.—"I can't," said the minister, "and I won't. No soul ever heard of such a name for a Christian since baptism came in fashion."—"I am sorry for that," said the squire, "for it's a mighty pretty name. I heard it once in church, and I thought if ever I had a son I'd call him after him; but if I can't have that—and it's a dreadful pity—call him Trump;" and he was christened "Trump Card"—*Sam Slick*

### TIMELY WARNING.—540.

A Yankee editor thus confesses to have had dealings with Satan, for the good of his readers, of course:—I was sitting in my study, when I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," said I; when the door opened, and who should walk in but—Satan! "How d'ye do?" said he.—"Pretty well," said I.—"What are you about? preparing your leader?"—"Yes," said I.—"Ah! I dare say you think you are doing a great deal of good?"—"Well," said I, "not so much as I could wish; but a little good, I hope."—"You have a large lot of readers," said he.—"Well, pretty well for that," said I.—"And I dare say you are very proud of them," said Satan.—"No," said I, "that I am not, for not one-third of them pay for their papers!"—"You don't say so!" said he.—"Yes, that I do," said I; "not one-third of them pay for their papers!"—"Well," said he, "then they are an immoral lot; but let me have the list, I think I can do a trifle myself with such people."

### HABITUAL THIRST.—541.

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the president—"Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defence?" "Nothing, please your honour, but habitual thirst."

### STONING STEPHEN.—542.

The *Buffalo Democracy* narrates this story of one of the miniature men, vulgarly called children:—"A teacher in a Sunday-school in R—— was examining a class of little boys from a Scripture catechism. The first question was, 'Who stoned Stephen?'—*Answer*: 'The Jews.'—Second question: 'Where did they stone him?'—'Beyond the limits of the city.'—The third question: 'Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city?' was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow who had been scratching his head all the while looked up and said 'Well I

scratching his head as the white looked up, and said, "Well, I don't know, unless it was to get a *fair fling at him!*"

### VIRGINIAN ELOQUENCE.—543.

Mr. Wise, of Virginia, in a late speech, is reported to have said respecting that State, "She has an iron chain of mountains running through her centre, which God has placed there to milk the clouds, and be the source of her silver rivers." The *Rochester American* remarks—"The figure is borrowed from the New York milkmen, who milk the clouds as much as they do their cows, and draw from the former the most palatable and healthful portion of the compound fluid."

### YANKEE FACTORY GIRLS.—544.

In one of the factories in Maine the proprietor recently reduced the wages, whereupon there was a general determination to "strike;" and as the girls were obliged to give a month's notice before quitting work, they have meanwhile issued a circular to the world at large, in which is the following interesting paragraph:—"We are now working out our notice, and shall soon be without employment; can turn our hands to 'most anything; don't like to be idle—but determined not to work for nothing when folks can afford to pay. Who wants help? We can make bonnets, dresses, puddings, pies, and cakes, patch, darn, and knit, roast, stew, and fry; make butter and cheese, milk cows and feed chickens, and hoe corn; sweep out the kitchen, put the parlour to rights, make beds, split wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, besides being remarkably fond of babies; in fact, can do anything the most accomplished housewife is capable of—not forgetting the scoldings on Mondays and Saturdays. For specimens of spirit we refer you to our overseer. Speak quick. Black eyes, fair foreheads, clustering locks, beautiful as a Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly. An elderly gentleman in want of a housekeeper, or a nice young man in want of a wife—willing to sustain any character; in fact, we are in the market. Who bids? Going—going—gone! Who's the lucky man?"

### FALLING IN LOVE.—545.

If you want a son not to fall in love with any splendoriferous gal, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and horse to spare, and all that. The moment the crittur sees her he is a little grain disappointed, and says, "Well, she is handsome, that's a fact; but she is not so very, very everlastin' after all." Nothin' damages a gal, a preacher, or a lake, like overpraise. A hoss is one of the onliest things in natur' that is helpet by it.—*Sam Slick*.

### **DULL MEMBERS.—546.**

"I rise for information," said one of the dullest of the members of the American Legislature.—"I am very glad to hear it," said one, who was leaning over the bar; "for no man wants it more than yourself." Another member rose to speak on the bill to abolish capital punishments, and commenced by saying, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." "You had better stop," said one, who was sitting near enough to pull him by the coat-tail; "you had better stop, you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

### **HEADY.—547.**

A New York paper says that a man the morning after he has been drunk with wine feels as though he had the rheumatism in every hair of his head.

### **SAM SLICK'S GEOLOGY.—548.**

The clockmaker says: "I never heard of secondary formations without pleasure, that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formations, for they were formed after man."

### **POLITICS.—549.**

Politics is nothing more nor less than a race for a prize, a game for the stakes, a battle for the spoils.—*Dow's Sermons*.

### **GOOD EYESIGHT.—550.**

A man down East, describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with: "They even fight with daggers in a room *pitch dark*." "Is it possible?" was the reply. "*Possible, sir!*" returned the Yankee, "*why I've seen them.*"

### **A KNOWING CONTRABAND.—551.**

"Bob," now called Belmont Bob, is the body servant of General Clernard, and at the battle of Belmont it is said of him that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the banks, he dismounted, and slid rapidly down, when an officer, seeing the action, called out: "Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse." Merely looking up as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darky replied: "Can't 'bey, colonel; major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's worf mor'n a horse."

### **GENERAL GRANT.—552.**

When the North American General Grant was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told his son to offer Ralston 50 dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer 55 dollars, and to go as high as 60 dollars, if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic major-general started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston, and told him he wished to buy the horse. "How much did your father tell you to give for him?" was the very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed. "Why," said young Grant, "he told me to offer you 50 dollars, and if that wouldn't do to give you 55 dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than 60 dollars to give you that." Of course, 60 dollars was the lowest figure at which the horse could be parted with.

### **SNIP.—553.**

A tailor from Nantucket exclaimed, on first beholding the Falls

A TANNER FROM NANTUCKET EXCLAIMED, ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE FALLS of Niagara, "What an almighty fine place to sponge a coat in!"

### **BACKWOODS CONVERSATION.—554.**

What is the land? Bogs.—The atmosphere? Fogs.—What did you live on? Hogs.—What were your draught animals? Dogs.—Any fish in the ponds? Frogs.—What did you find the women? Clogs.—What map did you travel by? Mogg's.

### **NO VICES.—555.**

Some one was smoking in the presence of the President, and complimented him on having no vices, neither drinking nor smoking. "That is a doubtful compliment," answered the President; "I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing; smoked for some time; and then grunted out, 'It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plaguey few virtues.'"

### **"FIRE AT THE CRISIS."—556.**

During one of the battles on the Mississippi, between General Grant's forces and General Pillow's soldiers, the latter officer called out to a Capt. Duncan, in his usual pompous, solemn manner: "Captain Duncan, fire! the crisis has come." Duncan, without saying a word, turned to his men, who were standing by their guns already shotted and primed, and simply called out, "Fire!" The men were slightly surprised at the order, there being no particular object within range, when an old grey-headed Irish sergeant stepped up with "Plaze, yer honour, what shall we fire at?" "Fire at the crisis," said Duncan. "Didn't you hear the general say it had come?"

### **A SHREWD NIGGER.—557.**

"Why don't you enlist, Ginger?" asked a white patriot of a negro. "Wal, mas'r," replied the contraband, "did yever see two dogs fightin' for a bone?" "Certainly, Ginger." "Wal, did yever see de bone fight?" "Not I." "Wal, mas'r, yer'se both a fightin' "

see de bone right: NOT I. wai, mas I, you se bout a rightin , and Ginger's de bone, an' he's not gwine to fight in this hyar difficulmty."

### **AN AMERICAN "HELP."—558.**

The following amusing description of an American servant we extract from a letter from New York:—An American "help" is no menial. She is spoken of, not satirically, but in simple good faith, as "the young lady" who "picks up" the house and "fixes" the dinner-table. Before she agrees to enter a family she cross-examines her mistress as to whether the house is provided with Hecker's flour, and Berbe's range; brass pails; oil-cloth on the stairs; and hot and cold water laid on. Then she states the domestic "platform" on which she is prepared to act. "Monday I bakes; and nobody speaks to me. Tuesday I washes; I'se to be let alone. Wednesday I irons; you'd best let me be that day. Thursday I picks up the house; I'm awful ugly that day in temper, but affectionate. Friday I bakes again. Saturday my beau comes. And Sunday I has to myself." The "help," I repeat, is a young lady. She attends lectures, and may some day become a member of a Woman's Rights' Convention; and it is because she is a young lady, and the persons who require her assistance do not choose to run the risk of being driven raving mad by her perversity and her impertinence, that so many married couples in the United States never venture on housekeeping for themselves, but live from year's end to year's end in uproarious and comfortless hotels.

### **GERMAN WINES.—559.**

The *Philadelphia Gazette* assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar, and as rough as a file. It is remarked of the wines of Stuttgard, says this authority, that one is like a cat scampering down your throat headforemost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by its tail.

### **THE GENERAL NO PATTERN.—560.**

A private one day lumbered into the presence of General Thomas and asked for furlough, adding: "General, I wish to go

THOMAS AND ASKED FOR FURLOUGH, adding. "General, I wish to go home to see my wife." "How long is it since you have seen your wife?" inquired the General. "Why," answered the soldier, "I have not seen my wife for over three months." "Three months!" remarked General Thomas, "why, I haven't seen my wife for over three years!" "Well, that may be," rejoined the other, "but you see, General, me and my wife ain't of that sort." The private got his furlough after that rub.

### **IT FOLLOWS.—561.**

A Yankee pedlar with his cart, overtaking another of his class on the road, was thus addressed: "Hallo, what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Good," returned the other, "you may go ahead; I carry grave-stones."

### **JOSHUA BILLINGS ON HORSES.—562.**

Pedigree iz not important for a fast-trotten' hoss; if he kan trot fast, never mind the pedigree. Thare iz a grate menny fast men even who ain't got no pedigree. Thare ain't much art in drivin' a trotten' hoss; just hold him back hard, and holler him ahead hard, that's awl. A hoss will trot the fastest down hill, espeshili if the birchin brakes. Kuller is no kriterior. I have seen awful mean hosses of all kullers, except green. I never seed a mean one of this kuller. Hosses live tew an honorabil old age. I often seen them that appeared fully prepared for deth. Heathens are awlus kind to hosses; it is among Christian people that a hoss haz to trot three mile heats in a hot day, for 25,900 dollars counterfeit munny.

