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LETTER No. 5.

SUMMARY OF THE RESULT IN 1855, 1854, 1853, AND 1852.

How stand the books for 1855? The Canal Commissioners report

COLUMBIA ROAD. Receipts, Expenditures, 414,921 34 Reported profits, PORTAGE ROAD. Receipts, Expenditures, 256,457 7 Reported loss, \$238,307 66 243,007 77 Receipts, Expenditures, 217,236 60

\$25,771 17 Reported profits, \$202,384 85 Net profits of Main Line, In making up the statement of the Columbia road, the Canal Commissioners 17clude repairs to the bridges, thus increas ing their repair account over that returned

by the superintendent; but exclude \$49.-500 paid for five locomotives, and \$8,549 19 spent in various small improvements. -They also exclude sundry other payments made that year on the road, as will be seen from the Superintendent's account with the State Treasurer, to be found in the report of the former. He thus reports his payments on the road from December 1, 1854, to November 30, 1855

Motive Power Account, 1854 \$360,866 52 and 1855, Repair Account, debts and 85,958 65 bridges, He reports debts contracted 91,005 36 and unpaid,

58.168 55

Total, paid and unpaid, \$537,830 53 Deduct debts of 1854, paid in 1855, but charged to

Add damages, Add pay of Collectors, &c., Add new track,

1854.

Cost of 1855. Reported cost by Canal Com-

Mis-statement of C. Board, cy, in consequence of the Board throwing out certain branches of expenditures, but it is unnecessary to publish the details,

as the system pursued by the Board is very A brief comparison, however, between the figures furnished by the Auditor Gensral's report, and the Canal Commissioners, will prove instructive. The latter officers represent the revenue of the Main Line, in 1855, at \$1,108,217 76, the expenditures

ports the moneys paid out on the Main Line in 1855, as follows: Construction, Motive Power, Repairs, Lock keepers, Damages, Collectors, &c., Canal Commissioners and incidentals.

\$1,586,404 30 Dednet work on new Portage 453,115 02

\$1,133,289 28 Expenses of Main Line, Expenses reported by Canal 915,832,85 Commissioners. \$217,456 43 Difference.

\$1,133 289 28 Total expenses, Total receipts. Excess of expenditures over

receipts, according to Au-ditor General's report, \$25,071 58

This is very different from the \$152,-884 85 of net profits, of which the Canal Board speak in their report. And be it remembered, this calculation excludes the work on the New Portage, excludes the interest on the cost, and includes simply the payments upon the line. Counting the in terest paid, the Commonwealth's loss in 1855 from the ownership and management of the Main Line, was between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars.

In 1854, the Canal Commissioners reported the revenue from the Main Line. \$1,179.010 17; the expenditures, \$945,-868 13-net profit, 233,142 04 How true this is, may be seen from the report of the Auditor General, giving all the pay- sweetness, but because she can occasionments made on the Line for that year:

\$615,812 01 Motive Power, 758,199 07 383,584 87 26,261 50 30,916 85 34,617 74 5,824 72

1,855,216 76 Deduct amount spent on New Portage, 454,141 38

1.401.075 48 Amount reported by Canal 945,868,13 Difference between the two

If the amount spent on relaying the track of the Columbia road be subtracted, the Canal Board's statement would still be \$293,-536 92 below the truth. Amount spent on Main Line

in 1854, exclusive of work on New Portage, \$1,401,075 38 Receipts reported by C. C., 1,179,010 17

Balance against the Line for

1854, \$222,065 21 This is also exclusive of interest on the cost of the work, and represents only the money actually paid out that year. Including the interest, the loss would prove to have been over one million of dollars, instead of the \$233,142 04 the Caual Board were dreaming about.

A similar reference to the books 1853 shows that the Main Line did no. clear the \$352.862 32 claimed for it by the Cana! Board. They reported the expenditures at \$1,021,470 17. The Auditor General reports the total expenditures at \$2,124,265 30. Excluding work on the new Portage, they were \$1,516,419 76, and excluding the entire amount charged to construction, \$866,048 47, the expenses are reported by the Auditor General at \$1 .-258,216 83, or \$236,746 66 more than the amount reported by the Canal Commission ers. Instead of the Main Line clearing \$352,862 32, the figures stand thus: Spent on new track Columbia

road, locomotives, motive power, repairs, lock keepcollectors, damages

and Cenal Commis \$1,482,185 91 ers, Receipts from Main Line re-

1,374,322 50 \$479,661 98 Balance against the Line \$107,863 41

8,493 50 11,995 09 133 101 30 Board exclude from expenditures the money required for relaying the track of the Co-\$633,151 87 lumbia Road, for new locomotives, for damages incurrid, &c., &c. In 1852 the Canal Commissioners report-

ed the profits of the Main Line at \$485,- wigwam: I will bring him back in three 058 44. These the Auditor General's Report shows to have been \$1,480,340 20, or \$968.551 02, exclusive of the entire Construction account. Including the amount railroad.

