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THE DREAM OF CALEB EDMONDS.

"Christianity, indeed!" said Mr. Edmonds, as he looked over his books, in the little back-parlor behind the shop. "I am disgusted with such hypocrisy."
There was a dark frown upon the brow of the man of business, as he spoke these words, and an irritability in his manner of turning over the leaves before him, which spoke of some debt troubling his mind and robbing him of his good temper.
"What is the matter?" asked a cheerful little woman, by the fire, at whose side a basket of stockings and a large family and a consequent demand for starchy.
"Matter!" exclaimed the husband, "do you not know that Welsford owes me four pounds, ten and sixpence?"
"Well, he'll pay I suppose."
"Not he. The goods were purchased more than a year ago, and I have not had a penny yet."
"What does he say, when you see him?" asked Mrs. Edmonds, who evidently loved to look at the bright side.
"Say! He does not say much to me, I can assure you. I told him not to worry me with his excuses, but to bring his money; and he need not cross my doorstep again till he could do that."
"I am sorry for his wife," said the little stocking merchant presently; "she appears to be a truly pious woman."
"Pious!" retorted the husband. "Yes, and so he is; his that disgusts me. Religious, indeed! and he owes me four pounds, ten and sixpence. I thought the Bible said, owe no man anything. Christianity, indeed!"
Mr. Caleb Edmonds was a very respectable grocer in the town of Marley—in fact a man of substance; for business had prospered with him. He was industrious and going on rising early, working hard, and thus from small beginnings he had risen to the possession of considerable wealth. But although an excellent man of business, Mr. Edmonds was a very ordinary Christian. True he had begun the race, but he did not press toward the mark. Alas for the cause of the world, and the distress of a few riches! And it is the characteristic of a few standard of piety to be harsh and censorious in our judgment of our fellow Christians; so Mr. Edmonds, when he heard of any defect in the character of professors around him, was always the first to exclaim "Christianity, indeed!"
Is not this too common with us all? Do we not, even if we give no expression to our thoughts doubt and hesitate much more than we should do, and hesitate regarding the reality of the religion of our "Ready to hand" and "Feeble-minded"? Do we not set up a standard of perfection for our fellows, which is to lofty in our view, as a standard for ourselves? And are we not too ready to exclaim against the wanderings of others, even while we turn into the forbidden path?

Perhaps such thoughts as these had passed through the mind of Mrs. Edmonds as she sat over her work; for she rose to leave her basket for some more active household duty, she bent over her husband for a moment, and said gently, "Caleb, I do not like to hear you say 'Christianity, indeed!' as you said just now. Suppose your fellow Christians were to judge as harshly as you do of them? You often say it," she continued hastily; "you doubted John Watson's religion yesterday, because he lent money to your rival; and Thornton's because he oppresses a poor man; and you shook your head about Miss Mildwood's piety because she refused to give about total abstinence! Judge not that you be not judged."
Long after his wife left him these words rang in Caleb's ears, "Judge not!"
At last as he sat in the twilight, between sleeping and waking—for business was very dull and he could spare half an hour for rest—a vision stole upon him, and he passed, in imagination, rapidly through the scenes which follow:

The first scene was the drawing-room of the John Watson of whom Mrs. Edmonds had spoken. A lady was making tea behind a silver urn, and a gentleman—her husband—sat beside her.
"Poor Thornton," said Mrs. Watson, for it is she—"I trust he will succeed."
"He shall, if by God's blessing I can compass it."
"He is a very deserving young man," continued the lady, "the manner in which he bore the loss of all his property would win esteem even if he had no other claim."
Mr. Watson did not reply; his mind had wandered to another branch of the subject.—"That Caleb Edmonds," he at length said, "I am surprised at the ill-fading he displays."
"Yes, he is evidently annoyed at the opening of another shop so near his own; whereas in the principal street of a town like this he should have expected competition. Besides, he has made a little fortune, and has nothing to fear; yet he will not treat George Thornton with ordinary civility."
"I thought he was a religious man," said Mrs. Watson.
"He pretends to be," replied her husband; "but I have no faith in a religion that brings forth so little good."

Poor Caleb! his wife's words—the Master's words—all sounded in his ears, as they had never done before, meeting with a responsive echo in his heart.

Again a change, and Mr. Edmonds found himself beside a sickly looking woman, who, leaning upon her husband's arm, walked slowly towards the house of prayer. It was impossible to look without interest on her pale and anxious face—a face which had once been beautiful; and equally impossible to disregard the careful tenderness with which her steps were guided by the strong man at her side. The conversation, too, was worthy of remark—they were speaking of the consolations of the Gospel.

