

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T., Saturday, January 2, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

New York, Dec. 9.—Gen. Butler has issued a lengthy order in regard to colored troops, the effect of which is to call upon all male negroes to volunteer to fight for the Freedom of their race, and to instruct every officer and soldier in his command to aid in the coming of colored persons within our lines.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Senate.—At noon, the President's Message was read, which the Joint Resolution of Thanks to Gen. Grant was ordered to lie on the table, it being alleged that such hasty proceedings would afford a bad precedent.

Honorable John H. Hubbard gave notice of a bill amendatory of an act entitled "An Act organizing the military force of the United States, etc.," so as to equalize the operation of said act upon and other subdivisions of enrollment districts.

Mr. Stevens gave notice of a bill to fix the line for the election of representatives to Congress, and to enable soldiers to vote at said election. He also offered a bill to place colored soldiers and commissioned officers on the same footing as white men, with regard to pay, bounty, and pensions.

A resolution looking to the exchange of prisoners, with an amendment sustaining the Administration in the efforts already made, of freed by Mr. Washburne, was then adopted.

The Treasury Department, this morning, received information by telegraph, from an officer of revenue at Portland, that the capture of the steamer Chesapeake, by a privateer, had been made on the coast of the State and Navy Department, and that the vessel had been captured by a privateer, and that the vessel had been captured by a privateer.

The Legislature of Virginia organized to-day. Gov. Pierpont's message contains an argument against secession, and another in favor of the emancipation of slaves, with a recommendation that the Legislature should take steps to secure alterations in the Constitution to that end on this question.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 10.—The Globe says, concerning the capture of the Chesapeake: "The scheme was matured here by the Confederate agents. Meetings were held, and the passage ordered to be made through the ice."

New York, Dec. 10.—Mead's army is quietly encamped in Coleridge county, on the banks of the Hudson. The tickets are again on friendly terms. But little fighting, and few casualties on either side.

Jeff Davis issued his annual message to the United States Congress on Monday. The document is somewhat in length.

Disasters in Lee's army do not exceed thirty-five thousand men, and that they are building huts for winter quarters along the line of the Rappahannock.

Gen. Meade will soon be relieved of his command, but his successor is not yet named. It is, however, known that the President and Secretary Chase favor the restoration of Hooker, while the Secretary of War hesitates between him and Thomas.

Gen. Meagher is not a prisoner as reported. The Richmond Engineer of the 8th protests against allowing any more provisions to come from the North for the Yankee prisoners.

Louisville, Dec. 11.—The Journal has advised which it credits, that John Morgan was in Cumberland county on the 7th, en route to Elizabethton.

New York, Dec. 11.—A special dispatch to the Herald, from the Army of the Potomac, dated the 10th, says: There is no movement to be expected in the Army of the Potomac. It is intended to keep the army here for a time, until circumstances occur that are not yet apparent.

Fortress Monroe, Dec. 11.—Jeff Davis in his message is very dependent upon the loss of Virginia's Port Hudson, and other points. He says there has been no improvement in relations with foreign countries since his last message; on the contrary, there is greater divergence in the conduct of European nations, assuming a character positively unfriendly.

peace possible. Their only hope for peace is now a vigorous resistance.

Hullus, Dec. 11.—The Canada with data from Liverpool to November 28th, and from Queenstown to the 29th, has arrived.

The steamer Rappahannock, under the command of Capt. Leavelle, arrived at the 20th. The Confederate steamer Georgia had gone into the stocks at Cherbourg for repairs of some small damage.

New York, Dec. 14.—By the arrival of the steamer Fulton from Port Royal, we learn of the loss of the monitor Wachusett, which sunk at anchor, inside of Charleston, on Sunday last.

Deserters from the rebel lines state that a large number of soldiers will take advantage of the Amnesty offered by the President's proclamation as soon as they can become acquainted with its conditions, and also say that the soldiers would have come over to us in bodies long since, if they could have been satisfied with the terms.

The Tribune says a committee from the National Amnesty Commission, headed by the President on Friday, and set on by the country, to remove Postmaster-General Blair, Attorney-General Bates, and General Halleck from office.

