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BY DAVID OVER.

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THE INQUIRER

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ROSS FORWARD, O. H. GAITHER.
Forward & Gaither,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bedford, Pa.

ROSS FORWARD, of Somerset, and O. H. GAITHER, have opened a law office in Bedford, Pa. O. H. GAITHER, having located permanently in Bedford, will be assisted during every Court by the former. All business entrusted to them will be promptly and carefully attended to. Office on Juliana street, two doors south of the Inquirer office.
Dec. 31, 1858.

R. D. BARCLAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.

WILL attend promptly and faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office on Juliana Street, in the building formerly occupied by S. M. Barclay, Esq., dec'd.
March 26, 1858.

W. C. LOGAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

WILL attend promptly and faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office on Juliana Street, in the building formerly occupied by S. M. Barclay, Esq., dec'd.
September 3, 1858.

JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG.
LAW PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned have associated themselves in the practice of the law, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of Mengel office and opposite the residence of M. J. Tate.
MANN & SPANG
June 1, 1859, 17.

D. S. RIDDLE,
Formerly of Bedford, Pa.
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
74 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

All business promptly attended to.
Dec. 3, 1858.

J. W. LINGENFELTER,
Attorney at Law and Land Surveyor

WILL attend with promptness to all business entrusted to his care.
Will practice in Bedford and Fulton Counties.
Office one door West of the Union Hotel.
Dec. 24, 1858.

W. J. MULLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN

AND
EDENIST,
SCHELLSBURG, PENNA.

OFFERS his services to the Public in the practice of Medicine. Will attend promptly to all cases entrusted to his care.
He will also perform all operations on the teeth in a neat and scientific manner.
Teeth plugged and inserted from a single tooth to an Entire Set.
Mounted on gold or silver plate, on the latest and most approved principles.
TERMS moderate, and all operations warranted.
April 8, 1859.—17.

DR. J. S. ESHLEMAN,
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Pattonville and vicinity.
Night calls promptly attended to.
Pattonville, March 18, 1859.—2

DR. B. F. HARRY
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoffus.
Nov. 6, 1857.

Dr. F. C. Reamer,
Physician and Surgeon.

Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. He may always be found (unless professionally engaged) at his Drug and Book Store, in Juliana St.
Feb. 19, 1857.

A. CARD.
THE undersigned has associated himself in the practice of medicine in the village of St. Clairsville, night calls promptly attended to.
Office opposite the St. Clair Inn.

W. M. A. VICKROY, G. W. STATLER.
Feb. 11, 1859.—6 mo.

Poetry.



LINES.

Will you ever weep, Annie,
When I have passed away,
When cold in death I sleep, Annie,
Through many a weary day?

Will you place a wreath, Annie,
Upon my lonely mound
At evening's holy hour, Annie,
When shadows hover round?

Will you often come, Annie,
To view my lowly bed?
Will you plant a flower, Annie,
To blossom o'er my head?

Oh, kneel beside my grave, Annie,
And say—here rests my all!
And let one pearly tear, Annie,
Upon my bosom fall.

MY FIRST LOVE.

That I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I departed myself like a person in love; I talked like a person in love; looked like a person in love, and felt like a person in love. The affection that had taken possession of my youthful heart was not every day one; I was also sure of that. There weren't words enough in the English language to describe the leigh, depth, length and breadth of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; a fixed principle throughout eternity; a planet of surpassing beauty in the broad heavens of home affections. My love was retraced—the strong yearnings of my nineteen year old heart went out in the direction of the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, and in return, sent the yearnings of her heart out to meet mine. Twice a week, as the week came around, I went up to the old brown home of Dr. Stoddard, to tell his daughter my love, and as regularly listened to a recital of its return from the red lips of my charming Janet. The good doctor made merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding us of our youth. Janet was tortured by sly references to her playhouse in the shed, her long-sleeved pinafores and pantlettes of six months before; while I was offered, while the doctor's wife wore a face of immutable sobriety, on old coat of the doctor for my mother to make into a dressing gown for me.

