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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



Where may Rest be Found?

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The low winds softened in a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as they answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where wretched man may find
The bliss for which he sighs?
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and answered—"No!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy rounds,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Of tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happier spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And sorrows a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven!"

From Harper's Magazine.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

On Independence Day we took a steamer for the county of Rockland, determined to pass the Fourth in peace and quietness, and desirous of refreshing our patriotism amidst scenes hallowed by the sacred memories of the Revolution. We visited Washington's headquarters at the little village of Tappan, the "Seventy-Six House," where Andre was confined, the place where he was executed, the grave where he was buried, and whence he was exhumed. We conversed with a venerable lady who gave him four beautiful peaches on the morning in which he went forth to die. "He thanked me with a sweet smile," she said. "But, somehow or 'noth'er, he didn't seem to have no appetite. He only bit into one of 'em."

Standing by his grave, we could see across the broad Hudson, the very place where he was arrested by Van Wert, Williams and Paulding, and the gleaming of the white monument erected to their memory; the place where Washington stood when Andre went forth to die, and the stone house where he was taken to die upon a gallows.

The following account of Andre's execution is one of the most minute and interesting that we have ever read. It was furnished by Mr. William G. Haselbath, of Rockland county, the history of which he is engaged in writing. It was taken down from the lips of a soldier in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed a short distance from where poor Andre suffered:

One of our men, whose name was Armstrong, being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he did and painted it black, as was the custom at that period.

At this time Andre was confined in what was called the Old Dutch Church—a small stone building with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels.

When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which was two o'clock in the afternoon, a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was formed by placing the guard in single file on each side of the road. In front were a large number of American officers of high rank on horse-back. These were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin, then a large number of officers on foot with Andre in their midst.

The procession wound slowly up a moderately rising ground, about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure, and on this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotches, and having a pole on the top.

The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat and laid it down, then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as far as the length of the wagon would permit, at the same time casting his eyes up to the pole over his head, and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded.

He was dressed in a complete British uniform. His coat was of the brightest scarlet, faced and trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under clothes, vest and breeches were bright buff; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which, agreeably to the fashion, was wound with a black ribbon, and hung down his back.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers in those days called a "hangman's knot," which he attempted to put over the head and around the

neck of Andre; but by a sudden movement of his hand, this was prevented.

Andre now took off the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief, and tied it before his eyes. This done, the officer who commanded spoke in rather a loud voice, and said:

"His arms must be tied."

Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, which he gave to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief.

His arms at this time were tied just above the elbows, and behind the back.

The rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows; which, together with the length of the rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung entirely still.

During the whole transaction he seemed as little daunted as John Rogers when he was about to be burnt at the stake, although his countenance was rather pale.

He remained hanging from twenty to thirty minutes, and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by whom he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope, and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground.

Shortly after the guard was withdrawn, and spectators were permitted to come forward and view the corpse; but the crowd was so great that it was some time before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat, vest and breeches had been taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under clothes. The top of the coffin was put on.

I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter had drawn upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a most shocking sight to behold.

There were, at this time, standing at the foot of the coffin, two young men of uncommon short stature. They were not more than four feet high. Their dress was extremely gaudy. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York to take care of his clothes—but what other business I did not learn.

I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked near enough to lay my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, and his whole face was covered with what appeared to me to have been taken from the outside of a greasy pot.—A more frightful looking creature I never beheld. His whole countenance bespoke him a fit instrument for the business he had in doing.

I remained upon the spot until scarcely twenty persons were left; but the coffin was still beside the grave, which had previously been dug.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

It is not always the "longest pole that knocks down the most persimmons," either in the game of bluff or the more difficult game of life. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," and it often happens that when a man considers himself "shunk," he is as far astray as possible. Here is a case in point:

Dr. Joshua Cadwell, who lived for many years in the town of Florence, on the Western Reserve, Ohio, was a most skillful doctor, but one of the most eccentric and absent-minded persons in the world, except Margaret, his wife, who was fully his equal. One summer morning the doctor got caught in a tremendous shower, which drenched him to the skin. It soon cleared off, however, and Dr. Josh rode into his own yard, where he took his dripping saddle from the horse, and let him go adrift in the pasture. The saddle he had placed upon a stout log of wood, which was elevated about four feet from the ground, where the doctor had begun to build a platform to dry peaches on.

After having got his saddle all fixed so as that it would be dry, he took the bridle, and putting the bit over the end of the log, he stretched out the reins, and hitched them to the horn of the saddle, and went in to change his wet clothes and get breakfast. Joshua junior was from home on a visit, and so the seniors sat down together to the morning's meal. When they were about half through, Jim Atwood, a farmer who lived eight miles distant, came in, telling the doctor he wished he would hurry and go over to his house, as he reckoned he might be wanted there before night. The doctor promised to be there, and Jim went off in a hurry to the village for the necessary fixings.

