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## Select Poetry.



### STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY W. SEAMAN BARKS.

You and I, funny creatures—are we not?  
Here to-day, to-morrow—where?  
Ever changing this our lot,  
Joy or sorrow, ease or care—  
Thus we journey on through life,  
Meeting, parting, friends and foes,  
Mingling in the daily strife,  
Sharing in its bliss and woes—  
Gone, coming,  
Till we die,  
Ever roaming,  
You and I.

You and I, funny creatures—do you doubt?  
Remember this when next we meet,  
Doubtless, then you'll find it out,  
As we pass upon the street;  
Do we smile as brothers should?  
A kindly glance from out the heart,  
And drop a word, as oft we could,  
Thus show a manly friendly part.  
Daily meeting,  
Passing by,  
Never greeting,  
You and I.

You and I, funny creatures—soon to go,  
The heart's last throbs will come and go,  
And your own will no more be  
A source of life where pleasures flow;  
Then, smiles that given now, will form  
The iris of the boundless sea.  
Where friends will gather through the storm,  
Reflecting there of those and me—  
Whilst all alone  
Those forms will be,  
That once were known  
As you and I.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE BOX-TUNNEL.

A NEW STORY, BY CHARLES READE.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first class carriage, were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eye-brows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with fagony draped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that gracefully evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck—so light her plain features fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a *sonnet* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a mustache, but not a very resplendent one; not one of those sub-nasal pig-tails, on which scold is suspended like dew on albatross, it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick to or hang on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, justing mine and other people's who have none; in a word, he was what one often hears of than meets, a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis a vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, led ten pounds to three, that he who was going with us to Bath and immortality would see his either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!" Now I am sorry that a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation, but "nobly is wise" at all hours—not even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—to be to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Teyford one lady dropped her handkerchief. Captain Dolignon fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on the occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of the day; he bought a *Times* and a *Punch*; the latter was full of steel pen thrusts and wood cuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Dolignon—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he branded and cogged them, and he branded and burnt sagged the other; on their return to their carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have stayed with us till all was blown, ourselves included; not more surely does our

slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, aight face-downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a job; Adonis, dragon—so Venus remained *te te* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how empassé, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignon after Swindon, and to do the dog justice he got handsome and handsome; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream, such was Miss Haythorne; she became demure and demure. Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed. This elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorne. "We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" inquired the lady.  
"Invariably."  
"What for?"  
"Why, h-m! it's a gentleman's joke."  
"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly if it makes me laugh."

Captain Dolignon, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorne the following: A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel. There was a gentleman opposite, and it was pitch dark. After the tunnel was passed through, the lady said: "George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel!" "I did no such thing!" "You didn't?" "No! why?" "Why, because somehow I thought you did!"

Here Captain Dolignon laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done.

The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorne. "Ah!"  
Dolignon. "What is the matter?"  
Miss Haythorne. "I am frightened."

Dolignon, (moving to her side). "Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you."

Miss Haythorne. "You are near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignon."

Dolignon. "You know my name?"  
Miss Haythorne. "I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolignon. "I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady."  
Miss Haythorne. "Nonsense."  
Dolignon. "Pweep!"

(Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty girl you meet or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorne. "E! E! Oh!"  
Friend. "What's the matter, dear?"  
Miss Haythorne. "Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut, and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present.—"Hit boys as big as yourselves," bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, some against my will.

Miss Haythorne's scream lost a part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath, our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited some-where at his foot, a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, who he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignon that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of formal poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knees.

Captain Dolignon told this gentleman his story in glibst accounts; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lost his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added: "I mean to say he is thirty-five; you, I presume, are thirty-one."

"Twenty-five."  
"That is much the same thing, will you be advised by me?"  
"If you will advise me."  
"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard when I won it!"  
"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragon capable of a bluish did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first demerit. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in the state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Dolignon as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look—"It can't be!"—"Yes it is!" Miss Haythorne! (not that he knew her name) but what an apothosis!

The duck had become a pea hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely

she made him ill, and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing, but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on him. Dolignon was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his blindness, his impertinence. Dolignon at last found himself injured. "Who was this man?" "And what right had he to go on so?" "He had never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolly. Dolignon could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorne, and had at the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. A list he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit, commended a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorne, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The clerk's name, however, was at last revealed by his untoward accident, from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same on crest-fallen hero lay in wait at her door—annoying a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest Parade. Dolignon did the same; he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but could neither look, nor recognize, nor any other sentiment. For all this she walked unawakened, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned attention, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous, for the first time besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor denied his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he desired to be punished, how he was punished, how ill she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already notified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been commenced in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life distant unpretending devotion would, after lapse of years, erase the memory of his madne—his crime!

"She did it, know!"  
"She must not bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the crescent, where *everybody* was to be. They parted, and Dolignon determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorne, and he danced with her. Her name was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commended the acquaintance into evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignon was in love. I will spare the reader a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dancing where she danced, in dancing where she danced, in over-taking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither talk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He had acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him when she thought he did not see her.