### **AMERICAN CURIOSITY.—563.**

"You're from down East, I guess?" said a sharp, nasal voice behind me. This was a supposition first made in the Portland cars, when I was at a loss to know what distinguishing and palpable peculiarity marked me as a "down-easter." Better informed now, I replied, "I am."—"Going West?" "Yes."—"Travelling alone?" "No."—"Was you raised down East?" "No, in the Old Country."—"In the little old island? Well, you're kinder glad to leave it, I guess? Are you a

well, you're kinder glad to leave it, I guess: Are you a widow?" "No."—"Are you travelling on business?" "No."—"What business do you follow?" "None."—"Well, now, what are you travelling for?" "Health and pleasure."—"Well, now, I guess you're pretty considerable rich. Coming to settle out West, I suppose?" "No, I'm going back at the end of the fall."—"Well, now, if that's not a pretty tough hickory-nut! I guess you Britishers are the queerest critturs as ever was raised!"

### YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.—564.

One of the last stories of Yankee inquisitiveness makes the victim give his tormentor a direct cut, in telling him he wished to be asked no further questions. The inquisitor fell back a moment to take breath, and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile on the faces of the other passengers soon aroused him to further exertions; and, summoning up more resolution, he then began again. "Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how mighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em, so now won't you just obleedge me?" This appeal brought out the traveller, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied: "My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and, I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am on my way to see it; and, if I like it as well as I am led to expect, *I intend to—buy it.*" Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage-coach, and this was the last of that conversation.

### THE AMENDE HONOURABLE.—565.

A Pennsylvania paper contains the subjoined *amende honourable*, which ought to satisfy any reasonable being:—"AMENDE HONOURABLE:—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut Street Theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. H. having complained of our remark. we willingly retract. and

here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut Street Theatre, is *no-thing*."

### YANKEE PORTRAIT OF JOHN BULL.—566.

An American writer says: "John Bull is altogether too superfluous and clumsy; his proportions want regulating; his belly is too protuberant; his neck too thick; his feet too spreading; his hands too large and podgy; his lips too spongy and everted; his cheeks too pendulous; his nose too lobular, blunt, and bottle-like; his expression altogether too beef-eating. In a word, according to our taste, John Bull won't do, and must be done over again. The American is an Englishman without his caution, his reserve, his fixed habits, his cant, and his stolidity."

### A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—567.

A St. Louis paper informs its readers that the anthracite coal, found lately in Missouri, looks like coal, feels like coal, and smells like coal; all the difference is that coal burns, and that will not.

### HALF GUILTY.—568.

A man was on trial for *entering* a house in Philadelphia in the night time, with intent to steal. The testimony was clear that he had made an opening sufficiently large to admit the upper part of his body, and through which he protruded himself about half way, and, stretching out his arm, committed the theft. Mr. Obfusticate Brief addressed the jury. "What an outrage (looking horrified, and with outstretched and trembling arms)! I repeat, what an outrage upon your common sense it is for the State's Attorney to ask at your hands the conviction of my client on such testimony! The law is against *entering* a house, and can a man be said to *enter* a house when only *one-half* of his body is *in*, and the other half *out*?" The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," as to one-half of his body, from his waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half! The judge sentenced the guilty half to one year's imprisonment. leaving it to the

prisoner's option to have the innocent half cut off, or to take it along with him.

### **THE OTHER IMPEDIMENT.—569.**

A handsome young pedlar made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a cheque for ample means. When they met again the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "*I have a wife already.*"

### **WONDERFUL, IF TRUE.—570.**

A Western hunter and his brother spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and one keg of powder. With these, he says, they killed on an average 27 head of buffaloes a day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet led to the following cross question:—"How did you kill all these buffaloes with only one bullet?" "Listen, and I'll explain," said the hunter. "We shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. The next time, I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly 200 buffaloes per week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with."

### **JONATHAN'S GUESS.—571.**

A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks highly varnished and coloured, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vendor. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that han't got no looking-glass."

### **SURE OF IT.—572.**

A coloured individual in New York, who was hit on the side of his head by a rotten tomato which a mischievous boy threw at him, placed his hand on the spot, and finding some red liquid upon it that he supposed was blood, dropped upon the pathway, and exclaimed in the anguish of his heart, "I'se a dead nigger dis time, sure!"

### **PICTURE-DEALING.—573.**

A Boston paper contains this advertisement:—"A great bargain. To all who may enclose one dollar I will send, post paid, a finely-cut engraved portrait of George Washington, the Father of his Country, together with an elegant portrait of Benjamin Franklin. Either separately at four shillings. Address, H. C. C., — Street, Boston." The fellow actually sent back a three-cent and a one-cent postage-stamp, ornamented with the finely-engraved heads!

### **STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.—574.**

Ike Johnstone was down to de ingia-rubber store last week, and he asked me to talk wid de man behind de counter, while he could steal a pair ob suspenders. So he took hold ob a pair by de end and stowed dem away down in his pocket, and went out widout unhooken em from de nail dey was hangin' on; and when he got home he was showin' em to de old woman, and as he was passin' em ober to her, dey slipp'd fro his fingers, and flew back to de store wid such force dat dey busted in de sash, killed de clerk, and knocked all de money out ob de draw.

### **ADVICE TO DOCTORS.—575.**

Have you heard of the Bowery boy who, being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease which quickly brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him. "What's my chances, doctor?"—"Not worth speaking of." "One in twenty?"—"Oh, no." "In thirty?"—"No." "Fifty?"—"I think not." "A hundred?"—"Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred." "I sav. then. doctor." nulling him close down. and whisnering

with feeble earnestness in his ear, "jest go in like all thunder on that one chance." The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

### **SETTING THE TIME.—576.**

A close-fisted old farmer had a likely daughter, whose opening charms attracted the attention of a certain young man. After some little manoeuvring, he ventured to open a courtship. On the first night of his appearance in the parlour, the old man, after dozing in his chair until nine o'clock, arose, and putting a log of wood on the fire, said as he left the room, "There, Nancy, when that log of wood burns out it is time for James to go home."

### **REMARKABLY SOCIABLE.—577.**

Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was once a great favourite. He never was an orator, but his conversational, story-telling, and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it from every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio, past that place, I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of Lazarus:—A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about Powell. "Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"—"Yes; one of our oldest citizens." "Very sociable man, ain't he?"—"Remarkably so." "Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs, last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me! Re-mark-a-bly sociable!"

### **THE HOUSE THAT JEFF. BUILT.—578.**

The *Hartford Post* says:—

The following history of the celebrated edifice erected by J. Davis, Esq., is authentic. It was written for the purpose of giving infant politicians a clear, concise, and truthful description of the habitation, and the fortunes, and misfortunes, and doings of the inmates:—

- I. THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—That is the house that Jeff. built.
- II. THE ETHIOPIAN.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- III. THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- IV. THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—This is the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- V. THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.—This is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- VI. CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.—This is the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- VII. JAMES BUCHANAN.—This is the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- VIII. C. CESH.—This is the man all tattered and torn that married the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.
- IX. PLUNDER.—This is the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn to the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with

### PUZZLED.—579.

At the Sutter House, Sacramento, a New Yorker, newly arrived, was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters, who were just budding into womanhood, when he asked the other if he had a family. "Yes, Sir, I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them." After this reply, the couple sat a few minutes in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced. "Were you ever blind, Sir?"—"No, Sir." "Did you marry a widow, Sir?"—"No, Sir." Another lapse of silence. "Did I understand you to say, Sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"—"Yes, Sir, I so stated it." Another and a longer pause of silence. The interrogator again enquired—"How can it be, Sir, that you never saw one of them?" "Why," was the response, "*one* of them was born after I left." "Oh, ah!" and a general laugh followed. After that, the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who has six children and never saw one of them.

### THE PAPER COLLARS.—580.

It is said the Southern captured at Mansfield two waggons loaded with paper collars, and that General Dick Taylor returned the collars through a flag of truce, with a letter to General Banks, in which the facetious rebel said:—"I have boiled, baked, and stewed these things, and can do nothing with them. We cannot eat them. They are a luxury for which we have no use, and I would like, therefore, to exchange them for a like quantity of hard tack." The joke is a good one, and has convulsed the Western boys, who have no great admiration for the "Liberator of Louisiana." When the Western troops passed General Banks's head-quarters, coming into Alexandria, they groaned, jeered, and called aloud, "How about those paper collars?"

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.—581.

Many of the United States papers give with every death they announce the name of the physician who attended the defunct. The following specimen, from a New Orleans journal, will show the business-like manner in which the matter is gone about:—"Died, at his house in Cotton Street, Jonathan Smith, storekeeper. He was a well-doing citizen, and deservedly respected. His wife carries on the store. Gregson physician." The name of the doctor renders the affair complete.

### **PROFIT AND LOSS.—582.**

The keeper of a groggery in New York happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment looking at the fragments, reflecting on his loss; and then turning to his assistant, he cried out, "Tom, put a quart of water into that old Cognac."

### **THE "NAYGERS."—583.**

When the question of the enlistment of the negroes in the Northern army was first mooted, the following song made its appearance, and became very popular. It is supposed to be written by one Miles O'Reilly, a private soldier in the Army of the Potomac. Miles is altogether an imaginary personage, and is represented by his clever inventors as the typical Hibernian soldier of the war. The song is sung to the Irish air of the "Low-backed Car":—

"Some tell us 'tis a burning shame  
To make the naygers fight,  
And that the thrade of being kilt  
Belongs but to the white;  
But as for me, upon my sowl—  
So liberal are we here—  
I'll let Sambo be murther'd instead of myself  
On every day in the year.  
On every day in the year, boys,  
And in every hour of the day,  
The right to be killt I'll divide wid him,  
And divil a word I'll say.

"In battle's wild commotion  
I shouldn't at all object  
If Sambo's body should stop a ball  
That was coming for me direct.  
And the prod of a Southern bagnet—  
So generous are we here—  
I'll resign, and let Sambo take it  
On every day in the year.  
So hear me, all boys, darlins,  
Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,  
The right to be killt we'll divide wid him,  
And give him the largest half."