We were, nevertheless, determined to be married. We would steal slyly away from the house while our cruel friends reposed in the arms of Morpheus; his us, on the wings of love, to the nearest city; Janet would become in a moment's time, Mrs. Jason Brown, and I Mrs. Jason Brown's husband.
At once we set about making preparations for this important journey. Everything, of course, must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's grey nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness her, and to proceed to Janet. Janet was to be waiting for me at her chamber window. I was to place a ladder at the same window, she was to descend that ladder, we were to fly down the old lane, to the spot where the horse was fastened, and then the wind should not outrun us.
There was but one difficulty in the way.—Janet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, a little, mischievous, wicked creature of eleven summers, who, to use Janet's words, 'was awake at all hours of the night.' There was but one way for us, if Fanny was aroused, she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I placed in Janet's hand a round, shining silver dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny her confidant the very afternoon before we started, and in that case prevent all possibility of her raising the house by a sudden outcry.

Well, the long looked for, hoped for, and yet dreaded night arrived at last. How its leaden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange heartfull of emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber window looking out, as I thought, for the last time, upon the home of my father. The moon was out in all her splendor; she was kind to me, lighting up, with her silver touches, all the spots my eyes might wish to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze; the fields in which I had worked by my father's side since I was a little boy—ah! a dear kind father he has been! (At this juncture my throat began to swell.) I turned away from the window. If I could but see my mother once more, I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes with my coat sleeve. 'No one ever had a better mother than I have.'

I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand had blessed with her touch. There was a spinning wheel in the room where I had slept; at the end of the spindle hung a woollen roll; with my knife I half cut and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to my lips, and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket. I had not time to do more; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly

ly that my appointed time had arrived, and with a slow, sad, yet noiseless step I left the house. Once out in the open air, my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I consoled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again, a strong, healthy, wealthy, and influential man, an honor to my parents, a blessing to my friends, and the husband of Janet.

I have often wondered since, how I succeeded in getting away from home with my horse and cart without arousing any one. But as good luck would have it, I made a triumphant exit from the old place, and in a few moments was jogging fearlessly along towards the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little sprite Fanny; if after all she should betray us, what a dreadful, direful, desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be in! I groaned aloud at the thought, yet I put a brave face on the matter; I said that it was right we should go, if it wasn't right, in all probability we should stay at home; yet right or not right, if that miserable little Fanny did betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong—that was certain. Was I in earnest? did I mean it? But we shall see.

How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet, as, after fastening my horse by the roadside, I walked cautiously up the long lane that led to the doctor's house. Oh, joy! joy! joy! The waving of a white handkerchief in the moonlight told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet to my breast, mine forever! Ah, how happy I was, so happy, indeed, that I stood there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my overloaded heart would burst away from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut then! What an Apollo I must have looked with my fine proportions wrapped up in my wedding suit. I was stender, I was tall, I was gaunt, I am sure I was ugly-looking at that moment.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broadcloth swallow tailed coat, that had belonged to my grandfather in the time of the wars, and I, in the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly up to my armpits. The sleeves reached down to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had allowed myself to slip on during my occupation.

Above this uncouth pile of broadcloth was perched a hat. Oh, ye stars and moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat—a hat and not a stove pipe, a hat and not a boot leg. That hat—looking back as through the mist of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the stature of two full feet, while its brim appears a little wider than my thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite as perfect now as it used to be, and so I may not see quite rightly. Make due allowance, dear reader.

I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. Be that as it may, I thought I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut, was an honor to the name of Brown, and was proud of it—pride as I stalked up to Janet's window, and placed carefully there the ladder that was to bear her to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fate was surely with us; Fanny had been bribed into service.—As I stood there, I could see her light, little, little figure noiselessly to and fro by the window, and how I blessed her, from the very bottom of my heart, for the kindness.

At last Janet commenced descending the ladder, and as she did so, the moon crowded out of sight under a huge black cloud. The very heavens favored us, our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma, beside my own. The steps were taken, and she held for a moment fondly by the sleeves of my blue broadcloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands, to catch a small bundle of clothing that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means of carrying with us.

'Be quiet, Fanny,' whispered Janet as her sister appeared at the window and poised the bundle over our heads. 'Be quiet, Fanny, for heaven's sake, and drop it quickly.'

