

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

VOLUME 58.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2993.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

VOL. 5, NO. 29.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

Published every Friday morning by

BY E. 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.

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Original Tale.

LEGEND OF THE SPRING.

BY DR. C. N. HICKOK.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell, Thy winds sweep such a questionable shape, That I will speak to thee!—*Hamlet.*

It was on the afternoon of one of the extraordinarily hot days for which the year 18— will long be remembered, that I had occasion to visit the celebrated Mineral Spring, near Bedford.

All nature wore the appearance of languor. The leaves of the green corn, instead of lifting their long spear points to a rustling breeze, hung motionless, like withered moss, from their bending stalks. The herbage appeared burned and parched as if by fire. The herds sought the shade, or panting betook themselves to the cool brook side. Not a zephyr's breath moved the forest boughs, nor hummed its accustomed chant amid the pine-tops. Not a ripple disturbed the surface of the little lake, into which the waters of the health giving spring pour their tribute. The speckled trout lay reposing under his mossy awning, and even the goddess of the fountain appeared to have yielded to the general infection, for the jet over which she presides, played languidly through the air, and fell sprayless, and less noisily than is its wont, into its pebbly bed.

The long colonnade of the "Spring Hotel" was deserted. The busy crowd that thronged it in the morning, were dispersed to their couches, to enjoy their siesta and find repose for the dissipations and fatigue of the ball and drawing rooms in the evening. Finding no company, nor any thing else to engross my attention, I treated myself to the luxury of a bath, and then undertook the herculean task of a pilgrimage to the "Summer-house" on the summit of "Constitution Hill."

With the exception of the artificial pathways which have been excavated along the steep declivity, to render it accessible, this hill has been preserved in all its original beauty. Not a tree has been displaced; not a fallen trunk has been removed. The underbrush grows among the rocks in all its wild and tangled luxuriance, enabling the visitor, by the transition of a few steps, to change the tameness of art for the romantic rugged beauties of nature; and were it not for the suggestive presence of the pathways, it would require no great stretch of the imagination for the visitor to fancy himself in the primitive forest, amid the haunts of the red man; and as I loitered along, I could not help thinking myself on sacred ground, where yet dwell the "spirit host" of the departed nations, who here lived, and acted, and died—who, though forgotten and their memory buried in oblivion, still existed with interests coequal with our own.

As I turned at the numerous angles and windings of the labyrinthian causeways, and cast my eyes along their deep perspective views, I almost expected to see the gaunt form of the Indian hunter bounding from their thicket borders, or the coy maiden gliding among the foliage, or to hear reverberating through the forest, the shrill yell of the warrior. But nought appeared to disturb my vision. No sound startled my hearing; all was motionless and silent as the grave. Not a cricket's chirp broke in upon the stillness; even my own footsteps were unheard and unheeded, as I pondered on the changes which time had wrought in the scene, and tried in fancy to recall the picture, in all its wild magnificence, ere art had deformed its beauty by her sacrilegious touch.

Where, (I asked my thoughts) are the wigwam homes, that studded yon bright green, where now the castles of the white man rear their proud fronts?—Where is the cheerful band of the Indian mother who there tilled her field of tender corn, and watched with joyous eyes the gambols of her little ones, or went out to meet her warrior lord, and welcome his return from the hunt or conquest?—Where is the chieftain, who weary with the chase, sat in his wigwam door at sunset, and placed his ponderous

bow in the hands of his infant boy, and taught him to speed the feathered arrow, and wield the tomahawk?—Where is the young brave, who in these wild retreats so often told his tale of love, and poured into the ear of the Indian girl his impassioned vows?—Where are they, who made these hills and mountains eloquent, and gave these valleys tongues, with their shouts of triumph and victory.

As from the rocks and trees The voice responsive spoke, now loud and long; Now pealing from this crag; now there again; From yonder glade; Now clear and full; now soft, And softer still; until a whisper comes To tell, how like this fleeting echo, are The things of time.

