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BY DAVID OVER.

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A GHOST STORY.

BY HAZEL GREEN, ESQ.

"Never but once was I frightened at anything like a ghost," said Timothy Tyles, "and then I was frightened for certain. I was living on the upper Mississippi at the time, but that makes no difference. I'll tell you how it was."

One night, about 12 o'clock, I heard some one rapping at my door. "Who's there?" I asked.

"Mosier," replied a voice from without; "I thought I'd stop and see if you wouldn't go and watch the coal pit for me till morning. I am not very well, and having been up all last night, I think I had better try to get a little sleep."

Now I know Mosier very well—know he was burning charcoal about half a mile up the river; and not only that, but I knew he had a real pretty girl, and that I had taken a great notion to her. So up I jumps, hauls on my clothes, and was ready to be off in a few minutes.

"You will not be afraid to stay by yourself, will you Tim?" asked Mosier, as we were about separating, for he lived still further down the river.

"Afraid!" exclaimed I. "No, what should I be afraid of? I have never yet seen anything worse than myself."

"Oh, I did not mean to say you were cowardly, Tim, but I thought you might be lonesome, perhaps; and if you thought so, that I had better wake up the Dutchman who is staying at your house, and try to get him to go with you."

I assured him that I needed no company, and so started for the coal pit. The night was very dark, and I must confess that I did feel a little squeamish, but I could not tell why. There was the grave of an Indian by the side of the path which I must travel to reach the coal pit, and it had been reported that wonderful sights had been seen there. Perhaps this was the cause of my unpleasant feelings.

I tried to whistle my spirits up, but it was all no go. The nearer I approached the dreaded spot, the worse I felt. When I had reached the cliff of rocks around which I should turn in a few paces, and be right at the Indian grave, I felt my hat raise on my head, and then it seemed that myriads of little demons were dancing through my hair, and playing at leap frog up and down my back and over my shoulders, and humming queer noises in my ears. I stopped, and began to think seriously of beating a retreat. Just then the fair visage of Jane Elizabeth Elvira Mosier flitted across my fancy, and I said to myself, "This will never do. Go back, and let the old man's coal pit burst out and burn up. Why, it would settle the hash with me forever. The next time I'd go to see Jane Elizabeth Elvira, he'd up and kick me out of the house; besides," I reasoned, "what have I seen? What kind of an excuse could I make? No siree, I'll go through or bust a biler. If there's anything at the old Indian grave, I'll not see it, for I won't look that way."

Thus saying, I started on at a rapid pace. The rocks were rounded, and keeping my eyes bent on the ground, I had nearly passed the grave, when a bright light blazed across the path just before me. Before I had time to think, I looked up, and oh, great Jupiter! what a sight! A monster with a head about the size of a half bushel measure, was standing upon the Indian grave. Its eyes as large as cooco nuts, were rolling in its great head, and glaring frightfully at me. From between its huge teeth bright jets of fire flashed and blazed across my path, like streaks of miniature lightning. In fact, its entire head seemed to be one great red ball of fire, with small pieces of the sun set in it for eyes.

While I stood gazing, completely stupefied with horror, it made a low bow to me, and then raising itself erect, it shook its head and rattled its teeth together most frightfully. Then I fancied that I saw it take a few steps toward where I was standing. This rather roused me to a sense of action, and in the next instant I was bobbing along down the river bank a little swifter than it was usual for footmen to pass that way. At every leap I imagined it was grabbing at my coat tail, for when I started, I thought I heard it right at my heels. Reaching home, I did not wait to open the door, but throwing my weight against it, bursted it in. The Dutchman, who was sleeping up stairs, hearing the rippin, and supposing the house was besieged, came down with a chair drawn, and crying at the top of his voice:

"Robbers! robbers! robbers! robbers! robbers! Oh, mine Got!"

"Seeing nobody but me, he settled down. All in the family were aroused. I told my story in as few words as possible. Some

believed it—others laughed at me, the Dutchman in particular. He said I "vos von cowardly poy," and "got fright" at my own shadow. That there was no such thing as a ghost, and that he would willingly go right up to anything of the kind that could be shown him.

"You would not have gone up to this," I said, still trembling.

"Peseur I would. Shust go back mit me, and let me see der place, an I'll show you dere's nottin dere."

