

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

VOLUME 57.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2942.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1861.

VOL. 4, NO. 32.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY B. F. MEYERS,
At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless by the option of the publisher, it has been decided by the United States courts that the stopping of a newspaper without payment of arrearages, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offense.
The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them or not.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SONG.

A PARODY ON HOOD'S SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With talking weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A schoolmaster sat in his threadbare coat,
Plying his tongue and head.
Teach! teach! teach!
Mid poverty, censure and wrong,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
He sang "The Schoolmaster's Song."

Teach—teach—teach!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And teach—teach—teach!
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's oh, to be a slave—
To be quartered and roasted as pork,
In Africa's centre, at a "Feast of the Brave,"
It is this Christian war!

Teach—teach—teach!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Teach—teach—teach!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;
Writing, and spelling, and reading,
And reading, and spelling, and writing;
Till over their nodules I fall asleep,
And dreaming still hear them reciting.

Oh, patrons with horses dear!
Oh, men who love your wives,
It is not broadcloth you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Teach—teach—teach!
Without cash or negotiable note,
Earning at once, in a double reward,
A broad as well as a coat.

But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grizzly bone?
I hardly fear this terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own
Lackaday, lackaday!
O God, that bread should be so dear,
And brains should be so cheap!

Teach—teach—teach!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A haggard face—
Disease, and a coat in rags—
Dishonor and honor, a kick and a puff,
Ingratitude's horrible stare;
And despair so blank, my tears I think,
For sometimes falling there!

Teach—teach—teach,
From weary chime to chime;
Teach—teach—teach,
As prisoners work for crime.
Spelling, and writing, and reading,
And reading, and writing, and spelling,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the tongue in teeling.

Teach—teach—teach,
In the dull December light,
Teach—teach—teach,
When the weather is warm and bright,
When the farmer and trader are moving
About, like the birds of the air,
And the doctor goes flying along,
In his magical swift-rolling chair.

Oh! but to sell the silks
Of the merchant, with smiling face,
To plead the cause of the rich,
And pocket the fee for the case.
To be honored for houses and lands,
To marry a fortune and wife;
To laugh and grow fat like a priest,
And take a new lease upon life.

Oh, but for one short hour!
A reprieve beyond the reach
Of the curses of fathers and mothers,
Whose darlings I honored with beech!
Whose sons would all have been governors,
Whose daughters would all have been queens,
But for weeks, months and years of my labor,
Unceasingly spent on their teens.

With talking weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A schoolmaster sat in his threadbare coat,
Like a tombstone over the dead,
Teach—teach—teach.
Mid poverty, censure and wrong;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that it's tone could reach the rich,
He sang "The Schoolmaster's Song."

A SHAVING INSTITUTION.—A few days since a traveller stepped into a bank, and immediately pulled off his hat, coat and cravat. This done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner, "calm as a May morning," and with a commanding shake of the head, said:
"Hadm't you better be getting that hot water?"
The teller informed him that he was in the wrong shop. "You are in a bank, sir, and not in a barber shop."
"Bank, when?" ejaculated the astonished stranger. "Blame it, they told me it was a place where they shaved people."

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

KIND WORDS.

When God made man, He endowed him with every requisite for happiness. He gave him light, love and peace. And what God made our first parents *heir to*, in Paradise, has been transmitted unto us. Although by sin we have become children of sorrow; still we possess, in an eminent degree, qualities of soul, calculated to make us happy, and not ourselves only, but also our fellow men.

Now, to promote the happiness of our fellow-men it is not required, that we deprive ourselves of any enjoyment. We need not lavish upon the sorrowing poor or distressed pilgrim, stores of silver and gold to alleviate his sufferings—nor need we lay aside the mantle of happiness for the cloak of gloom, to heal the wounded spirit, or dispel the ominous shades of sorrow which hang in melancholy silence around the heart of some poor desponding brother. No! more simple, by far, is the antidote for sorrow—the balm for distress—*kind words* furnish every requisite. They will accomplish what gold fails to do and there are none so poor that they have them not.