Alas! they are all gone. The wigwams are in ashes. That mother and her little brood have long been dwellers in the spirit land; and where they played, the child of the pale face holds his sports. The retreat of the lovers is now thronged by sickly sensualists; the maiden's charms have flown; the warrior's arm is in the dust; his bowstring is disordered, and his tomahawk corroded by the rust of years; and where he trod, haughty in his noble, manly pride, the effeminate city exquisite struts in his borrowed plumes, as if in contemptible contrast of the past and present years,—the red man and the pale race.

Occupied by such thoughts as these, I found myself almost before I was aware of it, at the "summer house," and weary and warm, I threw myself upon one of the rustic benches, and pursued my solitary thoughts undisturbed.

The view from the "summer house" is magnificent in the extreme. The edifice stands on the brow of the mountain, on the uttermost point of its summit, where it extends like a lofty promontory into the surrounding valley.

A few of the trees have been removed from the end of the hill, in the direction of the vale, for the purpose of rendering the view less obstructed. On all other sides nought is seen but the overhanging foliage of the dense forest.

Through the open space, the distant mountains are seen on the north, east and west, rising in bold, rugged majesty, crag on crag, tier on tier, like a vast amphitheater, formed for the assembling of a universe, until the topmost wall, the grand, hoar summit of the giant Alleghany, crowning the mighty pile in the dim distance, kisses the clouds, and like the scarce perceptible blending of two almost equal shades, joins earth and heaven.

In the middle landscape the romantic Juniata winds, now like a thread of silver through the open valley, now hidden from sight by an intervening hill; here flowing calmly and sluggishly by the cultivated fields, there rushing and foaming o'er its rocky bed in the wild forest, and anon receding entirely from view, it passes from the valley through a gorge in the mountain, on its way to the mighty ocean.

Nearer a village church, with its tall spire and cross, strikes the vision, embedded in its cluster of trees, marking the locality of the village itself, which is concealed by a neighboring elevation; and still nearer, just at the base of the hill, lies the little lake, with its "tiny isle of emerald green," and the music of its outlet, as it forms a foamy cascade over the rocks, reaches the ear like the distant lulling murmurs of a gentle breeze.

A rustic mill, and a towering precipice of rocks beyond, and the brook and arched road winding through the vale below, complete the enchanting prospect.

As I lay musing and gazing on the beauty spread out before me, a misty indistinctness gathered over the scene. Strange, shapeless forms hovered round me, none of which I was able clearly to define. While I was endeavoring to account for what I saw, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a tall shadowy figure that emerged from the thicket near by, and approached me. It was that of an old man;

Extreme age was there, and had left its impress, but it had failed to bend his haughty, erect form. His long, straight hair was white as snow, but his step that should have been feeble, was light and elastic, and as he drew nearer with a noiseless tread, I noticed that his intervening form seemed transparent and did not obstruct the view of objects beyond, and that the leaves and moss pressed not down, nor rustled beneath his weight. Over his shoulders was wrapped a coarse blanket, evidently made from the bark of trees. His limbs and feet were clad in leggings made of the untanned skin of the wild cat, and moccasins of the same material, ornamented with tufts of stained horse hair. Encircling his head, neck, and wrists, were chains formed with the tusks of the wolf, connected with huge links of virgin gold. A single plume from the eagle's wing drooped over his brow. In one hand he carried a bow of large dimensions, in the other an arrow. A massive stone tomahawk was strung in his belt, and over his shoulders, suspended by the skin of an enormous rattlesnake, was a quiver of panther skin filled with feathered arrows.

I was startled and about to raise myself, but as the apparition drew nearer, I saw that I had nothing to fear. His sad, benevolent counte-

nance indicated no harm, and had it been otherwise, his bowstring was broken, and the shaft of his arrow was bent and worn eaten. When we came opposite me, he paused, and eyed me for some moments in silence, with a mournful expression, a deep draw a sigh heaved his breast; he shook his head, and passing on, vanished from my sight. E'er I had recovered from the reverie into which my surprise had thrown me, I saw him returning in the same direction in which he had at first come. He paused again where I lay, and regarded me with the same sad, melancholy look, sighed heavily, and passed on as before; nor was my astonishment diminished, when I saw him approach the third time and fix on me his mournful gaze, more sad and grief like than before: Deep sighs struggled for utterance, and tears trickled down each furrowed cheek. Wondering and afraid, I determined to accost him, but my stiffened tongue needed not to make the exertion to break his bondage, for the figure raised its hand as if to enjoin silence, and with impressive solemnity thus addressed me:

"Son of the pale face, thou seest the red man weep; 'tis not his nature, but the breast of the red man is full of sorrow."