Senator Barvard, of Delaware, never having taken the anti-rebellion oath required by the Act of last session, was informally reminded of the fact by the Vice President to-day, and requested to say whether he was prepared to take it.

The President has yielded to the demand made by the loyal League representatives, and has ordered that the names of the rebels be removed from the list.

Letters have been received from prominent conservative members of the rebel Congress, from North Carolina, asking, unofficially, upon what terms the Southern States would be permitted to return to the Union.

The Clerk of the Senate Military Committee, the Hon. John A. Dix, and several other minor officials at the Capitol, suspected of sympathy with secessionists, have been relieved from office.

It has recently come to the knowledge of the Government, that there are, along the frontiers of the States, some ten thousand deserters, most of them in a suffering condition and anxious to return to their regiments. It is probable that a proclamation will shortly be issued by the President, offering pardon to all who will return to their regiments within thirty days.

Chicago, Dec. 15.—A special dispatch from Washington says Senator Schuyler, of Delaware, declines to take the anti-rebellion oath, required by the act of last Congress.

A late Richmond Examiner has the following: "The Rebels are furnished daily with three quarters of a pound of bacon, when the rebel troops in the field are only receiving one-quarter."

Cairo, Dec. 15.—The steamer Von Platen was fired on by a rebel battery near Bayou Sara on Tuesday last. Several shots were fired, but did not do any damage.

New York, Dec. 15.—A special dispatch from Washington says that McDougall will introduce a joint resolution, declaring that the French invasion of Mexico is an unfriendly act, and inquiring if it will not be the duty of the United States to declare war against France.

The Tribune has private advices from Havana, that the rebel agents in that city have given over the rebel cause as hopeless. One who had nearly \$500,000 of Confederate funds in his hand, has realized on it and fled to some unknown place.

Boston, Dec. 14.—A New Orleans correspondent writes that the expedition of Gen. Banks to Texas is a glorious success. The Union message regarding under the standard of Gen. Banks in large numbers.

Cincinnati, Dec. 16th.—Advises from Knoxville the 10th inst., state that the main body of Longstreet's army was at Rogersville. During the retreat, Longstreet lost 8,000 men in prisoners and deserters.

Chicago, Dec. 16th.—By way of Memphis, we learn of another victory gained over the rebels in Texas. Official information has been received at Headquarters of the Department of the Gulf, that all the rebel forces at Port Cavallo were captured by the Union troops under Gen. Washburne.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The Government is in constant communication with Gen. Grant, who is pushing arrangements for carrying on the winter campaign. Official information has been received at Headquarters of the Department of the Gulf, that all the rebel forces at Port Cavallo were captured by the Union troops under Gen. Washburne.

The Select Committee on the Pacific Rail Road was announced to-day, as follows: Stevens, Walter, Steele, of New York; Price, Cole, Noble, Donnelly, McBride, Steele, of New Jersey; McClurg, Ames, Yerman and Sweet.

New York, Dec. 16th.—The steamer Thomas A. Scott, from New Orleans the 8th, confirms the capture of Port Cavallo, by our troops, without the loss of a man.

The Herald's correspondent of Charleston says: Admiral Dahlgren is preparing for a great movement, and the ironclads will not leave till our flag waves over Charleston or its ruins.

The many-colored leaves are sweeping o'er the beach with rustling sound. And swallows' empty and deserted nests are found beneath the eaves.

The frequent blast greases in the night, and moans in lashing seas. Reads the dead limbs, and leaves the rifled trees skeletons of the past.

The winds that moan, the leaves that wither, and the limbs that fall, the flight of birds but dying years recall, with many a groan.

These life do typify: Misfortune is the blast, and treasured joy the leaves. And friends the birds that fly the winter eaves, whence comes adversity.

How shall we welcome in the new-born year? Not with the ringing voice of mirth alone, but with a mingled melody—a tone of grateful joy, but mixed with reverent fear.

Fortress Monroe, Dec. 17th.—Last evening the honor at Yorktown took fire. The first communication with the bakery and about half past one o'clock the magazine exploded.

One woman arrived here from "Husband and Wife," a Christmas gift poem: "Abel McAdam—may his tribe increase!"

It takes four springs to make one leap year. It is far easier to see little faults than large virtues.

