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Select Poetry.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on the log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in his carriage remarked to his wife;
"One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and
the health."
Of the man who saweth the wood.

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish for my heart,
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in a calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have
sighed;
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

SEPTEMBER.

When the bright Virgin gives the beautiful days,
And Libra weaves in equal scales the year;
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
shook
Of parting Summer, a serene blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attended suns arise,
Sweet beamed, and shedding off through incud
clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows over the bending plain;
A calm of plenty!
Autumn is rightly entitled "beautiful days,"
and we are happy for once to agree with the
poet. Whether the virgin, among the constella-
tions has anything to do in bestowing these
days or not, there can be no doubt, as to the
superlative beauty of the gift. They are more
charming to all the senses, than any other days
of the year. There is a delightful freshness
about the early Spring, and coming out from
the inclement skies of Winter, we admire the
bright mornings, the grass, the budding willows,
and the bashful violets on the south side of
walls. But the weather is fickle, and the pleasure
of the observer is marred by an involuntary
sympathy with the fair fledglings of Spring,
lest they should perish in their too early advent.
Summer comes with its gorgeous drapery, its
flaming flowers and full foliage. But now the
heat parches field and forest, the leaves
droop, and the beauty of the flowers hardly
lingers for an hour. Everything is pushing on
to maturity in such hot haste, that we involun-
tarily catch the spirit of the season.

But in this favored month, we have "at-
tempered suns," and out door life is never so
enjoyable as now. Every sense is pleased.
Pomona, with a bounty more prodigal than
all the virgins among the stars, pours golden
fruits from her plenteous horn, so tempting to the
taste, as to make the ambrosial feasts of the gods
no longer coveted. After a dish of melting
pears or a bunch of Muscats from the vinery,
we always fall into a fit of compassion for the
deities, and the old heathen generally, who
could not afford any thing better than ambrosia,
for the best of their gods. Common mortals
now can boast of something very much better.

To us, there is a peculiar charm about the
skies of September, so that, were there no other
harvests than those we are permitted to gather
above the earth, we should rejoice in it, above
all other months of the year. The world is
said to have been finished in this month, and
the old Hebrews did well to commemorate
creation's prime, by making it the beginning
of their civil year. It is a better type of the
world when "all was very good" than any
other period. It is a time of maturity in the

heavens above us, and in the earth and sea
around us.

Look upward and behold the peerless azure
of the skies, as the fleecy clouds go floating by,
like rich argosies upon the fathomless deep, or
watch the declining sun, lighting up the clouds
with all the colors of the rainbow, with scenes
and hues shifting as in some scene of enchant-
ment. Now he disappears behind the dark
folds, and along the glittering edge, in clear
contrast with the darkness, a line of gold ap-
pears too brilliant to gaze upon. Now he
emerges for a moment in all his splendor, and
throws his beams aslant the gazing earth.—
Every dwelling on the eastern hills is lit up
with new splendors, as his parting beams come
streaming from every pane in the windows.—
Now his burning disc has sunk beneath the
horizon, and the sky is all a flame with richest
crimson. Slowly the colors fade, shading off
into the deep grey of twilight, until darkness
veils the scene. We have fine sunsets occasion-
ally at other seasons of the year, but they only
reach their climax in this month.

But we are not constrained to reap our harvests
alone in the skies. The earth is beautiful, with
her maturest charms, like the fully developed
beauty of the mother. Look into the orchard,
and fruit yard, now, to behold the crowning
grace of the year. The pear and apple trees
with their snowy and pink blossoms, were a
charming sight in May. But now there is a
richer green upon the foliage, and amid the
dark masses of leaves, fruit of all hues are
clustering. Here are the crimson Baldwin,
and Spitzenbergs, the white Porters and Swee-
tings, the fair Lady Apple, and Maiden's blush,
true to their names, the purple Goldflowers and
Pearmaines, and among the pears, the golden
Bartletts, and Virginals, the Flemish Beauties
tinged with red and russet, kings and queens,
dukes and duchesses, rivaling their namesakes,
for rich attire. The very air is laden with
the perfume of their melting juices. No goblet
was ever crowned with so delicious nectar as
lurks beneath the tempting skin.

