



### THE WIDOW BEDOTT TRADES WITH A PEDLAR.

Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

"Good morain' marm! can I trade any with ye to-day?"

"Land o' liberty! I want to know if that's you, Jabe Clark!"

"Taint nobody else—but raly you've got the advantage of me."

"Hev hay! well I guess its the first time anybody got the advantage of ye—do ye remember them shoes ye sold me in Wiggleton?"

"Jingo! I'll be darned if 'taint the Widder Bedott! why—ye look younger and handsomer than ever—"

"It took them shoes to stir up yer memory—I always tho't I'd hev a reck'nin' with ye about comin' such a trick on me—"

"But Widder—"

"None o' yer bots—didnt ye tell me they were frustate leather—and worth ten shillin, every cent on't—but seein' 'twas me I mout hev 'em for a dollar, say! and didnt they bust out at the sides and run down at the heels and split on the instep in less than a weeks time—and didnt ye know they would se've me so when ye sold 'em to me—say!"

"But Widder ye know—"

"Yes I know—I know 'twant the first time you'd cheated me—but I rather guess 'twas the last time—and I 'aint the only one that's made up their minds not to hev any more deal with ye—Sam Pendergrasses' wife says if ever you darken her doors again you'll ketch it."

"Well, Miss Bedott, to tell ye the plain truth, them shoes has laid heavy on my conscience for some time back—I dew confess with compunction that I had some shortcomin's in those days—I did use to get the better o' my customers sometimes in a bargain—I've felt quite exercised about it lately. Ye see, Widder, I warnt activated by religious principles then, that was the difficulty."

"Do ye mean to insinuate that ye've met with a change?"

"I think I may confidentially say I hev."

"How long since?"

"Wal, about a year and a half. I experienced religion over in Vermont, at one o' brother Armstrong's protracted meetings. I tell ye Widder, them special efforts is great things—ever sence I come out I've felt like a new critter."

"Well, I hope you've acted like one, and restored four fold, as scripture commands, to them you've got the better of. If ye did I guess yer pockets was cleaned out amazin' quick."

"I'm free to say, I hev made restitution as far as I was able."

"Well then ye'd better hand over that dollar I paid you for them shoes—or at least six shillin on't, they warnt worth over twenty-five cents at the furdest."

"Wal, I'll tell ye widder how I generally dew in such cases. I make a practice o' lettin' on 'em trade it out, (he begins to open his boxes.) I've got a lot o' goods that'll make yer eyes water, I guess. I make it a pint o' carryin' a finer stock than any other travellin' merchant in this section."

"Ye neednt undew 'em—I haint no notion o' tradin'."

"But 'twont cost nothin' to jest look at 'em, ye know—there, them pocket handkerchiefs is superior to any thing ye'll find this side o' New York."

"Wonderful thin though."

"Sheer, ye mean, that's what they call sheer, a very desirable quality in linnen cambric. I tell ye widder, there aint no such handkerchiefs in Scrabble hill."

"I'll bet a cent they're half cotton."

"Half cotton! jingo! they aint half cotton—I'll stak my reputation on't—I mean my present reputation."

"What do ye ax for 'em?"

"Wal, them handkerchiefs had orto fetch twelve shillin a piece. I never sold none for less, but bein' as I didnt dew exactly the fair thing about the shoes, if ye'll take a couple I'll strike off tew shillin, and let ye hev 'em for tew dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Land o' liberty! ye scare me Jabe! I'm wantin' some nice handkerchiefs—wonderfully jest now, but dear me! I'd go without to the end o' my days afore I'd pay such a price for 'em."

"Wal, them say tew dollars fifty cents, I'm willin' to let 'em go for fifty considerin' the shoes."

"Twenty shillin! it's awful high, I want give it."

"Say eighteen shillin then, nobody could ax less than that, I'm sure."

"Eighteen shillin! it's tew much—I can't afford it."

"Tew dollars then—take 'em for tew dollars—it's the same as givin' on 'em away. I tell ye widder, ye wouldnt git such a chance if it wasnt for my feelin's in relation to them shoes. I told ye they were worth twelve shillin a piece, and now I offer 'em tow you for

tew dollars a pair, one dollar struck off, that's all ye paid for the shoes."

"I never gin so much for hanerchers in all my born days, can't ye take no less!"

"Not a cent widder, not a cent."

"Well then I dont feel as if I could afford to take 'em."

