BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.

THE VOICE THAT WINS ITS WAY.

If words could satisfy the heart, The hearth might find less care; But words, like summer birds, depart, And leave but empty nir.

A little said, and truly said, Can deeper joy impar Than hosts of words which reach the head But never touch the heart.

A voice that wins its sunmy way A lonely home to cheer, Hath oft, the fewest words to say, But, O, those few, how dear!

YIELD NOT TO DARK DESPAIR.

Hast thon one heart that loves thee. In this dark world of care, Whose gentle smile approves thee ? Yield not to dark despair!

One hand whose loving fingers Are pressed in thine alone? One fond, confiding bosom , Whose thoughts are all thine owa?

One tenthful voice to mide thee. And bless thee in distress ? One breast, when thou are weary, Whereon thy head to rest?

Till death thy form has shrouded, And cold that heart so warm, Till death the earth has clouded, Heed not the passing storm .

Then hast one tie to bind thee. And little life buds rare-Let love, sweet love, estwine thee In this dark world of care !

> THE LITTLE ONE. MATT. NIX 13, 15.

And is true what I am told, That there are lamba within the fold Of God's beloved Son That Jesus Christ with tender care. Will in his arms most gently bear The helpless "little one ?"

O yes? I've heard my mother say, He never sent a child away, That scarce could walk or run For when the parent's love besought, That he would touch the child she brought, He blessed the "little one."

And I, a little straying lamb, May come to Jesus as I am, Though goodness I have none; May now be folded to his breast, As birds within the parent's nest,

And he can de all this for me, Because in sorrow on the tree He once for sinners hung: And having washed their sins away He now rejoices, day by day,

Others there are who love me too ; But who with all their love can do What Jesus Christ has done ?... Then if he teaches me to pray, I'll surely go to bim and say, Lord bless thy "little one."

Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed, And by his mercy gently led, My greatest pleasure will be this, That I'm a little lamb of His, W ho loves the "little one."

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING. We heard, a night or two since, a tolerable good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and se many steamboats lost their

sky-riggings. A raft was just emerging from lake Pepin as the squall same. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybo's, while the waves broke over | a innersent kiss at partin? with tremendous uproar, and expecting instant destruction, the raftsman dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a spirit equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into

water at the side of the reit. What's that yer doin', Mike? said he; get down on yer knees, now, for there isu't a minute between us and Purgatory?

Be alsy, Pat, said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole? -be assy, now! what's the use of praying when feller can tetch bottom with a pole?

Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can tetch bottom.

There is a man in Greenbush-says the Troy News-who believes in rotation of crops. One year be raises nothing; the next year

IF A fortune won in a day is lost in a day: a fortune won slowly, and slowly compacted, seems to acquire from the hand that won it a

ing rose of Time, by the same breath that first also was from London, and had been frezen in your business to get over it as soon as possigreated them

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG SHAKERS.

One of our cotemporaries has a witty correspondent who purports to be a traveling showman, and of course meets with various experience. In his last letter he gives some of his experience among the Shakers, in whose "settlement," he had to stop over night, partaking of their bospitality:

I sot down to the table, and the female in the meal bag powed out some tea. She sed nothin, and for five minits the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock which tict in a subdeed and bashful manner in the corner. This deathly stillness made me un-easy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "marriage is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?

"The sexes liv strictly apart, I 'spect?"

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a whinnin voice, "that so fair a made as thow never got hitched to sum likely teller."

[N. B .- She was upward of forty, and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]
"I don't like men," she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they'er a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without

"Us poor wimmin' folks would git along a great deal better if there was no men! You'll excuse me, marm, but I don't think that air would work.

It wouldn't be regler. I'm fraid of men! she said.

That's onnecessary, marm. You sin't in no danger. Don't free yourself on that pint.

Here we're shut out of the sinful world.—

Here all is peas. Here we are brothers and

We don't marry, and consekently we have no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives -- wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no child:en here to worrit us. Nothing to worris us here. No wicked matrimony

Would thou like to be one of these Shak-

No, sez I, it sin't my stile. I had now histed in as big a load of provishans as I could carry comfortable, and leanin' back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth

The female went out, leavin' me all alone with the clock. I haven't set that long before Tou're a man of sin! he sed, and grouned

aud went away. Direckly that cum in two young Shakeressess, as pretty and slick lookin' gals as I ever

They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got

I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, my pretty dears, how are you?

We are well, they solumly sed.

War's the o'd man? sed I, in a kind of soft

Of whom dost thou speak -brother Uriah? I mean the gay and festive cuss who calls me man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name are all taken off, and a mark of red powder

He has retired.

Are you a Shaker, sir? they axed.

they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'cm .--As it is, I'm a Shaker protemporary. They was full of fun, I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em

puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, my pretty dears,

ear I go, you have no objections, have you, to

Yay, they sed, and I yay'd.