"Son of the pale face, the red man reads thy heart, and it is friendly to his race. There is kindness for him in thy breast. Thou hast had thy bosom filled with indignation at the recital of his wrongs. Thou hast shed the tear of sympathy for his grievances. His sad and hopeless condition, has made thy cheek blush for those of thy people, by whose wrong he has been degraded. His injuries have caused thy young blood to boil, and thine eye to flash with anger. The red man knows this, and he is grateful—He would recompense thee, and show thee how to avoid much sorrow. Then listen, son of the pale face, and let the red man's voice teach thee of wisdom; let the experience of the past, warn thee of the future. Man comes, and goes;—has birth, and dies,—has joy, and sorrow and ruin often follow in the track of pleasure; but learn thou that in his own evil nature are the elements of his ruin contained; and in his fall, his own bad passions are often the workers of his destruction. The Great Spirit has said it, and it shall be so."

"Son of the pale face, spirits are ever hovering around man's path from his cradle to his grave, seldom appearing, but always present, and his acts are never unobserved. They are around thee now: Thou seest thy shadowy forms; thou may'st never see them again, until thou shalt be like them; but some of them will always be by thy side, and in thy path before thee, and will follow thee where thou goest. Some would do thee good and influence thee for thy happiness; some are malignant spirits and would harm thee and take advantage of thy weakness and thy passions to destroy thee. As thou growest older these to whom thou listenest will be with thee, those thou shunest will be gone. Listen to the good when thou hearest them speak in thy spirit's ear and they will stay and guard thee; shut thine ear to the bad, hear them not, and they will flee from thee."

"Often is thy heart ruled by quick anger, and thy spirit has cause to weep for words spoken and acts done by thee when the tempest of hot passion is upon thee and disdains to listen to thy reason's voice."

"Son of the white man, beware! Cherish not anger, hatred, nor revenge, for like the hot blasts of wind in the dog days, shall they dry up thy young blood, if they be harbored in thy breast. These passions enter the heart of the young chief of a mighty nation, whose hunting grounds lay among these hills and mountains, many, many moons ago, or never would the pale face have trodden here, and the sickly victim of vice have tainted this pure air with his fetid breath—Here yet would the child of the red men have sported—Here yet would the wild chase have been kept up, and the dance of triumph and victory perpetuated."

"Son of the pale face, listen! Many hundred moons ago a powerful nation dwelt here. The Ka-ma-was were a mighty tribe. Their names have long been forgotten, and their deeds have passed from the memory of man. Many tribes came and departed since their time, before the Shaw-nee were masters of this soil.—The Shaw-nee has disappeared, and the white man has no rival now; but none were like the Ka-ma-was, successful in the hunt and brave and victorious in battle. The power of their foes was exerted for nought, for the Great Spirit was their friend. The arrows of their enemies were poisoned in vain, for the antidote was here."

"Thou hast drunk of the spring where the sick pale face resorts for health? That spring has lost much of its power; the enchantment of its waters has departed: Health is still in its tide, but the strength of its glory has fled. That spring was the Ka-ma-wa's safe-guard; for him it was created."

"Listen, pale face! Wa-Kon Tun-Kah, the God Spirit, revealed himself to a wise prophet of the Ka-ma-was, and with him made a covenant, that the Ka-ma-was should be his favorite

tribe; that they should prosper in all their undertakings; victorious in the repulsion of their enemies; successful in the hunt; wise in council, and fleet in the chase. The poisoned arrows of their foes should not harm them, for a draught from the spring should render the poison powerless. It should banish disease from their borders; give strength to the warrior's arm, and courage to his heart; swiftness to their young braves, and beauty to their daughters. For their nation alone was the blessing given; but with it a command, upon obedience to which hung the continuance of the Great Spirit's favor. That condition was peace. While they were permitted to repel the encroachments of their enemies from their borders, they were forbidden to make war. They were required to treat their prisoners with kindness and mercy. They were commanded to banish from their breasts a spirit of revenge against an enemy, much less against those of their own nation. Murder, that child of anger, hatred and revenge, was prohibited on pain of the Great Spirit's anger, and the nation's ruin."

