The Nebraska Advertiser.

DEVOTED TO ART, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, NEWS, POLITICS, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE AND THE INTERESTS OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. II. CITY OF BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1858. NO. 37.

Nebraska Advertiser

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

FURNAS & LANGDON,

Second Story Hoadley & Muir's Building,

(Corner of Main and First Streets.)

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

For one year if paid in advance, - - $2,00
" " " " at the end of 6 months, 2,50
" " " " " " " 12 " 3,00

Clubs of 12 or more will be furnished at $1,50 per annum provided the cash accompanies the order, but otherwise.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (16 lines or less) one insertion,	$1,00
Each additional insertion,	0,50
One square, one month,	2,50
" " three months,	4,00
" " six months,	6,00
" " one year,	12,00
Business Cards of six lines or less, one year,	5,00
One Column one year,	60,00
One-half Column, one year,	35,00
" fourth " "	20,00
" eighth " "	10,00
" Column, six months,	
" half Column, six months,	20,00
" fourth " "	10,00
" eighth " "	8,00
" Column three months,	20,00
" half Column, three months,	13,00
" fourth " " "	10,00
" eighth " " "	6,00
Announcing candidates for office (in advance,)	5,00

Cash in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known.

Ten per cent for each change will be added to the above rates.

No advertisement will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly

All advertisements from strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.

The privilegs of yearly advertisers will be confined ridgedly to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.

Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing their advertisements quarterly.

All leaded advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Foster's Job Press, 2,500 per hour.

Having added to the Advertiser Office Card and Job Presses, New Type of the latest styles, Inks of all colors, Bronzes, Fine Paper, Envelopes, &c.; we are now prepared to execute Job Work of every description in a style unsurpassed by any other office in the United States.

Particular attention will be given to orders from a distance—in having them promptly attended to.

The Proprietors, having had an extensive experience, will give their personal attention to this branch of business, and hope, in their endeavors to please, both in the excellence of their work, and reasonable charges to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BROWNVILLE.

OLIVER BENNET. WM. B. GARRIT.
JAMES P. FISKE. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.

OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,

Manufacturers and Whalesale Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 87 Main Street.

(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MISS MARY TURNER,

MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER.

First Street, between Main and Water.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,

Architect and Builder.

FIRST BET. MAIN AND WATER STS.

Brownville, N. T.

JAMES W. GIBSON,

BLACKSMITH

Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

U. C. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

AND

Real Estate Agent,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

REFERENCES.

Hon. Wm. Jessup, Montrose, Pa.
B. S. Bently, " " "
John C. Miller, Chicago, Ill.
Wm. K. McAllister, " " "
Charles F. Fowler, " " "
R. W. Furnas, Brownville, N. T.
O. F. Lake, " " "

May 7, 1857. 47-1y

R. PEERY, M. D.,

SURGEON, PHYSICIAN

And

OBSTETRICIAN,

ELDORADO, N. T.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county and adjoining counties, both in Nebraska and Missouri.

June 11th, 1857. 51-6m

I. T. Whyte & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES

Queensware, Hardware,

Stoves, Furniture,

Country Produce,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

DANIEL L. McGARY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Brownville, Nebraska Territory.,

Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, and North west Missouri.

REFERENCES.

Messrs. Crow, McCreary & Co.,	St. Louis, Mo.
Hon. James M. Hughs, - -	Do
Hon. John R. Sheply, - -	Do
Hon. James Craig, - -	St. Joseph, Mo.
Hon. Silas Woodson, - -	Do
Judge A. A. Bradford, -	Nebraska City, N. T.
S. F. Nuckolls, Esq., -	Do

G. W. HURN,

SURVEYOR,

NEMAHA CITY, N. T.

WILL attend promptly to all business in his profession when called on: such as subdiving Claims, laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats etc., etc. 37-tf

JOHN A. PARKER & CO.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN A. PARKER, late Register of the Land Office, Omaha, N. T., having resigned his office will hereafter, in connection with one of the best Land Lawyers in the country, attend to all business confided to him; and especially

PRE-EMPTION CASES,

Which he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with by study and practice for years.

