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SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *f. fa.* to me directed, there will be sold at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford, on Monday, the 14th day of February, 1859, at 12 o'clock, M., the following described real estate, to wit:
All defendants, John King & Thomas King's, right, title and interest in and to one tract of land, containing 237 acres, more or less; about 100 acres cleared and under fence, with a two-story mansion house, 13 tenant houses, store house, ware house, one iron forge, saw-mill, coal house, large new bank barn, 2 frame stables and other out-buildings thereon erected—also, an apple orchard thereon; adjoining lands of James Frink, Jacob Steel, John Gates, and others, known as the Bedford Forge property.
ALSO—One tract of land containing 206 acres, more or less, about 60 acres cleared and under fence, with a log house and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of Lucinda Piper and others—known as the John McIlroy tract.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 5 acres, more or less, with a log house thereon erected, on the waters of Yellow Creek; adjoining lands of Piper and Frink; George, B. Kay's heirs and others, in the name of John King.

ALSO—One tract of unimproved land, containing 402 acres, more or less; adjoining the Bedford Forge and others, in the name of Stephen Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 404 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Richard M. an.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 404 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Joseph Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 409 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, known in the name of Samuel Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 424 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Alexander Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 413 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John McIlroy.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 374 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of David Piper.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 385 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Timothy Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 400 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Isaac Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 392 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Zachariah Mann.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 424 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John Bayd.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 420 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of William Davis.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 432 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Isabel Davis.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 441 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of William Piper.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 477 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John Hardin.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 442 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Ignatius Hardin.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 434 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of James Wilson.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 2372 acres, more or less; about 100 cleared and under fence, with one charcoal furnace, one bloom forge, with four refining fires, one mansion house, one brick office and store house, ware house, 13 tenant houses, 6 stables, one blacksmith shop, one carpenter shop, coal house, iron house, and other out-buildings thereon erected; adjoining lands of James Eichlerberger, on the North, Henry Gates and Eli Fluke, on the South and West, and Broad Top on the East—known as the Lemnos Iron Works property.

ALSO—One tract of land in Woodcock valley—known as the Bender one bank, containing 256 acres, more or less; adjoining lands of Stephen Weimer and others.

ALSO—One tract of unimproved land, containing 33 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others; warranted in the name of Thomas and John King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 420 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John Cheney.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 428 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Maria Alberti.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 374 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Hannah Alberti.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 426 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of George F. Alberti.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 400 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Peter Swope and Jan. King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 70 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Casper Fluck; known as the Fluck one bank.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 15 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others—known as the Daughinbaugh improvement.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Martin Hoover on the west and others, being a part of the Dyke's tract.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 100 acres, more or less; adjoining Martin Hoover on the east and others, being a part of the Dyke's tract; and all the above described lands situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of John King and Thomas King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 40 acres, more or less; about all cleared and under fence, with a two-story log house and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of James Price, Hen-

ry Gates and others—situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Thomas King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 265 acres, more or less; about 50 acres cleared and under fence, with 2 dwelling houses and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of William Iams, Solomon Smith and others.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 100 acres, more or less; about 50 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling and kitchen attached and log barn thereon erected—also an apple orchard thereon; adjoining lands of DeW. William Iams, Arnold Lashley and others.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 33 acres, more or less, unimproved; adjoining lands of John Johnson, John Bennett & others.

ALSO—One other tract known as the mansion place, containing 265 acres, more or less; about 80 acres cleared and under fence, with dwelling house and store room attached, double log barn, frame stable, and other out-buildings thereon erected; adjoining lands of Mrs. Nancy Elkin, Eliza McIlfish, Joshua Browning and others. And all the above described lands situate in Southampton township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of William Lashley.

ALSO—All D. defendant, D. S. Berksstresser's right, title, interest and claim, in and to one tract of land, called Buck Bottom, containing 60 acres, more or less; about 4 acres cleared and under fence, with a story and a half plank house thereon erected; adjoining lands of Wm. Forrester, on the west and the Janata river on the north and east—situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county and taken in execution as the property of David S. Berksstresser.

