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## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *f. fa.*, to me directed, there will be sold at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford, on Monday, the 14th day of February, 1859, at 12 o'clock, M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All defendants, John King & Thomas King's, right, title and interest in and to one tract of land, containing 237 acres, more or less; about 100 acres cleared and under fence, with a two story mansion house, 13 tenant houses, store house, ware house, one iron forge, saw-mill, coal house, large new bank barn, 2 frame stables and other out-buildings thereon erected—also, an apple orchard thereon; adjoining lands of James Fink, Jacob Steel, John Gates, and others, known as the Bedford Forge property.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 296 acres, more or less, about 60 acres cleared and under fence, with a log house and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of Lucinda Piper and others—known as the John McIlroy tract.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 5 acres, more or less, with a log house thereon erected, on the waters of Yellow Creek; adjoining lands of Piper and Fink, George, B. Kay's heirs and others, in the name of John King.

ALSO—One tract of unimproved land, containing 402 acres, more or less; adjoining the Bedford Forge and others, in the name of Stephen Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 401 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Richard Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 404 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Joseph Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 409 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Samuel Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 424 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Alexander Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 413 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John McIlroy.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 374 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of David Piper.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 335 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Timothy Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 400 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Israel Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 392 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Zachariah Moan.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 421 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John Boyd.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 429 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of William Davis.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 432 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Isabel Davis.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 441 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of William Piper.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 477 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John Hardin.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 442 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Ignatius Hardin.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 434 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of James Wilson.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 2372 acres, more or less; about 100 cleared and under fence, with one charcoal furnace, one bloom forge, with four refining fires, one mansion house, one brick office and store house, ware house, 13 tenant houses, 6 stables, one blacksmith shop, one carpenter shop, coal house, iron house, and other out-buildings thereon erected; adjoining lands of James Eichelberger, on the North, Henry Gates and Et Fluke, on the South and West, and Broad Top on the East—known as the Lennox Iron Works property.

ALSO—One tract of land in Woodcock valley—known as the Bender ore bank, containing 256 acres, more or less; adjoining lands of Stephen Weimer and others.

ALSO—One tract of unimproved land containing 33 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others; warranted in the name of Thomas and John King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 420 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of John Cheney.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 428 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Maria Alberti.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 374 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Hannah Alberti.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 426 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of George F. Alberti.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 400 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Peter Swope and Jno. King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 70 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Casper Fluck; known as the Fluck ore bank.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 15 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others—known as the Daughinbaugh improvement.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Martin Hoover on the west and others, being a part of the Dyke's tract.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 100 acres, more or less; adjoining Martin Hoover on the east and others, being a part of the Dyke's tract; and all the above described lands situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of John King and Thomas King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 40 acres, more or less; about all cleared and under fence, with a two story log house and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of James Price, Hen-

ry Gates and others—situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Thomas King.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 265 acres, more or less; about 50 acres cleared and under fence, with 2 dwelling houses and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of William Tams, Solomon Smith, and others.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 100 acres, more or less; about 50 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling and kitchen attached and log barn thereon erected—also an apple orchard thereon; adjoining lands of De'ft, William Tams, Arnold Lashley and others.

ALSO—One other tract of land containing 53 acres, more or less, unimproved; adjoining lands of John Johnson, John Bennett & others.

ALSO—One other tract known as the mansion place, containing 265 acres, more or less; about 80 acres cleared and under fence, with dwelling house and store room attached, double log barn, frame stable, and other out-buildings thereon erected; adjoining lands of Mrs. Nancy Elshin, Eliza McIlhish, Joshua Browning and others. And all the above described lands situate in Southampton township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of William Lashley.

ALSO, All Defendant, D. S. Berkstresser's right, title, interest and claim, in and to one tract of land, called Buck Bottom, containing 60 acres, more or less; about 4 acres cleared and under fence, with a story and a half plank house thereon erected; adjoining lands of Wm. Forrester, on the west and the Juniata river on the north and east—situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county and taken in execution as the property of David S. Berkstresser.

ALSO, One lot of ground in the town of Hopewell, fronting about 60 feet on front street and extending back to the furnace race and to an alley, on the north, lying triangular, containing about one eighth of an acre—situate in Broad Top township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Thomas W. Horton.