"And so I spose I may as well put 'em up agin—wal, I'm sorry, not that it would be any object to me to let 'em go so cheap, only I thought I'd like to set my mind at rest about the matter o' the shoes. I've offered to make it up, and you've refused to have it made up, so the fault is yourn, not mine, my conscience is clear; if folks will persist in standin' in their own light I can't help it, that's all," (he replaces them in the box.)

"Lemme just look at 'em once more, Jabe—these is party—can't take no less than tew dollars?"

"Not a red cent less; and I tell you agin its the same as givin', on 'em away at that."

"Sure they aint half cotton?"

"Jest as sure as I be that my name's Jabez Clark."

"Well then, I guess I shall hev to take 'em."

"I'm glad on't it for your sake—as I said afore, taint no object to me. I've got a piece of silk I want to show ye, Miss Bedott, a very desirable article for a weddin dress."

"Lawful sakes! I hope ye dont think I want such a thing."

"Wal, folks tell singular stories. I heard somethin down here."

"O shaw! it wont do to believe all ye hear."

"I sold elder Sniffles a black satting stock and buzzon pin yesterday; spose he wanted 'em for a particular occasion."

"Git out Jabe! what sort o' a buzzon pin was it?"

"Wal, it was a very desirable pin; topiz sought in gold. I sold it to him for a most nothing. I always make it a pint to commodate the clergy in that way, never charge 'em full price. I always looked upon the elder as a very gifted man—I staid here over the Sabbath once to hear him preach—I tell ye widder 'twas powerful pleadin, I'm rather inclined to the baptist order myself—ben quaverin on the subject ever sence I was brought out—in fact I've thought hard o' givin up the travellin mercantile business and study theology; but, on the hull, I've about gin it up—'twouldnt do for me to be confined to preachin—my health requires such a mount of exercise. But heres that silk, did ye ever see the beat on't? now that's what I call splendent—it's genuwine French—they call it 'grody—grody—grody'—what the dogs—them French names is so consarned hard to remember—O, I know now, 'grody fley' jest take a realizin sence of the colors—how elegant them stripes is shaded off, green and yaller and purple, reglar French try-color, as they call it."

"It's slazy though, ther aint much heft to't."

"Heft! to be sure taint heavy, but heavy silks aint worn no more ye know; they're all out o' fashion—these ere light French silks is all the go now—ye see folks has found out how much more durable they be than the heavy ones—them's so apt to crack—why one o' these ere'll outlast a dozen on 'em. I've got jest a pattern on't left—had a hull piece—sold tew dresses off on't, one to Judge Hogobome's daughter in Greenbush, and the other to the Reverend Dr. Fogo's wife in Albany. Now widder what do ye say to takin' that, 'twould make a most hyastical weddin dress."

"Well, taint for me to say I'm wantin' such an article—but sposed I was—I've got a new one that'll dew. Sister Maguire pickt it out for me. She haint got much taste about colors—but she's a good judge of quality."

"Got it made up?"

"No; but the manty-maker's a comin to-morrer to make it."

"Lemme see it, if ye please. I want to compare it with this." (She brings it.)

"Jingo!—I'll be darned if taint stin-color! the tag end of all colors! Why, a body'd think 'twas some ever-lastin' old maid instid of a handsome yo'ng widder that had chose such a distressed thing for a weddin dress."

"Lawful sakes! I didnt say 'twas a weddin dress—and I didnt say I chose it myself; for, to tell the truth, I didnt more'n half like it; but Sister Maguire stuck to't was more suitable than any other color—and then tew, she thought twas such an amazin' good piece."

"Good piece! Jingo! what did ye pay for't?"

"A dollar a yard. Ther's twelve yards on't—got it o' Parker and Pettibone, and they said twas frust-rate."

"Wal, I don't spose they meant to cheat ye—they got cheated themselves when they bought that silk. I always knowd that Parker and Pettibone warnt

no judges o' goods. The fact is, them New York marchants puts off their old onsailable articles such 'em, and make 'em think they're genteel and desirable. I tell ye, widder, ye got most consarnidly took in when ye bought that silk.—Ye wont wear it three times afore it'll crack out at the elbows, and fray out round the bottom."

"Well, I haint been suited with it none o' the time—shouldnt a got it if Sister Maguire hadnt a ding-dong'd me into it. There was a blue one ther, 't I liked a great deal better. I tell ye, widder, it raly hurts my feelins to think 'o you standin' up alongside of Elder Sniffles with such a consarnid lookin' thing on."