Here in a more secluded nook, we come to
the plums; the Washington, worthy the name
of the Father of his country, the Jefferson
sound in flavor as the doctrines of the Sage of
Monticello, the Green Gage, with nothing
green about it but its color, the Golden Drops
almost too good to sell for gold, the pink,
crimson, yellow, and purple, and over all that
bloom dust which lingers like the soft haze,
with which the artist obscures his brightest
creations of angelic beauty.

In the vinery, art helps nature a little, and
the combined product of the sun and the glass
is those bunches of grapes, surpassing all that
Eschol in his palmist days ever boasted.—
How much there is of romance in that old
picture of the spies bearing the clusters upon a
stick between the two, we were never able to
determine. The object we imagine to have
been, safe carrying, rather than to show the
enormous size of the clusters. We have seen
not a few clusters that a good many ordinary
couples of men would not want to carry, if
they have to pay for them before starting—
bunches weighing six or eight pounds, and
worth twice as many dollars, at the market price.
Nothing can exceed the beauty of the roof of a
vineyard, well loaded with Black Hamburg, Mus-
cats, Frontignans, and the princely Cannon
Hall. Tested by the grosser sense of taste,
they are hard to beat, and not at all bad to take.
The cultivation of this excellent fruit, both
in the open air, and under glass, is making rapid
progress among us. A grape is becoming
almost an indispensable appendage of a gentle-
man's country seat, and even men of moderate
means, who can give but a few hundred dollars
to fruit culture, are indulging in this luxury.

Beautiful as these September days are, it is
in the power of almost every one of our readers
to add to their charms, around his own home.
Another Isabella or Concord running along the
south side of the house or barn, and hanging
out their purple clusters, would make weather
beaten boards, even, look very tempting. A
few more Bartletts, or Flemish Beauties, in the
back yard, or fruit garden would be something
to make the early dawn look very pleasant to
the children. The laggard at the trees in the
morning would deem himself to have lost a
goodly sight. The time of tree planting is not
far ahead. Shall we visit the nurseries and
make the Septembers of the future a little
more beautiful?

We have the most cheering accounts of
the Democracy in the western counties of this
State. As the time approaches for deciding the
political complexion of the State, the earnest,
honest working men of the party do not hesitate
to declare all past differences forgotten, and ex-
press a willingness to co-operate for the election
of the State ticket. This is as it should be, and
we hail the return of friendly feeling as a certain
harbinger of success. We have not, at the present
moment, a particle of doubt of the triumph-
ant election of the ticket, which, we confess,
was not our opinion six weeks ago.—*Pitts-
Post.*

[From the Pennsylvanian]. THE RIP RAPS OF BALTIMORE.

In another column will be found a terrible ac-
count of butchery, plunder and rapine, com-
mitted by the "Rip Raps" of Baltimore, on
board one of the steamers taking passengers
from that city to a Camp Meeting near Lloyd's
Springs. Shortly after the steamer had passed
Fort Henry, the Rip Raps and some other gangs
of outlaws rallied upon a certain signal, and
first commenced an onslaught upon some col-
ored people. The other passengers alarmed, made
application to the captain, proffering their aid
and assistance to put down the riot and secure
the ringleaders, but strange to say, the valiant
Captain refused to interfere. The scene which
now ensued baffles description. The rowdies
went down into the forward saloon, falling like
wild beasts upon the passengers, sparing neither
women nor children. The people were robbed
of their money, watches and other valu-
ables, and those who resisted were stabbed with
dirk knives, struck down with clubs, and one
of the women was violated before the eyes of
her husband, whom a number of dastardly as-
sailants held down while they rifled his pocket.