ALSO, One tract of land containing 86 acres, more or less; about 40 acres cleared and under fence, with a two story log house, cabin house and double log barn thereon erected; adjoining lands of William Blackburn, Isaac Cuppett and others—situate in Napier township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of John Tawney.

ALSO, All D'ft's, William Patton's interest, in and to a certain tract of land, situate in Broad Top township, Bedford county, bounded by lands formerly owned by Joseph Evans, Josiah Horton and James Cunningham & Co., containing 1063 acres and allowance, &c., being the same tract of land known formerly as the Abner Horton tract, with the rights and privileges thereunto belonging, and taken in execution as the property of William Patton.

ALSO, All D'ft's interests in and to a certain two story plank frame mill and dwelling house, 18 by 24 feet—situate in Hopewell township, Bedford county, erected on and over the road of said Company, and the lot or piece of ground and curtilage appurtenant thereto, with the rights and privileges thereunto belonging, and taken in execution as the property of the Hopewell and Bloody Run Plank and Turnpike Road Company.

ALSO, One lot of ground in the town of Stonerstown, fronting 27 feet on main street and extending back about 220 feet to an alley, with a two story plank house thereon erected, adjoining an alley on the north-east, and lot of Dominick Feeny on the south—situate in Liberty township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of John McCaffrey and wife, defendants.

ALSO, One tract of land containing 190 acres, more or less; about 100 acres cleared and under fence, with a two story log house, double frame barn, and other out-buildings thereon erected—also an apple orchard thereon; adjoining land of Abraham Sills, Anthony Zimmers and other—situate in Bedford township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Jacob Rightmire, d'ft.

ALSO, One tract of land containing 44 acres, more or less; about 2 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling house thereon erected; adjoining lands of William Thompson, James Ray, Watson's heirs and others—situate in Bedford township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Thomas Richardson, d'ft.

ALSO, One lot of ground in the town of Stonerstown, fronting 55 feet on main street, and extending back 220 feet to an alley, with a two story frame store house thereon erected; adjoining other lots of defendant, Joseph Crisman, on the north, and fronting 220 feet on street running from the Juniata river to the town of Saxon, on the south—situate in Liberty township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Joseph Crisman.

WM. S. FLUKE, Sheriff.  
Sheriff's Office, Jan. 21, 1859.

## LIST OF CAUSES,

PUT down for trial at February Term, (14th day,) 1859.

|                   |                        |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| John Hoyle        | vs Wm Keyser           |
| Levi Harding      | vs John C Morgart      |
| Fred'k Hildebrand | vs C F Komer           |
| A Blair's use     | vs John Blair et al    |
| Junia S. District | vs L A Tamer           |
| William Oss       | vs Arnold Lashley      |
| T McCauley & Co.  | vs John Davidson & Co. |
| James Entriken    | vs D Washbaugh et al   |
| Joseph Burgess    | vs Wm Keyser et al     |
| Henry Gates       | vs Milford James       |
| John H Dicken     | vs Jesse Dicken        |
| Wm Forbes         | vs Patrick Burns et al |
| Dr G W Anderson   | vs A E Cox             |

SAM'L H. TATE, Proth'y.  
Proth'y Office,  
Bedford, Jan. 21, 1859.

## From the Cincinnati Times. The Maniac's Sermon—A Camp Meeting Incident.

It was eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning. Two sermons had been preached during the forenoon, and the "horn" had been blown announcing the third. The people flocked into the meeting by thousands, for a very popular divine was to preach at that hour.

The eloquent minister arose. All was instantly hushed, and the stillness of mid-night reigned in that vast assemblage. He opened a book and read therefrom, softly, sweetly, musically, a hymn which he requested the congregation to sing.

"The music of a camp meeting! Who that has ever heard it has not paused to drink the rich melody into his soul! It comes with a grandeur yet softness and sweetness that can be heard nowhere else. The measured strains of a multitude of voices, united in charming melody and unbroken by walls, swell in solemn grandeur, and roll deliciously through the forests, awaking re-echoing cadences on every hand, and

"Untwisting all the charms that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

After the hymn had been sung the minister offered up a brief, eloquent prayer, and then resumed his seat. He had taken the Bible on his knee and was searching for his text, when he and the whole congregation were startled by the appearance of the Maniac Smith.

