

BY B. F. MEYERS.

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Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mangel House."

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The undersigned have associated themselves in the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the "Mangel House," opposite the residence of Maj. Tate.

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN CESSNA, O. E. SHANNON. CESSNA & SHANNON. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Have formed a Partnership in the Practice of the Law. Office nearly opposite the Gazette Office, where one or the other may at all times be found.

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN P. REED. ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Respectfully tenders his services to the Public.

Office second door North of the Mangel House.

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

W. M. HALL, JOHN PALMER. HALL & PALMER. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care. Office on Juliana Street, (nearly opposite the Mangel House.)

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

A. H. COFFROTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA.

Will hereafter practice regularly in the several Courts of Bedford county. Business entrusted to his care will be faithfully attended to.

December 6, 1861.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN, BEDFORD, PA.

Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford, where he may at all times be found by persons wishing to see him, unless absent upon business pertaining to his office.

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JACOB REED, J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL. BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PENN.

DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.

Deposits solicited.

Hon. Job Mann, Hon. John Cessna, and John Rosquet, Bedford Pa., R. Forward, Somerset, Bunn, Rosquet & Co., Phil. J. Watt & Co., J. W. Conley, & Co., Pittsburg.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, CORNER OF WOOD AND THIRD STREETS, PITTSBURGH, PA. HARRY SHIRLS PROPRIETOR.

April 12, 1861.

W. W. MAIR, JOHN S. DAVISON. MAIR AND DAVISON, Importers and Dealers in Saddlery, Carriage and Trunk Hardware and Trimmings, NO. 127 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH Penn'a.

BLACKSMITHING. The undersigned having opened a Blacksmith shop, manufactory opposite the residence of Samuel Vanderburgh, in Bedford Borough, informs the public that he is prepared to do HORSE SHOEING, STRONG or LIGHT, repairing wagons, or any thing usually done in his line. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

April 17, 1862.—1m

A. J. DISHONG. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Letters Testamentary on the estate of Solomon Diehl, late of Cole run township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, is therefore given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment immediately, and those having claims will present them forthwith, properly authenticated for settlement.

April 3. HENRY P. DIEHL, Exnr.

Wm. S. Boyd, JOHN L. HOUGH, W. S. BOYD, JR. BOYD & HOUGH. WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 17 SOUTH WATER ST., PHILADELPHIA.

March 6, 1863.—6m.

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST. Will attend punctually and carefully to all operations entrusted to his care. NATUREAL TEETH filled, regulated, polished, &c., in the best manner, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted from one to an entire set. Office in the Bank Building, on Juliana Street, Bedford.

CASH TERMS will be strictly adhered to. In addition to recent improvements in the mounting of ARTIFICIAL TEETH on Gold and Silver Plate, I am now using, as a base for Artificial work, a new and beautiful article, (Valentine or Vulcanized India Rubber) stronger, closer fitting, more comfortable and more natural than either Gold or Silver, and 20 per cent. cheaper than silver. Call and see.

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST. Bedford, January 16, 1863.

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From the Harrisburg Patriot & Union.

THE PEACE QUESTION.

The New York World closes a short controversy with the Philadelphia Evening Journal on the peace question in language which we highly approve. It is forbearing, sensible, just and comprehensive. However much the Democratic party may desire peace, it is idle to make it a platform plank, or even to discuss it, so long as we are powerless to effect it, or it can only be attained by accepting conditions which involve a permanent dissolution of the Union. To such terms we are confident no Democrat will ever listen unless, as a last alternative, to prevent a greater calamity. To talk about peace when it is clearly unattainable upon any conditions which we could wish honor, or as patriots whose hearts are bound up in the Union, accept, is not only idle, but mischievous—its tendency being to distract, not to unite the elements of Democracy, whose undiminished, undivided strength is necessary to acquire that political power without which we are in no condition as a party to decide upon either peace or war. The Democracy, unfortunately for the country, are not now the creators of events—that responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the rebel administration at Richmond and the Abolition administration at Washington. All we can do is to accept, for the time being, what they determine, opposing to the utmost limit of constitutional right whatever we deem unwise, unlawful, wicked or dangerous. Together the two powers, though nominally antagonistic, are working for the same purpose—the overthrow of the Union and the suppression of free institutions. This purpose it is the duty, as we hope it is the mission, of the Democracy to circumvent; and this can only be done by the attainment of political power in the States and the nation. To this end all our energies should be bent, for without political success, we shall be hereafter, as now, at the mercy of our enemies, who hold the reins in their hands and direct the policy of the country. The question then is, how can we best succeed—by reducing or multiplying the issues? We are clearly of opinion that but upon one platform alone can perfect unanimity be attained—and that is, determined constitutional opposition to the general policy of the Lincoln administration, avowed hostility to the doctrines of secession, and inflexible fidelity to the Union and the Constitution, which are to be upheld at every sacrifice but the acceptance of despotism in their stead. Upon this simple platform it seems to us that we can best succeed. Can they on any other? In opposition to the doctrines and policy of the Abolitionists and the Secessionists there is no disagreement among Democrats. Are they entirely harmonious on the peace question, or any other that has been, as we think, unnecessarily and imprudently introduced? Will any one assure us that they are? Until we have that assurance we must be permitted to doubt it, and to give our full assent to the following calm, judicious expressions of the World:

