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Select Poetry.

THE LONG AGO.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it glides through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime;
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go.

On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shallow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junos with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore,
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life, till night—
When the evening comes, with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of souls be in sight.

Select Tale.

A VOICE FROM THE WAVES.

It is midnight and I am alone! Yet my solitude is peopled with many busy memories; for beyond the precincts of this silent little room, is the sound of rushing waters, dashing on impetuously, filling all the air with hoarse, fitful murmurs. Above the tumult rises one voice, speaking to my soul in the eloquence of woe. Thus it spoke to me once before in the years that are past.

My cousin Ruth and I shared this little room together. From its deep window we watched the windings of the beautiful stream rippling in the sunlight, or leaving the drooping branches of the spreading beeches that mirrored their graceful forms in its cool shadows.

Another, too, knew well its windings; and from that window we had watched him moor his little boat and spring upon the mossy beach with a boyish halloo! as he caught the flutter of Ruth's waving handkerchief, her free, cousinly signal of welcome.

My noble brother Horace! What wonder that Ruth's loving heart bounded at the sight of him, so manly and so brave! His presence made sunshine for the rankest day that ever befel, and even old Growler, octogenarian as he was, according to the reckoning of the canine calendar, gambled in quite a juvenile way at the sound of the familiar voice; and the sleek little greyhound, Flora, thrust her cold nose forward, in a privileged way, to offer a salute after the most approved "pug" fashion. The summer with its wealth of roses, was on the wane. But as the roses of the garden were shedding their glowing leaves in the chill of the autumn winds, those on the cheeks of my beautiful cousin were growing deeper day by day.

How royally beautiful she was as she stood in that east window, in the bright glory of the morning sunshine! So Horace thought, as he stood looking down upon so fondly. Her soft brown hair was drawn smoothly back from her broad, white brow, and her small, beautiful head encircled with ivy leaves. When she raised her deep, lustrous eyes to his face, he compared her to Dante's "Beatrice."

But Ruth was sportive as a fawn, and that beaming look, failing in its object, the white lids drooping over the tender eyes, and the red lip parted ominously.

Horace held his gloves and riding whip in one hand, while he extended the other to Ruth for a parting clasp.

The little shoe, with its shining buckle, tapped impatiently against the white oaken floor, while the rosy fingers busied themselves with an embroidered slipper. Perverse girl that she was! not to be daunted by the half-deprecatory glance of those expressive eyes; but she kept silence.

"Come Ruth, cousin, mine, have pity, and don't dismiss me without one cousinly salute. How can I bear up under a whole week's ex-

ile from my little wife that is to be, without even one kiss of parting?"

Playfully bending down to look into her averted eyes, he continued:

"Why, you are as silent as a sphinx. By your leave, I will present you as a *rara avis* at the next convention of 'Naturalists'—a woman that has lost the use of her tongue!"

"Such a favor would scarcely compensate for the loss of your wit," she replied, indignantly.

"I am dumb with surprise!"

"At what?"

"That you are so unlike a man."

"What then am I like?"

"A monster!"

"Brave, Ruth! You have been studying 'Guillaume Tell'?" And, since you are as defiant as the Swiss liberator, I must be as haughty as the tyrant Gessler. But I won't plead for a privilege, that I have a right to demand. So cousin mine, here's to a better humor when we meet a week hence." And with a polite bow, he was about to withdraw.

Ruth made a step forward, and said, in a spirited way:

"Horace Wilmer, are my wishes really of so little importance to you, that you can pass them by so lightly! Two weeks before our marriage, and you are already playing the tyrant. Once more, Horace, will you forego this engagement for my sake, and sustain me by your presence this evening?"

"A little too austere, my rustic maiden; you must emulate the tenderness of your scriptural namesake if you would gain your plea. But Hamilton is waiting, let us part friends; you are too exacting, dear Ruth. I am sure I have given you reasons enough to satisfy any generous person. So say good-by, and I will return as quickly as I can."

"Since my wishes are of so little consequence to you, my friend, must be as lightly esteemed. You need not write; you are under the ban of my displeasure, sir! Good morning, Mr. Wilmer!"