"Who knows," exclaimed the invalid, "perhaps there may be words suited to our case this morning. Words for the poor?"
"Poor as regards this world, only Mary."
Her eyes brightened as she looked up cheerfully.
"Yes, rich in treasure, far more costly than earth's gold. God help us to look up, and to trust Him for the meat that perisheth not."
They walked on for a while, and then the wife said mournfully, "I sometimes fear that it's pride which makes me shrink from meeting Mr. Edmonds. I do shrink from it. Oh, if we could pay him."
"We shall be able to do so soon, I hope," said Welsford; "it has been a hard struggle, Mary, starve almost, but I think it is nearly over."
"Ah! it was all for me! I am sure Mr. Edmonds would be pained, if he knew how much you spent in medicines for me, and how little work you have."
"He is patient after a fashion; and we have reason to be thankful for that; still he has said some crushing things to me—harsh things which make me doubt his Christianity."
"Nay," said Mrs. Welsford, gently, "I would not judge him, nor myself, in such things."
"You are right. I may not lift my voice; alas, but little likeness to my Lord is found in me."
Again the echoing voice thrilled thro' the soul of the listener—again he heard the words, "Judge not,"—and as he dwelt upon them the vision slowly faded and he, Benjamin Lion, awoke, and he felt it was a dream. But the lesson of the dream was not quite lost upon him, for he awoke to a deeper spirit of Christian charity, a noble self-denial, a holier humility, a nearer likeness to Jesus. He had been taught in that brief twilight vision one of the grand old lessons of the Book of God.

The fire-side morning worship was just ended and the congregation was about to go forth to his daily toil, when a gentle knock at the door, spoke of a visitor; how great was the surprise of all when Caleb Edmonds entered.
"You are come, sir?"
"I am come," said the grocer, interrupting him, "to express my hope that you are not under any concern about the little amount you owe me. Take your time, my good sir; take your time."
The poor man's eyes were filled with tears, as grasping the outstretched hand, he tried to speak his thanks.
"My wife," said Mr. Edmonds, turning towards Mrs. Welsford, "put something into my hand, just as I left, for you, ma'am." And forth from his pockets came tea, sugar, biscuits, from the good wife's ample store, till Mary's eyes too were filled with grateful tears.
"And now," said the visitor kindly, "don't forsake the shop; get your little parcels there, and pay just when it suits you. By the way, if a messenger would be of any service to you, I have one which will burn a hole in my pocket—as the saying goes—unless I give it to somebody." And before they could reply he had laid the coin upon the table.
"My wife," said Mr. Welsford, "let us thank God for this."
They knelt, and as he breathed both his heart's gratitude, his wife wept tears of joy, and even the little ones murmured the amen.

But Mr. Edmonds did not stop at this; it was to him Charles Welsford owed a situation which soon after placed him far above the reach of want; it was to him he owed a host of kindly deeds, which came like sunshine on his inmost soul.

We hasten on. Not alone in this regard was Caleb Edmonds changed, for two days after this strange dream he invited him to drink tea at his house, spoke pleasantly about their opposition, and even hinted at his retirement at some future day, when his new friend would have a better chance!

And from that time the charity which "suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all, hopeth all things, endureth all things," held an almost undisputed sway over the heart of Caleb Edmonds; and ever was the maxim of the Bible borne in mind—"Judge not that ye be not judged."

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—A cubic inch of Platinum weighs four-fifths of a pound.
Hydrogen Gas is the lightest substance known, being 390,000 times lighter than platinum.
Gold is the most malleable substance.
Iron, unalloyed, is more tenacious than that of any other metal.
The Diamond is the hardest body in nature.
The metal Potassium is lighter than water.
Oxygen is the most abundant substance known and it is believed to constitute two-fifths of all the matter of the globe.
Cold is the best conductor of heat.
Alcohol has never been frozen.
The Earth is about 8,000,000 miles nearer the Sun in December than in June.
An Eclipse of the Moon can only happen at the time of full moon.
The Sun can only be eclipsed at the precise time of a new moon.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he is going to light.

Select Poetry.



WORDS WITHOUT WORKS.

"Tax will be done."—On bended knee
We daily urge the solemn plea:
We breathe the words; yet oft, alas!
Like idly-uttered tones they pass;
For fancy's dreamings throng around,
Till in the heart no place is found
To strive by actions to fulfill
The precepts of God's holy will.

