

Honeymoon in a Basket.

Chambers Journal tells the following: For eight years after the Marquis of Northampton had laid the foundation stone of Leigh woods abutment, workmen and the public in general were enabled to pass over the immense chasm by means of an iron bar, seven hundred feet in length, which was hung across the river. On this bar was a 'cradle' basket, or car, and persons who wished to make the dangerous passage, paid a fee which varied from one to five shillings. By this contrivance thousands of persons crossed the Avon. The basket ran, by its own gravity, down the incline to the center of the bar, and was drawn up to the other side by means of a rope. On one occasion, a Somersetshire wedding party went to see the fairy bridge, and the bridegroom having had enough to make him adventurous, persuaded the not unwilling bride to make the flying passage. The two got into the basket; but when they had reached the center of the bar, high over the Avon, and the moment arrived when they were to be drawn up on the opposite side, it was found that the communicating rope had been broken; and as no provision had been made for such a contrivance, the enthusiastic husband and his newly wedded wife hung dangling in mid air—to the astonishment of the rooks no doubt—for several hours, their extraordinary position being rendered none the more comfortable by their friends on the abutment shouting across to them that they would have to remain in the basket all night! This novel way of beginning the honeymoon was avoided, however; but the party were not rescued until they had passed several hours in their strange carriage.

A Puzzled Officer.

Some years ago, a small sized man went to the plantation of a gentleman not far from Louisville, who was light in wit, but rather heavy in flesh, with a piece of paper in his hand, folded in a form and known by the abbreviation of *ca. sa.* Having found the owner of the plantation in the field, he explained his business, when he was requested to read his *capias*, which commenced as usual: 'You are hereby commanded with outdelay to take the body of,' etc.

'Humph!' says the prisoner, stretching himself on his back, 'I am ready.'

'Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?'

'Certainly; you must take my body, you know. I do not resist the process of the law, but submit with cheerfulness.'

'Will you wait until I can get a cart, for I cannot take you in my arms?'

'Can't promise. I may recover from fatigue in the meantime.'

'Well, what must I do?'

'You must do your duty.'

And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left, when he left also.

Chaplain and Contraband.

Army Chaplain.—'My young colored friend can you read?'

Contraband.—'Yes sah!'

Army Chaplain.—'Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a paper?'

Contraband.—'Sartin, massa, if you please.'

Army Chaplain.—'Very good. What paper would you choose, now?'

Contraband.—'Well, massa, if you chews I'll take a paper ob terbacker.'

The chaplain looked at the contraband, and the contraband looked at the chaplain; then the latter sighed and passed on.

A short-sighted professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon, madam!' Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street, and, in sudden recollection of his former mishap, he cried out, 'Is this you again, you brute?'

The Laughing Jackass of Australia.

The *aleedia gigantea* of ornithologists is no other than the 'gobera' of the blacks, and 'laughing jackass' of the colonist. He is a dull looking bird, who sits crowded up and hitched together on the limb of a tree, or the fence, or almost anywhere. He looks as if he might be able to move just fast enough to distance the sloth or tortoise; but the things are not always just as they appear. Only let a worm or scorpion, or a centipede, or a snake be near, and the eye will have enough to do to follow his arrow-like course, as he darts like a streak of lightning on his prey. His plumage is owl-like, dusky, olive-brown and dirty white. He looks like one of the drudges of creation, a class by no means to be despised. Many a glorious-hued bird, that gracefully wheels its airy course in the Australian wilds, near dazzling the eye with the gorgeousness of his plumage, would, if birds could speak, have a far briefer tale of useful work to tell than the ugly, dull, drudge-looking, discordant-voiced, 'laughing jackass.'

When full-grown, this remarkable bird attains some eighteen inches in length, and is as thick in body as a quarter-grown fowl. His bill is of very great length and breadth and strength; and as a weapon both of offence and defence well knows he how to use it. Confidence achieves great triumph, and utility makes many friends. He possesses both these qualities in an eminent degree. All day long, while man is at his plow, he takes his seat on some neighboring stump, and makes his repeat on whatever may turn up, just moving out of the way of the plow-share, varying the scene by pouncing upon some snake. Snakes are to Jack what turtle and venison are to the gormand. Many a settler's life has he saved. He not only follows man all day long at his work, but he rouses him ere sunrise to his work, by a most remarkable laughing and chattering, ascending the gamut rapidly, and ending with a grand flourish, not unlike the wild rattling laugh of a human being, though far louder. Again, when the sun has set, the boisterous and irresistible ludicrous laugh is heard.—Then the stars peep out, and the howl of the wild dog bays the moon from the ranges of the distant mountains.—*Vanderkiste's Lost, but not Forever.*

AFTER A LETTER.—Some time since a very large Irishman came into the Paterson post-office and addressed the postmaster with:

'Is there any letters for me, sure?'

