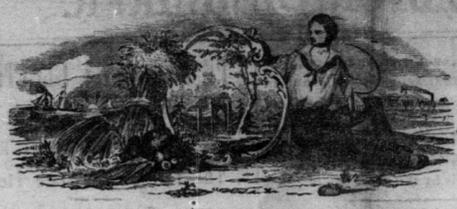


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Inquirer.

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BY DAVID OVER.

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SELECT POETRY.



From the Boston Courier.

THE COMET.
You ear of fire, though veiled by day,
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder, flew.
Duly in turn each orb of light,
From out the darkening concave broke:
Eve's glowing herald swam in light,
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning chords,
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray,
Then rose Altair, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise;
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame,
Across the startled skies?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts, at first,
The Fathers of the world.

No curious saga the scroll unrolls,
Vain quest to baffled science given,
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of Heaven.

In nature's plan thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere His order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone,
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister! We know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched thy flight, of yore,
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thus, translucent from thy blaze
Beams light to pierce this mortal cloud;
Scarcely a foot on this could gaze
And say—There is no God!

HYMN.

Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Disperses the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still on guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here:
Let all the people worship thee.

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

The character of the American is stamped with many and bold peculiarities. Schooled or unschooled, he never lacks capacity to accomplish what he undertakes—whatever is possible to man. He has an instinctive ingenuity which devises new ways to accomplish everything, his disposition is to out-loose from the antique and customary. Nothing delights him so much as experiment and hazard, and experiment he will, though the price be annihilation. What has made this Anglo-Saxon so different from his progenitor, so utterly unconservative? Nothing but the force of circumstances.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and of course the inspirer of the inventive, and who has had more necessity to battle than the American? A voluntary pilgrim to the wilderness, his life has been moulded and strengthened, and his wits sharpened by the very vicissitudes of his condition. It is almost strange that such an ordeal has not left him unsmooth and savage, but instead of this he is the frankest, most generous, and, if he chooses, the most polished of men. He who has felt peril, want and suffering, knows how to exercise human sympathies. The wilderness, rugged life, and comparative outward poverty of the American has made him independent, ingenious and noble, beyond the measure of ribbons and titles. He is born and bred to think and act for himself as soon as he is clear of the nursery.

And what giants have grown of his stock—men exalted in every art and profession. Heroes, sages and braves, and best of all, hard-working men, proud of their crafts and callings. Energy and endurance are synonymous with the American. These push him to the uttermost verge of things. They unfurl his sails in the remotest seas, and pluck imperial trophies for him from battle fields. By the qualities of his social organism and civilization he is carnivorous. He swallows up, and will continue to swallow up, whatever comes in contact with him—man or empire. Whoever closely scans the aspect of the genus man on earth, cannot fail to see that the Anglo-Saxon is destined to conquer the world—and the American branch of the family will get the larger share of the spoil.

INDIAN BRIDGE.

RELATED BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

Many years ago there lived a man in Contoocook by the name of Bowen—Peter Bowen—not a man of large substance, but still what we would call in New Hampshire, "a fore-handed man." Living on the frontier, he necessarily came much in contact with the Indians—sometimes in hostile contact. Fearless, and abounding in resources, he had gained a name among them, and there were few of their braves who would have cared to meet him single-handed. Not naturally quarrelsome, he had avoided unnecessary hostilities with the savages, and, indeed, had gained no little of their good will by many acts of generosity, for with no people more than with them, were his bravery and liberality held in high estimation.

Sabatias and Plausawa were the two principal chiefs of the tribe, the smoke of whose wigwags arose nearest the settlements of the English colonists. The first was of a sullen and vindictive disposition, and when excited by drink, intractable and savage. Plausawa was of a milder temperament, and felt better disposed towards the English. He had interchanged kind offices with them, and warned them more than once of plots against their safety.

At this time there was a truce between the Indians and the colonists, and both parties had agreed to punish any violation of it. If an Indian should be killed by an Englishman, the colonists promised to treat it as a capital crime, and the Indians, on their part, made a corresponding stipulation. There was peace between the crowns of France and England, and their respective colonies affected to keep it at least in name.

Relying upon this present good understanding, Sabatias and Plausawa one day made a hunting excursion upon the shores of the Merrimac, in which they were very successful. They were encountered, late in the afternoon, loaded with the skins of the animals they had killed, by two Englishmen, somewhere near Boseawen. Sabatias had procured drink from the settlers, always too eager to barter it for furs, and was in a quarrelsome humor. Plausawa, therefore, cautioned these men against any attempt to trade with him, and advised them to go home. "There are others of the tribe about," he said, "who would support Sabatias in any hostile demonstration." As they were departing, Sabatias cried out to them, "we want no more of you English here! I have evil in my heart, and if you do not leave our territories, and abandon them forever, we will take and life from you. We will drive the pale faces into the big water!" One of the men replied, "there is no fighting now between us, English and Indians are all brothers."

They had not gone far on their homeward road before they met Peter Bowen, and telling him of the threats of Sabatias, endeavored to persuade him to accompany them home. Bowen laughed. "Threatened men," he said, "live long. I would not prize a life held at the mercy of these savages. I will meet them in friendship or fight, as best suits them." The Indians had got into their canoe before he overtook them, and were going up the river. Bowen hailed them, and urged them to go to his house, where they would have a frolic and pass the night. After some reluctance on the part of Plausawa, they assented, and accompanied Bowen to his house in Contoocook. Bowen had many a deep carouse with the Indians and understood how to manage them.

He set before them drinking cups and bottles of rum, and leaving his wife—a woman as fearless and courageous as himself—to entertain them, went out of the room on pretext of going to the well for water. But while he was absent he drew the charges from their guns, which they had unsuspectingly left behind the door in the entry. The night wore on, and their potatoes were deep and oft repeated.

At first the Indians were greatly pleased—laughed at Bowen's stories, and called him brother; but by degrees, as they drank more deeply, they began to grow quarrelsome, abused the English and threatened their extermination. Bowen affected to treat their threats as jokes, but had all the while a watchful eye on their motions. At last the sun rose and the Indians said it was time to go home. They had not drunk so much but that they could walk as well as ever—the rum had only affected their brains. Bowen consented to take his horse and carry their baggage to the place where they had left their canoes. On the way Sabatias proposed to run a race against Bowen mounted; but the latter, judging from Sabatias' eye and manner that some mischief was intended, at first declined to run, but finally, on much urging, consented to run, taking however, good care to let the Indian outrun the horse. Sabatias seemed much pleased with his victory, and laughed heartily at Bowen for owing so sorry an annual. For awhile they travelled along after this in apparently good humor, until Sabatias, as they were nearing the river, turned around to Bowen and said, "the pale face must walk the woods with us"—that is, go with them as a prisoner. Bowen replied in seeming unconcern, that he could not walk the woods for Indians and Englishmen were now brothers. Whereupon Sabatias proposed a second race, and that Bowen should unloose his horse and start a little before him, "because," he said, "the horse of the pale face could not run so fast as Sabatias." This Bowen refused to do, but consented to start at the same time. They started, but the horse had not gone far ahead of the Indian before Bowen heard a gun snap, and looking around, saw the smoke and the gun pointed at him. He turned, and buried his tomahawk in the Indian's head. He then went back to meet Plausawa, who, seeing the fate of his friend, took aim at Bowen and fired; his gun flashed. Then he

begged Bowen to spare his life, pleaded his innocence of Sabatias' intent, and called to mind the many kind acts he had done to Englishmen, the lives of many whom his intercession had saved, but all in vain. Bowen knew very well that there never would be safety for him so long as the friend of Sabatias lived. One must die, and to secure himself, it was necessary to put Plausawa to death, and as the latter turned to fly he struck his tomahawk into his skull. The dead bodies he hid under a small bridge, ever after called Indian Bridge, where they were discovered the next spring.

The colonists at this time were desirous of being on good terms with the Indians, for whenever war broke out between them, the latter were always aided by the French in Canada. The sudden disappearance of men of such note as Sabatias and Plausawa, occasioned the borderers no little alarm; for some time their deaths were undiscovered, and when the manner of it became known, serious apprehensions were felt of Indian retaliation. Bowen was arrested and placed in Exeter jail, and the Indians were assured that proper punishment should be inflicted on him, according to the terms of the treaty. But the people of the vicinity assembled hastily and in large force, broke into the jail and released the prisoner. In those days killing Indians was no murder, and in this case, Bowen's friends maintained that the act was committed in self-defense; so perhaps, it might be considered, upon Bowen's account, without any rebutting circumstances. The fact that the Indians had large quantities of furs in their canoes, which Bowen appropriated as *opina spolia*, threw some suspicion upon his proceedings. However, he returned quietly to his home, and as the French war, called in Europe the Seven Years' War, soon after broke out, no further notice was taken of the act, and Bowen died at a good old age.

