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AGRICULTURAL.



From the American Agriculturist.

CURRENT BUSHES.

Now is the time to cut current slips for planting. Many cultivators recommend cutting off all buds below the part inserted in the ground, which prevents sprouts coming up from below, and thus making a miniature tree of it, instead of a bush—which is its natural habit. The current we have found to be liable to the deprecations of a small grub, or worm, which breeds from the deposit of an egg near the root, where it works upward into the pith, or heart of the wood, for a foot or two, and then emerges out—probably then taking the moth, or winged formation, and leaving the wood altogether. At the point or escape the wood is cut partially off, and usually breaks, when in the tree, or single stem form, and, of course, destroys the plant. Aside from this, the weight of the head compels the staking of the plant, and a close pruning, to answer any good purpose in bearing fruit. On the contrary, planting the slip with buds below the ground, although suckers will grow up, if properly pruned and attended to, the fruit is equally good, and the shrub grows large, and last many years. We decidedly prefer the natural way of growing it.

In planting currants, we object to the common way of staking them thickly under fences, walls, and such like, and prefer to grow them out in open ground, quite six feet apart, and giving them full and free cultivation, which induces a full crop of well grown, well ripened, and excellent fruit; while on the fence method, the fruit is small, liable to be choked by weeds, grass, and other foul stuff, and furnishing a harbor to all sorts of garden vermin.

As to the varieties, although the nurserymen advertise, and praise a number of new sorts, the old Red and White Dutch are altogether the best for household purposes, and by far the best bearers that we have tried. With good cultivation they grow large, with full, succulent, and perfect berries. Everybody who has a garden ought to have a few currant bushes. They are good, when green, for tarts, and pies, and when fully ripe, well sugared, are a delicious appendage to the tea-table—a healthful and nutritious, besides making a capital jelly. The black English currant is excellent for jelly, which is a most grateful drink, diluted in water, for febrile diseases.

HOUSE RAMSH.—Most people appear to think that a thing which will grow anywhere, with neglect, or by accident, is not worth cultivation, though ever so useful, or be they ever so fond of it. Thus it is that the horse-radish—through one of the most highly prized Spring condiments—receives little or no attention, and is usually found in most gardens to be seen in the vicinity of a sink-spout, at the end of a drain, under the fence, in a shady, worthless corner of the garden, or other neglected places, out of sight and mind—only when it is wanted in early Spring for the table. Then a few meagre, stringy, forlorn, little, pithy, or hollow roots are dug up, the tops cut off and thrown away, and the plants "cut worth digging" are left in the ground, neglected and unthought of, until another Spring revives the appetite for the repeated digging of the esculent. Such is the usual cultivation which the abused horse-radish gets at the hands of its benefactors!

Now, horse-radish is as much better for good culture as any other plant; and it is no little trouble that we will narrate our own method of treating it for many years past, by which we know that the article is improved, at least a hundred per cent in value and flavor. We plant in a row, or rows, as we would currant bushes, taking a place in the garden, where we do not wish to plow or dig across it, and where it can stand permanently. We then strike out a place, not under a fence, unless it be on the easterly or southerly side of it; nor under the shade of trees—but right out in the warm, open, exposed part of the garden, where the sun, rain and air can hit it freely, as if there was a beet or onion bed. Staked out, we then throw on top, a heavy coat of strong, fat, barn-yard dung, spread even over it. We then plow or spade it in, deep as we can, and pulverize the ground thoroughly. Then, with a crow-bar, or iron-headed puncher (dibble)—which every gardener should have about him—we sink a line of holes in the ground, a foot or eighteen inches deep. When that is done we fill them up with the finest of the soil, well mixed up with manure, to within six inches of the surface. Then we take the green tops of the plant, with about an inch of the root attached—if the tops be large, they may be split with a knife into three or four parts, or if whole, no matter how small—and drop them into the hole, one root in each—top up, of course—and cover them in with the soil. The bed is thus complete, and ready for growing. Keep them clean by the hoe, like any other crop. The next Spring you can dig from the thirteenth, and best grown plants, all you want for family use, still putting back the top, as when first planted, if you take it all up. If you leave a root or two in the place from which you take it, that will furnish increasing roots for the next year.