'What is your name?' inquired the official.

'Oh, bedad, that's no matter. Is there anything for me?'

'But what is your name. I must know that first.'

'That's none of your business? It's a letter I'm after, and not for to be telling my name.'

After some trouble and explanation he gave his name in as Michael Flannigan, but on looking over the letters none were found for Flannigan. The Irishman started for the door, and on reaching the steps was heard to say, 'Och, be jabers, and didn't I fool the feller good!'

He had given a false name, and gone off without seeing how he had fooled himself.

GENERAL WOLFE.—General Wolfe invited a Scotch officer to dine with him; the same day he was also invited by some brother officers. 'You must excuse me,' said he to them; 'I am already engaged to Wolfe.' A smart young ensign observed, he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said *General Wolfe*. 'Sir,' said the Scotch officer, with great promptitude, 'we never say *General Alexander*, or *General Caesar*.' Wolfe, who was within hearing, by a low bow to the Scotch officer, acknowledged the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

A FOX TRAPPED.—The British blockade runner Fox, ran into Charleston harbor, not knowing the city had been captured, and soon found herself in a nice trap.

Cardinal Wiseman's dying words were: 'Well, here I am at last, like a child from school, going home for the holidays.'

A man hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

A Lawyer's Joke.

A few weeks since, a tragedian, not unknown to fame, entered a lawyer's office in Sacramento, and after an interesting conversation on the general topics of the day, the former, as he was about leaving, said to the lawyer:

'By-the-bye, Mr. —, as in the course of fulfilling my professional engagements throughout the State, I may often have business at Sacramento, I would like to employ you as my legal adviser.'

Smiling blandly, and feeling very much flattered, no doubt, the lawyer replied:

'Thank you, sir, but unfortunately I have been retained against you.'

The astonished actor started and nervously asked:

'By whom?'

'Shakspeare's heirs!' was the answer.

As the point of the joke was felt and acknowledged, the puncture was healed by a general laugh and the application of the usual styptic.

NEVER SULK.—Better draw the cork of your indignation and let it foam and fume, than to wire it down, to turn sour and acid within you. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and the soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflection on the mildness, humility and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

An old sea captain, who was in the habit of spending his time while in port among a set of hard drinking fellows, returned to his hotel one evening, in a partially intoxicated condition. In going up to his room he walked out of one of the windows in the second-story and landed upon the pavement. Fortunately he was not injured by the descent, and upon going back into the house met the landlord. 'Look here, Mr. —,' says he, 'if you don't shorten the steps in your stairs, I won't stop with you any more!'

THE KIND AND TRUTHFUL WIFE.—'What is the matter my dear?' asked a wife of her husband, who had sat half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation.

'Oh, I don't know,' said he; 'I have felt like a fool all day.'

'Well,' returned the wife, consolingly, 'I'm afraid you'll never be any better—you look the picture of what you feel!'

The grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? The best thing a man can take with him to the grave is—Character.

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that 'a little difference' frequently makes many enemies, while 'a little distinction' attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

INFORMATION WANTED.

LUCIEN WHEATLY,
OF THE SIXTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

ANY information of the whereabouts and condition of my son, Sergeant LUCIEN WHEATLY, of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, a prisoner of war, will be most thankfully received. He was at Andersonville as late as the 17th of December last.

Address CHARLES WHEATLY
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

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DEATHS.

Sergt. Isaac M. Himon, co B, 9th	Fenn. Cav.
do Benjamin Waldron, co C, 8th	Vt. Vols.
Privt. Orrin Lee, co L, 13th	N. Y. Cav.
do Ledular Taylor, co E, 5th	do H. Art.
do Frank M. Clark, co D, 5th	Mich. Cav.
do Josiah Snyder, co C, 123d	Ohio Vols.
do James St. Dennis, co C, 14th	U. S. Inf.
do Francis W. Taylor, co C, 18th	Conn. Vols.
do Charles Davenport, co L, 2d	do H. Art.
do Joseph Lefeor, co A, 14th	N. Y. H. Art.
do George Woodward, co L, 1st	do Mt. Rif.