The young lunatic, who was known to nearly all present, ascended the pulpit with folded arms, bowed head, and slow and steady pace. Facing the immense congregation, he gazed carefully around, and amid breathless silence spread forth his hands, and in the most thrilling manner said:

"Your music is the music of heaven. The pretty birds in yonder tree tops are bearing it with their songs to the lips of angels above, who will convey it as sweet incense to the omnipotent throne of God. Joy is thine, O Israel. You possess the living soul, that rejoices in the glory of immortality. My soul is dead! A cherished child of piety, I became recreant to the God that gave me being and sold my life, my happiness, my immortality to the Prince of Darkness. Like the traveler who has a broken path before him, but is attracted to dangerous places by the gaudy show of some poisonous flower, I have wandered to my death! My feet were placed in the straight and narrow ways, were covered with the sandals of piety, and the christian staff was placed in my hand, and yet, O God! I wandered to my death. The gaudy baubles of vice, the snare, yet thrifty lures of worldliness, drew me to the side. I left the smooth surface, and ascended to mountains of trouble, and yet I gained not the object of my pursuit. On I dashed, reckless and indifferent to my fate. The wicked one, who sought my destruction, led me on, and I, covered with remorse, followed. I knew I was plunging into ruin, with a soul already accused, yet I cared not! Voluntarily I had sought death and it came. It was one night, and oh! a fearful night it was to me, exhausted, doimed, and accused, I was still climbing up the mountain of sin. I came to a chasm, deep and fearful. The lightning of heaven flashed about me, and the thunder of Omnipotence pealed in my ears. I felt myself moving towards that fearful chasm!—Death, eternal death, stared me in the face, and I screamed piteously for help. No one came to aid me. My companions in vice listened not to my cries, and he to whom I had sold my soul derided me in mockery! I was moved on nearer and nearer to the precipice. Frantically I grasped each shrub and rocky prominence which lay in my way, but they crumbled in my hands. I reached the edge of the precipice! I glanced into the deep abyss of death! Oh! terror, terror! I plead heaven for mercy, but, great God, it was too late!

"My sin-covered soul trembled with the agony it suffered, and was piteous in its appeals. But the thunder told me, 'Too late,' and gracious heavens, my own cowardly soul told me 'Too late.' I felt myself going over the precipice. I clung with tenacity to everything within my reach, but nothing could save me. I shrieked! I groaned! Down to perdition went my soul!"

Here the maniac paused. His vivid portraiture of his career had startled the whole congregation, some of whom shrieked out right as he represented his soul's frightful descent into perdition. He paused a minute only. Then calm again, he softly said:

"I am living without a soul! You people of God may sing your praises, for it is as sweet incense to your souls. But you sinners must repent this day, or your souls will go after mine over that deep, dark, fearful abyss into hell! Will you repent or go with me into eternal perdition?"

The effect of this was more than terrific.—Screams and groans arose from the gay and giddy in the congregation.

A year or two before, this young man was brought home one evening insensibly drunk.—The next morning found him the victim of a terrible fever, brought on by his sensual indulgence and extravagant course of life. Of that fever he was, after many fearful days, and much tender care by his relatives, cured, but it left him a raving maniac. So fearful were his mad efforts, it became necessary to keep him in a Lunatic Asylum, to keep him from perpetrating mischief on himself and others. He remained there until within a few weeks of the camp meeting, when he became sufficiently restored to be returned to the custody of his family. He was still insane, but was mild and obedient, and under those circumstances he was taken with the family to the camp meeting, the utmost vigilance being exercised over him.

Young men! beware of the cup, the destroyer of the soul!

## Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one—

"Troubles never last forever,  
The darkest day will pass away."  
If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air,  
A sunshiny morning will come without warning."  
Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; nor a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. But that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something startling that will say  
When gold and silver fly away!"  
Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.—Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest,  
The meek possess a peaceful breast."  
If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day  
Wears the hardest rock away."  
And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;  
A grumbler in the mud will stick."  
Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

"Be on your guard, and strive to pray,  
To do all that is set before you."

