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JOSIAH TURNER, JR. EDITOR.

The following humorous article was handed us for publication by a friend. We do not know in what paper it first appeared, but it has copied us, understanding very extensively. It is a good thing and we think it worth republishing. It happened before the war:

Scenes at Chatham during the session of the Circuit Court, in the Commonwealth ex. Cassady, on a charge of malicious stabbing.

The venue being empanneled, and the jury solemnly charged by the clerk, the Commonwealth's Attorney having called, in support of the indictment, the witness, Buck Bryant, who being solemnly sworn, the truth to tell, testified as follows:

Question by Commonwealth's Attorney—Tell us all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor, by Cassady the prisoner at the bar.

Answer.—Well, gentlemen, it was election day—was a dark, cloudy, wet sort of drizzling day, and says I to my old woman, I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and "post" my vote.

And says my old woman to me, well, Buck, as it is a sort of dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzling day, says she, hadn't you better take your umbrella?

Says I to her, I have taken the umbrella.

So I took the umbrella and advanced down towards Ringgold, and when I got down there, Mr. Cole, counsel, and says he,

Uncle Buck, have you not anything of old neighbor Harris? Says I to Mr. Cole, for why? Says he, he's got my umbrella.

(The witness was here interrupted by the Court and told to confine himself to the actual trial between the prisoner and Cole, the prosecutor.)

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Well, the first thing I did, when I got

that umbrella, was to take a drink of Buchanan whiskey, which was monstrous good, and says I to myself, says I to myself, you feel better now, don't you? And while I was

advancing around, Mr. Cole came to me, says he, Uncle Buck, says he, have you seen

anything of old neighbor Harris? Says

I to him, the old cock's got my umbrella.

After a while, I paid my vote, and then Mr. Cole and me advanced back towards home, and Mr. Cole was tighter

than I ever had him.

And so we advanced along till we got to the road and path forked, and Mr. Cole and me took the path,

as any other gentleman would, and after advancing a while we arrived at old neighbor Harris's sitting on a log with the umbrella in his arm, and said that time Elijah Cassady (the prisoner) come up, and we advanced on till we arrive at Elijah's house.

Elijah is my n.e.w. and likewise my son-in-law—he married my daughter Jane, which is next to my daughter, Mary.

After we had advanced to Elijah's house we stood in the yard a while jawing, and presently two somebody rid by on a horse, which was

Judson before, and Whitfield and Kish Cassidy being the same. Elijah and Kish are brothers, both in the n.e.w. way, like anybody else brothers, no gels between them, and both of 'em is about the same age, especially Kish, which is younger. Kish was drunk, and Mr. Cole got up crossing one another about politics, and I advanced in the house what was Elijah's wife, which is my Sister Jane, which is next to my daughter, Mary. Well, after jawing awhile my little fellow says to me, says he, Uncle Buck, let's go home. Say, I need pay, so we p.g. went together, and I heard somebody calling me, and never mentioned 'em nor advanced. Well, I got home and was waiting my supper, and Elijah, which is my son-in-law, and my daughter, Jane, which is next to my daughter, Mary, arrived and said to me, Uncle Buck, says he, I killed a man, and he had the hell you gave. And this is all I know about the stabbing, because I want that.

JOHN BILLINGS ON THE MULE.—The mule is half horse and half jack ass, and then he's to fall stop, assure destroying her mistake. The weigh more, according to thin leather, than any other creature except a cow-horn. The half horse can quicker nor further than the horse, yet their ears are big enough for snow shoes. You can trust them with many who are life size without more than they make. The only way is to keep them in a stable to turn them into a master jockey, and let them jump out, you are ready for use just as soon as they will do to abuse. This has got many friends, and will live on buckeye-berry brush, with an occasional chance at kennels this season. An acre or more land investment. I don't think the black rider in them at all.

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Every man who is willing to drive a mule ought to do it, by law from running away from him. There are an enormous amount of cattle, and livestock according to their size. I heard tell of one who fell off the mule path on the side of a hill, and sank so deep in the ironed water, but he had to swim across the brook to the next station, because there were no tracks, which took out of the water about two or three inches. I don't know did, but an answerer said he had to swim across an ankerite in the water, and it was extremely cold.

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