When the doctor had finished his breakfast, he took his saddle-bags and went into the yard, where he deliberately mounted his saddle, and set out in imagination for Jim Atwood's. For a considerable length of time he rode on in the most profound silence, with his eyes fixed intently on Buchanan's Practice, which lay open on the saddle before him. At length he began to feel the effects of the fierce rays of the midday sun, and looking up from his book, he discovered a comfortable little house close to him, upon which he gazed lustily for a drink of water.

Aunt Margaret, who had been for the last two hours very busy in the garden, made her appearance with a pitcher of milk, and after the thirsty stranger had taken a long draught the

two entered into an animated conversation, the doctor launching out into rapturous praises of the scenery about the place, the neatness of the building, the fine orchard of peach and apple trees, and the lady who got a glimpse of the saddle-bags, made a great many inquiries about the health of the neighborhood and things in general. The doctor finally took leave of the lady, assuring her that he would call upon his return, and have some further conversation with her, as she reminded him so much of his wife, who, he was sure, would be happy to become acquainted with her. The lady turned to enter the house, and the doctor had just gathered up the reins, when Jim Atwood dashed up to the gate with his horse in a lather of foam. "What in the thunder are you doing, doctor?" yelled Jim; "get off that log and come along." The doctor was a great deal astonished at first, but after a few minutes it got through his hair that he had been all the morning riding a beech log in his own door yard.

WHICH WAS THE COWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing a young man about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan.

A third party, also a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret.—Before there was time for response, Logan said sharply and with stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean, coward Edward Wilson! I repeat the words, and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added:

"You will resent the insult?"

Why did he pause?

His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," at that instant, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for a moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I would not strike you."

"You're afraid?"

"I will not deny it, I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" Said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegations as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the slightest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed.

Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have once called my friend."

At this moment light airy laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed.

Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and pale, shook his head slowly. He made no response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other impatiently; and turning off, he went the same direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone, he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted them by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes.

How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart.—What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering.

Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him.

In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told.

Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighboring village that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream.

There were three or four young men and half a dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former.

These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties, and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good

feeling and a generous deportment towards the others.

Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly.

An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as an answer to his remark.

His impulse was to deal a blow. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and moved away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lip and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable.

Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult.

When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away, without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word, "coward," from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man.

A coward we instinctively despise; and yet how slow we are to elevate the higher moral courage which enables a man to bear unjust judgment, rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so because, there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would sacrifice all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended.

Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of the excitement.

Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity.

Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastenings loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, towards the breast of a milldam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a distance of over twenty feet.

Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands toward their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for assistance.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls would have been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happened to be another boat on the milldam, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard.

Now screaming and ringing their hands, and now urging those young men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them and springing into the boat, cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or they are lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted.

At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm.

Bravely he pushed from the shore, and with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam.

At every stroke the light skiff sprang forward a dozen feet and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat.

Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a rower with every advantage on his side could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs, he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water.

It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over.

Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not three feet deep.

As he did so, he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the

whirlpool below.

He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost exertions to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current.

If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But no such thought entered his bosom.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

With a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expended and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and went over.

A moment or two the light vessel as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced over the whirlpool, bearing its living freight unharmed.

"Which was the coward?"

The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company around Wilson and the pale trembling girls he had so heroically saved.

Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage to do that?"

Afterwards, when alone with Logan he said:

"It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

A MISSISSIPPI SPORTING ADVENTURE.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

I have often seen accounts of "hair breadth escapes," in such cases, which very wise people—who know nothing about it—in more civilized places, have charged to the marvellous, but which we of the woods—at least many of us—know not to be only possible, but highly probable, and in some instances by sad experience. In illustration of which, I will endeavor to describe an adventure of my own. In 1837, I resided on the banks of the Mississippi, (C. W.) as I had done from infancy. I was then about 20 years of age, stout and athletic, and passionately fond of wild scenery and sporting adventures.

The month of October had arrived—the great season of partridge and deer-shooting; and in accordance with my almost daily custom, I sallied out with my fowling-piece, one barrel containing ball and other small shot. I had succeeded in bagging some small wares, and in passing a creek observed a raccoon, busily employed turning over the stones in search of frogs, worms, &c. Without giving the matter much thought, I succeeded in removing "Usa Minor" to another if not a better world; and being rather corpulent to carry through the woods, I hung him upon a sapling, intending to send for him the next day; and as the part of the country which I was in did not very often afford large game, I charged the second barrel with shot also.

I proceeded perhaps a mile, and was crossing the outskirts of a Tamarack swamp, through a succession of narrow, rocky gleys, with high and precipitous sides, and had sprung from a rather high rock into a rift of not more than three feet wide, when I perceived the eyes of an immense buck glaring at me at not over ten feet distant. A glance showed me that he had no means of escape except over myself; and aware of the desperation of this other-wise timid creature, under such circumstances, and at this particular season, I formed my resolution in an instant. I cocked both locks, placed my fingers on the triggers, and resolved to wait his spring, as I did not think my charges would injure him except at the very muzzle. I knelt upon one knee and watched his eye. All this took place in a very few seconds.

