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THE DOUBLE RESCUE; —OR— THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

"A dreadful night—O, a dreadful night!" murmured the young wife with a shudder, as she screened the pane with her hand from the bright firelight, she attempted, but in vain to penetrate the storm and darkness without, "God grant he may be near," and with this heart-felt petition she turned from the window, seated herself, and took up her knitting. Cheerful, homelike was the aspect of that humble apartment. Near the fire, whose brisk blaze filled the room with a ruddy glow, and streamed far up the wide chimney, sang the waiting tea kettle; while a neatly spread supper table occupied the centre of the floor, which was scoured almost to snowy whiteness.

The face of the only inmate of the dwelling, the female above mentioned, wore an anxious, troubled expression. Ever and anon, the rattle rattled the latch on the outer door, she paused in her work, and raised her eyes full of hope and expectancy, then, when only the groaning of the neighboring forest trees met her listening ear, sighed, and again strove, by attention to her employment, to confine her thoughts, and calm her apprehensions.

Slowly and distinctly the tall clock at the back part of the room, told the hour of eight. The young woman put aside her task, and once more went to the window. The tempest had not in the least abated, but raged with the fury of a thousand uncaged lions, and seemed still increasing. Fearful in deed was that evening's elemental warfare, over that bleak Canadian plain!

"Yet he comes not—my husband. Merciful Heaven befriend us!" Tears gathered in the eyes of the gentle, devoted wife, and fell like rain upon her agitated bosom. For some moments she stood indulging their flow, until her heart, like a lightened ship, rose to its wonted place upon the billows which had threatened to overwhelm it. Hopes repeated her whisperings, and, in imagination, the young wife beheld the sturdy form of her beloved, nobly braving the storm, and step by step nearing his home in safety. Already she seemed pouring for him the fragrant, steaming beverage, and listening to this expressions of thankfulness for surrounding blessings.

She turned to the table, cut another slice from a loaf of inviting appearance, and laid it upon the already laden plate. After replenishing the fire, she resumed her seat before it, and gazed into the writhing flames, that lustily embraced the fresh fuel, and with a serpent-like hiss swallowed the snowflakes, as they dropped into its red, open jaws.

The minute hand of the clock had traversed half the distance around the dial plate. The evening was fast waning, but the absent one was absent still. About noon of that day he had left home, on foot, intending to transact business in a village five miles distant, and return by nightfall.

At that time no signs of an immediate storm were apparent, but as the day drew near its close, the clouds began to gather thick and heavy, and the snow to fall in huge, feathery flakes. Faster and faster it descended, till all the air seemed filled by one mighty avalanche. Three hours had passed, and the storm-god in all his terrible fury was yet abroad.

At length, calmness could be maintained by the waiting wife no longer. Hope and trust faltered, died within her bosom. Starting from her chair, she paced the floor, wringing her hands in agony, though her eyes were tearless, and her pale lips mute as if sealed in death.

Vainly did she endeavor to persuade herself into the belief, that the fierceness of the storm, had prevented her husband from leaving the village—she could not be deceived. He would never voluntarily abandon her thus to loneliness and awful uncertainty—no; the assurance was all too unshaken, that the cold and the tempest had overpowered him on his way, and he had sunk amid the drifting snows to perish.

No wonder that her cheek blanched to ashy hue, and her eyes grew wild with terror! Suddenly she paused, while every feature speaks desperate resolve. See, she hurriedly envelopes herself in cloak and hood and now with firm step moves toward the door. Upon what she determined, surely she will not express that form to the air of that raging without! That were an act of insanity!

But yes! she lifts the latch, uncloses the door. On the instant a furious gust drove a portion of the snow which had accumulated against the panes to the opposite side of the room. Unable to compete with its rage, the aged wife sank back, with a low, tremulous moan, and applying her whole weight to the door forced it again to its place. Her heart leaped and the rough wind whistled within.

She waited but a moment, however, the next she had rushed forth, closed the door behind her, and was plunging wildly down the snow-filled path. The storm was over, the clouds were beginning to break, and broad down the rays of the moon, whose broad disc had just risen above the horizon. But while the snow had ceased to fall, the cold had grown more intense, and the wrath of the wind was nothing spent.

Madly it swept across the extended plain, converting it in aspect to a stormy sea, whose foam-crested waves chase and dash upon each other, like wrangling demons. Onward toiled that solitary female, through the blinding, suffocating snow which was consequently being hurled against her; though an occasional blast, fiercer than the others, compelled her to halt for a moment, and bury her face in the folds of her cloak. Then her slender form, swaying to and fro as if it had been a yielding sapling, seemed as if it must be borne down, but affection, deep, all powerful affection buoyed her up and led her forward.