A FROZEN SHIP .- A whaling vessel, which sailed from Loudon in the year 1840, found in the Polar sea a ship embedded in the ice, with sails furled, and no signs of life on board .-The captain and some of the erew descending into the cabin, found coiled upon the floor a large Newfoundland dog, apparently asleep, but when they touched it they found the animal was dead, and frozen as hard as stone .in the cabin was a young lady seated at the table, her eyes open as if gazing at the intruders in that desolate place. She was a corpse! and had been frozen in an apparently resigned and religious attitude. Beside her was a young man, who it appeared was the commander of the brig, and brother to the lady. He was sitting at the table, dead, and before him was a sheet of paper, on which was written, "our cook has endeavored to strike a light since ever." In another part of the cabin stood wife with hands and face unwashed at breakyesterday morning, but in vain; all is cow the cook, with the flint and tinder in hand, fro- fast. zen, in the vain endeavor to strike the fire that could alone save them. The terrors of the that place over fourteen years.

A Sad Picture.

Go with me, in imagination, to the grave yard of a country poor house, in a sister comnonwealth, and the spot allotted to the mor-al remains of a victim of inebriation once a Lawyer.—How old are you? tal remains of a victim of inebriation once a star in the professional galaxy of his native and the rugged brier have well nigh obliterated the hillock from the gaze of men, and these is it? are the only monuments that mark the spot .-Who sleeps there! Alas! I tremble at the reminiscences that cluster around the shapeless heap of earth. Often, ducing my residence in the West, I had heard the glittering prospects that environed the pathway of the young professor. His elequence and teaching powers left. wen for him golden opinions. In the walks of professional life, too, he met on every side the approving smile and the salutations of do it, I will. About twelve years ago you friends who esteemed him a ministering angel studied in Judge B.'s office, did you not my in the chamber of sickness, and who felt that his skill had saved their loved ones from the grasp of death. The gourd seemed to be of I wan you would lend me fifteen dollars to seed desolation into every fibre of the plant.—
This man bad failed in every outset of life:

stimulous of the brandy goblet. The victim was tottering on a fearful declivity, unconscious of the abyes that might soon engulf him forever. The stone, rolling from the hill-toop, could not be checked in its rush to ruin by a force less potent than Almightiness. The warning of dearest friends were unabaded.—
Cast, beyond retrieve, was the die, and the terribe issue not far in the distance. The errait oprofessor lost his place in the school of meaning pro

Travelers tell us that America is the country where more young and pretty widows are seen than in any other -owing to intense overwork by which our men kill themselves, and

As the widows are so large a class, let us copy for them a passage from the book of "Gangooly," giving an account of what widowhood is in Bengal:

"The very day a girl becomes a widow, her e lored clothes, silver and golden ornaments. which every married woman wears on the forebead, is rubbed out. Henceforth she is to, Walt, my pretty dears sez I, lets have sum dress in white, and wear no ornament of any kind whatever during her lifetime. Her daily Let's play pass in the corner. What say meals are reduced to one, and that is prepared in the simplest way possible. She is strictly prohibited the use of any sort of animal food. Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed This restriction has been carrried to such an my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if extreme, that, if a scale of fish be found in the plate of a widow, she must immediately stop eating and go without food the same day Each widow is required to cook her own food, and abstain entirely from food and drink two days, aka-thusly, in every month. There are other fasting days for this class of wretched women, but the young ones feel satisfied with observing the two fixed ones. Who can witness the sufferings, the sighs of the Bengalee widow of thirteen or fourteen years, on the fast days, without pity? In the warm days of April, when the burning sun dries up the ponds of their water, scorches the leaves of the trees, these poor victims to the rigidness of superstition, faint and pant in hanger and

If they are dying on the aka-thusly day, a little water will be put to the lips, merely to wet them. In order to escape these continual sufferings, it has been the practice with many widows to barn themselves with the corpse of the husband, and though the subtle Bramins inculcated various rewards for the burning of the Shuttee, yet I cannot see anything more weighty than the putting an end at once to all their troubles, even at the guilt of suicide .-They have no hope of ever cheering their widowbood in the world."

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper:
Made their escape, a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his

Don't believe any woman to be an anseamen led the captain from the spot, who gel. If you feel any symptoms of that disease, one that's had the measels, and understands seamen led the captain from the spot, who get. If you reel any symptoms of that disease, one that a disease, one that such disease, one t leaves blown, one by one, from the ever open- to of the ill fated ship. It appeared that she as much a malady as the small-pox, and it is by writing a billy dux, addressed Z-R

TAKING DOWN A LAWYER.

The following is an extract from the Valedictory address of Prof. Mitchell to the recently graduating class at Jefferson College, Phila-A story is told of a very eminent lawyer in a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A. should impeach the wit-

Witness-Seventy-two years.

