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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



The Burning Ship at Sea.

BY SEBA SMITH.

The night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of Heaven smiled
As they wandered up the sky;
And they rode a gallant ship on the wave—
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave!

All were sunk in soft repose
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a hoding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell echoed round,
With a wild and dismal sound—
A shriek of "fire!"

Now the flames are spreading fast—
With resistless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
Are flickering to the sky;
Now the deck is in a blaze; now the rails—
There's no place to rest their feet,
Fire and all the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

No one heard the cry of woe,
But the sea-bird that flew by;
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was high;
Still before the burning they were driven—
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to Heaven!

Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there!
Others expire the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some, a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand—
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

From his brim ocean-bed
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo! the gallant ship had fled;
And a sable cloud of smoke
Was the monumental pyramid that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly,
With a quick and fearful cry,
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind,
Around the dipping eaves;
And where its pinions stop to play,
Among the fallen leaves.
There's music in the river's flow,
Along the pebbly shores
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And hushes are awayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song,
I hear through evening shade,
And in the low of distant herds,
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.

But there is music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice
Now in the land of bliss.
A music time may never still—
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear,
In mansions in the skies—
But there is not a sound on earth,
Like mother's gentle voice,
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
As nature whispers to my heart—
She will not come again.

A mother! oh, when she departs,
Her like is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only one!
And brighter will that record glow
Through all the changing years—
The oftener to the lip is pressed
The cup of sorrow's tears.

WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF SAGACITY.—We hear, says the *Sandusky Register*, of an instance of sagacity practiced by the elephant attached to Herr Driesbach's Menagerie, which deserves record. Coming into New-wark, O., last Saturday, the elephant's keeper fell in a fit from his horse. The whole menagerie immediately came to a halt, and some members of the company went forward to pick up the man. But the elephant would not allow any person to approach the senseless form of his keeper. Taking him up with his trunk, softly he would place him on his horse, but finding that the man was senseless, he laid him on the ground, and kept watch over him. Many members of the menagerie tried to soothe the faithful elephant, who had now become furious at the supposed death of his master, but to no purpose, and there the man lay watched by the sagacious animal. After lying in this condition for some time a physician, who had been sent for, arrived, and yet the elephant would allow no one to approach. At length the keeper became so far conscious as to command the elephant to let the physician come near, and the animal was docile obedient in a moment, and the keeper was properly cared for—the elephant, all the while, expressing the utmost anxiety for the sick man.

What else was this but the exercise of a human intelligence, in which pity and affection and reason were all undoubtedly blended? We can almost believe that that animal, at least, has something of a soul, 'tis reason which marks the presence of the immortal spark.

ANECDOTES OF WEBSTER.

When Daniel Webster was a law student, he helped to support his brother Ezekiel, at College, by copying deeds, &c., while the latter occasionally recruited his finances by school teaching. Under date of Salisbury, N. H. Nov. 4, 1802, Daniel wrote to Ezekiel as follows:—"I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I will send them, if they be all. They will buy a pipe—with a pipe you can smoke, smoking implies wisdom—wisdom is allied to fortitude—from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism, and stoicism never pants for this world's goods. So, perhaps, my two cents, by this process, may put you quite at ease about cash."

After having declined a comfortable office, in order to pursue his profession, Daniel wrote from Salisbury, (on the 10th of June, 1804,) to his brother, in this wise:—"Zeke, I don't believe but what Providence will do well for us yet. We shall live, and live comfortably. I have this week come within an ace of being appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for Hillsborough county. Well, you will say, well you are no better off than if you had not come within an ace. Perhaps I am—say nothing but think a good deal, and do not 'distrust the gods.'"

After Daniel had taken up his residence at Portsmouth, and commenced practicing as a young lawyer, he also soon commenced practicing as a young lover, by visiting Miss Grace Fletcher. At one of these visits, probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment, he had been holding skins of silk thread for Miss Fletcher, when he suddenly stopped, saying, "Grace, we have thus been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot—one which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in a little box, marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

[The subjoined anecdotes are related by a correspondent of the Boston Transcript.]
Soon after Mr. Webster came to the bar he was retained in a suit between two neighbors.—It seemed that they had got to loggerheads about a disputed line, out of which had grown trespass suits and all sorts of controversies, and that the more malicious and artful of the two had spoiled the other with law in one shape or another, that he had nearly ruined him. The latter at last became aroused, and brought an action against the other for malicious prosecution, and retained Mr. Webster to manage it. On the trial, proof of malice was clear and convincing, and it was evident that the day of reckoning had come at last. In summoning up for the plaintiff, Mr. Webster, after making a strong argument against the defendant, showing that he had again and again instituted suits against his client, merely to perplex and annoy him, closed as follows:—"In a word, gentlemen, I do not see how I can better conclude than in the words of the good old psalm:—Then, looking at the jury but pointing to the defendant, he repeated from his favorite authors, Sternhold and Hopkins:

He digged a pit, he digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother,
By his great sin, he did fall in,
The pit he digged for 'other.