It was two months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignon called one day upon Captain Hothorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition, he called, and in the usual way, asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "it was all right; and his visit might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My poet has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignon saw his younger sister into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness that encouraged him; that consciousness deepened into passion; she tried to laugh; she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "John," instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this, (for my tale is perfect, and skips formalities and torturing delays) these two were very happy; they were soon more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Maria Dolignon was dressed just as before, duck like, and delicious all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes. "Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I owe to you—no—"

"Yes, yes."  
"Well, then, you remember the Box Tunnel? (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10 with White I would kiss one of you two ladies, and George, pathetic externally, chuckled with him.

"I saw that, George; I overheard you." "I do not demure reply."  
"O you overheard me! impossible."  
"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet, how singular! What was it?"  
"Only a pair of gloves, George."  
"Yes, I know, but what about it?"  
"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."  
"Oh, but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why dearest, then you brought that action against me?"  
Mrs Dolignon looked down.  
"I was afraid you was forgetting me!"  
"Sweet angel! here is the Box Tunnel!"  
Now reader—be not so such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time you come to a dark place, besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people no such phantasm—non, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensible young man, than asking the girl he loves, to marry him, and there are few who do not find their moral courage, tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, and seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth, trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, yet which in one way or other they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suited to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity; if gay and lively, he will make it an excellent joke; if softly sentimental, he must woo her in a strain of high romance, and if severely practical, relies upon straight-forward common sense.

There is one maxim of universal application. Never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a lover who neglects one? Women cannot make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving men occasions to make them. In every case it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity, she expects him to improve it; and though he may tremble, and feel his pulse throbbing and tingling through every limb; though his heart fills with love, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, yet the awful question must be asked, the fearful task accomplished.

In the country, the lover is taking a romantic walk by moonlight, with the lady of his love—talks of the beauties of the scenery, the harmony of the nature and exclaims—"Ah! Julia, how happy would existence prove, if I always had such a companion!"

She sighs and leans more tremblingly on the arm that tremblingly supports her.  
"My dearest Julia, be mine forever."  
This is a settler, and the answer even so inaudible, makes or unmakes him quite.

"Take pity on a forlorn bachelor," says another, in a manner which may be either just or in earnest; "marry me at once and put me out of my misery."

"With all my heart, whenever you are ready," replies the laughing fair. A joke carried thus far is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attention to a lady, says, "Well, Mary, when is the happy day?" "What day, pray?" "she asks with a conscious blush."

"Why, everybody knows we are going to be married, and it might as well be at one time as another; so when shall it be?"

Cornered in this fashion there is no retreat.  
"Jane, I love you. Will you marry me?" would be somewhat abrupt, and a frankly given "yes" would be short and sweet for an answer.

"Ellen, one word from you would make me the happiest man in the universe."  
"I should be cruel not to speak it then, unless it is a very hard one."  
"It is a word of three letters and answer the question, Will you have me?"

The lady of course says "Yes," unless she happens to prefer a word of only two letters, and answers "No."

And as this interesting and simple process, in practice simple as it is in theory, is varied in a hundred ways, according to circumstances and the various dispositions.

One timid gentleman asks, "Have you any objections to changing your name?" and follows this up with another which clinches its significance, "How would mine suit you?"

Another asks, "Will you tell me what I most wish to know?"  
"Yes, if I can."  
"The happy day when we shall be married?"  
Another says, "My dear Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expects we shall!"  
"All the world is very impatient."  
"I know it—but it can't be helped. When shall I tell the parson to be ready?"

As a general thing, a gentleman need never be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to a point of declaration.

A DISPUTED QUESTION.—An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle. Gathering himself up as composed as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son who was standing by: "John, did you see me kick that horse?" "Why no, dad; the horse kicked you!" "Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. Taint me, John, for I'm here!"

## DON'T BE A BACHELOR.

Young men, don't live a crusty bachelor, it is not good for you. It will never improve your morals, your health, nor your beauty. Marry as you can make it convenient, and as you can shape your affairs to support a wife. But when you marry, don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman. Remember that common sense is a rare virtue, much better than silver and gold and fashion. Don't court and marry crinoline and money bags, simply because it is crinoline and gold in plenty; but look for sound, practical sense in a woman first—that is the touch stone to try her other qualities by.

When you have that, all else comes. Your wife, that is to be, if she is of common sense, will grow to your way of thinking and make you grow to hers. A woman who has womanly love in her heart will find ways to make your love towards her grow as the years go over you both. And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is—a common sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging young fellows into a whirl, where there is simply idle gossip and little brain.

Young man! don't stand looking after that young woman who has the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and a belle, whose face has heaps of cash; for it is not possible that while you are straining your eyes that way you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive little damsel whom nature has cut as your other half, and who may be just that pleasant faced, placid tempered, lovable little creature who will think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get grey haired and fidgety.