But the most extraordinary circumstances attending the transaction was its effect upon Bowen's son—a youth at the time of some dozen years. Either remorse at the father's deed, or apprehension of Indian revenge, kept his mind in continual agitation, and he grew up a reserved, wayward, incomprehensible person. He shunned intercourse with his fellow men, guarded his house with redoubled bolts, and slept with his gun beside him. Soon after he had arrived at man's estate, his anticipation of Indian revenge had become a monomania. He heard their voices in the sigh of the winds, the rustling of the leaf among the trees, the tread, and he saw their dusky faces in the waving grain. He dared not leave his house for fear of an ambush, or look out of a window lest a bullet of the lurking foe should hit him. Mortal fear sat at his table, pursued him like a phantom through the day, and in the deep watches of the night startled him from his unwholesome slumbers. This became, after a while unendurable, and he at last determined upon an act of seeming desperation.—Consulting or informing none of his friends, he left his home, journeyed into Canada, and surrendered himself to the tribe of the murdered men, as an expiatory sacrifice. The Indians, barbarous often in the treatment of their captives, seldom maltreated a voluntary prisoner. They took Bowen into their tribe, and the mother of the slaughtered Plausawa adopted him as her son. He became acquainted with their customs, joined their expeditions, participated in their fortunes, and, indeed, became one of them. In his old age, however, a desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood overtook him, and the Indians interposing no obstacle to his wishes, he left them, his Indian mother being dead, returned to Contoocook, and died in peace among his kinsfolk and neighbors, to whom his adventurous life furnished a never-failing theme of interesting conversation.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.—A traveled London lady gives the following incident, among others, to a circle of admiring friends, on her return from America:

"I was a dinnin' aboard a first-class steamboat on the Hooghly river. The gentleman next me, on my right, was a southerner, and the gentleman on my left was a northerner. Well, they gets into a kind of discussion on the habbillion question, when some 'igh words

barred. 'Please to retract, sir,' said the southerner.

'Won't do it,' said the northerner.

'Pray, ma'am,' said the southerner, 'will you 'ave the goodness to lean back in your chair?'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said I, not knowin' what was a comin', when what does my gentleman do but shoots out a 'oss pistol, as long as my harn, and whips my left- and neighbor dead! But that wasn't half, for the ballet comin' out of the left temple, wounded a lady in the side. She huttered an 'orrific scream.

'On my word, ma'am,' said the southerner, 'you needn't make so much noise about it, for I did it by mistake.'

'And was justice done?' asked a horrified listener.

'Hinstantly, dear madam,' answered Miss L.—'The cabin passengers set right to work and lynched him. They 'ung 'im in the lamp-chains, right over the dinnin'-table, and then finished their dessert. But for my part, it quite spoiled my huppattie.'

'Blast your stingy old skin!' said a runner to a competitor, before a whole depotful of bystanders!

'I knew you when you used to hire your children to go to bed without their supper, and after they got to sleep, you'd go up and steal their pennies, to hire them with again the next night.'

PROFANITY.

BY J. D. WILLIAMSON.

It is lamentable to look abroad through this civilized and enlightened country, and behold how widely and how almost universal is the prevalence of this sin. In the halls of depravity which mar the face of this otherwise beautiful earth, the name of God may be heard mingling with the obscene jest, the vulgar joke, the riot of debauchery, and the swagger of intemperance. In the marts of business it is uttered by thoughtless tongues amid the chattering of trade and the bargaining of avarice.—In the family and social circle, in the solemn hall of legislation, and the houses called seats of justice, in the presence of magistrates and judges, in the warehouses and workshop; yea, everywhere save only in the pulpit, and sometimes even there, the holy name of God is used with lightness and irreverence—showing that his mention awakens no veneration, and consequently is seldom, if ever associated with the idea of that all-gracious and ever-present Being to which it belongs.

Nor is this practice the less sinful because it is so common. In all its forms and phases it indicates a soul in which the first step in the religious life has not been taken. It speaks of a heart hardened and constantly hardening; a soul which has no positive appreciation of the idea of fealty or duty to God, and which needs but the occasion and the temptation to steep itself in crimes of darker dye. Think not that a mere act of the pulpit. It is more than that it is a solemn truth. I do not say that such an one must be an outbreking offender, or what the world calls a decidedly vicious man, so far as his outward acts are concerned, but I do say that the strongest barriers against the floods of iniquity are in his case broken down. He may pass among his fellows for a good man in the main, having but one blemish in his character and that may be thought a slight one, but the truth is, it is a worm at the root of the tree, and that tree cannot flourish till the worm is removed. He may be a good husband and father from the natural love he bears to his wife and children; he may be a good neighbor or friend from natural kindness of heart; he may be an honest man in his dealings from the conviction that honesty is the best policy; he may be a good theologian from the perceptions of a clear and discriminating intellect, and may support a high reputation for piety and usefulness. All these things such a man may do, from one cause and another; but the fatal effect is, he will do nothing from a sense of duty—nothing because his duty to God requires it, and yet this is the beginning of virtue.