ALSO—One lot of ground in the town of Hopewell, fronting about 60 feet on front street and extending back to the front race and to an alley, on the north, lying triangular, containing about one eighth of an acre—situate in Broad Top township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Thomas W. Horton.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 86 acres, more or less; about 40 acres cleared and under fence, with a two-story log house, cabin house and double log barn thereon erected; adjoining lands of William Blackburn, Isaac Cuppet and others—situate in Napier township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of John Tawney.

ALSO—All D. defendant, William Patton's interest, in and to a certain tract of land, situate in Broad Top township, Bedford county, bounded by lands formerly owned by Joseph Evans, Josiah Horton, and James Cunningham & Co., containing a tract of land known formerly as the Abner Horton tract, with the rights and privileges thereunto belonging, and taken in execution as the property of William Patton.

ALSO—All D. defendant's interests in and to a certain two-story plank frame-tell and dwelling house, 18 by 24 feet—situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county, erected on and over the road of said Company, and the lot or piece of ground and cartilage appurtenant thereto, with the rights and privileges thereunto belonging, and taken in execution as the property of the Hopewell and Bloody Run Plank and Turnpike Road Company.

W. M. S. FLUKE, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Jan. 21, 1859.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

To the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace, and Constables in the different Townships in the County of Bedford, Greeting.

KNOW YE that in pursuance of a precept to me directed, under the hand and seal of the Hon. FRANCIS M. KIMBELL, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas in the Sixteenth District, consisting of the counties of Franklin, Bedford, Somerset and Fulton, and by virtue of his office of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail delivery for the trial of capital and other offenders therein and in the General Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace; and JOHN G. HARTLEY and A. J. SNIVELY, Esqs., Judges of the same Court, in the same County of Bedford, You and each of you are hereby required to be and appear in your proper persons with your Records, Recognizances, Examinations, and other remembrances before the Judges aforesaid, at Bedford, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace therein to be holden for the county of Bedford, aforesaid, on the 2d Monday of February, (being the 14th day,) at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day there and then to do those things to which you several offices appertain.

GIVEN under my hand at Bedford, on the 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1859.

WILLIAM S. FLUKE, Sheriff.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—The Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New-York, in an excellent address on "Mirth," remarked:

"For my part, I say it in all solemnity, I have become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man who never laughs, who is always sad; who has no apparent outlets for natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial to the human soul. I know that nature takes revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and therefore it gives a sincere moral gratification, anywhere and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that is better than that dark, dead, unhappy social life; a prop to enervate and morbid excitement which result from unmitigated asceticism, whose second crop is unusually unbridled license of infamous folly."

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

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JESSY.
A TALE OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

The Thames, three centuries ago, had characteristics essentially different from those that distinguish it at the present day. Gone are the places and gardens which, from Whitefriars to Westminster, adorned its banks; the six-oared canopied barge has given way to the smoky steamboat; the waterman's occupation, by the erection of so many bridges, like Othello's, "is gone," and the spirit of romance has fairly vanished from the now impure, gaseous and "tormented stream." In a word, everything has succumbed to the march of triumphant utility.

Things were not always so. As still, on the waters that wash the marble palaces of sea-born Venice, music nightly sounds, and love breathes his sighs, so, in the good old times that shall never come again, did the gallant, gliding over the unpolluted stream, woo his mistress. Love's assignments were made there. The high and the noble did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to touch the guitar; the woman's silver voice was heard, making yet more smooth the unweaved and transparent bosom of the "gentle Father Thames."

The moon shed a flood of light upon the single bridge, which, spanning the noble river, bore on its granite shoulders a hundred houses; long shadows were cast eastward; the tide, rushing through the arches, created a slumberous sound; the Globe Theatre, on the Bank-side, where Shakspeare personated his own immortal creations, had closed its doors, when an individual, who had lately stood within the walls of that temple, and sprung, *non sine dolore*, from the leisurely into the stream.