#### **PICKLED ELEPHANT.—584.**

Old Rowe kept a hotel in the northern part of York State, which he boasted was the best in those parts; where, as he used to say, you could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee. He sent his horse round to the stable, and stepping up to the bar, asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Anything, Sir," said old Rowe; "anything from a pickled elephant to a canary-bird's tongue." "Wal," says the Yankee, eyeing Rowe, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." Out bustles Howe into the dining-room, leaving our Yankee friend nonplussed at his gravity. Presently he comes

back again. "Well, we've got 'em; got 'em all ready, right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em." The Yankee thought he would take some cod fish and potatoes.

### **SAME DRUNK.—585.**

A gentleman, finding his servant intoxicated, said, "What, drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." "No, massa; same drunk, massa, same drunk," replied Sambo.

### **CATCHING.—586.**

"Jem, you've been drinking." "No, I haven't; I've been looking at another man drinking, and it was too much for me."

### **TO MAKE LEECHES BITE.—587.**

If the leech will not bite, bind him apprentice to a broker for a week, and his teeth will become so sharp that he will bite through the bottom of a brass kettle.

### **LACONIC.—588.**

"Hillo, master," said a Yankee to a teamster, who appeared in something of a hurry, "What time is it?—Where are you going?—How deep is the creek?—And what is the price of the butter?" "Past one, almost two—home—waist deep—and elevenpence," was the reply.

### **AIDS TO MEMORY.—589.**

A paper publishes a story in which it is stated that a man who came very near drowning had a wonderful recollection of every event which had occurred during his life. There are a *few* of our subscribers whom we would recommend to practice bathing in deep water.

### **SIMMONS ON LIFE.—590.**

"What is the use of living?" asked Jack Simmons the other day. "We are flogged for crying when we are babies, flogged because the master is cross when we are boys, obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men, to toil still harder when we are husbands, and after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die, and leave our children to quarrel about the possession of father's watch, and our wives to catch somebody else."

### **CUTE EXPEDIENT.—591.**

There was a law in Boston against smoking in the street. A down-easter strutted about the city one day, puffing at a cigar. Up walked the constable. "Guess your smokin'," he said. "You'll pay two dollars, stranger." "I ain't smokin'," was the quick response, "try the weed yourself; it ain't alight." The constable took a pull at the cigar, and out came a long puff of white smoke. "Guess you'll pay *me* two dollars," said the down-easter, quietly. "Wal," replied the constable, "I calc'late you're considerable sharp. S'pose we liquor."

### **A MILD ASSERTION.—592.**

This is to certify that I have always been bald, and have used up a barrel of common hair-dye. I accidentally heard of your Invigorator, and purchased a bottle, and carried it home in my overcoat pocket. The pocket was full of hair when I got home! I took the bottle and held it in the sun, when the shadow fell on my head. A thick head of chestnut-coloured hair grew out in thirty minutes by the watch, all curled and perfumed. Send me twenty bottles by return mail.

### **FRIENDLY NOTICE.—593.**

The editor of the *Florence Inquirer* gives the following notice to one of his friends—"The gentleman who took out of our library the number of *Graham's Magazine*, is respectfully

invited to call again in about two weeks and get the number for August."

### **TIPPING THEM LATIN.—594.**

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West in a small village. Just as he was concluding amen, Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be content without it." The man of iron instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder he wound up his speech by exclaiming—"*E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo.*" The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosier's shouts could be heard for miles.

### **A SOLID REASON.—595.**

A distinguished Southern gentleman, dining at a New York hotel, was annoyed at a negro servant continually waiting upon him, and desired him one day at dinner to retire. "Excuse me, Sir," said Cuffy, drawing himself up, "but I'se 'sponsible for de silver."

### **SQUASHED.—596.**

A romantic youth, promenading in a fashionable street in New York, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile, meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" Just as he had finished, a stout, elderly negress looked out of an upper window, and said, "Massa, jist please to bring dat fimble of mine in de entry—I jist drapt it."

### **BRIGHT AND BLUE.—597.**

I met her in the sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced with pure delight, were of the same dear hue. And always when the sun goes down, I think of the girl in the gingham gown.

## OYSTERS.—598.

A man seeing an oyster vendor pass by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters!" "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."

## ABSTRACTION.—599.

An editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it."

## MODERN DEFINITIONS NOT FOUND IN ANY OF THE ANCIENT DICTIONARIES.—600.

*Hard Times.*—Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's message.

*Love.*—A little world within itself intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

*Genteel Society.*—A place where the rake is honoured and the moralist condemned.

*Poetry.*—A bottle of ink thrown over a sheet of foolscap.

*Politician.*—A fellow that culls all his knowledge from borrowed newspapers.

*Patriot.*—A man who has neither property nor reputation to lose.

*Independence.*—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

*Lovely Woman.*—An article manufactured by milliners.

"One wants but little here below,  
And wants that little for a *show*."

### **FIRM FOUNDATION.—601.**

The editor of the *Albany Express* says, the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

### **GALLANT CORRECTION.—602.**

An American agricultural society offers premiums to farmers' daughters—"girls under twenty-one years of age," who shall exhibit the best lots of butter, not less than 10 lbs. "That's all right," says a New York paper, "save the insinuation that some girls are over twenty-one years of age."

### **HARD HEARING.—603.**

We know a man down East whose hearing is so hard that he broke it up and sold it for gun-flints.

### **YANKEE MODESTY.—604.**

I cannot bear egotism. I never like to praise myself; but, humanly speaking, I can double up any two men in these diggings, take the bark off a tree by looking at it, and bore a hole through a board fence with my eye. But I don't praise myself. I leave others to give my character.

### **A REBUKE.—605.**

A Yankee, whose face had been mauled in a pot-house brawl, assured General Jackson that he had received his scars in battle. "Then," said Old Hickory, "be careful the next time you run away, and don't look back."

### **MONSTER PUNCH-BOWL.—606.**

A Kentuckian, on hearing praised the Rutland Punch-bowl, which on the christening of the young Marquis was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in

which a boy sat, who laddled out the liquor, exclaimed, "I guess I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that to smash; for, at my brother's christening, the bowl was so deep, that when we young'uns said it warn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

### **LONG LIVERS.—607.**

The people live uncommon long at Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

### **REMARKABLE SKIPPER.—608.**

It is said that there is a skipper in New York who has crossed the Atlantic so often that he knows every wave by sight.

### **YOUTH INDIGNANT.—609.**

A lad was subpoenaed as a witness in one of the American courts. The judge said, "Put the boy upon evidence," upon hearing which young America exclaimed, "Who are you calling a boy? W'e chewed baccy these two years."

### **DANIEL WEBSTER.—610.**

The *Salem Register* tells this good story. Daniel Webster was once standing in company with several other gentlemen in the Capitol at Washington, as a drove of mules were going past. "Webster," said one of the Southern gentlemen, "there go some of your constituents." "Yes," instantly replied Mr. Webster, "they are going South to teach school."

### **THANKS TO HIS HENS.—611.**

A man in Missouri planted some beans late one afternoon, and next morning they were *up*—thanks to his hens.

### **CONFIDENCE NECESSARY.—612.**

The *Boston Post* says—"All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages is *confidence*."

### **PAINFUL NECESSITY.—613.**

During the long drought of last summer, an American paper says, water became so scarce in a certain parish that the farmers' wives were obliged to send their milk to town genuine.

### **ANSWERED AT ONCE.—614.**

An American clergyman, preaching a drowsy sermon, asked, "What is the price of earthly pleasure?" The deacon, a fat grocer, woke up hastily from a sound sleep, and cried out lustily, "Seven and sixpence a dozen."

### **MORE COPY.—615.**

Once in autumn, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering over a memorandum book of items used before—book of scrawling head notes, rather; items taking days to gather them in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather, pondered we those times o'er. While we conned them, slowly rocking (through our mind queer ideas flocking) came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at our sanctum door. "Sure, that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door; Jinks, the everlasting bore." Ah, well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges," lay behind us, and before us, and around us, all scattered o'er the floor. Thought we, "Jinks wants to borrow some papers till to-morrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before. And the scattered piles of papers, cut some rather curious capers, being lifted by the breezes coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jinks was to the d——l, to stay there evermore; there to find his level—Jinks the nerve-unstringing bore. Bracing up our patience firmer, then, without another

murmur, "Mr. Jinks," said we, "your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceeding, and thus it was, unheeding your loud knocking there before." Here we opened wide the door. But phancy now our pheelins—for it wasn't Jinks the bore—Jinks, nameless, evermore! But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come o'er us, and memory quickly bore us back again to days of yore—days when items were in plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. 'Twas the form of our "devil," in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with "The foreman's *out o' copy*, sir—he says he wants some more!" Yes, like Alexander, wanted "more." Now this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—and walked through the street called Market, and the byways running off into the portions of the city, both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom he met from door to door, if anything was stirring—any accident occurring—not published heretofore—and he had met with no success; he would rather guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with the message from the foreman that he wanted "something more." "Now, it's time you were departing, you scamp!" cried we, upstarting. "Get you back into your office—office where you were before—or the words that you have spoken will get your bones all broken;" (and we seized a cudgel, oaken—that was lying on the floor); "take your hands out of your pockets, and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore." Quoth the devil, "send him more." And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting, still is flitting, back and forth upon the landing, just outside the sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eye is beaming—and his voice is heard, still crying, "Sir, the foreman wants some more." And our soul pierced with the screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling; for the fancy will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us, hears the horrid words—"We want a little more!"—Words on their foreheads glaring, "Your 'funny' column needs a little more!"

**POPPING CORN.—616.**

And there they sat a-popping corn,  
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;  
John Stiles as stout as any ox,  
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,  
And raked and stirred the fire,  
And talked of different kinds of ears,  
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,  
Then John he shook the popper,  
Till both their faces grew as red  
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,  
And kinks of fun a-poking,  
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,  
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate  
(John's mouth was like a hopper),  
And stirred the fire and sparkled salt,  
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,  
And still the corn kept popping:  
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,  
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—  
The corn did pop and patter,  
Till John cried out: "The corn's a fire!  
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock;  
You'll die of indigestion;  
I'm sick of all this popping corn,  
Why don't you Pop the Question?"

## POWERFUL SERMON.—617.

Judge —— had noticed for some time that on Monday morning his Jamaica was considerably lighter than he had left it on Saturday night. Another fact had established itself in his mind. His son Sam was missing from the parental pew on Sundays. On Sunday afternoon, Sam came in and went up stairs very heavy, when the judge put the question to him: "Sam, where have you been?" "To church, sir," was the prompt reply.—"What church, Sam?" "Second Methodist, sir."—"Had a good sermon, Sam?" "Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered me."—"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful!" The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much under the weather. His father hailed him with, "Well, Sam, been to the Second Methodist again to-day?" "Yes, sir."—"Good sermon, my boy?" "Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; the church was shut up, and a ticket on the door."—"Sorry, Sam; keep going, you may get good by it yet." Sam says that on going to the office for his usual refreshment, he found the "John" empty, and bearing the following label:—"There will be no service here to-day; the church is temporarily closed."

## HUGGING.—618.

An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred dollars for hugging a girl in church.—*Early Argus*. Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and it has cost a thousand a year ever since.—*Chicago Young American*.

## TART.—619.

Mr. Mewins was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins, having taken a particular fancy to a little brown mare, demanded that it should be thrown into the bargain; and, upon a positive refusal, the match was broken off. After a couple of years the parties accidentally met at a country ball. Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement. The

lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him. "Surely you have not forgotten me," said he.—"What name, sir?" she inquired. "Mewins," he replied; "I had the honour of paying my addresses to you, about two years ago." "I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, "who paid his attentions to my father's brown mare."

### WHO FIDDLED.—620.

In the Pennsylvania Legislature, two years ago, there was a member named Charlie Wilson, from one of the Northern frontier counties, who considered himself among the great orators of the day, and, when pretty well filled with "Harrisburg water," would get off for the edification of his colleagues some very rich illustrations. Being somewhat interested in a bill before the House, he made what he considered one of his master-speeches, during the delivery of which he used the illustration of "Nero fiddling while Rome was burning." He had scarcely taken his seat when a member tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Say, Charlie, it wasn't Nero that 'fiddled,' it was Cæsar. You should correct that before it goes on the record." In an instant he was upon his feet, and exclaimed. "Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker—I made a mistake. It wasn't Nero that 'fiddled' while Rome was burning; it was *Julius Cæsar*." Happily for him, the Speaker was so busily engaged that he did not hear him; but some members near heard and enjoyed the joke. Afterwards some one told him that he was right in the first place, which resulted in his reading all the ancient history in the State Library during the remainder of the winter, to assure himself as to who it was that "fiddled."

### BONNETS.—621.

An old bachelor, who has evidently been taken in by a love of a bonnet, thus discourseth:—

"No matter where you may chance to be,  
No matter how many women you see—  
A promiscuous crowd, or a certain she—  
    You may fully depend upon it,  
That a gem of the very rarest kind,  
A thing most difficult to find,  
A pet for which we long have pined,  
    Is a 'perfect love of a bonnet.'"

### **SAVED THE LEATHER.—622.**

An old man, rather elevated, bought a pair of new shoes, and, in order to save their soles, walked home barefoot. He had not walked far before his toe was brought too near to a large stone (considering the latter was the harder of the two). He received a severe blow, and began limping across the street, shoe in hand, groaning out: "Oh! how glad I am I hadn't my new shoes on!"

### **LEGISLATION.—623.**

A Virginia lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, that "the State House yard should be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure for ever." "But," replied a Pennsylvanian who was present, "I put it down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia which is entitled 'A Supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

### **WHEN WILL THEY MEET?—624.**

There is a curious duel now pending in Boston which began ten years ago. Mr. A., a bachelor, challenged Mr. B., a married man, with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received a challenge from Mr. A., who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B.

was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed the challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. The matter when last heard from was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

### **THE MILLENNIUM AT HAND.—625.**

An editor of a Boston paper thinks that the millennium is at hand, and gives his reasons. He says that an inspector of long and dry measures in Baltimore, while going his rounds, cut a full quarter of an inch from a yard-stick in a dry-goods' store in that city, it being that much *too long*.

### **SAYINGS WISE AND WITTY.—626.**

It iz highly important that when a man makes up hiz mind tew bekum a raskal, that he should examine hizself clusly, and see if he aint better konstruktet for a phool.

I argy in this way; if a man iz right, he kant be too radikal; if he iz rong, he kant be too consarvatiff.

"Tell the truth, and shame the Devil;" i kno lots ov people who kan shame the devil eazy enuff, but the tother thing bothers them.

It iz a verry delikate job tew forgive a man, without lowering him in hiz own estimashun, and yures too.

Az a general thing, when a woman wares the britches she haz a good rite tew them.

It iz admitted now bi evryboddy that the man who kan git fat on berlony sassage has got a good deal of dorg in him.

Wooman's infloenze iz powerful, espeshila when she wants ennything.

Sticking up yure noze don't prove ennything, for a sope biler, when he iz away from his hum, smells evrything.

No man luvs tew git beat, but it iz better tew git beat than tew be rong.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdom; menny people hav thought they wuz wize, when tha waz onla windy.

Men aint apt tew git kicked out ov good society for being ritch.

The rode tew Ruin iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travelers pa the expense ov it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust Lutenant in hiz familee, he need never tew look for promoshun.

The only proffit thare is in keeping more than one dorg iz what you kan make on the board.

Young man, study Defference; it iz the best card in the pack.

Honesta iz the poor man's pork, and the rich man's pudding.

Thare iz a luxury in sumtimes feeling lonesum.

Thare is onla one advantage, that i kan see, in going tew the Devil, and that iz the rode iz easy, and yu are sure to git there.

Lastly, i am violently oppozed tew ardent speerits as a bevrige; but for manufakturing purposes i think a leetle ov it tastes good.

JOSH BILLINGS.

### **HER MARRIAGE GIFT.—627.**

A country girl, desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a twenty dollar bill for her marriage gift. Her mistress desired to see the object of Susan's favour, and a diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor, and ill-favoured generally, made his appearance. "Oh, Susan!" said her mistress, "how small; what a strange choice you have made." "La, ma'am," answered Sue, "in such hard times as these, when all tall and handsome fellows are off to the war, what more of a man than this would you expect for twenty dollars?"

### **A FINE STREAM.—628.**

A Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes, advertised a farm for sale, with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days afterwards a gentleman called on him to speak about it. "Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right, except the find stream of water you mentioned."—"It runs through the piece of wood in the lower part of the meadow," said the judge.—"What, that little brook? Why, it does not hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you empty a bowl of water into it it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"—"Why, if it was a little finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge, blandly.

### **KNOWING, AND NOT KNOWING.—629.**

"Never go to bed," said a father to his son, "without knowing something you did not know in the morning." "Yes, sir," replied the youth, "I went to bed tipsy last night; didn't dream of such a thing in the morning."

### **WAR PHRASES.—630.**

The Confederates at Atlanta were in the habit of throwing immense 64-pound shells. When these were seen coming, the Federal soldiers would warn each other by such expressions as "Look out for the cart-wheel!" "There comes an anchor!" "Look out for that blacksmith's shop!"

### **FOND OF SOCIETY.—631.**

A lady, who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbours, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming: "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

## ARTEMUS WARD'S COURTSHIP.—632.

There was many affectin' ties which made one hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm joined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forreds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meeting-house; and the nabers used to observe: "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevrал mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so they couldn't sile 'em, affecshuntly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers. Altho' I hanker'd intently arter the object of my affecshuns, I darsent tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollop up agin the roof of my mouth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan, or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor. 'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht, and nary zeffter disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flowrs, & drivin the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool-house when it was fust painted, and looking very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was wounded lovingly round her waste. I cleared my throat, and tremblinly sed: "Betsy, your'e a Gazelle." I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed: "Your'e a sheep!" Sez I: "Betsy, I think very muckly of you." "I don't believe a word you say, so there now, cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me. "I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see sum of my feelins. Thare's fire enough within," sed I, striking my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Veersoovius and Critter ain't a circumstance!" She bow'd her hed down, and commenced chewin the strings to her bonnet. "Ar, could you know the

sleepless nites I worry threw with on your account; how vittles has seized to be attractive to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gaze on this wastin form, and these 'ere sunken cheeks." I should have continured on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnity I lost one ballanse and fell over into the pasture. Ker smash tearin my close, and severly damagin myself ginerally. Betsy Jane sprang to my assistance in dubble quick time, and dragged me 4th. Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, sed: "I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what your'e drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!" I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, and was made 1 that very nite. I've parst through many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attending strickly to bizness I've amarsed a handsome Pittance. No man on this footstool can rise and git up & say I ever knowingly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and excelled by none, embracin, as it does, a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in great profushun, a endless variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned Kangaroo in Ameriky—the mos amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discrimatin public, at the small charge of 15 sents.

### **COLONEL CROCKETT AND THE 'COON.—633.**

I discovered a long time ago that a 'coon couldn't stand my grin. I could bring one tumbling down from the highest tree. I never wasted powder and lead when I wanted one of the creatures. Well, as I was walking out one night, a few hundred yards from my house, looking carelessly about me, I saw a 'coon planted upon one of the highest limbs of an old tree. The night was very moony and clear, and old Ratler was with me; but Ratler won't bark at a 'coon—he's a queer dog in that way. So I thought I'd bring the lark down in the usual way, *by a grin*. I set myself—and, after grinning at the 'coon a reasonable time, found that he didn't come down. I wondered what was the reason, and I took another steady grin at him. Still he was there. It made me a little mad. So I felt round, and got an old limb about five feet long, and planting one end upon the

ground, I placed my chin upon the other, and took a rest. I then grinned my best for about five minutes, but the cursed 'coon hung on. So, finding I could not bring him down by grinning, I determined to have him, for I thought he must be a droll chap. I went over to the house, got my axe, returned to the tree, saw the 'coon still there, and began to cut away. Down it come, and I run forward; but d——n the 'coon was there to be seen. I found that what I had taken for one was a large knot upon a branch of the tree, and, upon looking at it closely, I saw that *I had grinned all the bark off, and left the knot perfectly smooth.*

### **MODESTY.—634.**

"Modesty," says a Yankee editor, "is a quality that highly adorns a woman, but ruins a man."

### **SELF-EVIDENT KNOWLEDGE.—635.**

A Yankee soldier who read his name in the list of deaths at an hospital, wrote home that he didn't believe it. In fact, he knew the statement was a falsehood as soon as he read it.

### **OBSTINACY CURED.—636.**

A juror held out against his eleven companions in Santa Cruz, California. The others, after trying all other means, finally agreed to send in a verdict of "Guilty," with the addition, that the obstinate member was a great rascal, and confederate of the prisoner. He thereupon gave in.

