



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

BY THE BARRON A. FOX. In the greenest of our valleys, By good angels tenanted...

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall Is that of a dim old forest...

AGRICULTURAL.

WINTER BUTTER.

Some have difficulty in making butter in winter. This is probably owing to the fact that the original fountain head of the butter—the "old cow," does not receive the right kind of cream...

in finishing the churning, gather the butter slowly. The best grass for dairy pasture is timothy and clover.

MONARCH OF THE ORCHARD.—The Reading Press says the largest apple tree in the United States is standing within the limits of the city of Reading, on the farm of Wm. B. Schooner.

Apple—yellowish green ground, faint red cheeks, white flesh, sub acid short thick stem, shape symmetrical, and all of regular size.

MANURE.—We have frequently cautioned farmers not to bury their manure too deep in the soil, as the tendency if their plows is downward—not upward.

SAW-DUST FOR LITTERING STABLES.—This is quite valuable to absorb the liquids and to prevent the foul odors arising from stables.

TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.—Provide. 1. A comfortable roost. 2. Plenty of sand, gravel and ashes, dry, to play in.

DEATH OF COL. LEHMANOWSKY.

We regret to learn that Col. Lehmanowsky, at one time a resident of Lancaster county, died in Clark county, Indiana, on the 4th inst.

power of utterance for some moments. The friendship manifested for each other during their lives seemed greater than the ties of brothers or kindred, and they have both gone to their long-wished-for rest within the short period of a year, zealous Lutherans, in the full belief of the Christian's hope, happiness hereafter.—Lancaster Times.

AUNT SALLY'S MUFF.

BY C. M. KENDALL.

Miss Sally Strong was a peculiar woman.—For sixty years she had retained her name, which exactly suited her hard nature; and the man having the assurance to ask her to exchange it for his own, would have been a rare companion for Cummings in his tiger bunts in the jungles of Africa.

She was one of those who seemed to have been born an old maid in prospective. Before she had arrived at her teens, she used to stone the boys with a malignant delight; and ere she was out of them her contempt for the opposite sex was so strikingly manifest, that all prudent young men, if accidentally walking upon the same sidewalk, to avoid a meeting, would very quietly cross to the other side, and allow her the whole of it.

Yet she was a privileged person, and people would smile at an ill-mannered remark from her, as though it were a compliment. Even the young minister of the parish treated her with marked respect, although he was certain to have his last sermon wonderfully criticized, in answer to a kind inquiry regarding her health.

Aunt Sally, as the villagers universally called her, had received the bulk of her property from a deceased aunt, which her shrewd business qualities had enabled her to invest so advantageously that she increased in wealth as she did in years, and like many other rich people advanced in life, had scores of affectionate young relatives, who each hoped to obtain a large slice of the cake of real estate which would be cut up in the event of her decease.

One nephew, however, did not belong to this class of schemers. On the contrary, the old lady was very often the victim of his jokes, and he would dispute with her just for the sake of having a hot argument. Yet for any real service, she would offer up to him than any one else.

One evening, upon the meeting of the parish sewing circle at the house of the clergyman, this nephew perpetrated a joke upon his aunt, the result of which he never forgot. She, unlike most maiden ladies, considered these gatherings a sort of fashionable nuisance, but usually was present in order to indulge in her sarcastic remarks.

"To be sure, aunt," answered one of the nieces, "simply to make clothing for the poor heathen."

"O, in Sirm, Burmah, and other like places. Well, heavy woolen shirts are very serviceable garments, upon my word, for the people living under a tropical sun. They will doubtless be very grateful for clothing so suited to their climate."

And Aunt Sally looked about her with a triumphant glance, as though her charges were unanswerable. In fact, too many felt the justice of her rebuke to measure words with her.

"That is impossible," answered another, for aunt's muffs is unlike all others.

"That is true," said Fred, laughing, "as a barrel is unlike a two-gallon keg." And he gave Lucy a mischievous glance, which she interpreted to mean that he knew the whereabouts of the missing article better than any one else.

"It certainly is not with any of the ladies' things," said one of the young relatives. "Oh, plague upon you all!" was the kind reply; I must hunt it up myself, I suppose.

"Deacon Gray, you have not taken aunt's muffs by mistake, have you?" asked Fred maliciously.

