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Original Poetry.

SPRING.

Soft blow the breezes over the hill,
The thalidom of Winter is broken and gone;
No longer rude blasts, desolating and chill,
Sweep o'er the green valleys with sigh and with moan.
Then, welcome, fair Spring! with thy sweet
bursting flowers,
Oh! welcome again, to thy bright blooming
hours!
Welcome thy freshening zephyrs and showers!
Now smoothing the fields whence old Winter has
frown!
Softly the blue-bird is wooing his mate,
The redstart is chirping his sonnets of love;
And chattering lustily crows on the gate,
As he hears the gay songbirds' sweet warble above.
Winter is gone, with his snow-covered moun-
tains,
Spring has subdued the ice from the fountains;
Softly the winds in the dim forests move,
And faint, o'er the hill comes the voice of the dove.
St. CLAIRSVILLE, June 10, 1858.

Miscellaneous.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

A few weeks ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton deliv-
ered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he had
for a number of years represented in Parliament,
on the early history of Eastern nations. He
gave an outline of the history of the Babylonian,
Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Jewish
nations, and closed with the following powerful
and dramatic description of the destruction of
Jerusalem by Titus:

"Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judaea
and Samaria became a Roman province, under
subordinate governors, the most famous of whom
was Pontius Pilate. These governors became
so oppressive that the Jews broke out into rebel-
lion, and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem
was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor
of Rome. No tragedy on the stage has the same
scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in
the history of this siege. The city itself was
rent by factions at the deadliest war with each
other—all the elements of civil hatred had bro-
ken loose—the streets were slippery with the
blood of citizens—brother slew brother—the
granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those
whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of
these civil massacres, the Roman armies appear-
ed before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a
short time the rival factions united against the
common foe; they were again the gallant coun-
trymen of David and Joshua—they sallied forth
and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this tri-
umph was brief; the ferocity of the ill-fated Jews
soon again wasted itself on each other. And
Titus marched on—encamped his armies close
by the walls—and from the heights the Roman
general gazed with awe on the strength and
splendor of the city of Jehovah.

Let us here pause—and take, ourselves, a
mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was—
The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on
one side, where it was protected by deep and
impassable ravines. These walls, of the most
solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers;
opposite to the last of these towers Titus had
encamped. From the height of that tower the
sentinel might have seen stretched below the
whole of that fair territory of Judaea, about to
pass from the countrymen of David. Within
these walls was the palace of the kings—the roof
of cedar, its doors of the rarest marbles, its cham-
bers filled with the costliest treasures, and ves-
sels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens
gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues
of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself.
But high above all, upon a precipitous rock,
rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solo-
mon. This temple was as strong without as a
citadel—within more adorned than a palace—
On entering you beheld porticos of numberless
columns, of porphyry, marble, and alabaster;
gates adorned with gold and silver, among which
was the wonderful gate called the beautiful.—
Further on, through a vast arch, was the sacred
portal which admitted into the interior of the
temple itself—all sheeted over with gold, and
overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches
of which were as large as a man. The roof of
the temple, even on the outside, was set over
with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling
there and defiling the holy dome. At a dis-
tance, the whole temple looked like a mount of
snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But alas!
the veil of that temple had been already rent
asunder by an inexplicable crime, and the Lord
of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy
is thundering at the wall. All around the city
rose immense machines, from which Titus
poured down mighty fragments of rock, and
showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city
was entered—the temple itself was stormed.—
Famine in the meanwhile had made such havoc,
that the besieged were more like spectres than
living men; they devoured the belts to their
swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature
itself so perished away, that a mother devoured
her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of
the warlike prophet who had first led the Jews
towards the land of promise—"The tender and
delicate woman amongst you, who would not

adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the
ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eye
shall be evil toward her young one and the
children that she shall bear, for she shall eat
them for want of all things secretly in the siege
and straits wherewith thine enemy shall dis-
tress thee in thy gates." Still, as if the foe and
the famine was not scourge enough, citizens
smote and murdered each other as they met in
the way—false prophets ran howling through
the streets—every image of despair completes
the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem.—
And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews
rushing through the flames to perish amidst its
ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th
of August; the whole hill on which stood the
temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs
of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the
dome were like spikes of crimson flame.—
Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage
and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells
rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount
of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and
over piles of the dead, Titus planted the stand-
ard of Rome. Thus was fulfilled the last av-
enging prophecies—thus perished Jerusalem.
In that dreadful day, men still were living who
might have heard the warning voice of him they
crucified—Verily I say unto you all, these
things shall come upon this generation.
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest
the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto
thee, behold your house is left unto you
desolate! And thus were the Hebrew
people scattered over the face of the earth, still
retaining to this hour their mysterious identity
—still a living proof of those prophecies they had
scorned or slain—still vainly awaiting that
Messiah, whose divine mission was fulfilled
eighteen centuries ago, upon Mount Calvary."

TRACING AN IDEA.

The St. Louis Leader thus traces a poetic idea
to its source:
Learning was, to a great degree, extinguished
in France by her first Revolution. Her
subsequent ones have left her, for literature,
only newspapers and novels—those the most
factious and these the most depraved that ever
were seen. But the last of these Revolutions has
almost swept them off: Young Napoleon has
nearly rid her of politicians; and, to crown that
benefit, has now only to make an end of her au-
thors. When both are gone, she may begin a-
gain, at the starting-point of some authority in
government and something sound in morals.
There is an evident literary identity of
thought between the following passage in
Shakespeare's "As You Like It," and one in
Pope. Jacques says:

Upon the brook that bawls along this wood;
To the which place, a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my lord,
The wretched animal did vent such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
Stood in the extreme verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Compare this with Pope:
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There, hid in shades and wasting day by day,
He bleeds and pants his life away.
This is stolen; but stolen as an artist might
steal precious material—marble, or a gem—to
work up in some fit and delicate creation of his
own.

While Pope has seized, and, after his artistic
manner, compressed this general image, another
great poet has appropriated, for the wayward
meditations of his melancholy youth in the "Elegy
in a Country Churchyard," the very spot—
the overhanging tree and the murmuring brook
—by which Shakespeare's hurt deer takes refuge.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noonday would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
Finally, the whole general image of the hurt
stag, deserted by the herd, is once more re-
produced, by Tom Moore, and sentimentalized
into an amorous ditty, in which the horny and
hairy suitor becomes both a hart and a husband
while the tree and the rivulet become his lady's
bosom and her eyes:
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd has fled from thee, thy home is
still here;
Tis still the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to
the last!

But since we are talking of hurt creatures,
there is a bird that has suffered in poetry almost
as much as the beast above commemorated; and
as that bird is our own national one, it is surely
fit that we should look into the manner in
which a series of bards have left fly at him.
Of that poor youth, Henry Kirke White, who
slew himself with over study, Lord Byron says,
quite pathetically:
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Knew his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that pierced him to the
heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel—
He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel:
While the same plumage that had warn'd his
nest,
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.
This thought is well enough amplified; but
that is all. Where it was gotten, one of the
conversations in Boswell's Johnson shall tell.
The Dr. says there, of one of the controversialists
of his day, "Mr. McQueen is like the eagle
mentioned by Walker, that was shot by an ar-
row feathered from his own wing." This allu-
sion is to Walker's "Lines to a lady singing his
own verses."

That eagle's fate and mine are one,

Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Where with he went to soar so high.
But Walker, by the very form of phrase,
half-intimates that he refers to what had been
said by a yet earlier poet; and accordingly, if
we go back to La Fontaine, we shall find the
whole story already told.

But have we yet reached the idea at its origi-
nal source? By no means; for that, we must
yet trace it back to Phaedrus in Latin, and from
Phaedrus ascend to one of the earliest of the
Greek writers, Esop.

If it please our readers, however, we will
pursue this parallelism of passages further on
some other day.

A SWINDLED GAMBLER.

HOW A GREEN 'UN FOUGHT THE TIGER.