It was a dreary waste over which she had to pass; no cottage window sent forth a cheering gleam, only a snow-covered plain and barren trees, in the distance, could be seen. No power could have summoned human aid to the spot; the direst shriek of distress would have been wasted on the air.

And now, when nearly a mile lay between her and home, the wife felt herself exhausted, and, benumbed by cold to a degree that she could proceed no further. The sharp winds pierced her garments as if they had been but a robe of muslin, and put to the torture every fibre of her frame. Her limbs refused longer to obey her will, her breath was gone, her very heart's blood seemed turned to ice. She tottered, fell, and the same blast that bore her down, wrapped her in a shroud of snow.

But exerting herself to the utmost, she rose to her feet again, for her last glance had rested on a dark object short distance in advance, and the possibility of its being him she sought, nerved her to make one more effort. Fixing her eyes upon the object which had attracted her attention, she struggled forward, and reached it just as her last remnant of strength was expanded.

It was indeed her husband. He had contended with the elements, till chilled, wearied, and almost breathless, then had sunk down in the path in order to recover himself for a further effort. No thought of perishing had passed the strong man's mind; but no sooner did muscular action cease, than the lethargy which but for timely breathing had ended in death, was upon him. All sense of suffering fled, gay colors floated before his sight, and the sound of the angry blast seemed sweetest music.

He sat with his feet drawn up, and his head bowed upon his knees. How long he had remained thus he knew not, when the voice of his wife exclaiming, "Thank God we die together!" sounded faintly in his ears, and the same instant he felt her prostrate form and encircling arms. These quick-rosed him to a sense of their situation, and that sense warmed the congealing life-current, and sent it lightning-like through its channels.

The knowledge of the danger, the certain death to which his idolized companion was exposed, and from which he alone could save her at once raised him above the power of fatigue and cold. Starting to his feet, he folded her insensible form to his bosom, and bore it toward their home, as if she had been the merest infant.

The blast to him was but a zephyr, the snow drifts but unresisting air. He passed until the cottage was reached; where the wife was presently restored to animation, and both to happiness. Each had saved the other from a fearful death.

A SCATTERED FAMILY.—A red haired, herecuan Irish girl, was brought up before the Recorder in New York, last week, for striking an aged German woman.

"Have you any family," asked the Recorder.

"Two children."

"Where is your husband?"

"Out in the country—in the penitentiary."

"Where are your children?"

"Wan of them is in Ireland, and wan is—up town, in jail, please yer honor."

"That will do! One in Ireland—the other in jail—and your husband in the penitentiary! Take her below! A scattered family that!"

PATIENCE.—You can do anything if you only have patience, said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait."

"How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes!" was the uncle's cool reply.

A NORTHER IN TEXAS.

The day before we left San Antonio was cold and foggy. The following morning was warm but still foggy, making our ride, with a light wind behind us exceedingly oppressive. We three off our coats, and soon stripped off vest and cravat; but this, we found, was not enough, we were obliged to stop to take off our flannel. Our horses were reeking with sweat. At two o'clock the thermometer, in a cool, shady spot, stood at 70 deg., and the sky was nearly clear. We were very tired and thirsty, and one of us suggested that this was the very country and the very weather for mirage. It was not long after we saw the edge of the horizon rising in the flickering heat, and groups of trees standing free in the air, as an island or a point stretches off into the sky of a hot day on the sea-coast. Then the trees connected themselves with the land below upon each side, and we saw a beautiful lake, the water rippling in the sun-light. It grew wider and longer, and shortly after like the open sea, with a rich and shady shore, extending up, at intervals, like bays and rivers, into the land. Soon the lakes were common here and there about us, calm of surface, trees of heavy foliage bending over their banks to rest in the water. Had we not been prepared, by a knowledge of the country, we should have been strongly tempted to ride towards some of them for a drink of cool water.

Later in the day the air became clearer, and a pleasant breeze played upon our backs. The mirage gradually disappeared, and we lost it in descending a swell in the prairie. It was near sunset, with a dull cloud bank in the north. We were still suffering with the heat, when one of us said—

"See this before us, what is it, fog again or smoke?"

"A prairie fire, I think," said the other. "Probably it is; but what is this on the hill close by, this is fog, surely? It must be a prairie, listen to that roar! We must be getting on our clothes or we shall be chilled through."