That such outrages should be possible on board
of a steamer with from 300 to 400 people on
board, is surpassing strange. It not only shows
how lamentably helpless an American crowd
is, but it also shows the extreme audacity of
outlaws, the utter contempt in which the law
is held, and what fearful progress we are making
towards complete anarchy. These are the legiti-
mate fruits of Know-Nothingism; the logical,
unavoidable consequences of an association
managed by dark-lantern conspirators, and
pledged to the support of its members under
any circumstances whatsoever, even if these mem-
bers should be guilty of the most heinous crimes.
This faction rules in Baltimore—rules the State
of Maryland.

They have their Know-Nothing Governor.
The Mayor of Baltimore is a Know-Nothing,
the policemen are Know-Nothings, every offi-
cer in the State almost belongs to that ill-fa-
vored faction. And this may perhaps explain
the conduct of the Captain, who, employed to
protect the passengers entrusted to his charge,
saw them butchered in his presence without
even raising his voice against the outrage. It
may explain the fact that when the steamer
arrived at Cambridge, only four arrests were
made by the authorities of that town, out of
three different numerous gangs of rowdies.—
These officers hold their places by the votes of
the Rip Raps; they are afraid of the Rip Raps.
The Rip Raps terrorize over poor distracted Bal-
timore. They commit piracy on board of her
steamers; they shoot down peaceable citizens
who desire to exercise the right of freemen at
the polls, occasionally falling upon their own
tribe like sharks and jackals.

When the rif-raff of Jeddah, or of any other
obscure place on the barbarous coasts of Asia
or Africa, occasionally get up a row and mur-
der a Christian, our newspapers all over the
land set up a tremendous clamor. The govern-
ment is urged to equip a squadron, arm it with
our most formidable guns, and send it out to
take summary vengeance on the heathen
rabble. When the Mediterranean was infested
by pirates, and an unfortunate merchantman
was now and then laid under contribution by
the rif-raff of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, we
despatched Commodore Decatur to bombard
these strongholds, decimate the rif-raff, and
render the highways of sea secure to the world
of commerce. This was all right, but how long
will we allow Christians to be murdered in our
own cities, and piracy to be committed on our
coasts and rivers by Baltimore Rip Raps? The
respectable portion of the community in Bal-
timore are afraid of these Rip Raps; they evi-
dently cannot help themselves. Why do not
the newspapers call upon the General Govern-
ment to send them for their protection a naval
squadron and a few companies of dragoons?

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?—One afternoon
a boy saw a person drop his purse. He pick-
ed it up and put it in his pocket, and was walk-
ing off with it. "What am I going to do?"
came into his mind; and the answer followed:—
"I am going away with a purse of money that
does not belong to me. This is not honest;
I shall be a thief if I do so. God has said
"Thou shalt not steal." In another moment
he ran after the person and gave up the purse.
"What am I going to do?" asked a boy who
took his fishing tackle instead of his books and
was stealing out of the back door of his father's
house. "I am going to play truant, deceive
my parents, neglect my school, and go in the
company of bad boys." The case looked a bad
one, he turned about, put away his fishing tackle,
found his satchel and ran off to school.
These boys were saved from much evil by
stopping to think. Solomon says, "Ponder the
path of thy feet."

A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with
letters on it, for the queen of night: "I'm bless-
ed," said he, "if somebody haint stuck in ad-
vertisement on the moon!"

MORE BALTIMORE ROWDYISM— DREADFUL RIOT ON A STEAMBOAT.

