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Select Poetry.



THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

BY H. F. GOULD.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scattered locks, that, with the light
Of fourscore years, are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you?"

"My child, 'tis five-and-fifty years
Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay for freedom slain!"

"And ere that light, the first that spoke
In thunder tones to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'Tis since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar."

"When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May Freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unlighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy."

"But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword;
And, undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield,
And he thou spared like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell!"

A SERENADE.

BY HENRY B. HURST.

Aline, Aline, my own Aline,
The night is bright and calm;
And the elder blossoms flood the air
With clouds of fragrant balm:
The nightingale sits by his mate
And sings his soul away—
Night owns the hours of love, Aline,
And not the garish day.

Come forth Aline, and by the stream,
Beneath the willow's shade,
Wander with me, and learn from me
How heaven on earth is made.
The kiss of love, the light of eyes,
Would make a desert green—
Thy glance, thy kiss a Paradise—
An Eden of bliss, Aline.

Phila. Arg. 8th, 1857.

TRUSTING AN INDIAN CHIEF, OR, CONFIDENCE RETURNED—A FACT.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W., who established himself at Whites town, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him; among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child, a fine boy of about four years old. You will recollect that the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly, he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him: an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of six miles, had not yet been to see him; nor could he by any means ascertain the feelings and views of the Sachem, in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent a messenger, and the answer was, that he would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the Sachem came, Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and the little boy. The interview that followed, was deeply interesting. Upon its results, the Judge conceived his security might depend, and he was, therefore, exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians; to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said, "Brother, you ask much and you promise much; what pledge can you give of your faith?"

"The honor of a man that never knew deception," was the reply.

"The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian," said the Sachem.

"I have put my life in your hands, said the Judge; is not this an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and I will not believe he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence; if you trust him, he will trust you. But I must have a pledge. Let the boy go with me to my wigwam; I will bring him in three days with my answer."

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang from her seat, and rushing to the boy who stood at the side of the Sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him close to her breast, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the Sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W. He knew that the success of the enterprise, the very lives of the family depended on the decision of the moment. "Stay, stay, my daughter!" said he. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. I would not risk a hair of his head. He is not more dear to you than me. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him. He will be as safe in the Sachem's wigwam as beneath our roof and in your arms."

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the three ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling upon its mother for help! But the time wore away—and the third day came: How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away, noon arrived, and the afternoon was far advanced, yet the Sachem came not. There was gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent, as if despair was settling coldly around her heart. Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the Sachem's abode.

At last as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chief—were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle's feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms; and in that one brief moment she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered," said the Sachem, hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence as good as his word, and Judge W. lived there many years, laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

The Logic of Rogues.

There is something mournful in the thought that those faculties which are fitted to the investigation of science, morals, art, religion, government, and all other noble subjects, should be perverted to the basest purposes. A magnificent city in ruins is a melancholy spectacle; but a mind broken and dismantled by the very being who should have kept it in harmonious preservation, is a still more deplorable sight. While men continue to abuse their rich endowments, there will exist an abiding necessity for the highest forms of teaching. The old doctrine, that "might makes right," which has so long been in active use, and which yet charms and sways the ruthless, has been the source of incalculable mischief. The inventor of it was in plain language, a rogue, and the reasoning by which he sought to justify himself, was the logic of a rogue. Innocence, truth, mercy and justice, was dissipated, like the beautiful myths of ancient story, by his peculiar argumentation. "Yonder is a fine domain, and I want it; here is a strong arm, and I will take it!" Then followed the clang of arms and the shouts of the rioters, and all was over, save the suffering of the despoiled. The only redeeming feature in this process was the celerity with which it was done. But the modern application of the doctrine, whether illustrated by the movements of filibusters or the doings of slave catchers, is not entitled to this praise. The methods now adopted are slower, more tedious, and because of the advance of civilization, more cruel. When the charms of virtue are depicted, and honesty is lauded and mercy extolled, the advocates of this doctrine have recourse to ridicule in order to meet the glowing narration, and hide the utterance of truth. "Might makes right is my motto; who cares for dotard moralizers, crazy fanatics, or political parsons?—Come along with us, and we will have a jolly time of it!" is the language of the unprincipled. Who is safe in the company of such men? Equally pernicious is that other shameful tenet, "the world owes me a living;" but those who make use of it do not relate in what manner the debt was contracted, or whether any portion of it has ever been discharged. It is to be observed that industrious merchants, patient mechanics, toilsome clerks, and honest persons of all descriptions, never resort to this maxim, while the idle and lazy part of the community, who never do any work, or, if any, very little, have it as pat on their tongues as the latest new slang phrase. Here again the reasoning is peculiar and excessively curt—poverty, the premise; the saying in question, the ratiocination; and theft of something worse the conclusion. This is the logic of rogues; but how- ever plausible it may seem to be in their perverted judgments, the community, as well as the higher law, will hold them to a rigid accountability.—Phila. Times.

