

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, Dec. 14, 1855.

VOL. XXIV, NO. 16.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



AM GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams.

I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace;
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay,
As 'er it was before my looks
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I know these eyes to thine are true,
I look not so bright and glad,
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then drop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
And beat the beaming sky,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And that so shall I.

Then what if I am growing old—
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I live to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun—God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing,
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they go,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young, I called them mine—
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when Heaven's bright gate I've past,
They'll know from every other,
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

Oh! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend,
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

GOLD AND CARN.

The following beautiful contrast between the gold of California and the gold of Agriculture, is from the speech of the Hon. Edward Everett, at the National Agricultural Fair, Boston, Oct. 26th:

The grains of the California gold are dead, organic masses. How they got into the gravel between what mountain millstones, whirled by elemental storm winds on the bosom of ocean torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder by what Titanic hands the covered grains were sown broadcast in the places, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or re-production, and when that crop was to be put in, Chaos must have broken up the soil.

How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each minutely, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seemingly lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a seminal germ, a living principle. Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clouds on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, in the ground, and lo! a mystery: in a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upwards, it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk, revels in the air and sunshine, it arrays itself more gloriously than Solomon in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whippers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweet-bread's garments; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skirts of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent latons like this, (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvellous reproductive powers. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand.— And now I say, sir, of this transcendent gold of ours, the yield this year will be at least ten or fifteen times that of California.

But it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the California gold by some miserly old fogey, who thinks there is no music in the world equal

to the think of his guineas, that though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet once gathered it lasts to the end of time; while (he will maintain) our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and when consumed is gone forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error both ways. It is true, the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses; but while it so lasts it is of no use, no, not so much as its value in pig iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, or drink it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is the less its exchangeable value.

Far different the case with our Atlantic gold. It does not perish when consumed, but by a nobler alchemy than that of Paracelsus, is transmitted in consumption to a higher life. "Thou art in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou art, that which thou wast is not quickened, except it die." The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the Resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as bare "grain." It may chance of wheat, or some other grain. To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human—bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah! sometimes ever-toiling brain. Last June it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distended sap vessels, and now it clothes the manly form with warm cordial flesh, quivers and thrills with the five-fold mystery of sense, purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Reaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye—till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk which we have seen bending in the cornfield, under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

Yes, sir, to drop the allegory, and to speak without a figure, it is this noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great company is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler orders of animated nature dependent on man. With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited though certainly not an insignificant source of supply), Agriculture is the steward which spreads the daily table of mankind. Twenty-seven millions of human beings, by accurate computation, awake this very morning in the United States, all requiring their "daily bread," whether they had the grace to pray for it or not, and under Providence all looking to the agriculture of the country for that daily bread, and the food of the domestic animals depending on them: a demand as great perhaps as their own. Mr. President, it is the daily duty of your farmers to satisfy gigantic appetites; to fill the mouths of these hungry millions, I might say, for by any catastrophe, the supply were cut off for a few days, the life of the country—human and brute—would be extinct.

President Pierce and the Cabinet.

The greatness of soul consists in just such acts as President Pierce has determined upon, in relation to the future treatment of the Indians within the territories of our Union. "Lo, the poor Indian" has touched many a sensitive heart; but until recently, no rational efforts have been adopted to moderate his future condition. He has been robbed and abused by rascally Indian Agents ever since the formation of our Government, and the "Winnebago" only followed in the footsteps of some of his illustrious predecessors. The "Winnebago" has generally been the same, and "Lochiel's" bargains with "half and quarter breeds" are not isolated cases. We say all honor to President Pierce for his noble desire to protect and civilize the Red Man of the wilderness. The following interesting paragraphs we find in the Washington correspondence of the St. Louis Republican:

"I learn that the President has determined on a new Indian policy for the Government.—Heretofore the policy has been removal. So soon as any question should arise between the white man and his red brother, involving any serious difficulty and settling them, the previous policy of the Government has been to remove the Indians further into the wilderness, and stave off the responsibilities of the issue.—The very necessity of the case now forces the Government to change its policy, for there is no longer any West to which to remove the poor Indian. The white population of California, Oregon and Washington, will soon demand that this incumbrance be started on the opposite track, and that the red man's path shall be Eastward. In this crisis, President Pierce has determined to adopt the opposite policy, and confine the Indians on their reservation—certainly their boundaries instead of enlarging them. This will force them to turn their attention to agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and tend to their rapid civilization.