Some years ago, I was in a gambling house in
Cincinnati, a silent looker on at the game of
faro. In those days such operations were car-
ried on rather openly, and almost under the eyes
of the authorities, with unbarred doors, so that
any one could walk in, either in the capacity
of a better or a mere spectator. In the latter ca-
pacity I found myself near midnight, when the
door of the den opened. Just as the game be-
gan to flag, not a sound was heard but the click
to the checks and the rattle of some dishes a
darky was placing on the table, in walked a
tall, raw-boned, country looking chap, in a gray
satinet coat and coon-skin cap. He walked up
to the only vacant place at the table, and draw-
ing from his side pocket an enormous calf skin
wallet, which looked as if it might contain at
least a thousand in fives and tens, he addressed
the dealer:

"Look here, Mister, I'm going to fight this
Tiger up to the mine! Understand me, I al-
ters fight to the death; that is, until I break you
or you break me."

"Very good," said the dealer, "you are one
of those we like to deal for." And his eyes fair-
ly glinted at the certainty of depleting the
plethoric looking pocket book.

"But understand me," continued the rough
looking customer, "there is one thing you must
do, and it is if you should break me, you must
give me enough to carry me home."

"I'll do it," said the "leg."

"Yes, yes, yes," responded the entire party.
Here a darky announced supper, and the
keeper of the "tiger" announced recess for half
an hour. The crowd went into the good things
prepared, and Rough was not a whit behind the
rest. He dived into the venison, the oyster pie
and the "chicken fixens," until he could eat no
more.

After scrutinizing it a moment, the dealer
tossed it into the drawer and passed over a stack
of ten chips to Rough. He next gave the cards
sundry scientific flirts, placed them in a box, and
announced "All ready." Rough placed his ten
chips on the ace, and the deal went on. Some
eight or ten were drawn out, when the ace came
to view on the top of the box, and the dealer
"raked down" the entire pile. He then waited
a few moments in expectation that Rough would
open the pocket book again, but that individual
continued resting his chin on the palm of his
hand, and gazing abstractedly on the ace.

"Well," said the "leg," "ain't you going to
bet any more?"
"Nary red; I'm broke—flat!" said Rough.
The "leg" laid back in his chair, and in a tone
of most profound astonishment, said:
"The dence you are! And I pledged myself
to give you money enough to carry you home,
in case you got broke!"
"You did that, old hoss!"
"Where do you live?"
"Brownsville, up the river."
"What will it cost to take you there?"
"At the present stage of water, I think I can
get up for about fourteen dollars."
Such a shout as went up at this juncture was
never heard within the walls of a Faro room!
While with great good humor the "leg" counted
out the fourteen dollars.

"My friend," said he to Rough, "it is not
every day one meets with a patron like you.—
Go and help yourself to another drink of brandy
and water, and a cigar. Whenever you come
to town again, give us a call. Call often—you
will find the latch-string out. I wish you a
safe journey. Give my respects to your wife
and children. Bye bye."
Rough didn't shrink one iota from his railery,
but took the proffered drink and cigar.
"I say," said he, as he held the door ajar, "I
wish you better luck with the next green look-
ing customer that comes along; but before you
make such a bargain with him, just ascertain
where he lives, and the size of his pile," and so
saying he disappeared amid the guffaws of the
crowd, in which the dealer heartily joined.

The President has not only demanded
explanations from England with regard to the
search of American vessels, but has despatched
the frigate Colorado with special orders to the
home squadron to stop any further interferences
from any quarter whatever.
A witness, in a liquor case, gave the fol-
lowing testimony: "Sal soda is ice and water,
and some stuff squirted into it from a concern.
Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not.
It makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

ONWARD.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Cease this dreaming! Cease this trembling!
Still unwearied struggle on!
Though thy strength should almost fail thee,
Onward is the word alone.

Dare not tarry, though the Present
Scatter roses in thy way!
Though to thee from out the ocean,
Sirens sing their luring lay!

Onward! Onward! without turning
"Gainst the world's sharp griefs contend,
Till upon thy cheeks hot burning,
Golden rays from Heaven descend.

Till thy brow the thick-leaved garland
Like a halo shall surround;
Till the Spirit's flame, all brightly,
Hovering o'er thee shall be found.

