

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1853.

NUMBER 49

THE
LANCASTER LEDGER
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING.

R. S. BAILEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**ALL KINDS OF
JOB PRINTING**
EXECUTED WITH neatness and dispatch
At this Office.

Selected Tales.

From the *Illustrated Family Friend*.
THE POWER OF KINDNESS

OR—
THE HUSBAND RECLAIMED.

BY R. S. BAILEY.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY EASTMAN sat on his father's knee, and an involuntary sigh forced the inquiry from his parent, "Henry, what is the matter?"
Henry was but eight years of age, and the solicitude of a kind and indulgent father for the welfare of his children—troubled alike when ever any thing troubled them—could only be repaid by the knowledge of that which caused them pain. Henry hesitatingly answered, "My dear father, I feel sad because sister Flor is going to be married."

CHAPTER II.

The father of Henry Eastman was a man of wealth and standing in the community in which he lived. Besides Henry, he had one, and only one other child—a daughter. Florence Eastman was seventeen years of age, and all that a kind parent, aided by an abundance of this world's goods, could do, was lavished upon her; but, more than all, Nature had done that which neither kindness nor wealth could. Possessed of rare beauty, and amiable temperance, and bewitching but artless manners, many had flocked to the standard of beauty, and sought by all the stratagems of art and love, to capture the heiress; but each alike shared the same fate; and perhaps Florence Eastman might have been spared many bitter moments in after life, and have ultimately died an old maid, but for a casual circumstance which placed her in company with Charles Newman, and where after many pleasant walks and rides, the lover wooed and won.

Henry Eastman sighed because sister Flor on the next day would be married to Charles Newman. The inquiry naturally suggests itself—did he have cause?

Charles Newman was of an honorable family, and what is of more significance in the eyes of the world, was a rich man. The father of Florence at first refused to give his consent to the marriage of his only daughter with Newman. He was led to do so, not from an unfounded prejudice towards the young man, neither could he bring any direct accusation against his character, for the world esteemed him highly, and gossip very naturally declared that Florence Eastman was doing well—but the old man found that his daughter's admirer was too fond of the exhilarating influence of the intoxicating wine-cup.

At first, he refused his consent, but after a certain time had elapsed, and finding how ardently attached his daughter was to Newman, he yielded his consent.—Her happiness was his, and devoid of all selfish and grovelling feelings, his sole desire was to see his children exhibit, while he lived, those cheerful, happy countenances, the spontaneous influence of contented hearts.

Need we be surprised then, that when little Henry sighed, and explained the cause, that the father sighed also! He did

sigh, but hope whispered—they may do well.
The following day Florence Eastman became Florence Newman.

CHAPTER III.
"One! two! three! three thousand dollars! all—gone. Great Heavens—can it be so! I yet have one thousand more, and I will place that on the ace—if I win I will double, and may get up yet; if I lose—!" The evil one whispered, try! One! two! three! four! Charles Newman gasped for breath. He went to the side-board, swallowed a glass of brandy and walked out.

Six years have passed since the marriage of Charles Newman. For a brief period after his marriage, things went on pleasantly; his young and lovely wife was as happy as the day was long, and trouble had never once crossed the threshold of her loving, happy heart. Charles Newman attended to the profession of the law, and with his business and happy home the wine-cup had as yet made but little intrusion upon him.

"But why," said he one day to his wife, "why should I practice law, when we have an abundance; why nail myself down to a law office?"

The wife, hoping even to increase the measure of her happiness by having him always with her, readily replied, "You are right, Charles; quit the practice and then I will have your company all—the time."

The husband did so, and from that moment a change came over the spirit of the young wife's dream. How true the adage, "Idleness is the root of all evil." For a time, the only change in Newman's conduct was, he would be out more often, and then he would stay out longer. At last, he would stay out half of the night, and would come home partially intoxicated. The young wife trembled—soon a new link would be added to the chain which united her to her husband, and hope whispered—Do not despair. But in the infant born child seemed but to urge the father on, and poor Florence Newman was obliged to admit the melancholy reflection, that her boy's father was a DRUNKARD.

Thus did Charles Newman march onward in dissipation, until he lost all he possessed of money—nearly all of character. As we observed, six years had elapsed since the marriage.

CHAPTER IV.

"THREE little children! My poor little children—your father, where is he! My Father in Heaven, did I ever think we would come to this! We are reduced almost to poverty."

Bang went the door, and in walked Charles Newman. The brandy does not appear to have affected him. It is near daylight—"the darkest hour precedes the light of day." On a pallet lay his two eldest children, and in a chair sits his broken-hearted wife, with their infant in her arms. Silence reigns, but at length the wife exclaims—

"Charles, my dear, I am so glad you have come home."
"Florence," calmly replied the husband, "we are poor; we are in abject want—I have lost at the gambling table all I possessed."

An involuntary exclamation escaped from the wife; it was, "Thank God!"
"Charles," said the wife, "I have wished for this; I have prayed for it. My father does not know our distresses, and I have hitherto forbore to write to him; but now I will do so, and he will help us; but oh! how cheerfully, if he thought—" The wife hesitated, and the husband said "Hush!—To-morrow!"

The morning came. The birds carolled forth their songs, the butterflies skipped about the windows, and appeared desirous of knowing what was going on; the flowers even seemed to bloom with unwonted marks of beauty, and Charles Newman's children looked up into his eyes and smiled.
"Know you why the wife stopped in her speech the preceding night? She knew her husband's nature—he was proud; he did not wish even his own wife to tell him to do so, or so, or reprove him for what he had done. She knew, and she felt, that he was deeply, sorely tried, and grieved; remorse was killing him; and if he once voluntarily promised to forsake his vices, he would."

No wonder the flowers looked so bright and the birds sang so sweetly. Charles Newman has promised never to touch another drop of spirits. The wife gives him a found embrace, and emphatically exclaims, "Thank God!"

CONCLUSION.
TWELVE years have elapsed since the marriage, and six since the events recorded in our last chapter happened. Little Henry Eastman is now a young man of twenty.
"Come here, Henry," said his father, "and tell me what makes you so happy."
"Shall I sit on your knee, father, as I am now such a big boy," and before receiving an answer he was on his father's knee.

"Well, what is it my boy, let us hear; it does your father good to see his children happy—it makes tears of love and gratitude flow from his eyes. What is it my boy?"
"Well, father, you said I might commence the study of law, and I have been thinking how I can make, not only such a lawyer, but such a man as my tutor and brother-in-law."

Tears did come into the old man's eyes. By his interposition, he had given to the world a man of great usefulness, who, perhaps, otherwise would have filled a drunkard's grave.

News Items, &c.

Fatal Rail Road Accident—Narrow Escape of General Pierce—Death of his Son.

We regret to perceive from a telegraphic dispatch in the Baltimore papers that a frightful accident occurred on the Boston and Maine Rail Road about noon on Thursday, whereby the life of the President elect was greatly endangered, and his only son instantly killed. When near the town of Andover, in Massachusetts, the train was thrown off the track by some obstruction, and precipitated down an embankment twenty feet high, turning a somerser, and falling upon a pile of rocks at the bottom of the embankment. The cars at the time were filled with passengers, among whom were Gen. Pierce, his lady and only son, an interesting boy of ten years. Gen. Pierce was the first to extricate himself from the fragments of the car, which was literally smashed to atoms; and though sound in limb, he complains of considerable pain in his back.—His son was instantly crushed to death.—Mrs. Pierce received a number of severe contusions, one of which, however, are considered dangerous. Many other passengers were badly bruised, and the down train brought in six or eight of the wounded. The citizens of Andover were assiduous in their attentions to the sufferers.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* states that this terrible visitation is the more deplorable, as the fine boy thus suddenly snatched from life was the single remaining one of the only three children with which the afflicted parents have been blessed. The whole country, we are confident, will deeply sympathize in their bereavement, whilst it will rejoice that the parents themselves were preserved from the same terrible fate.

Further Particulars of the Accident to Gen. Pierce and family.

We gather from the New York papers some additional particulars of the railroad accident by which Gen. Pierce and wife were injured and their son killed:

The train was composed of a baggage and passenger car only. The exact cause of the accident is not definitely ascertained; one of the axle trees is supposed to have broken; some say it was the journal on which the wheel plays. The day was very cold—the thermometer pointed at zero—and the accident was doubtless owing to the frost in the iron works of the ill-fated car.

Mrs. Pierce and the deceased son had been absent four weeks on a visit to relatives in Boston and Andover. The accident happened near the latter place.—Gen. Pierce went to Boston on Tuesday morning, and with them attended the funeral of Mrs. Pierce's uncle, Hon. Amos Lawrence, on the same afternoon. They remained at Mr. Aiken's, in Andover, whose lady is a sister of Mrs. Pierce, and were expecting to return in the evening.

The train in which they went left Boston at noon on Thursday, and the accident happened just after it left the Andover depot, twenty miles from Boston at about five minutes.

Gen. Pierce, after the accident appeared composed, but Mrs. Pierce was taken away in a very high state of mental anguish. Her screams were agonizing.—The little boy was their only child, an eldest brother having died some ten years ago.