"They will be surrounded on all sides by the music of the ploughman's merry whistle and the busy clink of the mechanic's hammer; and these influences must affect, in a greater or less degree, their wild and savage nature. On Lake Superior several tribes, who had been thus surrounded, have become excellent citizens. One of the Saganaw tribe is now largely engaged in ship-building, and has a large capital invested in the business. Others of the tribe are engaged in the various mechanical trades, and are doing well under precisely the same policy which the government has determined to adopt towards all."

From the St. Louis Republican. The Future of the Keystone State—New York and Pennsylvania.

New York is and long has been the Empire State of our confederacy; but there are causes at work which are likely to reduce her from her present proud eminence, and elevate a Sister State to the imperial position, and character she has heretofore enjoyed. Pennsylvania is the towering rival, whose patientness crest is looming up out of the shadow cast by her neighbor, and reaching forth to snatch the scepter which that neighbor thought would always be her own.

New Yorkers are a demonstrative people, Pennsylvanians are the reverse. The former are always in commotion—holding meetings, passing resolves, writing, spaking, talking, trading and working noisily, and thereby impressing on their neighbors and the world a bewildering sense of their superior activity, energy and enterprise. The Pennsylvanians seem slow and steady-going; yet they are generally earnestly and perseveringly at work for the accomplishment of some great work, none the less talked of. New York has greater population, and more votes in Congress than Pennsylvania; but this order of things will be reversed in a few years. Pennsylvania will be the first, and New York the second star in the political firmament; Pennsylvania will rise, and New York descend one step, thereby reversing their present relative positions. Does any one ask how this will be, and is being brought about? The answer is easy.

New York has been building railroads from one centre—her chief city—towards the West. Instead of having to cut through, or go over mountains, as Pennsylvania did, she could go round them. Her huge canal and gigantic lines of rail, converging at Manhattan Island, radiated towards the lakes on the North, and the opening between the lakes and the mountains on the West. The enormous trade of nearly the whole west rolled along the Erie and Central Railroads, or floated along the Erie canal, to be deposited for distribution in the warehouses and on the quays of her chief city.

But while these railroads and this canal carried this foreign wealth through the State, they also bore home wealth out of it. The high prices paid within the last few years for the very western produce which sought a market at New York city, together with the facility which the railroad of the State offered to emigrants going west, has induced a heavy emigration from the Empire State to the cheap farming lands of the Northwest. The consequence is, that while the stream of trade from the west has swollen the dimensions of New York city, the stream of trade to the west is depleting New York State. The former has been built up to its present imposing proportions, at such a fabulous rapidity, at the expense of the latter. In short, the internal improvements of New York State were built with an eye to commerce alone, and not with a view to the development of her hidden elements of wealth. The business they do is enormous; but it is a through business, whose benefits are not scattered by the wayside, but deposited in a lump in the coffers of the merchant princes and ship owners of glorious Gotham.

Pennsylvania, with all the old-foginess charged on her, has pursued a wiser and more discreet policy. The Alleghenies long lay as an almost insurmountable barrier between her and the west. The buildings of tunnels through, and roads over them, was the work of years.—She could not run over the Alleghenies, to the West, as nimbly and quickly as her rival could around them. She had, therefore, to give up the West, measurably, to New York, and look to a less remote source for wealth. She turned her eyes homeward, and saw coal veins and iron beds waiting labor, and promising riches to those who would turn them up. She built mills, factories and furnaces, and filled them with the workers whom New York sent abroad. She built farming towns in her valleys, and manufacturing towns among her coal and iron hills, and connected the two by railroads, that the farms might supply the mills with food, while the mills supplied the farmers with manufactures. In short Pennsylvania built roads to serve as channels for the reciprocal trade of her own citizens, as well as for the transportation of foreign through trade. Her industry was therefore diversified, enlarged and enhanced.—She kept her citizens at home by giving them work. No one can fail to remark the paucity of Pennsylvanians to be found living out of their native State, as compared with the numbers of New Yorkers to be found scattered throughout the West. The results of these causes are what we might naturally suppose they would be.

At the last census, New York lost two Representatives in Congress, while Pennsylvania gained two. The causes which led to this disparity are still at work, and will produce more palpable relative changes in the future. Pennsylvania is not now equal in population or importance to her Sister State; but she is marching in physical power and political importance with surer and steadier strides than her neighbor. She is increasing more rapidly in proportion, and even the next census may show that she has achieved the same level with New York, from whence her elevation to superiority is inevitable.