First a chilly whiff, then a puff, the grass bends flat, and, bang, it is upon us—a blast that would have taken a top-gallant sail smack out of the bolt ropes, and cold as if blowing across a sea of ice. We galloped to the nearest ravine, and buried on all the clothing we could muster. Fortunately, though our baggage was left behind, we had taken a supply, having strapped blankets, Guernsey shirts, and Granada leggings, before our saddles.

At nine o'clock the thermometer stood at 33 deg., and at seven next morning at 21 deg. A thermometer hanging in New-Branfels showed a fall of sixty degrees in seven hours.

These norther on the open prairies are exceedingly trying. The fierce wind that accompanies such a sudden change gives them triple effect, especially as they often interrupt war, relaxing weather. Teamsters, herdsmen and travelers, caught out far from habitations, not infrequently perish, and very great suffering is caused to animals. Cattle instinctively make for the nearest shelter of trees; but on the open prairies of the coast, they fall by thousands, before a freezing rain, which is sometimes added.

The north is continue from one to three days, growing milder at the close, and occur once or twice a week during the winter months. But a tight house and a blazing fire make one quite independent of them and such we found in the German Inn.—*Olmet's Texas Journal.*

Mrs. PARTINGTON.—"Have you any thick little boys' overcoats?" said Mrs. Partington, as she entered the "Roundity" at Oak Hall, as she called it.

The young man in attendance smilingly asked her how thick the little boy was. She looked at him a moment, and seeing that he didn't know any better she explained that it was a thick coat she wanted for Ike. Would you like a Raglan? said he, taking up a coat thus denominated. "Raglan!" replied she with a tone of astonishment, "no, I want a new one, this is rag enough any more," pointing to the garment worn by the boy, that showed shaggy fringes that were no ornaments.

He explained that it was the name of a new garment of the description that she wanted, and uttering a very extended "O" she proceeded to negotiate.

Ike was delighted with the spacious pockets, and when he got home the old lady took out of them four apples, a pint of peanute, a pocket comb, a "House that Jack built" handkerchief a top string, six buttons, a dozen matches, four pieces of slate pencils, a bit of beeswax, and two cents.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its scores, two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be, on man's head.

GEN. HOUSTON'S PRESCRIPTION TO A BORE.

Among the guests at the St. Nicholas Hotel in this city during the past week, has been General Sam Houston of Texas.—Gen. Houston is, as all his acquaintances well know, fond of mirth and fun, and in short is what Doesticks would call a P. B.—perfect brick. The General, however, entertains an intense hatred for that species of human being called "bores." One of these being, a good-natured but soft chapp, a regular button holder, cornered him the other day at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him by a gentleman the day previous.

"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, "I wish you would do me one more favor. A man of your eminence is so competent,"

"Well, what is it?" inquired Mr. Houston, rather curtly.

"Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such an eminent man, such a—"

"Never mind that; what do you want to know?"

"Excuse me, but a person of your abilities and distinction must be aware—"

"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the badgered Senator—"pray come to the point at once."

"Well, then tell me the secret of your success in life—how you rose in position as you have done."

"Ah! but that wouldn't benefit you any. I can tell you how you can rise in the world if you wish."

"That's just it" was the reply—"just what I was trying to get at."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. Undertake to approach a sore headed bull with a red scarf on your neck. I'll guarantee your upward progress immediately on the completion of the experiment!"

The button-holder collapsed, shoved his hat on his head and walked sorrowfully away, while a cluster of gentlemen near by, who had overheard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter.

WASHINGTON'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

A paragraph in the Boston Post, lately, stating that "Gen. Washington had a set of artificial teeth, for which he paid five hundred dollars," brings out an old correspondent with a bit of private history which is the worth making public. Do you know, gentlemen, that that same set of teeth changed not only the countenance but the character of Washington, as the latter is generally understood? Every body has noticed the marked difference between the "Stuart" and the "Trumbull," portraits. The latter is by far the most spirited, and martial looking face, yet for some reason or other it has never been the popular favorite. The peculiarity of the Stuart picture is the wide, unexpressive, grandmother mouth, which once sees to this day in all the engravings. But this face was not Washington's, but was an exaggeration or distortion rather, produced by his artificial teeth, which entirely changed the expression of his countenance, giving it a certain look of maternal dignity that is not found in the Trumbull likeness, painted before the dentist had earned his "five hundred dollars," by a job which, though very well in those days, would now be reckoned a bungling piece of workmanship. These facts, though I have not seen them in any biography of Washington, are as well authenticated as his patriotism or consummate generalship. Trumbull and Stuart were accustomed to talk of the matter together and, in the correspondence of the latter, there is an allusion to the artificial teeth, and the striking change they made in the appearance of the wearer. It may be owing to the fact that the American people like to contemplate the gentler qualities of Washington, rather than his stern and heroic virtues, that they have always considered the dentist's portrait as the true one, though in truth, it is as false as the teeth which distort it. The fault was not Stuart's who painted his illustrious sitter as he found him, but he had the misfortune to attempt the heroes likeness, "in spite of his teeth," and the result was such as might be expected.—*Boston Post.*

A CHANGE INDEED.—A talented, but dissipated Englishman, who was recently picked from the gutter in Cincinnati, seeing an advertisement for a pastor in a country parish, brushed himself up, went and preached as a candidate, and although he had several competitors, carried the parish, and is now regularly dispensing the bread of life.