Witness-I don't know but it is. Lawyer - State some circumstance which oc-

Judge-Yes, sir; state it. Witness--Well, sir, if you compel me to

Witness--well, sir, I remember vour father vigorous growth, and for a time none had a coming into my office and saying to me, "Mr. misgiving in respect of the future. But a D, my son is to be examined to morrow, and poisonous worm was at the root; and it infu-

amber, abandoned him as a hopeless outcast, among the Saxons the mark or cross, as an at-

It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsty, and their shiny silky har was hid from sight by long white eyes, such as I spose female goets wear, but their eyes sparsled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin buff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother,

It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the suome after years and bags like the suome after years and the previsty, and their shiny silky har was hid from sight by long white object the succeeding night the same throw stuns at his grandmother, and his remains repose in a corner of a graveyard of the county peor house.

It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the old man found everything as usual about the cavern: even the passage, through which he had walked the night before, was entirely blocked up. But the succeeding night the same succeedi hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its origional obscurity.

If dandies wear their beards there will be less work for the barbers. He who wears his mustache will have something to sneeze at.

nistress an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it is true. He that looses his hair this year will grow

He that looses his wife will become a wide

If a young lady should happen to blush she will look red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will lf she dream of him four times or have the

toothache, it is ten to one that she is a long time in geting either of them out of her head. If any one jumps over board without knowing how to swim, it is two to one that he gets If any one lends an umbrella, it is ten to one

he is obliged to go home in the rain for his Whoever runs in debt this year will be dun-

Many an old sinner will resolve to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out blank.

It is probable that if there is no business doing, people will complain of hard times, but it is certain that those who hang themselves will escape starvation. He that bites off his nose, or turns politician,

will act like a fool, and this is the most certain

Billy, how did you lose your finger? Easy enough, said Billy. I suppose you did; but how!
I guess you'd a lost yourn, if it had been,

where mine was. That don't answer my question. Well, if you must know, said Billy, I had to cut it off or steal the trap.

A Down Easter advertiser for a wife in the following manner

"Any girl what's got a cow, a good feather bed and oxen, five hundred in hard putur, and

A Ghost in the Swallow's Nest.

Near the town of Heidelberg, in Germany, is an old ruin called the "Swallow's Nest," which many years ago was the resort of a band of lawless free-booters. Some travelers who recently passed a few days in the vicinity of the "Swallow's Nest," came aeross an old man whose long, grisly locks, straying over his shoulders, his flowing beard, his haggard face and decrepid form, made him seem like a forgotten representative of the old race of menthat knew the robber knights in the height and glory of their power; and when he spoke, his voice sounded like a call from the kingdom of the dead, it was so feeble, so hollow, and so vacant of all life. Having heard of his wonderful familiarity with the ghostly realms, they questioned him about his experience, and gradually drew him into an animated conversation. Sitting down on a mossy stone, and leaning his gray chin on his steff, he told story after story of ghosts and strange apparations which had appeared to him at night in those melancholy hunts. And he told them all in such 3" unaffected, serious manner, that they couldn't help believing them as firmly as he did. One of these stories was a very remerkable one, and was to the following effect:

About five hundred years a 20, the daring freeboor r who then made Swallow's Nest the terror of the day and mark out with a chin instead of a plow. The

chamber, abandoned him as a hopeless outcast, and the murkey tokens of poverty speedily fostened their death gripe on soul and body.

Did be reform at the eleventh hour? On the contrary, he felt that he was a doomed sot and very soon all that had once been laminous and full of promise in intellect, sent out in utter darkness. He gave up the ghost among kinged on the contrary have the spins, and where is he? Did not of the sum ready parrons or boon companions take the cold penning and honor it with a spot in some lovely genetry? Not at ail. Unwept and alone he found a hiding place in a dishonored grave.

And in a weekly sheet the melancholy record of his doom ran thus:

"Did do not make the passed of the person sign in the left of the preson sign in the ground, and not in the ground, and not in the summer might, this old man, sleeping, as usual, in a sheltered corner of the castle yard, had a too summer might, this old man, sleeping, as usual, in a sheltered corner of the castle yard, had a too summer might, this old man, sleeping, as usual, in a sheltered corner of the castle yard, had a too summer might, this old man, sleeping, as usual, in a sheltered corner of the castle yard, had a too summer might, this old man, sleeping, as usual, in a sheltered corner of the castle yard, had a velocity of suffering and trouble. She wasked on the air, as if it were a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are always that once led to the dungeous, she entered the dark passage, which immediately became if it were a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are they are a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are they are a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are they are a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are they are a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are they are a solid floor. Proceeding to the marrow are they are they dearn it is those who could write, or even read, bis knowledge was considered proof of the floor and the surface of the floor and the surface of the floor and the surface of the floor and the surfac

Next morning the old man found everything as chine, have made as nice sugar as I ever saw.

the birds and worms from eating the seed. One villagers descended, hamp in hand, to explore the underground place, and the rest followed. The staircs e proved to be short. At the foot lay two skeletons! Between the ribs of the larger one a rusty dagger was sticking! The superstitious peasants took a single look, rushed up the steps, and regained the daylight with the wings which terms always adds to the church place.