"Go, teach all nations."—So we read,
For all those scattered sheep to feed
The Church entails. We turn aside—
The souls for whom our Saviour died
We leave to perish day by day
They pass untaught from earth away:
And yet we pray that all fulfill
The precepts of God's holy will.

"Thy will be done."—Each eve and morn
Still be that written prayer uppermost;
But not in words alone. Ah! not
He who would true devotion show
Must learn to act as well as speak;
Nor rest till all be taught to seek
In Christian meekness to fulfill
The precepts of God's holy will.

BOGUS DITTY.

There's bogus doctors—bogus pills,
Bogus charges—bogus bills,
Bogus stories—bogus teachers,
Bogus saints and bogus preachers,
Bogus friends and bogus names,
Bogus cures and bogus claims,
Bogus sighs and bogus fears,
Bogus smiles and bogus tears,
Bogus looks and bogus airs,
Bogus faith and bogus prayers,
Bogus sales and bogus notes,
Bogus laws and bogus votes,
Bogus words and bogus deeds,
Bogus coins and bogus creeds,
Bogus gifts and bogus ladies,
Bogus wives and bogus babies,
Bogus reports upon the wing,
And bogus almost everything.

ANECDOTE OF TRISTRAM BURGESS.

Oliver H. Smith, of Indiana, in one of his reminiscences, published in the *Indianapolis Journal*, tells the following story:
During the debate in Congress on the tariff, in 1828, an amendment was made to increase the duty on molasses ten cents per gallon; being an increase of a hundred per cent, advantage. Its object was to choke off the northern members, and indirectly to kill the bill. The amendment was announced by the chairman, in committee of the whole, Mr. Burgess, of Rhode Island, arose and implored the mover to withdraw it. He showed its effects upon the trade between the eastern States and adjacent islands, in timber and the return cargoes of molasses, which was the daily food of the poor. His speech was short and to the point. As he took his seat, Henry Daniel, of Kentucky, sprang to his feet, and roared out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Speaker, let the constituents of the gentleman from Rhode Island sop their bread on one side in molasses, and they will pay the same duties they do now." Mr. Bartlett, of New Hampshire, remarked to me: "Now look out for Tristram, Harry will catch it." Mr. Burgess rose with fire beaming from his countenance, and addressed the chair. "The relief proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky, is but adding insult to injury. Does not that gentleman know that established rules become second nature, and that all laws are cruel and oppressive that strike at the innocent habits of the people?" To illustrate, what would they think of me if I should offer an amendment that himself and his constituents should have more than a pint of whiskey for breakfast instead of a quart? Does he not know that the disposition of all animals partakes, in a greater or less degree, of the food on which they are fed? The horse is noble, kind, and grateful; he is fed on grass and grain. The bear, looking at Daniel, who was a heavy, short man, dressed in a blue coat, with a velvet collar, would eat hog and raw hominy. You can domesticate him, dress him in a blue coat with a velvet collar, learn him to stand erect, and to imitate the human voice as some showmen have done, but examine him closely, sir, (looking at Daniel some seconds,) you will discover he is the bear still. The gentleman told us in a speech the other day, that his district produced a large number of jackasses, hogs and mules—No stronger proof of his statement can be given than a look at his representative."

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

A correspondent gives us the following new anecdote of this eminent statesman:
"Everybody knows that Mr. Webster was a bit of a sportsman, was fond of beach and fishing parties, and could make a chowder as well as a speech. On one of his occasional visits to Long Island for fresh air and recreation, 'Black Dan,' as he was familiarly called, took it into his head to go angling in the East Bay, with a party consisting only of Mr. L. and myself.
"Now the skipper of our little fishing craft was an old Paul Seaman, black as coal, a clever, civil darkey, but not wanting, especially on such occasions, in a sufficient sense of his own consequence.
"The party had been crossing and recrossing the foaming breakers of the inlet, pulling in the blue fish quite lively, when, during a pause in the sport, Mr. Webster and Mr. L. got into a conversation about the Shinnecock Indians, a remnant of whom still dwell in the neighborhood. Paul, who was eagerly listening, was evidently bursting with ambition to take a shining part along with such distinguished talkers. He contained himself, however, but when Mr. Webster remarked that those Indians by this time must be a good deal enlightened, Paul could stand it no longer, but broke in, with—'Lightened, Mister Webster! why, dem fellers is just as 'telligent as you and I are.' Paul, who is still extant, and one of the institutions of the place is wont to tell his customers to this day, how he chopped logic with the great statesman, and rarely fails to insinuate, with becoming modesty, that he thinks he rather 'flooded him.'—*Boston Courier.*

They must have had a remarkable warm 'spell' up in Michigan lately, for we notice in a Detroit paper of a recent date, that a woman was arrested in that city, 'having nothing on her person but a love letter and a daguerreotype.'