I refused at first, but being urged by the family, and thinking of Jane Elizabeth Elvira Mosier, the coal pit, and of being kicked out of the house by the old man, I reluctantly consented.

We started back, the Dutchman gassing along about his bravery, and about how he had unraveled many a ghostly mystery, and I trembling from the effects of my fright, but saying nothing. In due time we reached the cliff.

"Now, just around this rock is where I saw it," said I, stopping and turning back, for the path was not broad enough for us to walk side by side, and he was following close at my heels.

"Oh, go on," said he, "it makes nothin, I sh not afraid of ter tife."

We went on. We turned around the rock. I looked, and there it was blazing and flashing just as I had seen it before. I turned to the Dutchman, to see what effect it produced upon him, when lo, he was not there! A glance down the path revealed him streaking it like a comet around the rock. This frightened me worse than ever, and so I set out after him as swift as my locomotive powers would carry me. Being rather the swiftest runner of the two, I passed him just as we reached the mouth of the long land which led to our house. He was fairly hoeing it down, and grunting every jump, loud enough to have been heard a hundred yards.

I had not been long in the lead before I heard a kind of thumping and tussling noise just behind me, and in the next instant the Dutchman cried out:

"Help! murter! Oh, mine Got! it ash got me! Ter tife hash got me! murter! murter!"

Up to this time I had been running faster than I ever ran before, but when these sounds reached my ear, I doubled my speed. It seemed to me that Death was right at my heels, and nothing but the greatest exertion on my part could save me. In the twinkling of an eye I was in the house, where, to my utter astonishment, I found Mosier, laughing fit to split his sides. The truth at once flashed across my mind. It was a trick, and a rich one at that. In a short time the Dutchman came limping up, and then the laughing commenced in real earnest, but you may be certain the Dutchman and myself took but little part in it.

The phenomenon of the ghost is easily explained. Mosier and some of the fellows at the coal pit had scooped out a pumpkin, cut hideous looking eyes and mouth in the mud, and then setting two candles in it, had fixed it up at the Indian grave. A long string was attached to it, so that one could stand off and pull, to make it move. It was, indeed, a frightful looking thing. The awful scree which the Dutchman got while coming down the lane, was occasioned by his having run over a cow that was quietly sleeping in the road. As she jumped up, her horn accidentally caught in his clothes and the poor fellow had no other thought than that the devil had him for certain.

We got over our scare, but I did not hear the last of it as long as I remained in that region.

A witty doctor says that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

"How is your husband this afternoon Mrs. Squigg?" Why the doctor says how if he lives till the morning, he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't he must give him up."

"John," said a doting parent to her rather insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can wish a spoon."

A member of the Lazy Club has just been expelled for going at a gait faster than a walk. The remonstrance offered in mitigation of sentence the fact that the shoriff was after him, but the society was inexorable.

"There is a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley, "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me. But it never did any good—it only taught me to cheat and lie like the devil."

MARY ANN'S WEDDING.

AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

"We were all preparing," said Mrs. Jones to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the gals was going, and we was going to take the baby. But when we came to dress the baby, we couldn't find the baby's shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawer on purpose. I knowed just where I'd put it; but come to look for't 'twas gone."

"For mercy's sake, gals," says I, "has any of you seen that baby's shirt?"

"Of course none on 'em had seen it; and I looked, and looked, and looked again, but 'twant nowhere to be found. It's the strangest thing in all natur, said I, here I had the shirt in my hand not more'n ten minutes ago, and now it's gone, and nobody can tell where. I never seed the beat.—Gals, says I do look around, can't ye? But fretting wouldn't find it—so I give up, and I went to the bureau and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby, and at last we were ready for a start."

Rather harnessed up a double team—we drove the old white mare then—and the gals and all was having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married, but some how I couldn't git over that shirt! 'Twant the shirt so much, but to have anything spited away right under my face and eyes so, 'twas provoking.

"What ye thinking about, mother?" says Sophrony, "what makes you look so sober?" says she.

"I'm pestered to death, thinking about that shirt. One of you must have took it, I am sartin, says I.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, says she, "you needn't say that," says she, and as I'd laid out her a good many times, she was beginning to get vexed, and so we had it back and forth, and all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.