Statues are the stone dolls of grown-up men and women. A Government will be just as corrupt as a nation will let it be.

A thunder-storm is God's beam to sweep the chambers of the air. Kick the usurer if you will, but wait till you have got your loan.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred man in the company. A man can never lose confidence in human nature so long as he confides in himself.

Melancholy people consume themselves, as a sad monkey is said to devour his own tail. Laziness, languid and contemptible as it is, often governs all the fashions and all the virtues.

Playfulness should sparkle on the surface of seriousness like beads on a beaker of wine. No matter how often you may fall into the river, you won't drown if your head swims.

If you think your opportunities are not good enough, you had better improve them. A patient is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor and nurse are both dead.

People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk. It is pleasant to be cheated; we love sweet, wild dreams—the greatest chests in the world.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are. There is sweetest music in dreams, but outsiders hear nothing of it, except perhaps a snore.

A man doesn't hear well when his nose is stopped. His nose may be considered his front-end. If heraldry were guided by reason, a plow in a field would be the most noble and ancient arms.

A man without a predominant inclination is of no account. He who is everything is nothing. If your demijohn is before you, dash it in pieces. In such a case, blessed are the piece-makers.

Babies are called well-springs of pleasure, but they make quite as heavy drudges on patience as on poetry. A rich, fat office, like a rich, fat lady, doesn't, on losing the first husband, have to go begging for a new one.

A man of fine manners will pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could never add. Most people who give alms give us charity. They but buy themselves off from importunity as cheap as they can.

The lecturer who bids school girls remember that they may be wives and mothers, is carrying coals to Newcastle. Men boast of their hearts more than of their heads, but are more anxious to have their heads admired than their hearts.

The student should read history actively and not passively—should extemporize his own life text, and books the commentary. Aps are probably human creatures who were left unfinished because they were made so late on Saturday that Sunday put a stop to the work.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIAM O'LEEN BRYANT. Now doth the hurrying snow, To rise and fall, and to rest, More gorgeously gild with glittering gold the west, When'er his race is run.

The many-colored leaves are sweeping o'er the beach with rustling sound. And swallows' empty and deserted nests are found beneath the eaves.

The frequent blast greases in the night, and moans in lashing seas. Reads the dead limbs, and leaves the rifled trees skeletons of the past.

The winds that moan, the leaves that wither, and the limbs that fall, the flight of birds but dying years recall, with many a groan.

These life do typify: Misfortune is the blast, and treasured joy the leaves. And friends the birds that fly the winter eaves, whence comes adversity.

How shall we welcome in the new-born year? Not with the ringing voice of mirth alone, but with a mingled melody—a tone of grateful joy, but mixed with reverent fear.

Fortress Monroe, Dec. 17th.—Last evening the honor at Yorktown took fire. The first communication with the bakery and about half past one o'clock the magazine exploded.

One woman arrived here from "Husband and Wife," a Christmas gift poem: "Abel McAdam—may his tribe increase!"

It takes four springs to make one leap year. It is far easier to see little faults than large virtues.

Statues are the stone dolls of grown-up men and women. A Government will be just as corrupt as a nation will let it be.

A thunder-storm is God's beam to sweep the chambers of the air. Kick the usurer if you will, but wait till you have got your loan.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred man in the company. A man can never lose confidence in human nature so long as he confides in himself.

Melancholy people consume themselves, as a sad monkey is said to devour his own tail. Laziness, languid and contemptible as it is, often governs all the fashions and all the virtues.

Playfulness should sparkle on the surface of seriousness like beads on a beaker of wine. No matter how often you may fall into the river, you won't drown if your head swims.

If you think your opportunities are not good enough, you had better improve them. A patient is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor and nurse are both dead.

People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk. It is pleasant to be cheated; we love sweet, wild dreams—the greatest chests in the world.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are. There is sweetest music in dreams, but outsiders hear nothing of it, except perhaps a snore.

A man doesn't hear well when his nose is stopped. His nose may be considered his front-end. If heraldry were guided by reason, a plow in a field would be the most noble and ancient arms.

A man without a predominant inclination is of no account. He who is everything is nothing. If your demijohn is before you, dash it in pieces. In such a case, blessed are the piece-makers.