After a funeral, in Boston, a husband returned to his saddened domicile to receive visits of condolence from sympathizing friends. "Well, how do you feel now?" asked one. "Better—somewhat better," was the reply. "This little promenade has done me good."

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." So wrote the poet, and to this sentiment responds the universal heart of humanity. There never lived and breathed a human being in whose breast was not planted the love of the beautiful, in some form, and whose heart did not throb with more rapid stroke, and whose eye did not flash with a deeper fire, at the realization of his ideal. There is a harmony in nature that never fails to touch a chord in the bosom of the savage as well as the civilized man. At her great shrine are scattered myriad idols, inviting the homage and adoration of all the children of the race.

The innate love of the beautiful is confined to no peculiar clime—is manifested in no peculiar crowd—is inherent in no distinct race—but is as universal and pervading as the "casings air." The lone shepherd, as he watches his flock by night, looks up to the great blue vault, fretted with a million burning stars, and reading the mystical and Chaldean love of their strange depths, owns their wondrous beauty, and is thrilled by their inspiration. The sea-tossed mariner, a thousand miles away upon the briny deep, he, too, sees the eternal stars above their shimmering glances upon the dancing waves, and owns their soft and gentle sway; but to him there is a sweeter, because more fearful beauty, in the wild music of the blast screaming through the trembling shrouds, and the roar and unrest of the ever swelling waters. The wayward boy, in the buoyancy of his young life, chases the many-hued and gauzy winged butterfly for its rich and glowing colors of a day; those of riper years deem the pursuit idle and profitless and cruel pasture; yet who can tell but that in the plastic and unshooled mind of that bounding youth, are, even in that chaste, developing and germinating forms and ideals of the beautiful that shall haunt his existence as a spell, and in after years glow upon the painter's canvass, or live immortal in the enduring marble?

Go where we list, turn where we will, in the depth of winter, when the earth is matted with the spotless snow, or in the season of flowers, when the air is vocal with the song of birds, we behold forms of beauty and of loveliness scattered with a profuse hand. There is beauty on the maiden's lip, in her sparkling eye; it is seen in the broad brow of intellectual man; it is seen in the rose-enameled landscape, and stamped on the weird and everlasting stars; it is heard in the roar of the ever-heaving ocean, and murmurs in the gentle rivulet. But there is still a higher type of beauty, which is the crown and summit of the good and the just man. This principle, like the outward forms of beauty, of which we have spoken, is inherent in no particular race, is confined to no peculiar zone, but has its disciples everywhere, and forms a band of universal brotherhood, from all races and creeds and conditions of men; ever since recorded time began, the world has been filled with martyrs—martyrs to political opinions, martyrs to religious creeds, and martyrs on the shrine of love. And can we imagine any grander and nobler contemplation for the student of history than the study of those characters of the past who courted death for the vindication of a principle, and smiled at the flames and tortures which their love of truth and their hatred of wrong had invoked? How we delight to dwell upon the memory and the deeds of WILLIAM WALLACE, TELL, HOFER, and upon WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and the other memorable men of our Revolution; not so much on account of themselves as for the symmetry and the magnitude of the great truths they embodied, and to maintain which they had staked their lives. To the enlightened and philosophic mind, before the grandeur and sublimity of such a retrospect, all the charms of Nature and of Art, great and multifarious as they are, "pale their inefficacious fires." God grant that from the loins of our Republic, may from time to time spring up a race of men whose love of truth—the highest type of beauty—shall exalt them above temptation, and shall make them all-powerful for its preservation, honor and glory.—Press.