Reputation may be the reward of mediocrity and fame, of talent that panders to popular passions; but immortal renown is the endless chant of generations, singing the praise of God like men, who have lifted their race toward heaven.

TAKING TOLL.—It was winter, clear and cold, and the snow was firmly packed, when Dr. Meadows was one of a sleighing party, which he describes so far as he and the young Widow Lambkin were concerned, in the words following:

The lively Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with me.

"Oh, no, don't, don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll," I rejoined, "what's that?"

"Well, I declare!" cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing, "pray explain, if you please."

"You never heard, then," said the widow most provokingly—"You never heard that when we are on a sleighride the gentlemen always—that is, sometimes—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I had never heard of it before—but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the Widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last, the veil was removed, her round, rosy face, was turned directly towards mine; and in the clear light of a frosty moon, the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows.—

Soon we came to a long bridge with several arches; the Widow said it was no use to resist; a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you want take toll for every arch will you, Doctor?" the Widow said archly, but I could not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning—but never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

THE KANSAS YANKEE'S FERRY TICKET.

The Marquette Journal says: We are permitted to copy the following anecdote from a private letter just received by a gentleman of this city, from a brother, now in Kansas. The Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the Border Rufians in Kansas.

You know the toll to which the Missouri subjects all travelers who make their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since a slab sided Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings, with a long train of plunder of various sorts. By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had.

"Waal," says the Yankee, "I have got two horses, a yoke of oxen and two keows."

"That's enough," replied the ferryman, "you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody that couldn't pronounce the word cow.

"But I said keow," persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," gruffly replied Charon.

"But I've got tickets entitling me to cross," says the Yankee.

The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand crying,

"Them's the tickets, and I'm bound to cross this ferry, keow or no keow."

KOSUTH AND NAPOLEON.—M. KOSUTH, in one of his recent speeches, compares his lot with that of the man he had just before affected to condemn. He says:

"I will never venture to contrast my own humble lot with the brilliant one of that great potentate. I eat with my children the bitter bread of homelessness; I am staggering joyless towards an obscure grave. For inheritance my children may get a legacy of sorrow, yet of devotion to their country's cause. Such is my lot, but whatever may be my faults, my errors, or even my sins, never have I broken oaths, never have I deceived nations, never trifled with the duties of an honest patriot. BONAPARTE, on the contrary sits high in power dazzling the eyes of the short-sighted man with the luster of his propitious star."

Still I do not at all believe in the stability of his successful crime."

Some one writes of Paris—"This splendid city teaches idolatry for the golden calf—it places the ballet girl higher than the orator, the cook higher than the poet, millionaire higher than all, for with his millions he can command ballet girl, orator, cook and poet. In Paris the heart must bronze or break."

HOW MURAT DIED.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it, as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced of his own accord toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit him to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive his death of a part of its horrors. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of the chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, said: "My friends, do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast, do not tremble, do not strike me in the face: aim at my heart—here it is."

As he spoke thus he placed his right hand upon his coat to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained in one focus of love the image of his wife and one of children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death blow in the contemplation of all he loved on earth.—His body, pierced at so short a distance with twelve bullets, fell, with his arms open and his face toward the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he once possessed, and which he had come to conquer for his tomb.

They threw his cloak upon his body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pavia. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch, not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.

THE POPE AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA AND SWITZERLAND.

It is a well known fact that on the 15th of December, the state of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, South America, and Switzerland was taken into consideration, and an allocution since published by his holiness on the subject clearly shows that the Papal influence is considerably less in those countries than in this. The Pope complains bitterly of the new government of Mexico, which has completely set aside the ecclesiastical jurisdiction and sequestered the property of the church.