There is a family in Ohio so lazy, that it takes two of them to sneeze, one to throw the head back and the other to make the noise.

A DROVE OF IRISH BULLS.

The following was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament. The letter was addressed to a friend in London, and it is old enough to be new to nine out of ten readers:

"My Dear Sir:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down and inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other.

I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed, scarce a mail arrives without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Tuesday police was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors nor any drums except bagpipes.

Immediately every man in the place—including men, women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but as we went, and began to be all alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols and pikes, and as we were all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in the placid bog, and in a very short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads; a parcel of empty bottles of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in a great hurry."
"P. S.—If you don't receive this, of course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you to write and let me know."

LIVINGSTON AND A LION.

Livingston came to the ground together. Growing horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake by a cat. It caused a sort of dizziness, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like walking patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The snake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably on all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound—it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the venom from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affair have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.—*Dr. Livingston.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Buffalo Commercial says that the Rector of St. Paul's Church, in that city, had reached the middle of his discourse on Christmas Eve, when a delegate from heathendom came up the south aisle. It was a young squaw, with a half heathenish, half civilized dress, a diminutive bonnet hanging on the back of her head by the strings, and a calico shawl of gay colors wrapped around her like a blanket. She came along with the slow Indian step, until, near the front of the church, a gentleman gave her a seat. She sat down as if unaccustomed to cushions, but maintained her good behavior, except when the Rector was more than usually emphatic, she felt called upon to express her approval by an audible "ah! good!" During the singing of the closing hymn she stood up with the rest, evidently much excited, leaning eagerly forward, her frame quivering with the new emotion of organic music. But after the benediction, when the choir performed an anthem, she rushed out of the pew into the space before the chancel, where she stood unconscious of the gaze of the congregation, her eyes fixed on the organ, and all the strangeness of her position forgotten in the rush of sensation produced by the rich notes of the organ and the exulting chorus of the anthem. Poor child of the wilds! drunk with a new emotion, a stray lamb from heathendom, joined unconsciously in the worship of one who, almost at the antipodes and nineteen centuries ago, lay in swaddling clothes within a manger!

MARKING AN ASSIGNMENT IN NEW-YORK.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal tells the following:
A man not a thousand miles from Syracuse having made an assignment some years since, was called upon by a New-York creditor, to whom he exhibited his books and with whom he proposed to settle at fifty cents on the dollar.
The New-York man replied, "How can you pay fifty cents on the dollar? Your assets will not pay over forty cents."
"Well, never mind that," says the unfortunate assignee, "my assets will not pay the fifty cents, I will make up the deficiency out of my own pocket."

A GENTLEMAN IN ALBANY.

A gentleman in Albany was lying in bed one morning, when a friend stepped in and said:
"Breakfast is coming on."
"Let it come exclaimed P., with a look of defiance, I'm not afraid of it."

HOW A CHURCH WAS CURED OF FREEMONTISM.

A Congregational Church in a neighboring State got so completely enlisted in the Presidential contest, for Fremont and Jessie, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues—and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally a worthy old farmer, one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm undeviating Democrat, was called upon to offer a prayer.

"O Lord," said he, "uphold the Democratic party, which has received thy protecting support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to bless that party which has, under thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this Republic. If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, O carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless Jas. Buchanan, the tried and honest statesman, and guide him safely to the Presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckenridge, the young and zealous Democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads straight to the Vice Presidency. Give them victory. O, bless the opponents of Democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do it, as I verily believe it is. Be on the side of the Democracy, O Lord, as thou hast been for the past fifty-five years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite one, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their peaceful pursuits instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother. And O, I beseech thee, especially free the Christian Churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rending, assunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator, against the good old party which thou in thy wisdom hast upheld so long, and so repeatedly guided to victory, and sustained in the establishment of good measures. O, turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the Federal or Abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the Gospel. At this rate the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule I shall claim one half the Democratic party, so that—
—Amen!"

This was a stunner. It was the first prayer ever publicly offered in that church for the success of the Democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party. When the old man had finished there was a silence for half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned. And thus ended the political preaching in that church. From that time forward, the minister attended to his gospel duties, and left all political questions to be settled by the people outside of the church. Again the society prospered, and there was a better feeling among its members—more Christian charity—more brotherly love. The old man's earnest prayer was answered in more respects than one.—*Hartford Times.*

HOW JOE WON THE PENCIL.