"That functionary drew himself up stiffly, as though the imputation was unworthy of an answer, and stepped aside.

"Well, I never," exclaimed one of the young ladies.

"Who could have done it?" added another.

"Be silent—will you?" cried the irritable aunt, or tell me where I can find it."

"Why, it is in Deacon Gray's hat, pressed in so tightly that we cannot remove it."

"O, lie upon you, aunt! Such a hint, and the deacon only a recent widower," exclaimed the laughing nephew.

Aunt Sally seized her muffs, but the hat adhered most affectionately to it. By an angry wrench it was liberated, and the unoffending hat flew across the entry, projected by the vigorous foot of the incensed maiden. When it arrived at the terminus of its short journey, it had assumed a most questionable shape, and its condition might certainly have been termed "shocking bad."

"I'll pay you for this, young man."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear aunt. So far as I am concerned, you are entirely welcome."

"You will perhaps tell me that you have had no hand in this matter."

"No, I will tell you no falsehood about it; but I intended it as a joke upon the stiff deacon, as much or more than upon yourself."

"At least, it is but an ill trick you have played upon me, and now mark my words: You shall have reason to remember this miff to the latest day of your existence."

"As you please, aunt, since you take it so seriously, but I don't think that a silly joke would have thus offended you."

Thus thus passed on, and young Strong prospered famously in his business. He had amassed sufficient means to be enabled to pay his aunt the sum she had loaned him, but she declined receiving it, alleging that she preferred to have it on interest. In the meantime he had also persuaded the gentle Lucy to share his fortunes. As for Aunt Sally, a singular mania seemed to possess her. In matters of real estate, stock, &c., she had become a perfect alchemist, turning all to gold.

The neighbors all looked on and wondered, but none dared remonstrate with her. She was often seen to visit the office of Squire _____, and it was rumored that she was making the final arrangement for the bestowal of her property after her decease. The affair of the muffs was not forgotten, and it was current with the good villagers that Fred would have to pay dearly for the joke.

One morning the village was all a-rip.—During the night the spirit of the respectable lady had taken its flight. She was found dead in her chair, and had died, she lived, alone. She had starved to death, during the night, nor had she suffered previous illness. Curiosity, of course was intense on the subject of her will, and it was produced as soon as decency permitted would have furnished a rare subject for the pencil of an artist. The reading of the will proceeded, until it was finished except a single edict. Each of her relatives, except her nephew, had been remembered—some to a greater extent than others, but none considerable.

At all events, not one-third of her fortune had been dispensed, and as the codicil only remained, all eyes were turned to Frederick Strong as the lucky one after all. But what was their surprise, when they found that it only made him the recipient of her old gable muffs and contents. The word "contents" again excited their curiosity, and to satisfy them, the article was produced and found to contain a simple paper sewed on to the lining. When detached and opened, in the bold hand writing of Aunt Sally were found these words:

"DEAR NEPHEW.—You will doubtless appreciate this, the last joke I shall ever be guilty of, as I appreciated yours on a certain time you remember. God bless you and yours.—Farewell."

Frederick declared he was satisfied. The old lady had fairly retorted upon him, and he certainly deserved nothing better at her hands.

But what had become of Aunt Sally's muffs?—that was the mystery, and it became more and more a "nine days' wonder" to the worthy villagers who discussed it on every occasion.

She was known to have a large sum of money at various banks, but all this the anxious relatives ascertained was drawn out a few days before her death. Squire _____ was consulted, who had drafted the will, but he stoutly maintained that he would cover the whole of her property, and he would have nothing further to do with it.

One evening, about six months after the old lady's death, while Frederick was conversing with his wife, the subject of the muffs was introduced.

"That was a costly joke of yours, dear Fred," said his wife gaily.

"But I got the muffs at all events, Lucy, and what is better, no one has come forward to claim the three thousand dollars which she loaned me. I feel confident she intended to present it to me and therefore destroyed my note."

"Let us have a look at the old relic, Fred, if the muffs have not eaten it wholly up. I will return with it in a moment."

The muffs were produced, and, as Lucy predicted, the lining was woefully much eaten. "My dear wife, you must look to this, for I prize it dearly on good Aunt Sally's account. I think you had better rip out the lining, and renovate the whole with camphor."

husband, springing from his chair and catching her hand as she was about to throw a bunch into the grate. "Why, it is bank notes, or I am dreaming."