What an influence do they wield! How potent, how mighty! kind words spoken to the erring will reclaim him—snatch him from the hand of the strong despoiler—cause him to forego his evil habits of thought and life—and drive him from the dowerly paths of ease, and indulgence that have led him away from truth, and whose dazzling allurements have caused his mind to err, have contaminated, his heart, and made his feet sink to follow after evil.

Kind words addressed to one suffering the excruciating pains of disease, will alleviate his sufferings and lighten the burden of his affliction—kind words spoken to the poor, will sweeten the cup of their privation—will light up their almost desolate hovel with the sunlight of happiness, and throw a beam of contentment over their rugged pathway of life. They will encourage the child plodding his "swear way" up through difficulties, and opposed by almost insurmountable barriers, and those weighed down with care, they will cheer and those troubled, distressed, burdened with the galling yoke of bereavements, they will comfort.

It matters not what be the distress of mind and sorrow of soul, the suffering mortal is called to endure, kind word will soothe and mitigate them, and enable the sufferer to bear up manfully against the ills of life—and resignedly submit to the afflicting and inscrutable dispensations of Him, who rules in right-ousness, the affairs of His people. Sweet, then, is the mission of kind words! Gentle as the dew that descended from Mount Zion, and watered the "washed face of the ground," they fall in the wounded heart, moisten its grief-tortured avenues, and cause to spring up the life-infused germs of peace and joy! Nor do they cost anything. Why, then, not let them fall by the wayside to cheer, comfort, and bless, those who are bowed down under heavy burdens? Why not whisper them in the ears of the sons of want and calm, by their magic spell, the sayings of their bleeding, sorrowing avarits? Why withhold from any suffering son of humanity, a boon so precious, so divine, when its bestowal costs us no self denial whatever? Restrain them not. Let them flow from the fountain of a pure and sympathetic heart. In this imitate the blessed Saviour. He had a kind word for all. They shall not be spoken in vain. No, many a sorrowing heart, has been comforted by their healing balm, and cheered by the sweet relief which they have administered. And, oh! how true, that

"Kind words will never die;
Never die—no never die!"

They not only cheer, comfort and bless us but, they live forever. "Deep in the breast they lie, cherished and blest." And what can drive them from their sacred lodgment, in a grateful heart? They lie too deep for the unrelenting hand of time to erase; their remembrance awakened in the thankful soul, is true and lasting, to be washed out by the waters of oblivion. Aye! forever while life remains, they will linger with silvery sweetness, on the ear and sound a thrill of gladness through the heart of him whom they have comforted.

But whilst they cheer the desponding, comfort the distressed, reclaim the erring, and encourage the young, they are a source of the greatest pleasure to him who speaks them.—Who does not feel a thousand times compensated, if by any act of his, he has in any way, benefited his fellow man? Duty bids us use them. And from the sacred truths of the blessed Bible there comes a voice of duty, pleading in tones of ineffable love. "Be kindly affectionate, one to another. Comfort the bowed down, and bind up the broken hearted."

But the sweetest truth of all is, they will not lose their reward. In proportion, as they have contributed to promote the happiness and enhance the welfare of a poor, forlorn, heart-sick brother, they will be rewarded by Him who hath said, Even a cup of cold water given in my name shall not lose its reward.

Penn'a College, DUNCAN.

MAMMOTH HOG.—The Virginia South Legion notices a mammoth Chester hog, butchered by Martin F. Milley of that vicinity. He weighed not eight hundred and fourteen pounds and three quarters of a pound! We consider Virginia ahead on hogs. If any of our readers know anything to beat or even come near to this, and sends us an authentic account, we will publish it with due credit. The Virginia newspaper considers this hog "as heavy as two common hoves, and more valuable"—which may do for Virginia, but won't apply to New York, Ohio, Kentucky or Illinois, or Pennsylvania.

ABOUT EGGS.

All the world and his cosmopolitan wife and family like new laid eggs. Nor do we deprecate their taste; on the contrary, we share it. The wish of eggs is honorable, and to prefer them fresh evinces a due appreciation of the "fineness of things." Tradition runneth not back to the time when eggs, in this condition, were of evil repute, although the use of the stale variety as a missile has never been popular with the recipients. Probably the antediluvians were fond of eggs, for we are given to understand that they feasted high, and what would a banquet be without "the fruit of the hen?"—The Patriarch of the Deluge, and his wife, sons, and daughters-in-law, doubtless had omelettes for their breakfast occasionally during their providential cruise.