[From the Baltimore Sun of Aug. 23.]
On Saturday night the steamer Express left this
city for Lloyd's Springs camp-meeting, on the
Choptank river, with between three hundred
and four hundred passengers on board. Shortly
after passing Fort McHenry it became evident
that there would be trouble on board, and alarm
took hold of the passengers. Before reaching the
Fodkin, a party of disorderly men, who
rallied under the cries of Eubolts, Banters and
Rip Raps, went forward and made an attack
on the colored people, who occupied that part
of the boat. At first they amused themselves
by knocking down the males and females of the
colored passengers, when application was made
to the captain to take some measures to put a
stop to them. Nothing was done, and after a
time the disorderly disposed went down in the
forward saloon, where several colored men had
taken refuge. The assailants approached a
man, and one of them stabbed him in four
places in the side and chest. They then blew out
all the lights in the saloon, and began an in-
discriminate attack on white and colored. Mr.
Jeremiah Slaughter was robbed of \$28. Mr.
William D. Glass was robbed of \$20, and another
party was robbed of a valuable gold watch
and chain.

There being no prospect of any more booty
in the saloon, the disorderlies again went on
deck, and blowing out all the lights, went to
the forward part of the boat again, among the
colored people. One man and his wife were
standing together near the bow, and thought
they would escape observation. The man,
however, was knocked down, and he was held
while his pockets were rifled of all they contain-
ed. He was then stabbed several times, and his
wife, who had witnessed the whole proceed-
ing, was outraged in his presence, while she vainly
cried for help. Some of the passengers again
called on the officers of the committee who had
chartered her, and volunteered, if called on to
quell the riot, to confine the disturbers of the
peace in the hold, until the boat should return
to the city. The attack was continued until
several colored men were severely stabbed, and
a white man was horribly beaten. Among
those that were stabbed was a man employed as
a drayman by Mr. Welch, in south street, one
by Messrs. Smith & Edmonson, on Cheapside,
and one by Messrs. T. T. Martin & Bro., on Cal-
vert street. Who the others were was not as-
certained, but it was said one of them died from
the effects of his wounds. About daylight on
Sunday morning the boat approached Cambridge,
and the captain, at the request of the passengers,
landed at that town.

Sheriff Vickers, of Dorchester county, was notifi-
ed of the outrages that had been committed, and
summoning two or three of his deputies, pro-
ceeded to the wharf for the purpose of arresting the
guilty parties. At first they defied his authority,
but he called on some of the passengers who
had witnessed the whole of the riot, and some
four of the party were taken from the boat.

Two of them gave their names as Skinner
and Robinson, but the names of the others were
not ascertained.

They were taken before Justice Robert R.
Rolinson, of Cambridge, and Charles Goldsbor-
ough, Esq., the Prosecuting Attorney, appeared
on the part of the State. The whole of them were
committed to jail for trial at the approaching
term of the Circuit Court for that county.—
The boat then proceeded to the camp-meeting,
where the police force was so strong that no
attempt was made to create disorder on the
ground. They left again on Sunday afternoon
for this city, but several of the passengers
were obliged to stop in Cambridge, because
their lives were threatened, and came up in
the Kent yesterday afternoon. While the Ex-
press was on the way up to the city, an attack
was made on the engineer, who escaped by
locking himself up in his room, his assailants
threatening to throw him overboard. The whole
affair is represented by those who witnessed it
as having been most fearful. Females were
thrown into consternation, and the rioters
were appealed to for their sakes to desist, but
they paid no heed to it.

CHARACTER OF A COQUETTE.

The coquette who courts every man, and the
modest woman whom every man courts, are
certainly two distinct creatures. The one may
please us but the other exacts our homage.
The one attracts our fancy, like a butterfly, the
other excites our love—she is a precious gem.
The one we long to waste time with; the
other we desire to possess. If every woman
who plays the coquette's part, could only
truthfully ascertain, and clearly analyze, the
sentiments she inspires in the bosom of
those she labors so diligently to captivate, we
are afraid that she would look on mankind
with disgust, and her own sex with detestation.
If any such read this paragraph, let them re-
member it.

DIPPING CHARLES LAMB.