The mystery of the word "contents" was now explained. Note after note was drawn out, until more than thirty thousand dollars lay on the table before them. A letter was also found from the aunt, which stated that she always intended him for her heir. His own note came to light, from which his name had been torn off. This new revelation of course created an immense excitement among the villagers. But Frederick and his wife kept on the even tenor of their wealth, simply but for themselves. One evening in each year, they open their splendid mansion to all. It is a famous affair for the villagers, and is known as the anniversary of "Aunt Sally's Muffs."

FLORIDA IN MIDWINTER.

We copy the following pleasant sketch from the New York Courier and Enquirer. It is taken from a private letter written by a gentleman, who is at present sojourning near Tallahassee, Florida. He says:

"I was much interested in the negro celebration of Christmas. The town was filled with these children of Ham—some mounted high in carts, some on mules, and others on foot—magnificent amities with towering turbans, young dandies decked in every variety of finery, and little black nips in neat white aprons—all with pockets well supplied with cash, which in every way they were fast ridding themselves of. The masters are exceedingly liberal in the bestowal of Christmas gifts. One gentleman distributed \$1,200 among his servants, another \$1,000, and so on. About two thousand of the negroes made a trip on the cars down to St. Mark's, twenty-three miles distant, to be absent a week. The locomotive bell and whistle, and the rattle of the cars, were all drowned in the din of negro mirth and laughter.

We were invited the other day down to Governor O's plantation to spend a few days in hunting ducks. The invitation was eagerly accepted, and with dogs, guns, and all the appointments necessary we soon set out. The ride was full of interest and novelty. Our way was over a bill, sandy road, between hedges of the wild rose, the leaves yet green, and here and there the swelling buds bursting forth into tiny flowers of rare beauty. The water oaks and the myrtle, the magnolias and the ferns, gave an appearance of perpetual spring to the scenery. In the low bottom were groves of grand old oaks, stripped of their leaves, yet with their limbs draped with festoons of silvery moss, waving gently with every motion of the air.

Extensive cotton plantations were on either side, with negroes picking the last batch, their black heads seen just above the surrounding white—a curious mingling of the old and the new. At a distance were seen the quarters—quite a collection of neat white houses. As we approached, we observed in many cases, that they were well adapted for comfort, and were fitted up with considerable taste. And here, I may say, that in no slave State is the black laborer more comfortably situated than in this particular region. My own belief is that the plantation slaves of the South are the happiest class of laborers the sunshines upon; but, nowhere have I seen better fed, better clothed, or better housed negroes, than in this immediate vicinity.

After a ten miles' ride we reached Lake Jackson, and never shall I forget the view its shores afforded us. Stretching away fifteen miles, hemmed in by irregular shores, mingled with numberless islands, it presented a strange beautiful aspect. I pulled up my horse just as his feet touched the little waves, and gazed for a full half hour. Within a stone's throw were a countless number of ducks of every variety, from the huge branch to the tufted cotton-back. The woods resounded with the impatient cluck of wild turkeys, while overhead, the arched sky gave back the incessant cry of ten thousand geese. Upon the sand bars, we could distinguish the outlines of huge alligators, calmly biding their time, until some well fed pig might stray that way.

A mile across the little bay was the large and beautiful residence of the ex-Governor. It was situated upon a high bluff, which at once overlooked the lake and two thousand acres of the best cotton lands on the broad earth.

While we yet gazed, the sun went down, and the sky and lake reflected back its glories in soft and brilliant tints of every hue. Burlington, renowned for its sunsets, never witnessed such a scene. We forded the bay, and by dark found ourselves at the door of the house, surrounded by a whining pack of hounds that seemed to have awaited our coming.

After supper, I entered into conversation with the ex-Governor, and never have I listened to a man with greater pleasure. He is a fine representative of the old Whig party. His language was terse, pithy, and most expressive and witty or eloquent, he was full of sterling sense. He denounced the Democratic party in severest terms—characterizing the Southern democracy as the most arrogant, domineering, intolerant party that ever cursed any country in any age—ready at any time to mingle in one common ruin both country and Constitution, if their insane purposes could not be effected; vacillating hither and thither, restless as the waves, without principle; or any rule of truth or justice for guidance, and recklessly holding on their way, threatening destruction to both friend or foe that should attempt to reason with or oppose them. This impressed me all the more, when I observed on the walls of the room two large portraits of General Jackson and wife, taken expressly for the Governor while living with the General at the Hermitage."

