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VOL. 2, NO. 28.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *fi. 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 King, Jacob Steel, John Gates, and others, known as the Bedford Forge property.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 206 acres, more or less, with a log house and log stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of Lucinda Piper and others—known as the John Millay 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 404 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, in the name of Richard M'ean.

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, known 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 Millay.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 374 acres, more or less; adjoining the above and others, known 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 Millay.

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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 Iams, 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'lt's, William Iams, Arnold Lashley and others.

ALSO—One tract of land containing 58 acres, more or less, unimproved; adjoining lands of John Johnson, John Bennett & others.

ALSO—One 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 Ebbin, Eliza McElfish, 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 Cuppert and others—situate in Napier township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of John Tawney.

ALSO, All D'lt's, William Patton's interest, in and to a certain tract of land, situate in Broad Top township, Bedford county, 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'lt's interests in and to a certain two story plank frame-tell 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 out-buildings thereon, with the rights and privileges thereunto belonging, and taken in execution as the property of the Hopewell and Bloody Run Plank and Turpin 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 Zimmes and other—situate in Bedford township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Jacob Reighart, de'lt.

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, de'lt.

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 Saxton, on the south—situate in Liberty township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Joseph Crisman.

W. M. S. FLUKE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Jan. 21, 1859.

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

John Hoyle vs Wm Keyser
Levi Hardinger vs John C Morgart
Fred'k Hildebrand vs C F Kerner
A Blair's use vs John Blair et al
Junia's S. District vs L A Famer
William Oss vs Arnold Lashley
T McAuley & Co. vs John Davidson & Co.
James Entriken vs D Washabough et al
Joseph Burgess vs Wm Keyser et al
Henry Gates vs Milford James
Jon 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's Office,
Bedford, Jan. 21, 1859.

Miscellaneous.

THE MIRAGE OF WEALTH.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."—1 Tim. vi. 17.

William Beckford was born towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the only son of a wealthy West Indian proprietor, who dying when his child was two years of age, left an income of more than \$500,000 a year, to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the eminent Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world. How vast the capacities of usefulness placed before him! The great talent of promoting human happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Fontalga, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease.—The first outlay of his wealth there was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal, he visited under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxurious monarchies of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which his dinner was prepared is thus described:—"A stream of water flowed through it, from which were brewed reservoirs containing every kind of river-fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to these the lights of scullion fires, and piles of rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and plenty in various abundance." The dinners which followed these preparations were served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. "The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries." Confectionery and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Gouffignee, containing the rarest and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey.

Returning at the commencement of the present century to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of \$1,300,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that phoenix like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the West of New England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent.—The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shinar. "Go to, let us build us a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, almost every cart in the country was employed, so that at one time agricultural labor was well nigh suspended. Impatient of delay, night was not allowed to impose obstacles to the progress of the work. Torch light was employed; fresh bands of laborers relieving at evening those who worked by day. In the dark nights of winter, the distant traveller was startled by the blaze of light from Fonthill, which proclaimed at once the resources and the folly of the man of wealth. Beckford's principle enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol; the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the world around. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in the hope of catching a glimpse of his glories. Nor was it interior unworthy of his curiosity. All that art and wealth could give, to produce effect, were there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks round at the cabinets, can-

delains, and ornaments, which decorate the rooms, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford of Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune.—Who would have ventured to have styled all this splendor evanescent as the mirage? A sudden depreciation of West Indian property took place. Some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford, with the shattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a waiting place; there to moralize on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point the oft told moral of the vanity of human pursuits. He felt, it is said, unoppressed by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by his new owner.

Thus melted away, like frostwork before the sun, the extravagant productions of the man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered that he had been cheated by the mirage.—*The Mirage of Life.*

STORY OF A FIRST KISS.

Certainly, you have observed how strangely, sometimes, the clouds at morning or evening, group themselves around the sun, and are lighted by it, and you have thought sometimes: "It is as if this should be represented in painting, people would say, 'it is unnatural, it is untrue.' Seven in human life. We often find events, looking when related or described in books, unnatural, and yet they are perfectly true in reality to nature, though not to every day nature. For example, if any one should tell that, once a first kiss was given by a modest young lady publicly, and in a public square to a young man she saw for the first time, certainly all young ladies and old ladies and young gentlemen and old gentlemen would, with one voice cry out, 'It is not true, it is impossible.' Well, I entreat your attention to the following little story, for whose truth and reality I will be responsible."