He refers to the Heads of Departments and Members of Congress of both Houses.

All applications for services must be accompanied with a fee to insure attention.

January 28, 1858. no31-1y

WM. OSBORN.

DEALER IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES,

Jewelry, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Spoons, &c., &c.

NEBRASKA CITY, N. T.

ENGRAVING and REPAIRING done on short notice and ALL WORK WARRANTED.

A. D. KIRK,

Attorney at Law,

Land Agent and Notary Public.

Archer, Richardson Co., N. T.

Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

JACOB SAFFORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT.

And Notary Public.

NEBRASKA CITY, N. T.

WILL attend promptly to all buisness entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.

September 12, 1856. v1n15-1y

W. P. LOAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LOT AND LAND AGENT,

Archer, Richardson County, N. T.

Notice to Pre-Emptors!!

J. S. HORBACH & CO.,

Attorneys at Law,

AND

REAL ESTATE BROKERS,

OMAHA CITY, N. T.

WILL give particular attention to preparing all the necessary papers for Pre-emptions, and rendering any assistance which may be required by Pre-emptors in proving up their Pre-emption rights at the U. S. Land Office. 45-5m

R. E. HARDING. G. C. KIMBOUGH R. F. TOOMER.

HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,

No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

J. HART & SON

SADDLE & HARNESS

MAKERS,

Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.

Keep constantly on hand all description of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.

N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

GEORGE CLAYES. J. W. LEE.

Clayes & Lee.

Real Estate and General Agency,

OMAHA CITY, N. T.

REFER TO

James Wright, Broker,	New York,
Wm. A. Woodward, Esq.	" "
Hon. R. Wood, Ex-Gov. of Ohio,	Cleveland,
Wicks, Otic and Brownell, Bankers,	" "
Alcott & Horton,	" "
Col. Robert Campbell,	St. Louis,
James Ridgway, Esq.	" "
Crawforn and Sackett,	Chicago.

Omaha City, Aug. 30, 1856. v1n13-1y

H. P. BENNETT, J. S. MORTON, H. H. HARDING

BENNET, MORTON & HARDING,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Nebraska City, N. T., and Glenwood, Ia.

WILL practice in all the Courts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Particular attention paid to obtaining, locating Land Warrants, and collection of debts.

REFERENCE:

Hon. Lewis Cass, Detroit. } Michigan;
Julius D. Morton, " }
Gov. Joel A. Matteson, Springfield, Ill
Gov. J. W. Grimes, Iowa City, Iowa;
B. P. Fifiled, St. Louis, Mo.;
Hon. Daniel O. Morton, Toledo, Ohio;
P. A. Sarpy, Bellevue, Nebraska;
Sedgewich & Walker, Chicago, Ill;
Green, Weare & Benton, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

T. B. CUMING. IOHN C. TURK.

CUMING & TURK,

Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,

OMAHA CITY, N. T.

WILL attend faithfully and promptly to all business entrusted to them, in the Territorial or Iowa Courts, to the purchase of lots and lands, entries and pre-emptions, collections, &c.

Office in the second story of Henry & Rootenew building, nearly opposite the Western Exchange Bank, Farnham street.

Dec. 27, 156. v1n28tf

DR. J. L. McKEE,

PHYSICIAN

AND

SURGEON DENTIST.

Brownville, N. T.

TEETH PLUGGED AND FILLED IN THE MOST APPROVED MANNER.

May 14, 1857. 48-j

Miscellaneous.

Sut Lovengood's Dog.

BY S—— L—— OF TENNESSEE.