At length, the haunches and ears were drawn back, and with a tremendous snort he bounded in the air with the evident intention of descending upon me. Quick as lightning both barrels were discharged full into his breast, and I received a shock as if from a pile engine, which deprived me of all sensation. About three hours after, as near as I could judge by comparing afterwards, I was brought to a state of partial insensibility by something licking my face, and something growling and scratching my clothes; but being faint I did not look up till enormous paws tore my flesh with them. Then, indeed, I did look up—when what was my horror to see a huge bear, coolly licking the blood from my lacerated breast. Weakness, more than self-possession, kept me still a moment, while two half-grown cubs were tearing and scratching my legs and feet. The desperation of the case aroused me to sudden energy, and I slowly stretched my left hand (my right arm was broken) to my back for my hunter's knife, resolved, if such can be called resolution, to save my life if possible. I had got it drawn from the sheath, and was watching a favorable op-

portunity to plunge it into the brute's throat, when, with a terrible roar, it fell across my body apparently in the agonies of death. A fearful struggle ensued, which soon put a stop to my feeble exertions.

When I next came to my senses, I was seated, leaning against a rock, and a stalwart Indian youth, who had been my companion in many a hard day's hunt, was busily employed binding up my wounds with leaves and strips torn from his own scanty garments. Not being able to take me home that night, he made a fire, and nursed me as a mother would a child, and the next day carried me by easy stages to my parents.

It appeared that he had called for me, but being told that I was only gone a few minutes, thought he would make up to me. He accidentally came to where I had shot the raccoon; but found that some bears had broken the sapling, and eaten their cousin. He then struck their trail, and followed them to where he saw the old one apparently devouring something, he did not know what. He fired, and being aware of their tenacity of life, wanted to reload his rifle, ere venturing to advance, a sad job for me, as by its dying struggle I have been maimed for life.

It is worthy of remark, that the deer had been so close upon me, when I fired, that his chest was singed, and that the barrels of the gun were found nearly eight inches deep in the wound formed by their own discharge, while I and the stock had been driven upward of thirty feet by the force of his spring.

Such are some of the backwood "sports," and which with many other equally romantic, is an "over true tale," as I and many others know by hard experience.

A Temperance Joke.

Joe Harris was a whole souled, merry fellow, and very fond of a glass. After living in New Orleans for many years, he came to the conclusion of visiting an old uncle away up in Massachusetts, whom he had not seen for many years. Now there is a difference between New Orleans and Massachusetts in regard to the use of ardent spirits, and when Joe arrived there, he found all the people run mad about temperance, he felt bad, thinking with the old song, that "keeping the spirit up by pouring the spirit down," was one of the best ways to make time pass, and began to feel indeed that he was in a pickle. But on the morning after his arrival, the old man and sons being gone out to work, his aunt came to him and said: "Joe, you have been living in the South, and no doubt are in the habit of taking something to drink about eleven o'clock.—Now I know some for 'medical purposes,' but let no one know it as my husband wants to be a good example."

Joe promised, and thinking he would get no more that day, took, as he expressed it, a "shuster." After he had walked out to the stable, who should meet him but his uncle. "Well, Joe," said he, "I expect that you are accustomed to drinking something in New Orleans, but you find us all temperate here, and for the sake of my sons I don't let them know that I have any brandy about, but I just keep a little for my rheumatism. Will you take some?"

Joe signified his readiness, and took another big horn. Then continuing his walk he came to where the boys were mauling rails. After conversing awhile one of his cousins said:

"Joe, I expect you would like to have a dram, and as the folks are down on liquor, we have some out here to help us on with the work."

Out came the bottle, and down they sat, and, as he says, by the time that he went to dinner, he was as tight as he could be.

OCCUPATION.—What a good thing it is for human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow.—When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes the master. When troubles flow dark and heavy, toiled not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waves that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duty of life always presents. Before you dream it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth, to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that may become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the paths of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow man.

THE DYING SOLDIER.—In the memorable conflict at Waterloo, a soldier, mortally wounded, was conveyed to the rear by a comrade, and at a distance from the battle was laid down under a tree. The dying man requested to have his knapsack opened, that he might obtain from it his pocket Bible. He then requested his comrade to read to him, if but a small portion of it before he should breathe his last. He was asked what passage he would have read, and he fixed upon John 14: 27: "Peace I leave with you, and peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Now," said the dying soldier, "I die happy. I desired to have peace with God, and I possess the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

A little while after one of the officers passed near, and seeing him in such an exhausted state, he asked him how he felt. He replied, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding," and then expired.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAINS.—Extensive fires have prevailed recently on the mountains in the vicinity of Pottsville, Pa., and a considerable amount of timber and other property has been destroyed. Last Sunday week several persons who had left Port Carbon to proceed to Tuscarora were compelled, by the violence of the flames on either side of the road, to return.