The gallant whom we are about to describe, though on terms of familiar greeting with Essex, Raleigh, and the choice wits of the day, did not belong to the aristocratic class, yet, on his person and bearing, nature's nobility was stamped; that lofty forehead spoke of intellectual superiority; the eye, though subdued, and somewhat downcast, through the mind's abstraction, had that searching glance which can read men's souls; the brows were drawn from their natural arch almost to straight lines, and gave to his physiognomy an expression of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the humor that lurked around the thin lippled, handsome mouth; the beard was short and peaked; conical hat, with a single feather, adorned his head; his doublet was slashed, and of the finest broad-cloth; his ruffles were of the rich Flanders lace; and the hilt of his straight sword—a present from the Queen—was set with rubies. And this was the deer-stalker of Stratford on Avon—this was Shakspeare.

The great dramatist was now in the summer of his days, and, it may be allowed the metaphor, the aloft of his renown had begun to put forth those leaves, the beauty and freshness of which have endured for three centuries. Genius, as regards its adoration of the sex, is sometimes content to feed on dreams of ideal beauty. But at this period of his life, the Bard of Avon, it would seem, was not satisfied with worshipping phantasy. Petrarch and his platonics afforded nothing suited to his temperament, and he yielded to the passions that will enthrall ordinary men. Love for an object, warm, breathing, living, had kindled its fire in his heart. Cold seemed the creatures of his plastic fancy to this lovely incarnation of all his poetic dreamings—his sweet palpable shrine of the immortal spirit; and to pour forth his love-words, and to press the lily hand of his own sweet Jessy, did Shakspeare, on the night in question, urge his wherry down the Thames.

Jessy was the daughter of the despised people who regard Abraham as their great progenitor. Her father was an usurer and jeweller, and hung out his sign on the Old London Bridge. It was just above the third arch from the city side, ere the Dutchman Morris had erected his water works, that old Manasseh dwelt. There were but two things in the world dear unto him—his money and his daughter. From her extreme loveliness, Jessy had obtained the sobriquet of the "Beauty of London Bridge."

Many of the illustrious of her tribe had sought her hand in marriage; but Jessy was deaf to each overture. Several Christians, also, offered to lay their titles and riches at her feet; but here Manasseh angrily interposed, since, from principle, as well as inclination, he bitterly loathed the followers of one whom his nation stigmatizes as the false Messiah. Yes, the Jew would have acted, if possible, a sterner part than a Virginius, he would have strangled his only and beloved child, ere he had seen her polluted by an union with a Christian.

Shakspeare's wherry glided on, and in a few minutes, having entered the deep shadow of the arch, he landed on the wide, projecting stairling. Jessy's sleeping apartment was far above; but the girl, unknown to her father, had the key of a lower chamber which opened upon a small balcony; and thence let herself down into the arms of the enamored poet.

Shakspeare resigned his scullie to his young attendant, who knew his duty too well to listen to the conversation of the lovers. The beautiful Jewess was wrapped in a velvet mantle, bordered with miniver. Her large, dark, passionate eyes were now raised to the heavens, spangled with stars, and now fixed in melting tenderness on him who sat by her side. And thus they glided on—soft light above, murmuring waters around—conversing in tremulous whispers, and experiencing in those stolen moments of reciprocated affection all the bliss that man is capable of wringing from the fleeting hours of this fevered existence.

We shall not detail at length the conversation which passed between Shakspeare and his Jessy. Thus nightly they had met, and breathed their vows of faith, and in each other's presence had forgotten the world and its cold restrictions. Jessy only trembled lest her father should discover her amour; for rarely a day passed without Manasseh's bitterly reviling and heaping curses on the Christians.

"If thou dost love me," said Shakspeare, pressing the maiden's hand, "thou wilt never again enter the habitation of one, who, harsh, bigoted and cruel, is worthy to call thee daughter.—Jessy! dear one, fond one! true one! flee with me this night; I will protect thee against a thousand fathers. This bosom shall be thy home; and, in return, thy love shall be my paradise."

"Not yet," said the girl, timidly; "I will pray to him—I will strive to bend his will—and, perhaps he will relent. Moreover, harsh though he be, I love my father, and would worship thy vow—continue to love me, as I would thee, and, whatever beside, I shall be happy."

The moon had nearly set, and a deep gloom was falling over the river. Jessy was anxious to return, and the wherry shot back to the bridge.