"Boys, I never told eny on ye ove my dog scrape, did I?" "No Sut, not as we knows on; you've mixed up dog so in al yer doins that we can't tell adzactly what dog scrape ye mean." "Well, I mean ole 'Stuff Gut,' Did eny on ye ever see 'im?" "No." "Well, ye missed a site. He wur a powerful dog, an sometimes ye'd think he wur two or three dogs, ef ye had seen him eat; not a counten of his tail, for he hadn't eny. When he wur a pup, Dad, durn 'im, tuck 'im tu a straw-cutter, jamed his sturn close up to the frame of the cussed gulotine, and foch down the knife, and thar lay the hole tail in the troft like a letter S, and thar run the pup youlin like a hound, and his starn looked like you had bursted a ripe tomartis onto it. Well, it changed his looks mitely, and his nater more. Now as to his looks, rite onto the spot whar his tail orter staid, thar growed a bunch ove stiff, ash-culured bristles, what pinted every way like unto a splint broom with the rapin cut loose, and rite in the midil ove all this fussy lookin patch ove har, the pint ove his back bone, kivered with a gristil, stuck out lik onto a pidgin's aig, cause he sot onto hit so much. Well, the afar looked mity sassy and fitelike, eny how, particularly when he were a struttin up tu a big strange dog to smell ove 'im. It made his starn squar; and he had a way ove walkin slow and sollum like I'd seed young fellers do at camp meetin when approachin ove a gall at the spring with thar stud-hoss close on, agwin sorter side ways an mity keerful. I've seed little hogs go through the same motions, wun in a peach orchard and tother in the lane, when they thot they wanted to fite, an wud dun a bit but for the fence what wur atween 'em. I never found out that he wur good fur eny thing but to keep bred from mouldin and meat from spilin; an when he wanted to show glad, as he had no tale to wag he wagged his starn, an his hind feet slipped about on the groun, sorter like a fashionable gall walks when she thinks sum he feller is a lookin at er. He wur cullured adzactly like a mildewed sadil-skirt, and he kerried his years on a nowin sort of cock, like onto a mule's when he is skeered. He'd whiskers round his eyes, an on his hine legs, an must had a powerful active consince, fur he wur the meanest countenanced dog I ever seed in my life. Now as to his nater, yu could never set 'im on eny thing yu wanted tu, and cudn't call 'im off eny thing he got arter on his own accord. He wur skeered all the time, an stood redy to run or to steal as the chances mout be; an takin 'im altogether, he wur just the rite sort of a dog tu belong tu me—not worth a durn, and orter hev been killed afore his eyes got open.

"Well, Stuff Gut he followed me tu town wun day, jist case I didn't want 'im tu; an while I wur a gettin on a hed ov steam at the doggery, he started round the town on a stealin expedition ove his own, an like his cussed fool owner got hisself into a first rate scrape an skare without half tryin, and in less nor no time at that. I hed gin myself a shake in the doggery, and hearin the whisky in me slosh, I nowed I had my load aboard, so I cum out into the street an—the fust thing I seed he cum tarin down the street fifteen times faster nor I thought he could run, jist a bowin ove his self, his years sot flat onto his neck, and his bristles all sot like a black perch's top fin, his eyes shot up fast and tite, and he hed on a sort ove harness made outer strings, sorter like the set Dad wore when he acted hoss, and he wur haulin ove an ole stage lantern an hit filled with wet powder and sot a fire. Now the sparcks, an the seizlin of the dust, an the ratlin an the youlin an growlin an barkin an the eighty-nine ur ninety dogs ove all kinds what wur chasin ove him, made sum sensashun. Well—it—did. Whew-w-w. When I seed him pass without nowin me, I thot ove Dad's hornet tribulation an felt that thar wur such a thing as retribution at last; and then I got mad an looked around fur sum wun tu vent rath on, and seed a long-legged cuss, sorter ove the Lovengood stripe, with his hat cocked before, sittin straddil ove a hoss-rack, a swingin his legs an a singin,

Rack Back, Davy, rarin' up behine.
You show me your foot and I'll show you mine.

I thinks I yu'll du, ef yu didn't start my dog on that hellward expedition ove his'n yu'll du tu put it on eny how, so here goes. Sez I: "Mister-what-hed-my-dog-dun-tu-yu." He pade no tention, but kep on a singin,

Rack Back, Davy, Daddy shot a bar,
Shot 'im in the eye, and never touched a har.