Joe B.—is unquestionably the handsomest married man in Cincinnati.
Joe sports a wife, besides several other creature comforts. Well, he and his wife, Harry—John—, and George—, and their wives all boarded at the same house. A day or two ago, while they were at table, luxuriating upon the detached portions of a boiled turkey, which had been stuffed with oysters, the conversation turned on Christian names, when Mrs. Harry contended that she could name more distinguished men who had borne the name of Harry, than any gentleman could of his own name; and concluded by offering a gold pencil as a wager against a suitable equivalent should she win.

The trial commenced, Mrs. Harry—, started off with "Harry of the West," adding a dozen others.
George— now gathered up on Geo. Washington, the four Georges of England, Lord George Franks, &c.
"Now, Mr. John—, what have you to say?" said the charming Mrs. Harry.
"Oh! I can give you a hundred—the two Adams, Lord John Russell—John Tyler—John, John, bring me some water."
"Stop, stop, you can't win. Mr. Joseph—, now your turn comes," continued the juicy little gamster.
Now, if ever a bashful man lived, it is my friend Joe—he dared not look up.
He had been racking his brain for an answer, but to no purpose and in despair, he made one grand effort, and raising his head replied:
"My dear madam, I have lost. I cannot now think of any very distinguished man who ever bore the name of Joseph except the gentleman we read about in the Sacred Scriptures, he who was such a favorite with Mrs. Potiphar, but I will not offer him, for I think he was the fool I ever did hear of."
"Here is the pencil," said Mrs. Harry, tossing it over to him, as she and the other ladies scud out of the room.

COURTING IN THE RIGHT STYLE.

"Git out! you nasty puppy—let me alone, or I'll tell your mummy!" cried out Sally—to her lover, Jake—, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney.
"I ain't a teelin on ye Sal," said Jake.
"Well, p'raps yer don't mean to, neither—deu yer!"
"No, I don't."
"Cause you're too tarnaal scary, you Eng-logged, lantain jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, bandy-kneed, owl eye—you han't got a taral bit of sense—get along hum with yer."
"My daddy will sue youm for that coaw he sold him tother day. By jingo, he said he'd deu it!"
"Well, look here, Jake—don't set out there as though you thort I was pizen." K
"How on airth's that Sal?"
"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me as if you had some of the bone and sinner of a man about yer.—Du yeau s'pose a woman's only made ter look at, yer fool, yeou! No; they're made for 'practical results' as Kosouth says—teu hug, an kiss, an sich like."
"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "I must, I must, I do love yeou, Sal;" and so Jake commenced sitting up to her like a male porker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, she was heard to exclaim—
"That's the way teu deu it, old hoss—that's acting like a white man orter."
"Oh! Jerusalem an-d panekes?"
"Oh! Elephant pot pie with Shinoceros crust!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't bet'n any young-sass ever marn made, I'm darned!"
Crack—! l back whet slap-jacks and lassos an't nowhar low side o'yeou, Sal! Oh! I know I deu love yer!"
Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's foot out of the mire.

A GOOD 'UN.

We heard the other day a capital anecdote of a witty clergyman of this city, who is said never to come off second best in a jocular encounter:
As one day he was passing down one of the streets of a large village in this State, where he was settled, he was observed by some wagghish hangers-on at a public house which he was approaching. One of these fellows, knowing that the reverend gentleman was a "hard case" at a joke, said that he would bet the drinks for all hands that he could head Mr. H—
"Done," was the response from a number.
As Mr. H— came opposite the merry group the proposer of the bet called to him. Mr. H— halted and drew near, whereupon the confident chap thus addressed him:
"Mr. H—, we have a dispute here of some importance, which we have agreed to leave to you as one competent to give a correct decision."
"Ah! what is it?"
"It is in relation to the age of the devil; will you tell us how old he is?"
"Gentlemen," said the imperturbable minister, "how can you presume me to be acquainted with matters of that sort? You must keep your own family records!"
The minister went about his business, and the vanquished gentleman went in and treated.

IS A MAN AND HIS WIFE BOTH ONE?

Is a man and his wife both one? asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding hisaching head in both hands.
Ye, I suppose so, was the reply.
Well then, she said, "I came home drunk last night and ought to be ashamed of myself. This back handed rebuke from a long suffering and loving wife effectually cured him of his drinking propensities."
"Among ye be it," as the old lady said when she heaved the meat axe at her children.