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**POLITICAL.**  
**SCOTCH WATER PIPES.**

The Opposition papers have been having "a good time" for some weeks past, in denouncing the General Government, for making a contract with some Scotch iron manufacturers to supply a portion of the water-pipes required for the completion of the aqueduct at Washington. We have paid no attention to this accusation, because it bore falsehood upon its face, and we did not believe that any intelligent citizen would credit it for a moment. It is well known that the Government makes no contracts without first publicly inviting proposals or bids for the work to be done, or the materials to be furnished. It is also well known that whenever a contract is awarded, the name of the successful bidder is publicly announced. As this was done in the case of these water-pipes, and as Mr. Lawrence Myers, a citizen of Philadelphia, was the person to whom the contract for their supply was given, it necessarily follows that the charge that this very contract has been awarded to foreign manufacturers, is false. But, with that entire disregard of truth for which the opposition press is notorious, the charge is reiterated day after day, and adhered to with a shameless pertinacity, for no other purpose than to deceive the people into the belief that the present Democratic Administration prefers to encourage the foreign in preference to the home manufacturer. We therefore deem it our duty, once for all, to expose this premeditated misrepresentation, and the shallow foundation upon which it rests. And we can do it in no more effective way than by publishing the letter of Capt. Meigs, the Chief Engineer of the aqueduct work, on this subject. It is plain and conclusive. He says:

"An advertisement for the materials and work needed to complete the aqueduct was published for two months, under the laws of Congress. This advertisement engaged that the lowest responsible bidder should have the contract, and the contract for the remainder of the iron pipes, many miles of which had been already furnished by a citizen of Camden, N. J., under a former contract, was awarded to a citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. Lawrence Myers. This was all parties treated with equal fairness, and the interests of the United States, which pays for the pipes, protected. The price is low. The contract is too large to be filled by one man's means in the required time, and Mr. Myers negotiates with the great iron masters of Philadelphia to assist him; but I suppose, for I know nothing of the matter, he finds their prices too high for his contract, and seeks better terms abroad.

"If this be so, who is to blame? Is it the engineer, who, acting under the laws, invited fair competition; the contractor who seeks to make the best terms he can, or the Philadelphia manufacturers, who allow a Scotch firm three thousand miles off, to undersell them at their own doors?"

"I hope that the contractor will succeed in making or purchasing his pipes in this country. No one more than myself would regret to see the capital supplied with water through pipes not of our own manufacture, but certainly I cannot interfere in the private business of a contractor, and it was my duty to award the contract to the lowest bidder. He happens to be a Philadelphian."

It would be right and proper, we think, for our government, in inviting proposals for any materials required in the prosecution of its works of improvement, to stipulate that they shall be, in all cases, of American production, or manufacture. But the Government has no inherent power to make such a stipulation. It can only do it under the authority of an Act of Congress. If the Opposition politicians are really anxious to benefit and protect our home manufactures, why don't they go to work in the right way, instead of complaining against those who are mere instruments for executing the laws, and have no discretionary power in themselves?—In all future appropriations for the purchase of articles which the General Government needs to carry on its house-keeping, let a provision be inserted requiring them to be of American production. We do not believe a single member of Congress would be found voting against such a proposition. Until the question is raised, and its opponents are known, the complaints and denunciations of the Know-Nothing and Black Republican press are mere idle clamor, and will be everywhere treated as such.—Reading Gazette.

The Opposition are amusing themselves with passing Tariff resolutions while they support free-trade candidates. Nothing like two strings to a bow.

## POETRY.

### A QUESTION.

BY REQUEST.

Is it any body's business,  
If a gentleman should choose,  
To wait upon a lady  
If the lady don't refuse?  
Or, to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning all may know,  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady have a beau?  
Is it any body's business  
When that gentleman doth call,  
Or when he leaves the lady,  
Or if he leaves at all?  
Or is it necessary  
That the curtains should be drawn,  
To save from further trouble  
The outside lookers on?  
Is it any body's business  
But the lady's, if her beau  
Rideth out with other ladies,  
And doesn't let her know?  
Is it any body's business  
But the gentleman's, if she  
Should accept another escort,  
Where he doesn't chance to be?  
If a person is on the sidewalk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it any body's business  
When that person means to call?  
Or if you see a person  
When he's calling anywhere,  
Is it any body's business,  
What his business may be there?  
The substance of our query,  
Simply stated, would be this;  
Is it any body's business  
What another's business is?  
Whether 'tis, or whether 'tisn't,  
We should really like to know,  
For we're certain if it isn't,  
There are some who make it so.