## Sheridan's Will.

The following is an authentic anecdote in connection with the Drury Lane Theatre; rebuilt by Holland, the Architect, and by him leased to Sheridan, who became largely in his debt.

Holland could never obtain a settlement or an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the lurchy porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"All my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most apropos. I am truly sorry you have come had the trouble of calling upon me so often; but now we are met in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here.—Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre.—That in fact the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they are so noisy of late."

"Sound defective, not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; when it is the most perfect building for sound that was ever erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless."

"So I say," restored Sheridan; but now we'll bring the question to issue definitely, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here and talk to you.

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland, cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan."

"Then I wish you a very good morning." So saying Sheridan disappeared and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

"At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication—

"Pray sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is eh, ah! steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

## Popular Errors.

The human body, in our climate, is always much warmer than the atmosphere, and is constantly throwing off heat. All substances, in respect to heat, are called good or bad conductors. If we apply our hand to the carpet, it will appear tolerably warm, because it is a bad conductor, and takes no heat from us. If we next touch the floor, which is of wood, and therefore, although a bad one, is a better conductor than the carpet, it will appear somewhat cold—as it takes some of the heat of our hand away. Iron and other metals, being eminently good conductors, will abstract a greater quantity of heat from us; so that when we come to touch that, it will appear very cold, for the loss of heat which our body immediately experiences. The same fallacious testimony of the touch would induce us to believe that water is really much colder than it is. When we take the cold bath, we experience a chilly sensation in passing out of the atmosphere into the water, although a thermometer will tell us that they are both of the same temperature; this is because it has a property peculiar to itself, by which it absorbs and carries away whatever heat may be brought in contact with it, and which is equivalent in its results to the property of a conductor. Thus it will appear that what seems to be a cold sensation received from other objects, is in reality, nothing more than the loss of heat in touching them; and thus it is evident that the Author of the Universe formed our senses to answer the ordinary purposes of life, and gave us intellect to correct their errors, and enable us to apply them to higher and nobler purposes of science.

## Ike Partington and Pugilism.

Mrs. Partington was much surprised to find Ike, one rainy afternoon, in a spare room, with the rag-bag hung to the bed post, which he was belaboring very justly with his fists as huge as two cent apples.

"What gymnastics are you doing here?" said she, as she opened the door.

He did not stop, and merely replying "training," continued to punch in. She stood looking at him as he danced round the bag, busily punching its rotund sides.

"That's the Morrissey touch," said he, giving one side a dig, "and that," hitting the other side, "is the Benicia Boy." She said:

"Stop!" and he immediately stopped after he had given the last blow for Morrissey. "I'm afraid the training you are having isn't good, and I think you had better train in some other company. I thought your going into compound fractures in school would be distasteful to you. I don't know who Mr. Morrissey is, and don't want to see you, except he was whipping the Pernicio Boy, a poor lad with a sore leg, and I think he ought to be ashamed of himself."

He must have read the papers.

## Webster's Courting.

Daniel Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when a vein of silk, which he was holding for her to wind, was getting in to a knot. Mr. Webster assisted in unravelling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a knot, don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

A COOL DELINQUENT.—Hillyer, of the Natchez Courier, recently dunned a delinquent subscriber, who is five years in arrears. In reply to the dunning epistle, the fellow writes the annexed strikingly cool letter:

"Now you may say for think that all this is nothing to you, and that I have had the paper and ought to pay for it. True, I have had it and read it, and if I should try very hard perhaps I might pay for it; but the fact is, I have gone to the full length of my rope. If I come out right side up, I will pay your bill, and if I don't come out right side up, I think you ought to lose it for giving such credits. For such extensive credits give scoundrels and dishonest folks a great advantage over honest ones. I wish it distinctly understood that the paper be stopped, unless you choose to take the chances just as they are."