PEACE AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—So far as the continuance or cessation of the war is a practical question, its decision rests entirely with the administration. Until important elections have intervened, the Democratic party has no power to terminate the war except by a resolution to depose the constituted authorities and organize a provisional government. This, even if it were desirable, could be accomplished only by force. If we were among the staunchest advocates of peace, we should be unable to see our way clear to its attainment by a method which substituted intestine war in the North for a united contest against the South. So long as there is no escape from fighting, we consider it better to fight the rebels than to fight each other. A forcible revolution in the North would, beyond all question, secure Southern independence; nay, it would enable the Confederate government to dictate terms. We cannot consent to give up the Union except to escape a worse evil; and if we had abandoned all hope of the Union, we could not consent to accept whatever boundaries, and other conditions of separation, the South should think fit to assign us. We therefore prefer to leave the question of peace, where the Constitution and laws have placed it, in the hands of the constituted authorities, and labor to combine all the elements of opposition to effect a tranquil revolution through the ballot box. The premature agitation of the peace question neither tends to bring peace, nor to consolidate the opposition. All Democrats do not desire peace on the only conditions on which peace is at present attainable; but all Democrats, so far as we are informed, do desire to consolidate the opposition and render it invincible. To this end, we find it more consistent with our interpretation of public duty to seek points of agreement among Democrats than to give prominence to points of difference.

Whether the Democratic party shall next year go into the Presidential election on a peace platform or a war platform, is a question which we will not discuss, because we cannot lift the impenetrable curtain which hides intervening events. We are opposed to hypothetical policies. We do not wish to deal with aspects of public questions that may never be presented. In times so earnest as these, and when so much depends on unforeseen vicissitudes of fortune, (for such can deny the vicissitudes of fortune in war?) it seems to us important to draw a strict line between the province of speculation and the domain of statesmanship. Statesmanship should not, indeed, be destitute of foresight; but according to our conception of it, it deals only with the actual, and even although it has formed its opinion of the possible, it avoids committing itself to a course of action which subsequent events may show to be unwise.

The present aspect of the peace question, so far as we are able to speak by authority, is this: The Democratic party of N. York, in its State Convention last fall, passed certain resolutions which were accepted by the party as its platform, and on which it carried the election, annulla-

ting the Republican majority of upwards of a hundred thousand of the preceding year. No Democrat, that we are aware of, ever maintained that those resolves were a peace platform. As the condition of the country has not essentially changed, they stand to this day as the authorized exposition of the views of the New York Democracy.

While the Democratic party of New York thus gives expression to the sentiments in which it can unite, the not less patriotic Democracy of Pennsylvania, in the exercise of an equal freedom, will do the same. There will be no rivalry between them except to see which State will give the heaviest Democratic majority.—When, the following year, the States meet in national convention, the discrepancies (if any) in the party creeds of the several States will be reconciled and harmonized, and all will thenceforward keep step to the same music and march in compact array to assured victory. We are determined that no act of ours shall be an impediment to this consummation, on which is staked the dearest hopes of our torn and bleeding country.

It is implied, of course, that the road to this result lies through free speech and untrammelled political action. If the administration should suppress discussion and interfere with the freedom of elections, these indispensable rights will be defended at all hazards. On this subject our trumpet has given and will give no uncertain sound. When these rights are invaded we shall be ashamed and disappointed if there are any persons professing to be peace Democrats. But so long as free voting is allowed we deprecate revolution; and in the hope of early redress through the ballot-box, we think it "better to suffer those evils we have than fly to others that we know not of."

From the Johnstown Democrat.

THOUGHTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

WE STILL MOVE.

Under the inspiring influence of the long continued cry for "rigorous and uncompromising war" against the rebels, we are brought to a knowledge of a series of the most successful—not to say brilliant—achievements. Not deeming it necessary to go back in review of the events of the past two years of civil war, we design merely to glance at a few of the most important movements for the suppression of the rebellion, which mark this brief summary the reader can make a fair estimate of the general character and progress of the war for the Union" (Negro).