### Miscellaneous.

**THE HEAD OF OLIVER CROMWELL.**  
[Paris correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]  
Before leaving England I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity, which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell—not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a state of remarkable preservation. It is authentic, and there is verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil.—Cromwell died at Hampton Court in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious convictions, and of his sincerity as a Christian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts he was taken up and hung in Tyburn. Afterwards his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterwards conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families, which can easily be traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Bromley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head, and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrell, the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting Chapel, and myself.

The head of Cromwell is almost entire.—The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair still remaining and even the large wart over one of the eyes—such being a distinctive mark on his face—is yet perfectly visible. The pike which was thrust through the neck still remains, the upper part of iron, nearly rusted off, and the lower wooden portion in splinters, showing that it was broken by some act of violence. It is known historically that Cromwell was embalmed, and no person thus cared for was ever publicly gibbeted, except this illustrious man. In addition to the most authentic records concerning the head possessed by the family, and which I have found sustained by historical works, and even an old manuscript in the British Museum, Mr. Flaxman, the distinguished sculptor, once gave it as his opinion that this was none other than the head of Oliver Cromwell. Yet its existence seems almost unknown in England, and only a few years ago a discussion in some of the journals which I have seen alternately denied and advocated it. Such a rumor was in circulation and as no one had then seen the head, it having been kept concealed, none could speak by authority. Recently the motive for concealment has passed away, and permission to see it was carefully granted. It is a curious keep-sake for a lady, but it is carefully preserved under lock and key in a box of great antiquity, wrapped in a number of costly envelopes, and when it is raised from its hiding place and held in one's hand, what a world of thought is suggested!

**SLEEPING AFTER DINNER.**—This habit, which is becoming so very popular in this country, and particularly so with young persons, is an exceedingly pernicious one. In our climate, the stomach does not perform its functions during sleep, except with slowness and difficulty; if it be heavily loaded, it remains in a semi-torpid condition until the siesta is finished.—The result of such a daily torpidity is indigestion, or some one of the thousand different forms assumed by the hydra, dyspepsia. In hot countries the action of the digestive organs is much easier than here, and sleep, unless very sound, impedes the stomach functions but very slightly, if at all. The siesta is, therefore, a natural and proper thing for the tropics, although totally inappropriate to the United States.