### **NERVE OF FEELING.—637.**

A Southern paper says that "a Yankee's chief nerve of feeling is in his pocket."—"A rebel is more apt to feel in his neighbour's pocket," replies a Northern journal.

### **TWO MUCH ICE.—638.**

A correspondent tells of a chap who was drinking at a bar, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents inside his shirt-collar, and set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, landlord!"

### **ALL-HEALING.—639.**

A Mormon, named Nichols, made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail, and applied some to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of the tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

### **PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.—640.**

A writer in the *Chicago Post* describes how he got out of a bad scrape in a police-court:—"The next morning the judge of the police-court sent for me. I went down, and he received me cordially. Said he heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons, and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast, 'Guilty or Not Guilty?' I responded in a brief but elegant speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars."

### **OBEYING ORDERS.—641.**

An officer down in Georgia tells the following story:—"One night General —— was out on the line, and observed a light by the side of the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said, 'Corporal, do you see that light?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Put a hole through it,' ordered the captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready

he looked up and said, 'Captain, that's the moon!' 'Don't care for that,' was the captain's ready response, 'put a hole through it any how.'"

### NOT EXACTLY.—642.

An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio in a steamer, with a mare and a two-year-old colt, when by a sudden career of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Indiana man, as he rose puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would take him ashore. The old mare took a direct line for the shore; but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with the owner. "Let go the colt and hang on the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the Indiana man, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's mighty fine, you telling me to leave go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for changing horses!"

### THE ANGLER CAUGHT.—643.

"In the summer of 1823," says an American writer, "when a mere lad, I was at Swift's, in Sandwich. My then schoolmaster was there also, and from him I had the tale. John Brown was the well-known *sobriquet* of the fisherman who attended amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not remarkable for his veracity, but quite otherwise, when his success with the hook and line was the 'subject of his story.' One day he was out with Daniel Webster. Both were standing in the brook, patient waiters for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John how he caught a large, a very large, trout on a former time. 'Your honour,' said John, 'that was very well for a gentleman. But once, when I was standing down by yonder bush, I took a fish, weighing'—I forget how much, but of course many ounces more than the great lawyer's big fish. 'Ah! John, John,' exclaimed Mr. Webster, 'you are an *amphibious* animal—you *lie in the water, and you lie out of it!*'"

### **SPLENDID FIRING.—644.**

They have pretty good marksmen in Vermont. Brown was telling Smith, of New Hampshire, the skill of a Green Mountain hunter. "Why," said he, "I have seen him take two partridges and let them both go—one in front and the other behind him; and he would fire and kill the one in front, and then whirl round and kill the other." "Did he have a double-barrelled gun?" enquired Smith. "Of course he did." "Well," replied Smith, "I saw a man do the same thing with a *single-barrel*." Brown didn't believe the thing possible, and said so.

### **CHARGED AND DISCHARGED.—645.**

A fellow charged with stealing a hoe was discharged upon trial, it being proved that the article taken was an axe. The affair turned out a regular *ho-ax*.

### **COLONEL CROCKETT.—646.**

Said he, "And who are you?" "I'm that same David Crockett, fresh from the backwoods, half horse, half alligator, a little touched with the snapping turtle; can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride upon a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey locust; can whip my weight in wild cats—and if any gentleman pleases, for a ten dollar bill, he may throw in a panther—hug a bear too close for comfort, and eat any man opposed to General Jackson."

### **AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.—647.**

A farmer in the West once planted his onions close to his poppies, and the consequence was they grew so sleepy that he never could get them out of their beds.

### **FRANKLIN AND HANCOCK.—648.**

"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the declaration of American Independence; "there

must be no pulling different ways." "Yes," observed Franklin, "We must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

### **HENRY CLAY.—649.**

The following description of Henry Clay appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*; it is needless to say it is by a Western man:—"He is a man, and no mistake! Nature made him with her *sleeves rolled up*."

### **NATURAL MISTAKE.—650.**

A gentleman at the Astor House table, New York, asked the person sitting next to him if he would please to pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?" "Oh no, Sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

### **LITERATURE.—651.**

An American writer says, "Poetry is the flour of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings."

### **THOMAS JEFFERSON.—652.**

Thomas Jefferson, when Minister to France, being presented at Court, some eminent functionary remarked, "You replace Dr. Franklin, Sir." "I *succeed* Dr. Franklin," was Mr. Jefferson's prompt reply, "no man can *replace* him."

### **BORROWING THE BABY.—653.**

All owners of interesting children will be amused by the following, from the *Boston Daily American*:—A gentleman and lady of that city were blessed with a beautiful child about

a year old, which attracted so much attention from their neighbours, that the young ladies opposite frequently sent over to "borrow the baby." After being obliged to send for the child several times, Mr. —, on coming home to dinner one day, got out of temper on finding it gone as usual. "There, Jane," said he, "go over to the Misses — and get the baby; give them my compliments, and tell them I wish they had a baby of their own, and were not obliged to borrow."

### **FORCIBLE EVICTION.—654.**

Meeting an American friend travelling in the United States, I enquired whither he was going? "Why," said he, "I guess I'm going to take possession of an estate of mine, and I calculate I will have to shoot down my predecessors."

### **BOXES AND PIT.—655.**

Wemyss, a famous theatrical manager in Philadelphia, quitted the business, and opened instead a large store for the sale of patent medicines. A friend dryly remarked that he would no doubt be successful in filling both *boxes* and *pit*.

### **A SWIFT HORSE.—656.**

The *Maine Farmer* tells a number of tough stories about a man whom it calls "Neverbeat." Here is one:—A gentleman was boasting in the presence of Neverbeat about the speed of his horse, which, he said, would trot a mile inside of three minutes, and follow it for three miles. "A mile inside of three minutes aint much to brag about," said Neverbeat. "Why, the other day I was up to S——, sixteen miles distant; just as I started for home, a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck in the back part of the waggon; and the moment it struck, I hit old Kate a cut with the whip, away she trotted, scarcely touching her fore feet to the ground. She kept just nip and nip with the shower. *The waggon was filled with water, but not a drop fell on me.*"

### **PASSING THE COW TO THE CALF.—657.**

An American dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at an hotel, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please to pass your cow down this way." The landlady thus retorted: "Waiter, take this cow down to where the *calf* is bleating."

### **NATURE AND ART.—658.**

An American, fresh from the magnificent woods and rough clearings, was one day visiting the owner of a beautiful seat in Brooklyn; and, walking with him through a little grove, out of which all the underbrush had been cleared, paths had been nicely cut and gravelled, and the rocks covered with woodbine, suddenly stopped, and, admiring the beauty of the scene, lifted up his hands and exclaimed: "This I like! This is Nature—*with her hair combed.*"

### **NEARING IT BY DEGREES.—659.**

"Mrs. Green," said a tolerably dressed female, entering a grocery store, in which were several customers, "have you any fresh-corned pork?" "Yes, ma'am." "How much is this sugar a pound?" "One shilling, ma'am." "Let me have," she continued, lowering her voice, "half a pint of gin, and charge it as sugar on the book."

### **AN APT PUPIL.—660.**

A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist him in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer chastised him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer the wink, and exclaimed: "*Always take the butt end.*"

### **POETS.—661.**

I never seen a poet that warn't as poor as Job's turkey, or a church mouse; nor a she-poet that her shoes didn't go down to heel, and her stockings looked as if they wanted darnin'; for its all cry and little wool with poets.—*Sam Slick*.

### **GIN AND WATER.—662.**

"Mister, your sign has fallen down!" cried a temperance man to a grog-shop keeper, before whose door a drunken man was prostrate. We don't know, says a paper, whether this temperance man was the same into whose store a customer reeled, exclaiming, "Mr. ——, do you—keep—a-ny—thing—good to take here?" "Yes, we have excellent cold water; the best thing in the world to take." "Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no one—thing—that's done so much for—navigation—as that."

### **THE "STEAL PEN."—663.**

A Western editor complains that all the good things in his paper are cut and inserted in other papers, without acknowledgment of the source whence they are obtained. He says, "they do not render unto scissors the things that are scissors'."

### **A PILE OF JOKES.—664.**

Speaking of wags—what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased? Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well: Hogg's for instance. Speaking of hogs—we saw one of those animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the one opposite a well-dressed man; the first one had a ring in his nose, and the latter a ring on his finger. The man was drunk; the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we; so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went. Speaking of "going off" puts us in mind of a gun we once owned—it "went off" one night, and we have not seen it since. Speaking of guns reminds us of powder—we saw a lady yesterday with so much of it on her face that she was refused admission into an omnibus for fear of an explosion.

### OBITUARY NOTICE.—665.

The *Christian Index* (U. S.) thus prefaces an obituary:—"But a week since we recorded the death of one who was an old father in the church, a careful reader of the *Index*, and who paid for three papers in advance."

### AN INFANT TEACHER.—666.

Under the title of "An Odd Advertisement," a New York paper publishes the following:—"A young lady, perfectly competent, wishes to form a class of young mothers and nurses, to instruct them in the art of talking to infants in such a manner as will interest and please them."

### QUADRUPPLICATED PUN.—667.

A comedian at Boston, by way of puff for his approaching benefit, published the following lines:—

"Dear Public, you and I of late  
Have dealt so much in fun;  
I'll crack you now a monstrous great  
Quadruplicated pun!

"Like a *grate full* of coals I'll glow,  
A *great full* house to see;  
And if I am not *grateful*, too,  
A *great fool* I must be!"

### BUCOLIC STUPIDITY.—668.

We saw a venerable looking cow yesterday, says the *Cincinnati Herald*, eating pine sawdust, under the impression that it was bran. She didn't find out her mistake until night, when it was found that she gave turpentine instead of milk.

### LIFE IN KENTUCKY.—669.

The following story of "Life in Kentucky" being in print ought, of course to be believed:—"Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard. All ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a man and a bear engaged in combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under, the man's wife standing by and hallooing 'fair play.' The company ran up and insisted on parting them. 'No, no,' said the woman, 'let them fight it out; for it's the first fight I ever saw that I didn't care which whipped!'"

### **AMERICAN PROVERBS AND SIMILES.—670.**

AMBITION is as hollow as the soul of an echo.

TIDE, steamboats, and soda-water will wait for no one.