As they approached the bridge, Shakspeare perceived the figure of a man standing on the broad stairling beneath the Jew's residence.

It is only a watchman, love; there he is gone; he has sprung, I doubt not, into his boat."

Jessy trembled, but the man had indeed disappeared around the buttress, giving them reason to believe that he was no other than the inviolable named. The beautiful Jewess was lifted by Shakspeare out of the wherry; the stairling was damp through the splashing of the tide, and he threw his rich doublet on the wood work for the girl to step upon.

"Farewell, love, forget me not," whispered the poet of Avon, kissing Jessy's forehead; but at that instant Shakspeare started, for he felt his arms seized and compressed as in a vice by a sinewy hand, while words like the following were breathed in his ear:

"Christian dog! hell-hound! have I found thee?"

Shakspeare, by a violent effort, flung the human viper from him; and as the setting moon shed a glimmering ray through the granite arch, he recognized the father of Jessy! His first impulse was to draw his sword, but he instantly placed a rein on his inclination. The Hebrew was so convulsed by the passion that raged within him, that, for some minutes, he was unable to address his trembling daughter or her lover (the former taking advantage of the silence of her father, fell on her knees before him, and beseeched him to restrain his anger. But the Jew waved his hand, while his fury at length burst forth in words.

"Begone! thou disgrace of thy tribe! thou reproach to thy father! or I shall slay thee!" The girl, shuddering and oweaved, crept to the little balcony, and in a few moments disappeared. The Jew seemed suddenly to have formed a resolution; his eyes, in the darkness of the night, burned like coals of fire; he muttered incoherent words, and snatching from his gaberdeen a long dagger, he dashed forward, exclaiming:

"Unbeliever! contemner of the law of Moses! oppressor of our race! it will be no crime to send thee now to that hell whither thou wouldst but go at last!"

"The dagger grazed Shakspeare's breast, but the next moment he snatched it from the infuriated Hebrew's hand.

"Old man, I woo thy daughter honorably."

"Son of Belial! even thy honorable love would be infamy! But my dagger is gone—

can I have no revenge?"

With the quickness of thought he mounted to the balcony that projected over the stairling and drew the ladder by which he had ascended after him. Shakspeare, although he divined not what the Hebrew's motives might be, waited the result of his action with extreme anxiety. Presently he heard a faint cry like a supplication for mercy; then a shriek broke on the stillness of the night. The father and daughter appeared at the topmost window which overlooked the Thames; Jessy's sleeping room was there, and it was fully apparent now what the incensed and maddened Jew meditated doing. Shakspeare shot out to him to desist, and began in frantic haste to climb to the balcony.

"Curses on thee and thy paramour!" exclaimed the Hebrew, dragging forth his struggling child; "thou shalt not live to bring this disgrace upon my name."

It was over. The unnatural and atrocious deed had been committed. The Jew's flashing eyes marked his child sink into the rushing waters far beneath; a fiendish exultation lit up his countenance, and he smoothed his beard—and laughed. Shakspeare was thrilled with horror at what he witnessed, he plunged into the stream to the rescue of her, the guiltless one. He dove where she sank, but the tide was flowing so rapidly, that the current had carried her through the arch. She floated now at a distance—sank again—the agonized swimmer reached her at length, and succeeded in placing her in his boat.

"Jessy! my own Jessy!" cried Shakspeare, straining the beautiful girl to his heart, and printing a kiss on her cold lips. Her dark eyes were closed, her fair arms dropped lifeless, and her long wet tresses enveloped her as with a veil. What to the lover now was vengeance on the destroyer?—he thought only of the destroyed. In desperation he conveyed her to the house of a medical man on the Bankside; but every effort to effect resuscitation proved abortive. The light of life was quenched; the warm heart with passion would throb no more; and the sweet flower, which had bloomed on the arid soil of the desert, was plucked by death, in the springtime of its brightness and fragrance.

The Bard of Avon knelt at the tomb of the flowers that decked his turf's sod to orate the perfume of her sigh. In after time, when grief for her whom he had loved softened into hallowed worship, he embalmed her memory in imperishable verse. Yes, the Jessy of Old London Bridge—and let none harshly gainsay our assertion—is the sweet Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice"—and her diabolical father is the avaricious, unrelenting Shylock.