The expenditures were \$1,190,154 99 Receipts of the Line. 1,391,647 44

Against which are to he charged sundry debts created and not paid. On page seven at \$915,832 85. The Auditor General re- of their report for 1853, the Canal Board ask for an appropriation to pay \$84,577 52 of debts contracted in 1852; and others were developed in subsequent years. In 582,852 43 addition, no estimate is made for deterioration of stock, for replacing which heavy 33 50 payments were afterwards made necessary. 84,330 10 though always omitted by the Board; and 7,154 12 all reference to interest paid is omitted. Including these offsets, the apparent profits dwindle to nothing, and a heavy account rises against the line

In my next I will throw the operations of several years into tabular form, so as to present a clearer and more condensed view of the period embraced.

## Drawing a Pension.

Well, my lad, where are you travelling this stormy weather alone?' asked an inquisitive landlord, in the north of Vermont during the last war, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, with an important message in advance of the party.

'Going to draw my pension,' was the re-

'Pension!' echoed the astorished landord. 'What does so small a bov 's you draw a pension fort'

'Minding my own business, and letting hat of others alone.' The landlord sloped.

There is a girl in Possumtown whose lips are so sweet that they stick together every morning, by the honey they distil, and she can not open her mouth until she has parted her lips with a silver knife. She will be a treasure to her husband, not only on account of her ally keep her mouth shut.

## Trusting an Indian Chief.

A FACT.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W., who established himself at Whitesboro, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with W. lived there many years, laying the an only child, a fine boy of abot four years foundation of a fluurishing and prosperous among whom was a widowed daughter with old. You will recollect that the country community. around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly, he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of six miles, had not vet been to see him; nor could he by any means ascertain the feelings of the Sachem, in respect to his setlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was, that the

chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the Sachem came. Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and the little boy. The interview that followed, was deeply interesting. Upon its results, the Judge conceived his se curity might depend, and he was, therefore excedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians; to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization :

The chief heard him out, and then said. Brother, you ask much and you promise much-what pledge can you give of your

"The honor of a man that never knew deception." was the reply.

"The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian," said the Sachem.

'I have put my life in your hands,' said he Judge; 'is this an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and I will not believe he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed.'

'So much is well,' replied the chief; 'the Indian will repay confidence; if you trust him he will trust you. But I must have a pledge. Let the boy go with me to my

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart as the Indian made the proposal. She sprang from he paid for re-laying the track of the Columbia seat, and rushing to the boy who stood at the side of Sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him close to her breast, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the Sachem's brow, but he did

But not so with Judge W. He knew that the success of the enterpris, the very life of the family depended on the decision of the moment. 'Stay, stay, my daughter!' said he. Bring back the boy, I beseech you. I would not risk a hair of his head. He is not more dear to you than me. But my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him He will be as safe in the Sucham's wigger as heneath our roo and in your arms.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the three ensuing days. She was agitated contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling upon its mother for help! But the time wore away-and the third day came-How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away; noon arrived, and the afternoon was far advanced, yet the Sachem came not. There was gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent, as if despair was settling coldly around her heart. Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the loor, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the Sachem's abode.

At last as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chieftain were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the attired as a young chief-his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin five minutes, a pair of drawers which he had was over his shoulders, and eagle's feathers lost two years before. were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms. gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

and in that one brief moment she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting-too happy for me to describe.

'The white man has conquered,' said the Sachem; 'hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship.'

He was as good as his word, and

A HARD CASE

Poor people have a hard time in this little world of ours. Even in matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote will illustrate.

Old Billy G-had attended a great evival, and in common with many others he was 'converted' and baptised. many weeks afterwards one of his neighbors met him reeling home from the court ground with a considerable brick in his

'Hello, uncle Billy,' said a friend, I. nought you had joined the church.'