Babies are called well-springs of pleasure, but they make quite as heavy drudges on patience as on poetry. A rich, fat office, like a rich, fat lady, doesn't, on losing the first husband, have to go begging for a new one.

A man of fine manners will pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could never add. Most people who give alms give us charity. They but buy themselves off from importunity as cheap as they can.

The lecturer who bids school girls remember that they may be wives and mothers, is carrying coals to Newcastle. Men boast of their hearts more than of their heads, but are more anxious to have their heads admired than their hearts.

The student should read history actively and not passively—should extemporize his own life text, and books the commentary. Aps are probably human creatures who were left unfinished because they were made so late on Saturday that Sunday put a stop to the work.

The Sheriff's Story.

In the autumn of '42, on my way home from the West, I found myself obliged to put up for the night at the inn of a small settlement on the Washaki.

The many-colored leaves are sweeping o'er the beach with rustling sound. And swallows' empty and deserted nests are found beneath the eaves.

The frequent blast greases in the night, and moans in lashing seas. Reads the dead limbs, and leaves the rifled trees skeletons of the past.

The winds that moan, the leaves that wither, and the limbs that fall, the flight of birds but dying years recall, with many a groan.

These life do typify: Misfortune is the blast, and treasured joy the leaves. And friends the birds that fly the winter eaves, whence comes adversity.

How shall we welcome in the new-born year? Not with the ringing voice of mirth alone, but with a mingled melody—a tone of grateful joy, but mixed with reverent fear.

Fortress Monroe, Dec. 17th.—Last evening the honor at Yorktown took fire. The first communication with the bakery and about half past one o'clock the magazine exploded.

One woman arrived here from "Husband and Wife," a Christmas gift poem: "Abel McAdam—may his tribe increase!"

It takes four springs to make one leap year. It is far easier to see little faults than large virtues.

Statues are the stone dolls of grown-up men and women. A Government will be just as corrupt as a nation will let it be.

A thunder-storm is God's beam to sweep the chambers of the air. Kick the usurer if you will, but wait till you have got your loan.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred man in the company. A man can never lose confidence in human nature so long as he confides in himself.

Melancholy people consume themselves, as a sad monkey is said to devour his own tail. Laziness, languid and contemptible as it is, often governs all the fashions and all the virtues.

Playfulness should sparkle on the surface of seriousness like beads on a beaker of wine. No matter how often you may fall into the river, you won't drown if your head swims.

If you think your opportunities are not good enough, you had better improve them. A patient is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor and nurse are both dead.

People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk. It is pleasant to be cheated; we love sweet, wild dreams—the greatest chests in the world.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are. There is sweetest music in dreams, but outsiders hear nothing of it, except perhaps a snore.

A man doesn't hear well when his nose is stopped. His nose may be considered his front-end. If heraldry were guided by reason, a plow in a field would be the most noble and ancient arms.

A man without a predominant inclination is of no account. He who is everything is nothing. If your demijohn is before you, dash it in pieces. In such a case, blessed are the piece-makers.

Babies are called well-springs of pleasure, but they make quite as heavy drudges on patience as on poetry. A rich, fat office, like a rich, fat lady, doesn't, on losing the first husband, have to go begging for a new one.

A man of fine manners will pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could never add. Most people who give alms give us charity. They but buy themselves off from importunity as cheap as they can.

The lecturer who bids school girls remember that they may be wives and mothers, is carrying coals to Newcastle. Men boast of their hearts more than of their heads, but are more anxious to have their heads admired than their hearts.

The student should read history actively and not passively—should extemporize his own life text, and books the commentary. Aps are probably human creatures who were left unfinished because they were made so late on Saturday that Sunday put a stop to the work.

kill! by such a furious wound, with all the arteries and veins of the head broken, there could not have flown much less than two gallons of blood. But where was it? There had not been a pin spilled where the body had lain. I looked to see if I could find blood anywhere else; and by and by I found a little clot nearer to the creek. I continued to move on, and at the very edge of the stream I found more blood—much—only a few drops, but I knew that it was blood. And I found more: I found the prints of feet there deeply sunken in the mud.

At this point the idea which had before been dimly floating in my mind as a possibility became very near a reality. These prints were at some little distance from the creek bridge, and the man who had made them had crossed a point of turf in reaching the road. I selected a spot where the mud was quite hard, and here I stepped along by the side of the other track.