I seed it wur no use tryin tu breed a quarrel, so that I mout be able to breed a fite, an I jist lent 'im a slathern calamity, rite whar his snout commenced a sprout-in from atween his eyes, with a ruff rock about the size of a goose aig. Hit fotch 'im? He drapped often the hoss-rack, but hilt a squirrel-holt onto the pole with his paws an hine feet, an hung back down. I jumped hed fust through atween his belly and the pole; my heft broke his holt, an we cum tu the ground a fitin—me undermost and turned heds and tails. So the fust thing I did was to shet my jaws onto a mouthful of his steak, nigh onto the place whar yer foot itches to go when yu are in kickin distance ove a fop. He fit mitily for the chance he hed, but I soon seed he had a cross ove bar in 'im, fur he endent stand ticklin behind, ef it mout be called ticklin at all; for every time he got his hine legs onder him, he tried his durndest to jump loose, but my holt hilt, an we wud take our fust position agin. I thot ove a box ove matches what I hed in my pocket, so I fotch the whole boxful a rake onto the gravel, an stuffed 'em all a blazin inter one ove the pockets in his coat tail. Now, mind, he nowed nothin ove these perseedins, fur his mind wur exercised powerful about the hurtin I wur a helpin 'im tu behine.

I nowed he'd soon show strong signs ove wantin tu go. So the fust big rare he fotch arter the fire reached his hid, I jist let my mouth fly open—so—an he went! his hole tale in a blaze! Rite here, boys, I must tell you sumthin I didn't noe myself, ur dern me, ef I hadn't let 'im beat me into a poultice afore I'd sot 'im afire—I'd seen 'im durned fust. The thot on it skeers me yit. He had two pounds ove gunpowder in tother pocket, a takin home to a shootin match. He aimed tu run past a peddlin wagin, what war a standin in the street, with a fust rate set ove ole live hoss bones atween the shafts, while the Yankee was in the doggery, a firin up tu leave town. Jist as he got clost to the carryall, the powder cotch fire, an soon arterwards went off and so did he, head fust, frog-fashun, rite thru the top load of tin ware. He lit a runnin, ten feet tother side; his coat tails wur blown off tu his shouldars, the hine end of his galluses was rapped round his neck, the tale ove his shut was loose, and up in the air thirty feet, still a rizin and blazin like a komit, his briches hung loose on the front side, like unto a forked aprun, while the sittin part uv 'em was blowed tu kingdom cum, and so wur everything else belonging to that regin, while his back was as black as a side of upper lether. It rained tin buckets, and strainers, an tin cups, and pepper boxes, an pans, an stage horns, all over that street for two minits and a half.

Now that explosion, and the tin war a ratlin an a rainin, made a rite peart noise, specially ove a still day; in fac, enuf to wake up the old hoss' bones an gin him the idear that he'd best leave town quick; so he laid his years back an straitened out his tail an shot. He made kindlin-wood outen the waggin agin a sine-post, and betuck hisself to the woods, stretched out about twenty feet long, an not mor'n three feet high on the withers, with jist a about enuf harness stickin tu 'im tu make a cullar for a bell cow. Thar was wun cussed nutweg makin Yankee broke plum up, and I'm durned glad ove it. Old Rack Back Davy, the hoss-rack man, made fur the river, an I follored tu the bank tu see ef he hadn't drownded hisself; but no sir! Thar he war, about the midil ove the ruver, a swimin fur tuther bank, jist a splittin the water wide open, an his busted britches legs a floatin arter him. He looked over his shoulder every other lick, like he spected tu see the devil; his face were as black as a pot, cept a white ring round his eyes, and the smoke wus still risin from among the stumps ove his burnt har. His hed, boys, in that ruver, wur the uglies, suriest, and savidgest site that I ever seed or spect tu see in this world, eny how.