And with a stately step she passed into another room, leaving Horace half-amused and half-pained, to bid me a hasty adieu, and find his friend who was waiting for him in a carriage below.

Ruth came forward as the sound of rattling wheels struck her ear. Peering through the blinds she saw the carriage pass over the little bridge and lose itself among the trees. Then with a sigh, she sat down to finish the velvet slippers she was embroidering for Horace, with a resolution, no doubt, to banish him from her mind. Entering the room a half hour later, I found her leaning idly upon the embrasure of the window, with the miniature of Horace lying before her, which she was regarding very attentively.

Horace had gone to a neighboring town to attend to some court business which required his personal supervision, and which he could not possibly neglect or entrust to other hands. But Ruth had set her heart upon having him at "Clove-mead" that evening, to a company given to a bride, for whom she had officiated as bridesmaid.

The position was embarrassing, and she particularly wished Horace to be present, to spare her the annoyance of the too pointed attentions of the groomsmen—a matter which she had not altogether explained to Horace, and which consequently he did not quite understand. She felt piqued at his seeming indifference, for she had loved each other from childhood, and for the first time in their lives had parted coldly—he, vexed that she should insist on controlling him, and she half disposed to question his love.

Three nights after Horace left there was a terrific storm. The tall poplars shading the avenue were tossed like reeds in the strong wind, and occasionally in the lull of the tempest we heard the roar of the swollen stream, as it overflowed its banks, and tore up by the roots the knotted beeches that had cast their shadows upon its bosom for half a century. Ruth, startled from her light slumber, clung to me in an agony of fear, as the deep voiced thunder reverberated along the lowering heavens, and the vivid lightning shed a blinding glare through the sultry gloom. Again and again she called Horace by name, and ejaculated prayers for his safety.

"Oh, cousin Annie," she would say, "should anything happen to Horace, I can never forgive myself."

Trembling and dismayed myself, agitated by strange forebodings, I sought to soothe her. So the night passed, and the morning came.

The soft haze floated like a veil of gossamer over the yellow maples, till their bright leaves deepened to a crimson glow. Through masses of snow white clouds were rifts of smiling blue—no trace of the fearful storm, except the roar of the turbid stream and the masses of floating timber along by the swift current.

There was sunshine, too, in the trusting heart of cousin Ruth; for the good doctor, her father, had brought from the post office, a formal note from Horace, stating that, in consideration of her displeasure, if she would grant him upon his return, the boon she had denied him at parting, he would brave all the adverse fates extant, and be with her that evening.

All day the name of Horace was upon her tongue. Busy she plied her needle, waving in the bright blue "forget-me-nots" upon the purple ground of the velvet slippers—peace-offerings for Horace upon his return.

"It was so wrong of me, Annie," she would say, "to behave so imperiously to Horace. He has so often told me that my unwavering confidence in him endeared me to him more than all the rest. Oh, the laggard moments! how slowly the pass—I am so impatient to acknowledge my fault, and convince him that I appreciate his noble worth. Let us go down to the old ash tree, Annie, and perhaps we may hear the sound of 'Harry's' hoofs as he crosses the little bridge!"

I humored my cousin's wish, for there was a something oppressing my heart, of which I da-

red not speak—a half recognized foreboding of evil. The sun was setting gloriously as we neared the stately ash, under whose broad shadow we three had so often sat, chatting in the very recklessness of joy. Alas! its day of pride was passed. It was risen to the heart by the lightning's unerring bolt! One half standing erect waved its blighted branches menacingly; and the other lay prone upon the earth.

A faint shudder ran through Ruth's limbs as she stood by the wreck of her old favorite—Glancing toward the stream the color forsook her cheeks, her large eyes dilated; and, cold and rigid as marble, she raised her finger and pointed to a huge tangled mass of interlacing branches that were rising and falling in the rushing whirlpool of water. I followed the direction of her eyes, my blood congealed with an indefinite horror; but I could discern nothing to excite alarm.

"What? what, Ruth?" I eagerly exclaimed, clasping her quivering form in my arms.

"Oh, Annie," she said, as the color came faintly back to her writhing lips, "I thought I saw—but it is too horrible—help me; to dispel the dreadful illusion! Let us return; I cannot remain here."