Seeing company kinder put it out of my mind, and I was getting good natured again, though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, what could be done of that shirt till at last they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it. Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was more'n half frightened to death, when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told them to jine hands. She first gave her left hand to Stephen. Your other hand, says the minister, says the minister, says he, and poor Steve he was so bashful too, he didn't know what he was about, he thought 'twas his mistake, and that the minister meant him, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do anyway, a left handed marriage all around; but by this time they didn't know what they was about, and Mary Ann jined her right hand to his left, then her left with his right then both their left hands again, till I was all of a fidget, and thought they would never get fixed.

Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey, and to make matters worse, she began to cough to turn it off, I suppose, and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been drinking, and the tumbler stood right there, and I was so nervous, and in such a hurry to see it all over, that I ketched up the tumbler, and run with it to her, for I tho't to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink—I don't know how it happened, but the tumbler stopped, and gracious me, if between us both, we didn't spill the water all over her collar and dress.

I was dreadful flustered, for it looked as though 'twas my fault, and the first thing I did was to turn to my handkerchief, and give it to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up, and she took it and shook it. The folks had held in patty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was I didn't know what had given them such a start, till I looked and seen that I had given Mary Ann that baby's shirt!

Here Mrs. Jones, who was a very fleshy woman, undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.

"Why," said she, with tears of laughter running down her cheeks, "I'd tucked it into my dress for a kerchief. That came from being absent minded and in a fidget."

"And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?"

"Dear me, yes, said Mrs. Jones, and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever tended."

"And the baby's shirt, Mrs. Jones?"

"La me," said Mrs. Jones, how young folks do ask questions. Everybody agreed that I ought to make Mary Ann a present on't."

"Well, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, 'twant long before she had a use for it. And that's the end of the story."

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

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The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top—no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow—no smooth ribbons around the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chain. Sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep, she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed the poor child as the city undertaker screwed down the top of the coffin.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, homeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. It was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood pointing with grief and rage; his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I'm a man, I'll kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child and a monument stronger than granite, built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court room was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with his lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convincing.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory. About twenty years ago you struck a broken hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin. I was that poor boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me then, in order to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless and forsaken child."

RATHER STRONG.

RATHER STRONG.

Why is it my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always the buttered side down?"

"I don't know. It hadn't ought to, had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this yere is some of the very strongest butter I ever seed."

"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? The great lazy thing?"

"What, your aunt?"

"This yere butter. To make that poor old woman churn it, when it is strong enough to churn itself."

"Be still, Ziba; it only wants working over."

"Well, marm; if I's you, when I did it, I'd put in lots of molasses."

"You good-for-nothing! I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses."

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter's taken the skin off my tongue, mother."

"Ziba, don't lie. I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I tell you what I'd do with it, marm.—I'd keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over and die as soon as they touch it."

"Ziba, don't exaggerate; but here's twenty-five cents, go to the store, and buy a pound of fresh."—N. Y. *Pianette*.

SINGULAR CASE OF MARRIAGE.—A CORRESPONDENT OF THE ABINGDON VIRGINIAN, WRITING FROM MARION, SMYTHE COUNTY, RELATES A SINGULAR CASE OF MARRIAGE. HE SAYS:

We have, within half a mile of this place, an individual who has remained in one position (flat on his back) for sixteen years or more. His joints are as stiff as though he never had any; he can move his head slightly, can move his hands a little, is unable to eat a single mouthful, unless put into his mouth by another person; is fat; very hearty and cheerful; and within the last two years has married a good looking and hearty girl, and is raising a family of children. The clergyman who married this man, said he had some scruples about it, until he had a long conversation with both of the parties. He saw they were bent on being married. The young lady stood by the bedside of the groom—she could not take his hand (he could not reach it out)—and they were made one.

A RUSSIA RAILROAD.—Nicholas the First, of Russia, had quite an original way of transacting business. He sent one day, for his engineers, and gave them eight days to bring him the route of a railroad to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow. At the end of the allotted time the plan was prepared.

What, said he, looking at it,—what is all this—this serpentine track? You have misunderstood me.

Sire, said the spokesman, we have drafted the shortest route which would embrace on the line the leading towns and villages. Give me a pencil and rule, he said, and he struck a bee line from one city to the other. Here—you understand me?

But, sire, you leave the largest towns entirely out of sight.

That is their affair, let them come within sight.