Onward, then, through all opposing!
Onward still, through Death's dark pain!
He must wrestle on unyielding,
Who the bliss of Heaven would gain.

FORGOT HIS WEDDING DAY.

The Bucyrus Journal relates an odd occur-
rence which transpired in that place last week.
We copy, for the amusement and instruction of
our readers:

A gentleman of Bucyrus had wooed and won a
"fair lady," residing near Norwalk in Huron
county. Some three months ago the wedding day
was fixed, viz: Wednesday, the 15th inst.
Now our friend is an unexceptionable man in
all respects but one—he is so absent minded and
forgetful that his whole life is governed by mem-
orandums. He cannot rely at all upon his mem-
ory, and in order to accomplish anything impor-
tant or unimportant, it is absolutely necessary
for him to make a memorandum of it, and refer
to that memorandum as frequent as possible.

Last Wednesday he should have taken his de-
parture for Norwalk, inasmuch as that evening,
at nine o'clock, precisely, he was to have been
made the husband of one of the fairest daugh-
ters of the tribe of Hurons. But Wednesday
morning came, and the circumstance of that being
his wedding day had escaped his memory entirely.
About three o'clock in the afternoon he
was walking down street as abstracted as usual,
when the idea struck him. He bolted into a
store and asked, "What day of the week is this?"
"Wednesday," "What day of the month is this?"
"The 15th." "Good Heavens," he
exclaimed, as he frantically rushed to a livery
stable, he ordered the fastest team in the estab-
lishment, and starting there he drove
out of town at not much less than railroad
speed.

It was twelve o'clock that night when, covered
with mud, he pulled up the panting and ex-
hausted steeds at the residence of his bride—
that should have been. The house was entirely
dark. Furious he knocked, and after a time gained
admittance. The lady was awakened and came
forth, when to his unutterable confusion and
chagrin he learned that a large and brilliant
company had assembled to celebrate his nup-
tials, that they had waited and waited, until pa-
tience unfolded her wings and flew away, and
then they went too. He was too honest to ex-
tricate himself from the difficulty by a falsehood,
so he told the whole truth. The lady burst into
tears, her father raved and stormed, and the
unhappy gentleman went nearly crazy with
vexation and disappointment. His "grande
statistatse," as the Frenchman said, was com-
pleted when, having proposed that the cere-
mony should be performed the next morning,
the lady told him positively that the engagement
was at an end, believing as she did that a man
who could forget his wedding day could not
make a good husband.

Sadly he returned home, a bachelor. He has
improved wonderfully, and we guarantee that
on the next occasion of this kind he will re-
member day and date exactly.

MEDICAL EPITAPHS.

A prolonged medical statement of the disease
of which the departed may chance to have died
is extremely popular. At Acton, in Cornwall,
says a writer in *Household Words*, there is this
particular account of how one Mr. Moreton
came to his end:—

"Here lies entombed one Roger Moreton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on;
Trying one day his corn to moe off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off;
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying."

And here is still a more entertaining one, upon
a certain lady in Devonshire, singularly free
from any nonsensical pretence of title—
vado:—

"Here lies Betsy Cruden,
She wood a leaf'd but she cooden,
'Twas na grief na sorrow as made she decay,
But this bad leg as carr'd she away."

There is a distressing inadequacy of metaphor
in the following south-county elegy; but the
meaning is painfully distinct:—

"Here lies two babes as dead as nits,
They was cut off by ague fits."
A doctor of divinity, who lies in the neighbor-
hood of Oxford, has his complaint stated for him
with unusual brevity, as well as his place of in-
terment:—

"He died of a quinsy,
And was buried at Binsy."

To complete these medical extracts I may quote
this warning cypress-flower, culled from a Chel-
tenham Cemetery:—

"Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed by drinking the Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not been lying in these here vaults."

WEBSTER'S REPORTS.

One evening, not many years ago, while the
Supreme Court was holding its sessions in Somers-
et county, some of the legal brethren were
warming their legs before a blazing fire in a
rural tavern, and conversing upon various mat-
ters pertaining to the profession. B. J. Bacon,
whose long silence indicated that his mind was
in travail with some great thought, broke out by
asking if any of his brethren could relieve him
him from his trouble.