"Coleridge," says De Quincy, "told me a lu-
dicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammer-
ing caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been
medically advised to a course of sea bathing;
and accordingly, at the door of his bathing ma-
chine, whilst he stood shivering with cold,
two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each
shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited
for the word of command from their principal
who began the following oration to them:—
"Hear me, men! Take notice of this; I am
to be dipped—"

What more he would have said is unknown
to land or sea bathing machines; for having
reached the word *dipped*, he commenced such
a rolling fire di-di-di-di-di, that when at
length he descended, a plumb upon the *fell*
word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the
suspense, became satisfied that they had reach-
ed what lawyers call the "operative" clause of
the sentence, and both exclaiming at once—
"Oh yes, sir, we're quite aware of that," and
they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the
cold that he found no voice suitable to his in-
dignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil;
and again addressing the men, who stood re-
spectfully listening, he began thus:—
"Men, it is possible to obtain your atten-
tion?"

"O surely sir, by all means."
"Then listen: once more I tell you I am
to be di-di-di—then with a burst of indignation,
"dipped, I tell you—"
"O decidedly, sir." And down the stam-
merer went for the second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more
Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation.

"Grant me patience: is it mum-murder
you me-me-mean? Again and a-ga-ga-gain I
tell you I'm to be di-di-dipped,"—now speaking
seriously, with the voice of an injured man.

"Oh yes, sir," the men replied, "we know
that—we fully understand it;" and, for the
third time, down went Lamb into the sea.

"Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said on coming up
for the third time, "it's now too late. I tell
you that I am—no, I was to be di-di-di-dipped
only once!"

THE INVISIBLE ARMOR.

General Schuyler was one of the American
officers in the army which fought for our free-
dom. He figured largely in those stirring scenes
which took place on the Hudson and Mohawk
rivers, when the English Generals hired the
Indians to come and fight on their side. Gen-
eral Schuyler had great influence with the red
men; they loved and feared him; so the En-
glish wished he was out of the way, and as he
did not get shot on the field of battle, a plot
was hatched to waylay and murder him.

Two men were picked out to do this deed, an
Englishman and an Indian. The day and
time were set; they shouldered their rifles and
took their stand behind a clump of trees which
he had to pass by on his way home. After wait-
ing and watching some time, the General horse
in sight. He was on horseback and alone.—
Now or never! They took aim. In a minute
more, the General would have been a dead
man. At that instant, the Indian knocked
down the Englishman's gun, crying: "I cannot
kill him; I have eaten his bread too often."
The General rides on unharmed; he has buck-
led on an invisible armor stronger than brass,
and he is safe. What was it? The armor of
friendly actions. The General had often reliev-
ed the distresses of the poor red men; he had
fed them when hungry, and clothed them when
naked; and now British gold cannot buy up the
grateful memory of his kindness, as it melts the
murderer's heart.

"I can't kill him; I have eaten his bread too
often!"
Oh, what power there is in friendly actions.
They not only make you friends, but disarm
your enemies. Remember, boys, they may de-
fend you when a great name, a stout arm,
a brave arm, a good rifle, a fleet horse can avail
you not. Think of this.—*Child's Paper.*

A NEGRO REPRESENTATIVE.

We learn from our Ohio exchanges, says the
Genius of Liberty, that it is seriously contem-
plated by the Republicans of Oberlin, Ohio, to
elect Langston, A NEGRO, to Legislature. This
Langston is the darkey who figured so conspicu-
ously in the recent rescue cases in Ohio, when the
Federal officers were resisted in their execution.
This active support of what Giddings defines
to be the cardinal article in the Republican
creed—viz: resistance to the United States
laws—together with the fact that he is a negro,
are, we presume, Langston's chief recommenda-
tions to the Ohio Republicans.

Two distinguished philosophers took
shelter under one tree during a heavy shower.
After some time, one of them complained that
he felt the rain. "Never mind," replied the
other, "there are plenty of trees; when this one
is wet through we will go to another."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Dr. Noble, in a very able and analytic lec-
ture at Manchester, "On the Dynamic Influence
of Ideas," told a good anecdote of the power of
imagination. As Dr. Noble says:—"M. Bouti-
house served in Napoleon's army, and was pres-
ent at many engagements during the early part of
the last century. At the battle of Wagram,
in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks
around him had been terribly thinned by shot,
and at sunset he was nearly insulated. While
reloading his musket he was shot down by a
cannon ball. His impression was that the ball
had passed through his legs below his knees,
separated them from the thighs, for he suddenly
sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the ex-
tent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk
of the body fell backwards on the ground, and the
senses were completely paralyzed by the shock.
Thus he lay motionless among the wounded and
dead during the rest of the night, not daring to
move a muscle lest the loss of blood should be
fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he
attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to
the brain and nervous system. At early dawn
he was aroused by one of the medical staff who
came round to help the wounded. "What's the
matter with you, my good fellow?" said the sur-
geon. "Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M.
Boutihouse, "I beseech you; a cannon ball has
carried off my legs." The surgeon examined the
limbs referred to, and then giving him a good
shake, said, with a joyful laugh, "Get up with
you, you have nothing the matter with you."
M. Boutihouse immediately sprang up in
utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs
he thought he had lost forever. I felt more than-
ful," said M. Boutihouse, "than I had ever been
in the whole course of my life before. I had,
indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon
ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as
I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under
my feet, and had ploughed a hole in the earth
beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my
feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I
had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.
The truth of this story is vouched for by Dr.
Noble.

MIDNIGHT.—Not a breath is heard, all is
still save the winds of September. The tempo-
rary wand of oblivion is spread o'er the earth—
men have ceased from their toil, and gently re-
cline in the arms of the God of Sleep. The
song of the feathered warbler is not heard—the
hum of the busy-bee is hushed. The voice of
the night-wind only is heard speaking in the
language of another sphere. The keeper of the
midnight vigil listens to the voice of some loved
one early exhaled from earth to Heaven, and it
re-awakes in his bruised and sorrow-stricken
heart the sympathies that were once garnered
up in his memory. Blessed hour! that drives
the clamor of the world from the loved retire-
ment of those who are sick, sick of its com-
merce, its heartlessness, and its follies, and opens
to theiraching vision a pathway, where the
foot of the sensualist never trod. Even now
we feel its influence stealing o'er us, like the
soft expiring notes of the lute, as they die away
on the zephyr—and—we will go to sleep
and dream of—the blessedness of that man
who never defrauded the Printer!

TALL LEAPING.

"Bill, do you see those two houses?"
"I do."
"Well, Bill, perhaps, you won't believe me,
but—do you see those two houses?"
"Certainly I see them."
"I can take my boots off and jump over
them."
"Over those two houses? Get out!"
"I say I can take my boots off and jump over
them."
"Over your boots! Humph! so can I. Jim
I'm some at jumping. I can leap higher than a
meeting-house."
"Higher than a meeting-house! A meet-
ing-house is pretty high."
"But I can leap higher than a meeting-
house."
"No, you can't."
"I can leap higher than a meeting-house
—how high do you think a meeting-house can
leap, Jim?"
"Get out, Bill."

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—oh! 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 perspira-
tion."

A "wee bit of a boy" astonished his
mother a few days since. She had occasion to
chastise him slightly for some offence he had
committed. Charley sat very quietly in his
chair for some time afterwards, no doubt think-
ing very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus:
"Muzzer, I wish pa'd git another housekeeper,
I've got tired of seeing you round!"

A little girl about two and a half years
old, seeing the elephant attached to the circus
pass by the house, asked her mother, who was
standing by, "what that great India-rubber
thing was, walking in the street, with two
tails."

"If you call this skinning," said Tom to
the barber, "it's not so bad; but if you call it
shaving, I should prefer your using the other side
of the razor."

Moses, seeing a chap hopping and another
mowing, in the same field, remarked that their
occupations were decidedly *hoc-moc-gro-
ous*.