

illustrate this matter by a single incident. Just as we were leaving the depot in New York for the East, a gentleman in middle life approached the writer of these lines, and with an animated countenance, and a manner in general, that bespoke the devoted sentiments of earnest loyalty, said, "I think you are a young man to be envied. I judge that you have been in the war for some length of time, and that you have been wounded at your post in the day of terrific battle. I envy you. Your name will live in history and in the grateful hearts of future generations, while ours may be forgotten." I thanked him for his expression of personal interest, but more especially for his evident heroic devotion to the imperiled interests of our common country, and went on my way not altogether sorrowful. Where in the whole range of literature, or of statesmanship, can be found a grander truth, or a sublimer sentiment, than that to which the Constitutional Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, gave utterance, in the closing paragraph of his last annual message to Congress, where he earnestly recommends to that body, that in their legislation, they do honorably recognize the gallant men composing the army in the field, and to whom, more than to others, the world will stand indebted for the Home of Freedom, disenthralled, regenerated, enlarged and perpetuated. S. H. J.

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York, receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand, whom he was attempting to brow-beat. It was an important cause, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A—, should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

"How old are you?"
 "Seventy-two years."
 Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant as it was twenty years ago, is it?"
 "I do not know but it is."
 "State some circumstances which occurred say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."
 "I appeal to your Honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner—it is insolent."
 "Yes, sir; state it replied the Judge."
 "Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B—'s office, did you not?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office, and saying to me, 'Mr. D—, my son is to be examined to-worrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also sir, that from that day to this, he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it had been but yesterday."
 The lawyer said, considerable abashed:
 "That will do, sir." To which the witness replied—
 "I presume it will."

Mathews was always sprucely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Convent Garden.
 "Ah, Munden," said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer."
 "Certainly, my boy," replied Joe Munden, "we'll exchange umbrellas."
 Mathews was so taken by storm that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

It is estimated that Holland and Germany have taken \$150,000,000 of our debt. The London *Times* warns and scolds, but the bankers and capitalists of these nations, who are among the shrewdest in the world, understand what they are about.

"We once saw a young man bravely turning up his glass; he was a true-hearted, glorious fellow, and was, he said, 'sowing his wild oats.' We afterwards saw a policeman hauling a miserable drunkard from the gutter to the station-house. The wild-oats were being harvested."

Josh Billings wants to make a few Bets.

I want tew make the following bets:
 First.—I want to bet 7,000 dollars that Abraham Linkom, Esqr., and his wife, and his son Bob will be the next President of the United States of America.
 Secondly.—I want to bet 35 dollars that I shant vote for John C. Fremont, nor no uther man who voted for Abe Linkom, the last time he run.
 Thirdly.—I want tew bet 16 dollars, that the Chicarger convenshun cant git the electoral vote ov enny stait north of Masey & Dixie's line, unless it is Upper and Lower Canada.
 Fifthly.—I want tew bet 10 dollars that John C. Fremont's letter of acceptance embodiz the Chicarger platform, and enuff else, tew dam enny man.
 Sixthly.—I want tew bet several 100 dollars, that this war goes rite on, and enny thing that gits in the way or it, whether it is Jeff. Davis or the Democratic platform, gits knocked higher than the top ov Mt. Etna.
 Seventhly.—I want tew bet mi note for 1,000 dollars, payable six months before it is due, that Geo. B. McClelland, Esqr., the Rev. Fernando Wood or Vallandigham, the pilgrim, will have tew be the nominee at the Chicarger convention, else the Democratic party will have to make a new platform tew suit some decent man.
 Eighthly.—I want tew bet awl of the rest ov my real and imaginary Estait, that General U. S. Grant kant be induced to run enny uther man but Jeff. Davis, and if he dont run agin him wuss than a steel-pointed ram, within the next two or three years, enny man may have me, my heirs, and assings forever, and ever, amen. I want tew bet the above bets. JOSH BILLINGS.

A. WARD'S COURTSHIP.—In an affecting account of his courtship with "Betsey Jane," Artemus Ward says:—"There were many affectin' ties which made me hanker after Betsey Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn quenched their thirst at the same spring, our old mares both had spots on their fore eads; the measles broke out in both the families at nearly the same periods, our parents (Betsey's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabers used to observe, 'How thick the Wards' and Peasleys' are!' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsey's and mine) with their gowns pinned up so they couldn't sile 'em, affectshuntly bilin' soap together and aboosin' their nabers."

As a gentleman was passing along Fifth street, Cincinnati, he passed a place where some boys were playing marbles. One of them, in shooting his marble, cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and tumbled against a lady, also passing, precipitating her along with himself upon a large hog, who was examining the gutter geologically for debris. The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off and run between the legs of another gentleman, who, in falling, drew the string of a kite from the hands of a boy. The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley near by. The horses ran down the alley. A man was building a fire in a carpenter's shop, by which they passed, started up to see what was the matter, and in doing so dropped his lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence. The engines assembled, and in a hurry consequent upon the alarm, a man fell in the track of one of them, and had his arm broken, which ended this budget of accidents for the day. Is the boy who shot the marble responsible for all the consequent damages?

BIBLE SCHOLARS.—An English school for poor children, having read in their chapter in the Bible the denunciation against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by the benevolent patroness Lady —, as to their recollections of the chapter, "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Ating camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

"Madame, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts!"

This is a touching record of "Mary the Little Missionary." Mary's uncle Charles came to see her, and gave her a bright gold dollar. Then Mary said: "Now I will buy some candy, and some chewing gum, and a pickled lime; and I will give Sarah Jones two postage stamps." But Mr. A. Sleek, that good man, heard her, and he groaned, and said, "Mary remember the Pottawattomies." So she gave the dollar to good Mr. Sleek for the Pottawattomies, and when he took it he was kind enough to say that he wished the Pottawattomies might get it. And Mary was made a life member of Mr. Sleek's society. Was not that better than a pickled lime?

The man who collected the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams, was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the "lady of the house" replying: "Have you any friends in the war, madam?" "No." "Any relations?" "No." "Do you know anybody from this neighborhood who is in the army?" "No." As he was leaving, a bright thought struck her, and she rushed to the door, exclaiming, "Oh, my husband has gone to the war?"

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

RESIGNATION.—A suffering but godly man, was once asked if he could see any reason for the dispensation which had caused him so much agony. "No," replied he; "but I am just as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reason."

VERDANCY.—"Do you like cod-fish balls, Mr. Wiggin?"

Mr. Wiggin (hesitating)—"I really don't know, miss. I never recollect attending one."

VERY CUTE.—Mistress—"Didn't I tell you not to take the first and second floor's milk in the same basin?"

Maid—"Please, ma'am, it's all right; I put a piece of paper between 'em."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow, that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure that it is time for him to join a temperance society.

When I was young I was poor; when I was old I became rich, but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came the faculties were gone."

It is said the reindeer can get over the ground at the rate of nineteen miles an-hour.

Make a man think he is more cunning than you, and you can easily outwit him.

Josey being rather remiss in his Sunday school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitating, "but I have a first-rate forgettery."

PERSONAL.—Information wanted of one ALONZO KINSELY, supposed to be in the State of Vermont. Any one giving information of his whereabouts to any of the M. V. B. E. A's, will relieve the anxiety of many Knights.

PLUTARCH speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being asked why he let it grow to such length, replied, "If is, that having my white beard continually before my eyes, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

"I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within the breast which charms and pains me." A daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript as he had left it in his study, sat down and added: "Them's my sentiments exactly, papa, all but the pains."