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The Regular Meetings of Albany Lodge, No, 4, I. O. O. F., are held at their Hall in Norcross' Building, Albany, every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.

By order of the N. G. au4-1y

NOTICE! MONEY TO LET.

A FEW TWENTIES left, to pay for good Wheat. Highest cash price paid on delivery of good wheat at my ware house, Albany, Oregon.

R. CHEADLE.

WANTED;

100,000 POUNDS OF WOOL

For which we will pay the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

W. W. PARRISH & CO.

Albany, January 27th, 1866.

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The Largest, Most General, and Most Splendid Assortment of

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Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books

An Immense Assortment of

SCHOOL BOOKS!

Orders From the Interior,

Filled with dispatch and care.

CHARLES BARRETT.

Portland, November 16, 1865.

The Last Call.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to J. Levy & Bro., Albany, will please come forward immediately and settle their notes and accounts. If they are not settled by the 25th of this month the accounts and notes will be placed in the hands of an Attorney for collection. You will find the notes and accounts with Messrs. Werthan & Co., at the New York Store, who are authorized to collect them for us.

J. LEVY & BRO.

Albany, October 13, 1866. 3m

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

She sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past;
Of the day so full of gladness,
When their first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
Oh, those happy, happy moments!
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her wavering thoughts still wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart in tones of anguish
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with a whisper—
"Suffer them to come to ME."
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there!

THE SABBATH.

Sweetly as the angels' breathing
Through the song of "Peace on earth,"
Came this holy Sabbath morning—
Morn of high celestial birth!

Sacredly and all-serenely,
By the Father's presence blest,
And the Savior's heavenly teachings,
And the Holy Spirit's rest,

Move along the Sabbath hours;
May our souls harmonious be
With their beauty, truth and temper,
With their worship, high in key!

As the Sabbath evening closes
With all its benedictions deep!
May we wrap our garments, purer,
Round our souls and calmly sleep.

Nearer home one Sabbath's journey,
Nearer all that's good and true,
Blessed with light from God Eternal,
To proceed with Heaven in view!

A Good Story

Judge Ray, the temperance lecturer in one of his efforts, got off the following:

"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whisky for years in *moderation*. If there is a person in the audiance before me whose experience disputes this let him make it known; I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said: "I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

'Are you a moderate drinker?' said the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "yours is a singular case; yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story:—A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whisky, sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking bread some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread in the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it became drunk, and floated helpless on the surface. In this way he easily caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky, but with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net and after much effort caught it carried it to a colored neighbor and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment and then said; 'Sambo, I un'erstans dis case. Dat fish is a *mullethead; it ain't got no brains!*' In other words," added the Judge, alcohol affects *only the brain*, and, of course those having none may drink without injury!"

The storm of laughter which followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

BAD WRITING AN IMPOSITION ON SOCIETY.—It has been irreverently said that speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts; but it is literally true that the penmanship of some people veils their meaning in all but impenetrable mystery. Scholars to whom the reading of Epyptian scrolls of the days of the Pharoahs is as easy as making love would be utterly discomfited by the skeins of worse than cuniform" characters which editors are sometimes called upon to unravel. We dare not subscribe to the doctrine of Poe, that men's moral natures are to be estimated by the nature of their chirography, for to believe the bad penman with which the world abounds, were half as villainous as their handwriting, would make a man even of benevolent instincts a confirmed misanthrope. No man has a right to send refuses to his friends in the form of letters. Time is money; and it is an imposition to compel a man to waste it in deciphering slovenly hieroglyphics.

For the State Rights Democrat.

LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPAULDING

Early Oregon Missions---Their Importance in Securing the Country to Americans.

[NUMBER SEVEN.]

Our mission party, except the ladies, were duly mustered in, and each took his turn in standing guard. Scarcely had we passed the Pawnee villages, and attained a beautiful meadow, when God broke down one of the large wagons of the Co., early in the day, to give our mission party and animals the rest we so much needed. But the same kind Hand before night sent a company, under Major Harris, from Fort Laramie, with 20 mules and saddles, for the goods of the broken wagon; and the next morning the caravan moved again.