### MR. BANGUM'S BALCONY BRASS BAND.

Mr. Bangum was sitting in his office in the Museum the other day, when he heard a knock at the door.  
"Come in," said he.  
The door opened, and a trombone entered. Mr. Bangum started. The trombone was followed by an arm, and the arm by a body, the body belonging to no less a personage than Mr. Eli Fant.  
"Mr. Bangum?" said Mr. Fant, inquiringly.  
"That's my name," said that gentleman.  
"Good morning," said Mr. Fant.  
"Good morning," said Mr. Bangum.  
"I see that you have a band on your Balcony," began Mr. Fant.  
"Yes," said Mr. Bangum.  
"And I came to see if I could get a situation there as trombone," said Mr. Bangum, if we can agree upon terms."  
"During what hours should I play?" asked Mr. Fant.  
"They usually play," said Mr. Bangum, "from two to three in the afternoon, and from six to eight in the evening."  
"What is the place worth?" asked Mr. Fant.  
"Five dollars a week," said Mr. Bangum, inquiringly.  
"Very well," said Mr. Fant, with great satisfaction. He had not expected more than three or four.  
"You can begin to-day, if you like," said Mr. Bangum.  
"Very well," said Mr. Fant.  
In accordance with this agreement, Mr. Fant's trombone did duty for a week on Mr. Bangum's balcony, and very hard, too, did Mr. Fant here away on his trombone. At the end of the week he called on Mr. Bangum for his week's salary.  
"I will make out a bill, if you like," said Mr. Bangum.  
"If you please," said Mr. Fant.  
After a little turning over of leaves and comparing of books, Mr. Bangum handed him the bill. He read it over once, twice, three times, looking every time more and more mystified. At last he said:—  
"Mr. Bangum, you have made a little mistake here, I believe."  
"Oh!" said Mr. Bangum, "not that I am aware of."  
"Yes," said Mr. Fant, smiling. He couldn't help smiling to think how Mr. Bangum would laugh when he learned what the mistake was.  
"It's rather a funny mistake; I don't see how you came to make it. The bill reads—"  
"Mr. Eli Fant to Mr. T. Bangum, for his privilege of playing a trombone in his Museum for the week ending May 14, '53, \$5."  
"Well," said Mr. Bangum, "I believe it was five dollars, wasn't it?"  
"Yes," said Mr. Fant, perplexed, "I believe it was. But I didn't look at it in that light."  
"In what light did you look at it?" said Mr. Bangum.  
"Well," said Mr. Fant, still more perplexed, "I thought you paid me five dollars, not one state."  
"Oh, no," said Mr. Bangum. "This is the state of the case. There are quite a number of persons in this city who wish to practice such instruments, but cannot do so at home, on account of disturbing the neighbors, so I let them stand up place on the balcony; and each gentleman comes here, brings what instrument he likes, and practices whatever he likes to, without disturbing anybody; that is, anybody were anything about."  
The office-door opened, and the trombone went out, followed by Mr. Fant, while Mr. Bangum proceeded to make out his bills against the other instruments. Mr. Fant has since given up the trombone.

### TIT FOR TAT.

Dobbs was up and doing April Fool Day. A singular phenomenon was to be seen in vicinity of his place of business. Dobbs put home from his store the last evening in May, and while taking his tea, remarked to his wife that his colored porter had been blessed with increase in his family.  
"Why," said Mrs. D., "that makes nine!"  
"Exactly," said he, "but the singularity about this new comer is, that one half its legs black."  
"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. D., "that is a singular indeed. How strange! What can be the cause of such a disfigurement?"  
"Can't say," replied Dobbs, "but it is a curiosity worth seeing, to say the least of it."  
"So I will think," returned his better half, "I will go down in the morning, and take such delicacies as the woman needs, and see the child at the same time."  
Dobbs knew she would, so he went out to smoke a cigar, and the subject was dropped in the evening. Next morning, after he went his store, the kind-hearted woman made up a basket of nice things, and taking the servant girl, went down to cheer up the mother and the singular child. When Dobbs went home to dinner, his wife looked surprised. Before he had time to eat himself, she said:  
"Have you seen cousin John? He was here this morning to pay you the money you lent him, and as he could not wait for you, and my leave town again to-day, I told him you would be at the store at half-past two."  
"How fortunate," said he, "I need just the amount to take up a note to-morrow. Just now," said Dobbs, looking at his watch, "I would go down at once, for fear of missing him."  
"Can't you have dinner first?" said his affectionate wife; "you will be in time."  
"No," said he, "I want that money, and would not like to miss him, so I will go now."  
"By the by," said the lady, "how came you to tell me such a story about one side of the child's face being white?"  
"No, no," said he, as he put on his hat, "you are mistaken. I said one side was black. You

did not ask about the other side; that was black, too. First of April, my dear, first of April, you know."  
Dobbs departed in haste, and did not return home again until tea-time, and then he looked disappointed.  
"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. D.  
"Why, I missed cousin John, and I needed that thousand dollars to take up a note to-morrow, and every one is so short I cannot raise it."  
"Oh, is that all?" returned she, "then it's all right. Cousin John paid me the money, and said you could send him a receipt by mail."  
"But," asked Dobbs, "why couldn't you tell me so at dinner time, and not say he would be at the store to pay me at half-past two, and so send me off without my dinner, besides causing me so much anxiety for nothing?"  
I am sorry you have had so much anxiety and trouble," returned his wife, "but you are mistaken in supposing I told you he would be at the store at that time. I said I told him you would be there, at half-past two, and knowing you were in want of that money, I knew you would not fail. First of April, my dear, first of April, you know!"  
Dobbs cavied in; he acknowledged the corn, and Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs enjoyed a pleasant supper.

### YOUNG WOMANHOOD.

Young womanhood! the sweet moon on the horizon's verge—a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception, warm and glowing, not embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—  
A flower that is not quite a flower,  
And is no more a bud.  
—Gallagher's Hyperion.

Young womanhood! molasses touched with a little brimstone, spread on bread not buttered—a being all joints and ankles not filled out—an unformed form, deformed by stays—a pallid thing that loves the ripening peach, a young woman—  
A woman that is not quite a woman,  
Yet something more than a gal.  
—Brooklyn News.

Young womanhood! a half moon not risen—a cake baked but not turned—hot corn, all hot and smoking, not yet sold—a rich candle which precedes the coming butter—the thickening down upon a gosling's back, that bespeaks the future goose; a butterfly—  
A butterfly which is not a butterfly,  
—Sunday News.

Now comes our turn. Young womanhood! a giggle, something short of a broad horse laugh, small potatoes half grown; a body and limbs developed with padding; the exhibition of bone and muscle enough for a coming matrimonial squabble—substantial finger nails that bespeak first rate scratching; a gander—  
A gander which is not quite a gander,  
And is not yet a goose.  
—New Orleans Picayune.

While it is on the way we may as well give it a shove; so here goes. Young womanhood! a red blackberry, just green enough to be as vinegar—a persimmon not yet frosted, yet ready to "pucker;" anybody's mouth who touches it—a something which is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—a "betweeeny;" too abstract for even a politician—a cat—  
A cat which is not quite a cat,  
And yet is not a kitten.  
—Baltimore Sun.

Now comes us. Young womanhood! a chicken in the shell—a "small potato" that isn't fit for family use—a piece of green "live timber;" a herring half scorched over the fire; a moving sack of nothing, tied round the middle; a young idea about taking the shod; a Lucifer match not yet ignited; a saucy cackling hen—  
A hen which is not quite a hen,  
Nor isn't an old rooster neither.  
—Colleyville Intelligencer.

Good lick! If it's a "free foot," gentlemen, consider us in; we take one chance in that investment to a dead moral certainty, whether we win or lose by the investment. Here goes!  
Young womanhood!—werry small turnips, few in a hill, hard to dig, and when dug not worth shucks; a buckwheat cake badly done on one side, and nary drop of molasses in the house; undeveloped crinoline; piano tortoise; general teaser-in-chief to all the family; embryo ball-room-ornament-oysters-shells, with the oysters just swallowed; an undeveloped rat; "in point of fact," as Micawber would say—  
A cunning sharp-eyed little mice,  
That would be cheap at any price.  
—Natchez Courier.

Young womanhood!—a moving mass of undeveloped beauty, well supplied with tongues; a thing composed of powder, hoops, flowers, founces; a substance well calculated to deceive; a pigeon—  
A pigeon which is not quite a pigeon,  
Yet 'twill not do to call a squab.  
—Jackson Flag.

We must have "a finger in the pie," if we get it burned for our impudence.  
Young womanhood!—a proof-sheet with but one error to be corrected; a gingercake not quite done, but will do to take along if a fellow hasn't time to wait; milk and peaches that lack just a little more sugar; five franc piece that will answer the place of a dollar rather than take a ragged bill; a strawberry—  
A strawberry that is not quite ripe,  
Yet is no longer green.  
—Shelbyville Expositor.

Young womanhood!—A thing of beauty, a joy forever; an object that leads to virtue, yet lures to vice; is worthy of the highest praise, yet deserves the severest censure, a modest rosy, flushing and lovely; a lightning Upas, threatening and destructive; a small green, an expanded hogshead; a thought of heaven, with much to remain on earth; heaven's greatest

blessing, man's worst tormentor; in short, a strange compound of good and bad. Young womanhood—  
A dream which is not a dream,  
And not yet quite reality.  
—Cincinnati Times.

Now comes our shove; so here we go:  
Young womanhood!—a shining star, beaming out softly between the rifted cloud; an angel without wings; a something incomputable, the value of which cannot be estimated; an ephemera, not living two days alike—  
A thing of beauty—a joy always,  
Until it comes to footing store bill.  
—Rockton Gazette.