I dream ove it yet o' nights, and it skares the swet outen me. I seed a lot ove fellers a fishin under the bank, so I thot I'd help 'im on a leetle faster, an I hollered, "ketch the murder, five hundred dullars an a big hoss reward. He killed an oman an nine children, an I spect a dog, an like tu whipped another plum to deth." They jumped inter thar cunnoes an tuck arter im, openin on his trail like a pack ove houns. The last I ever seed ove 'im he wur a rackin up the tother bank on his all four, an looked mitily like an ole bar what had jist cum outen a hurrycane. He still kept up his lookin back, and I speck was the wust seared man in the world, an ef he aint ded, he's runnin yet. The idear now began to soak through my har that owin to the fuss Stuff Gut and me hed raised, that perhaps I'd better scoot lest they mout want me. So I left in a peart trot, an soon got on ole Staff's trail. It wur like a waggin had been drug upside down by a par ove runaway mules, and the dry grass an leaves, and in sum places the fences wur sot afire. He tuck tu the mountains, an turned wolf, an tuck up the trade ove sheep killin for a livin, an the hole settlement is now out arter his skelp. That trip tu town, like the cuttin-box, hez changed his dispersition agin, all showin the powerful changes that kin be made in even a dog. I cum outen that scrape purty well, yet I hed to show the family dispersition tu make d—d fools ove thar selves." "How, Sut?" "Why, I ought to toted off a lode ove that permiscus tin war. Oughten I? say?"

A Child's Answer.

A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child about five years old, "Mary, you are not good for any thing."

"Yes I am, dear father," replied she, looking up thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for, pray tell me my dear?"

"I am good to love you, father," replied she, at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Blessed child! may your life ever be an expression of that early-felt instinct of love! The highest good you or any other mortal can possibly confer is, to live in the full exercise of affection.

Major N——, upon being asked if he was not seriously injured when the St. Leonard steamer's boiler exploded, replied that he was used to being blown up by his wife, and that a mere steamer had no effct upon him.

How to Tell a Lady's Age.

The following table will do it. Just hand the table to the lady and ask her to tell you in which of its columns her age is contained. Then add together the figures at the top of the columns designated, and you have the great secret. Then suppose an age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, viz: the first and fifth; and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:—

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	39	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	50	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

The Word Selah.

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commetatators, give to the word the meaning of 'eternally, forever.' Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rythmical note. Hender regarded it as indicating a change of note. Mathewson as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word repeat. According to Luther and others, it means silence. Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to '*Sursum corda*'—up my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness or if not in the imperative, "Hear Jehovah!" or, Awake Jehovah! and the like still earnest address to God that he would remember and hear, etc. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of the trumpets by the priest. Selah itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used for Higgaion Selah—Higgaion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

A Necessary Proceeding.

A few days ago, a number of gentlemen boarders at one of our popular hotels, were in the office of the hotel conversing. They were talking of Rochester. Numerous were the remarks, and much more indignant than complimentary. One remarked that it was a very hard place—very few honest people, and those were being rapidly ruined by vicious example. Another remarked there were more people in Rochester that, had they their deserts, would be in Auburn, than any other city in the Union. The latter speaker was endorsed by his companions; and other remarks not quite as complimentary as the foregoing followed. All at once, a short, very thin-faced man, rose up indignantly, and stated that they had better hold up—that he was from Rochester—he was. All at once the company retired. The much astonished Rochesterian walked up to the landlord and inquired where they had gone.

"Why?" said the landlord; "aint you from Rochester?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well," resumed the landlord, "that accounts for their absence; they've gone to double lock their rooms, they'll be back in a few minutes."

Rochester departed in a reflective manner.—*Buffalo Times*

I dhramed I saw the Pope, who was as great a gintleman as any body in the district, and he axed me would I drink. Thinks I would a duck swim? and seein' the Inishowen and sugar on the side-board, I told him I wouldn't mind taking a wee dhrop of punch.

"Cowld or hot?" says the Pope. "Hot," says I; and with that he stepped down to the kitchen for hot water, but before he got back I woke up: and its distressin me to think I didn't take it cowl!

In New York, a draft or note given by parties of undoubted credit, is called 'first class paper,' in New Orleans it is known as 'fire proof' and in Boston as 'gilt-edged paper.'

LINES

COMPOSED ABOARD OF A CALIFORNY MALE STEAMER BY A PASSINGER.

Wal I of all the cussed kinveyances,
Ef this is'nt about the wust!
Nothin but rockin and rolin
An pitchin, from the very fust—
The ingin a groanin, and the biler
Lyable every time to bust.