In 1850, the Keystone State will be also the Empire State of the Union, first in the developed elements of physical wealth, first in commercial and political importance, and first in capacity to influence the destiny of the nation.—We have no regrets to express at the prospect. Pennsylvania is eminent for the conservatism of her political tendencies, the soundness of her economy, and the sagacity of her Statesmen.—Her elevation to the post of Empire State would insure stability and consistency to the nation.

A Kiss in Fre.—A young German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny, yesterday, in

the Court of Quarter Sessions. Upon the award of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and her gratitude in a manner which very much astonished her counsel, the Court and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and, imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the Court room, like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and her triumph, unconscious of the gaze and the smiles of a crowded Court room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst upon her head and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation.—*Phila. Ledger.*

From the Boston Mail, 23d. SPICY CHAPTER ON BOSTON MORALS.

The great interest which the recent cowhiding affair has occasioned, has induced us to investigate the preliminary facts connected therewith.

The first time that Josiah F. Porter ever saw Mrs. Coburn was at a ball of the City Guards at Union Hall, in February last. It was simply a ball-room acquaintance. Mrs. Coburn at that time requested an introduction to the Lieutenant, and through an acquaintance of her own she received it. If a flirtation was commenced that night, it ended that night also—but that was by no means the end of Mr. Coburn's jealousy.

From that time forward Mr. Porter never met his ball-room acquaintance for about six weeks, when he was quietly sitting in Vinton's, getting his supper with an intimate friend, Mr. Sumner. While these gentlemen were thus profitably employed, two ladies, most richly dressed, entered the saloon, and taking a seat near them, with much coarseness, called for a glass of soda. Like some servants that can be seen in any ice cream or oyster saloon in the country, there was much droll in answering the ladies' call, wherein they made those ordinary remarks which ladies will make when they are vexed, and at the same time are absorbed by young gentlemen. Perhaps their bell had lost its tongue, if they had not; at any rate they needed another one, and Mr. Porter and Sumner passed the bell from their own table to them. Mrs. Coburn at this time remembered the February introduction, (it was not on the 14th), and reminded the gentlemen thereof, which recalled a circumstance which, had it not been for the ladies' impertinence and eloquence, would never have been remembered by them. By this time the ladies announced that they visited Vinton's nearly every afternoon, and it would afford them great pleasure to meet the young gentlemen there. Mr. Porter had previously, for a long time, taken his supper at the saloon, and, of course, continued to do so; and subsequently he met these ladies at the same place, for several afternoons. Sometimes it so happened that they walked from the saloon, on Washington street, and there are some persons who have seen Mr. Porter in an omnibus with the confectionary-loving wives, and occasionally the gentleman attended the ladies a part of the way on their walk homeward. What was said during the sweet and happy hours we know not. That the husband's will, of course, find out.

During one of these chance confectionary meetings, Mrs. Coburn and Mrs. Dalton told their accidental friends that they were going to visit a sister of theirs at Cambridgeport, on a particular afternoon and with exquisite modesty requested the young gentlemen to meet them there. Their carefully wedded husbands were not going to Cambridge at the same interesting time. The gentlemen did as they were requested, and driving out to the Port, they found out the ladies, and returned with them, in their own hired hack, to Boston, leaving them at their house on Shawmut avenue. On their return passage, whatever Mrs. Coburn did, is her own lookout, and she remembers it very well. It she kissed a young gentleman, it is no reason that he should, on that account, be killed. Kissing always goes by favors. Mrs. Dalton's little pleasantry with Mr. Sumner, at the same time, is something for her to settle with her husband, and no one else.

From this time the fever of the flirtation commenced, so far as the ladies were concerned.—Now note writing became a profession. The fervor and the fondness which was breathed into the tender missives sent by the ladies, the world ought not to know. All is, the notes on the part of Mr. Porter, were unnoticed, and with one exception, were never answered.—The place where Mrs. Coburn desired to meet him he did not visit. Accidentally they met a few times, and the lady used her utmost ability on these occasions to disclose her passion for herself, and she was accustomed to speak of the constant abuse of her husband towards her. Her passion reached that point that she declared that the inmost wish of her heart was to get divorced from her husband on account of his abuse to her and her jealousy of him.

The very last time that Mr. Porter and the lady met previous to last Saturday, (which, by the way, was a fortnight) she undertook to speak of her grievances in a most energetic strain; so much so that when the Lieutenant received her note on that day, he presumed that she desired to take steps relating to a divorce and nothing more. In consequence of that note he called at her house for the first time in his life, and the reception he there met with is already well known. From the nature of the cases and sticks used on that occasion, it would look as if Mr. Coburn wished to get a divorce from bed and board.