I did not urge her to tell me the cause of alarm. Hurrying through the gathering shadows, we spoke no word until we reached the house. It needed all the cheerful aspect of the comfortable little tea-room, with its genial inmates, to restore composure both to Ruth and myself.

As the evening wore on, my uncle noticed Ruth's restlessness, and asked, in his abrupt way:

"Whom are you expecting, Ruth? Not Horace, my daughter. He surely would not be such a madcap as to attempt crossing the bridge with the stream rushing at such a fearful rate! The waters are subsiding, and to-morrow perhaps, he will find the undertaking a little less dangerous. Keep up a brave heart and don't take trouble or interest. Such a sunny face as yours was never meant to be clouded by sadness. Come into my office, you and Annie, and let me see if I can't cheer you up a little!"

We followed the dear old man. He unlocked his private desk, and took therefrom two handsome jewel cases.

"See here!" he said, as he pushed back the spring, what a simpleton my two spoiled pets make of me? Hartman insisted upon my purchasing these while I was in New York, three months ago, as bridal presents for you both. Now you saucy rogues," he continued, as we both fell into ecstasies of admiration over the exquisite pearl ornaments—necklaces, braces and brooches—I verily believe you would sell me, if you were offered such gimcracks in exchange. Now if you don't promise to value my present before all others, I will pull the ears of you. You see, Annie, since you are not to have a husband, but are to stay and tyrannize over me, after this ungrateful girl leaves me, I am going to bind you by a chain of pearls; and if that won't keep you in check, why, I will sell you to the first bidder, and think it a happy riddance!"

We half-smothered him with kisses and thanks and betook ourselves to our room to try the effect of our beautiful gifts. Very lovely the white pearls looked on Ruth's scarcely less snowy throat; but she laid them aside and turned to the window, looking lingeringly at the clear, cloudless moon, and thinking of the morning. We chatted hopefully until the night wore on, and I knew by Ruth's regular breathing that she slept. I was restless, dark thoughts kept surging over me, which spite of a resolute will, I could not subdue. Finally a light slumber was stealing over my senses, when I was startled by a sudden ring of the office bell. My cousin, Henry slept in the adjoining room, and in a few minutes I heard my uncle's voice calling to him in a low, suppressed tone. I sprang from my bed and stood at the door listening.

"Henry! Henry, my son," he said, "get up quickly for God's sake! Horace is drowned!"

I laid my hand upon my heart—for even then came a thought of that silent sleeper, breathing so calmly under the very sound of the appalling words that would fall upon her ear like the crash of a thunderbolt! Through an inexplicable whirl of confused thought, I heard Henry's bewildered exclamations, as his father said, softly, "Get up quietly, my son, and do not disturb those unhappy children!"

I heard the sound of voices below; then my cousin Henry's cautious step passing by our door and descending the stairs. Then, silently as I could, I passed through the outer door and stood at the landing of the stair till they all had gone and I heard my uncle closing the door as he re-entered the house. Like a spirit I had glided down, and awaited him in the hall. He came forward holding the lamp in his hand, the light falling upon his white hair, and face strongly compressed. At sight of me he started, then set down the lamp and took me in his arms.

I could not weep—only look at him with a beseeching eagerness in my eyes, which he readily understood.

"My child! he said, 'I will not repeat what I see you know too well. They have gone in search of the body. There is no possibility of his being found alive. But, Ruth, my poor darling! how can we break the dreadful tidings to her? You must tell her, Annie—I never can. It would be like thrusting a dissecting knife through her gentle heart!"

Then he told me all.

My brother and his friend had left O— that afternoon, in a one horse carriage. Upon reaching the stream they found it very much swollen, but anticipated no difficulty in crossing the bridges which stood some few feet above the water, with a gradual ascent from the bank on either side. On urging the horse through the stream towards this ascent, his feet became entangled in some drifting branches, and in striving to extricate himself he was fast proceeding beyond his depths. Several persons standing on

the banks called to the two young men to save themselves and let the horse go. But Horace sprang out upon the wheel, and in reaching over to cut the traces was dragged from his footing, and was lost to sight beneath the foaming waters.