"Long the tribe of the Ka-ma-was prospered. Their chase was always successful; their battles ended in victory. Their squaws were fairer, their young warriors more noble in their strength, more expert in the use of the bow and tomahawk, than were any of the surrounding tribes. Moons came and vanished: The sun took his course across the topmost heaven, and made his way along the south horizon; then tracked again the zenith in his unvarying round:—Seasons came and faded, and still the Ka-ma-was was happy. As each succeeding era dawned came round, their trust in Wa-Kon Tun-Kah was stronger, their council fires burned brighter, for the Great Spirit blessed them. They loved the Great Spirit, for his word failed not. They knew not sickness, for the water from the enchanted spring, which they carried in vials of the slder wood, was a charm to ward off the ill will of Wa-Kon Shee-chah the bad spirit. The wounds of their enemies harmed them not, for the water stanching the flowing blood, and brought life back again. Their chiefs and people lived strong and happy, until a good old age, and then glided peacefully into the grave, and sank to rest, as sinks the summer's sun beneath the western sky."

"But the Ka-ma-wa is gone, he is not here."

"Son of the pale face, listen! The spirit of revenge came and the Ka-ma-was fell. The good old chief Wal-lal-lah had departed to the spirit's bright hunting ground, where the chase warries not, and the golden arrow never misses its aim, leaving two children, the young chief Mo-we-en, and his sister the beautiful Wi-no-na."

"Mo-we-en was but a boy in years, but in stature and in bravery he was a man. With the cunning of the red fox, he had the strength and daring of the wild catamount. His young and tender hand had taken trophies from the enemy, and proud were the Ka-ma-was to hail him chief. Kind was his nature, but his passions were like the quick, hot blaze of the pine wood fire."

"Wi-no-na was beautiful as the rose tint, that stains the sky before the rising sun. Her eye was gentle as the soft gaze of the turtle; her step light as the fleet fawn. She was the delight of the Ka-ma-was—they all loved her, for she was worthy of their love."

"Sixteen summers had spread their flowers for her bounding feet, when Mo-we-en and his warriors returned from a fight with a distant tribe, who had encroached on their hunting grounds, bringing spoils and prisoners. Among the captives was the son of the chief of the Wah-pe-ton, the mortal enemies of the Ka-ma-was. When Mo-we-en found his foe in his power, his heart whirled for revenge, but fear of the Great Spirit's curse stayed his hand from violence, yet his heart was bitter within his bosom."

"The prisoner We-me-hee or the Eagle-gazer, was a young chief of noble stature and noble heart. Stately, proud, and haughty in the presence of his enemy, he pined in secret. Mo-we-en saw it, and his heart exulted, for he longed to humble the proud son of his father's deadly foe. But when the gentle Wi-no-na stole a visit to the young prisoner, to carry to him the dainties, which her own hand had prepared, and he cast his admiring gaze on her, his proud nature yielded, and he ceased to think himself a captive. At dawn and at sunset she sought him, but Mo-we-en knew it not, and soon she heard We-me-hee's tale of love, and her heart responded to its accents. They met in the wild retreats of the forest, for We-me-hee roamed at will. The red man will not break his trust—We-me-hee was a captive, but his honor kept him so."

"Fierce was the anger of Mo-we-en, when he learned by one of his tribe that We-me-hee had dared to love Wi-no-na; but his passion mounted to frenzy when he knew that love was returned. His enemy was worthy of his sister's affection, but Mo-we-en's vengeance reasoned not. The old braves entreated him in

vain, and with his mother, clung around him, but he dashed away their detaining hands, and seizing his bow and quiver, rushed into the forest."

"We-me-hee and Wi-no-na were seated side by side, on a rock where the great limestone spring gushes from the hill; her head rested on his shoulder and her hand was clasped in his."

"Beautiful Wi-no-na," said the lover, "oh, that thou wert with me, where my own tribe dwells. There should our life be like the days of a never ending summer; our joys should know no end; Wi-no-na should be queen, and my nation should delight —"

"But the sentence was unfinished. An arrow from an unseen hand pierced his heart, and bounding into the air, he fell a corpse at the maiden's feet. With a wild cry she sprang up, but it was only to fall upon her lover's body, for from the gash of another arrow from her brother's bow, welled the warm tide, and mingled with her lover's blood."

"With his deed of revenge, the angry spirit of Mo-we-en fled, and with agony he saw his crime in its hideous light, and frantic with grief and horror, as he before had been with passion, he rushed forward and fell at his sister's side, and raised her dying head."

"Wi-no-na!" he shrieked, "oh! my sister! my beautiful, my only one, do not die! Oh! Great Spirit, listen to Mo-we-en's prayer; forgive his crime, and let Wi-no-na live!"

"With joy he thought of the enchanted spring, and with the speed of the wind, he brought of its water, and held it to his sister's lips. But the covenant was broken, and the spring had lost its power. With her dying eyes turned tenderly on her brother, Wi-no-na softly whispered, "Mo-we-en is forgiven," and her spirit joined her lover's in the hunting grounds of paradise."

"The old braves found Mo-we-en kneeling by his sister's side; his head buried between his knees. Deep groans of anguish rent his breast. They tried to raise and comfort him, but he heeded them not. "Wi-no-na is dead," he said, "and so let Mo-we-en die;" and he raised his hand to plunge his hunting knife into his bosom; but ere it fell, the weapon was wrested from his grasp. When Hah-pon, the mother of Mo-we-en, saw what he had done, she shrieked not, nor wept; but a tremor shook her frame, and her eyes gleamed from their pale sockets with the luster of madness, as in a hoarse, unearthly whisper she addressed her son."

"Son of Wal-lal-lah rise!"

"Her command was obeyed."

"Son of Wal-lal-lah, listen to thy mother's voice, for thy vengeful spirit has destroyed her peace.—The light of her eyes is gone, wrenched from her by thy murderous hand. The Great Spirit is angry with thy people; thy wicked passion has displeased Him. Thou hast broken the covenant which thy fathers kept, and hast brought ruin on thy nation. Thou shouldst have been thy nation's preserver, but thou art her destroyer. Then listen, son of Wal-lal-lah, to thy mother's curse, for her ban shall be upon thee. Thou hast murdered thy whole nation. They all shall die, and their hunting grounds shall be desolate. They shall go to the hunting grounds where their fathers are. Other tribes shall own their wigwams, but they shall not behold it, thou, only thou, shalt live to behold the ruin thou hast wrought. Full sixty times six score moons shall wax and wane, and thou shalt be a wanderer on the Ka-ma-was' soil, once thine own, but thine no longer. Thou shalt seek rest, but sleep shall fly from thee. Thy bow shall not speed thy arrow to the mark, and thou shalt hunger, because thy quiver shall fail thee. Famine shall follow thee, and thirst shall be thy companion. Oh! thou shalt long to die, but the Great Spirit shall not hear thy prayer. Thou shalt hover over the graves of thy people, but thou shalt not lay thyself down until the time of Hah-pon's curse be ended. Once each moon, as the full orb ascends the meridian, shalt thou hear soft strains of sweet music, wafted from the balmy shores of the spirit land, where thy people dwell, and its sounds shall fill thee with remorse for thy crime, and thy shriek of anguish shall be heard on the stillness of the night, and thy cry reach above the howlings of the storm. Hah-pon has spoken, and now will she follow Wi-no-na to the Spirit land."

"Son of the pale face, thou seest that high ledge of rocks on yonder steep above the mill where the white man grinds his corn? Thither the mother of Mo-we-en fled, and with a wild shriek, sprang into the air, and fell mangled and lifeless on the sharp crags below."

"The curse of Hah-pon was fulfilled. The Ka-ma-was dwindled away and died. Their enemies were successful against them, and their young braves fell in battle. Consumption* fixed itself upon the aged and the young, and the

* It is a noted fact, with regard to the water of the "Bedford Springs," that although highly beneficial for the relief of other diseases, when used by persons suffering from original pulmonary affections, it not only aggravates the disorder, but sometimes produces disastrous results.

enchanted water saved them not, but hurried them to grave."