And so it proved. The verdict was heavy against the "digger."

In 1852, when the Whig Convention was in session, first came news that General Scott, who was supposed to be a little too prone to display, particularly in plumage, was nominated for the Presidency. Then came news that William A. Graham, of North Carolina, the land of tar, pitch and turpentine, was nominated to the Vice Presidency. When the latter piece of intelligence was conveyed to Mr. W. he was engaged shaving himself. He stopped, and having heard the news, remarked, in his slow, emphatic manner, as he deliberately wiped his razor:—"Well, I do not see, then, but that the Whig party have tarred and feathered themselves."

It is related of Mr. Webster and Mr. Mason that they were once riding the circuit together in the winter season. The snow was deep and the weather cold, and both were muffled in buffaloes. Mr. Mason was an uncommonly tall man, and Mr. Webster, it is well known, had a very deep voice, amounting at times almost to a growl. On the road, where it was not very easy turning out, they met a bluff countryman, with his ox team, who shook his good at them and sang out "turn out there—turn out!" They gave him half the track, but he insisted upon the whole, and began to threaten, when Mason began to rise and rise, until he got up six feet and more, and, to the astonished view of the teamster, seemed to be going higher, when Mr. Webster growled out, in his most beastly manner, "Turn out yourself, sir!" "Gee, gee," cried the teamster, "why don't you gee?" putting the brad into his oxen as he cleared the track for what, to their astonished vision, appeared a brace of giants.

The latter anecdote reminds me of the case of the gentleman who was riding in a new carriage, when he was saluted by a teamster he was about meeting with an imperative order—"Turn out, there! turn out! or I will serve you as I did the man the other day." Our owner of the gay equipage, not caring to risk his carriage in an encounter with an ox cart, took a position on the extreme right, and waited patiently for the horrid depolisher of vehicles to pass. He could not, however, resist his curiosity to know what dreadful thing that cartman did do; and so, leaning his head out of the carriage, he accosted him with the inquiry, "How did you serve the man the other day?" "How did I serve him?" replied the teamster, "why he wouldn't turn out, so I did."

The new College at Lancaster was dedicated on the 19th ult.

The Murder at Willard's.

We have purposely refrained until now from alluding to this horrible event. Strongly as we felt, we thought it better not to anticipate the opinion of the press at large. That opinion has been fully and boldly expressed. From one end of the country to the other, an indignant denunciation of the brutal perpetrator of the crime has broken out. Everywhere, there is the deepest sympathy for Keating. Everywhere we find execrations heaped upon the head of Herbert. The American press has in the noblest manner proved itself the champion of the innocent and the chastiser of the guilty.

So loud and coarse have been the opprobrious words and slanders flung, these two years past, upon the Irish in America; with so bitter an ingratitude have they been pronounced unworthy to share the privileges and honors of the republic; so fiercely have they been threatened with proscription; that we were somewhat fearful lest in this case, justice would not be done between the parties. We confess ourselves grievously mistaken. Justice has been done.—Prompt, rigorous justice has been done.

Poor Keating lies there in his red grave, and thousands of many voices all over the country bewail his fate. Herbert hangs upon a gibbet at the gate of the Capitol, amid the boottings of the people.

The event teaches two great lessons. It warns the arrogant and brutal, that the poor man to whom God has assigned a humble lot in the community, is not to be struck down by the murderer with impunity. It warns them that in spirit of the Republic watches over the lowliest of her children, and for every wrong done them that a terrible retribution shall be exacted.

On the other hand, the public expressions which have followed full and fast upon the murder, should satisfy, even the most timid or suspicious of our countrymen, that, though factious may rail at them, deriding their creed, race, and poverty, there is no true reason for them to be alarmed. On the contrary, they should rest convinced that the laws, the constitution, and above all, the chivalrous and generous spirit of the people of the United States, will see them protected, honored, and avenged.