We are told that the monastic establishments have refused to permit the "visitation" of the bishops, and that some of them have, in open defiance of the canonical laws, sold part of their property. The permission given by the government to all sects publicly to practice their religious rites, is denounced as an "abominable measure, which is calculated to undermine the most holy Roman Catholic religion." After summing up the various backslidings of the Mexican government his holiness declares all the measures which it has taken against the authority of the apostolic chair to be null and void. The Mexican statesmen are also reminded that the church has the power to severely punish those persons who have the power to disobey her behests. That the behavior of a majority of the South American States towards the church does not give satisfaction will be seen by the following address to the bishops: "You will see, reverend brethren, that we must necessarily condemn and rebuke the attempt of the civil power to overthrow all spiritual authority and discipline, and to insult the dignity and might of the apostolic chair." The state of Switzerland makes Pius IX. pronounce the same remarks on the microchisms of the civil authorities on the rights of the church and of her bishops and servants. After hurling his thunder at those priests who obey the laws of the countries in which they live, rather than the instructions forwarded to them from Rome, the holy father entrusts the Most High to enlighten the minds of men, and to bring back those who have gone astray into the right path. As a matter of course, the Wiener Zeitung gives the allocution in extenso, although it is a very lengthy document.—*Vienna Correspondent of the Times.*

TAKE A PAPER FOR YOUR WIFE.—A friend, says an exchange, not long since told us a story in relation to one of our subscribers, which contains a good moral for husbands, and also furnishes an example for wives which is not unworthy of imitation under similar circumstances.

The subscriber referred to, said our friend, in the presence of his wife, said it had been his intention to call at the office, pay up his arrears, and discontinue his paper.

His wife very promptly asked:

"Why do you intend to discontinue the paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much away from home on business, and have so little time to read, there seems to be so little use in my taking a paper."

"Yes," she replied, "it may be of but little use to you, but it is of great use to me. I remain at home while you are gone. I wish to know what is going on in the world. If you discontinue the paper, I will go straight to town and subscribe myself."

As the paper has not been discontinued, we suppose the wife's reasoning was conclusive.

The moral of this incident should not be overlooked.

Is Memphis, Tennessee the other day, a countryman stood gazing in Mansfield's window, where two skeletons hung suspended—one being that of a man, the other a boy. A stranger coming up—

"Whose skeleton is that?" asked the countryman pointing to the larger.

"That is Shakespeare's," said the stranger.

"And whose is that?" continued the countryman, pointing to the smaller.

"That is Shakespeare's too," answered the wag.

"How can it be?"

"Why, that's him when he was a boy," was the rejoinder.

"Oh! I never thought of that."

And our country friend walked away, wondering how their "queer cusses," the doctors, got the bones out of Shakespeare's body when he was alive!

LINDLEY MURRAY.—It is not generally known that this "Prince of English Grammatists" was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swatara, in Swatara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lebanon county. His father was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swatara, in Swatara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lebanon county. His father was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swatara, in Swatara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lebanon county. His father was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania.

THE CALL AROUND AND PAY.

What a world of woe is contained in these few words to the poor artisan and mechanic! "I'll call around and pay," says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessary funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to disappoint his workmen and all who depend upon him for their due. It is an easy matter to work; the only real glory in this life is an independent idea of being able to sustain yourself by the labor of your hands, and it may be easily imagined, what crushing force there is in "I'll call around and pay," to the laboring man, who depends upon that pay for subsistence. If those who could pay would only pay at once, it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and would prevent much misery and distress.

A GOOD SAFE.—A correspondent writing from Cleveland, describes a breed of salamander safes, which we should like to have introduced into this part of the country.

One of our clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster, and, at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night, our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat of thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was hoisted out red hot. As soon as possible, it was opened, and you may judge of our surprise, when we found within it the Shanghai rooster, leaning against the ledger, frozen to death!

VERY EXPLICIT.—"How old are you, Bridget?" said a gentleman to his servant girl. "About fifty, sir," replied Bridget. "You are mistaken Bridget, you are not over twenty. Yes sir, that is it. I'm about twenty or fifty somewhere along there." This answer indicates about the same degree of intelligence as that of an old gray-headed negro in South Carolina: "How old are you, Pete?" said a gentleman to him, one day. "I dunno Massa, I feel berry old; I spect I've about five or six hundred."

Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

THE OLD SPANISH COINS.—We learn that the average yield of worn Spanish coins at the Mint of the United States, Philadelphia, is as follows:

Quarters	231 cents.
Eighths	10 9/10 "
Sixteenths	5 "

The Treasurer of the Mint pays in the new issue of silver for amounts exceeding five dollars in value, immediately upon ascertaining the weight of such as are presented, at the rate of \$1 22 1/2 per Troy ounce.

Philadelphia Inquirer.