And so the road was built as straight as an I.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A lady who has lately lost a brother by death, writes us in a vein of touching sadness, to which many hearts will respond:

"I cannot tell you how deeply I am stricken by this sudden bereavement. Day after day I stand and gaze after him, stretching out my hands towards the unknown shore—calling on him for some assurance that he still is, and not lost forever. But I cannot help uttering 'If a man die, shall he live again?' Were the world mine, I would give it to be re-assured on this one point, upon which never in my life before, has fallen a shadow of my doubt."

Ah, mourning sister, that skeptical question which now tortures you, and has tortured millions of bleeding hearts, was answered to the weeping sisters of Bethany, once and for all.

A MODEL WOMAN.

Did you not say Ellen that Mr. B— is poor?

Yes he has only his profession. Will your uncle favor his suit? No and I can expect nothing from him. Then Ellen you will have to resign fashionable society.

No matter I shall see the more of Fred. You must give up expensive dress. Oh Fred admires simplicity. You cannot keep a carriage. But we can have delightful walks. You must take a small house and furnish it plainly.

Yes for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage. You will have to cover your floors with cheap thin carpets. Oh then I shall hear his steps the sooner. —*Cayuga Chief*.

REMEDYING A FINE.—An Irish weaver just imported from the Emerald Isle, took his employer, in Kilmarnock, Scotland, lately, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival.

Upon examination his employer detected two holes in the piece, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

SOBER HUMOR.

SOBER HUMOR.

DEACON MARLOW was a sober fellow, and we heard him say that he never laughed in church but three times in his life, and then he said he would defy a turkey to keep a straight face.

I was preaching one Sunday evening, when I noticed a one-eyed little chap, away back in the corner, take a pin and piece of thread out of his pocket; bite the thread and then poke it round towards the fiery whiskers of a person who sat in a few ahead, and then pretended to thread his needle. This he did several times.

Another time I noticed a young man, with his head lying back and his mouth wide open, snoring off as comfortably as might be expected, when an urchin in the gallery above, deliberately, took out a chew of tobacco, let it drop, but instead of its entering his mouth, as intended, it took him slap on the nose, just as I made use of the sentence, "And he caused the rain to fall in torrents, and being about half awakened, he slowly put his hand to his face and exclaimed, 'And ho what drops!'"

Thirdly, while preaching from a text in the 11th chapter of the First Book of Kings I made use of the sentence, "and he had seven hundred wives," when an oddish chap who was half awake, exclaimed suddenly enough to be heard all over the old church, "Jee-rusalem, it must have cost him some-thing for broomsticks, if they are all like my Betty."

A GOOD ONE.—David Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of animals, some time ago, at least in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his especial attention, and he abstractedly observed:

"If that fellow had on a pair of spectacles he would look like Major Wright of Ohio."

The Major happened to be just behind Crockett, and overheard the observation, and gently tapped Davy on the shoulder, turning around Davy very formally remarked—

"I'll be hanged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask, yours or the monkey's."

A jolly old darkey down South bought himself a new shiny hat, and when it commenced raining he put it under his coat.—When asked why he did not keep his hat on he replied.

"De hat's mine, bought him wid my own money; head longs to massa; let him take care his own property."

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain? "No sir," was Abernethy's prompt reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

"Mother I should not be surprised if our Susan got choked some day."

"Why, my son?"

"Because her back twisted his arm around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him he would have strangled her besides mother, he sits by her and whispers to her and he hugs her."

"Why, Edward, Susan does not suffer that, does she?"

"Suffer that—golly! she loves it."

A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—"Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you one question. Has a man got a right to commit a nuisance?"

"No, sir; not even a Mayor."

"Then, sir, I claim my liberty: I was arrested as a nuisance—and as no man has a right to commit me, I move for a non-suit."

The question has been carried up.

SCENE IN "THE HOUSE."—"My opponent, Mr. Spoker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not stop to inquire. All that I have got to say is, that whether he is entitled to the floor or not, he'll get floored if he interrupts me again."

Here the gentleman from Bloody Creek pulled up his sleeves, and took off his neck-tie.

WHAT WOMEN FORGET.—Recently one of the most renowned pulpit orators, the Abbe de Quagnery, observed in a sermon, "Women, now a-days forget in the astounding amplitude of their dress, that the gates of heaven, are very narrow."

"Mike, if you meet Pat, tell him to make haste."

"Sure an, I will," said Mike, "but what shall I tell him if I don't meet him?"

Dobbs is a strong believer in guardian angels. If it was not for them, he asks, what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep.