

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2944.

VOL. 4 NO. 34.

VOLUME 57.

NEW SERIES.

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 subscription taken for less than six months.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence.
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.

RATES OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISING.
Transient advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square of ten lines for three insertions, or less, but for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged in addition. Table and figure work double price. Advertisers' notices ten lines and under, \$1.00; upwards of ten lines and under fifteen \$1.50. Liberal reductions made to persons advertising by the year.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.]

IN MEMORIAM.

BY EUGENE BERTRAM.

"Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us,
Youth may wither, but feeling will last."—MOORE.
I.
Wild melodies dance through my brain;
The shadows fall across my way;
The darkness gathers—and my pain
Grows deeper with each closing day.
No more the willows by the brook,
Wave gently in the stirring air—
I cannot raise my eyes to look,
And see the desolation there.
II.
I hear no more the tender voice
Of Laura, by that crystal stream,
Where oft we wandered, when her eyes
Shone on me with their gentlest beam.
No more she answers to my call,
As erst she did in days gone by—
She learned, alas! to know my shame,
And sadly laid her down to die.

III.
Her ashes rest beneath the tree
Where oft her ruby lips I pressed;
Her dying words were breathed of me—
My guilt she knew, though ne'er confessed.
No more the sounds of sweetness fall,
That cheered me ere she ceased to breathe,
No more she'll heed the guilty call,
That oft in smiles her face did wreath.
IV.
She's gone, alas! as fades the dream;
But still her face and form I see;
And still the spot I'll ne'er forget
Where first she gave her heart to me.
No more, to tell me of her love,
She'll whisper in my guilty ear—
No more, alas! her vows to prove,
Shed on my breast the crystal tear.

V.
Sad melodies dance through my brain;
The shadows fall across my way;
The darkness gathers—and my pain
Grows deeper with each closing day.
No more the willows by the brook,
Wave gently in the stirring air—
I cannot raise my eyes to look,
And see the desolation there.

SELECT TALES.

THE IRON VAULT.

A TALE OF A SAN FRANCISCO LOCKSMITH.

I am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing but labor—think of nothing in it but its returns of gold or silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon treasures piled within, to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace-destroying missives that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes, and depositories of records, telling of men made rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this?—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with oil?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy do the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small Japanese box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour fitting it. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to shut the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, and disclosed as sweet a face as can be imagined. There was a restlessness in her eye and a pallor in the cheek

which told a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.
"Perhaps you are not well, madame, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather inquisitively.
I felt a rebuke in her reply: "In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of the passers." I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed—
"That little box contains valuable papers, and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you to remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which was no difficult matter to understand.
"Certainly, madame, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."
The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a suddenly discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters and a dagger-pointing, as I slowly passed the casket to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and pictures in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street she merely whispered, "Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock one morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awake by a gentle tap on the window of a little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.
"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.
"Hist!" exclaimed the figure stepping in front of the window; "open the door; I have business with you."
"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"
"No one that would harm you," returned the voice which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar.
"Nor one that can!" I replied rather emphatically, as a warning, as I tightened my grip on the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already on the steps.
"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.
"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare to open the door wide enough for me to enter."
"Come in," said I, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor.—He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan round his shoulders and a blue-valet cap drawn suspiciously over his eyes. As he advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledged to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon a table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded.
Smiling at my discomfiture, she said—
"Disguise is useless; I presume you know me?"
"I believe I told you, madam, I should not forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"
"By doing a half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.
"Is it not ordinary work?" said I, inquiringly, "that commands so munificent compensation?"
"It is a labor common to your call," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."
"And what is the condition?" I inquired.
"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door, blindfolded." Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime known to villany, hurriedly presented themselves in succession as I politely bowed and said—
"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."
"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of any explanation?" she inquired.
"No, nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor.—I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.
"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and—"
"You have gone quite far enough, madame, with the explanation," I interrupted; "I am not at your service."
"As I said," she continued, you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."
"To whom does the vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.
"Then why so much secrecy?"—or rather, how came a man in such a place?
"I secreted him there, to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream, until to-day, that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband, this afternoon convinced me that the man is there beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I dragged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, and cannot find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany us?"
"To the end of the world, madame, on such an errand."
"Then prepare yourself, there is a cab waiting at the door."
I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of the wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat and providing myself with the requisite implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was a cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey—I entered the vehicle followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy handkerchief which by the faint light of a street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.
Examining the banding, to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was brick and after taking me along a passage way that could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault; removed the handkerchief from my eyes.
"Here is the vault; open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam upon the lock.
I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most intense anxiety, sprung the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprung into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady re-appeared, and leaning upon her arm was a man so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement in that terrible vault!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."
The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.
"Shall I close it madame?" said I placing my hand upon the door of the vault.
"No; no!" she exclaimed hastily, seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant."
"Madame, you certainly do not intend to—"
"Are you ready?" she interrupted, holding the handkerchief before my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued: "Do not be alarmed; you are not the man!"
I could not mistake the truth of the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible than the one by which we came. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned a corner and were out of sight.
I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon, in my bewilderment, that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.
A month after that saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault, leisurely walking along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within that vault, and his bones are there to-day! The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPEAKING HIS MIND.

Old Deacon Hobhouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk it over with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the scaffold to the mow, when his neighbor Stevens went to find him. Stevens heard a voice and listened. It was the deacon, talking to himself. He was condemning, in the strongest terms, the extravagance of the minister's wife.
"She sets a worse example than Satan!" exclaimed the deacon by way of climax.
And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down from the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the deacon landed on the floor.
"How'd do, deacon?" cried Stevens—"I want to borrow your half-bushel an hour or two."
"Oh, say in, sarin," said the deacon.
The measure was put into the neighbor's hands and he departed.
It was a peaceful community,—the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love of finery, and Deacon Hobhouse was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society. Hence the sensation which was produced when the report circulated that he had used almost blasphemous language in speaking of that amiable lady. The sweetest tempered lady would not like to hear of a grave influential deacon declaring that "She sets a worse example than Satan!" The minister's wife, whose ear was in due time reached by the report, felt in a high degree incensed, and sent her husband to deal with the honest old man.

The lady was astonished when told of the grave charges against him.
"I never said so!" he solemnly averred.
"You are quite positive that you never did?" said the minister.
"I never know it. It is as false as can be!" exclaimed the deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extravagance—and I am now free to think she has set our wives and daughters a running after new bonnets, shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had though, I've kept them to myself; I never mentioned 'em to a living soul, never!"
The good man's earnestness quite convicted the minister, that he had been largely reported. It was therefore necessary to dig to the root of the scandal. Mrs. Brown, who told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say so. Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobhouse said so. Mr. Adams, being applied to stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said he had heard the deacon say so. Stevens was accordingly brought up for examination, and confronted with the deacon.

"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the deacon. "You know, Stevens, that I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man."
"I heard you say," remarked Stevens, coolly, "that the minister's wife sets a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath of it."
"Where? where?" demanded the excited deacon.
"In your barn," replied Stevens, "when I went to borrow your half-bushel."
"There never was such a lie!" Stevens—Stevens, said the quivering deacon—"you know—"
"Wait till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn-floor, you was up on the scaffold pitching hay, and talking to yourself. I thought it too good to keep; so, just for the joke, I told what I heard you say."
The deacon scratched his head, looked humbled, and admitted that he might, in that way, have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologise to the minister's wife.
"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself; and when I talk to myself, I am apt to speak my mind very freely."

MR. LINCOLN'S HOTEL BILL AT ALBANY.
The "high old time" "Old Abe" and his suite enjoyed during the trip from Springfield to Washington, may be inferred from the following bill for one day spent at the Delavan House, Albany:
DEHAVAN HOUSE, Albany, Feb. 1861.
The State of New York:
To T. ROSSSELL & SON, Dr.
One day's board of Hon. A. Lincoln and suite, parlors, dinners and breakfast in parlor, - - - - \$576 50
Wines and liquors, - - - - 337 00
Segars, - - - - 16 00
Telegraphs, - - - - 1 13
Congress Water, \$2.50; baggage, \$4.87, 7 37
Carriages, - - - - 12 00
Sundry broken articles—stoves, chairs, etc., - - - - 150 00
Total, - - - - \$1,120 00
There were eighteen persons in the party, which is an average of nine bottles a head.—Says the Post:
"We are not surprised, after such drinking, at a considerable charge for Congress water. Neither is it wonderful that the breakages for stoves, chairs and so forth, were set down at a hundred and fifty dollars. Fellows with nine bottles of liquor under their belts must have been in a state to break everything about them, even their own necks."

GREELY IN 1850.
In 1850, when the danger to the country on the slavery question was nothing to what it is now, Horace Greely, through his *Tribune*, said:
"We are willing to compromise, and take half our right, rather than continue a controversy from which we can anticipate no good, but apprehend much evil."
Now, in 1861, when the dangers to the country are more imminent and alarming than at any former period, and may be removed by conciliation and compromise, the same Greely vociferates for "no compromise!"

WRITING TO THE LORD.—An exchange states that at the breaking of ground for the commencement of the Lynchburg and Tennessee Railroad, at Lynchburg, a clergyman slowly and solemnly read a manuscript prayer, at the conclusion of which an old negro man, who had been resting with one foot on his spade, and his arms on the handle, looking intently in the chaplain's face, straightened himself up, and remarked very audibly, "Well, I reckon dat's de fust time de Lord's ober bin writ to on de subject ob railroads."

A FAIRY TALE WITH A MORAL.

There was once a poor woman, and she had no dearer wish, than once, by accident or a miracle, to obtain a great deal of money, because she believed that if she only had it once all sorrow and suffering would be as good as gone.
The accident and the miracle did not happen for a long time, however, till the woman one day heard that on the slope of a hill there grew among other grass, a weed—and it any one were so fortunate as to pluck it, the mold-tain would open, the plucker would walk into a table, who would allow her to take away as much of their treasure as she could carry.
From this moment the poor woman had nothing more pressing to do, than to latch hill grass daily during the summer for her cow, because she hoped to pluck the miraculous weed among it. And so she did; one day the woman had again collected grass, carried the heavy basket on her head, and led her little daughter by the hand, when a large rock opened noiselessly before her like a well oiled door, and allowed her to see into the cave, where seven old men with long beards were sitting round a table, and piles of gold and silver were heaped around them.
The woman naturally took advantage of the opportunity, emptied her basket upon the ground and filled it with gold. When this was done, and she was going out, one of the old men kindly said, "Woman, forget not the best thing," but she did not listen, and went off.
But she had scarcely reached the end of the cave, when the rock closed again, and shut in the woman's little daughter who had remained behind playing with the gold. Then the mother's grief and agony were great; she ran lamenting to the clergyman, and told him what had occurred. The latter said she must wait another seven years, till she could find her daughter again; after that period, she must go again to the mountain at the same hour in which she lost her child, and wait for what might happen, but she made a great mistake in quite emptying her basket for the sake of gold, because the miracle weed was among the grass she threw away. Now she remembered the old man's words, and learned to her sorrow that she had done wrong to consider wealth as the highest blessing. How slightly she now valued the gold she brought home, when she had to pay for it by the loss of her child! She thought further, and found that there are many blessings in the world, which if lost reduce the value of gold to nothing.—This and many other things the poor rich woman had time to reflect on during the seven years, and, to her honor be it said, that till the expiration of that time, she would not look at or handle the gold. At length the day came on which she hoped to find her child again.—The woman hurried to the hill in the neighborhood of the rock where her child was shut up; and she there from a distance she perceived the treasure of her heart, her child, sleeping in front of the rock; it was young and blooming as when she lost it. She lifted it tenderly, and kissed it a thousand times with tears, on the road home, thinking, "If all the gold were out of my room, I should be as happy as if I had found all the treasure in the world!"
But the gold was not gone; and so she was grateful for that, and enjoyed the advantage of wealth, and spent much on the good education of her daughter, and thus the well trained maiden became a great and invaluable treasure.