Fust run side, dum it, and then tuther?
Til I'm dogged ef I no wat to do—
Rock away, yu darned old kradle!
I was a baby wen I got inter you.

None on 'em seems to keer 6 1-4 cents
How bad a feller may feel,
Nur to talk to him—nor even the salor
Foolin his time away on a wheel.

Ther's one exepting I aint it provokin
To see that critter all through the trip,
Continually drinkin and smokin,
When he orter be a mindin on his ship.

It's enuf to agravait a body,
And it aint manners, I think,
To sit thar takin down his toddy,
And never to ask in nary passinger to drink.

And the pusser, all he keers fur,
Is tu have a time with his pals.
I say, darn sich a pusser! Just heer him
Flurtin and carrin on among the gals!

And when he's tired o' that, wat fellers?
In his little cabbing thar he sets
Like a spyder, among berrils of dollars—
Enuf to pay a feller's debts.

That's all they keers for passingers,
Is to git the two hunder
An fifty dollars out of his pockit inter their,
And then he may go to thunder.

Ef a feller's driv to distraxion
In a blo, an axes wot to do,
He cant git no sort o satisfaction
Out o none on em—capting, mait, nur crew.

Wun day I climb inter their blamed riggin,
Just to see wot thar was, and in hopes
To kepe shet of em wun spell, but, dog it!
I see 2 on em comin up the ropes.

Wun on em ketcht me and hilt holt on me,
While tother miserable cuss
Tide me up with a nasty, sticky close line,
Smelin o tar or somethin wuss.

Thar they kep me—darn their pictures!
And nobody done nothin but larf,
Till I'd forke out for a bottel of brandy—
It come to $2 1-2.

That's the last $2 1-2
They'll ever git out o me,
Fur I'll travil in a dumd top waggin
Afore I'll be ketched again to see.

(*N. O. Picayune.*

Marriage License.

A license to marry is often wanted when it can't be had, but a poor one is better than none, when a man is in a hurry—viz. namely, to-wit, the following:

"In the early days of Texan independence and youth, an eccentric genius, still living and reigning, was clerk of one of the western counties. The village was quite secluded in the prairies, and the squire pastured his cows on the broad acres around, bringing them home at night, and letting them go to grass in the morning. He kept a bell on one of them to help him in finding them; but one morning, as he was letting them loose, he perceived that the clapper of the bell was lost out, and, being unable to find it, he made a substitute by making fast his own office key. Not till he had reached the office did it occur to him that he should want the key, but now finding himself locked out, he betook himself to other matters, proposing to recover the key at night. About noon a rough-and-ready young Texan, in buckskin dress, came riding into town, inquired for the clerk and scared him up, and asked for a license.

'Sorry I can't accommodate you to-day, but it's no go.'

'Why not? I'm going to be spliced to-night, and I must have it whether or no.'

'But the fact is,' said the clerk, 'my office is locked up, and my cow has gone away with the key!'

'The cow!—what does the cow want with the key?'

So the old fellow told the whole story, and the two set off for the prairie to find the cattle and get the key. But the more they looked the less they found, and finally had to give it up. A bright thought struck the clerk of the county.

'I'll fix you out!' said he, and Young Texas jumped a rod, so tickled was he to know that he was to be fixed out of the fix he was in. They proceded to a store by the office, and there the county scribe indited the following:

Republic of Texas: To whom all shall see this present, greeting: Whereas I, the undersigned, clerk of this county, having unthoughtedly tied my office key as a clapper into my cow's bell; and whereas the said cow has gone astray to parts unknown, bearing with her the said key, and therefore the said key is *non inventus est*—that is, can't be had; And whereas, one Abner Barnes has made application to me for a marriage license, and the said Abner persists that he cannot wait until the cow comes back with the key, but is compelled by the violence of his feelings and the arrangements already made, to get married: Therefore, these presents are to command any person legally authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony to join the said Abner Barnes to Rebecca Downs; and for doing so this shall be your sufficient authotity.