'So I did,' answered uncle Billy, makeing a desperate effort to stand still-'so I did, Jeems, and would a bin a good Baptist if they had'nt treated me so everlasting mean at that water. Didn't you ever hear 'bout it Jeems?'

'Never did'

'Then I'll tell bout it. You see, when we come to the ba'tizing place, thar was me and old Jonks, the old squire was to be dipped at the same time. Well, the min ister tuck the 'squire in fust, but I didn't nind that much, as I thought it would be jest as good when I cum, so he led him in, and after dippin under he raised him up mighty keerful, and wiped his face and led him out. Then cum my turn, and instead of lifting me out the he did the 'squire, he gave me one slosh, and left me crawling' about on the bottom like a d——d

IFI understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any man in this town.

'Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so.'

'Well, Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag but there is no man on earth that can turn thing as well as I can whittle it.'

'Poh, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk abou whittling, what can you whittle as well as I 'Anything, everything, Mr. Jones. Just

name the article that I can't whittle, that you can turn, and I will give you a dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these gentlemen present.'

grindstones, just for trial; you may whittle and I will turn.'

Mr. Smith slid.

Good Rules .- Proface swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices and aim at use fulness. This is the road in which to be come respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged but persevere, and mountains will become

Young man commit these rules to memory -live by them-let nothing sway you from them. They will make you a true man.

HANCOCK .- It is quite a singular fact that Hancock was not originally elected as a delegate to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Illness of Jas Bowdoin's wife compelled him to remain at home, and and Hancock was chosen as his substitute. To this trifling circumstance Hancock is indebted for the proud distinction he has gained of having his name enrolled-where all the world may read it-foremost on the roll of Independence.

A man tried in Boston for stealing norse and wagon, being called to speak for hiruself, said: "I have nothing to say in particular. The fact is, when I get half or two-thirds drunk I thinkeverything belongs to me". Whereupon the Boston Post makes this parenthesis. "There are some very sober people who act as if they think just as Joe does when he is drunk.

The Niles Enquirer records the good luck of a citizen of that village, who, while industrious "scrub" of his person of about not be done, sure,' said the tailor.

EMPEROR AND ARTIST.

One David painted for the English Marquis of Douglas a standing portrait of Napoleon of the size of life. He was accustomed to paint the imperial features without requiring Napoleon's personal attend-

ance. The Emperor, therefore, knew nothing of this portrait till it was brought one day to the Tuilleries for his inspection It represented his Majesty in his cabinet as he had risen from his desk after a night spent in writing-a circumstance indicated by candles burning in their sockets .-Those who had seen it considered it, as far as the head and features were considered, the most perfect resemblance that had yet been obtained.

Napoleon was delighted with it, and eagerly complimented David, Still,' said he. 'I think that you have made my eyes rather too weary; this is wrong for working at night does not fatigue me; on the contrary it rests me, I am never as fresh in the morning as when I have dispensed sleep. Who is this portrait for! Who ordered it? It was not I, was it.

'No, sire, it is intended for the Marquis of Douglas.'

'What, David?' returned the empero owling, 'It is to be given to an English-

'Sire, he is one of your Majesty's greatest admirers, and is, perhaps, the most sincere living appreciator of French ar-

'Next to me,' replied Napoleon tartly, after a moment, he added, 'David, I will buy the portrait myself.' 'Sire it is already sold.'

'David, I desire the portrait, I say, I will give thirty thousand francs for

Your Majesty, I cannot change its descriptive gesture, that he had already been not at home ?' 'David,' exclaimed Napoleon, this

trait shall not be sent to England, do you hear? I will return your Marquis his 'Surely your majesty would not dishon-

time noticing that the Emperor, having exhausted persuasion, was preparing for

'No, certainly; but what I will not de either, is to allow the enemies of France to possess me in their country, even on canvass.' So saying, he directed a sturdy, kick at the painting, and the imperial foot passed vigorously through it .-Without a word, be quitted the apartment leaving a wonder stricken audience behind to his studio, and subsequently mended and restored it, and forwarded it to its owner. It is likely that the merit of the portrait, as a work of art and as a likeness is now somewhat lost in the superior attractions of the patched rent, and that it is considerably greater as a memeuto of his Majesty's wrath, than as a specimen of the skill of his artist in ordinary .-- Goodrich's Court of Napoleon.