ENFORCE THE BIRD LAWS.—The Legislatures of several States have enacted stringent game. terror always adds to the clumsy beels of untutored

The Mountain Democrat is responsible for the following:

A disappointed candidate called for an 'eye opener' in the Orleans Hotel, Sacramento .. The barkeeper speedily completed a cocktail, and was topping it off with absynth. What's that? what's that demanded the

man outside of the counter. It's absynth, sir. It'll give you a good

Appetite! bah! take that stuff out; take is

Agricultural.

About five hundred years \$20\$, the daring free-boo r who then made Swalow's Nest the terror of all good and peace-oving cftizens, rode one cay, at the head of a base of armed retainers, into the very cours of the Heidelberg castle, and abducted a beautiful youn 3 lady, a princess, killing her faithful maid and wounding several of her attendants. The pursuit was hot; but the freebooter regained his castle in salety, taking with him his noble captive. It was an act as foolish as it was and actions; for it rouled against the perpetrator the weath of weather is moist and warm. One of the varieties

could make sugar in kettles, but with Cook's ma-

He told his story in the village, where, at first, no one thought of attaching the least inportance to it; but he insisted so strongly that there must riment of Dr. Chamberlin, which goes to show that, PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1861.—The year of 1861 will be something on it worth searching out, that at last a few of the most substantial villagers obtained year of 1861 will be a very eventful one to every maiden who gets married.

Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes the nights grow dark. If dandies wear their beards there will be something in two the sarching out, that at last is of choride of lime and copperac, much time may be saved in the germination of corn. In his office, Dr. C. had four boxes, in one of which crowned with success; a large apartment was reached, which the old man immediately receptized as the place where the apparition had stopped.

If dandies were their beards there will be If dandies wear their beards there will be so work for the barbers. He who wears his swork for the barbers. He who wears his store floor, but could discover no signs of a trapstore floor, but could discover no signs of a trapatter an hour's search they gave up in despair, rating their own folly in having allowed themselves to be made the dupes of a half-witted old man.

"We might have known, as usual, before be said was soaked in a solution of chloride of lime and store floor. The third, the seed was soaked in a solution of chloride of lime and store floor. The third, the seed was soaked in a solution of chloride of lime and store floor. The third, the seed was soaked in a solution of lime, and the green blades were just the third, the seed was soaked in a solution of lime, and the green blades were just to be made the dupes of a half-witted old man.

"We might have known, as usual, before be." nning," exclaimed one of them, striking the copperas, equal parts, and the blades were nearly three inches above the ground. All the needs were To the astonishment of all, the smitten floor taken from the same ear, were planted at the same side as consument of an, the smitten noor, and disclosed a narrow staircase, leading, time, in the same quality of soil, and had an equal mently to subterranean dungeons. After a share of light and heat. The copperds will keep apparently to subterrmean dangeous. After a pardonable hesitation of a few minutes, one of the

> tures of several States have enacted stringent game laws for the protection of animals, birds, and fish, But a few days afterwards the castle was again and it becomes farmers particularly to see that the visited by a more courageous (because larger) com-pany. The secret chamber was indeed found, but the two skeletens had crambled to dust. There ing two ske'etens had crumbled to dust. There lay the darger, and near it were found several rugs, a bracelet and a silver cross.
>
> The mystery was, if possible greater now than before. Were the bone those of the Princess and the Baron? But how came he there? The dagger suggests one solution. He probably found her uncopquerable, and shut her min that salks. Let her unconquerable, and shut her up in that subter-ranean prison. Going down one night to see whether she was tamed or not, he threatened her a gun under penalty for traspase. This was the a gun, under penalty for trespass. This may be with the dagger, she seized it, and in a frenzy stabbed him to the heart. Then, unable to open the trap-door, she perished of hunger. But why laws exist. Let every bird murderer be dealt with the trap-door, she perished of hunger. But why was not the existence of this chamber betrayed by the Baron's retainers? In one corner of it was found an iron chest, containing a few old coins, rings, bracelets, chains, necklaces and other costly articles. This renders it probable that the chamber was the Baron's private treasury, and that its existence was known only to himself. The truth will probably never be known.

The convicts in the penitentiary of Mississippi are engaged in manufacturing ten is, for the army of the State.

A Ban Boy .- Daddy, I want to ask you a

question? What, my son. Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit bill! I can't tell, son?

Because you can't pass it! 13 Why don't you ask your sweet-heart to I have asked her.

What did she say? Oh, I have the refusal of her.