The real cause of the immediate trouble that has occurred between the descendants of the house of Gove and their accidental friends, is

quickly told. Mrs. Dalton had a large number of letters which she and her sister, Mrs. Coburn, had received from various gentlemen, and these were seen by their husbands on Friday evening last. The letters were laid aside with commendable rapidity, and the name of Lieut. Porter was given by the faithful wives, in order to screen the real authors. This, at the time, was meant as a subterfuge, but Mrs. Coburn was thereupon compelled, by brute force, to write the letter which drew Mr. Porter into the lion's den. Report has it, and report does not always lie,—that Mr. Coburn has not been excessively kind to his wife. On the contrary, domestic differences have been of almost daily occurrence between him and her, and the same is said of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton.

From the Bath Commercial Advertiser, Nov. 30. A DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

That portion of the city known as Dumfries, was thrown into a state of excitement yesterday in consequence of the elopement of two wives from their husbands. The first case was that of a young woman who had been married only a few months. It appears that before her marriage she was addressed by a young man to whom she engaged herself, but from some cause the contract was not consummated, and the husband whom she has left making her acquaintance, and being a respectable young man, who had a good prospect for independence, she married him. Shortly after her marriage she commenced visiting a place where lottery policies are sold, where she met the party whom she first loved, and who was married to another.—At these meetings an intimacy sprung up which soon ripened into an agreement to elope, and they accordingly went off a day or two ago, the wife taking all the money her husband had in the house with her. Her injured husband had determined to take the matter philosophically, satisfied that he is much better off without an unfaithful wife. The wife of the wretch who has thus assisted in destroying the happiness of a worthy fellow man will have the sympathy of all right minded persons, and she too will doubtless be quite as happy alone, as with a man who possesses so little of the principle which makes the character of his sex noble.

The other case is that of a female in the same locality further advanced in life, and who has been married for several years. We could not learn whether the gay Lothario who went off with this deserting wife, left one of his own to mourn over his ingratitude. This is a singular coincidence, that our neighborhood should give birth to two events of like reprehensible character at the same period.

From the Chicago Times, Nov. 16. THE INGERSOLL TRAGEDY.

Yesterday morning, Doctor Varian, a young and accomplished surgeon of this city, succeeded in extracting the bullet from the body of Mrs. Ingersoll, the lady who was shot, a few days ago, by her husband, who also shot and killed himself. Doctor Varian performed the operation unassisted, and accomplished his object in about two minutes of time. The ball entered the body about four inches from the sternum, between the second and third ribs.—Passing upward and outward, its course was around the body, through the axilla, and striking the outer portion of the neck of the scapula, lodged upon the dorsum of this bone—being much flattened in its transit. The lady suffering very little pain during the operation, and is now past danger and doing well.

Frequent inquiries have been made as to the conversation which passed between Mrs. Ingersoll and her husband, during their walk together on the evening of the fatal occurrence, and which was not made known by her at that time. It seems that he was with her several minutes before he prevailed upon her to go with him at all. As they left the door of her boarding house, he referred to the subject of her application for divorce, and endeavored to obtain from her a promise to withdraw her petition. He made many ardent protestations of love and affection for her, and promised to conduct himself differently in the future, if she would consent to live with him again. To all, she replied in the negative, and expressed a determination to proceed until a divorce should be granted. This is the substance of all that was said on either side before Ingersoll drew the pistol and fired. It would thus seem that he went with the intention of first trying to regain possession of his wife, and, failing in that, to murder her.

FEMALE HEALTH AND EDUCATION.—The following paragraphs are extracted from Miss Beecher's new work:

The work that Providence has appointed for woman in the various details of domestic life, is just that which, if properly apportioned, is fitted to her peculiar organization. If all the female members of a family divided all the labors of the cook, the nurse, the laundress, and the seamstress, so that each should have four or five hours a day of alternating light and heavy work, it would exercise every muscle in the body, and at the same time interest and exercise the mind. Then the remaining time could be safely given to intellectual, social and benevolent pursuits and enjoyments.

But no such division is made. One portion of the women have all the exercise of the nerves of motion, and another have all the brain-work, while they thus grow up deficient and deformed, intellectually or physically, or both. And so American women every year become more and more nervous, sickly and miserable, while they are bringing into existence a feeble, delicate or deformed offspring.