But Fanny still stood there, swinging backward the bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty.

'Do, do throw it, Fanny, dear. Do have some mercy on me. What if father should be awakened—'

'Oh, give it to her, Fanny, don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry,' called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds of the parlor windows, which belonged to none other than Dr. Stoddard, 'give her the things, and tell the boys to carry out a bag of corn, a cheese, some wheat, and some butter to the cart. Jane must have a setting out. Only be still about it, Fanny.'

For a moment we were petrified upon the spot, and I thought I should fall to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, die, evaporate or go mad? While we stood undecided, two huge mattresses fell at our feet from the window, followed at once by sheets, pillow cases, quilts, table cloths, and sundry other articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable housekeeping establishment.

'Mother, mother, don't one of these new feather beds belong to Janet?' called Charley Stoddard, from another part of the house.
'Yes, yes, and a bolster, and a pair of nice pillows, too. Carry 'em right to the front door,' was the answer.
'Whose horse have you, Jason?' asked the doctor, pushing up the blind. 'Your father's?'

'Y-e-e-s, sir, I stammered.
'Humph! didn't you know better than that? That old gray isn't worth a button to go—'

Why didn't you come up to my barn and get me black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and harness black Molly for Jason. If you will believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be quick, Sam—work lively—they're in a hurry—it's time they were off.'

'Have you anything with you Janet, to eat on the road?' put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out of the window.
'No, ma'am,' faltered Janet, moving a step or so from me.

'Well that's a good forethought! And as I live, there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house, either! Can you make some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we have.'

'Yes ma'am,' I said meekly stepping, easily as I could a little further from Janet.
'Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat!' called Fanny, from the window, her merry voice, trembling with suppression and laughter.—Isn't that coat a splendid one, father? just look at the length of its tails!

'Just give me my glasses, wife,' said the doctor.
'Is it a new one, Jason?'

'Yes, sir, rather new,' I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the lane.
'Well drawled the doctor, eyeing me slyly, 'that coat is handsome!'

'And his hat, father?' called the wicked Fanny.
'De-clare!' exclaimed the doctor. 'Wife, wife, just look here, and see Jason's coat and hat!'

'What should I do—stand there till morning before that incessant fire of words? should I run? should I speak slowly, as Janet was dying?—What, oh what, should I do?'

'Don't they look nice, mother?' asked the doctor, putting one broad brown hand over his mouth, and doubling his gray head almost down to his knees. 'He-haw, he-haw, hi-he-haw!—mother—he-haw—don't they look nice,' roared the doctor.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The doctor's laughter was a signal; it was echoed from all parts of the house. Fanny cracked it from the chamber window; Sam shouted from the barn; Mrs. Stoddard ho-ho-ho'd from the kitchen; while Charley threw himself down in the doorway and screamed like a wild Indian. I turned and hid; I gave a leap across the garden. Fanny, however, called after me, but I didn't remain silent. One told me to come back for the bread and cheese; another that I had forgotten my bundle and bridle; another bade me wait for black Molly and the new buggy; Fanny bade me hold my coat tails, or I should get them dragged. I didn't heed any of these requests, I went directly for home. I reached home, feeling sheepish as a weak word for it—I can't express to you how I felt. I had a better idea of hanging myself; I thought I had better be dead than alive, that I had made an idiot of myself. It was all plain, Fanny had betrayed us. I vowed vengeance upon her until broad daylight, then sneaked out to the barn and hid myself in the hay stack. I stayed there until Charley Stoddard brought home my father's horse.

The old gentleman was frightened; wanted to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me, and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't promise him not to repeat the offence; there was no need of it; but I am sure of this, I did not look at a girl for seven years. When the eighth year came around, I remembered my old vow against Fanny Stoddard.—Well, to make a long story short, I married Fanny. Janet became a person's wife.

And here let me tell you in confidence, reader, that I really think little Fanny Stoddard had a very deep motive in her head when she betrayed Janet and me, though she was but a child. She liked me even then I believe.—Well at any rate she declares every time the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge upon her. Bless her faithful heart, it has indeed been a sweet one!