COMMON MERCIES .- A gentleman was one stopped in the streets of London by a stranger, who asked him, "Did you ever thank God for your reason ?"

"I don't know that I ever did," the gen. tleman replied.
"Do it quickly then," said the stranger

"for I have lost mine." Though this was spoken by one who has lost his reason, it certainly contains a very rational sentiment that should impress every rational mind. Our common mercies are often disregarded, merely because they are common. And we rarely make a due estimate of them, until we are deprived of

These mercies are very numerons; and though small, when separately considered, are great in the aggreate, and deeply involve our well-being. We are very apt to think that happiness depends on great blessing; but it must be evident to every reflecting person, that our daily comfort is largely derived from ten thousand little conveniences with which we are constantly surrouned. "If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand."- N. Y. Observer.

The triumph of a woman lies not in ad. miration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband; and that is gained by a a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values. Mr. D-, if you'll get my pants

done by Saturday, I shall be forever in. little boy was at his side. He was gaily bathing in the river, discovered, after an debted to you. 'If that's your game they'll

Don't you remember old Towzer, dear Kate, old Towzer so shaggy and More plessing than the dew-drops that kind; how he used to play, day and night, sparkle upon the roses, are tears that pity by the gate, and seize interlopers

INITIATING A DOMESTIC.

Mrs Walter Fairfield wished to initiate new domestic in the secret of doorkeeping. out answering the bell.'

'Certainly not, ma'am, may it please you ladyship.

'And there will be ladies calling, Biddy about whom I must give you certain instruc tions. I hope you will learn to discrininate character. All is not gold that glistens,

"And don't I know that by the brass-pir Lichael O'Flathery gave me of a thanksgiving eve ?' Biddy, there will be a young lady very

genteelly dressed, with a pink drawn bat and a rich embroidered gray cloak, and whenever she inquires for me be sure and say, she

Biddy looked wild-'And what else should I say if you're gone, mistress ?'

But that's not it, you stupid girl; at any rate you are to say I am out, even if I am in my parlor chatting with a friend.'

And to another who comes in a bro velvet hat and marabout feathers, and short satin cloak, you are to say the same, 'she is Biddy nodded ascent, and awaited further

To a young lady who calls with a mus ook under her arm, I am out. To a young gentleman with a little file of papers, who nas a large quantity of whiskers about his fare-recollect, Biddy, to him say, I am out - yes, out of the city for a few days. To an elderly lady who is dressed in black, who will demand very uncivilly to see me, be sure Biddy, and say to her, I am out.'

'Lord help me, ma'am, and to whom shall ! ay you are in ?'

·First let me see your power of memory tination, said David, indicating by a des- To whom, Biddy, have I directed you to say 'To the man so very hairy-to the sun

like woman in black-to the pink hat and the velvet one."

'Right, Biddy, you certainly promise well -now be sure and practise as well. All other ladies who may call from twelve to two or me?' stammered the artist, at the same be sure and admit them in the farther draw-

Riddy courtesied.

'I think,' replied Mrs. Fairfield to her hu pand that same evening, 'we shall have a treasure in this young Irish girl-she really eems to have a good understanding.'

Mr. Fairfield hummed a tune to the words when I can read my title clear,' &c.

The next morning a gentleman called and so she threw open the drawing-reom. Car

to Mrs. Fairfield, Mr Sykes has called. Mr. Sykes, why Biddy, that is our minister; just uncover the mirror in the front room-it looks hideous, and the minister will not observe what you are doing in the

'I called, Mrs. Fairfield, to secure your valuable aid in inducing housekeepers to patronize Mrs. Wheeler's Intelligence office, Mrs. Wheeler's is a member of our church, and a very worthy woman, dependent on her own exertions: she will select only those females whose moral characters are well estab-

'A worthy object, Mr. Sykes! I certainly will give it my warmest encouragement. Of course she will secure no places for those given to theft, lying, and similar vices, and this will make quite model homes for us all. The practice of artful deception, Mr Sykes, has caused me unparalleled mischief .-Church members and all others, ought to instill sound principles into domestics.'

Mr. Sykes admired the Christian spirit that pervaded Mrs. Fairfield's discourse. He wished alt his church was as worthy but

The bell rang, and a young man inquired for Mrs. Fairfield. Biddy bowed him in also, but not a sign of a name would be give as to who called.

'Is he light complexioned, Biddy? 'Yes, ma'am, barring his hair.'