### LIFE IN NEBRASKA.

A citizen of Nebraska thus puts up an eastern correspondent who asked a variety of questions as to the territory and life there:  
"What kind of country do you live in?"  
Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water.  
"What kind of weather?"  
Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally during the daytime.  
"Have you plenty of water, and how got?"  
A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whiskey.  
"Is it hard?"  
Rather so, when you have to go half a mile, and wade in mud knee deep to get it.  
"What kind of buildings?"  
All-gorie, Ionic, Anti-Baloric, Log and Slabs. The buildings are chiefly out of doors, and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof.  
"What kind of society?"  
Good, bad, hate-ful, indifferent, and mixed.  
"Any aristocracy?"  
Nary one.  
"What do your people do for a living, mostly?"  
Some work, some laze around; one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whiskey.  
"Is it cheap living there?"  
Only five cents a glass and the water thrown in.  
"Any taste for music?"  
Strong. Buzz and buck-saws in the daytime, and wolf-howlings and cat-fighting nights.  
"Any pianos there?"  
No, but we have several cow bells, and a tin pan in every family.  
"Any manufacturers?"  
Every household. All our children are home sewers.  
"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there for a living?"  
Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal, or if hard pinched, buy and sell town property.  
—Wayne Democratic Press.

### A FLOATING ISLAND.

A few days since a large object was seen in Lake Ontario in a north westerly direction from Pultneyville, gently floating to the eastward. It excited considerable curiosity, as it appeared unlike any thing ever seen on the lake before. As all had a desire to know more about it, several young men in boats, started in pursuit and after a sturdy pull with oars, it was at last overhauled some five miles from shore. It was steadily wending its way down the lake, impelled by the current at the rate of three miles an hour and when overtaken, presented to the astonished beholders a no less novel spectacle than an island covered with luxuriant vegetation! It was about five rods in length and nearly of equal breadth and had probably been formed in some quiet nook of a river or bay, upon some timber or brush that had become stationary under the surface of the water, till an admixture of earthy and vegetable matter had accumulated, sufficient to nourish vegetation, such as is peculiar to swampy locations.—These had grown and fallen through a long succession of years until the whole had become matted together by roots and fibres so as to give the mass a firmness and tenacity sufficient to resist the waves, and a specific gravity that enabled it to float. The late rains increasing the volume of water where it formed, elevated it from its bed, broke it from its moorings and sent it off on a voyage of discovery. The whole island is covered with such plants as are seen about Iron-quoit bay, and had much such appearance. It was sufficiently firm to bear up a man—as Dr. Beardsly stepped on shore and took possession in behalf of Uncle Sam. The island was not wholly uninhabited, as several small birds were seen. The highest points of this novel island were about five feet above the surface of the water, and the plants stood firm and erect, vigorous and healthy.—Wayne Democratic Press.

### FATTENING HOGS.

When your hogs are at first taken up for fattening they should receive two or three doses of flour of sulphur, and as many of coppers, say a table spoonful, a dose to be given in messes of bran or meal made into slop at intervals of a day apart. Their food for the first two or three weeks should be pumpkins, apples and roots or other vegetables which should be boiled or steamed and made into messes with bran or meal, the latter should be increased from day to day so that when they come to have corn or meal altogether, the change of diet may not be injuriously felt by them.  
In connection with the subject of feeding grain, we would remind our readers that ground corn meal cooked will go 30 per cent farther in fattening hogs than raw grain whole and the whole grain when boiled will go 10 or 20 per cent farther than when not boiled.  
During the entire period of fattening the hogs should be regularly supplied with charcoal, ashes, rotten wood and salt.  
The better animals are fed, and the better they are kept, the more profitable they are.  
That's but an empty purse that is full of other folk's money.