"O shaw!—stop yer hectorin' about the Elder. I aint obliged to hev every body that's after me."

"Wal, I know that—only such chances as Elder Sniffles aint to be sneezed at, ye know. But, speakin' o' that silk—if twant for standin' in my own light so consarnidly, I'll be darned if I wouldnt offer to swop for a small matter o' boot."

"Boot! that's wuss than the shoes! Spose I'd go to givin' boot to get red on't after payin' such an awful sight o' money for't in the first place?"

"Wal, twould be rather aggravatin' if you'd got a full pattern—you haint but twelwe yards. Of course ye didnt calkilate to hev no trimmin' or ye'd a got more."

"I thought I shouldnt trim it, considerin'—"

"Yes, I understand—considerin' twas for a minister's wife—"

"Git out, Jabe—I didnt say so—"

"I tell ye, widder, you're tew partickler—minister's wives is as dressy as anybody. The Reverend Doctor Fogo's wife had hern made up with three wide cross-grained pieces round the skirt. Jingo! they sot it off slick.—These ere striped silks look lust-rate with cross-grain trimmin'—seems to go windin' round and round, and looks so graceful kinder. I seen lots on 'em in the city. How them city ladies would lark at such a dress as yourn! But out here in the country folks don't know nothin'."

"If I'd a trusted to my own taste, I shouldnt a got it. I wish to massy I hadnt a ben governed by Sister Maguire."

"Jingo! wouldnt it be quite an idea for you to be the first in Scrabble Hill to come out in a 'grody fley'ry."—Them colors would be wonderful becomin' to you. Jest lemme hold it up to ye and you stan up and look in the glass. Jingo! it's becominer than I thought twould be. I tell ye widder, you must hev that silk, and no mistake."

"Dear me! I wish I could afford to swop. What's it worth?"

"Wal, I can't expect to get the full vally on't. I'll sell it tew ye as low as I feel as if I could. It's a high-priced silk—bein' as it's so fashionable now; but I'll tell you Miss Bedott—though I wouldnt tell every body—the fact is, I got that silk at a bargain, and of course I can afford to let it go for considerable less than I could if I'd a paid full price. Ye see, the merchant I took it of was on the point o' failin', and glad to sell out for any mo' ey. He didnt ax but a dollar a yard. Ther's fourteen yards left, as you can see by the folds—and you may hav it for fourteen dollars, jest what it cost me. I tell ye, widder, it's a bargain."

"Land o' liberty! fourteen dollars! I can't think on't."

"Wal, then, I'd dew still better by ye. I want you should hav this silk—so sopen I take yourn off yer hands, and you take this, and jest pay me the balance. Mabby I could sell that to some distressed old quaker woman that wants an every day frock; and what if I couldnt, I should hev the satisfaction o' dewin' you a favor anyhow. What do you say to that?"

"Lemme see—the balance—that would be tew dollars. I've paid tew for t'other already. I don't know about spendin' so much money; don't know what Sister Maguire'd say to't. She's gone over to see old aunt Betsy Crockett—aunt Betsy's sick. Sister Maguire hates striped silk, and pedlars tew—wont never trade with 'em—"

"Jingo! come to think on't, I'm a tar-nal goose to be willin' to stand in my own light jest for the sake of accomodat' the wimmin folks—taint no object to me." (He folds up the silk.)

"Stop a minnit, Jabe. I'll resk it. It's time I was my own mistress, anyhow.—I know Sister Maguire'll say it's tew gay for me, and call it flamborgasted, but I don't care—"

"Gay! I wish to masy she could see a dress that Elder Cole's wife out East has got—entirely red—the reddest kind o' red tew—stripes as wide as my hand! That's rather flamborgasted for a min-

ister's wife. So ye think ye'll take it hey?"

"Duno but I will on the hull."

"Wal, I spose I'd orto stan to my offer—but I tell ye, widder, it's a bargain."

"Fourteen yards, ye say?"

"Fourteen yards plump—ye may count the folds at the edge. Ye can hev cross grain trimmin' if ye take a notion.—Jingo! wont it give the Scrabble Hill wimmin fits to see ye with that on't?"

"Well, I'll take it. See how much do I owe ye now?"

"But can't I sell ye anything else?"