The Germantown Telegraph nominates Commodore Paulding for President in 1860.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

We heard, the other day, a story related by an old sailor, Captain Jacob Jones, which made a great impression on us, and which we wish we could repeat with the unctious and nautical phraseology of the worthy narrator.

It occurred during the last war. The captain who was a native of Plymouth, was running on the coast on a schooner loaded with flour.—He had nearly reached his destination, when he was overhauled by an enemy's frigate, who ordered him precipitantly to heave a line aboard. There was no resisting the command, for the schooner was without arms, and the tender full of marines, and sailors armed to the teeth with pistols, muskets, and cutlasses. The captain had a light but fair breeze aloft, his sails drew, and he was driving near a reef, the entrance to which he was perfectly familiar with, and once inside which he was sure of making port, undisturbed by the tender.

With this view, he ordered one of his men forward with the line, and in a clear, stentorian voice, perfectly audible on board the tender, sang out—"Leave your line aboard!" then he added, sotto voce, so as to be heard only by his men, "Heave it short!"

The Yankee sailor caught the hint, and "heave" according to directions. The end of the line fell splashing in the water.

High above the execrations of the English officer, commanding the tender, rose the roar of the indignant Yankee skipper—"Is that the way to heave a line, you litherly son of a land grab! Heave the line ship-shape, you lubber, or I'll cut your liver out! Heave it short."

Again the line fell short, and the English officer and Yankee captain eyed each other in showing indignation and ineffectual on the head of the blundering "land-lubber." Meanwhile the breeze was freshening, and the schooner drawing nearer to the reef.

Again and again the order to heave was given, with the same untoward result, and the same result. The Englishman began to smell a rat, and just as the Yankee skipper threw himself flat on his deck; and made his men follow his example, the report of a dozen muskets was heard, and a shower of bullets came whizzing through the rigging.

"Let them fire and be damned!" said the Yankee—"I'll show them a clean pair of heels."

And taking his tiller between his heels, as he lay upon the deck, he ran the schooner cleverly inside the reef. They were soon out of gun shot from the buffed tender. Up went the stars and stripes, with a hearty cheer from the mariners, and a one-eyed sea-dog pulled out a life, and gave them Yankee Doodle, in strains as melodious as the triumphant notes of porker that has escaped from the butcher's knife.—Capt. Jones, saved his bacon and his flour, too.

A GOOD HIT FOR YOUTH.

An old chap in Connecticut, who was one of the most sagaciously men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively, and, as is generally the case in that state, boarded all of his own hands.

And to show how he envied the men what they eat, he would have a bowl of bean soup dished up for himself to cool, while that for the hands was served up in a large pan, just from the boiling pot. This old fellow had an apprentice who was rather unlucky among the hot irons frequently burning his fingers. The old man scolded him severely one day for being so careless.

How can I tell, said the boy, if they are hot unless they are red?

"Never touch anything again till you spit on it, if it don't hiss it won't burn."

In a day or two the man sent the boy in to see if his sons was cool. The boy went in—spit in the bowl of course—the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boss all was right.

Dinner' cried he.

All hands ran, down sat the old man at the head of the table; and in went a large spoonful of the boiling hot soup in his mouth.

Good heavens' cried the old man, in the greatest rage. "What did you tell me that lie for you young rascal!"

I did not lie, said the boy very innocently. "You told me I should spit on anything to try if it was hot; I spit in your bowl, and the soup did not hiss, so I supposed it was cool."

Judge of the effect on the jokers. That boy never was in want of friends among the journey-men.

"KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT."—Never allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was by our Creator designed to be carried on. "God breathe into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. It is said that the habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth is the origin of almost all the diseases of the throat and lungs.

A few days since, a rough, country looking fellow entered one of the New York Banks, and marching up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am, I want you to take a fair look at me." Without a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer appeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk, threw down a draft payable three days after sight.—"Now," said he, "you've seen me three times, I want the money for it!"

Cincinnati has a population of 241,000 inhabitants, an increase in ten years of over 87,000.