Marry, young gentlemen, and keep yourselves out of scrapes. Have something to live for. A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire man.—So mend yourself, and be happy. And you shall have reason to say it was a good thing you resolved to marry and refused to be a solitary, beer drinking, pipe smoking bachelor, if you succeed as well in your efforts as he who, once a young man like you, is now simply the old, contented and comfortable.—*Life Illustrated.*

## LIFE AND DEATH.

We are like children, who, walking in a sunny path, behold their shadow and wonder at it. So do we, walking in the light of life, wonder at our shadow—death. Life is the most wonderful miracle, but we become so accustomed to the beautiful mystery that we are only surprised at its absence.

And yet, why should we wonder? for Death also, as Life, is our continual, abiding guest!—He walks with us, and sleeps with us, and breaks with us our bread. Where we sit and weep, he stands beside us; and where the laugh rings out gayly, there, also, is this solemn, invisible presence. We go on in our accustomed ways—we talk, and laugh, and tell our pleasant jests; but meanwhile our shadows lengthen, as shadows lengthen towards the nightfall, and not far on, whether our feet hasten, sits a solemn presence, waiting for us. Oh! is there no swift, shining angel, who will turn aside our feet into another path—another path, where the grass may grow again beneath our feet, and not above our graves? Oh, save us! Oh, guard us, angels of pity!

Nay, there is in Heaven no angel so strong that he may turn aside thine errand. O swift, sure, terrible death! Hasten as we will, the Shadow gains space upon our laggard steps.—Nay, look not over thy shoulder, poor, breathless, human fugitive!—even *beside thee* in the race, is he whom thou wouldst have left behind.

What drug shall we administer unto thee, O undesired companion!—what herb growing under the moon, that thou mayst sleep, and release us but for an hour from thy terrible vigilance? There is no medicine. The years come and go, and the seasons, swift, or in slow, sweet, regretful recession; but this blank shade that round my pathway roars, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some Island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast along the village path? The load winds hissed around my face, and snickering answered, "nary place."

John, said a father to his son, one day when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for water."

A little child in church observing the minister to be very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother, why don't they let the man out of the box?"

A gentleman was once making fun of a sack which a young lady wore. "You had better keep quiet," was the reply, "for I will give you the sack."—"I should be most happy," was the gallant response, "if you would give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it."

Some one says of certain congregation that they pray on their knees on Sundays, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

They got so modest at Newport that they call the big sponge in the ladies, bathing-house a "wash-woman!"

A poor wife "dears" and "my loves" her husband, and wouldn't sw a button on his coat to keep him from freezing to death.

A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

## Humorous.

### A GREENHORN ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Mr. Snodgrass, Junion, has been "scouting around" at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing we copy an extract, as follows—

When we got to the depo, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meatin house. If I was going to describe the animal I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all around, and pantin, and hevin, and swellin, and chavin up red hot coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a little house like, feedin him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller caught him by the tail, and after a while he let him go, and he went off like a streak, pitched me head first at the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt and then ketch'd me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumpin and tearin along at night onto forty thousand miles an hour, and every body was a bobbin up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth wide open and looked like they was laffin, but I couldn't hear nothin, the cars kept such a racket. Dimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another luff busted out o'them passengers as I never heard before. Laffin at me, too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as *thunder*, too. I ris up and shakin' my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a here! I'm a peacable stranger— and away the dern train went like small pox was in town, jerking me down in the seat with a whack like I'd been thrown in the moon, and their cursed mouths dopped open and the fellers went to bobbin up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin up and down myself.

A Sermon for effect should be pointed.—A man once commenced a sermon thus:—

"Without the least ceremony, friendly hearers, I drop among you; you need preaching as the dried herring needs rain. You need wetting with the blistering blackstrap of every day gospel, and it's my duty to give it to you. I am running over with that kind of gospel—as full as an Irishman of liquor—and preach I must. Woe is me if I don't give the incorrigible particular fits."

I have a call to preach to you. Septies need not say it was some other noise. My duty is plain as your abominable wickedness. My heart has long yearned over you as a shingle would yearn over the tender parts of a vicious schoolboy. Like a lean turkey in grass-hopper time, I am bound to pursue you in every hiding place, and drag your iniquities to light. As terrible as a fish hawk upon a lazy scurfer in shoal water, will be my swoop, but when I see the tear of repentance gleaming upon the cheek as a mother to her babe, will I smile again and pour balm as grateful as warm tallow on a blister, into your wounded hearts. You will learn to love them, and I shall have cause to remember gratefully your granaries and your pork barrels."

QUERY.—Tell me ye winged wind that round my pathway roars, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some Island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast along the village path? The load winds hissed around my face, and snickering answered, "nary place."

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A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

Punch advises the Governor of Utah to go it while he's Young. The advice is sensible, for somebody is Comming who'll check him.

Gov. Izard, of Nebraska, has resigned.