Herbert may not die by the hand of the Sheriff. But he lives to walk the streets, and journey by boat and cars, and sit at the public table of the hotel, with the damning brand of Cain upon his forehead. The public opinion of America, expressed through her press, has marked him with the blood of Thomas Keating. The brow on which it has been stamped shall never be white again upon the earth.—*The Irish News, (N. York.)*

SOUTH AMERICAN SNAKES.—In this part of the Orinoco we repeatedly saw water snakes swimming from one island to another; and sometimes they passed over the boats, to the great alarm of the passengers, but without attempting to do any mischief. They are of a light green color, six or eight feet long, and swim with about a third of their body raised out of the water, propelling themselves rapidly along by the undulating motion of their tail. We were informed by the boatman that their prey consisted chiefly of water rats and young birds. The steersmen of the launches always endeavor to avoid sailing under the trees that overhang the river, lest the mast detach some of the snakes from the branches. We frequently saw numbers of them, exhibiting the most brilliant colors, while basking in the sun on trees. A European traveler who visited those parts in 1838, lay down to sleep upon the bank of the Orinoco, and was presently awakened by cries of alarm and horror. What was his dismay when he found himself encircled in the folds of innumerable snakes! The native boatman, whose cries had aroused him, proceeded to deliver him from the hideous coils in which he was enmeshed; but the traveler never completely recovered the shock which he had received. His nerves were completely unstrung; and he died delirious about four years afterwards at Porto Rico.

MAJOR DONELSON, it will be remembered, says he left the Democratic party because he could no longer sustain its principles, which reminds a Western editor of the manner in which a fellow who was not wanted in a certain company told his story:—"Why did you leave old man Smith's so early last night?" was the question?—"Why, you see, I called to see Miss Nancy, and she wouldn't have anything to say to me. So I sat a while longer and then one of the boys came and took me to the door and gave me a push, and then I thought may be my company wasn't wanted, and so—I left."

BEAUTY OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.—The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations. What does it possess? Peace to all mankind—it teaches us those arts which will render us beloved and respected; which will contribute to our present comfort as well as to our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity—it inculcates nothing but love and simplicity of action—it teaches nothing but the purest spirit of delight; in short, it is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, and enlighten the understanding.

TERRIBLE FRESHET IN TENNESSEE.—The Tennessee papers report destructive freshets in that State. In Giles county, hogs, cattle, and sheep were drowned, bridges carried away, and much other damage done. One farmer lost two hundred head of sheep. At Lebanon the town was overflowed, and many families driven from their houses to seek shelter elsewhere. In other counties the flood was not lighter, though the destruction is not reported as so great.

The Medical Hospital at St. Louis was destroyed by fire on the 15th ult. There were 96 patients in at the time the fire broke out, but all, except one, were rescued.

The town of Lawrence Ky., is reported to have been destroyed by a mob.

An Affecting Scene in a Western Log Cabin.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a passenger came to Col. S., requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler, some three miles down the river and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. S.—awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me a small package of medicines which I always carried in the forests; but I soon learned there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel; "her father is a strange man. They live together on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago and no one knows whence or why. He has money and is a keen shot.—The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvelous intellect. She seems sometimes to be the only hope of her father."

We had reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently. The scene was one that cannot be easily forgotten. There were looks and evidence of luxury and taste lying on the rude table near the small window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl lay was as soft as the covering of a sleeping queen. I was of course startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long, black hair lying over the pillow. Her eyes were dark and piercing, and as they met mine they started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest tones of an Aeolian. You may imagine that her answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. A half an hour after she spoke in the same melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold, lie down beside me."—And the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in the dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay father my soul is strong."

"Seeest thou the opposite shore?"

"I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Harest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them father, the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night time and they call me. Mother's voice, too, father—oh, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room.—You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitfield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitfield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

"I will go into them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

"Yes, a 'soft pillow' is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow, than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, in obedience to this law, at every sacrifice; and when old age comes on, you may lay down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Attempt to Destroy a Passenger Train on the Michigan Southern Railroad.—The Chicago papers bring us the details of a fiendish attempt made last week to destroy the Evening Express train out of Chicago. Some wretch had placed a pile of ties and rails across the track, and chained them down. A freight train, which happened to be behind time, coming first to the obstruction, was dashed into pieces, not a car remaining whole. The engine and fireman were badly hurt, and sixteen valuable horses instantly killed. The accident preserved the Express train, and we shudder to think what might have been the result had the latter reached the impediment first. No clue has yet been found to the perpetrator of the diabolical act, nor can any cause for it be surmised.