May 29, we reached the main Platte, or Nebraska river, opposite the head of Grand Island; and here I will give the following, derived from Lewis & Clark, Capt. Bonneville and Gen. Fremont:—"Grand Island—fifty-two miles long and one mile wide, above high-water mark—separates the Platte into two nearly equal channels; 2,000 feet above the Gulf of Mexico; in latitude 40°44', longitude 98°; 372 miles from Fort Leavenworth, 772 from St. Louis (200 more via Council Bluffs), 578 from Laramie. Platte river is 2,200 yards wide, while the Missouri at the mouth of the Kansas is only 500 yards. Grass of these prairies attains the hight of 8 to 11 feet. Trees of this longitude are cottonwood, poplar, ash, oak, walnut, elm, hackberry, coppernut, sycamore, plum, birch, grape, rose and box-alder." In the days of Lewis & Clark this longitude seems to have been the dividing line between the wild turkey and the honey bee on the one side, and the black-tailed and big-horned deer, prairie dog, small goat, prickly pear and sage brush on the other. With a "drag-out," made of willows and bark, in this longitude, in a branch of the Missouri, these gentlemen caught 1,010 fish—trout, salmon trout, bass, pike, buffalo fish, rock fish, flat-back, catfish, perch, silver-sides, red-horse and schrimp. They also killed a pelican whose pouch would hold five gallons of water.

Five more days of rapid traveling brought us to the forks of the Platte, and found the Company in a starving condition. Flour and pork gone, and the last ox killed. We furnished them with a cow, for which we were to receive another in exchange at Laramie; reserving the calf, as we ourselves were on allowance. Here we had hoped to meet buffalo, but not one was to be seen; although the face of the earth was covered with buffalo heads and bones, and the incredible amount of dry buffalo manure (*bois de vache*) would make one feel that he was standing in a cow-yard, rather than in the wilderness. The grass was sheared close, leaving a poor show for our animals. The deep-worn watering trails leading from sand-hills were becoming numerous and very troublesome to our wagons.

The next day the hunters brought in two bulls, the next the choice pieces of eight cows, and the third day the grand drama opened soon after our caravan stretched out in the morning. And such a sight! It was grand beyond the power of imagination. None but those who have traveled these prairies in early days can have an idea of it. At first a dark line over the hills in the distant north is taken for timber; but soon the undulating motion of the oncoming clouds and the cry of "Buffalo!" undeceives us. On they come, extending to the horizon right and left, and no break, as yet, in the rear. The caravan is speedily formed in solid body, and the guard and hunters and spare men form in line of a V, to open the living mass. On each side the black clouds roll by—thank the Lord!—and the gap closes up again. The incessant clatter of horns, the trembling earth and the low bellowing of the countless bulls, produce a continued roar. The river is passed, and over the southern hills the dark line closes in against the horizon.—No mortal can possibly guess the number of thousands. Fremont, six years later, allowing ten feet to each buffalo, makes 10,000 in a space of two miles around him; but here was a space much greater—how much no one could tell. Lewis & Clark estimate 20,000 in view and feeding so quietly, that they seemed unwilling to give their company room to pass.

We were emphatically in a land flowing with milk and buflalo flesh. The whole camp was in the best possible humor.—Only a few days before, when hunger was pointing his finger in every man's face and every rope was breaking, there was a fight almost every day; but now it would have been impossible to have gotten up a fight. The mess fires were crowded every night to a late hour with cooking in any and every way that could be devised in a country like this and on a journey like this, where there was not a stick of timber or switch large enough for a roasting-stick; sweet bread on the fire; marrow bones in the fire; broad sides, supported by pack-saddles, before the fire; coffee-pots and buffalo tongues over the fire.—The *bois de vache* made a hot fire, and answered our purpose better than could be expected. As the head of the long caravan would come to a halt for the night, the spare men through the whole line might be seen dashing out with hat, handkerchief, or anything else, to gather those "buffalo chips" for night and morning.

We passed Chimney Rock—the modern "Tower of the Desert"—Scott's Bluff and the battle-ground of 1843, where the Cheyennes and their enemy fought desperately, leaving many of their bones to bleach upon the spot. The Indian's love of revenge, the white man's avarice and the Church's slow movements will annihilate the last red man not many ages hence.