Mr. Hamilton, his friend, caught by the pier and clambered to the top of the bridge, while the vehicle and the noble animal that Horace had lost his life in trying to save, were swept down by the current. Horace was seen no more. Many had followed down the stream, thinking, perhaps, the body might be found; but as yet were unsuccessful. A deputation of young men had called for Henry, and they were now on their way to seek the beloved dead.

"And now, my child," he said, "go to Ruth, but keep the painful tidings from her as long as you can. My poor child, your own heart is breaking, but sympathy for another, will make your own grief less hard to bear!" Kissing me tenderly, he sent me back to my own room.

The light was gleaming faintly from the east, and in its soft glow I could see the flushed face of the sleeper. The loosened hair lay in wavy masses over the fair temples, and every flexible, delicate feature, indicated a sweet, painless rest. Without, was the sullen roar of the remorseless waters, filling my ears with wild requiems for the loved and lost. I nestled closely to my cousin's side and clasped my arms tightly around her, gathered strength from her peaceful unconsciousness. Oh! the intensity of that silent suffering! the crushing of the strong soul that pained my throat to suffocation!

The morning sun broke radiantly thro' the folds of the close curtain, when Ruth, clasping my hands closely in hers, exclaimed:—

"Dear Annie, how could you be?"

Then suddenly raising her head, she looked into my face with an expression of tender sympathy. Noticing my paleness, she continued, "Oh! Annie you are very ill! Let me call a physician."

But as she was in the act of rising, I mastered my emotion, and bade her dress herself quickly, as I had something important to tell her.

Half-bewildered, she passively allowed me to assist her; and then I held her head closely to my breast, and asked her, "If Heaven had demanded of her a sacrifice of that which she valued most on earth, what would it be?"

With an indescribable terror in her face she only clung to me the closer, and I told her, as composedly as I could, of the dreadful catastrophe.

For a little while she sat gazing abstractly in my face; then realizing the purport of my words, in a sudden revulsion of feeling she sprang to her feet exclaiming:—

"Oh, Horace! Horace! let me die, too! I cannot—I will not live without you! Oh, Horace, my cousin! come back and speak to me once more and let me clasp the hand which I so scornfully repulsed!—that warm tender, kind hand! Annie! Annie!" she said almost sternly. "It cannot be!—Horace dead! No, no; I will not believe it!"

Thus at intervals, she moaned and laughed incredulously, looking with an eager, questioning look into the faces of each one who entered our room with words of sympathy and consolation.

Then, as the day wore on, there was the sound of wheels without, and then followed the hurried retreat of shuffling feet in the hall below. I knew too well the import of that sound. Ruth raised her bloodless face from the pillow on which she had been nestling. For two hours, she had spoken no word. She moved hurriedly towards the door, but a kind, firm hand restrained her.

"Not yet, my child," said the soft voice of aunt Esther. "Bear up yet a little while, and you shall go to him."

Another long blank period passed, and then, when all was still, I took the hand of Ruth, and we descended the stairs, and passed through the hall, where groups of anxious faces were silently waiting for a look at the beloved dead.

We entered the room so dark and chill, and together we two, whom he had loved best in life, stood pale, tearless, beside him—dead! The noble features wore no trace of the death struggle. A beaming peace rested upon brow and lip. The knife was still clasped in the right hand, with a grasp no power could unloose.

Ruth lifted the wet hair from the temples, until the holy repose of the dead face passed into her own young stricken soul. I left her there along with him to whom, in life, her heart had been knit with firmness that not even death could sever. I hastened back to my room, and the wild passion of woe that had garnered up in my soul, found relief in blessed tears.

Our dead was borne from our sight, and in the agony of her grief, Ruth told me how she had seen as she thought, the face of Horace looking out at her from the eddying waves. His body had been found some miles below, on the day following.

Time came to both, with healing in its wings, but the brightness had passed from Ruth's life forever. And now, as she passes on her holy mission through the heedless throng, many are the faces that look into hers for sympathy, unconscious of the death-throe that sanctified her heart, and made her one of those "who profess godliness and adorn themselves with good works."—*Home Journal.*

Somebody says that a lady should always ask the four following questions before accepting the hand of any young man:

Is he honorable?
Is he kind of heart?
Can he support me comfortably?
Does he take a paper and pay for it in advance?

A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite servant, sighed out, "Ah Sambo, I am going on a long, long journey." "Never mind, massa," said the negro, consolingly, "it am all de way down hill."

Miscellaneous.

THRILLING.

A gentleman who was present at the late awful catastrophe at Pemberton Mills, made the following most thrilling and touching statements at a recent meeting of the New York Fulton street prayer-meeting:

He said that he wished to speak of a woman who was among the victims; and while she lay crushed with others in the same condition, among the fallen walls and timbers, became a missionary to the dying. She forgot herself and her wounds in her eager desire to persuade her fellow-sufferers to look to Christ in all their guilt and sin, and sorrow, and dismay, and he would pardon all their sins and dispel all their fears. She preached to them that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. She exhorted them to ask anything which their souls required from their heavenly Father, for the sake of that peace-speaking blood.—The gentleman said that while she was leading her fellow sufferers to Jesus, by all her powers of persuasion, they were digging for her with all their might, and he saw her taken alive from the ruins, and carried away in the arms of stalwart men, whose tears had been flowing at the words which she addressed to those around her.—That noble Christian woman he believed was now living, and was slowly recovering from her injuries.

The same gentleman spoke of another scene which he witnessed there. Among the number who were held fast by the fallen timber, and mangled more or less, were three little girls, children of Irish parents, who were members of one of the Sabbath schools of Lawrence. In it they had learned some of the sweet hymns which are sung in the Sunday school, and they were very fond of singing them. They had communicated the knowledge of these hymns to some of their fellow working girls. A company of these little girls was involved in the ruins in such a manner as to be comparatively safe and uninjured until the fire broke out. They would soon have been rescued, if the devouring flames had not shut out every hope of escape from the prison in which they were imprisoned. But when the fire began to roar around them they joined their voices in singing:

"I want to be an angel and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand;
Take thee right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the sweetest music and praise him day and night."

Beautifully and calmly they sang through all the hymns; and their sweet voices could be heard above the noise and cries of the rescuers, and the crackling of flames, as they sang that other joyful hymn,

"We're going home to glory,"

until their voices were silenced, to be heard no more until they are heard, as we hope they will be, in the triumphant anthems of heaven.

THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED.

When Dr. Bodge, an eclectic physician, was lecturing on the laws of health, and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet one morning at the breakfast table a witty son of Erin, of the better class.

Conversation turned on the Doctor's favorite subject; he addressed our Irish friend as follows:

"Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?"

"I don't know," said Erin, "but I'd like to be there when you do it!"

"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"

"Shure and I will, sir."

"How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor.

"Morning and night, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?"

"I do—indeed I do," replied the noble son of Erin.

"And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes in the morning?"

"Troth, I do, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, with an air of confidence and assurance in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee."

"Is it, indeed? Faith and I always thought it was the whisky I drank."

The company roared with laughter, and the doctor quietly retired. He was beaten.

LOVEJOY'S INHUMANITY.—The Bureau County Democrat, published at Princeton, the residence of Owen Lovejoy, says that during his boisterous and abusive speech the other day, he referred to the killing of his brother at Alton, a few years ago, and declared he would be avenged. But, adds the Democrat, he was very careful not to mention how he defrauded the disconsolate widow of his brother out of the small estate left her by her husband, leaving her dependent upon the cold charities of the world. The sister of the unfortunate widow is also an inmate of the Lee county (Iowa) poor house. Notwithstanding the destitute condition of this woman, this boisterous hypocrite is constantly prating about his charity to the runaway niggers that he takes in and protects, and exultingly proclaims that the hungry shall never be turned away empty from the philanthropic doors of his home. This very generous and Christian man is too great to smile or look upon the objects related to him by the ties of consanguinity. To help them might elicit angel smiles, but it would not carry him to Congress where he can preach the most offensive abolitionism, and boast of his nigger stealing operations under the plea of humanity and love to the race. His sole aim being office, he is willing to risk any hobby in order to acquire it, while his poorer sister-in-law may pine in want without attracting his attention, or receiving any of his boasted charities. Out upon such a villainous hypocrisy by a political clergyman.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND MATRIMONY.