### CONFESSION OF PERRIER, THE MURDERER.

PERRIER, the murderer of M'NAMARA, since his conviction of manslaughter by the jury that tried him, has made a full confession. The verdict of the jury disappointed most of our citizens, but yet as all the evidence produced on the part of the Commonwealth was circumstantial, the jury no doubt felt it impossible, under the oath they had taken, to find him guilty of murder, however just such a verdict would have been. The jury, we feel satisfied, discharged their duty conscientiously, and notwithstanding our belief that the prisoner deserved the severest penalty of the law, we feel no disposition to find fault with the sworn gentlemen who composed the jury.  
PERRIER'S confession amounts to this:—On the evening of the 31 of June last he was in town, in company with several troops of the Garrison. He had been drinking freely all evening and for several days before. He had been engaged in a fight the Monday night previous, with DEVLIN, a fellow-soldier, and been roughly handled. He felt for revenge, and purchased a dirk-knife with which he intended to kill DEVLIN, or whoever attacked him. He met DEVLIN in town on the evening of the murder, and drank with him several times, but appeared afraid to attack him, for DEVLIN suspected him, and kept a sharp eye upon him. They separated about 11 o'clock, and PERRIER proceeded in the direction of the Garrison, mad with himself that he had not accomplished the object of his visit to town. On his way to the Garrison, he was overtaken by M'NAMARA, who had also been in town drinking, but was nevertheless sober, and bore the character of a goodnatured and inoffensive man. A couple of other troops joined them about this time, and the four proceeded on their way to the Garrison. After they had passed Bedford street, a dispute arose between M'NAMARA and PERRIER, when the former struck the latter. PERRIER immediately took his knife from his pocket, and (to use his own language,) "got to work on his assailant." He says he has no recollection of the number of cuts he gave him, but the last cut was the fatal one, the blade of the dirk having penetrated the heart, causing death in a few seconds.—M'NAMARA cried "murder" when he was first struck by the knife, and the two soldiers who had been in company with the disputants, took to their heels. PERRIER lost his cap during the scuffle, and returned, after he had left to search for it. He could not find it, and having examined his victim to see that he was dead, he proceeded to the Garrison and immediately went to his quarters. He was arrested soon after, and has been in jail ever since. This is about his statement, and no doubt it contains some truth and some lies.  
PERRIER is a Frenchman, aged about 30, and is a well-built man, and no doubt a great scoundrel. His sentence is six years to the Penitentiary.—Carlisle Volunteer.

### CRINOLINE IN RHYME.

A lady with crinoline was walking down a street—her feathers fluttered in the air, her hoops stuck out some feet. She walked the earth as if she felt it she was no part, and proudly did she step along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the curly tail of which her crinoline did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure shook—it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail did soon espy, as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed to point the way the maid must go. The curly dog, right pleased was he, the quarters he had got, walked beside the lady in a kind of doggy trot. Each step the lady now did take served to increase the train, while those who followed in her wake roared out with might and main. Some held their sides, they laughed so hard, and fairly cried, while many even still confess that they'd "like to die." But still the lady sailed along in crinoline and pride, unmindful of the crowd he hind or dog close by her side. But soon another dog espied the tail which fluttered free, it so provoked his doggy ire he could not let it be. But with a deep ferocious growl, he battle straight he went, and "neath the lady's crinoline both dogs were quickly bent.—They fought," his said, one hour or more—the lady nothing knew—but with her head erect sailed on, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight, had not one dog mistook and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But since that day, I've heard it said, that lady ne'er was seen upon the street with so much pride and such a crinoline.

**BOTH SIDES.**—In the old time in Philadelphia, the disciples in the faith of William Penn invariably wore the single-breasted drab or snuff-colored coat, and were strict in their notion of having the buttons thereof on the left side of the coat aforesaid. At a dinner given by him, friend Elias Bressy had secured a big buck dorkie to "end table," to whom he gave imperative orders to hand things to the guests at the left side.  
"Thee will always know by their coat buttons, Caesar, which is the left side."  
Among the guests was a French gentleman who wore a double-breasted coat—a worldly garment. The dorkie, in handing round the soup, passed behind the French gentleman, looked at his coat and stood, for a moment, an elony statue of despair, struggling with doubt and a plate of soup.

Presently he yelled out, "Mass Lias—it's no use—buttons on both sides," and handed the plate to the French guest over his head. "Dat de last time I ever seed a man dat was left handed on both sides ob his coat!"  
THIRTY-ONE years ago, the first coal from the mountains of Pennsylvania was carried to Philadelphia. Few would purchase it, and still fewer knew how to make it burn.  
Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed.