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THE HYBRID OPPOSITION. READ THE PLATFORMS OF THE RING- STREAKED, STRIPED AND SPOT- TED TICKETS, NOMINATED BY THE ABOLITIONISTS!!

We again call attention to the annexed exposition of the principles held by the candidates nominated in opposition to those put forth by the Democratic party. Upon the grounds here given, and upon none other, can they ask the votes of the people of Bedford county. They stand before the public as the representatives of the platforms subjoined. They are the endorsers of the shocking act that follows. They approve of all the heresies of Abolitionism. Read and reflect!

What is K. N. Americanism? FIRST DEGREE—OBEDIENCE.

You and each of you, of your own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, your right hand resting on this HOLY BIBLE and CROSS, and your left hand raised towards Heaven, in token of your sincerity, do solemnly promise and SWEAR that you will not make known to any person or persons, any of the signs, secrets, mysteries or objects of this organization, or lawful information, you shall find to be members of this organization of good standing: That you will not cut, carve, paint, stamp, stain, or in any way, directly or indirectly, expose any of the secrets or objects of this Order, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in your power to prevent it. You further promise and declare that you will not VOTE OFFICE in the gift of the People unless he be an AMERICAN-BORN citizen in favor of AMERICANS-BORN ruling America, nor if he be a ROMAN CATHOLIC, and that you will not, under ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, expose the NAME of any member of this Order, nor reveal the existence of such an organization! To all the foregoing you bind yourselves under no less a penalty than that of being expelled from the Order, and of having your name posted and circulated throughout the different Councils of the United States as a PERJURER, and as a traitor to GOD and your COUNTRY; as a being unfit to be employed, entrusted, countenanced or supported in any business transaction; as a person totally unworthy the confidence of all good men, and as one to whom the finger of SCORN should ever be pointed, so help you God. [This is admitted to be the oath administered by the Know Nothings. Their 2d and 3d obligations are still more blasphemous and fearful.]

The subjoined Ticket stands square upon the above platform:

Governor—Isaac Hazlehurst, Philadelphia.
Canal Commissioner—J. F. Linderman, Berks.
Supreme Judges—Jacob Broom, Jasper E. Brady.
The annexed Ticket adopts this platform with the additional plank that a dissolution of the Union is preferable to allowing the institution of slavery to exist in the South, and that negroes should enjoy all the privileges of the white race, social and political.
Governor—David Wilnot.
Canal Commissioner—William Millward.
Supreme Judges—James Veech, Joseph J. Lewis.
The Ticket which follows, is the child of a "UNION" of the above elements:
Senator—W. H. KOONTZ.
Assembly—S. J. CASTNER, H. C. STEWART.
Prothonotary—JOHN ALSIP.
Sheriff—J. S. BECKWITH.
Treasurer—GEORGE OSTER.
Commissioner—D. SPARKS.
Director—THOMAS IMLER.
Auditor—GEORGE STUCKEY.

HOW THE DEVIL LOST.

The following is a good tale to be told. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line: A young man who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity, if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded—the devil was to supply the money, and was last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away—the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely—lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full.—He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his "pile" of gold. He became a filibuster, and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow, but though the devil may wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedition after another failed—the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One morning he resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was broke in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, "stead broke," at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

A DUEL SETTLED BY CASH.—A Frenchman was to fight a duel with an American; the conditions were that but one shot should be exchanged, and the precedence should go by lot. The Frenchman got the first chance, but failed to hit his adversary. As the Yankee lifted his weapon, the other called out:

"Hold, I will buy your shot!"

All were astonished at this, but his opponent answered:

"What will you give?"

"Five hundred pounds!"

"Nonsense!" cried the Yankee, taking aim again. "I am a good marksman; you set too low a value upon yourself!"

"You estimate me at too high a price; but I will give you a thousand pounds!"

"Agreed!" cried the Yankee and the duel was at an end.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

(Scene—the corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too by those hot sun-bams, which fall, scarcely asleep, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the towns officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "Town Treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dromedary on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice—Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the magnoliated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Holland, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves.

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudge half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and wall-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all in the fashion of jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potatoes, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, stranger rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next!—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the fork, and other school boy troubles, in a draught from the town pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treats so tenderly over the stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter! But when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine.—If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the goit, it is all one to the Town Pump. The thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough.—See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darkness-shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamore drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire water burst upon the red-men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark.—Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror

which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was too baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if immortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Collars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel were flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters now their grave. But in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged bough, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones—where no shadows fall but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this thirsty and his yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsheld, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle! Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two a-piece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is a true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pails to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to say much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—and not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout and satchels pours as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation!—Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, and no fiend so wretched, where no squand find no shelter itself. Then disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and re-kindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—per wars will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep and peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be torrid of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall leave the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. When the world shall have been dry hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your use-less vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bon-fire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you reverse my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who never tire, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in a fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of a treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap dash into hot water, and woefully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives—you choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep calm well of purity, which may be called my soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! Hold on your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—Success to the Town Pump!—Houtherne.

SHOOTING—PIGEONS WITHOUT SHOT.
A correspondent at Chillicothe, Ohio, under date of February 25, records, the following anecdote as a veritable fact:

A week or two since the woods and feeding lots around this city were "perfectly alive" with pigeons—as indeed they are every fall and spring. Among the many who seized their double barreled guns and rushed to the slaughter was my friend K.—k, from Bucks county an eager sportsman; so eager upon this occasion, indeed, that after driving at 2:40 speed some five or six miles out from the town, and seeing his horse properly put away, he discovered with dismay that he had left his shot bag at home! Here was a dilemma for you. And to make the incident intolerable, the morning was simply perfect, and the birds setting and rising in clouds! What was to be done? That was a question upon which Sam exhausted his ingenuity, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Having gyrated two or three times around the eighty acre lot, to the music of some profane exclamations, he became calm enough to make up his mind for the return trip pigeonless. Just at that moment he saw another sportsman, drive up to the fence near by, and soon recognized Capt. K.—k. "Ah, how lucky!" thought Sam. "I can buy, or borrow some shot of him. But—but—what if he has a short supply, and declines a divide in view of the multitude of birds? Ah! I have an idea!"

"Good morning, Capt.—a beautiful morning this, for shooting; and the pigeons are as thick as blackberries."

"Cool'n' mornin', Herr K.—k," responded the new comer, who is one of the most gentlemanly, but not one of the sharpest of craft and sausage consumers; "me think we have plenty of shoten dis day?"

"Yes, plenty of sport, Captain. But I say, Capt., do you see you coffee nut tree at the edge of the timber? Its big leaves still hanging, look like pigeons. Now that tree will attract all the birds to light upon it. 'Spose we build a blind there, and shoot together to-day? We can take in a thousand or two I guess!"

"Very cool, Herr K.—k," responded the German, and in a few minutes the conrasta blind was erected, and the sportsmen ensconced behind it, ready for business.

On came the long line of birds, circling around the feeding ground for a moment, and then settling upon the coffee nut tree in tens, fifties, hundreds.

"All ready now, Captain?" whispered Sam.

"Yah!" answered the excited captain.

"Fire to them, then!"—bang! bang! went both guns and a dozen birds were fluttering on the ground beneath the tree, besides two or three that sailed off wounded and were lost.

"Pretty well done!" exclaimed Sam. "But let them fire, Captain, we will gather up the spoils when we get tired of killing."

And so they shot all day long, Sam taking especial pains to fire simultaneously with K; and when on one or two occasions, he accidentally fired alone, the "d—d gun" hung fire, or "something got in his eye" just as he pulled the trigger, and resulted in a clear miss. In the evening they divided some one hundred and forty birds between them, and drove home in high glee over their good sport and heavy game bags. To this hour, the captain has not learned the fact that Sam did not fire a charge of shot all that day.

HE DRINKS.—How that sentence falls on the ear! How the dark shadows of coming despair settle on the hearts of those whose life is bound up in his life! How his mother prays he may not become a drunkard; and his sisters hope he is sowing a few wild oats. But the old men see further and shake their heads when they hear—be drinks! Young men, standing on the threshold of life, buoyant in hope and untired energy, don't drink! Your character, success and happiness in life—your immortal destinies beyond life are all at stake. Don't drink! Look not upon the wine when it giveth its color in the cup, for at last it biteth like the serpent and stingeth like the adder.

How to Get a Hat.—"Say Pomp, you nigger, what you get dat new hat?"

"Why, at de shop, of course."

"What is de price of such an article as dat?"

"I don't know, nigger—I don't know; de shop keeper wasn't dar."

More pleasing than dew-drops that sparkle upon the roses, are tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

In looking over an old newspaper, printed several years ago, I came across this beautiful piece, which struck me as being true to nature:

"'Couldn't cos he sung so!' Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old 'lord of creation,' amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds; which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree, which extended within a few yards of the place where the boy sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

"The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and, after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backwards without alarming the bird, and 'oh!' was 'twain an ace' of danger, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea;—a-link, a-link, a-link, bob-a-link, a-non-sweet, a-non-sweet! I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it, &c., and he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position, and now the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer. We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, and inquired: 'Why, didn't you stone him, my boy! you might have killed him and carried him home.'

"The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully as though he suspected our meaning, and, with an expression, half shame, and half sorrow, he replied:—

"'Couldn't cos he sung so!'"

Who will say that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast, or avert that God hath not made melody to move the purer fountain of our nature, to awaken those sympathies that are kindred to heaven, the angels, and to God himself. Let the sweet tones of the music break upon the ears of the dull school boy, and he will awake with life and energy. Pour the notes of melody into the ears of a wild child and you disarm him; the stone will fall from his heart, and he will become obedient and attentive. Let music be first to break the silence of the school room in the morning, and the chords of young hearts that are put in motion will continue to vibrate during the day. Happy will be the time, when not only the tones of our school-bells can be heard all over the land, but when the notes of our school children, in the morning, breaking upon the silent atmosphere along the Atlantic coast in the East, shall reverberate along the Gulf of Mexico, and the echo be heard in California.

SPEAK KINDLY TO YOUR MOTHER.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time, and you shall see her no more forever.—Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she pursued you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eyes lighted up the darkness of nightly vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth, she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps to improvement; nor ever forsakes nor forgets.—Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

"My son," said an indulgent father to an only representative of himself, "you should always think three times before you speak."

One day as the father and son were standing at the fire, the former's coat tail caught fire without his noticing it.

The son thought he would "think a little" and said:

"Father, I think?"

"Well, what my son?"

"But father, I think?"

"What do you think?"

"Why, father, I think your coat tails on fire," cried he, getting out of the room for fear of feeling his father's boot.

"What is the matter, sir," said a druggist.

"Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I guess that is the trouble." "Have you eaten anything else?" Well, no—why, yes, I did, too—that is, I took for my tea a mince pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters wasn't good for me!"

A man's impressions are often involuntarily betrayed by his almost unconscious exclamations upon his encountering something strange and unexpected. Running against a post—it forces the breath out of your mouth before you have time to consider how you shall modulate it.

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year and hung 'em to dry on a bee line.

A SOFT PLACE.

"I was down to see the widow yesterday," said Tim's uncle, "and she gave me back-bones for dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted and run on, she going out and in occasionally to see to things till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to back-bones. Now I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love back bones, and I flattered myself that she had cooked them on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and I thought I could see it in her too. So, after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt sorter comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen head and ears and heart in love with her, and I imagined, from the way she looked she had fallen teeth and toe-nails in love with me. She appeared just for all the world like she thought it was a coming, and I was going to court her. Presently, I could't help it, I laid my hand softly upon her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked, when I had placed it there, in my blandest tone, Tim, for I had tried to throw my whole soul in the expression, I remarked then with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity right into her—"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand, in all my life."

"Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones: 'Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a doct' sofer place.'

"In a moment of rapture I consented, and taking my hand she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that ringing in my ears yet.

"Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and by jinks, you musn't; but I could not hold it any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it musn't go any further.—Spirit of the Times.

Cooke, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady, who was once sitting in the pits with her little girl, when their friend, the performer, was about to be stabled by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh! don't kill him, sir—don't kill him, for, if you do, he won't give us any more pit orders!" Her disinterested grief, like the gratitude of some people, was a lively sense of benefits to come.

A fast young man, returning elated from an evening's carouse, spied a portly figure shivering in the cold. He clasped the lone damsel in his arms, kissed her smooth, icy face, and sympathizingly inquired why she ventured out "without her bonnet?" An observant policeman saw him hugging the round-headed cast iron "pillar-post" erected there the previous morning.

Two weeks ago a vagabond was convicted in Illinois of stealing two watches. He made a pathetic speech after his conviction, ascribing his failure in business and all his misfortunes in life, to "procrastination." He seems to have been the embodiment of procrastination, which, the poet tells us, is "the thief of time."

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE.—A romantic father whose name was Rose, called his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But in a few years the girl fell in love with and married a man named Bull, which sadly interfered with the romance of the lady's name, "Wild Bull!"

One of the newspapers inquires with much seeming innocence, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages. Somebody answers that it probably depends on the kind of ages selected—those from eighteen to twenty-five being rather hazardous.

James Lambert, a young English pedestrian, has accomplished at Boston, the wonderful feat of walking a 1000 miles in a thousand hours. He walked the last mile in 14 minutes and 10 seconds; and then ran several times around the track.

"Keep your best foot foremost," says the adage. But, if there is any difference between a man's feet, and he keeps the best foremost all the time, he must either stand still forever, or move very awkwardly.

The captain of a Western band of regulators boast that he has "fifty picked men" under his command. If they are not careful, they may get tarred and feathered, and then they will need picking again.

Why is a chicken running like a man whipping his wife? Because it's a fowl proceeding. No, because he's trotting her through.

The saying that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving, is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

When an orator raves about love of country, half the time he means love of talking and the other half love of pocket.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not.

A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

Young men who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take ardent spirits.

"Are you mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman. "No sir; I'm the man who cooks the mate."

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes," was the reply, "who doesn't?"