BIG feet, like a leather shirt, are more for use than ornament.

MONEY slips from the fingers like a water-melon seed, travels without legs, and flies without wings.

IT is the lot of humanity to err at times, as the drunken man said when he mistook the pig-pen for his bedroom.

A GOOD deed will stick out, with an inclination to spread, like the tail of a peacock.

YOU might as well undertake to whistle a grape-vine from a white oak, as to induce a girl to relinquish her lover.

### **SIMILES.—671.**

As big as all out of doors.

As dry as the clerk of a lime-kiln.

As long as a thanksgiving sermon.

As crooked as a Virginian fence.

As straight as a loon's leg.

As straight as a shingle.

As sharp as the little end of nothing.

As slick as greased lightning.

As swelling as a basket of chips.

As happy as a clam at high water.

As tight as the bark of a tree.  
As crazy as a bed-bug.  
As mad as all wrath.  
As wrathful as a militia officer on a training-day.  
As proud as a tame turkey.  
As melancholy as a Quaker meeting-house by moonlight.  
As useless as whistling psalms to a dead horse.  
LIKE all nature.  
LIKE all fury.  
LIKE all possessed.  
THRASHING round, like a short-tailed bull in fly-time.  
HEAD and tail up, like chicken cocks in laying-time.

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# INDEX.

PAGE

Absence of Mind, <a href="#">50</a> , <a href="#">52</a> , <a href="#">85</a>
Abstraction, <a href="#">187</a>
Adopting the Other Course, <a href="#">158</a>
Advantage of Burning Two Candles, <a href="#">2</a>
Advice to Doctors, <a href="#">179</a>
Advice to Parents, <a href="#">49</a>
After Joining Church, <a href="#">43</a>
Agreeable Customer, An, <a href="#">19</a>
Agreeing with all the Girls, <a href="#">134</a>
Agricultural Returns, <a href="#">202</a>
Aids to Memory, <a href="#">184</a>
All-Healing, <a href="#">200</a>
All Human, <a href="#">87</a>
All Well, <a href="#">41</a>
Amende Honourable, <a href="#">177</a>
American Competition, <a href="#">152</a>
American Curiosity, <a href="#">176</a>
American Definitions, <a href="#">152</a>
American Estimate of their Clergy, <a href="#">9</a>
American Help, An, <a href="#">174</a>
American Notion of Villany, <a href="#">94</a>
American Platform, <a href="#">86</a>
American Proverbs, <a href="#">207</a>

American Similes, [207](#)  
American Soil, [149](#)  
"And That's a Fact", [104](#)  
Angler Caught, The, [201](#)  
Another Burst of Eloquence, [109](#)  
Another Discovery, [96](#)  
Answered at Once, [189](#)  
Answering an Advertisement, [168](#)  
Antediluvian Diet, [61](#)  
Any Better than None, [154](#)  
Any Relations, [140](#)  
Appropriate Gift, An, [115](#)  
Apt Pupil, An, [205](#)  
Artistic Execution, [146](#)  
Awkward Coincidence, [95](#)  
  
Baby Story, A, [16](#)  
Bachelorism a Luxury, [22](#)  
Backwoods Conversation, [173](#)  
Big Puff, A, [67](#)  
Billings, Josh., Insures his Life, [83](#)  
Billings, Josh., Sayings of, [99](#), [195-196](#)  
Billings, Josh., on Horses, [175](#)  
Billy Bray, [28](#)  
Black Bull, A, [160](#)  
Blind Phrenologist of St, Louis, [135](#)  
Bonnets, [194](#)  
Borrowing the Baby, [203](#)  
Boxes and Pit, [204](#)

"Braggin' saves Advertisin'", [113](#)  
Breakfast in Bed, [129](#)  
Brigham Young's Wives, [91](#)  
Bright and Blue, [186](#)  
Brother of Four Million Children, [63](#)  
Bucolic Stupidity, [207](#)  
"Bus" in the Cars, A, [132](#)  
Business and Affliction, [5](#)  
  
Candid Parson, A, [12](#)  
Canine Resemblance, [69](#)  
Captain's Pudding, The, [123](#)  
Catching, [184](#)  
Caught Unawares, [32](#)  
Cause and Effect, [182](#)  
Cautious Witness, A, [72](#)  
Changes, [141](#)  
Charged and Discharged, [202](#)  
Chasing a Locomotive, [135](#)  
Cheap Treat, A, [83](#)  
Chickens in Tennessee, The, [21](#)  
Citizen of all the States, A, [30](#)  
Claiming Exemption, [122](#)  
Clay, Henry, [203](#)  
Clergyman and the Lawyer, [110](#)  
Climacteric Sublimity, [107](#)  
Close Witness, A, [88](#)  
Cold Picture, A, [37](#)  
Colonel answered, The, [12](#)

Colt's Arms v. Colt's Legs, [126](#)  
Columbus and the Egg, [117](#)  
Columbus's Discovery, [106](#)  
Complimentary, [168](#)  
Conclusive, [114](#)  
Condensed Novel, A, [25](#)  
Conditional Forgiveness, [87](#)  
Confession of a Clergyman, [95](#)  
Confidence Necessary, [189](#)  
Cool Customer, A, [22](#)  
Coolness, [106](#)  
Cords of Hymen, The, [82](#)  
Corking up Daylight, [16](#)  
Critical, [162](#)  
Criminal didn't see it, [72](#)  
Crockett, Colonel, and the 'Coon, [199](#)  
Crockett, Colonel, [202](#)  
Crooked Stick, The, [115](#)  
Cross Purposes, [20](#)  
Couldn't help it, in fact, [43](#)  
Couldn't make an Impression, [108](#)  
Couple of Reasons too many, A, [3](#)  
Cuff's Cabin, [157](#)  
Cure for Fainting, [82](#)  
Curing Two Afflictions, [164](#)  
Curiosities of American Speech, [55](#)  
Curious Event, [57](#)  
Cute Expedient, [185](#)

Cutting, [168](#)

Damaging the Engine, [128](#)

Darkie's Wish, The, [168](#)

Date Wanted, The, [105](#)

"Dat's de Mystery", [126](#)

Debt of Nature, The, [160](#)

"De Dissolution of Coparsnips", [17](#)

Delicate Cut, A, [128](#)

Democrats v. Republicans, [102](#)

Demosthenes not Dead, [33](#)

Diamond Cut Diamond, [54](#)

Didn't care, then, if he did, [140](#)

Dinner, but no Breakfast, [159](#)

Disconsolate, [147](#)

Disinterested Lieutenant, A, [122](#)

Distant Friend, A, [167](#)

Domestic Economy, [50](#)

Double Difficulty, A, [143](#)

Doubtful, [144](#)

Dow, Junior, [84](#)

Do you Smoke?, [78](#)

Drawing the Long Bow, [7](#)

Dying Soldier and his Mother, [68](#)

Dry Joke in a Dry Goods' Store, A, [26](#)

Dull Members, [171](#)

Early Rising in Connecticut, [1](#)

Eclipsing Himself, [151](#)

Editorial Fix, [110](#)  
Editorial Horse, An, [102](#)  
Editorial Tribulations, [54](#)  
Editors Exchanging Compliments, [92](#)  
Editors' Wives, [142](#)  
Effective Remonstrance, [147](#)  
Effect of Eloquence, The, [80](#)  
Egg "Brof", [3](#)  
Either Way will do, [96](#)  
Elbow-Room Scarce, [3](#)  
Emerson and Parker, [101](#)  
English Grammar, [40](#)  
Enthusiastic Newsvendor, [119](#)  
Epigram on Lincoln, [149](#)  
Everett and Judge Story, [163](#)  
Excessive Politeness, [53](#)  
Excuse for Drinking, [142](#)  
Exempt decidedly, [97](#)  
Extraordinary Absence of Mind, [103](#)  
Extraordinary Crow, [49](#)  
Extraordinary Motto, [52](#)  
Eye to Business, An, [130](#)  
  
Failed for a Good Reason, [19](#)  
Fair Retort, A, [161](#)  
Falling in Love, [171](#)  
Familiar Acquaintance, [151](#)  
Fancy her Feelings, [85](#)  
Feeling her Way, [18](#)

Female Admirable Crichton, [102](#)  
Fine Stream, A, [196](#)  
Fine Writing, [107](#)  
"Fire at the Crisis", [173](#)  
Firm Foundation, [187](#)  
First Marriage, The, [42](#)  
Five Outs and One In, [151](#)  
Floating Population, A, [102](#)  
Fond of Society, [197](#)  
Forcible Eviction, [204](#)  
Forensic Eloquence, [18](#)  
Forest-Born Orator, A, [70](#)  
Forlorn Hope, [146](#)  
4-tunate Young Man, A, [2](#)  
Four Points of a Case, [2](#)  
Franklin, Dr., [161](#)  
Franklin and Hancock, [203](#)  
Friendly Notice, [185](#)  
  
Gallant Correction, [187](#)  
Gem, A, [165](#)  
General no Pattern, The, [175](#)  
German Wines, [175](#)  
Getting down a Ladder, [98](#)  
Gin and Water, [205](#)  
Gone Home, [137](#)  
Good Eyesight, [172](#)  
Governor and the Justice, The, [119](#)  
Graham System, The, [13](#)

Grandpa's Spectacles, [71](#)  
Grant, General, [172](#)  
Great Scarcity, [123](#)  
Great Traveller, A, [136](#)  
Grieving for a Wife, [105](#)  
Grim Welcome, [22](#)  
Guarded Answer, A, [78](#)  
  
Habitual Thirst, [170](#)  
Habits of a Great Man, [28](#)  
Half Guilty, [177](#)  
Hairs, not Bristles, [60](#)  
Happiest of Vowels, The, [117](#)  
Hard Feathers, [163](#)  
Hard Hearing, [187](#)  
Hard Lying, [4](#)  
Hard Scrabble, [90](#)  
Hard up [73](#), [144](#)  
Having the Coffin Handy, [41](#)  
He had him that time, [17](#)  
Heady, [172](#)  
Heavenly Bodies, The, [117](#)  
Heavy Top-Dressing, [60](#)  
Height of Meanness, The, [105](#)  
Hen Persuaders, [70](#)  
Her Marriage Gift, [196](#)  
Her Poor Jerry, [130](#)  
Highly Probable, [103](#)  
His First Step, [64](#)