Horoscope for Ladies.

We extract the following "Horoscopes," in each month in the year, from an old paper.

JANUARY. He who is born of this month will be laborious and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity, but he will be complacent and withal a very fine singer. The ladies born of this month will be pretty, prudent house-wives, rather melancholy, but yet good temper.

FEBRUARY. The man born of this month will love money much but the ladies more, he will be stingy at home, but a prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

MARCH. The man born of this month will be rather handsome, will be honest and prudent; he will die poor. The lady will be a jealous, passionate chatter-box.

APRIL. The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subjected to malades, he will travel to his advantage and love ladies to his disadvantage, for he will marry a rich handsome heiress, who will make—what no doubt you all understand.—The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

MAY. The man born of this month will be handsome, amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blessed in every respect.

JUNE. Born now he will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but not loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; she will marry at the age of twenty-one and be a fool at forty-five.

JULY. The man will be fair, he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passively handsome with a sharp nose, but fine bust. She will be of rather sulky temper.

AUGUST. The man will be ambitious and courageous, he will have several malades and two wives. The lady will be ambitious and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret her first.

SEPTEMBER. Born in this month he will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady, round faced, fair haired, witty, discreet, amiable and loved by her friends.

OCTOBER. The man of this month will have a handsome and florid complexion; he will be quick in youth and always inconstant. He will promise one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little too fond of talk. She will have two husbands who will very likely die of grief, she will best know why.

NOVEMBER. The man born now will have a fine face and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, liberal and full of novelty.

DECEMBER. The man born in this month will be a good sort of a person though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice, and a well proportioned body; she will be twice married and remain poor, but continue honest.

Fight Between Eleven Hundred Horses.

Southey, in his History of the Peninsular War, relates the following: "Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Fuman were cavalry, mounted on fine, black, long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impossible to bring off these horses—about 1100 in number—and Romano was not the man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to his beast, which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their brides were therefore taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued such as was never before witnessed. They became sensible that they were no longer under any human power.

A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twelve together then closely engaged, striking with their forefeet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore in the course of an hour was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on rising ground at a distance. They no sooner heard the roar of the battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano in mercy gave orders to destroy them. But it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boat had quit the beach the few horses that remained, were still engaged in the work of mutual destruction.

A Lesson to a Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under a severe trial, said:

"Mother does God ever fret or scold?"

"The query was so abrupt and startling, it arrested the mother's attention almost with a start. 'Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the Good Man, when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded.'"

"No, child; no."

"Well, I am glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if He scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep into her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie seeing the effect of her words, hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty in me for to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled by it."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A correspondent, writing from Philadelphia to the Louisville Democrat, relates the following:

Whilst an aged and poorly clad female was asking alms at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, a smart looking young sailor passed within a few feet of her, gazing for several seconds on her haggard face. She approached him, and extended her palm in silence. Instantly his hand found its way to his capacious pockets, and when he drew it out it was filled with gold and silver, which he forced her to accept, saying:

"There, good mother, take this, you may as well have it as the landsharks. The last cruise I had out of New York found me with four hundred dollars on hand, but as the neighbors told me my old mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money, spent it all inside of a week and then shipped again."

"Oh, good—good sir! you are too kind to an old body like me. For your sake I will take it. Oh, you remind me of my poor son, George, who shipped and was drowned. Oh, George—George White, where are you now?"

"George White?" hurriedly exclaimed the now excited sailor. "Why, that's my name! And you—you are my mother." With this he seized her in his arms, and caressed her affectionately, whilst the big tears of joy ran down his bronzed cheek. The poor woman was entirely overcome by the recovery of her long lost child, and wept and groaned alternately. A carriage shortly after conveyed the mother and son away, leaving many a moistened eye among the crowd who witnessed the scene.

I knew an old man who believed that what was to be would be. He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in early times, by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some of the family had got out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tantalized him, by saying there was no danger of the Indians that he would not die until his time had come any how. "Yes," says the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, 'It wouldn't do, not to have my gun.'"