"Twenty years ago, or thereabouts," commenced Mr. Alton, "I was sheriff of Jefferson county. Close by a sharp bend of Bottom Branch Creek was located quite a settlement, called Jackson; and nine miles distant, in a southerly direction, was the town of Huntsville. The creek, after bending around Jackson settlement, took a sweep to the west, and then turned back and crossed the track about midway between Jackson and Huntsville. Of the nine miles between these two places, seven of them were through a low, dismal swamp, where the road for the whole distance was a corduroy of oak logs. On this dark, sunken road, travelers had been murdered and robbed. Two years before I came into office, as many as six dead men had been found by the wayside in that swamp. After I became sheriff, the trouble was renewed, and I went down to Huntsville to look into the matter. I found one of my deputies there—a fair, honorable man, named Watson. He told me that every exertion had been made to apprehend the perpetrators of the murders, but without effect. In fact, officers had not as yet been able to fix suspicion upon any person.

I reached Huntsville in the evening, and on the following morning I rode down with Watson upon the corduroy road. The place was truly dismal and dark enough. The track had been cut through a thick, tangled, matted growth of cypress, cottonwood, and running vines; and in many places the logs had sunk so far that the mud and water flowed over them. And this piece of swamp, by the road, was seven miles in extent. About half way through we came to the bridge which crossed the creek—not a bridge such as we usually see, but a senken mass of heavy timber, pinned down by piles and ties, so that the stream could be forded. It was near this spot, I was told, that most of the murders had taken place.

On the following morning word was brought to Huntsville that another man had been found dead and robbed in the swamp. Watson and I posted off with many others, and found it to be as had been related. The dead man lay upon the roadside, about three rods from the bridge, with his skull broken, and his pockets empty. A score of people from Jackson were already there, and I soon learned that the murdered man had stopped at the latter place on the evening before. I whispered to Watson that I must not be known, and bade him not recognize me any more in public. After this I mingled with the people from Jackson, and gathered what information I could; and at length the following facts appeared:—The murdered man was not known in that section. He had arrived at Jackson on the evening before, on horseback, and had put up at the inn at that place. He had started on his way again very early in the morning, and had come down to the creek to look at some traps which he had set on the previous day. The man who kept the inn at Jackson was present, and had been helping to identify the dead body. His name was Laman Stoker, and the moment I rested my eyes upon him I disliked him. He was a short, square-built man; with tremendous breadth of shoulders; a small, bullet-shaped head; with prominent chest-bones, and small, thin ears, buttoned back flat upon his skull. I was close by him, engaged in studying his physiognomy, when an old gentleman, who had come down on horseback, approached and spoke to him.

"I say, Stoker, what time did this man leave your inn this morning?" the gentleman asked.

"As soon as it was daylight," replied Stoker. "I told him he'd better wait for company, but he was in a hurry."

"I wonder if he had much money with him?"

"At this query, Stoker betrayed to me a suspicious sign, for I was watching him very closely. He eyed me sharply, but I kept my countenance. It did me good to have his eye-mein that fashion; for I saw that he feared me. And why should he fear me? Did I not know very well? In short, every event, from that time forth, gave weight to the testimony I had collected.

After dinner, Stoker asked me how long I intended to stop with him. I had intended to stop over night, and meet Watson there in the morning; but my plan was changed. The wretched showed more plainly than before that he mistrusted me, and I feared that something might turn up to injure my cause if I delayed too long. So I told him that I was not going to stop at all—I had a long road to travel, and I was in a hurry. Whether he was pleased with this, or whether he was not, I could not determine. I paid for dinner, for self and horse, and got away as quickly as possible, and rode post-haste to Huntsville.

Watson opened his eyes with astonishment when I told him what I had discovered; but he did not oppose my belief. The whole thing, as I opened it to him in regular sequence, struck directly to his understanding; and he only wondered that he had not thought of something of the kind before. He was ready to act with me, and our plans were soon laid. He went out and engaged three stout men to accompany us, two of whom were constables; and after tea we set forth on our way to Jackson.