First comes that brilliant achievement before Charleston S. C., in which after an expenditure of about a million and a half of "greenbacks" (which you know are very cheap just now,) and the loss of only one iron-clad and the disabling of several others, we succeeded in showing the world that that port is effectually blockaded—all assertions to the contrary, notwithstanding. It will be remembered that months ago vessels were purchased, loaded with stone in New England, taken down to Charleston, and sunk in the harbor to prevent vessels from communicating with the city; but, as the thing was likely to prove a failure, the conceived the brilliant idea of submerging the National Treasury in the harbor. It has just been done, and the result is more than could have been expected—not a single vessel can get to the city!

On the Rappahannock all is quiet as yet, but "Fighting Joe" has got his men up to prime fighting trim with his onions and potatoes, and although delayed by the rains, (or rains,) is ready to spring. The long expected movement is shortly to be made—if it don't rain.

Vicksburg, it is true, has been a knotty case. The place is not captured yet, but we have dug a canal—two canals—several canals, for the purpose of getting around what couldn't be got over, but like Pillor's ditches, they are on the wrong side of the entrenchments. The Mississippi has acted badly in refusing to co-operate with the pick and shovel in our military execution. The expedition has not been finally abandoned. We are now waiting for the completion of a new invention, in the shape of a lever (leveller) (by an ingenious Yankee Gentleman, who is in the full confidence of the Administration) which will be powerful enough to lift Vicksburg entirely out of the way of the gunboats.

Gen. Burnside is carrying on an active campaign against those bitter people in Indiana who "cheer for Jeff Davis and the Southern confederacy," and "who print disloyal newspapers." They are sent South to Gen. Rosecrans. The public will be glad to know that the roads are good, and no fears need be entertained that the General will get stuck in the mud in this new field of service. The people of Indianapolis are warned by the commanding General of the dire consequences of "wearing Butternut and Copperhead badges." This plan of keeping down popular sentiment is none the less good because it has been borrowed from the Austrian and other tyrants.

Six persons were arrested in Cairo Ills., a few days ago, and were instantly hung—that is, we have heard church members here say such persons "ought to be hung," and as there are as good people at Cairo as they are, who would come to the same conclusion, why of course the copperheads must have been hung. Gen. Keyes, at Norfolk, Va., issues a proclamation, notifying the people that "on the approach of the enemy to any town or village in this department, such town or village will be immediately fired on." A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says: "It has had the effect to stir up the fears of women and children, and timid people generally." Of course, and this shows that the work of crushing the "rebel monster" is progressing finely in Gen. Keyes' department. It is reported in diplomatic circles that Sec-

etary Seward has forwarded a second dispatch to Minister Adams, "in which Great Britain is warned of the consequences of sending more Alabama to prey on our commerce." Of course Mr. Seward knows what he is about—being a fly-boots himself. He knows that Great Britain is in ignorance of the fact that we haven't captured the first Alabama yet—and that we haven't more than about cleared ourselves in the fight with the rebels generally. Under these circumstances, of course the consequences to Great Britain of sending out ten or fifteen ironclads to prey on our commerce in the name of the Confederacy, would be awful. Of course Minister Adams will confer with his government and his government will accordingly decide and ask pardon.—Bully for Seward!

Gov. Andrews, of Mass., is succeeding admirably with his negro regiment, and has already recruited two or three companies from all sections of the Union, and costing only about twice as much in bounties, &c., for each recruit as white soldiers. True, under the late Conscription Act colored soldiers can be had cheaper, but what is the use—money is nothing now.

Gen. Schenck, commanding at Baltimore, has discovered new agents of disloyalty. The winds and the weather, it was found, had conspired to discolor, disfigure, and dilapidate the "Star-spangled banners" that floated from the tops of certain hotels, &c., and the General believing such a state of things to be inimical to the honor of the Government, ordered the owners of the buildings forthwith to replace them with new ones. Some cavalier may object to Schenck's patriotism as not being of the right sort, because he would not stick to the old flag as long as there was a rag of it left, but this is of no account. Brave and heroic General Schenck! A bas Bonifacio! A bas ragged bunting!

Commercially we have no reason to complain. We had heretofore great difficulty in procuring Cotton; so much so indeed, that for several months past our large and worthy President has been compelled to "keep his shirt on." We have now hit upon a new plan. Col. Bell has succeeded in trading off a fine lot of "likely niggers" for a cargo of cotton, and it is presumed no difficulty in this respect will be experienced hereafter, as "contrabands" are plenty with an upward tendency.