SPRITUALISM IN ITALY.—A funny story is told, in a communication to the Spiritual Age, by Mr. J. J. Jarves, the distinguished author of "Art Hints," "Confessions of an Inquirer," &c., now residing in Florence, Italy. It is as follows: "At a recent circle in this city, a skeptical physician unexpectedly entered, on a visit, and seeing what the family were about, asked permission, 'for the fun of the thing,' to sit with them. The phenomena soon began, and directed towards him, too.

"Who is it wants me?" he asked.

The medium's hand (a titled lady of great refinement and distinction in society) was made to write,—

"One of your patients whom you killed—damn you!"

Imagine the confusion of both parties. The doctor disappeared, and has made no further attempts at a *fanny* investigation of Spiritualism and the mortification of the lady medium has scarcely abated yet."

"We know a man so habitually sleepy that his curiosity cannot be wakened.

"The only victory that costs no tears," said Napoleon, "is that over ignorance."

## GRAFTING.

Cut your apple and pear scions for grafting any time between now and the last of February; don't leave it till spring, for when the sap begins to flow it is too late. Keep them in a cold, dry place. The best way is to pack them in dry sand and put them in the cellar. Lay them on a cellar floor or wall away from the mice and they will keep pretty well; but if they are allowed to become warm they will sprout; and if kept too damp they will rot. Look at them occasionally. They should not be *strimmed* and *dry* when wanted in the spring, but should be green in bark when cut. In this condition they are alive and hungry for sap which they will absorb rapidly from the stock on which they are grafted and grow without fail. If they are plump and look fresh when grafted they will dry up and die sure. The time for grafting is when the buds on the stock are just opening. Some do it earlier and succeed, and some wait until the leaves are as large as squirrel's ears.

The best methods for the performance of the work, and the composition of the wax to be used can be learned from any work on horticulture, and most of our readers are probably familiar enough on these points; but more than half of the failures are caused by mismanagement of the scions.—*Chester County Times.*

INSECTS NEVER GROW.—Many people fancy that a little fly is only little because it is young, and that it will grow up in process of time to be as big as a blue bottle. Now this idea is entirely wrong; for when an insect has once attained its winged state it grows no more. All the growing, and most part of the eating, is done in its previous state of life; and, indeed, there are many insects, such as the silk-worm-moth, which do not eat at all from the time when they assume the chrysalis state to the time when they die.

An old fashioned mother, ah, how much meaning is compressed in that simple expression, *the old fashioned mother!* It carries our thoughts back to those women whose home influence was pure and elevating; who taught their daughters to render themselves blessings to society by their goodness, their diligence and their useful knowledge. We think of the lofty heroisms, the brave endurance, the thousand virtues they inculcated and sigh at the contrast between the past and the present. How few modern mothers understand or perform their duty in training their children. A smattering of this and the other, is considered quite sufficient education, and to show off to advantage is made the great aim of life. No wonder there are so many desolate firesides, so many unhappy wives, so many drinking, gambling, husbands.

A strong, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt farmer and asked for cold victuals and old clothes. "You appear to be a stout, hearty looking man," said the farmer, "what do you do for a living?" "Why, not much," replied the fellow, except *travelling* about from place to place." "Travelling about, ha! ha!" rejoined the farmer, "can you travel pretty well?" "Oh, yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I'm pretty good at that." "Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

When the late Judge Howell, of Rhode Island, was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *vacuum caput* (empty head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance, except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up and repeated the words, well knowing the author, addressed the court as follows: "May it please the court, I ask your honor's protection, (holding up his hat,) 'for,' said he, 'I find that brother Burgess has written his name in my hat and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it.'"

An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months old, I was considered the handsomest child in that neighborhood, but my nurse one day *scrapped* me away for another boy just to please a friend of hers whose child was rather plain looking."

Some tavern jokers hailed a clergyman in Nashua, N. H. the other day, with a request that he would settle a dispute among them.

"What about?" said he.

"Tell us how old the devil is?" they answered.

"Keep your own family records," said he.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pa say your tongue was *running* from morning until night, and I was wondering how it could run without legs. That's all, ma."

A mad-lunatic young lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day: "I cannot conceive how the young gentleman can drink so much recess, when they know that it is so conjurious to their institutions."

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as he could. Oh! replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady? Ans. One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

To make a pretty girl's cheek red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redder those of an impudent man, slap them.