We arrived at Fort William (Laramie) the 18th of June, and remained here four days. We had divine service on the Sabbath, at which nearly all the Company were present; good singing and good attention.

Laramie was a post of the American Fur Company, at the mouth of Laramie river; was built in 1834; in latitude 41°. 40', longitude 104°20'; 4,470 feet above the sea; 1,550 miles from St. Louis via Council Bluffs; 320 miles from South Pass, 1,680 from Walla Walla, and 70 within the southeast corner of the Territory of Idaho.

Near this spot Mr. Stewart and party spent the last part of their terrific winter of 1811-12—having been alarmed from their snug winter quarters on the Sweet Water by the Crow Indians, who had robbed them of their horses and put them on foot on the head-waters of Snake river the fall before. They came near perishing from hunger before they reached game in the spurs of the Wind river mountains; and finally made their first winter camp on Sweet Water, in the midst of game, and were alarmed from that as above stated. They had to find their way to the States on foot, in the spring.

The Company left all their wagons at this post, and gave every man three animals—one to ride and two to pack. We left one of our wagons. Thus far the ladies endured the journey far better than was expected; but Mrs. Spaulding began to suffer severely from living only on fresh meat, without bread.

The Origin of Many Things.

The sources of our familiar food are various indeed. A small part of the catalogue of vegetables borrowed from foreign regions runs through half of the globe.—Amongst breadstuff—wheat and buckwheat comes from Asia, rye from Siberia, and rice from Ethiopia. Amonst greens—the cucumber comes from Spain, the artichoke from Sicily and Andalusia, cresses from Crete, lettuce from Coos, onions and parsley from Egypt, cauliflower from Cyrus, spinach from Asia, shalot from Ascalon, beans from India, horse-radish from China. America has given us the potato and Jerusalem artichoke.—Amongst fruit—we owe the filbert, pomegranite, walnut, quince and grape to Asia; the apricot to Armenia, the lemon to Media, the peach to Persia, the orange to India, the fig to Mesopotamia, the hazlenut and cherry to the Euxine, the chestnut to Lydia, the plum to Syria, almonds to Mauritania and olives to Greece.—Amongst plants which are used for various purposes are—coffee from Arabia, tea from China, cocoa from Mexico, tobacco from the New Yorld, fennel from the Canaries, cloves from the Moroccos, the castor-oil plant from India. Amongst trees—the horse-chestnut tree comes from India, the laurel from Crete, the elder tree from Prussia. Amongst flowers—the narcissus and carnation come from Italy, the lily from Syria, the tulip from Cappadocio, the jassamine from India, the nasturtium from Peru, the dahlia from Mexico.

A PARADISE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Mrs. Eloise Hunt, of Heiner's Run Clinton, Pa., writes thus: "My home has been for six years in little rocky basin shut in on every side by the Alleghanies, without a neighbor, a church or a school, seeing no human face for weeks—aye, even months, sometimes—except those of my mother and child. Living thus, I have come to love in a strange, all-absorbing way all that nature has thrown around me. Earth, with its varied growth of trees and shrubs, plants and mosaic rocks and water, the clouds, blue sky and stars, everything is beautiful to me; even the dead leaves, the decayed trees and bare rocks are beloved. Think, then, how inexpressibly dear the living trees and flowers and water. I have tame trout, six yards from the door that leap above the water to catch bits of meat from my fingers. The pheasant make their nests in sight of the house and sometimes the male bird is seen drumming on an old log only a few rods up the mountain side. I have planted wild flowers around my doors, and in summer the humming-birds go through the open house on their visits to the flowers. Strangers from the world have said: "How can you exist in this dreary place?' Their eyes cannot see as mine, nor can they hear any of the pleasant voices I hear, and so I simply tell them what they comprehended: 'It is my necessity.' My place, which is so lonely to others, is so pleasant to me that I have named it Paradise, and here I will teach my son a love of truth, purity and beauty."

HOW TO BE UNHAPPY.—In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your own things. Do not care about anybody else having feelings for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous, lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off, in any respect, than yourself; think unkindly toward them and speak ill of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if anyone comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a dime; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

EXCHANGE.—One of our bachelor acquaintances, who is head centre of a down east paper, and has a very pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor editor, equally fortunate, "please exchange."—We hope that it happened, or soon will.