That the Egyptians were fond of eggs is beyond peradventure, for one of our archaeologists brought home with him from Egypt some dozens, which had been at least 3000 years in the catacombs, having been placed there for the accommodation of the mummies, in case they should wake up and feel peckish. These eggs, cackled over by the hens that flourished in the time of the early Pharaohs—laid, probably, before the children of Israel returned from their exodus by the way of the Red Sea—we have seen, and many of them are as perfect externally as if they had been bought in market yesterday; but although Egyptian wheat of the same date is said to have germinated and reproduced itself, we are not aware that any of the eggs of that ilk have been set upon and hatched.

To leave the ancient heathens and be practical—this is the season when well disposed hens are expected to commence their ovarian operations. Our country friends are either expecting or already receiving these delightful tributes of affection from their feathered dependants. Perhaps we may be able to put them in the way of "hurrying up" the dilatory Dame Partletts. Hens cannot lay unless they can have access to material wherewith to manufacture the white shells in which the golden yokes and the albumen in which they are suspended, are enclosed. That material is carbonate of lime. A certain quantity of chalk or lime should therefore be scattered with their food, or old egg shells will do. Professor Gregory, of Aberdeen, in a letter addressed to a friend, and published in an English newspaper, says:—"As I suppose you keep poultry, I may tell you that it has been ascertained that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of chipped egg shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, other things being equal, twice or thrice as many eggs as before."

WHO ARE ABOLITIONISTS.

The late vote in the House of Representatives at Washington, upon the Corwin amendment to the Constitution, shows conclusively, who, of that body, are Abolitionists:

JOINT RESOLUTION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.
Be it resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the said Constitution, viz:

ARTICLE XII.—That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions therein, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

The above was the joint resolution voted upon; which is a proposition so fair and just, as well as necessary to restore peace to the country, that we cannot see how any reasonable and honest-minded man could oppose it. We have the right to charge those who voted against it with being Abolitionists in the true sense of the word, and in favor of Congress abolishing slavery in the Southern States. We did not believe that sixty-five members of that body would dare place themselves upon this revolutionary platform, and outrage the opinion and patriotism of the country. Here are their names—let them be remembered:

Names.—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Beale, Birmingham, Blair, Blake, Brayton, Burlingame, Burnham, Carey, Carter, Case, Coburn, Conkling, Dawes, Fenton, Ferry, Foster, Frank, Gosh, GROW, Gurley, HICKMAN, Hindman, Hutchins, Irvine, Kellogg, of Michigan, Leach, of Michigan, Lee, Longacker, Loomis, Lovejoy, Marsden, McKean, Pettit, Patten, Patten, Edmund R. Reynolds, Rovee, Sedgwick, Simes, Spinner, STEVENS, STEWART, of Penn'a., Tappan, Tompkins, Tramm, Vander, Van Wyck, Wade, Waldron, Walton, Washburn, of Wisconsin, Washburn, of Illinois, Wells, Wilson and Woodruff—65.

They are about the same who voted for Blake's abolition resolution last winter. Among those who opposed the Corwin amendment, we regret to find Mr. Blair, the Republican member from this district. We do not believe he represents the sentiments of his party, for we have already heard indignation expressed among his own political friends at his vote. He has listened to the no-compromise, radical teaching of the *Tribune*, and thus been precipitated into the black gulf of Abolitionism.—*Huntingdon Globe*.

There is a fellow in Vermont who has a bugle, the notes of which are so sweet, that when he plays the whole neighborhood catches them to use instead of sugar.
We heard a man remark the other day that a fool's brains all lay in his stomach.
You can't raise sin and ignorance out of the world, but it is easy enough to rail cattle out of a field.

THE ASTONISHED MEDDLER.

What is more intolerable than an officious intermeddler with other people's affairs? One of the most busy of the tribe was travelling in the cars not long ago, and exercising his talents in a manner at once amusing and mischievous.