THE VALUE OF A WIDOW'S SON.—At Hamilton, Canada, Mrs. McIntyre, a poor widow, recovered \$500 from a wealthy merchant, for the death of her only child, a boy of eleven years, who was killed by falling into a cellar, belonging to the defendant, on a public street, there being no railing to protect passengers.

Large quantities of flour are arriving at Norfolk over the Seaboard Railroad.

In Columbia county the Court granted 45 licenses for taverns and eating houses.

INDISCRETION; OR THE ERRORS OF HASTE.

The rash of speech,
The thoughtless and the harsh."

There are a few individuals who have not suffered much at times, in consequence of haste or precipitation. Even the wisest occasionally forget themselves and act rashly. It is impossible to be ever watchful, ever vigilant, ever thoughtful, considerate and prudent. A word fitly spoken has a magic and a charm that at once soothes and conciliates. But a word unfitly spoken, especially if harsh, sharp, or irritating, will sometimes inflict a wound that cannot be wholly healed for years. The errors of haste are countless, and they are committed daily and hourly. All are more or less forgetful in this respect. The impulsive are especially so. They act first and think afterwards; and not unfrequently the afterthought is full of bitterness, regret and self-reproach. The difficulty, then, is to make amendment or reparation. Duty recommends a frank, manly and straightforward course—an explanation or an apology. But false pride counsels equivocation, prevarication, or adherence to the error, and if this advice be taken, as it too often is, the consequences are always painful. It is, moreover, such an easy thing to atone for an unintentional mistake, a false impression or a hasty remark, that the surprise is, that any neglect or avoid the discharge of so solemn a duty. How many friendships have been broken, how many fond ties have been severed, how many hearts have been lacerated through errors of haste and indiscretion! The thoughtless and the reckless are constantly committing blunders of this description. They talk at random, without reflection, consideration or feeling, and are ever and anon surprised, when they discover that they have trespassed on forbidden ground. Nay, it often happens that they never discover their error. The injury is received in silence, but it is not forgotten. At times, too, their explanations only make the matter worse, because out of place, or in bad taste. And, again, they persist in a misrepresentation or an insult, and thus they are either treated with contempt, as vile and base, or they are punished in some suitable manner. With the young and inexperienced, errors of haste are of course natural, and some allowance should be made. They proceed from want of judgment, ignorance of the world, and impetuosity of disposition. But even under such circumstances, the true policy of the frank and the manly, is to explain fully and generously at the first opportunity. Accounts of this kind should never be left unsettled. Better arrange them at once, and in the right spirit, than permit an accumulation of interest, and thus an increase of the indebtedness. There are some persons, we are aware, who fancy that there is dishonor or indignity in making an apology, even when they have unwittingly done wrong. This, as it strikes us, is a sad mistake, not only of judgment, but of morals. All are mortals, and are all, therefore, liable to commit indiscretions, and indulge in infirmities. But the error should be corrected as speedily as possible, and thus the sin purged from the conscience. He is indeed blind, perverse and bigotted, who does wrong, and then persists in it because he fancies that there would be humiliation in acknowledging and taking back the offence. We fully agree with an ancient philosopher, who contended that, after the man who never had sinned, he should be held in the highest esteem who was the readiest to apologise, on being satisfied that he had committed an offence. If this doctrine were generally received and acted upon, mankind would get along much more smoothly, quietly and happily. The quick in temper, the fiery of blood, and the impatient of spirit, are constantly committing errors of haste. Most of these, however, are quite as ready to make an atonement, and it is well that it is so. They are known, their infirmity is recognized, and thus all allowance is made for their inconsiderate conduct and expressions. They are precipitate by nature, and to some extent they cannot help themselves. But if they are the first to say a harsh thing they are also the first to recall it; and thus the error is speedily repaired. And this is the true policy. It should be universally inculcated and practiced. Let us do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. And surely, let us not perpetrate the folly, nay, the outrage of committing a wrong, and then add insult to injury by adhering to the act of injustice from obstinacy or false pride. There is, we repeat, scarcely an individual alive who has not committed errors of haste. Nay, there are few who cannot recall many with mortification and regret. We either perpetrate them, or we see them perpetrated every day. Indiscretion to some extent, is an almost universal failing. And while this is conceded, while we feel that we cannot have constant watch and guard over our minds, our passions and our tongues, let us at least be ready to make amendment, generous and ample, at the very first opportunity. There is nothing mean or unmanly in such a course, but on the contrary, it is right, high-minded, becoming, and honorable. The sensible man of business reviews his pecuniary accounts daily. Why then should we not, in the same spirit of prudence and integrity, and at the first reasonable moment, consider and adjust all violations of taste, courtesy, morals and propriety?