A Pen-Picture of Abraham Lincoln.

The Hon. W. H. Herndon, of Springfield Illinois, who was for twenty years the law partner of Abraham Lincoln, recently gave a lecture on the life and character of his illustrious companion, prefacing it with the following remarkable personal description:—

Abraham Lincoln was about six feet four inches high, and when he left the city was fifty-one years old, having good health and no grey hairs, or but few in his head. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, rawboned, thin through the breast, to the back, and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward; was what may be called stoop-shouldered, inclining to the consumptive by build. His usual weight was about one hundred and sixty pounds. His organization—rather his structure and function—worked slowly. His blood had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his frame, and his nerve force had to travel through dry ground a long distance before his muscles were obedient to his will. His structure was loose and leathery; his body was loose and shriveled, having dark skin, dark hair, looking woestruck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, creakingly, as if it needed oiling.—Physicially, he was a very powerful man, lifting with ease from four to six hundred pounds.

His mind was like his body; it worked slowly, but strongly. When he walked he moved cautiously but firmly, his long arms, and hands on them like a giant's hands, swung down by his side. He walked with even tread; the inner sides of his feet were parelleled. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground at once, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted his foot at once, not rising from the toes, and hence had no spring to his walk. He had the economy of fall and lift of foot, though he had no spring or apparent ease of motion in his tread.—He walked undulatory, up and down, catching and pocketing tire, weariness and pain all up and down his person, preventing them from locating. The first opinion of a stranger, or a man who did not watch and observe very closely, was was that his walk implied shrewdness, cunning, a tricky man; but his walk was that of caution and firmness. In sitting on a common chair he was no taller than ordinary men. His legs and arms were abnormally, unnaturally long, and in undue proportion to the rest of his body.—It was only when he stood up that he loomed above other men. His head was long and tall from the base of the brain and from the eyebrows—the perspective faculties. His head ran back at a low angle, like Clay's, and unlike Webster's almost perpendicular. The size of the hat, measured on the hatter's block, was seven and a half, his head being from ear to ear six and a half inches, and from the front to the back of the brain eight inches. Thus measured it was not below the medium size. His forehead was narrow but high, his hair was dark, almost black, and lay floating where his fingers or the wind had left it piled up at random. His cheek bones were high, sharp and prominent. His eyebrows heavy and jutted out; his jaws were long, up-curved and heavy; his nose was large, long and blunt, having the tip glowing in red, and a little awry toward the right eye; his chin was long, sharp and up-curved; his eyebrows were cropped out like a huge rock on the brow of a hill; his face was long, sallow, cadaverous, shrunk, shriveled, wrinkled and dry, having here and there a hair on the surface; his cheeks were leathery; his ears were large and ran out almost at right angles from his head, caused by heavy hats and partly by nature; his lower lip was thick, hanging and under-curved, while his chin reached for the lip up-curved; his neck was neat and trim, his head being well-balanced on it; there was the love mole on his right cheek and Adam's apple on the throat. Thus stood, walked, acted, and looked Abraham Lincoln.—He was not a pretty man, by any means, nor was he an ugly one. He was a homely man, careless of his looks, plain looking, and plain acting. He had no pomp, display, or dignity—so called.—He appeared simple in his carriage and bearing. He was a sad looking man; his melancholy dripped from him as he walked. His apparent gloom impressed his friends and created a sympathy for him—one means of his success. He was gloomy, abstracted, and joyous, rather humorous, by turns. I do not think he knew what real joy was for more than twenty-three years. Mr. Lincoln sometimes walked our streets cheerily, good humoredly, perhaps joyously, and then it was, on meeting a friend, he cried, "How d'y," clasping one of his friend's hands in both of his, giving a good, hearty soul welcome. Sometimes he might be seen, wending his way to his office, to the court room, or to the railroad depot, with his baggage, looking like a rail in broad cloth. Of a winter's morning he might have been seen stalking and stilting it toward the market house, basket on his arm, his old gray shawl wrapped around his neck, his little Willie or Tad running along at his heels, asking a thousand little quick questions, which his father heard not—not even knowing that little Willie or Tad was there, so abstracted was the father. When he has met a friend he said that something put him in mind of a story which he heard in Indiana, and tell it he would, and there was no alternative but to listen. Thus, I say stood and walked and looked this singular man.

