The Herald.

VOL. III. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1867. NO. 21.

THE HERALD

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EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

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" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING.

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 4th day, 2h. 3m, evening, S.W.
First Quarter, 11th day, 9h. 28m., evening, N.E.
Full Moon, 18th day, 3h. 28m., evening, N.E.
Last Quarter, 26th day, 7h. 20m., morning, N.E.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon rises	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Friday	7 29	4 59	8 32	4 44	9 30
2	Saturday	28	5 1	9 32	5 31	33
3	Sunday	26	2	10 20	6 18	36
4	Monday	25	3	11 5	sets	38
5	Tuesday	24	4	11 46	6 34	40
6	Wednesday	22	6	morn.	7 35	44
7	Thursday	21	8	0 24	8 42	47
8	Friday	19	9	1 6	9 47	50
9	Saturday	18	11	1 48	10 53	53
10	Sunday	16	13	2 32	11 57	10 57
11	Monday	14	15	3 17	morn.	0
12	Tuesday	12	17	4 7	1 3	4
13	Wednesday	11	18	5 7	2 10	6
14	Thursday	10	19	6 12	3 14	9
15	Friday	9	20	7 23	4 13	11
16	Saturday	7	22	8 32	5 7	15
17	Sunday	6	23	9 35	5 4	17
18	Monday	4	24	10 31	rises	20
19	Tuesday	3	26	11 19	6 51	23
20	Wednesday	1	4 27	even.	7 56	26
21	Thursday	6 59	29	0 47	8 59	9 30
22	Friday	58	31	1 29	9 59	33
23	Saturday	56	32	2 11	10 58	36
24	Sunday	54	33	2 52	11 59	39
25	Monday	52	35	3 36	morn.	43
26	Tuesday	50	37	4 24	0 54	47
27	Wednesday	48	38	5 15	1 45	50
28	Thursday	46	39	6 9	2 36	52

PRICES CURRENT.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Feb. 22, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	3d to 7d
Do by the quarter,	3d to 5
Pork, (carcass)	3½d to 4½d
Do (small)	5d to 7d
Mutton, per lbs.	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s 1d to 1s 3d
Do by the tub,	1s to 1s 1d
Cheese, per lb.,	4d to 6d
Tallow, per lb.,	8d to 10d
Lard, per lb.,	9d to 11d
Flour, per lb.,	3d to 3½d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	16 to 17s
Eggs, per dozen,	1s 1d to 1s 3d
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	3s 3d to 3s 9d
Oats per do.,	2s 5d to 2s 6d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart,	
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 8d to 2s
Poultry.	
Geese,	2s 3d to 3s 6d
Turkeys, each,	4s to 8s
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	2s 6d to 4d
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	3s 6d to 4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	65s to 75s
Straw, per cwt.,	1s 9d to 2s
Timothy Seed,	none
Clover Seed, per lb.,	none
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4½d
Wool,	1s to 1s 3d
Sheepskins,	4s to 5s
Apples, per doz.,	2d to 4d
Partridges,	10d to 1s 3d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

KENT-STREET, - - - CHARLOTTETOWN

THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ The BEST OF LIQUORS always on hand. Good stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I
Nov. 25, 1863.

THE LAST CAUTION!!

AS the season for Shipping has now far advanced, and those indebted to the Estate of the late PATRICK STEPHENS not having come forward to pay up their respective Accounts, the Subscriber hereby intimates to them that on the closing of the Navigation

Defaulters will be Sued

indiscriminately.

R. J. CLARKE,
Agent for above Estate.

Orwell Store, Nov. 12, 1866. ex isl

Fresh Ground Rice,

FOR Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

Jan. 9, 1867.

Discounting Again!

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY
—WITH—
DELANY & BYRNE!

WE want MONEY to pay our Bills, and, in order to obtain it, we will, from this date, offer our entire STOCK of

DRY GOODS,
HARDWARE!
HATS AND CAPS.
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Skeleon Skirts,
Etc, etc., etc.,

At a Discount of Twenty per cent.

FOR CASH ONLY!

We will give 10s. worth of Goods for 8s
We will give 20s. worth of Goods for 16s
We will give 30s. worth of Goods for 24s

☞ **Larger Sums in Proportion.** ☜

This is a good opportunity for those who have money to invest it to advantage.

DELANY & BYRNE.
Queen Street, next to Hon. D. Brenan's.
Ch'town, Aug 1, 1866. i p e sp

STELLA COLAS,

Rimmel's Stella Colas Bouquet, dedicated by permission to this talented Artiste.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in Ethiop's ear.