**Beautiful Extract.**

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows boast of a peculiar philosophy, but which is nothing more than Christian benevolence under another name, as is plain from the following elegant and glowing description of it, taken from the oration of a brother of the Order:

"Hers is a calm, sweet realm. Hers are the green pastures and the still waters—hers are the ways of pleasantness, and the paths of peace! The garden which she tills is the human heart, and the seeds which she scatters will bear their fruit in heaven. Hers are not the pomp of science, the splendor of genius, the glitter of wealth, the might of armies! With her pale finger she points to the annals of the past, and they all become as chaff upon the bosom of the wind. Yet she stops not here. Speaks she now in tones as solemn as a midnight bell, of the nothingness of human greatness! Listen again! and ye shall hear her clarion voice, proclaiming aloud that human virtue never dies? Appears she now with the shadows of death upon one hand, and the history of the world upon the other, to teach how pitiful is individual ambition, and how senseless the love of self!—look again! and ye shall behold her descending upon her angel pinions of love and charity, to gather the entire human family beneath their ample folds. Comes she now in the shape of a hoary philosopher, worn and bent with the weight of years?—lo! she comes again in the shape of a ministering angel, with smiles of sympathy, and tears of pity, to the abode of want, and the house of death."

**Terrific Theory.**

Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in boring the Artesian wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet towards the centre. Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says:

"That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great portion of it, is an ocean of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm it, is still rendered high, probably by the phenomenon of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained beyond a doubt. How then are they to be accounted for? The theory prevalent some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world would not afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this, and I have but little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles which are constantly in operation in the earth."

"Ye'll does not regard the theory as founded on any sufficient data, which teaches the doctrine that the whole earth is a mass of melted rock, except a crust of a few miles in thickness, as an outer covering. True, there are ever three hundred active volcanoes to exist; but these are more likely to be strictly local and limited in their extent downward and laterally, than the outlets of one continuous mass of liquid minerals, reaching from the earth's centre to the base of these volcanic cones. Prof. Silliman encouraging the comforting opinion that the fragile shell on which we live is from one to two hundred miles thick, and little likely to burst asunder and let us drop into the boiling iron and granite."

**A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.**

"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I once. Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply—

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it!"

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness, which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

**Country Printers.**

No trade, profession or occupation, performs so much labor, and expends so great an amount of capital, with as little remuneration, as the Country Printer. The interest manifested by my Uncle Toby, when he said "I pity the Printer," was not misplaced. These facts are true, as a general rule. There may be occasional instances, where Country Printers have succeeded in gathering together the vanity which takes unto itself wings, but they are few and far between. Most generally, they suffer all the inconvenience which negligent patrons (!) and unrewarded labor bring in their wake. This should not be. There must be something radically wrong as the cause, which is worthy the serious attention of the class of persons we are writing about.

One great obstacle the Country Printer has to contend against, is the application of machinery which reduces the cost of the city cotemporary, and which is not available to him. Then, again, how many of the numerous Dollar prints which come so directly in conflict with him, are but the re-print of matter which has already brought a large profit in the daily. Most of our country readers do not understand this, and wonder why the city paper can be furnished so much cheaper than in the country. They are not aware that the news, &c., which has been printed for them, has before been furnished in a daily paper, and made up at the week's end, into a cheap weekly, costing the publisher little or nothing beyond the mere price of paper, and printing by steam. This is, in a great degree, the case, with the Dollar Newspaper, of Philadelphia, which, with its 30,000 subscribers, must be extremely profitable to the publisher.—To attempt to enter into competition with such advantages would be a piece of folly to a Country Printer, who is fortunate if he can number one thousand subscribers. It is evident that he must depend upon the necessity there is for the dissemination of local papers, and the generosity and public spirit of the population. If they should expect him to be governed in his terms by the example of the city papers, they must expect to rely on the city alone for their information, the circulation of the former, being, of necessity, limited to one county, while the latter have the entire State, or the whole Union.—Bradford Reporter.

**WANT OF DECISION.**—Perhaps in no way do mothers more effectually destroy their own influence with their children, and injure them, than from a getting to practice decision. The following little fact will illustrate the pernicious influence of this course of conduct. A little girl remarked, a short time since, "that beaver hat were quite fashionable, and that she would have one." "Have you forgotten," said I "that your mother yesterday remarked that the hat you wore last winter is still quite neat, and that she did not intend to encourage extravagance and a love of fashion in a little girl." "Ah, well replied she, 'no matter for that—mother said that Susan should not go to Miss W's party the other evening; but when sister cried about it and made a fuss, mother consented to let her go, and bought her a new pair of shoes and a pretty blue scarf to wear. Besides, I am quite sure it is quite right to wish to have a fashionable hat to go to church in, and I can tease her to buy one. And I know that I shall get it—' for mother often changes her mind."