A Magnificent Nigger.

Dickens gives the following description, in a late number of the *Household Words*, of a dandy darkey he encountered in a Paris restaurant:

I would have borne half a hundred disappointments similar to this dinner for the sake of the black man. Legs and feet! he was a character! He sat opposite to me, calm, contented, magnificent, proud. He was as black as my boot and as shiny. His woolly head, crisped by our bounteous mother Nature, had unmistakably received a recent touch of the barber's tongs.—

Who could he have been? The father of the African twins. The Black Malibran's brother; Baron Pompey; Prince Monsalakatiz of the Orange River; Prince Robo; some other sable dignitary of Hayti; or the renowned Sologhe himself, incognito! Yet though affable to his spouse he was a fierce man to the waiter. The old blood of Ashantee, the ancient lineage of Dahomey, could ill brook the shortcomings of that cadaverous scurvier. There was an item in the reckoning that displeased him.

"Was this so?" he cried in a terrible voice; "was this so! Fesh your mare's, sa!"

The waiter cringed and fled, and I laughed—"Good luck have thou with mine honor; ride on—honest black man; but oh, human nature, human nature! I would not be your nigger for many dollars. More rib-roasting should I receive, I am afraid, than ever Uncle Tom suffered from Serec Legree.

Let me Slide, Doctor.

A friend of ours, who is a firm believer in the utility of good eating and drinking, was attacked, a few weeks since, with typhoid fever, the symptoms of which assumed so dangerous a form, that two attending physicians deemed it expedient to call in other medical aid. The consulting Physician, not knowing the habits of life pursued by his patient, proceeded to question him as follows:

"Mr. A., how old are you?" The sick man replied, "According to the family record, forty; but I have had as many good times as most men of seventy."

"What have been your habits—have you accustomed yourself to use stimulants?" "Yes." "How many drinks have you taken daily?" "I never kept tally, doctor, but have been a 'fair drinker' and good feeder all my life."

The doctor gazed at his patient, felt his pulse, then shook his head. On seeing this, the sick man looked the physician earnestly in the eye, and said, "Doctor, what kind of a chance is there of my recovering?" After hesitating a moment, the doctor said, "Well, Mr. A., I think you will recover, but you will have to be very careful how you eat and drink hereafter, as your constitution has been somewhat strained."

"The sick man gave a sigh, and replied, "Doctor if you can't get me well enough to allow of my eating a good dinner and take my regular 'tods,' let me slide now."

Our friend, however, did recover, and as his health improved, so did his appetite; every morning he urged his physician to allow him something in the way of substantial nourishment. After about two weeks the physician told him "he might have a bird." The sick man was delighted, and immediately sent for an old friend and associate to come and see him; who, upon entering the sick room of his friend, was accosted thus: Sam, my doctor says I may have a bird for dinner, and I want you to go down to Robbins' and tell him to send me the biggest and fatest wild goose he has in his stall!"

But instead of sending a wild goose, Sam sent a squab, at which our sick friend was at first indignant, but finally at it, and fully recovered his health. Judging from his appearance a few days since, he is likely to live many years to enjoy his dinners, as well as the society of his thousands of friends.

Printing Office Rules.

Here are the latest. They should be observed—

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Don't touch the poker.
5. Say nothing interesting.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the printers.
10. Hands off the papers.
11. Eyes off the manuscript.

If you will observe these rules when you go into a printing office, you will greatly oblige the printer.

A CURIOUS CASE.—About a year and a half ago, a widow lady by the name of Smith, residing in Suffolk street in this city, drank some water from a spring at the sea shore, and as she supposed, swallowed a small eel. Since then she has been gradually getting out of health, and at length her illness became so severe and alarming that her life was thought to be in great danger. No medicine or physician could give her relief, till last week. Dr. Hutton being called in, gave her a potion that, on Saturday morning, relieved her of a live eel a foot in length. The eel has been preserved in spirits and is decidedly an ugly looking customer.—The lady is greatly relieved, but thinks there is another of the "warmints" left behind.—*Lowell News.*

Hollidaysburg and Gaysport are to be lighted with gas.