FORMS AND BARRELS.—"Of what use are forms?" exclaimed a petulant legislator of Dr. Franklin; "you cannot deny that they are often mere empty things!" "Well, my friend, and so are barrels but nevertheless, they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

"Knocked About in the World."

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all certainly nineteen twentieths of the sum total enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If in measuring themselves they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them. A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home, but school boys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed to the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank file. If not destined to greatness, but no man can either be truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social status, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process will be rough—perhaps very rough—but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected by the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

A WONDERFUL LAND WITH STONE TREES SIX HUNDRED FEET LONG.—In the *Eastern Slope* newspaper we find a report of many of the curiosities and the great richness of the Black Rock country in the northwestern portion of California. The reports of the singular features of that section are of many years standing, but are so marvelous that they have seldom obtained credence. Among the wonderful stories we have heard is one that there is a petrified tree six hundred feet in length! The present report in part confirms previous statements, and estabishes the fact that Black Rock is one of the wonders of the Pacific coast, like the Yo Semite, the Big Trees, the Guysers, etc. Besidrs the curiosities there appears to be an abundance of silver at Black Rock, but the ore is said to be of an unusual variety and very difficult to work; but it has been worked with very good results at the mills at Washoe. The quality of ore is so great that it is said it will justify the erection of a thousand mills. A gentleman who has visited the section has exhibited to the editor of the *Eastern Slope* very many natural curiosities peculiar to the country; strange petrifications ravines; curious water worn pebbles from the mountain tops; knives, arrow-heads and daggers manufactured by Indian skill from solid flint; as uperior quality, apparently, of oil blacking, said to contain six hundred dollars in silver to the ton; pebble tin with its curious fracture that admits no change of form and a thousand strange and new things. The editor says: He tells us of strange things that he saw, but could not bring with him, and many strange things he heard of, but did not see. Among the latter list of wonders is a great basin that contains a petrified forest apparently floated there many vast trees of solid stone ranging from six to fifteen feet above in diameter, and from three to six hundred feet in length. Doubtful as this tale may appear, shall we dare to dispute its correctness when we know this strange country has a boiling spring of fresh water fifteen feet in diameter, that cannot be sounded from which no drop of water ever runs; that in the vicinity there is a flowing stream of cold and apparently good water the drinking of which induces veneral disease, and that any water found by digging is as salt as salt can make it; that 50c., deposited in the soil is eaten up by the salt and after thirty days no vestage of it can be found?

WHAT THEY WON'T OWN TO. There are several things which you never can by any accident, get a lady—be she young or old—to confess to. Here are some of them: That she laces tight. That her shoes are too small for her. That she is tired at a ball. That she paints. That she is as old as she looks. That she has been more than five minutes dressing. That she blushes upon hearing a certain person's name mentioned. That she ever says a thing she does not mean. That she is fond of scandal. That she cannot keep a secret. That she—above all persons in the wide world—is in love. That she doesn't want a new bonnet. That she doesen't know everything. That she can do with a single thing less when she was about to travel. That she has not the disposition of an angel, or the temper of a saint or how else could she go through with one-half of what she does? That she does not know better than any one else what is best for her. That she is a flirt or coquette.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—In a little more than a year, the great work projected but never begun, by Napoleon the great, will be completed. The Cape of Good Hope, at the southern extremity of Africa, will become to European commerce what the Isthmus railway has made Cape Horn to our Atlantic and Pacific trade. Africa will no longer block the highway between Europe and the East. While we are endeavoring to reach the Indies by a road across this continent, Louis Napoleon is connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea and the Arabian gulf. It will undoubtedly be a success, and become one more link to bind the nations together in the bonds of commerce, the precursor of a higher civilization.

MISCELLANEOUS COLUMN.

EGG-EATERS.—New York city devours ten thousand dollars' worth of eggs daily.