American girls of good education do not know how lucky they are. Every American girl who is sane and sound, there are many who are neither the one or the other—has not one, but many chances of marrying. It is very different in Europe. In the country towns in England marrying men are so rare that it is quite common to see a dozen charming girls, all well educated, pretty, and lady like, fighting for a half starved curate or a wretched attorney. Among English mothers match-making is carried on to an extent unknown here (save in the very highest circles of our aristocracy;) and this, not from mean motives, but from sheer necessity. In France no father expects his daughter to get a husband unless she buys him. Every man who has a daughter begins, when she is eight or ten years old, to save money for her dowry. —i. e., the purchase money of a husband. Papa and mama deprive themselves of luxuries, and even necessities, to amass a respectable sum; the boys' education is cut short, and their patrimony discontinued, in order to save the dot. In proportion to its amount is the quality of the husband. A father who can give his daughter a half a million of francs will expect a General or Senator; he who has a hundred thousand to bestow will fix his mark at a rising lawyer, a dashing colonel, or a prefect; he who has amassed twenty thousand francs will be satisfied with a young merchant or a clever doctor. But he who has no money to give his daughter will never expect her to marry at all. *Marriage d'amour* is a thoroughly obsolete institution in France. In Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, the rule is rapidly becoming the same. A father who expects his daughter to marry must buy her a husband. Hearts were once conquered, the poets say; now they are bought.

A BAD CHARACTER.—We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately, so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character on the mind, as the following anecdote:

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time overboard. One day when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, cause he dead!"

"Dead! you scoundrel," said the captain, "do you not see he moves ar. speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never know when to believe him!"

Last winter an Irishman, recently landed on our shores, applied to a merchant on the wharf, for work. Willing to do him a kindness the latter handed him a shovel, and pointing to the back of his store, told him to shovel off the sidewalk.

The merchant forgot all about the Irishman until the lapse of an hour or two, when Teddy thrust his head into the counting room, (which was up stairs) and inquired:

"Mayhap, yee'd be having a pick, sir?"

"A pick to get the snow off?" said the merchant smiling.

"The snow'd be off long since," replied Ted, "an' the bricks too, for that matter, but it's the side (soil) that sticks!"

In some alarm the merchant ran to his back window, and sure enough, the fellow had thrown nearly all the pavement into the street and made quite a hole.

"Good gracious, man! I only wanted you to shovel off the snow!"

"Arrah, sir," said Teddy, didn't your honor tell me to shovel off the sidewalk!"

PRACTICAL REPUBLICANISM.—In Cleveland the Republican leaders carry out the principles they profess. They allow negro children to sit side by side with white children in their schools. Upon objection being made to this condition of things, one of the members of the Board of Education said:

"I would rather my little girl should sit BESIDE A COLORED GIRL, than by a FRIZZLY HEADED IRISH, or BARE HEELED DUTCH ONE!"

That is what we call showing their faith by their works—but when election time draws nigh, these same Republican leaders will profess to be the only true friends of the "frizzily headed Irish and bare heeled Dutch."

"What a blessed thing it is," said Mrs. Jones, to the widow Partington, one day during the late revival, "that so many poor souls are being called to be saved." "Dear me, yes," replied the widow, "I only wish with my dear late concert, Paul Partington, could have lived to see this blessed revival. He was a most imminent christian in his day and generation. Mrs. Jones, although I say it and have no doubt that he is now happy in Beelzebub's boom." And as the old lady closed her eyes to get a glimpse of the spiritual vision, a loud scream of pain came from Isaac, who had got a hornet between his thumb and finger.

A YOUNG HEENAN.—In order to amuse the children on the Sabbath, a lady was engaged recently in reading to them from the Bible, the story of David and Goliath, and coming to the passage in which Goliath so boastfully and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little chap almost in his first trousers, said, "skip that—skip that—he's only blowing! I want to know who licked."