"Hallo!" cries Mr. Meddler, to a deceptively old gentleman, just as the train was leaving a way station, "wake up and stop lively! This is the place where you want to get out."

The old man had barely time to put his tottering legs on the platform of the depot, when the train was again in motion.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Meddler, on returning to his seat, which was next the one which the old gentleman had occupied—"Good gracious! the old fellow has gone and left his carpet bag!" So he kindly threw it out of the window.

Hall an hour later a young man came in from another car and enquired for a missing carpet bag.
"It was on this seat," said the stranger, pointing to the spot where the old gentleman had been sitting.
"Good gracious!" again cried Mr. Meddler, "why, I thought that carpet bag belonged to the old fellow who got out a while ago, and so I threw it out of the window after him, 'cause I 'sposed he'd forgot it!"

"The deuce you did!" said the stranger, with a scowl, "and how came the old man to leave the train?"

"Why," said Mr. Meddler, "I thought I heard him say he was going to Middleport, so when we came to the depot I told him he was there, and had better get out. That's how it was."
"You had better have minded your own business," said the young man rather sharply; "that old gentleman was going to Middleport to see a dying son, who will now be dead and buried, probably, before his father can get there. That's one of the results of your officious intermeddling with things that don't concern you. And that carpet bag is my carpet bag, and has got my wedding suit in it. I was to have been married to night, if it hadn't been for you.— You've damaged a funeral and spoiled a wedding with your d-d nonsense!" And so he left, sure enough.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S RIVAL.

The London correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* gives the history of a certain countess from Italy, who is intimated C., and who has caused heart burnings to Europe. She is a countess as much as my mother," as the father of Spain had it—being the daughter of a very worthy cobbler of Milan, who "waxed" (rich) (rich) and spiteful, and drove his daughter to seek the protection of her "uncle," a great noble, and here the young lady "was established in her charms, and became that rare and beautiful thing, an Italian blonde.— Not the downright red hair of the Highland lassie, nor the frizzled skin of fairness with which it mates in the North; but a golden, glossy tress, that descended—in luxuriance which would rival Macassar's best growth—to the knees, and a fairness that was alabaster, with running under currents of many streams of blood red.

She was too fair to be unnoticed. She ran off with a sailor to Sicily, and was not married—but her sailor was, and a *magnificent* subject, and when she asked about marriage he laughed in her face, till it grew as auburn as her hair; and she tried in her distraction the other service, with an advance—a major of the Metropolitan guard; and she was married to him, and she loved him, and was faithful. But death tripped up the major, and made her a widow—a widow bathed in tears—and in the guise of distress, to which pecuniary embarrassment added a double incentive to grief, a real, five Italian Baron had the good fortune to see and relieve her, and better fortune still, at the end of three months, to marry the lady. Here the reader may, perhaps, be a second time disappointed. She was faithful, but the husband died. Now, there is a superstition about taking a widow for a third time in Italy, although the Anglo-Saxon race would try the one-down-the-other-com-on principle till the score was a dozen.

The lady found herself beautiful still, with a few hundred francs per annum and a *soi disant* countess, and she resolved to see the world, and enjoy the world. The rather jealous Italian husband did not let her go ahead very fast; and though she was a little renowned as the fair Italian, she had not been able to work the capital to any great extent. In Vienna she lived in the best society, and no particular account of her killing capabilities was heard of there. They do not care much for sentimental beauty in Austria, and are matter of fact in love as they are in their social intercourse, even lately in politics.

From Vienna we trace her to Baden, where she played the prude, and got European renown at once by the old recipe, the duello.— A red faced Prussian and a smart petit maitre of a Frenchman quarrelled for the honor of her smiles, thinking each of them—deluded men that they were—that they were going to make husband number three.

The Prussian, with a *gaulcherie* truly national gave the Frenchman a rattling slap on the head, and coffee and pistols for the two next morning was the inevitable consequence, and the little Frenchman being the inevitable was also the flight of the *soi disant* countess; but with a confiding appreciation of the character of the Frenchman, she did not, like others might have done, shun the soil of France, but made straight way for its capital, whither fame, in the shape of a feuilleton, or *feuilleton*, from Baden Baden, the columns of the *Figaro* or *Chronique* had preceded her, and the ball the Frenchman received in the postime brought her an imporing of cards from the grand world for a whole course of balls.