Perfumes for the Handkerchief.

Alexandra,	Guards,	Fragebane,
Princess of Wales,	Rimmel's,	Lilly of the Valley
Jockey Club,	Wood Violet,	Millefleur,
Essence Bouquet,	Patchouly,	Violet.
West End	New Mown Hay,	Loves Myrtle.

The Bard of Avon's Perfume, in a neat Box; Sydenham Eau de Cologne, Treble Lavender Water, Extract of Lavendet Flowers, Verbena Water, Tercentenary Sachet, Perfumedr Tercentenary Souvenir, Shakespear Golden Scented Locken Extract of Lime Juice and Glycerine, for making the Hair soft and glossy; Rose Leaf Powder, an improvement oil Violet Powder; Bloom of Ninion, for the Complexion. Depilatory Powder for removing superfluous hairs without in ury to the skin; Napoleon Pommade, for fixing the Mustachos, and instantaneous Hair Dye, for giving the Hair and Whiskers a natural and permanent shade without trouble and danger,

Rimmel's Rose Water Crackers, a new and amusing device for evening parties.

W. R. WATSON.

Drug Store, Dec. 22, 1864.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches,

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthmah, Catarrh, Cousumptive and Throat Diseases,

Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have had testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Oct 6, 1866. 1y

JOHN BELL,

MANUFACTURER OF CLOTHING

IN all its branches, thankful to his Friends and the Patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his

OLD STAND,

Queen Street,

and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.

Terms Cash.

☞ Entrance at side Door.

Queen Street, July 11, 1866.

DONALD M'RAE,

Merchant Tailor,

And Dealer in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Queen Street,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Aug. 8, 1866.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON!

PER "UNDINE" and "L. C. OWEN," from LIVERPOOL, and "LOTUS" from LONDON, the Subscriber has received

An Unusually Large Supply of Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines,

PERFUMERY, (English and French); SOAPS BRUSHES, PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD (in Kegs and Bottles); CURRIE POWDER, Candied CITRON, LEMON and ORANGE PEELS, MARMALADE, Essences SPICES, Malt and White Wine VINEGAR, SARDINES, ANCHOVIES, MUSHROOMS, CAPERS, and United Service SAUCE, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Drying JAPAN KNOTTING, DYE STUFFS, and Miscellaneous Articles, of the Best Quality, and at Moderate Prices

WM. R. WATSON.

Nov. 7, 1866.

Miscellaneous and General News.

A WARNING TO NAPOLEON.

On December 29, says the "Tablet," the publisher of the "Unita Cattolica," S. Bernardino Baudi, appeared before the correctional tribune at Turin, charged with an offence against the Emperor of the French, committed by the publication of two articles in the "Unita Cattolica" of Nov. 23 and December 11. The citation states that 'the two articles in their entire context are an offence against the dignity and majesty of the Emperor—first, by making the Emperor Napoleon III. appear to be a man without faith, wanting in his duties as a Catholic sovereign towards the Head of the Church, who draws back and retreats in the face of danger, and conducts himself so as to cause the ruin of the French Empire; and further, by apostrophising the Emperor in other similar ways.'

We have no means of judging of the article of Dec. 11, because the impression of the "Unita Cattolica" for that day was sequestrated, but the following is a translation of the article of Nov. 23:—

THE FALL OF THE FIRST AND SECOND EMPIRES.—As the newspapers of France are allowed to discourse freely concerning the fall of the Pope-King, and as the "Siecle" says that Pius IX. has made his last will and testament in his Allocution, and as the "Temps" promises him an honorable burial, *une enterrement de premiere classe*, it will certainly not be forbidden to us, who write in Italy, to discourse concerning the fall of the second Napoleonic Empire.

This seems nearer to us than some believe, because the two causes which produced it are ceasing to exist. These two causes were, military glory and Catholic restoration. At the present day, Napoleon III., instead of defending Catholism, lets it be assailed, and retreats instead of fighting. He became Emperor by going to Rome; it is most natural that in leaving Rome he should be moving to his fall.

When his uncle began to persecute Pius VII., Joseph de Maistre wrote: 'Napoleon is taking up the cudgels against the Pope. I am glad of it, because the Emperor's end is certainly not far off.' We say of the nephew: Napoleon III. forsakes the Pope and quits Rome. God be praised! The obsequies of the Second Empire are not far off.

And the funeral oration is ready, and it may be divided under three heads—Germany, Mexico and Rome. Germany and Mexico show the eclipse of the military glory of Bonaparte, and Rome shows not only the eclipse of his courage and valor, but also the eclipse of those Catholic traditions which France will never forget. For Napoleon III. night comes before evening.

How can the French look favorably on this great and magnanimous chief, who is always beating a retreat? Retreating from Poland through fear of Russia—retreating from Germany, through fear of breech-loaders—retreating from Mexico, through fear of the United States—retreating from Rome, through fear of Orsini, Mazzini and the revolution!

They put into the mouth of the commander of the Imperial Guard of the First Napoleon the resolute reply. 'The Guard dies but does not surrender.' But Napoleon III. surrenders in order to die. He has surrendered to the Czar; he has surrendered to Bismarck; he has surrendered to Johnston; he has surrendered at last to the Ricasolis. But men always die who bargain for surrenders.

To our mind, in the present uncertainty, two things are more certain—the ultimate victory of the Pope-King, and the inevitable fall of the Second Empire. On these two points our breast is tranquil, and we are still more serene than Bettino Ricasoli. But as we cannot tell in what manner and by what paths Pius IX. will triumph, so we do not know what events will ruin Bonaparte But we see that he is sharpening his own stake on his own knee, and is studying how to bring ruin on himself.

The Providence of God has reserved to itself the fulfilment of the sentence, 'I have cast down the mighty from his seat, and exalted the humble.' Our fathers and many of our contemporaries saw it mysteriously fulfilled in the early part of this century in the person of the humble Pius VII., who was exalted, and the mighty Napoleon I., who was cast down and flung into prison.

To Mexico, Germany, and Rome, there correspond in the First Empire, Spain, Russia and Savona. The Spanish war, the Russian expedition, prepared the fall of the uncle, and the Battle of Waterloo completed it on June 18, 1815.

And that Battle of Waterloo was a mystery to Napoleon I. himself. On June 18, 1816, when Bonaparte was reminded that it was the anniversary of the famous battle, he was agitated, and exclaimed, 'Incomprehensible battle! Concourse of unheard-of fatalities! Nothing but misfortunes!' And he covered his eyes with his hands, adding—'Everything failed when everything had succeeded.'

Let Napoleon III. prepare himself for the like lamentations. For him, too, there is coming a great day, *journee incomprehensible*. God is maturing for him a series of misfortunes, of which, at this day, he has no thought, and he will bemoan in his turn the *concours de fatalites inouies*. And let him not exult should some things still turn out according to his wishes, for he will have to cry at last with the founder of his dynasty,—*Tout n'a manque que quan tout availaoreuossi*. We beg the Bonapartists of France and Italy to preserve this number, and to learn this article by heart. Our prophecies are easy, because inspired by experience. Rome is fatal to the Second Empire, even as it was fatal to the First.

P. S.—Of this short, simple and clear article, we send one copy to Napoleon III. at Compiegne, another to General Fleury, Imperial Commissioner at Florence, a third to Baron Malart, in the *temporary capital*, and a fourth to the French Ambassador in Rome. We exhort them all to preserve this number of the "Unita Cattolica" in their archives, in order that in due time they may re-read it, and see whether or not we were right.

The Tribunal has sentenced S. Bernardino Baudi to one month's imprisonment and a fine of £24.

STRANGE INSTANCE OF SOUTHERN DESTITUTION.—The Louisville Courier of the 10th relates the following:—"We have not, for several years past, heard of a case that showed as plainly the amount of destitution existing amongst the poor of our city and the South in general, as that which came to our ears yesterday. A philanthropic gentleman, who resides in the lower part of the city, was on his way out in the country yesterday afternoon, on the old Salt River road, during the driving snow-storm, when he discovered a woman crossing the fence into a wood pasture just outside the city limits.—She was thinly clad, shivering in the cruel blast, and gave evidence of severe destitution and hard living.—Not seeing any house near, he wondered to himself where the woman was going; and calling her, questioned her as to the cause of her being out in the storm. She replied by evasive answers, but on his questioning her more closely, she told him that she lived with another woman in a hollow tree in the pasture, and had been staying there for over four months past. The gentleman hitched his horse and proceeded to where the woman designated her miserable retreat to be, and there, wrapped up in some army blankets, he discovered some other woman, sleeping in the hollow of the tree, sheltered by some old pieces of boards and bark. He awakened the unfortunate woman and asked her her name; she gave it as Jane Hutton. The woman he first met gave her name as Eliza Harris. They said they were from Cross Keys, near Atlanta, Georgia, and had come up to this city some months ago, seeking honorable employment, but had failed in their efforts, and had been, since that time, earning a livelihood by gathering shucks, doing washing, etc., meeting misfortune with a heroism worthy of the noblest of women. The gentleman who found them soon made their case known to the people of the vicinity, and in a few hours the poor women were taken from their uncomfortable retreat and well provided for."

A SINGULAR CURE FOR LAZINESS.

A friend of ours, whose name we are not at liberty to give, but who is well and widely known as a business man of sterling worth, was last year erecting a large building. One of his excellent peculiarities is, to allow no intemperance or profanity among his men, and to insist that every man shall work for the liberal pay he is willing to give. One day, this gentleman noticed that one of the builders was continually shirking, seeming to care only to pass away his time and draw his pay. Calling his foreman, who had the hiring as well as the overseeing of the men, our friend asked whether the lazy man had been engaged for the season or only for a short time. 'For the season,' was the reply; 'but I can discharge him, I suppose.' 'Oh! no,' said Mr. —— 'but I want you to go down to the village hotel and engage the best room you can find; let this man go there and occupy it; every month send his bill to me and I will pay it.' The foreman informed the hired man of the instructions given, and he at once went to the owner. 'I understand you are not satisfied with my work,' said he.—'I find no fault with your work,' was the reply, 'but because you *don't* work.' 'I will leave, if you insist on it,' said the man.—'Not at all—I don't turn you away, but I have given orders to have the best room in the hotel put at your service, since you want to play the gentleman at my expense, and I promise you I I will pay the bill promptly every month, but I will not have your *bad example* among my men.' The poor fellow, evidently dumbfounded at such novel treatment, scarcely knew how to reply, but looked as though he would like to sink into the ground. Finally, he asked, 'Are you willing to try me for a week?'—'Certainly,' said Mr. ——, 'I am always willing to help a man who wants to reform.' The man returned to his work, cured of his laziness, and from that day forth, no more industrious hand was to be found on the place.

FIGHT YOUR WAY UP.

The many who have to take the world rough and tumble are prone to envy those who roll through it in cushioned vehicles on patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through its thorny thickets, and climbs over its foot-blistering gravel, is apt to curse the luck which placed him on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over Fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver spoon which is the birth-right of his do-nothing neighbor. The more fool he. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker, who pines for wealth without being willing to work for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a great motive power to be applied to enterprises which give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-bed life—to loaf luxuriously.

We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings. People who indulge them never acquire wealth. They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independence for which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to fear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining a golden store that some thriftier hand had accumulated. Your accidental Cræsus knows nothing of the pride of success—of the earnest exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward into the far future which he has earned a right to enjoy.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE—A MOTHER RECOVERS A LONG LOST SON.

[*From the Cairo Democrat, January* 11.]

A scene occurred at the Virginia Hotel yesterday, of a more touching character than we remember to have witnessed for many years.

Years ago, there lived in the neighborhood of Atchison, Kansas, a family of the name of Bryant, consisting of the husband wife and one child, about eight years old. The father was a drunken worthless character, who treated his wife in a most brutal manner, never providing anything for the family, which was supported entirely by the exertions of the wife.

Mrs. Bryant sometimes employed a certain young woman to assist her about her house, and in the course of time she observed that the husband paid this girl such marked attention as no wife should allow a husband to bestow on any woman, and she immediately called him to task about it. A quarrel ensued, and separation was the consequence. The father disappeared suddenly from the neighborhood, stealing the child away with him, and although the half-distracted mother made every effort to discover his whereabouts in order to recover her child, no news concerning him could be obtained, other than that he had started down the Missouri River. At the time of separation the poor wife was in almost destitute circumstances, but, laboring faithfully and perseveringly, she enlarged her worldly store slowly, but surely, and now she appears upon the scene a lady worth $60,000.

But through all these years she has never given up the hopes of finding her lost child, or relaxed her efforts, and the scene witnessed yesterday was the crowning of these efforts with a tearful happy success.

It appears that the father, after taking the child, buried himself in the wilds of Arkansas, where he remained until 1861 or 1862, when he died, and the boy, having been taught that his mother was dead, wandered about through the lower country enduring all manner of hardships and privitations, until he arrived at Clarksville, Texas. This was at the time when the Confederates were in possession of the place and compelling all men old enough to join the army, and those under age to join the military academy at that place. A confederate disbursing officer, who lived in the neigborhood of the family, before the war met the lad at Clarksville and recognizing the name, sent word to a friend in Montana, Dr. Picard, who was acquainted with the family, that he believed this boy must be the one so long lost. The news, of course, was a long time getting through, but upon its reception the doctor started for Clarksville When he arrived, the college had been broken up, the lad was gone, and the doctor's trip a failure. So matters stood until last December, when, by a train of circumstances which we have no room to enumerate, traces of the wanderer were again obtained. The doctor again started after him, and the boy was found in the neighborhood of the town mentioned.

But here a new difficulty arose. The lad, believing his mother long since dead, refused to believe the joyful news related to him by the doctor, and on being urged to accompany his new found friend to New Orleans, by sea, utterly refused to do so, and expressed his belief that the whole history was but a plot to inveigle him into the Imperial army in Mexico. After a long time he was induced to agree to come to Memphis, by the overland route. Still incredulous, but believing that by this route he would be in no danger of abduction, and knowing that when he reached Memphis he could not be in a worse pecuniary condition than where he was then residing, as his wages were but a mere pittance. On reaching Memphis, his mother was notified by telegraph, and she immediately started for this city, where all the parties to this romance in real life arrived safely yesterday, and the boy convinced of his good fortune. We cannot express the soul-felt joy of that happy meeting between the fond and loving mother and her long-lost son, and we leave it to our readers to imagine if they can.

A FEMALE CAVALRYMAN.—A Mrs. Frances F. Sigel is now in Washington, applying at the pay department for back pay for services rendered in the Western armies as a cavalryman. She says she enlisted in 1861, with her husband (a John Cleyton) in the 13th Missouri cavalry, and fought for two years as a cavalryman in our armies. She fought under Grant, Sheridan and Rosecraus. She was in the battles of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, and Stone River, and at the latter battle her husband was killed and she severly wounded. Her sex became known and she was discharged the service. She has married since, and is now endeavoring to get the pay due her when discharged, but there is no law which would authorize the payment, females not being recognized by any as soldiers. Mrs. Sigel's appearance and manners cannot be said to be very prepossessing. She has evidently seen hard service in camp or elsewhere, and has contracted all the rude airs of a man. She wears a Scotch cap cocked on one side of her head, chews tobacco, smokes and swears like a very trooper, as she claims to be. She is accompanied by her present husband. Both are very poor, and have been compelled to sleep in the station-house every night they have been in Washington. Altogether, Mrs. Sigel, who bears traces of having once been in better condition—once even good-looking—presents a sad illustration of the effects of a woman stepping out of her natural sphere to enter upon a career entirely foreign to the design of her creation. A friend asks: "Would she not be a valuable subject for the study of the advocate of what is called 'woman's rights?'"

We have picked up somewhere the following joke, which is too good to be lost:

A gentleman, accompanied by a fine dog, walked up to a first class hotel, and recorded his name. The clerk nodded at the dog and said: "What's your friend's name? We like to register distinguished visitors." "I don't know," said the guest, "suppose we call him 'Andy Johnson?'" "No," said the clerk "that would be disrespectful to the President. Suppose we write him down 'Ben Butler?'" "No, no," said the guest hurriedly, "that would be disrespectful to the dog?"

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

The literary style of asking for a slice of ham at dinner is—"I'll thank you for an elegant extract from Bacon."

A New-Bedford lady recently wrote to a Boston publishing house for a copy of "Gellert, or Trust in God," and received for reply, "There is no 'Trust in God' to be found in Boston."

A certain nobleman was much addicted to the bottle. On the occasion of a fancy dress ball or masquerade, he asked a friend what new character he should go in? "Go *sober*," was the reply.

The following question is before the Salt Lake Debating Society:—"Which do a woman love the best?—To be hugged in a polka, or squeezed in a sleigh?

A little girl happening to hear her mother speak of going into half mourning, said, "Why are we going into half mourning, mamma? Are any of our relations half dead?"

A tragedian had his nose broken. A lady on one occasion said to him, "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," replied he, "the bridge is broken."

A Maine paper says it is so hilly in some parts of New Hampshire, that the people look up their chimneys to see if the cows are coming home.

Rhode Island Courts have just divorced a dozen unhappy wives.

Rumor says that Gen. Tom Thumb will soon have another Thumb on his hands.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

It is funny to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough, and a mosquito on the end of her nose.