Fountain of Blood in a Cavern.

E. G. Squier's notes on Central America describe a wonderful effusion of a fluid resembling blood, near the town of Vitod, in the State of Honduras. It appears that there is continually oozing and dripping from the roof of a cavern there a red liquid, which, upon falling, coagulates so as to precisely resemble blood. Like blood, it corrupts, insects deposit their larvae in it, and dogs and baltzers resort to the cavern to eat it. Attempts have several times been made to obtain some of this liquid for the purpose of analysis, but in all cases without success, in consequence of its rapid decomposition, whereby the bottles containing it were broken. The small cavern, or grotto, during the day, is visited by buzzards and hawks, at night by multitudes of vampire bats, for the purpose of feeding on the unnatural blood. It is situated on the border of a rivulet, which it keeps reddened with a small flow of the liquid, which has the color, taste, and smell of blood. In approaching the grotto, a disagreeable odor is observed, and when it is reached there may be seen pools of the apparent blood in a state of coagulation.—The peculiarities of this liquid are considered due to the rapid generation in this grotto of some very profuse species of infusoria. The California State Journal, remarking on the above, observes that the estero of the town of Monterey contains a species of blood-red infusoria, (the larvae of water insects), which, at certain seasons of the year, smells precisely like fresh fish, or, on exposure in a vessel, like putrid fish. In some seasons it has been found dried in flakes, and of the intense color of vermilion.—Scientific American.

A popular writer, speaking of the oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

THE PATCH ON MARCY'S BREECHES.

Harper's Weekly relates the following anecdotes of Mr. Marcy:

"While he was Governor of this State, he was visiting Newburg on some public occasion, and with a party of gentlemen, Whigs and Democrats, was at the Orange Hotel. Good humor was prevailing, and one story suggested another. The Governor always enjoyed a story, and could tell one with excellent effect. A Whig lawyer was present, and the Governor recognizing him, said:

"Ay, yes; I'll tell you a good story of Spooner. The other day he came up to Albany, on his way to the Whig Convention at Utica, and so he took it in his way to call on me to get a pardon for a convict at Sing Sing. I heard the case, examined the documents, and being satisfied that all was right, agreed to grant the request. Spooner handed me the paper to endorse and I wrote, 'Let pardon be granted, W. L. Marcy, when Spooner cried out, 'Hold, hold, Governor, that's the wrong paper!' And sure enough it was a Whig speech he was going to make at Utica, abusing me the worst possible way. But I had granted pardon in advance, and I suppose he committed the offence afterwards."

The story was received with great applause, and Spooner being looked to for a response, instantly went on with the following, which, for an extempore story, certainly is capital:

"Yes, gentlemen, yes I did. And when the Convention was over we went to Niagara Falls, and as we were dragging on by stage over miserable corduroy roads, banging our heads against the top of the coach, and then coming down as if we were to go through the bottom, the stage came to a dead halt; the driver dismounted, opened the door, and requested us to descend. We did so, supposing some accident had occurred. When we were all out, standing on the ends of the logs of which the road was made, the driver took off his hat and said: 'Gentlemen we always stop here out of respect to the Governor, this is the identical spot where Gov. Marcy tore his pantaloons!'"

The story was heard with great jollification, in which no one joined more heartily than the Governor himself.

The pantaloons incident deserves to be recorded in every history of this great man. He was sent out to hold special sessions of Court to try the Anti-Masonic parties charged with murder. He was to receive a salary and his expenses. With that nice regard for details that belonged to his sterling character, he determined it necessary or proper to revise and strike out those items of a private nature, which other men, less scrupulous in greater matters, might have carefully suppressed. There stood the tailor's charge for mending: the political fees of the Judge, when he came to be candidate for Governor, found it, and paraded it before the world in the newspapers, and making an effigy of Mr. Marcy suspended it in the streets of Albany, with a great patch on the pantaloons and the tailor's charge on the top of that.

But an observant people saw through the patch and the charge, into the heart of an honest man, and in that very deed of his they recognized a frankness and transparency of character that commended him to their warm approbation. It is not probable that the pantaloons charge lost him a single vote, while it is doubtless true that it made for him a multitude of friends. He was never ashamed of it, and never had reason to be.

What a Newspaper Does for Nothing.

The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a newspaper without paying for it:

The result of my observation enables me to state, as a fact that the publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any class of men in the United States, who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and "dead heading," to puff and defend more people without fee or hope of reward, than any other class.

They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated; suffer more pecuniary loss; are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence than any other people in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper, than to spend a needless gewgaw; yet everybody avails himself of the use of the editor's pen and the printer's ink.

How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly and unrequited pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice and puffed into notoriety by the press? How many railroads now in successful operation, would have fountered but for the assistance of the "clever that moves the world;" in short, what branch of activity or industry, has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press?

And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazaars of fashion and the haunts of appetite and dissipation are thronged with an eager crowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there needed are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jangling, cheapening, trade, orders, and p-n-n-ies. It is a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.

A western editor once apologized to his readers somewhat after this fashion:

"We intended to have a death and marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being taken sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

A JOKE FOR SELFISH HUSBANDS.

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided she did not encumber the carriage with band boxes, which were his abhorrence. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough happened to stretch his legs, stuck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a band box. Up went the window and out went the band-box. The coachman stopped, and the footman thinking that the band-box had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out "Drive on!" The band-box was accordingly left by the ditch side. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as Judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the Court House. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My Lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

SUICIDE IN PITTSBURG.—Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, committed suicide at her husband's residence on Water street, near Liberty, Pittsburg, a few days since. The deceased who was married several months ago, had a difficulty with her husband on Wednesday last, about his bringing his step-brother and wife to live with them, she opposing it. On expressing his determination to bring them into the house, Mrs. Stevenson went up stairs, procured a quantity of the solution of corrosive sublimate, used for killing vermin and drank it. The poison soon commenced to operate on her, and being encircled, labor pains were brought on. Dr. Murdoch was called in, and did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the rash woman, but she only lingered until Sunday, when she died.

A COMET APPROACHING BOTH TO THE EARTH AND TO THE SUN.—A circular from the editor of the *Astronomical Journal* announces the discovery, by Dr. Peters, of the Dudley Observatory, Albany, of a faint comet in the constellation Camelopardalis, which has neither nucleus nor tail, and is without any well defined outline. From his observations of July 25, 26, and 27, Dr. Peters has computed parabolic elements which show that the comet is approaching both to the earth and to the sun, and has a chance to become of a splendid appearance near to the time of its perihelion, at the end of August or beginning of September. By comparing these elements with those computed for the return during or about this year—as D'Arrest's, de Vico's, Charles V's, or his own thirty-seven years' comet.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.—Forty years ago a mother stood on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And, as she stood by the garden gate a sunny morning, she said:—"Edwin, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink. I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, all in North Pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hillside of Vermont, did not rise before me, and to-day, at the age of sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

In the City of Providence, was a large audience collected in the walls of the old theatre. The performance had reached the crisis wherein the dreadful villain of the play was to be shot—the fatal pistol was even pointed at its victim the house was wrought up to the intense excitement, and all was still as death.

At this breathless period a highly respectable citizen in the stage box arose, and addressing the hero of the pistol, while his wife sat by his side, her cheeks ashy pale, and a thorn thrust in each ear, said:—"Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, don't shoot the villain just yet! For love's sake desist! *Mehitable's afraid of a gun. Wait till we retire from the theatre!*" The gun didn't explode, but the audience did. Duffy waited, but they couldn't.

UNITED STATES TREASURY.—"Ion," of the *Baltimore Sun* says, that it is generally conceded that the revenue of the present fiscal year, including the proceeds of the sale of public lands, will reach eighty millions, or thirty millions more than is wanted for the purpose of the Government, in addition to a surplus of over twenty millions from the last year. A surplus of fifty millions is a good capital for Congress and the outsiders. It must be invested in some way, and in the way in which it will do the least mischief. To suffer it to accumulate in the Treasury would embarrass commercial affairs and paralyze industry, and some mode for employing it, better than that of distribution among the States, must be resorted to.

LORD LYNDURST, A WHIG BOY.—When the English statesman was about five years old, and a Boston boy, seeing his playmates sporting their Liberty Tree flags, he became desirous of possessing one himself. The father, as might be supposed, not wishing to see his child display the rebel standard, refused to grant the favor. But being constantly importuned by the future Lord Chancellor, he reluctantly acceded to his request, and gave him the obnoxious banner, with the liberty tree on one side, and significant motto "Hard Times, on the reverse."—*Boston Trav.*

An honest farmer being asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper, "Because," said he, "my father when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not time to read them through yet."

A RICH PUFF.—A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines, recently wrote to a friend living out west, for a good, strong recommendation of his, (the manufacturer's) "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

Dear Sir.—The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get his living off it; and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edge-ways, but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre lot surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into open wood, and piled up symmetrically in my back yard.

I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleaned off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle.

As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter, drew my eldest son out of a millpond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in the lottery.

GEMS.

Never wish a thing done, but do it. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Never accuse others to excuse yourself. He that hath no money needeth no purse. Few things are impossible to skill and industry.

The best mode of revenge is not to imitate the injury. One often regrets saying too much, but seldom of saying too little.

Laziness travels so slow, that poverty soon overtakes her. No man living should say an ill word against the doctors.

Next to my friends, I love my enemies, for from them I first hear my faults. Neither believe rashly, nor reject obstinately.

Nobody can stand in awe of himself too much.

Society, like silk, must be viewed in all its situations, or its colors will deceive us.

The world makes us talkers, but solitude makes us thinkers.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend; but thou mayest offend a friend into an enemy.

"No, I don't know," 'cept it makes the ground strong for de corn."

"No, I just tell you; when de corn begins to smell de manure, it dont like the fumery, so it hurries up out de ground, and gets up as high as possible, so it can't breathe the bad air."

A gentleman who recently put up at a log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man, who commenced a serenade thus:—"Oh, Sally Rice,

I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore!
I pray you wake,
And see your Jake,
And ope to him the door, or winder, I
Don't care much which, for—
It makes but little difference
To either you or I—
Big pig, little pig,
Root, hog, or die!"

Master Gibbs is a phenomenon. He is only two years old, and yet draws pictures of all possible kinds. He does it with a stream or molasses on his mother's table cloth.

A "Country editor" who turned out to a fire while visiting Chicago, had his pocket picked, losing \$40 in money, and his free pass! How he got home is not stated.

A Nantucket paper denounces hoop-skirts, which considering the relations of that community to whal-boon, the *Boston Herald* says, is the height of ingratitude.

An Exchange in speaking of a celebrated singer, says: "Her voice is delicious—pure as the moonlight, and as tender as a three-shilling-shirt."

MARRIED LIFE.—The following well timed paragraph from the *Springfield Republican*, is respectfully recommended to the attention of our bachelor friends:

Married life has its trials and its sorrows. Tempers may prove incompatible and call for forbearance. Fortune may be chary of its favor and enforce self-denial. Children may be ungrateful, and sting the poor heart that has pilowed them. Sickness may come, and haunt a household for years. But ask the poor man, struggling along with his debts, and the weary woman, toiling early and late, accomplishing the ruin of all her beauty and her buoyancy, if they would be placed apart, could competence be given them, and all their trials be brought to an end. The answer would be, "There is something sweeter in this companionship of suffering than anything the world can offer from its storehouse of joys outside of it, and something which would make even severer trials than ours only iron bands to draw us more firmly together."

The Mayor of Newport, opposition Cincinnati, receives for his official services the extraordinary sum of ten dollars per annum.

Why is the bridegroom, more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always away, while the bridegroom is at home.

A town of Ossawatimie, Kansas, has been destroyed by a tornado. Only one house was left standing. The wreck was complete.