

Artemus Ward Insures His Life.

'I kum to the conclusion lately, that life waz so on-sartin, that the only wa for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks, waz to git my life insured, and so I ka'ld on the Agent ov the 'Garden Angel life insurance Co.' and answered the following questions, which waz put tu me over the top ov a pair ov goold specks, by a slik little fat old feller, with a little round gray head and az pretty a belly on him, az enny man ever owned:

QUESTIONS:

1st.—Are yu mail or femail? if so, state how long yu have been so.

2d.—Are yu subjec tu fits, and if so, do you hav more than one at a time?

3d.—What iz your precise fiteing weight?

4th.—Did yu ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much?

5th.—What iz yure legal opinion ov the constitutionality ov the 10 commandments?

6th.—Du yu ever have enny nite mares?

7th.—Are yu married and single, or are yu a Bachelor?

8th.—Du yu beleave in a future state? if yu du, state it.

9th.—What are your private sentiments about a rush ov rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?

10th.—Hav yu ever committed suicide, and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confirmatif, the slik little fat old feller with goold specks on, ced I was insured for life, and probably would remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

A Hunting Story.

Two business gentlemen from New Haven, who occasionally indulge in a little sporting experience, visited Southington, on a hunt the other day. Birds were not very plentiful, and with doubtful success the gentlemen started for the depot towards night to take the train home. Coming across an Irishman, they incidentally asked him if there were any rabbits, partridges, quails, foxes, or any other game about there.

'Bedad there are that! I can put my finger on a nist of foxes where there is five young 'uns and the old 'un! They are so tame yez can stroke 'em with your hand.'

Here was a chance to capture fur, that must not be lost, and after some dickering, Pat agreed to pilot them to the nest for three dollars. After trudging through the woods about one mile, the party came to a clearing where stood a log house. With a horrid Milesian grin, he pointed to an old woman and five young imps, lying loose about the main floor, exclaiming:

'See the tame craythurs! Mrs. Patrick Fox, these hunters are after yez! Good day, gentlemen.'

The hunters got back to the depot too late for the train that day, but they arrived home all safe the next morning. It is unnecessary to mention, however, that it is not to them that we are indebted for the above fact.

—A young ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings, the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave said—

'Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this nutshell?'

To which he wittily replied—

'Until I become a kernel.'

Military Conundrums.

WHY did the rebels surrender Fort Fisher? Because they took too much *Porter* and were *Terry-fied*.

How were they overcome? By good *Ames* and much *Curtis-y*.

WHY are the rebels like vicious school-boys? Because they dislike to be watched by monitors.

WHAT is General Terry's particular *forte*? Fisher.

WHY is General Sherman the most gallant of men?—Because he rushed across the country to *Save-Anna*?

WHAT ails Jeff? His *Foot* troubles him.

A DUELLING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

'We wish to fight—to fight to the death,' they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice, said:

'Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—'

'My good man, don't trouble us now!' cried one of the officers; 'don't you see my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a charitable humor.'

'It is not alms I ask for,' said the man; 'I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins.' At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and both throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

An Irishman who had been asked to furnish proof of his marriage, took his hat off, and exhibited a scar on his head. "Here," said he, "is my marriage certificate—that's Judy's mark."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In time of Moses, I have no doubt, I was a golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the golding."

CURIOUS ANALYSIS.—We find in one of our French exchanges, published in California, the following analysis of the human system, considered in relation to the principal countries:—An Englishman is composed of mutton and water; an Irishman, of potatoes and water; a Scotchman, of water-gruel; a Frenchman, of omelet-frogs and water; and a German of cheese, sourkrout and water. The author of this analysis, says our cotemporary, is an American, and does not, either from pride or modesty, mention his own nationality; but, having been called to analyze him, we ascertained with surprise that he consisted of tobacco-juice and water.

The latest Parisian invention is said to be a pair of musical boots, which have been exhibited to the Emperor. At every step the pressure of the foot produces a melody—it may be a waltz, a mazourka, or an operatic air. The wearer of these boots, therefore, like the old woman who had bells on her toes, can make music wherever he goes. They would be capital to dance in, and a whole company shod with them might dispense with fiddlers. Appropriate tunes could be set to accompany each action of the foot. Thus in kicking an intruder out doors your boots might perform 'the rogues march,' while on going home from a courting expedition they would of course strike up, 'The girl I left behind me.' How pleasant, too, to the listening wife, sitting up while you are kept out late 'by business,' to hear the realization of the touching lines of the old song—

His very step has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

Only on such occasions it would be well not to play a reel.

WANTED.—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes.

The club with which an idea struck the poet.

A stick to measure narrow escapes.

The identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.

An umbrella used in the reign of the tyrants.

A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a week for.

A Quaker, on hearing a man swear at a particularly bad piece of road, said: 'Friend, I am under the greatest obligations to thee. I would myself have done what thou hast done, but my religion forbids it. Don't let my conscience, however, bridle thine; give thine indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudice of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long-suffering—Yea verily.'

VIOLATING THE PLEDGE.—A temperance society was formed at Drudgetown. Jenks, who was fond of his whiskey, signed the pledge, and kept it very well (i. e., taking good care to drink alone, and chewing coffee grains afterward). One morning, while working in the fields, a wild bull tossed him, and landed him flat on his back. Jenks went home feeling pretty sore. This scene was witnessed by a neighbor, who also belonged to the teetotal society, who, to have some fun, reported Jenks to the society as having violated his pledge.—Jenks met the charge as well as he could, and replied:

'I did take two 'horns' one morning, as prescribed by Dr. Bull, though much against my will.'