"I wish," said he, "to commence an action
against a boy who was caught stealing apples
I find no case of the kind in any of the Reports,
and I am at a loss for a precedent."

The landlord overheard the question, and
informed the veridant that he knew a case just
in point.

"Ah!" said Bacon, "in whose Reports shall I
find it?"

"In Webster's," said the landlord very gravely.
"Webster's Reports? Well, now you speak
of it, I think I do remember something like it
there. Do you know the volume?"

"Yes, I do; I have a copy in the house if you
would like to see it."

"I would be greatly obliged to you for it, as
I have left mine at home."

The landlord stepped out, and soon returned
with Webster's Spelling Book, and turning to
the story—An old man found a rube boy on one
of his trees stealing apples—passed the book to
his legal friend, who threw it into the fire, in
the midst of roars and laughter, and speedily
made his disappearance.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died
on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in
his 91st year, and was eight years older than
Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight
years older than James Madison; James Mad-
ison was eight years older than James Monroe;
James Monroe was eight years older than John
Quincy Adams. The first five of the Presidents
—all revolutionary men—ended their terms of
service in the 66th year of their age. Wash-
ington, born February 22, 1732; inaugurated
1789; term of service expired in the 66th year
of his age. John Adams, born October 19th,
1735; inaugurated 1797; term of service ex-
pired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas
Jefferson, born April 21st, 1743; inaugurated
1801; term of service expired in the 66th year
of his age. James Madison, born March 5th,
1751; inaugurated 1809; term of service ex-
pired in the 66th year of his age. James Mon-
roe, born April 2d, 1759; inaugurated 1817;
term of service expired in the 66th year of his
age.

chester gentlemen were dining at one of the
hotels in that city, the other evening, when a
Buffalonian was unfeeling enough to reproach
one of them with the fact that Canandaigua had
got a murder of its own and was rather
taking the wind out of the Rochester sails.
The major flared up indignantly. "That Canan-
daigua murder!" said he; "it was nothing but
a dirty, drunken, bar-room, fighting homicide!
Our murders, sir, are all premeditated."

When Kean first played *Sir Giles Over-
reach*, (June, 1816,) he made as great an impres-
sion on his fellow-actors as on his audience;
inasmuch, that they agreed to present him with
a silver cup. When Munden was applied to,
he replied in his peculiar manner, "I've no
objection to your *cupping* Mr. Kean, but I'll be
hanged if you shall *bleed* me."

"Can you let me have twenty dollars
this morning, to purchase a bonnet, my dear?"
said a wife to her husband, one morning at
breakfast. "By and bye, my love." "That's
what you always say, my dear, but can I buy
and buy without money?" The husband han-
ded over.

The general opinion is that the vainest
of all birds is the peacock. We think the
goose is the vainest. A goose, when entering
the barn through the doorway, invariably bows
its head to avoid hitting the top. Evidently
every goose thinks himself at least fifteen feet
high.

A Scotch blacksmith gave the following
definition of metaphysics:—"When the party
who intends dianna ken what the party who
speaks means, and when the party who speaks
dianna ken what he means himself, that is meta-
physics."

A very learned man has said—"The three
hardest words to pronounce in the English lan-
guage are—I was mistaken!" How few, in-
deed, are willing to acknowledge themselves
in the wrong at any time!

The gentleman who attempted to cut
his throat with a sharp knife, a few days since,
has again made a rash attack upon his "victual-
ing department," by stabbing himself with a
point of honor.

An Irishman once told Quiz, that Ireland
was an execrable place; in fact, the only thing
worth owning in it is the whiskey. "Ah," said
Quiz, "you mean to say that you love her still."

A parish clerk, after reading the banns
of matrimony, was followed by the clergyman,
who gave out the hymn—
"Mistaken souls that dream of Heaven!"

Charles Lamb is reported to have said:
"The water cure is neither new nor wonderful,
for it is as old as the deluge, which in my opin-
ion, killed more than it cured."