His Reasons for Leaving, [133](#)  
His Wife's Cousin, [66](#)  
Holding the Stakes, [74](#)  
Homely Flag of Truce, [16](#)  
Horried Dandy, A, [27](#)  
Hot Pies, [57](#)  
Hotel Accommodation in the South, [81](#)  
Hotel Rules at the "Diggins", [79](#)  
Household Words, [132](#)  
How a "Copperhead" was Shaved, [10](#)  
How Ale strengthened him, [67](#)  
How Mr. Lincoln shakes Hands, [89](#)  
How Sam was Caught, [84](#)  
How to do Business, [97](#)  
How to get a Seat, [95](#)  
How to go Mad, [101](#)  
Huggin', [192](#)  
Human Nature, [138](#)  
Hunting up a Soft Place, [39](#)  
  
I would if I could, [90](#)  
Illegible Manuscripts, [88](#)  
"I'm the Baggage", [20](#)  
In Black and White, [77](#)  
In Love with the Devil, [89](#)  
Incident and Epigram, An, [137](#)  
Inducement to Young People, [102](#)  
Inducement Unnecessary, [148](#)  
Infant Teacher, An, [206](#)

Infantile Idea of Distance, [126](#)  
Inflammable and Dangerous, [51](#)  
Ingenious Boot-Black, [35](#)  
Inquiring Mind, An, [23](#)  
Insinuating Rejoinder, [156](#)  
Interesting Announcement, [142](#)  
Interesting Experiment, [99](#)  
Interesting to the Parties concerned, [14](#)  
Interrupting the Sermon, [84](#)  
Irish Bull at Bull's Run, An, [131](#)  
Irish Exhortation, [89](#)  
Irish Negro, [99](#)  
It follows, [175](#)  
  
Jefferson, Thomas, [203](#)  
Jemmy O'Neil and President Jackson, [61](#)  
Jew D'Esprit, A, [157](#)  
Job's Patience—as viewed by a Lady, [38](#)  
John and the Widdah, [150](#)  
Joke by Jenkins, A, [104](#)  
Joke by the President, [143](#)  
Jonathan's Guess, [178](#)  
Jonathan of All Trades, [167](#)  
Judge and his Coachman, The, [75](#)  
Judgment of Solomon, The, [6](#)  
Just got Married, [137](#)  
  
Keen and Significant, [85](#)  
Keeping a Secret, [139](#)

Kind and Sympathetic, [138](#)  
Kissing by Proxy, [146](#)  
Kissing in Wisconsin, [13](#)  
Knocking at the Church Door, [24](#)  
Knowing and Not Knowing, [197](#)  
Knowing Contraband, A, [172](#)  
Knowing Juryman, A, [15](#)  
  
Laconic, [184](#)  
Lagging Compliment, A, [121](#)  
Lapse of Ages, The, [111](#)  
Last Compliment, The, [161](#)  
Latest Dog Story, [147](#)  
Latest Way, The, [136](#)  
Law of Compensation, The, [108](#)  
Learned Members of the American Legislature, The, [11](#)  
Lee, Gen., and a Son of Erin, [125](#)  
Lee, Gen., to General Meade, [158](#)  
Legal Advice under Singular Circumstances, [79](#)  
Legal Toast, A, [86](#)  
Legislation, [194](#)  
Letter R, The, [130](#)  
Letter S, The, [144](#)  
Libellous Assertion, [98](#)  
Life in Kentucky, [207](#)  
Lincoln on Nigger Mathematics, [37](#)  
Literature, [203](#)  
Littles, [58](#)  
Loafer's Hat, The, [160](#)

Lobster Salad, [43](#)  
Logs Wanted, [50](#)  
Logic of Congress, [126](#)  
Lone Nigger, A, [97](#)  
Long and Short of it, [106](#)  
Longfellow and Longworth, [141](#)  
Long Livers, [188](#)  
Look on this Picture and on this, [50](#)  
Looking for a Situation, [77](#)  
Love-Letter Ink, [163](#)  
Lovers' Leap, The, [168](#)  
Low-necked Frocks, [100](#)  
Luminous Evidence, [68](#)  
Lying at the Top, The, [113](#)  
"Mails" and Females, [107](#)  
Major Downing in London, [154](#)  
Making a Man's Coffin before his Death, [7](#)  
Marriage Notices, [16](#)  
Marriage and Single Blessedness, [69](#)  
Meade, Gen., to Gen. Lee, [158](#)  
Meat Baby, A, [110](#)  
Mighty Thick Fog, A, [57](#)  
Mild Assertion, A, [185](#)  
Military Tactics, [145](#)  
Military Veracity of the North, [3](#)  
Millennium at Hand, The, [195](#)  
Milwaukee Eloquence, [60](#)  
Minister's Reception, The, [108](#)

Mixing the Babies, [30](#)  
Model Advertisements, [111](#)  
Modern Definitions, [187](#)  
Modest Linendraper, A, [137](#)  
Modesty, [199](#)  
Monster Punch-Bowl, [188](#)  
Mooted Question, A, [97](#)  
More Copy, [189](#)  
More Laughable than Logical, [107](#)  
Most too Sudden, [140](#)  
Much Virtue in an "If", [167](#)  
My Pew, Sir!, [6](#)  
  
Naming Children in America, [106](#)  
Nature and Art, [155](#), [205](#)  
Natur's Balances, [149](#)  
Natural Mistake, [203](#)  
"Naygers," The, [183](#)  
Nearing it by Degrees, [205](#)  
Negro Sermon, [71](#)  
Nerve of Feeling, [200](#)  
Nest Egg, The, [44](#)  
New, if not True, [164](#)  
New Dish, A, [160](#)  
Newspaper Borrowers, To, [34](#)  
New Way to affix a Stamp, [115](#)  
Niagara Falls from Four Points of View, [126](#)  
Nice Girl, A, [48](#)  
Nigger Explanation, [157](#)

No Doubt, [38](#)  
No Justice in that Court, [140](#)  
No Patients Living, [72](#)  
No Place like Home, [128](#)  
No Vices, [173](#)  
Nonsense about Love, [144](#)  
Not Exactly, [201](#)  
Not for Want, [121](#)  
Not Particular, [112](#)  
Not so, [47](#)  
Not to be Done, [32](#)  
Not to be wondered at, [76](#)  
Not Willing to Die, [130](#)  
Note by the Editor, [147](#)  
Novel Commentary by a Parson, [42](#)  
Novel Effect of a Second Marriage, [103](#)  
Novel Hint from the Pulpit, [86](#)  
Novel Proposition, [141](#)  
Novel Telegraphic Message, [129](#)  
Novel Verdict, A, [94](#)  
  
Obeying Orders, [201](#)  
Obituary Notice, [206](#)  
Objecting to Missions, [64](#)  
Obstinacy Cured, [200](#)  
Ode on Gas, An, [54](#)  
Odd Excuse for not being Hung, [19](#)  
Odd Names, [79](#)  
Of course not, [101](#)

Ohio Democracy, The, [48](#)  
"Old Brains", [119](#)  
Old Hen and Chickens, The, [21](#)  
Old King's Arm, The, [89](#)  
Ole Harry and Ole Nick, [46](#)  
One of the Press, [109](#)  
Only the Eleventh, [1](#)  
"Open Thy Cupboard to Me", [148](#)  
Openness of Countenance, [74](#)  
Origin of "Some Punkin", [62](#)  
Original Brother Jonathan, The, [116](#)  
Other Impediment, The, [178](#)  
Other Side, The, [91](#)  
Our Bob, [127](#)  
Out-Yankeed, [10](#)  
Oysters, [186](#)  
  
"Paddle your own Canoe", [34](#)  
Painful Necessity, [189](#)  
Painting to the Life, [117](#)  
Paper Collars, The, [182](#)  
Parental Advice, [42](#)  
Parting Friends, [97](#)  
Passing the Cow, [204](#)  
Pay your Postage, [15](#)  
Perils of the Fourth Estate, [111](#)  
Perpetual Motion, [152](#)  
Personal, [95](#)  
Pete's Expectations, [77](#)

Pickled Elephant, [183](#)  
Picture Dealing, [179](#)  
Pile of Jokes, A, [206](#)  
Pithy Letter, [13](#)  
Plain enough, [109](#)  
Plain Spoken, [165](#)  
Plump Question, [81](#)  
Poetical Editor, A, [72](#)  
Poetical Patchwork, [112](#)  
Poetry and Prose, [138](#)  
Poets, [205](#)  
Pointed Retort, [129](#)  
Polite Man, A, [106](#)  
Politics, [172](#)  
Poor Couple, A, [102](#)  
Poor Preaching, [169](#)  
Popping Corn, [191](#)  
Popping the Question, [70](#), [165](#)  
Powerful Sermon, [192](#)  
"Preach Small", [4](#)  
Precept and Practice, [161](#)  
Presented at Court, [162](#)  
President Jackson, [61](#)  
President Lincoln, Epigram on, [149](#)  
President Lincoln on Nigger Mathematics, [37](#)  
President Lincoln's First Political Speech, [151](#)  
President and the Marshal, The, [156](#)  
President's Voice, The, [10](#)

Presidential Puns, [73](#)  
Pretence, [148](#)  
Pretended Pelham, A, [159](#)  
Printers' Mistakes, [108](#)  
Printer's Toast, A, [154](#)  
Profit and Loss, [182](#)  
Profitless Teaching, [120](#)  
Prompt Reply, A, [84](#)  
Proverbs, [91](#)  
Providing for Bills, [125](#)  
Putting a Good Face on it, [200](#)  
Putting forward his Creed, [47](#)  
Pugnacious Ram, The, [27](#)  
Puzzled, [181](#)  
Puzzled Judge, A, [34](#)  
  
Quadruplicated Pun, [207](#)  
Quaker's Excuse for Firing, [62](#)  
Quaker Woman's Sermon, [128](#)  
Qualifications for a Parson, [103](#)  
Queer Cup of Coffee, A, [7](#)  
Queer Queries, [78](#)  
Question for Astronomers, A, [104](#)  
Question for Question, [166](#)  
Quizzing a Witness, [155](#)  
Quoting his Father, [118](#)  
  
Rare Printer, A, [51](#)  
Rat Story, A, [78](#)