What with the foregoing evidences of progress, the burning of Jacksonville, Fla., and of Palmyra, Tenn., the destruction of millions of dollars worth of private property in the south; the robbing of private houses of costly furniture and carpets, and public libraries of books, to grace the parlors and shelves of Yankee patriots and divines; the imprisonment of giddy, gossiping secession women; the arrest and sending back to Dixie of two girls who visited Washington to purchase wedding clothes; and the thousand and one other acts of a belligerent and restraining nature, it is clearly indicated that the "rebel monster" is being "vigorously" pushed to the wall.

Fire in Abraham I., surnamed "The Rail-splitter."

AN AMERICAN.

THE "DEVIL."—Here is a description of the mysterious thing called the "Devil," which the Confederates captured from our feet at Charleston:

"An iron frame floated to the water edge by pontoons, is pushed ahead of the Monitor as she runs in. Its length from the bow of the Monitor is from twenty to thirty feet. An aperture is made next to the vessel, of the shape of her bows, intended to receive it. The breadth of the "obstruction remover" is twelve feet.—From each side of the extremity a strong iron bar or shaft runs down also 12 feet, the Monitor drawing from eight to ten feet of water, thus rendering impossible for any torpedoes over which this "obstruction remover" passes to injure the vessel.

"A number of iron bars are used, not only to form the net work so as to either push or explode every torpedo less than 12 feet under water, but also to strengthen and steady the masts. At the bottom a heavy tie bar unites these two vertical rods, upon which rests the percussion torpedo, containing seven hundred pounds of powder. Above this is a hammer which catches in a spring so stiff as to require two men to set it, but constructed so that the lever which protrudes in front, forming the handle or other end of the hammer, will cause the spring to give with little pressure. This is to remove piles."

This "Devil" was invented by Capt. Ericsson at N. York, to clear channels of torpedoes and other obstructions. He sent four of the machines down, but three were lost in a gale. The other arrived safely at Hilton Head.

Prof. Winchell, State Geologist of Michigan, reports that the whole central area of the State, embracing one hundred and eighty-seven townships, or six thousand seven hundred square miles, is underlain by coal seams, ranging in thickness from three to five feet. Mines have been opened in several places, three at Jackson and one at Cornum, which last year yielded over twenty-five thousand tons. The coal resembles that in the Illinois beds in quality.

The Illinois Central Company have sold over sixty thousand acres of land during the last four months to upward of one thousand purchasers, for \$677,715.32.—The cash payments in the same period have been \$360,120.50.

The editor of the New Orleans Times says the corsets worn by the ladies of that city will bear a monstrous strain, judging from a lady he saw, who was so nearly cut in two that a man might be amenable for bigamy should he marry her.

Meeting of Colored Citizens.

(Reported for the Boston Courier.)

An enthusiastic meeting of colored citizens was held, a few evenings since, in the cellar of G. Washington Jefferson, North street. They were called together by the summons of an influential committee, for the purpose of considering the proposition of raising a colored regiment in Massachusetts.

Cesar Augustus Crow, Esq., was invited to the chair, and Julius Epaminondas Toney was requested to act as secretary. Upon taking the chair, Mr. Crow opened the meeting with the following eloquent remarks:

"Fellow Citizens and Caller'd Brethren: We is 'sembled in dese yere spacious halls on a most momentous 'casion. Bellion has played hold wild dis yere country, so dat white folks is all skereed, and now dey calls on us to save de country. Brethren is we ekal to do it? (Voice—"We am!") and vociferous cheers.) Yes, fellow citizens, is twenty-five tousand niggers more'n tree hund' tousand white men! dat's de question! (Voice—"Day is," and renewed stamps on the cellar floor.) Dem bein' yer sentiments, Mr. Toney'll please read de resolutions what's been drawn up."

Mr. Crow sat down upon a barrel amidst a storm of cheers peculiarly African.

The secretary then read the following resolutions:

- 1. Where show, lookin' back tru de vista ob dis war, we don't see nothin' encouragin', and lookin' tru de retrospect ahead, things looks wus'er ever, resolved, sunthin's got to be done!
2. Resolved, white folks haint done nothin'.
3. Resolved, it takes culler'd folks to do sunthin'.
4. Resolved, how's it gwine to be done?
5. Resolved, dat's de question!

The resolutions having been read, there was a great rush for the floor, and gentlemen treading upon the elongated heels of each other, there was no little confusion and outcry. Order being at length restored, Pompey Cole, Esq., was recognized by the—barrel.