How, indeed can the profane man talk into purity? The admission of that word into his vocabulary is an acknowledgment that there is something due from him to his Creator and if anything is due, surely common civility and decent respect for his name may be reckoned among the debts. But if he refuses these, and instead thereof uses God's name in jest and derision, and in associations to which he would not degrade the name of a favorite servant, much less that of a friend, how dare that man talk of duty.

Besides all this the vice now under consideration is so destitute of an apology, so utterly inexcusable, that its causes can be traced to nothing else than an obliquity of moral vision, or obtuseness of perception, which cannot or will not see the right, or which cares not for the difference between the right and wrong.—It therefore indicates a moral depravity, deeper and more blameworthy than that which is necessary to account for crimes which rank higher in the catalogue of iniquity. There is no constitutional infirmity, no hope of gain, no raging thirst or appetite claiming satisfaction, no love of honor or praise, no strong temptation moving a man to blaspheme the name of God, that may be urged in extenuation of the crime. It is but the free and unsoiled outgush of a spirit that loves the wrong for its own sake and which watonly insults the majesty of heaven, without even the miserable apology of a provocation or a shadow of reason for doing so.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness from its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek, through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you amid trials which for a time seems utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single low room, the soft couch for a straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the un pitying world pass you with scarcely a word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to the earth and leave you in fearful darkness. The noble manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all the sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet

anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence because your confidence has been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and beset in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged with thorns, or repine sifolfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in Heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your looks are white, your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit, which would shield you from the winter of the heart.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Mr. Williams, the editor of the Utica Herald, has reached Palestine in the course of his Eastern wanderings. The following is an extract from his last letter describing the "Holy City."

"There was one 'Holy Place' in Jerusalem I sought in vain to visit—the site of the Temple of Solomon. It is, as you know, occupied by the principle Mosque of the city—the Mosque of Omar. Including the enclosure, it occupies the whole southwestern portion of the city, and appears to be one of the most imposing edifices I have seen in the East.—Hisberto strangers have been permitted to visit it by paying a modest backsheesh of from five to fifteen dollars each; but of late the Mohammedans have been 'growing no better fast' in the matter of toleration, and this year have saucily shut the door of the sacred edifice in the teeth of the whole squad of 'Christian dogs.'

"I attempted to look into the enclosure, but a Turkish sentinel offered to make me a present of the contents of a very rusty musket, while an old vagabond who stood near suggestively drew his finger across his throat, indicating by such suggestive that in case I should enter I should for the future be relieved of the bore of carrying a head upon my shoulders. Mohammedans have also placed some sacred edifice or other over the tomb of David, so that no Christian is permitted to see the resting place of the great Psalmist. And I may here remark, that there is no sadder spectacle in all this curse-stricken land than that of Arabs, and, if possible, still more degraded Turks, lording it over the sacred city. The ground once pressed by the feet of Solomon, and David, and Christ, now echoes to the tread of Moslem, and Jaussiry, and the drivelling Dervish. While the Jew is covering in obscure places, the Moslem struts with the air of one who treads on thrones; while the Christian begs permission to kneel at the tomb of his Saviour, the Turk disdainfully proclaims himself monarch of all he surveys. While the 'Holy Sepulchre' is nominally in the hands of the Christian, Turkish soldiers keep guard at the door, and a Turkish Pacha keeps the key."

"Did thee receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?"
'Yes, father.'
'Then, why did thee not buy a new coat? thy present one is very fragile.'
'Why, the fact is, I left all my money at the bank at New Orleans.'
'Ah, thy economy is certainly commendable. In what bank?'
'I do not exactly remember in what bank, father. I know it was a very good one, as it had a scriptural name. It was—um—let me see—it was the Pharaoh bank, I think.'
'So, banks are very unsafe, now, and thee had better send for thy money immediately.'
'So, took a coughing spell.'

"Mother wants to know if you will please lend her your preserving kettle—'cause you know, we wants to preserve."
'We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never used it since.'
'Well, you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't trouble you again, only we seen you bring home a new one.'

Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy:
'The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in book maslin, has returned with a terragant in hoops.'

A person named Owen Moore once left his creditors somewhat unceremoniously upon which a rag wrote
Owen Moore has run away
Owin' more than he could pay.

An Indian was lately hung in Texas for the murder of a child. When on the scaffold he said he was going to Arkansas, and wished the other Indians to send his gun to him after he should get there.

A dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer that he cannot put a new boot or shoe on without "puttin his foot in it."