"Mo-we-en had laid his mother's and sister's bodies in the burial ground of his tribe, far up on the high summit of the Cin-ta-gah, or gray-mane, by the pale face known as the Alleghany, and one after another of his people found a grave beside them, until they were all gone, and Mo-we-en stood alone the last of his race."

"And since that day the curse of Hah-pon has been working; still working; never ceasing."

"Mo-we-en has seen his hunting ground in the hands of his enemies. He has been a stranger in his own land. Desolate and lone, in summer's heat and winter's cold has he wandered, invisible, yet always feeling, over the bones of his fathers. Famishing with hunger, and faint, has he sped his arrow at the passing deer, or the fleet pheasant, but his bow-string has always snapped and his arrow failed its aim. Sick, and ready to fall with weakness, his pride has given way, and he has asked in piteous accents for food at the Indian's wigwam, and the white man's door, but they saw him not, and his tremulous voice was taken for the mournful moanings of the wind. Parched with burning thirst, he has sought to sip the limpid water, but it fled from his approach. Weary and restless, has he lain down in the cool shade, but the murdered Wi-no-na was before him, and he saw the bleeding corpse of Hah-pon and he could not sleep. The white man hears, at the full moon, on the bald summit of the Alleghany, shrieks on the stillness of the summer's eve, or borne along upon the wintry blast. 'Tis the cry of Mo-we-en." Oh! great was Mo-we-en's crime, but sadly has he suffered. He has longed to be at rest but he could not die. Often has he, in agony, turned his wishful eye, and reached out his impatient hands to the bright star where Wi-no-na's spirit dwells; but 'twas vain, for the ban was not yet ended."

"But the moons have passed, and it is ended now."

"Son of the pale face, shun ANGER, HATE, REVENGE. 'Tis Mo-we-en warns thee. His time has come. Wi-no-na is avenged, and Mo-we-en may be at rest. To night when the full moon walks the central sky, his spirit shall fade from earth, and fly to meet his long lost tribe in the spirit land.—And see! even now has she reached her summit—Hark!—I hear a voice.—'Tis—Wi-no-na speaks—she softly calls—Mo-we-en! Mo-we-en!—she beckons me to come.—I go.—Son of the pale face—Shun—"

Sweet strains of music struck upon my ear, as the shadowy form grew fainter, and faded on my sight. I was awake—'twas a dream; the sun was set, and the "pale queen of night" was reigning in her full harvest glory in the zenith.—I had slept for hours. I still heard soft distant music, and it was some moments before I could realize that I was reclining in the "summer house," and that the sounds I heard were from the orchestra in the ball-room below.

I hastened down the hill, and soon was mingling in the "busy mazes of the dance," but amid the gaiety of the scene, I was unable to divest myself of the impression, which my strange dream had made upon me, or to forget the admonition of my mysterious visitor.—"Son of the pale face, harbor not ANGER, HATE, REVENGE."

* Many of the settlers of the Alleghany, in the vicinity of "Bald Hill," tell of shrieks that are heard on clear, windy nights, from the vicinity of an ancient Indian burial ground. These strange sounds produced no doubt by the action of the elements, are by them attributed to supernatural causes.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking over the lands in Ayrshire, they saw Burns ploughing in a field hard by, Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough-looking fellow across there with the plow? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not make rhyme of."

"Done," said the other; and immediately going up to the hedge, Lord Boyd cried out—"Haugh! Burns stopped at once, leaned against the plow, and surveying his assailant from head to foot, he quietly answered—

"It's not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd, Of grace and manners he is void— Just like a ball among the rye, Cries 'haugh!' at folks as he goes by."

The wager was of course won.

KNOWLEDGE.—Young man improve your idle moments—don't sit idle and wishing you had something to do. Take a book and read, that your mind may be improved. You do society a great wrong to grow up in ignorance, a reproach to yourself, and a discredit to your country. Come—take a book this instant—the effort may be irksome at first, but you will find pleasure, profit and honor in it, in the long run. Then begin like a man now, now, now. Do not procrastinate in a matter really vital.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

Nothing is nobler than the aristocracy instituted by God; few things are poorer than that set up by men.