Mr. Cole remarked, "Mr. Cheerman, I don't know 'bout dis yere ting. Fes place, afore we lies de Sout, I wants to know what we's got to do 'bout it? I read a story in de Courier tudder day 'bout some white fellah axin' a culler'd gemman if he didn't mean to 'list. Ses de culler'd gemman, ses he, 'look you here, white man! did you ever see two dogs a fightin' over 'Berry well, ses de culler'd gemman, 'dat ob bono fight'?"

Now den, Mize'r Cheerman on de barrel yander, dey tells us dis is a war for liberty—for to set den niggers out Souf fess. Well, who ax'd 'em to do it? Niggers out Souf didn't. He's better off afore den he is now, kicken' 'bout between two armies and a ketchin' it all round. Culler'd gemmen here at de Norf didn't ax 'em. S'pose we wants dem dirty niggers cirklatin' round here a takin' bizness out of our hands? Is we gwine to shave for six cents an' black boots for two cents, like dey can? No sah, no! My sentiments is, dat if white folks had waited till culler'd people and niggers had ax'd 'em to fight 'bout 'em, dere wouldn't been no fightin' no way! Guv'n'r Andrew can't cum it over dis chile. If he wants a dinner, Ie give him one, like Mr. Heyden did, 'cause I ain't proud; but he ain't gwine to get my shoulder behind a musket if he kias it all day long. No sah! an' what's more, white soldiers don't want 'us no more'n we want to go! Dis yere country'll be safer to let de white folks fight it out, an' to let de culler'd gemmen stay to home an' mind dere own bizness!"

The speech of Mr. Cole had such a convincing effect upon the assembly that the efforts of President Crow, who was the only durkey in the crowd who had received a five dollar bill from the Governor, were totally ineffectual for the preservation of order. The barrel upon which he had mounted was kicked from under him, but as he fortunately alighted upon his head he sustained no personal injury, so that he was not prevented from fulfilling his engagement to take tea with his Excellency on the following evening. His report of the proceedings of the meeting will probably be published at the expense of the State, unless it may be deemed inexpedient, as not computing with the public welfare.

A young lady of high accomplishments, the family being without a servant at the time, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau glancing at the harp and piano, exclaimed: "I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing?" "On the gridiron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying pan," replied she. "My mother is without a servant, and she says I must learn to finger those instruments sooner or later, so I have this day commenced a course of lessons."

A yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe; but where shall I cut it?" "Oh," said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, "I'll cut it at home."

Those "coffee-mill" guns—one hundred or more in number, ordered by the President—we are told, have proved to be of no practical value to the army of the Potomac, and are now laid up in a storehouse in Washington.

Ferguson, the poet, died of starvation. A splendid monument adorns his grave, and on it is written: "He asked for bread and ye gave him a stone." The finest sarcasm ever uttered.

When S.'s wife kicked him out of bed one cold night, says he: "See here, now, you'd better not do that again; if you do, it might cause a coolness."

A BOY WHO CONQUERED.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without father and mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy, or otherwise, until he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and had got in a habit of calling for his "bitters" occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the morning papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there and made his business known.

"Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant. "I'll attend to you soon." When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other habits, and, if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; and my name will not suit me."

John (that was his name) held down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly in his mind, who upon her death bed, called him to her side, and placed her emaciated hand upon his head, saying, "Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and the people gazed at him as he passed along, and the boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had mastered his weakness, and one hour had other drops of liquor, now to smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, "Sir, you very promptly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I am occasionally done what I ought not to do and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have made another solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor; nor to smoke another cigar, and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years this lad was a partner in the business and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance, as you can upon what points of character your destiny for good or evil depends.—Northern Farmer.

At a wedding, recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question: "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please!"

"Gosh a'mity, it's a gal. I was gwine to call that baby A. Linkum, but dat's all up wid me now," said Pompey. "Hush up, Pompey," said Dinah. "I's got a name for dat ar' baby, jis means de same ting 'zactly. I's gwine to cut out ar' baby Abty Linkum. Dis ar' ting, Dinah, int'ra fact."

An Irishman direct from the sod had got into a mess, and was knocked down. "And sure you wouldn't be after battin' ammu when he is down?" said Pat.

"Certainly not," said his antagonist. "Faix, then I'll just lay where I am."

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within the dark.

In life we shall find many men that are great and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.

Three things can never agree,—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one girl.

A man ceases to be a "good fellow" the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

Byron said he would rather have a nod from an American than a snuff box from an Englishman.

A cat of extraordinary intelligence was recently seen feeding a kitten with starch, to make it stand upright! This reminds us of a maid who drank a pint of yeast to make her rise early.

Jezebels.—Three eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar; one-half cup of milk or cream; one teaspoonful of pearl starch, flour enough to roll them out.