We reached the inn a little after dark. Watson and one of the constables went to the stable and secured John Boone, while I went into the house and arrested Laman Stoker. The latter, as I have already intimated, was a powerful fellow, and he came very near giving us trouble; but a blow from the butt of one of my heavy pistols reduced his strength somewhat, and after that he was easily secured. Then we commenced to search the house. We hunted high and low, and we had plenty of interested people to help us. Partition walls were torn down, and floors were ripped up.

We found the property of the murdered man in a secret locker; and in a tank of water, away in one corner of the cellar, we found a lot of bloody bed-clothes. We had evidence enough; and the prisoners were carried to jail that very night.

On the next day John Boone was dying. He had been sick with consumption for a long time, and during his struggle with Watson on the night before his strength had completely failed him. When he knew that he could not live, he declared that he would make a clean breast of it. I am inclined to think, however, that he hoped that his confession might benefit him in case he should, by any possible means, recover.

This confession was just what I expected. He and Laman Stoker had committed all those murders—had done the killing in the house, and had then conveyed the bodies, by way of the creek, to the road in the swamp; and where the murdered men had had horses, the horses had been led out from the stable by a back way, saddled and bridled, and turned loose in the road. The whole plan had been admirably executed, and for too long, had been successfully executed. John Boone died within three hours after his confession had been made; but Laman Stoker lived until his breath was stopped by the rope of the hangman.

A shipplaster store has been located in Boston, and applied to a popular dry goods dealer. As the story goes, a farmer purchased a few cents' worth of goods from this merchant, and gave him bills to make change from. The latter returned him eighty-five cents in his engraved promise to pay, generally known as checks, but vulgarly known as "greenbacks."

"What's them?" inquired the farmer.

"O," said the merchant, "these are a sort of currency we dry goods dealers have, and went away to attend to another customer. The countryman went off, not exactly satisfied, but shortly returned and bought nearly a dollar's worth of goods. After receiving the neatly tied up package from the merchant, and being told the price, he deposited a number of pumpkin seeds on the counter.

"What are those?" inquired the astonished merchant.

"O," replied the countryman, quite coolly, "them's a sort of currency we farmers have, and thereon left the store."

The story has it that the dry goods dealer, who appreciated good jokes, was so amused that he did not call his unprofitable customer back.

We have read many arguments against the credit system, but the reason given by a blacksmith for charging a cash customer more for the same work than what he had charged a neighbor "on time," is a pungent one, and has the merit of originality at least. When asked why he charged the cash customer the most, he replied:—

"You see I have so much change on my book, and I sometimes lose sum, and so ven I 'ave a good cash customer, I charge a good price; but ven I puts it on my book, I don't like to charge so much, so if he no pay, I no lose so much."

The above is only equalled by the explanation given by a pedler of jewelry, upon his return from a very successful tour, to replenish his stock, to the question as to what profit he made on his sales. "Oh," said he, "I generally make five per cent."

Upon being told the advance was too small, he replied, "You don't understand me; I mean that I sell an article for five times its cost."

Kansas City is a gay place, and they have good specimens of humanity down there. If you don't believe it, read the following about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before the Provost-Marshal. She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the One Hundred and Sixth Illinois regiment.

"When did your husband go to Illinois?"

"About three years ago."

"That was before the war, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go with him?"

"Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with."

"You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?"

"Yes, I do. I had only been married to him about a year, and I wasn't going to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about."

Among other discoveries made in Pompeii, is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows: "Otiotic hic locus non est. Deceat, Morator." This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Loafers, depart!" This inscription is interesting as showing that there were loafers in ancient days as there are in modern, and that they were troublesome in a similar manner.

Squid bogger.—"Pray, Sir, take pity on a miserable wretch; I have a wife and six children."

Gen.—"My poor fellow, accept my heartfelt sympathy; so have I."

An Irishman, "just over," was offered and ate some peaches. In reply to a question as to how he liked them, he answered, "Bedad the taste was good, but the seeds lay hard on my stomach."

They say a dead man's hand cures swellings. There is nothing like the dead cold hand of the Past to take down our timid egotism and lead us into the solemn flow of the life of our race.

A surgical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Old Job Squires says he has known ladies lie twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

"Pray don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," says Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—your can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, a man oscillates.