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let the chilling influence freeze up the fountain of sympathy and happiness from its depths; no cold but then settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontentuous noon and shrike through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you amid trials which for a time seem entirely to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Fanny may take the place of ease and plenty, your luxurious home may be changed for a single, lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unspitting world pass you with scarcely a word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and base avarice, which would extort the last farthing, till you will sigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to the earth, and leave you in fearful darkness.
The noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken suddenly from you while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity which even the shadow of the tomb can not wholly subdue.
But amidst all these sad trials and sorrows do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of 'better days' in the unknown future.
Do not lose your faith in human excellence

because your confidence has been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations and baffled in your pursuit. Do not declare that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your looks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary, when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

Religious Intelligence.

SCHEME TO CARRY OFF THE POPE.—The Nord, a journal generally extremely well informed, contains the following significant telegram:

'The greater part of the army of occupation of Rome has been recalled; only 2,000 men will remain in the Holy City. The meaning of this withdrawal of the French garrison, at the present juncture, may be explained by a reference to the history of the First Napoleon's Italian campaigns, and the policy of the pope, as laid down in the pamphlets that have recently appeared in France.'

In these pamphlets the cessation of the temporal power of the Pope is urged as an essential condition of the 'regeneration of Italy'—its annexation to France. But how accomplish such a coup without arousing a fanatical opposition on the part of the strict Catholics—a powerful element throughout Italy and France?

Very simply, by a revolution in Rome, which will surely follow upon the departure of the French troops, and the capture of the Holy Father by the remaining two thousand, under the convenient and plausible pretext of protecting him against the violence of an infuriated mob.

The Holy Father, thus saved a second time, would be respectfully but speedily removed to Civita Vecchia, under escort of his 2,000; thence to go on board ship to Toulon or Marseilles, and thence to Paris, and at every station he no doubt, will be received with great honor and enthusiasm.

Such is the most probable meaning of the short telegram of Le Nord; the withdrawal of the garrison will be difficult to explain, in any other way, for the troops are not needed, just now, for the occupation of Sardinia, and if they were Rome is a point of high strategical importance, which cannot be abandoned—and abandoned it will not be, for the Revolution having served the above purpose, the troops would hasten back to re-establish law and order there. It is very likely, though, the Pope will see through the scheme, and be fortunate enough to make a timely escape from his protectors.

Have I Come to This?

How painful must be the reflection of a young man, who has enjoyed the privileges of society, moral instruction and faithful advice, falling into the path of abomination, and at last to find himself arrested in his wicked career by the arm of justice, and about to receive the penalty of the law for his crimes, while comparing the past advantages with the present circumstances. Indeed, he may well say, 'Have I come to this?'

This is not an imaginary case. It so happened that the writer of this was present when several convicts arrived at one of our State Penitentiaries. Among the number was a young man, about the age of twenty-four years, of good appearance and well dressed.

On going into the prison he involuntarily exclaimed—'Have I come to this?'

Alas! too late to avoid the punishment justly due him for his crimes. What instruction such a scene and such language are calculated to afford youth. It should teach them to obey the first commandment with a promise to avoid vain company; and in a word, to remember the Creator in the days of their youth.—And to a parent who possesses a deep interest in the welfare of a son just entering upon the scenes of active life, who knows the evil propensities of the heart, and the expostness of youth to the snares of the world, a scene like this must occasion a degree of anxious solicitude, lest on some future day he should have occasion to hear from that son the melancholy reflection, 'Have I come to this?'

LIFE AFTER BURIAL.—A singular occurrence, says the Albany Knickerbocker of the 27th, was discovered in a vault attached to one of our burial grounds on Sunday last. It was that of a female, who was deposited therein for dead some two months since, being found, on opening the coffin, to be lying on her side, with one hand under her head. From this it was evident that the woman was alive when placed there, and awakening from the trance into which she had fallen, endeavored to extricate herself from her entombment. This, of course, was an impossibility, the cover was not only screwed down tightly, but the space was too contracted to allow of even an effort. It was evident, however, that the unfortunate woman became convinced of the fact and concluded to die. She therefore took the easy posture in which she was found and breathed her last. The thought that they had buried her while yet alive, set her friends almost crazed. The father and mother had just arrived from the old country last week, and were brought to the vault to see their child. The scene is related as heart reading.