It has been discovered that bread can be
manufactured out of wood. Long before this
discovery was made, all wood was known to
have grain in it.

Three things that never agree—two cats
over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two
lovers after one maiden.

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

BY LIGHT HEAT.

'T'other day as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperado elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee! and in a cup
Of my wine I sank him.
And what I'de think I did? I drank him.
Faith, I thought him dead: Not he!
There he lives with a tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

Here is a couplet descriptive of a certain
member of the British Parliament who com-
mitted speeches to memory:
"Ward has no heart they say, but I deny it;
Ward has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.—The Auburn *Adver-
tiser* says that the escape of James A. Cox of
that city, at the late railroad disaster, was won-
derful:

"Mr. Cox was seated in the third seat from
the front in the second passenger car—the car
that made the first fatal plunge. The first pas-
senger car cleared the bridge, leaving behind
the trucks, wheels and floor. All the passen-
gers escaped serious injury. The second car,
following, fell, striking against the abutment
of the bridge, and was shivered to atoms. Mr.
Cox first heard the scraping of the two trains in
the collision, felt the tipping of the car, the
dreadful rush, plunge, and the awful crash.
The next instant he was standing on splinters
so fine that twenty or thirty could be held in one
hand, the rain beating upon him and the most
profound stillness reigning.

"This awful silence lasted a moment only,
when the terrible shrieks of the wounded and
the fainter groans of the dying, came up from
the shattered mass. Mr. Cox, by a slight effort
extricated himself from the ruins, and found
himself entirely unharmed, except a slight and
unimportant scratch on his foot. He felt the
splinters flying past his head; below his feet to
his knees were ruins heaped up; on the left
were the crushed remains of the Mack children,
in front was the fatally wounded Perkins, of
Rochester, and almost beneath his feet were the
remains of Moore, of Rising Sun, and the body
of a lady transfixed by two stakes."

BRINGING AN OBSTINATE JUROR TO HIS SEN-
SES.—The Santa Cruz Sentinel, gives the fol-
lowing account of a method adopted recently
to its town to overcome the objections of an ob-
stinate juror:

Persuasion and starvation are the approved
common law methods of producing the above
result; but a novel method was lately tried in
this town. By some means, a fellow juror, an
utter stranger to all his brother jurors, was placed
upon the jury, who dissented from the ver-
dict agreed to by the other eleven. They came
to a joint conclusion without delay, but the
stranger pertinaciously held out against them.
After an hour of argument, with no avail, it
was at last proposed that the jury should return
a verdict of "guilty by eleven jurymen, who
believe the other one to be a confederate of the
prisoner, and as great a rascal." This ended it;
the stranger saw twenty vigilance committees
in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury
unanimously rendered a verdict of guilty.

THE BRITISH MINISTER'S VIEWS IN REGARD
TO THE RECENT OUTRAGES IN THE GULF.—The
correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"Lord Napier positively denies having had
any knowledge whatever of the recent proceed-
ings in the Gulf until they appeared in print,
and says that he at once communicated with
the admiral of the squadron, inclosing the state-
ments made and comments upon them, with the
emphatic injunction against their repetition.
He believes that the home-Ministry were equal-
ly ignorant, and hence his conviction is decid-
ed that these acts will be promptly disavowed,
and the fullest reparation made."

So we hope, and the Administration will take
care that we have security for the future, as
well as indemnity for the past.

EXPANSIVE BENEVOLENCE.—The following
sentence has been ascribed to Fenelon:—"I
love my family better than myself; my coun-
try better than my family; and mankind better
than my country; for I am more of a French-
man than a Fenelon; and more a man than a
Frenchman."

"Sambo, you black thief. Sambo, why
you betray dat secret I told you de oder day?"
"I betray the secret? I scorn de 'putation. I
found I could't keep up, so I told um to some-
body that could!"

"I see the villain in your face," said a
western judge to a prisoner. "May it please
your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must
be a personal reflection, sure."

"They pass best over the world," said
Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for
it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink."

"A dandy is a chap who would be a lady
if he could; but as he can't, does all he can to
show the world he is not a man."