HOW NOT TO CORRECT A FAULT.
"Well, Sarah, I declare! you are the worst girl that I know of in the whole country!"
"Why mother, what have I done?"
"See there! how you have spilled water in my pantry! Get out of my sight; I cannot bear to look upon you—you careless girl!"
"Well mother, I couldn't help it."
This conversation I recently overheard between a mother and her daughter. Mrs. A. the mother, is a very worthy woman, but very ignorant of the art of family government. Sarah, her daughter, is a heedless girl of about ten years old. She is very much accustomed to remove things out of their proper places, and seldom stops to put them in again. On the occasion referred to above, she had been sent to put water into the tea-kettle, and had very carelessly spilled a considerable portion of it on the pantry floor. After the above conversation, which on the part of the mother, sounded almost like successive claps of thunder on the ears of her daughter, Sarah escaped, in a peevish manner, into an adjoining room, and her mother wiped up the slop in the pantry.
"Well, thought I, my dear Mrs. A., if that is the way you treat your daughter, you will probably find it necessary to wipe after her a great many times more, if you both live.—Such family government as is here set forth seems to me to be liable to several serious objections."
The reproof was too boisterous. Children can never be frightened into a knowledge of error, or into conviction of crime. It is their judgment and their taste for neatness and order which need training and not their ears.
It was too unreasonable. The child was, indeed, careless, but she had done nothing to merit the title of "the worst girl in the country." Children are sensible of injustice, and very soon find it difficult to respect those who unjustly treat them.
It was too passionate. The mother seemed to be boiling over with displeasure and disgust; and under this excitement she despised her darling child—the very same that, in a short time afterward when the storm had blown by, she was ready to embrace in her arms, as almost the very image of perfection.
It was inefficient. Sarah retired, under the idea that her mother was excited for a very little thing, which she could not help. Thus she blamed her mother, and acquitted herself.

SELECT POETRY.

[It is not often that the name of Stephen A. Douglas is connected in our minds with literature, or anything outside of the fierce contentions of the political arena; but here is a poetical effusion which is credited to him.]

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Bury me in the morning, mother—
O let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here, alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here;
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Savior's love, mother,
I feel it in my heart—
But on from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
Forever to part, when here mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

"NOBODY HURT."

A private letter from an extensive manufacturer of Providence, R. I., to a gentleman in Richmond, Va., has the following:
"The condition of affairs here is awful. No sales of goods or any thing else—no value to personal or real estate. Confidence extinguished; everybody waiting for the fourth of March. If relief does not come, then mills must be unemployed; business men must succumb; unemployed business men must succumb; universal desolation must prevail. What terrible responsibility party men have assumed in pursuit of the nigger chimera."
DID MASSACHUSETTS EVER SECEDE?
Certainly she did. On the 26th of March, 1845, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed the following resolution:
Resolved, That Massachusetts hereby refuses to acknowledge the act of the Government of the United States authorizing the admission of Texas as a legal act in any way binding her from using her utmost exertions for co-operation with other States, by every lawful and constitutional measure, to annul its conditions and defeat its accomplishment.

HOME COURTESIES.—A correspondent gives us this experience:
"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an untidy world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart aches innumerable, of sad fancies and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not over three or four happy families in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! And in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

PAT BETTERING HIS INSTRUCTIONS.—A lady and gentleman recently married, in the neighborhood of Nottingham, left home in their own carriage for a bridal tour among the Cumberland lakes. In order to avoid the curiosity attracted by persons in the honeymoon the gentleman gave his Irish footman the strictest charge not to tell any one on the road that they were newly married, and threatening to dismiss him instantly if he did. Pat promised implicit obedience; but on leaving the first inn on the road, next morning, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him; that's the man." On reaching the next stage, the indignant master told Murphy he must immediately discharge him, as he had divulged what he impressed upon him as a secret.—"Please your honour," says Pat, "what is it you complain of?"—"You rascal!" exclaimed the angry master, "you told the servants at the inn last night that we were a newly married couple."—"Och, then, be this and be that," said Pat, brightening up in anticipatory triumph, "there's not a word of truth in it, yer honour; sure I told the whole kit of them, servants and all, that you wouldn't be married for a fortnight yet!"

MR. BUCHANAN'S AUTHORSHIP.—The Historical Magazine says:
"Since it is announced that Mr. Buchanan will favor the public, after his retirement from office, with a series of sketches of men eminent in political life, of whom there has heretofore been no fitting memorial, it may not be a violation of any confidence to say that it is believed he will undertake a more formal work with regard to President Polk."
"If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society."
"Sign no paper without reading it, and drink no water without looking into it."