O. I know who it is, and all complain cy and smiles, Mrs. Fairfield entered, when lo, Mr. Simonds had called for the payment of a Parisian head dress, amounting to the sum of ten dollars, worn at Caradori's last concert. She could have killed the Irish girl for admitting him.

The next morning the lady in the pink hat called, and Biddy, of course, let her in forgetful of her orders.

Mrs. Fairfield, I have brought you Miss Ellen's tuition for dancing three quartersseventy five dollars.'

Mrs. Fairfield put it on the card rack, remarking that she would show it to her she ain't never got over it. The sough husband, and again gave Biddy a tirade for ain't of any account now, but she has the disobeving orders,

Finally the lady in deep black called and Biddy made no scruple to say, 'my mistress bade me say she was out.' 'You will be sure, Biddy, and not suffer a woman looked imploringly—'will you say to person to stand long in the vestibule withing a dozen of shirts for Mr. Fairfield, is again presented, and must be paid."

Biddy did as the woman directed, but the poor seamstress had to wait a little lonper, And Biddy was that day dismissed for stupidity and want of discrimination

Mrs. Fairfield, in future, is going to Mrs Wheeler's office, to procure good, truthful honest help; for she says it is a duty she owes to the woman, on account of being connected with her in the same church.— She says, moreover, she must have a new cloak similar to Mrs. Blair's which only cost fifty dollars; so the dancing master, and the seamstress, and the music master and the French milliner, must wait, for she has already expended twice that sum over when her husband had given it to her expressly to pay those bills,; but she still maintains, like many nominal Christians, that one must dress fashionably to be respected.

EDGAR A. POE.

AT a course of lectures recently given in Baltimore, by Dr. McBabe, the following tribute to the genius of Poe was strikingly and impressively read :

He was presented as a strange and wonderful man of our own times and acquaintance-might in his weakness and weak in his mightiness. A subtle mind -a wizard of the pen-a combination of the worm and the God-of dust and deity-a modern Prometheus, chained to the rock of a fatal mortal malady-a man who came an age before his time, and passed away like the lightning from the scroll of heaven; who conquered ere he fell from the topmost round of the ladder of Fame, but then fell ingloriously-a man from the ark of whose soul the dove went forth, to bring back no olive branch to tell of the subsiding deluge of the waters of sorrow that flooded over his soul, in whose window came the "dark and ominous bird of yore" croaking still its "nevermore," forbidding the cup of Neptune, and staring with its wild and fiery eyes into all the convoluted labyrinths of the past beak into his proud and bleeding heart, a child of sorrow and of song, whose death rabes were put on in a kennel and whose last sigh was breathed in a hospital. Misfertune seemed to mark him from the cradle to the grave. The house of a stranger was the home of his in fancy; he never knew a mother's love and inquired for Mrs. Frirfield. He had huge now his restless spirit, like the wandering whiskers, but Biddy coucluded it was not Jew, seemed ever crying for a "surcease of ate eloquence of despairing grief we hear him shricking to the dark, impersonation of his destiny :

"Tell me truly, I implore, Is there, is there no balm in Gilead ? Tell me truly, I implore! Tell this soul, with sorrow laden If within some distant Aiden, I shall clasp some suinted maiden, Whom the angels-name Lenore ? Clasp a rare and sainted maiden, hom the angels named Lenore?

That solemn, hopeless response-Nevernore-tells that not only did he nurture the cypress for his grave, but that no voice from out that "distant Aiden" whispered of peace beyond the portals of the tomb.

Ah, that "nevermore?" how sadly it strikes upon the soul, as we recall the circumstances of Poe's death! He died a drunkard! What comment upon the powerlessness of the poblest intellect, of the highest genius, to struggle unaided against the demon of visious habits! There was a balm in Gilead-there was a physician there -and he might have been healed. But no -he did not-would not apply the remedy and be died: miserably, madly be died!

IF Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife? asked an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood before him. "Wall, squire, you must be a tarnal green hand to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a plaguey fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this ar gal from the quiltin' frolic, if I wasn't honseriptuously sartain and determined to have her !-Drive on with your business, and don't ax foolish questions."

A CHRONIC COMPLAINT .-- Woman (to little boy)-"Jimmy, are your folks all

Little Boy-"Yes ma'am, all but Salle

Woman .- "Why, what's the matter with

Little Boy. Ob, nothin' particularonly she had the hoopin cough once, and