The lady was nothing, loth and appeared in all her blonde charms; that is, the hair of gold streaming down to her waist in luxuriant ringlets, quite a mode unknown to the Parisian dames, and setting them all at their wits ends to follow fashion.
One lady succeeded, and cajoled the heart of a gentleman by the means of her fair looks; but the wife, in overflowing spite and revenge, watched the moment when *la belle* was waltzing with her husband, close locked, and hooked on to the floating tresses, giving a tug enough to lift the Great Eastern's anchor, when pop, off came the "superabundant," and the lady lay floating, in her mortification—so the Italian Countess was left the mistress of the field, seeking no conquests, apparently, but making them by shots of "flions" at a time; such is the perversity of mankind. But she was cold in her latter days, and had changed her beauty for Wendham Lake ice—till, oh, what will not ambition do at a certain age in woman!
The greatest in the land of France came, saw, and was conquered, and the fair Empress had to yield to a fairer one, but here the piquant history closes, and whether the lady yielded as quickly as the Emperor, history sayeth not.— as a true defender of beauty, and a man of the world, I say she did not. But, for all that, we have the Empress the French among us, in high judgment, and she sings she won't go home, till Christmas—till "others" gone away.

A LEARNED JUDGE.

One of the first mummies brought into Europe from the East gave rise to a most dramatic adventure, about a hundred years ago, during the reign of his immaculate majesty Louis XV. of France, an antiquary returned from Grand Cairo, brought a mummy with him, presumed to be at least three thousand six hundred years old. Our savant, tired of the diligence in which he had been traveling from Marseilles, took a barge at Fontainebleau, which landed him safe and sound at Port St. Bernard. Eager to see his family, he had his effects load-d on a litter, but left his precious mummy in the bottom of the boat. The custom house officer, on boarding it discovered a box of a strange shape and aspect. Suspecting it to contain contraband goods, he had it opened. What a spectacle! A woman swathed in linen bandages from head to foot! No doubt this was a wretched victim strangled by a jealous lover or a grasping heir. The commissary of police was instantly sent for, and made his appearance, flanked by two surgeons as skilful as himself in archeology. The crime was recognized, a report made of it, and the body transported to the Morgue, that the friends might come and identify it. It is presumed that none of them made their appearance. Our learned traveler, however, in taking an inventory of his effects the next day, bethought himself of his greatest curiosity. He flew to the boat, when the learned commissary and three minions of the law seized him and dragged him before the magistrate.

"Aha! my fine fellow, cried the judge, 'we've got you."
"Will your honor favor me with the reason of this extraordinary proceeding?"
"It remains for you, sir, to explain the circumstances of the murder, you have committed."
"Murder?"
"That is the word, sir."
"The murder that I have committed!" cried the savant, aghast.
"Or at least the crime in which you were an accomplice."
"Good heavens! Your worship is dreaming."
"Hear me, sir, you will find me awake, to your cost. The eye of justice discover the body of your victim; strangled and shut up in a box? Here's the report of the discovery, duly sealed, signed and attested."
"Is that all?" said the antiquary with a heavy laugh.
"Hardened ruffian!" cried the judge. "Do you indulge levity with the shadow of a crime so black hanging over your head? Now sir, look me in the face, and answer the questions I shall put. By whom was the young girl placed in the box in which she was discovered?"

"By myself, sir."
"Mr. Clerk, please take down his confession, said the magistrate. Who swathed her with linen bandages from head to foot?"
"I did my honor."
"Write down Mr. Clerk, that he admits his crime."
"The expression is rather strong."
"The deed is heinous. How old was the girl?"
"About nineteen years."
"Memphis, I think."
"Fancy importing a girl such a distance to murder her! When did her death take place?"
"About three thousand six hundred years ago."
"Prisoner! how dare you indulge in this misplaced levity?"
"I am not joking, sir. I assure you the deceased lived in the reign of one of the Pharaohs."
"I'll put handcuffs on you."
"Your honor, said the prisoner sternly, this pleasantry has been carried too far. And let me say, sir, that you are the most marvellously ignorant man that ever sat upon the judicial bench. Where were you brought up, that you haven't even suspected that for two days you have been holding an inquest on the pretended murder of an Egyptian mummy?"
"A mummy!"
"Of course sir; and if you had conducted your examination properly, you would know that you are addressing Count de D—, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres."

"My lord, said the judge, I beg a thousand pardons. I hope your lordship will forget—I will forget everything. Give me my mummy, and try in future to obtain experts who will come a little nearer than three or four thousand years in guessing at the date of a person's death."

The police magistrate, very much mortified at his blunder, gave up the mummy, but he never heard the last part of the story.

SCENE IN A POLICE OFFICE.

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dicken Swiven, alias, "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar and questioned by the Judge to the following effect:

Judge—Bring the prisoner into court.
Pet—Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said, when he was all a-fire.

We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live.
I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he would be roasted or fried.

We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?
Anything that comes in my way as the locomotive said, when it run over the little engineer.

Don't care anything about the locomotive.— What is your business.
That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table.

I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.
I'm done, as the beef-steak said to the cook.

Now sir, your punishment will depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks.
No sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and ain't got none.

Answer me sir. How do you get your bread?
Sometimes at the baker's and sometimes I eat faters.

No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?
Sometimes on my legs and sometimes on a chair.

How do you keep yourself alive?
By breathing sir.

I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?
Pretty well I thank you, Judge. How do you do?
I shall have to commit you.

Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation.

PATRICK HENRY.

A man stands upon the floor of the House of Delegates of Virginia. He turns an eye of fire around him—he trembles with some mighty emotion. That emotion, reader, was the first breath of new born liberty. She started into life at this inspiration, and the days of Tyranny were numbered. The grandeur of that scene cannot be compassed at one glance. He stood amidst a grave and prudent body of men, conscious, indeed, of the wrongs of his country, but relying upon the modest petition for redress. They had never let their imaginations ramble into visions of upright and fearless independence. A thousand things forbade the idea. Their habits of thought and action, their pitiable weakness as a country, their disgust for war on account of recent and exhausting conflicts, all tended to indispose them to freedom. They were, besides, legislating beneath the jealous eyes of royal deputies, who would not fail to call treason by its name.— They sat as it were under the glimmerings of the diadem.

Who would dare, if so inclined, to stalk forth from their midst, and throw down the gauntlet to the mightiest Empire of the world—to principles as old as the great globe itself, interwoven with every page of past history, sanctioned by venerable ages, and proud and awful as the heavens? Who would dare to leap on the moss-grown and frowning ramparts of monarchy, and pluck its blood-red flag? Who would rush from the security of submission, and Sampson like, grasp the lion by his mane? It was the grandest moment of that time, but God had reared up one to fill it. That one was Patrick Henry.

He opened his lips. His heart, big with the destinies of the World, struggled for a moment with doubt—but no longer. The electric appeal shot forth, drifted on—blazing, fierce and brighter, and growing in overwhelming majesty, until the last words—"Give me liberty or give me Death!"—Elied up its measures of terrible might; and the last link of the chain that had entirely bound the former was riven. He has finished his sublime task. The revolution was a fact.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—From a table published in one of the Harrisburgh papers, we learn that the present House of Representatives is made up of thirty one farmers, fourteen merchants, one railroad contractor, seven physicians, thirteen lawyers, one lumber dealer, eight iron manufacturers, one dyer, two editors and printers, two coach makers, one architect, one clerk, one manufacturer, one horticulturist, one coal merchant, one coal operator, two powder manufacturers, one engineer, one cooper, one carpenter, one tin smith, two wheelwrights, one gentleman, one agricultural implement manufacturer, one moulder, one victualer. Of these, sixty-seven are natives of Pennsylvania, two of Massachusetts, one of Ohio, two of Connecticut, one of Maryland, five of New York, one of Virginia, two of New Jersey, four of Ireland, one of England, one of Wales, and one of Germany.

"What would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going on shore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "It we only knew where we were ourselves."

"If an empty purse could speak, what love-like speech would it make?"—You'll find no change in me."