A MATRIMONIAL MEM.—How often do we find that a man's better half gives him no quarter!

The purest metal is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

UNTIL.—An exchange says: "Lovers, like armies, generally get along quietly enough until they are engaged."

THE DIFFERENCE.—A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

A DETROIT man recently sold his wife for $200 to a sailor, and applied to a Justice to marry him to a girl of seventeen.

WINGS.—"Pa, have dogs got wings?" "No, child, don't you know better than that?" "Why, pa, this paper says a big dog flew at him and bit him. So dogs have got wings."

THE FATAL PERIOD.—Exactly seventeen years elapsed from the appearance of the first Asiatic cholera in the year 1832 until its reappearance in 1849, and the same number of years have passed since 1849 until its visitation in the present year, giving an interval of seventeen years between the occasions.

A GOOD STOMACH.—A Norfolk paper says: "A negro after eating four hard crabs, drank a quart of hard cider, ate a half gallon of scuppernong grapes, and a pound of Limberger Kaese." Strange to relate, the negro didn't die, in fact, wasn't sick.

MODEST INDEED!—"Have you any limbhorn bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shopkeeper.—"Any what?"—"Any limbhorn bonnets?"—"Any—you dont mean leghorn?"—The young lady was brought to by the propper restoratives.

A RECOMMENDATION.—A farm was lately advertised in which all the beauty of the situation, the fertility of the soil and salubrity of the air were detailed in the richest flow of rural description, which was a further enhanced with this—N. B. There is not an attorney within fifteen miles of the neighborhood.

POOR FELLOW!—A marriage was postponed in Nashville, Tennessee, the other night, because the groom, being one of a jury who could not agree' was locked up until the opening of the court the next morning. He was heard muttering several times during the night, "How different from what I expected!"

A CAPACITY.—A wealthy man's lady paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered: "Pretty good, madam; she was very attentive; if she wants anything, it is capacity but for that deficiency you must not blame her." "No madam," replied the mother "but I blame you for not having mentioned it before. Her father can afford his daughter a capacity, and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may."

LOST HIS INDENTITY.—Living at West end is a couple of gentlemen whom we call Hanscomb and Wiggings, who went to a political jollification the other night, and got jolly on the champagne so freely dispensed. On going home together, one living a short distance beyond the first one's residence, who, standing at the gate, called out, "Mrs. Hanscomb! Mrs. Hanscomb! please come and pick out Mr. Hanscomb, because Mr. Wiggins wants to go home!"—Port Argus.

LADY HAMILTON, the friend of Lord Nelson was rowed ashore by one of Nelson's sailors, which she deemed observing of some courtesy at her hands. "Will you have a glass of rum, a mug of beer or a tumbler of punch inquired the lady." "If you please ma'am," responded Jack, with his best bow, "I will take the rum now, and toss off the mug of beer while your ladyship mixes the punch for me." The *Tribune* thinks General Dix must have inherited something like Jack's comprehensive appetite.

THE Prince of Wales made a rather skillful little speech in laying the foundation stone for the Bible Society. He said that he had an hereditary interest in that society, since Luther's translation of the Bible was executed under the protection of the Elecfor of Saxony, "the collateral ancestor" of the late prince consort, while the present authorized version was introduced "with the sanction of the royal predecessor of my mother," to-wit, "Queen Elizabeth." Some ill-natured reporter wrote "ancestor," instead of "predecessor," and the prince has been a good deal quizzed for tracing his ancestry to a maiden queen.

WILL LIVE LONG.—The New Haven Register publishes this item:

Senator Wilson says: "I have been a member of Congress for the past twelve years, on a salary of $3,000 per year, and were I to die to-morrow it would be impossible for me to raise sufficient to defray the expenses of a pine coffin to send my remains home." We are sorry to hear that—for it would be hard work to collect sufficient from the public for such a purpose.

The Register, says an exchange, need have no alarm on that point. "Whom the gods love die young;" but those held in affectionate regard by the boss of hell linger long; so Jeremiah Colbath, *alias* Senator Wilson, won't need the pine coffin for a long time to come, unless he reaps his reward at the hands of an outraged people in which event the State will furnish him a box and burial gratis.