Walk Softly.

The tiniest pebble thrown seaward from the beach, causes a wavelet, whose influence is felt for unnumbered leagues out upon old ocean's bosom. The softest whisper excites vibrations in the atmosphere around us, which cease not this side the boundless ether; so that the set or thought of an immortal man, however insignificant, may color a lifetime, may leave influences which shall not cease, until time shall be no longer; influences for good or ill, to millions of immortals like himself, for unbounded ages.—These being so, it would seem that every act should be a felt responsibility, and every thought a prayer. Let us walk softly then, or at least with a motive and a wish for good.

A crust of bread thrown thoughtlessly by a fellow student, made Prescott, in a measure, sightless, for near half a century. An ill-timed jest has severed many a warm friendship, and planted bitterness for a lifetime, where ought to have swelled up the warmest, and purest, and loveliest springs of our nature. Many a time and oft, has a frown, a harsh word, and unfeeling or contemptuous gesture, crushed resolves forever, which were budding to a new and changed and better life. Reader, let us all walk softly then by day and night, at home and abroad, inasmuch as for every step in life, we must give account at the judgment.—Hall's Journal of Health.

EROLITES FOUND.—On the 28th of March, fierce shower of erolites occurred in Harrison county, Ind. One poor night, when the stones came whistling through the air, in great terror fell flat with his face upon the ground, doubtless expecting his final end approaching. Two other gentlemen were out in the woods, and were started at the sound of the stones falling through the trees. Numerous other stories were rife in the neighborhood. There seemed to be such a superstitious dread attached to the occurrence that no attempt was made until recently to recover the stones. It is now said, however, that three have been found. At the house of Mr. John Lamb several fell in the yard. A little boy saw one of them fall, and dug it out of the ground, where its projectile force had buried it. It was three inches in length, of an oblong shape. Another, found elsewhere, weighed one pound and three ounces avoirdupois, but as all were buried deep in the ground only a few have been collected.

An Unequal Contest.

Unless some first-class power comes to the aid of Austria in the contest which seems to be impending between her and France, the war, at least in Italy, will be of very short duration. The armies of France, assisted by the twenty-five millions of the Italian people, who all hate Austrian dominion, will soon compel her to abandon the Italian Peninsula and retreat into Germany. Austria, single-handed, has never been a match for France but has usually been badly beaten. The latter country was never better prepared for war than at present; never was more formidable as a military nation. It is as much as the Austrians can do to maintain their dominion in Italy against the Italians, and the idea of the English press that they will be able to do it for any length of time with France to assist the insurgents is preposterous.

PADDY ON AFRICA.—At negro celebration lately, an Irishman stood listening to a colored speaker, expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a 'period' from the highest and most poetical heights, the Irishman said:

'Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; didn't he now?'

Somebody said, 'He isn't a negro; he is only a half negro.'

Only a half negro, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bote the prophet Jeremiah.

What are you doing with that lumber? cried a steamboat Captain to an Irishman, who staggering towards the boat beneath the weight of a huge plank, just as the bell was ringing for the last time. 'What am I doing? sure wasn't it myself as said ye's as going, get a board, and isn't this an elegant one entirely?' said the Irishman, triumphantly amid the laughter of the spectators. The captain gave him board and passage that trip.

THE MEANEST YET.—A charitable individual in the neighborhood of Williamsville, Conn., proposed to raise a subscription for a poor hard working man, who recently lost a valuable cow. Every one applauded the object and its originator—money was raised—the poor man expected to be made happy, when his benevolent friend produced an old bill against him to just the amount raised, and retained the cash!

ALL THROUGH.—Mr. Jones, having spent an evening over the bowl, went home a little, 'how come you so?' He was fortunate enough to find his better half asleep. He went to bed and after a few moments cogitation, he thought it would be policy to turn over, lest his breath should betray him, when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and very coolly said: 'Jones, you needn't turn over you're drunk clear through.'

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—You know madam, that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow ear.
Oh sir, please fan me. I have imitations of the woman. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again, clothe it in finer phraseology! You should have said: It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex genus hog.

There is healing in a smile, and laughing is medicine to the mind.