We are convinced that this statement, terrific as it is, is no exaggeration, and may be confirmed by thousands of cases very near us, and among those who are called ignorant, or thoughtless or unkind. It seems to me that the education of daughters is more badly managed than anything in American society, and in some respects the position that is regarded as most favored is actually the opposite. If any enemy

of the human race who wished to destroy the hope of the nation, could devise any more effective method of breaking down the health of girls than the method pursued by our current fashions, he must be gifted with superhuman ingenuity.

Eating Oysters.

It was only a few evenings ago, that I happened to be sitting at a side table at R's, eating saloon, in this place, indulging in "sea food," before going to bed. The oysters were particularly fine, and should have engrossed all my attention; but visions of doctors and dyspepsia would intrude themselves upon me.

The opening of the door disturbed my not very pleasant reveries, and when I raised my head, my eyes fell upon a rather strange looking specimen of humanity. He evidently belonged to that class of persons called Yankees—not a genuine Yankee, such as come from Vermont State, and are notorious for their wooden nutting propensities; not that kind. Here we apply the term "Yankee" to those individuals who come down the river semi-annually with lumber.

Well, as soon as he entered, he walked or rather lounged, up to the counter, behind which R. was standing, and after watching his motions for a moment or two, broke out with—
"I say, Captain, they look plump, s'pose you open a few raw?"

A place was put before him, and R. commenced serving them out pretty rapidly; as I thought, but not fast enough, for the impatient river man. The oyster hardly touched the plate before the Yankee would look up with his fork, and grip it down at one swallow, and then he would flourish his fork before R's, face and cry—

"Hurry up the cakes! Wake up, old man! See, until R., who had always prided himself on his dexterity in uncasing the "sea toads," became quite excited. At last, in reply to some cutting joke of the Yankee, R. said in no very gentle tone—

"Look here, friend, you seem to pride yourself on being a fast eater. Now I'll bet you \$20 I can open oysters faster than you can pick up and swallow them, and not half try."

"I don't like to be bluffed off in that way, stranger," says the Yankee, "but you are a little ahead of my pile. S'pose you make it \$10, and I swan if I don't take you, and give you five for a starter."

This was agreed to, and both parties pulled out their money, and deposited it in my hands. After all was fixed, R. deliberately opened the five he was to start with; and then rolling his sleeves up to his elbows, called out to the Yankee, who was standing, fork in hand, and anxiously awaiting the commencement—

"Now for it!"
The words had hardly left his mouth before he had added another to the plate, and then a second and a third, following in quick succession.

The Yankee was not idle all this time, but had been stowing them away at a rate that threatened soon to empty the plate before him. R. was beginning to look blank, and I was just thinking that he was going to give up and acknowledge the corn, when suddenly, by a dexterous twitch, he threw one out on the bar counter.

Yankee stopped a moment to cry "fool," but seeing that one had been gained on him by his hesitation, swallowed it, dust and all. The next went clear over the counter on the floor, and the next, and the next.

The Yankee evidently began to see the game, for instead of losing time expostulating he went scrambling over the floor after the oysters, which now flew to all corners of the room, only waiting to give them a wipe on the sleeve of his coat before engulfing them.

Thus we were kept in doubt which would beat, until R. capped the climax by making one a light—accidentally, of course—right in the spit box! The astonished man gazed for a moment at the oyster as it lay, half embedded in the dirty saw dust, and then dropping his fork, made a straight cut tail out of a side door.

As the door closed upon him, all hands joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of the vanquished hero, in which R's voice was most conspicuous; but a woful change came over his countenance as he examined the stakes which I just handed him. You may judge how the laugh turned, when he exclaimed, in a voice not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder—
"Counterfeit, by the eternal!"

A CRUCIFIXION IN CHINA.—An American, writing from China to the New York Times, after giving an account of the numerous executions of the rebels, says:

"Two weeks since, to vary the scene, they had a crucifixion. A woman was sentenced to be crucified for the crime of having given birth to one of the rebel chiefs. Her father is a rebel, his family is considered the same, and the whole family, from the old man of fourscore to the child of four years, share the same fate.—The poor woman was nailed to the cross while living, a gash made across the forehead to the bone, and the skin peeled down so as to hang over the eyes; after which the breasts were cut off; they then proceeded to break every bone in her body; a large knife was next thrust in his hand, and grasping the heart, tore it from its socket, and laid it beating and rocking before the Judge. At Shanghai they draw them by dozens."

At Wakeford, Mich., on the 1st instant, four sons of Jesse Chapman, Esq., living in different parts of the State, all made their appearance at the paternal mansion with a lady accompaniment, followed by a clergyman, who joined the whole quartet in the bonds of matrimony. After a chat with the "old folks," the girls and boys started off on their wedding tour.