At the time of the accident, General Pierce was conversing with Mr. Young, the superintendent of the new Mills at Lawrence. Professor Packard, a relative of Gen. Pierce, was in company with Mrs. Pierce and her son, and the party occupied the forward part of the car, which was divided in the middle. They were all thrown into a heap, one over another.—Master Pierce lay upon the floor of the car, with his skull frightfully fractured.—The cap which he had worn had fallen off, and was filled with his blood and brains.

A little girl of Mr. Newell, of Hillsborough, had her foot crushed, and it must be amputated. Mrs. Newell was badly injured, and Mr. Newell had a leg broken. Mr. Horace Childs, bridge builder, of Henniker, was badly but not seriously bruised. Several women were seriously bruised.

The car is said to have broken near the middle. The baggage car in front was not thrown off. A brakeman stood on the end of it and witnessed the accident unharmed.

A despatch, dated Concord, Thursday evening, says:
Considerable apprehension is felt here lest this melancholy fatality may prove serious in its consequences of Mrs. Pierce. She has been for several years in delicate health, caused partly by the loss of her first child. The boy killed by this accident was almost idolized by his mother and father.

The announcement of the accident, at 4 o'clock, caused great excitement in the House. A member came in and said that Gen. Pierce himself was dead. The floor and galleries were crowded—the charge of bribery against Judge Butler being under consideration. The Governor, Council, and most of the Senators were present. Instantly every member was on his feet, and exclamations of regret were heard from every one.

The veteran Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth, the oldest member—a political opponent, but strong personal friend of Gen. Pierce—was observed to weep like a child. Others were much affected.

The House adjourned instantly, and the members rushed to the hotel and telegraph office, and the most intense anxiety to obtain particulars has prevailed ever since.

The little boy was a great favorite with our town people. He was agreeable, kind and generous, and much beloved by his playmates. When asked, the other day, "Well Benny, how do you expect to like living at the White House?" he replied, "I don't know about going there to live at all. I would rather go out to live on a farm."

Mr. Newell of Cambridge, one of the passengers is injured beyond the possibility of recovery.

Boston, Jan. 7.—Gen. Pierce and his lady are still at Andover, suffering slightly from their injuries, and overwhelmed with grief at the loss of their only child. The funeral will take place at Concord tomorrow.

The Citizen and no Citizen.

Mr. Frederick Leopold, a citizen of the United States, who last summer was seized in Hanover, for military service due to the king thereof, has returned to his home in this city. He states that he was seized at night and immediately taken to prison. His baggage was searched, and all his money taken from him for a time. The keepers of the prison gave him only a blanket for his bed, and only bread and water to eat. He sent for the American Consul, but he said he could do nothing for him, and so Mr. Leopold compounded the matter by paying \$250, for a substitute. Thus it seems, that though an American citizen, yet inasmuch as he emigrated to this country without leave, he was still liable to serve in the army of the King of Hanover. It seems to us that the time has come for the United States to take and maintain some position on this subject. If our naturalized citizens are not citizens in fact, then it were as well that our war of 1812 with Great Britain had never been waged. If such persons are citizens of the United States, they should be protected as such; if they are not, it is time they should know it, and at least dispense with the idle ceremony and expense of renouncing all former allegiance, and taking out naturalization papers.—*Charleston Standard.*

Woman Superseded.

Is the good old long ago time, women were useful as well as ornamental articles.

In fact they were indispensable. The men couldn't get their dinners cooked, their breeches mended, or a button sewed on their shirts without their aid; consequently a man was obliged, as a matter of necessity, convenience and economy, to take to himself a wife to do up his cooking, washing, mending, and in a word to keep him in proper trim.

But within the last few years the ever inventive Yankees have effected a complete revolution, and their machinery is fast superseding and taking the place of women. We have washing machines, churning machines, cooking machines, and last and most important of all, we have sewing machines. Yes, about five hundred sewing machines are now in operation in this country, and they are ordered from the manufacturers faster than they can be supplied. Where then is there any longer use for women? Every old bachelor can now order home his different machines, laugh in the faces of the ladies and tell them they are no longer of any use. Ah! the 'good time coming' we read about, must be close at hand.

Paper on Bed-Room Walls.

MANY a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed-rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper, at any cost or inconvenience; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering.

The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night, in the mean time, will do very well; for health, and even life may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind it should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering.

It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness. Not long ago a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which prevailed when shut up from the outside air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found a mass of old papers as thick, stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spec-

tle which we will not sicken our readers by describing.

Dickens' Household Words.

Newspapers.

The press of our country is an efficient engine in the promotion of intelligence and virtue; and the father who permits his family to be unsupplied with a paper, even a single year, is, to say the least, guilty of culpable neglect. He denies his wife and children an invaluable opportunity of improvement, and in this age of plenty and cheapness, his remissness deserves the severest reprehension. We do not say he ought to be placed under guardianship, but we do affirm that he is not qualified for his responsible duty.

A whole family or boys and girls growing up without a newspaper! In the dark ages, this would have been well enough; but now, when the seeds of intelligence are sown broadcast over the length and breadth of the land, it is monstrous, it is wicked!

Poor children! they will grow up in ignorance, in spite of the grammar and the spelling-book; they will always be stupid—always open their mouths and stare when anything is said; they will always be behind the times; till the last day of their lives, and finally die because the spelling-book did not tell them that ratsbane was poison. We pity the children whose father is too mean—no man is too poor in our prosperous land—to take a paper. Truly, in their case, the iniquities of the father shall be visited upon the children, unto the fourth and fifth generations.

A child can never be educated in the school-room alone. Its reasoning powers demand the exercise which the great world alone can give. Let their minds be developed by study, let them have all the training which the school can give, and they will be dolts with nothing else.

Children are educated by the little—every day incidents of the family circle. The conversation and example of their elders, the performance of their little duties, everything they do, or see done, is part of their education. If the sphere of the child's observation be narrow, its intellect will be pinched; enlarge it, and the child's mind will be expanded to a corresponding extent.

Every father cannot send his children abroad to improve their judgment by actual contact with the scenes and events of the world. But the newspaper reflecting the thoughts and experience of universal mankind, supplies the want. It places before the reader the record of every day's thought and action. It brings to our very fireside the knowledge of what is transpiring everywhere—what men are doing—thus making their experience ours.

Everybody needs this information, and no man who has a particle of self-respect will be without it. The child needs it—nay, its expanding mind imperatively demands it.

The newspaper, besides the actual knowledge which it imparts, is eminently suggestive. It provokes thought, reasoning, calculation. It is not like an old book which has lain for half a century on the shelf, stale and musty; it is fresh, sparkling in life, and inviting from its very novelty. It must be read in its season, as the corn and potatoes must be harvested in theirs, so that the very necessity keeps the brain lively.

We have heard learned doctors and schoolmasters advise their pupils to take a standard book, and peruse and re-peruse it, until its contents became a part of the mind. Undoubtedly great intellects have been perfected in this manner—Webster's is a genius; or is endowed with the requisite patience, very few will ever do it. The mass demand variety, change, sparkling novelty, rather than the monotony of always ploughing in one furrow.

The newspaper, coming every day, or every week, will be read, while Milton and Shakespeare, Bacon and Locke, grow musty on the shelves. Its contents are in the very act of flowing from the living brain.

Do not think, farmer and mechanic, because you have 'Baxter's Call' and a hymn-book stowed away in your secretary, that you have done all that is required of you. Good as these books are, you had better burn them than become the victim of such a delusion.

Take a paper, pay for it, read it, and your children will love you while you live, and bless your memory when you are gone.

Young Men, Help Yourselves.

PROVIDENCE, we are told, helps those who help themselves. A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart, passing on through life you will find many a stream that will cross your path—but don't sit down and mourn. If you can't wade across, throw stones to stand upon, and you will soon be safe on the opposite side. To-day you are opposed in your project. Don't stop—don't go back—meet the opposer—persevere and you will conquer—Providence will assist you. You have failed in business—come out from under the load-stool of despondency and try again. Zounds! if you don't help yourself and persevere you will do nothing, and be punished at by every beggar and every pauper on crutches who passes along.

Mistake on Both Sides.

Voltaire was one day speaking warmly in praise of the physician Haller, in presence of a person who was living in his house. "Ah, sir," said this person, "if M. Haller would but speak of your works as you speak of his." "Possibly we are both mistaken," said Voltaire.

Curious Love Story.

A very curious story is told by several ancient writers respecting Egiward, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that emperor. That secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his footmarks would be observed, and yet to stay would be to expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened however, that from the window of his bedroom the emperor saw the whole affair. In assembly of his lords on the following day, when Egiward and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who compelled a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers were alarmed; but the emperor, addressing Egiward, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage; fear God and love one another."

An Irish journal gives the following strange obituary notice:
"Died at Bellaghy, on the first instant, Rachel McCartney, aged sixty-seven.—Through careful dealing and wretchedly penurious habits, she managed to save a considerable sum of money. A short time before her death she swallowed fifty notes of one pound each, and also some sovereigns. Rarely has their been such an instance of the *auri sacra fames*, or of 'the ruling passion strong in death.' In her wretched pallet and on her person were found, after death, large sums of money."

An Eastern Wonder.

The author of 'The Spiritual Medium' quotes the following singular fact from a well authenticated source. It is given in illustration of the power of the East Indian devotees over the nervous principle:
A devotee, on a wager, submitted to the following test. After giving directions what should be done to him, he threw himself into a swoon. He was then sewed in a bag placed in a box, and buried in a tomb built of solid brick-work. The door was then bricked up and sealed, and sentries placed before it for a whole month. The tomb was then opened, and his body found hand, was pried open, and a little milk poured into it; and though he had been without food, drink and air for thirty days he revived and sat up. The next day he was able to mount a camel and start off on a journey expressing himself in very indignant terms that the parties who had put him to the test did not remunerate him more liberally for his trouble. The writer adds, 'I read a few weeks ago, in an Indian paper, that the same devotee had repeated the same feat at some other place, with equal success.'

We were a good deal amused, at an anecdote we heard the other day, of a certain preacher whose calling confined him within the limits of old Kentucky.—He had preached in his parish many years, and of course run short of the eloquence so much needed to keep his hearers awake and astonished. Let him preach ever so well, it made no difference, they had used to him and used to sleeping, and sleep they would to his great annoyance. At last he hit upon an expedient to bring 'em up standing, as the saying is. He procured a small tin whistle which he took with him into the pulpit; and after taking his text and "blazing away" till his lungs were sore, and his hearers all comfortable dozing and nodding approval to each other, he suddenly drew it forth and gave a shrill toot-a-toot. In an instant the whole congregation was awake and on their feet, staring at the minister, at each other, and wondering what in the names of pickles and human nature, as Sam Slick says, was to come next.

"You're a set of fine humanity, ain't you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on the astonished assemblage.
"When I preach the gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but when I go to playing the devil, you're all wide awake, up and coming like a rush of hornets with a pole n'th air nest!"

Benedict Arnold never married until he was forty years of age, and see what an end he made!

Exchange paper—[Yes, but we never heard of Arnold doing anything bad until after he was married.]

'I'spose, neighbor,' said an independent voter to another, on the eve of the election, 'that you'll vote for our friend B. again this time?'

"No," was the reply; 'I don't think I shall. The beef wasn't cooked to my mind that he gave us last Election.'

A vocalist says he could sing 'Way down on the old Tar River if he could get the pitch.'

Why are shawls like husbands? Because every woman should have one.

Time flies fast, but but every musician of any note can beat time.

What is next to an oyster? The shell. That's a hard case.

There is a nigger in Kentucky so black that his shadow stains the carpet as he passes along.

An artist painted a cannon so naturally the other day, that when he finished the touchhole it "went off." A friend accounts for it by saying that it was taken by the sheriff. This, however may be nothing more or less than malice.

ALL DOUGH.—"How very seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find editors who are bred to the business."

"Very," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is bread to the editors?"

Wit and Humor.

They tell a good story of an old fashioned wealthy codger of this ilk. He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once. Then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots, in the morning he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones—he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter and told him the circumstance, giving him a V for the owner of the boots when he should call for them. The owner never called! The old gent had bought his own boots!

A "Sell."

"Paddy, honey, will you buy my watch?"
"And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?"
"Troth it is, darlint."
"What's the price?"
"Ten shillings and a mutchin of the creature."

"Is the watch a decent one?"
"Sure I've had it twenty years, and it never once deaved me."

"Well, here's your tin; and now tell me does it go well?"
"Bodad, an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaght, Munster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never deaved you?"
"Sure and I did; nor it didn't for I never dipindid on it!"

The cause of ladies teeth decaying at so much earlier state of life than those of the other sex, has been usually attributed to the friction produced by the constant action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested with more gallantry, and perhaps with equal truth, that it is owing to the sweetness of their lips, it is a fact well established by popular belief, that sweet things spoil the teeth.

A CHILD'S WITTY LOGIC.—"I have," writes a correspondent, "a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age named Rosa. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, who finally wound up by saying—

"Rosa, I don't love you."
"Ah, but you've got to love me," said the child.

"Why?" asked her tormentor.
"Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says you must love them that hate you; and I am sure I hate you!"
Was that bad, "for a child?"

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Good Descend.—It is a question whether or being called "the son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for any thing unless it descend in a straight line from a good stock.

An author of a love story, in describing his heroine, says—"Innocence dwells in the rich clusters of her dark hair." A wag suggests that a fine tooth comb would bring it out.