In the university of Upsala, there was a young student—a lonely youth with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart; and trying not to look at the future which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed, "Well it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!" The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that poor and angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration.

"Well, I think I could have it."

"What? cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?" etc.

"Not at all, he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, just now, if I asked her."

"What in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in this manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!"

"And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group and the bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain and I have my peculiar reasons for thinking that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking—our hero immediately walked to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said, "My lady; (min-fro-len) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related truly and simply, what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said blushing but with great sweetness,

"If by so little a thing, so much good can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request," and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he offered him an invitation to dine at his table during his stay at Upsala.

Our young student, now pursued his studies in a manner which made him regarded as the most promising scholar in the University.

Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor as his intended bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from this happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with the wealth of their goodness and love.—*Fred. Bremer.*

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Two was a fearful night, the storm king out of humor, let loose the howling wind and pelting rain and clothed the earth with a pall of darkness, as dense and impenetrable as an Egyptian sepulchre; all the instinctive life was hushed, save the tempest bird, whose shrill scream mingled with the crashing blast and made it more terrible in its midnight frenzy.

"Two was dark as midnight, trees whose huge limbs moaned and sighed piteously, were rudely tossed about, and ever and anon great masses of molated timber fell to the ground. Before an open window stood a beautiful girl, her glossy ringlets waved like streamers to the passing wind, her exquisite form, which bore the impress of nobleness innate, was splendidly erect, and her flashing eyes full of excited lustre, shone brightly through the impenetrable darkness. Proudly she stood defying the tempest in wrath. See her rosy lips separate like the leaflet of the morning rose, and with one tremendous effort she screams out at the top of her voice:

"Jim, if you don't let that pig's tail go, marm will thrash you like thunder!"

A FAST CALIFORNIA BOY.—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Golden Era*, tells the following story:

"In riding from Illinois to Nevada, I mistook the trail, and after travelling about twenty miles across gulches and through chapparal, with no guide save the sun, I struck a thickly wooded region some two or three miles south of Nevada. Observing a lad ten or twelve years of age engaged in washing a pan of dirt in a little pool of water not far off, I rode up for the purpose of inquiring the direction and distance to Nevada, when the following conversation ensued:

"My little man, can you tell me how far it is to Nevada?"

"Don't you know?" answered the lad, rising, and giving me a leering look.

"I don't know; I should not inquire if I were going there, and are you lost, and can't find the way?"

"Yes, I am going there, if it is necessary for you to know. Now, how far is it, and which direction shall I take?"

"Do you want to take the longest or the shortest road?" inquired the little rascal, with a malicious grin wrinkling his dirty face.

"The shortest, of course, if there are more roads than one," said I, impatiently.

"Well, just take right up over the hill there, and don't mind the chapparal, and you'll reach Nevada before night, for 'tain't more'n two miles and a half. But," continued the boy, "tell me—are you a constable, tax collector, doctor, or what?"

"Go to the devil, you young imp!" was my answer, wheeling my horse and starting off.

"Hold up!" yelled the boy with an energy that stopped me in spite of myself. "Now don't get your back up, old feller! Here take a drop of this: 'twill do you good," and he held up a bottle.

"What have you there?" I inquired, hardly able to repress a smile.

"Why, whiskey, to be sure. Take a swig.—It's first rate. 'Twon't hurt you."

"What! do you drink whiskey?" said I attempting to look surprised.

He gave me a look, and such a look, too—so full of contempt and pity at my ignorance—as he threw himself back and replied, measuring and emphasizing each word, "Do—I—drink whiskey? Just cock your eye, stranger, and see."

He shut one eye knowingly, placed the bottle to his lips, and I turned and left him nibbling at the nozzle.

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH SCENE.

The vengeance of the allied powers demands some victims, and the intrepid Ney who had well nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head, was fated to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the garden of Luxembourg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he stopped him saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and said in his same calm voice, "I declare before God and man, that I never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. Vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "brave of the brave" sank to rise no more.

"He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor!"

As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance; so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that halted his approach to Paris; still he was no traitor.

"Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? Because it is easier to preach than to practice."

"I know," said Tipsey, "water is a fine thing, but it is so dreadful thin."

UNIVERSALITY OF THE IDEA OF RELIGION.

If there be in man's heart a sentiment which is unknown to all other living beings, and which always manifests itself, whatever may be his position, it is not likely that this sentiment is a fundamental law of his nature.

Such is, in our opinion, the religious sentiment. Savage hordes, barbarous tribes, nations enjoying the full force of the social state, those which are languishing in the decrepitude of civilization—all demonstrate the power of this indestructible sentiment.

It triumphs over all interests. The savage to whom fishing or the arduous chase furnishes an insufficient subsistence, consecrates to his Fetish a portion of that precarious support.—The warlike colony lays down its arms to reunite at the foot of the altar. Free nations interrupt their deliberations to invoke their gods in temples. Despotism grants their slaves days of intermission for the same purpose.

The passions, as well as interests, are submissive. When supplicants embrace the knees of sacred statues, vengeance is hushed, hatred is calmed, man imposes silence upon his most imperious desires. Pleasure is interdicted, love abjured, and he precipitates himself upon suffering and death.

This sentiment is, however, associated with all our needs and all our desires. The citizen invokes the Deity in favor of his country, the lover, separated from the object of his love, confides her to the superintending care of Providence. The prisoner's prayer pierces the walls of his dungeon; the tyrant upon his throne is disquieted, harassed by invisible powers; he can scarcely imagine himself in imagining them necessary.

A ROMANCE IN POLITICS.

One of Texas' distinguished citizens, name not given, who has figured largely in public life, first as a lawyer, then as a soldier in the Mexican and Indian wars, and then as a leading politician, has the following related of him in a sketch of his life by the New Orleans Christian Advocate. He had been put up by his party in 1857, to succeed General Houston in the United States Senate; but feeling called to the ministry, and distrusting his own ability to resist the temptations of Washington life, was unwilling to accept the nomination. He had the case before his wife, leaving to her the choice between the United States Senate and destruction to his morals, and the pulpit and salvation.

"Taking the letters and papers from all parts of the State, giving him assurance of election, he went to his wife and said: 'I call you to the United States Senate. Here are the evidences. You will go, I will go. But if I go, hell is my doom. I shall be disgraced as certain as I go to Washington. I call you to the ministry, which I ought to have done long ago, and save myself from a drunkard's grave, and my soul from hell. But you shall decide.'"

His poor wife, unwilling to relinquish the glittering prize in view, replied, weeping, that she could not see why he could not be a great man and a Christian too. But, after prayerful reflection, she would not incur the fearful responsibility of deciding against his conscience, and told him to go into the itinerancy and she would go with him. To the astonishment of the whole State, a letter from him appeared in the papers, just before the meeting of the Legislature, declining the office, and announcing his retirement from political life. The next thing that was heard of him was that he was preaching."

THE DEAF COURT CRIER.

In the most beautiful town in North Carolina, where have been born and raised her fairest daughters, and where for a number of years shone in their undimmed radiance the brightest intellects which ever ornamented and blessed her—in the court house which has been so often graced with the elegant oratory of a Gaston, or startled with the flashing wit or bitter irony of a Stanley, the following very amusing incident occurred:

An old court crier, who had grown gray in the cause and as deaf as a beetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second story window of the court house, in such a stentorian voice as to be heard with distinctness for a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness, named Arabella Hanks, was needed. The crier like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the Court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the Judge, with his hand at his ear in order to catch the sound correctly, he said:

"What your honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks," said the good Judge. Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat and said again, with a much puzzled look:

"Call Arabella Hanks, crier and delay the court no longer!" said the Judge, much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon, with a countenance indicating both doubt and desperation proceeded to the window, and in his loudest voice called out:

"Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! come into court!"

It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court room was convulsively dispelled and quiet was only restored to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who in answer to the Court as to whether or not the witness answered, said, "No, your Honor; and I do not believe there is such a man in the county, for I've lived here forty years, and I never heerd of him before!"

The total distance between St. Louis and San Francisco, by the new overland route, is 2765 miles.