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers after one maiden.

MASSACRE OF FIVE YOUNG GIRLS IN SPAIN.

At Vich, in the province of Catalonia, on the 21st ult., six young girls, of the ages of 23, 21, 14, 13, 12, 10 years, were walking home from Matas cotton mills, which are situated near the village of Rodas, to Lagarolas, they were stopped by two miscreants, who pistol in hand, obliged them to turn back to a solitary place in the Serra-da-wood. Here they were ordered to sit down, and while one wretch kept guard over five, the other hid the eldest a few paces off and plunged his long Catalan knife into her throat. Her dying shriek was heard by her companions, who one by one, were led away and butchered. The youngest of all, a child of ten years, on receiving a wound in the neck fell, feigning death, upon which the assassins, after taking the little money the girls had about them, went to the village of Rodas where they lived.

The crime was perpetrated at night. The wounded child remained motionless until daylight, when she crawled to a neighboring farm house. When the authorities arrived at the seat of crime, they found the three eldest girls dead, and two desperately wounded.—The cause of this bloody act is said to have been jealousy, arising from some display of coquetry at a ball, the preceding Sunday, where the prettiest of the girls, the one 21 years of age, refused to dance with one of the assassins, or to return him a ring, or some other love token. He had then looked for an accomplice, and found one in a neighbor. The accomplice, it appears from the deposition of the child, would have spared the younger ones, but the other alleging the danger of discovery, insisted upon their completing their butcher's work.

HORSE AND A CORPSE TIED TOGETHER THREE WEEKS.—Early in August, Joo Rawle, a lad 16 years, living in Volcano, Amusee county, who had vainly been endeavoring to obtain his father's consent to go to Frazer River, disappeared, taking with him a valuable horse belonging to the family. It was supposed that he had started for Frazer River, and so little anxiety was felt in regard to him. On the 15th of August his body was found in the Butte Ditch, a few miles east of Jackson, attached by a tarrin' to a half dead horse.—From appearances, the boy, on the night after leaving home, lay down to sleep, with the horse tied to his person to prevent his escape. The animal, becoming unmanageable through cold, during the night, had run off, and dragged his master by the rope, until the boy's life was extinct. Afterwards, the horse had continued to graze around, dragging the body with it for three weeks. Finally the corps had been dragged into a ditch where it became entangled, beyond the horse's strength to extricate it. In his efforts to pull loose, the horse had cut his neck with the rope. The boy's remains were horribly mutilated. Most of his limbs were broken, and the flesh rubbed bare from the body.

There are various ways of pronouncing the word *tomato*. I formerly spoke it as if I spelt tomato, until after the occurrence which I shall now relate. Some years since, while dining at a hotel in this city, I accosted one of the colored gemen as follows:

"Waiter, had me the tomatatoes?"
The negro looked puzzled for an instant, and glanced his eye up and down the table, until it lighted upon some potatoes, which he politely handed me. I rejected the dish, and said,

"I asked for the tomatatoes!"
'Yes, Sa!' he answered, his face assuming the same puzzled look as he glanced over the table until, seeing a dish of egg-plant, he brought it to me.

Now, as I am extremely fond of this delicious vegetable, I helped myself plentifully to it—when, thinking he had discovered what I at first asked for, he leaned down and patronizingly whispered in my ear—

"We don't call 'em dat here, Sa! we calls 'em egg-plants."
I will only add that when I asked for the "tomatatoes," they were immediately handed to me.

A SHARP BARGAIN.

It was hard to catch 'Old Jack Jones' in a place too tight for him to get out. The following occurred recently at Odartown Court.—There had been a hard frost the night before, and some of the knowing ones prophesied an entire failure of the wheat crop.

'I've got one hundred acres,' says old Jack, 'that'll take one hundred dollars for.'

'Jack'll give it, and hand you the money in an hour,' said Mitchell.

Before the expiration of an hour, a negro from the plantation reported the wheat uninjured, and Mitchell advanced money in hand.

'Thank you,' says Jones. 'When will you take your wheat away?'

'Take it away! Why, as soon as it is ripe.'
'No, you don't. You must out it this week. I want to plough up that field and put it in corn.'

A Frenchman built a four story house.—Being on the roofs of their respective houses one day, the one on the low house exclaimed to the other:

'What for you build so high there?'

To which the Frenchman replied, 'De ground is very cheap up here.'

A SPECULATION.—Two brothers went into a speculation. One went to Georgia to buy a farm, and shook hands with all the farmers and children on the route. In about two weeks, the other followed with an itch ointment and found a great demand for his remedy.

A miser grows rich by seeing poor; the extravagant man grows poor by seeing rich.