Given under my hand and private seal on the doorstep of my office—the seal of office being locked up, and my cow having gone away with the key—this fourth day of October, A. D. 1838.

HENRY OSBORN, Clerk.

Mrs. G. could'nt sleep on account of the terrible wind which was blowing out of doors.—"Horace, my love, how dreadfully the wind howls. Don't you hear it? I can't sleep for it."

"My dear," said her better half, who was a philosopher, "open the window, and put a peppermint lozenge outside."

"Why?" asked the wife.

"Because," quoth he, "it is good to cure the wind."

Alcohol was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of ladies of Arabia, nine hundred and fifty years ago. Now a-days, it performs the same office for gentlemen's noses.

All Sorts.

Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty room? Because there is not a single lady in it.

POEM!—The wind it blew, the snow it flew, and raised partic'lar thunder—with skirts and hoops, and chicken coops—and all such kind of plunder.

Snooks says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was about seveneen years old, with short sleeves, low-neck dress and gaiter boots on.

Why is a lady pulling on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief? Because in so *lacing* herself she is getting tight.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY. Before you marry a lady for her money consider what an incumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having spent all she was worth.

A printer in our hearing, asked another what he thought of the world—a most poignant inquiry; which was answered by the other, in the statement, that the world is a stage and the printers are the horses.

An Irishman near Boston, becoming greatly alarmed at the severity of the thunder, fell suddenly upon his knees and exclaimed: "O Lord! forgive us and stop this."

Old gentleman, affectionately—"My son, why did you chew that filthy tobacco?" Precocious youth stiffly—"To get the juice out, old codger.

A late French writer says that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen, polite, courteous, and lovers of frogs—and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of suppling the city with those animals.

A man in Pautucket recently applied for insurance on a building in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to the inquiry, 'What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?' he wrote, 'it rains sometimes.'

An exchange notices the marriage of Miss Angeline Braham, daughter of the great vocalist, and adds: "We congratulate the bridegroom upon his privilege of reposing, even upon earth, upon A. Braham's bosom."

John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying he never turned out of his way for a rascal.

"I do!" said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat, "pass on sir, pass on."

HOW TO KEEP COOL.—Talking of Sydney Smith's *cool* idea of 'taking off his flesh and setting in his bones,' as being the highest imaginable degree of any comfort; 'I can better that,' said a wit, recently, 'I'd knock the marrow out and have a draft through.'

A WANT SUPPLIED.—A merchant lately put an advertisement in a newspaper thus: "A Boy wanted."

The next morning his vision was greeted with a bandbox on the door-step, on which was legibly inscribed: "How will this one answer?"

On examination he found a nice chubby looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.

A CAPITAL PUN.—It is seldom we see a neater pun than the following which we find in the N. Y. Post:

"One of the flashes of fun provoked at the artist's reception the other evening, was the following question and answer:

"When was beef tea first introduced into England? when Henry VIII. dissolved the papal bull."

A lady artist is credited with the above brilliant jeu d'esprit.

TO-MORROW.—Who ever received mercy 'to-morrow?' None. Not to find mercy to-day is to loose it forever. Where is God's invitation to be found for to-morrow? No where! God is too just to be mocked, too piteous to mock. Who was ever put off by God till to-morrow? No one. When God says 'now,' he means now. Who ever died on 'to-morrow?' No one. Salvation, life, death, heaven, hell, all are gathered up in to-day." To those whose last hour has come, 'to-morrow' will be as though a thousand years had rolled away since they heard 'Come in,' or 'Depart.'

A Curious Advertisement.

The following advertisement, which is found in Howe's Every-Day Book, is more than a curiosity. We hear it in the signs and groans of ten thousands of despairing victims of the liquor traffic, to be "delivered from temptation:"

Whereas, the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintances, and finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through the impossibility to find the liquor, he therefore begs and prays that no person will sell him, for money or credit, any sort of spiritous liquors, as he will not, in future, pay for it, but will prosecute any one for an action of damage against the temporal and eternal interests of the publick's humble, sincere and obedient servant, James Chalmers. Witness, William Andrews, Nassau, June 28, 1799.