**"I Cant."**

Never say "I cant." Its a lazy, good for nothing sort of an expression, and none but indolent, spiritless people use it. But, worse than all, the persons who say "I cant," tells a falsehood—for very often when they say "I cant" it is well known they can. We object to the use of the phrase altogether, it is a sneaking, whining, cowardly saying, and a bright, enterprising, industrious individual will not adopt it. Young men—lads or boys or ladies, will not say "I cant." They will feel willing to try; and if one tries right hard, with a determination to succeed, failure is rarely the result. Therefore try, TRY, TRY before you make use of the contemptible expression "I cant."—Frederick Examiner.

A short time after a Tennessee election a distinguished politician who received about 500 votes for Governor, was walking the streets of Nashville, and encountered monkep Sam, a little negro race rider, who importuned him for a dime. The old gentleman was aristocratic, and placing himself upon his dignity, asked Sam, "do you know who you are talking to, sir?" "Oh yes, sir," replied Sam, "you is de gemman as made a small spermint for Gobo-

**Never Give up.**

Young men are generally ruined once if they begin rich or prosperous. Nothing but a miracle can save them. They either get married before they can afford the luxury of a wife—or fail and then, and not until then, are they good for anything. Men are not made by coaxing. They seldom thrive on sugar plums. To be men they must rough it. And the sooner they begin the better. Oaks are rooted in wind and storm. Oaks are therefore trust-worthy. Hot-house plants come up in a few days—and perish accordingly.

**Don't Grumble.**

He is a fool that grumbles at every mischance. Put the best foot forward in an old maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you've been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate people for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination, a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it earnestly in the face and it will turn from you.

**Col. Fremont and his Exploring Party.**

A letter to the St. Louis Union, from Puebla New Mexico, dated on the 29th November, states that Col. Fremont and party had commenced, on the 29th, the ascent of the first range of mountains near Puebla and were pursuing their toilsome march, through snows, towards their Pacific ocean. We give an extract from the letter:

"The last we heard from him, he was wending his way slowly through snow about two feet deep, and was within five miles of the top of the first range of mountains. It is the intention of Col. F. to go to the Pacific by an entire new route, south of all his former routes across the continent. His present survey will be of much interest. Should a southern route be determined on for the great railroad across the continent, this survey will greatly aid Congress in determining the western terminus."

**The 8th of January.**—The following is from the editor of the Jonesborough Whig, who never lets an opportunity escape without reminding the locos of their short comings, either in regard to their administration of the affairs of State or nation, or towards their own great men:

"Thirty-four years ago, the 8th of this inst., Gen. Jackson fought the battle of New Orleans; and every year from that time until the death of the ole Hero, his admirers and partizans, have "got out the big gun," and made the hills echo with patriotic remembrances of his valor. Now that the brave old warrior is no more, and has no more patronage to dispense among these myrads of a once great leader, they seem to have forgotten his deeds, and those of his brave companions in arms.—We have not heard a word about the "glorious eighth," even in Tennessee, where in the old Hero's lifetime, speeches were made, and guns fired in every town. O! the sin of ingratitude!"

**RAILROAD IRON.**—The Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company have just sent out an order to England for four thousand tons of heavy T iron, to replace their present tracks. The iron delivered in New York will cost them \$45 per ton, cash. Iron manufactured in our own state, could have been procured, delivered on the road, at \$52.50 per ton, which is about the actual cost of production and delivery.

**BIDDEE'S WAGES.**—"What's your eggs a dozen, marm?" said an old skin-flint one day to a market woman. "Twenty cents, sir." "Aint you rather high in your price, nine pence is enough for eggs." "Perhaps such an ole hunk as you are may think so; but if I was a hen I wouldnt lay eggs for a cent a piece I know."

"Ma, aint Joe Smashey a courting our Meley?"

"No; what makes you think so?"

"Why, always when he comes near her she sorter leans up to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick."

"Sam, is you quanted wid any legal gemmen ob dis place?" "None 'cept by reputation I means." "Well den why am lawyers like fishes?" "I dont meddle wit dat subject at all." "Why 'kase dey am fond ob de-bate."

**Advertising.**

A young man in New York, last week advertised for a wife. In less than two hours, eighteen married men sent in word he might have theirs.

"Bob, is that dog a hunter?"

"No, he is half hunter and half setter; he hunts for bones when he is hungry, and sits by the stove when he is satisfied."