THE ORIGIN OF THE WOODEN NUTMEGS OF CONNECTICUT.—New London is responsible for 'wooden nutmegs.'—Many years ago a small trader sent from there a few nutmegs to Beaufort, S. C. A planter named Bogart, seeing the nutmegs, bought them at a good price. Pleased with his purchase, and being especially vain of having choice delicacies at his table, he produced for his guests those rare and somewhat costly nuts. But the nuts wouldn't crack, and when broken open were found to contain no meat, and the honest Connecticut Yankee was cursed by the Carolina chivalry as a cheat for selling nutmegs without meat, and which they therefore supposed were made of wood. When our troops entered Beaufort they still found the same prejudice existing against nutmegs and Yankees.

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WR.—The commandant of Libby Prison issued a stringent order, that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen:

'My Dear Wife—Yours received—no hope of exchange send corn starch—want socks—no money—rheumatism in the left shoulder—pickles very good—send sausages—God bless you—kiss the baby—Hail Columbia. Your devoted husband.'

Report of Changes in Officers' Hospital.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

Brig. Gen. Samuel A. Duncan, Capt. Stephen Tripp, 11 Pa. Cav. Col. Jno. W. Horn, 6th Md. Vols. 1st Lt. E. A. Russell, 85th do Vols. Maj. O. S. De Wolf, 2d Mass. Cav. do W. C. Sargent, 14th N. H. do Surg. G. C. Wheeler, U. S. Vols. do H. E. Weaver, 8th U. S. Inf. Capt. L. Hunsler, 152d N. Y. do do Wm. Cahill, 76th N. Y. Vols. do J. D. Hasbrouck, 156 do do do A. B. Hiltman, 162d do do do A. M. Loomis, 24th Iowa do do Lt. S. A. Johnson, 223 Ohio do do C. E. Joslyn, 6th Vt. do do J. B. Johnson, 6th U. S. C. T. do A. B. Shumway, 2d Con. Art. do A. Ahlers, 47th Ohio Vols. do E. A. Pratt, 8th U. S. C. T. do Thos. W. Simson, 6th U. S. C. do E. Kissman, 9th N. J. Vols. do A. P. Hawkins, 8th N. Y. Art. do J. B. Backuss, 37th U. S. C. T.

Returned to Duty:

Surg. J. L. Asa, 208th Pa. Vols. 1st Lt. J. W. Bishop, 14th Va. V. Capt. H. D. Clay, 14th U. S. Inf. do J. W. McCormick, 7th Mich. do J. H. Code, 3d Del. Vols. do G. C. Houston, 2d N. Y. Cav. 1st Lt. Daniel Ranny, 10 N. Y. A. do J. W. Sturtevant, 14 do V. Y. do E. H. Johnson, 1st Md. Vols. 2d Lt. W. H. Rogers, 176 N. Y. do do J. O. Broadfoot, 8th do do do J. W. Strong, 3d N. J. Cav. do A. H. Leatz, 5th N. Y. Vols. do J. E. Torrington, 1st Md. do do F. Smith, 12th Conn. do

Discharged:

Capt. J. E. Eldredge, 1st Vt. Art. 1st Lt. J. T. Huntington, 140 N. Y. V. do H. Coggins, 6th Md. Vols. do M. N. Sanford, 2d Conn. Art. do M. V. B. DeWitt, 128 N. Y. do do J. N. Grubb, 11th Pa. Cav. do E. Titus, 6th do Cav. do W. S. Such, 133rd do Vols. do Wm. Murphy, 109 Pa. Vols. 2d Lt. J. H. Dettman, 1st Md. Cv. do J. A. Lang, 11th N. Y. do do D. E. Birdsall, 5th Mich. V. 1st Lt. J. M. Gregory, 2d Conn. A. do J. F. Lang, 3d N. J. Cav. do W. G. Roberts, 28th U. S. C. T. do W. T. Bowers, 23d Ohio Vols. do W. H. S. Bean, 109 N. Y. Vols. do W. L. Totten, 8th N. Y. H. A.

On Leave of Absence:

Surg. O. H. Adams, 8th N. Y. Cav. Capt. J. W. Grose, 10th Ky. Vols. A. Surg. S. G. Gray, 20th Pa. do 1st Lt. G. W. Cary, 65th Ind. do Capt. G. J. Benjamin, 63d N. Y. V. 2d Lt. J. B. Quimby, 30 U. S. C. T.

Returned from Leave of Absence.

Chaplain I. O. Sloan, United States Army.

MARRIED.

At Annapolis, Md., Jan. 19th, by the Rev. I. O. Sloan, GEORGE A. CONRAD, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, to ELIZABETH KLEPPER, of Adams Co. Pa.

DEATHS.

Corp'l William W. Seely, co C, 150th	Pa. Vols.
Priv't John B. Burk, co D, 1st	N. Y. Cav.
do W. Wellington, co B, 76th	do Vols.
do Reuben Myers, co F, 3d	do Md. P. H. B.
do J. S. Goodbehere, co K, 1st	do D. C. Cav.
do B. Sanders, co E, 40th	do Ind. Vols.
do W. Haasa, co A, 35th	do Mass. do
do J. Martin, co I, 1st	do Mich. S. S.
do E. Dacous, co D, 6th	do do Cav.
do J. A. Abbott, co H, 2d	do Mass. Art.
do Benj. Thaxter, co D, 2d	do do Cav.
do D. Darling, co K, 54th	do N. Y. Vols.
do James W. Storts, co B, 6th	do Va. Cav.
do T. C. McDuiber, co I, 8th	do do do
do L. L. Garrett, co I, 19th	do Ind. Vols.
do John Hatmaker, co A, 1st	do E. Ten. Cav.