Rather Cute, [86](#)  
Real Heavy Gale, A, [114](#)  
Reasonable Instinct, [162](#)  
Reason for Dear Cream, A, [49](#)  
Reasons for not Joining Church, [89](#)  
Reasons enough, [100](#)  
Rebuke, A, [188](#)  
Remarkable Chambermaid, [156](#)  
Remarkable Dream, [43](#)  
Remarkable Man, A, [52](#)  
Remarkable Skipper, [188](#) Remarkable Tenacity of Life, 8  
Remarkably Sociable, [180](#)  
Receipt in Full, A, [153](#)  
Returned Soldier's Letter, [73](#)  
Rivalling Nature, [95](#)  
Rough Bedfellow, A, [163](#)  
Sad Scarcity of Paper, [105](#)  
Saddest Sight, The, [38](#)  
Salary not so much an Object, [124](#)  
Sambo and Cuffee, [54](#)  
Sambo's Suspicion, [127](#)  
Sam's Soul, [9](#)  
Same Drunk, [184](#)  
Satisfactory Reason, A, [88](#)  
Saved the Leather, [194](#)  
Saving the Truth, [156](#)  
Sayings Wise and Witty, [195](#)  
Scene in an American Court, [24](#)

Schoolmaster Abroad, The, [167](#)  
Scientific Agreement, [38](#)  
Scipio's Wife, [68](#)  
Scripture Names, [22](#)  
Securing his Trunk, [26](#)  
Self-evident Knowledge, [199](#)  
Sensations of a Down-Easter, [141](#)  
Sensible Woman, A, [96](#)  
Setting the Time, [180](#)  
Settling the Wine Bill, [145](#)  
Sharp Child, [80](#)  
Sharp Shooting, [1](#)  
Shedding their Last Blood, [129](#)  
"Shell in de Stove," A, [53](#)  
Shrewd Nigger, A, [174](#)  
Short and Expressive, [83](#)  
Simile, A, [150](#)  
Similes, [208](#)  
Simmons on Life, [185](#)  
Simplicity, [15](#)  
Slashing Article, A, [94](#)  
Slick's, Sam, Description of a Teetotaller, [151](#)  
Slick's, Sam, Geology, [172](#)  
Slick, Sam, on Happiness, [121](#)  
Slick's, Sam, Wise Saws, [143](#)  
Slight Difference, [177](#)  
Small Loaves, [1](#)  
Small Waists and Tight Lacing, [157](#)

Smart Railway *Employé*, [63](#)  
Smiles, [146](#)  
Snip, [173](#)  
Snorers, To, [35](#)  
Snoring in Church, [163](#)  
Snubbing a Lawyer, [98](#)  
So Humane, [113](#)  
Soap coming Handy, [25](#)  
Soldier's Farewell, A, [76](#)  
Solemn Hour, A, [90](#)  
Solid Reason, A, [186](#)  
Something like a Good Shot, [51](#)  
Sonnet instead of a Bonnet, A, [21](#)  
Sound Advice, [15](#)  
Spare Girl, A, [115](#)  
Sparing his Feelings, [101](#)  
Speaking his Deep Emotions, [59](#)  
Spectacles and Bible Reading, [52](#)  
Splendid Firing, [202](#)  
Spiritualism Extraordinary, [59](#)  
Squashed, [186](#)  
Stage-Struck Hoosier, [75](#)  
"Steal Pen," The, [206](#)  
Steam Defined, [132](#)  
Stoning Stephen, [170](#)  
Story with a Moral, [18](#)  
Strange Peculiarities, [22](#)  
Stretch of Imagination, [179](#)

Striking Definition, [103](#)  
Striking Effect of a Strike, [28](#)  
Striking Lesson, A, [122](#)  
Striking Resemblance, [150](#)  
Strong Inducement, [131](#)  
Stump Orator, A, [12](#)  
Styling the Firm, [156](#)  
Sublime and Ridiculous, [96](#)  
Substituting one Treat for another, [78](#)  
Sudden Declaration, [153](#)  
Superfluous Testimonial, [73](#)  
Sure of it, [179](#)  
Suspecting the Shell, [63](#)  
Swift Horse, A, [204](#)  
  
Take Care of your Baggage, [152](#)  
Taking his Patients for a Ride, [75](#)  
Taking the Starch out, [80](#)  
Tall Relations, [50](#)  
Tall Talk, [130](#)  
Talking-Match, [146](#)  
Tart, [193](#)  
Tearful Response, A, [159](#)  
Thackeray and the Pirate's Daughter, [157](#)  
Thanks to his Hens, [189](#)  
That's a Good 'Un!, [14](#)  
The House that Jeff. Built, [180](#)  
The Late Floyd, [64](#)  
The Reason Why, [110](#)

Things I should like to See, [165](#)  
Thoughtful Mothers, [116](#)  
Tight-fisted, [142](#)  
Timely Warning, [169](#)  
Tipping them Latin, [186](#)  
Tired of his Boarding-House, [86](#)  
To make Leeches bite, [184](#)  
To make Sausages, [4](#)  
To the Point, [52](#)  
Too much Ice, [200](#)  
Too Slow for Paradise, [13](#)  
Tough Yankee, A, [117](#)  
Transatlantic Matrimonial Advertisements, [29](#)  
Treasure Trove, The, [8](#)  
Tremendous Gale, [71](#)  
True American Patriotism, [112](#)  
True, if not New, [164](#)  
True Politeness, [167](#)  
Trump Card, A, [169](#)  
Truth Wanted, [131](#)  
Two Things made to be Lost, [100](#)  
Two Things Unexpected, [152](#)  
Unacceptable Gratitude, [17](#)  
Undoubted Courage, [150](#)  
Unkind Reminder, An, [107](#)  
Unnecessary Apprehension, [96](#)  
Used to it, [118](#)

Vegetable Head, A, [64](#)  
Verdict of a Negro Jury, [114](#)  
Very Civil War, [114](#)  
Very Likely, [56](#)  
Very Odd, that, [67](#)  
Virginian Eloquence, [170](#)  
Vocation, A, [154](#)  
  
War Phrases, [197](#)  
Ward's, Artemus, Courtship, [197](#)  
Ward, A., on Reorganization, [153](#)  
Ward, A., on the Negro, [62](#)  
Ward, A., to the Prince of Wales, [124](#)  
Ward Beecher's Preaching, [13](#)  
Washington Irving, [154](#)  
Way of the World, The, [23](#)  
Webster, Daniel, [189](#)  
Webster's, Daniel, Courtship, [162](#)  
Webster, Daniel, and his Bills, [138](#)  
Webster, Daniel, and William Wirt, [31](#)  
Wedlock First Instituted, [121](#)  
Western Neighbours, [98](#)  
Western Obituary Notice, [46](#)  
We wonder, too, [50](#)  
Whale at Peas, A, [158](#)  
What a Fine Woman is like, [131](#)  
What he always did at Home, [41](#)  
What he did the First Year, [11](#)  
What Irishmen do!, [105](#)

What U. S. stands for, [118](#)  
When the Boat started, [134](#)  
When will they meet?, [194](#)  
Where the Ducks went, [127](#)  
"Where Warren fell", [9](#)  
Whiskers and Kisses, [58](#)  
Who Fiddled, [193](#)  
Whose Fault was it?, [136](#)  
Why the War goes on, [118](#)  
Wise Fool, A, [119](#)  
Wise Judge, A, [101](#)  
Wise Saws by Sam Slick, [143](#)  
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Witty Aide-de-Camp, A, [155](#)  
Witty Sentinel, A, [71](#)  
Woman-ology, [45](#)  
Wonderful, [144](#)  
Wonderful, if True, [178](#)  
"Wouldn't you like to know?", [44](#)  
Writing to the Old Woman, [20](#)  
Wrong Woman, The, [142](#)  
Wrong Train, The, [37](#)  
  
Yankee, The, [166](#)  
Yankee's Autobiography, A, [36](#)  
Yankee Brass, [76](#)  
Yankee Factory Girls, [170](#)  
Yankee Inquisitiveness, [176](#)  
Yankee Modesty, [188](#)

Yankee Notion of Macbeth, [27](#)  
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Yankee Toasts, [66](#)  
Young Jeff.'s Appetite, [6](#)  
Young Lady's Sacrifice, A, [138](#)  
Young Patriot, The, [32](#)  
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Youth Indignant, [188](#)

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The added cover is an image of the title page, and is in the public domain. Minor punctuation typos and Index page numbers were silently corrected. The "possible typos" listed below might be the antiquated spelling of words in common usage at the time, rather than actual typesetting errors. All the dialect and intentionally misspelled words were retained as in the original book.

Page 6: Possible typo: "sucking-pig" for "suckling-pig".

Page [10](#): Changed "were" to "where."  
(Orig: the field were we had suffered)

Page [39](#): Changed "sympton" to "symptom."  
(Orig: a sympton of personal approbation)

Page [45](#): Changed "magetism" to "magnetism."  
(Orig: makes woman so adorable as magetism)

Page [48](#): Possible typo: "Twelve a.m." for "Twelve p.m."

Pages [54](#), [80](#), [152](#), [175](#), [178](#): "Pedlar" and "pedler" spelling variations were retained.

Page [69](#): Changed "fondess" to "fondness."  
(Orig: fondess pent up in each heart)

Page [70](#): Changed "it" to "in."  
(Orig: The failings that it woman dwell)

Page [82](#): Changed "splarkled" to "sparkled."  
(Orig: Here Billy's eyes splarkled)

Page [88](#): Changed "dismised" to "dismissed."  
(Orig: witness was dismissed)

Page [101](#): Changed "thing" to "think."  
(Orig: quickest way we can thing of to go raving)

Page [102](#): Changed "granchild's" to "grandchild's."  
(Orig: rocking her granchild's cradle with one foot)

Page [116](#): Changed "Revolutinary" to "Revolutionary."  
(Orig: Army of Revolutinary War,)

Page [118](#): Changed "conset" to "consent."  
(Orig: Neither would conset to take it,)

Page [128](#): Changed "pocceeded" to "proceeded."  
(Orig: who proceeded to describe their peculiarities.)

Page [144](#): Possible typo: "sleepness" for "sleepless."  
(Orig: Sleepness nights, broken dreams,)

Page [147](#): Possible typo: "tustle," for "tussle."  
(Orig: In the course of the tustle)

Page [159](#): Changed "pamplet" to "pamphlet."  
(Orig: holding out a pamplet)

Page [160](#): Changed "homour" to "humour."  
(Orig: the old gent's good humour)

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