If you grow for market, let them stand till two years old, as they will be larger, and then you can dig and plant at pleasure.—*lb.*

A WORD FOR THE GRAPE VINE.—If our readers followed the advice given in the *Agriculturist*, last Fall, they laid their grape vines on the ground, at the approach of Winter, and covered them with a little coarse litter or a few cedar boughs. And having done so, they will

now have the satisfaction to find their vines unharmed by frost, and in full vigor and health, ready for their Spring work. But just here, let us give another word of counsel. *Don't take up your vines too soon!* By lying on the ground, especially if under the shelter of a high and tight fence, the buds will begin to start much earlier than if tied up to the trellis, and exposed to cold winds and freezing nights. If raised from the ground too soon, these tender buds will be in danger of blasting. Our advice is, therefore, that you gradually remove their Winter protection early in this month, but keep the vines on the ground until cold weather has actually passed away. Then lift the canes carefully, taking pains not to break off any of the tender buds, and tie them securely to the bars or wires of the trellis. In this way—as we know from experience—you will be quite sure of an abundant and early crop of grapes.—*lb.*

From the New York Tribune.

THOMAS HART BENTON.

In the death of Mr. Benton, the country loses one of its marked public characters. He was a man of great force, but that force was of a personal rather than of an intellectual nature. An intense individuality characterized all that he said and did. His frame was large, his health robust, his nature lurid. He was truculent, energetic, intrepid, willful and indomitable. He always wore a resolute and determined air, and simply viewed as an animal, possessed a very commanding aspect. He strode into public life with these qualities all prominent and bristling. Whenever he shone, he shone in the exhibition of them. His intellectual powers always appeared as subsidiary; they never took the lead, never appeared to be the propelling force in any of the marked epochs of his life. The leading points of his career were his land reform measure, his opposition to the old United States Bank, his expunging resolution, his war on Mr. Calhoun after his disappointment in the succession to the Presidency, and his hostility to the Compromise measures of 1850. In all these contests, at least in all but that for the reform of the land system, he bore himself as a fighting man. He carried this so far as to allude, in one of his later Senatorial exhibitions, to a pair of pistols which he said had never been used but a funeral had followed.

Mr. Benton had been ten years in the Senate before he was known to the country as a prominent debater. The discussion on the United States Bank question brought him out fully, and was of a character to exhibit his powers to the greatest possible advantage. It was a question that touched the feelings and the private interests of individuals deeply, and roused the intensest ardor of all partisan politicians. The debates were heated and fiercely personal. A hand-to-hand political encounter overspread the country. This contest suited Benton exactly. He loved the turmoil and the war, and he rose with each successive exigency until he became, *par excellence*, the champion of Gen. Jackson's Administration, in its contest with the Bank. On one occasion, in 1830-31, he made a speech of four days. At the close of the fourth day, Mr. Calhoun sarcastically remarked that Mr. Benton had taken one day longer in his assault on the Bank than it had taken to accomplish the revolution in France.

The intellectual strength of Mr. Benton's efforts never impressed his great adversaries, Clay, Calhoun and Webster. They never regarded him as belonging to their class, intellectually. Yet they always appreciated and dreaded his great personal force. In no case did this peculiar Bentonian ability manifest itself more clearly or more offensively than in the passage of the expunging resolution. Gen. Jackson had been censured by the Senate, in a resolution drawn by Mr. Clay, for acting "in derogation of the Constitution." Mr. Benton set about to remove the censure by expunging it from the records. He has told how he accomplished this in his "Thirty Years' View." The story is fairly told and illustrates the man perfectly. The whole transaction bears the marks of a haughty, domineering and repulsive spirit. The reader, as he peruses Mr. Benton's account of it, feels the triumph to be of a coarse and vulgar character, the work of ill-temper and passion, with not a single flash of intellectual or moral elevation in the whole proceeding.

In his whole political career, Mr. Benton often showed himself a fierce and malignant, and never, we think, a generous adversary. It is said that, on his death-bed, he has done full justice to Mr. Clay, in finishing his abridgment of the debates of 1850, and it is pleasant to hear it. We do not doubt that his temper was mollified in his later years, as he found himself rapidly approaching the termination of his life. In that debate, he came directly in collision with Mr. Clay, and was the only man, indeed, who offered, or was able to offer, anything like real, practical resistance to the impetuous and overbearing march of that great parliamentary leader. In the great debate of 1850, in the

Senate, Mr. Clay crushed at will all effective opposition but that of Mr. Benton. On that occasion, Mr. Benton did not, however, furnish the brains of the debate any more than on previous occasions. Mr. Seward, and others of the opposition, had done that much more strikingly. Both in parliamentary tactics, in the exhibition of personal intrepidity, and in individuality and manner—which in every legislative contest are important elements—Mr. Benton rose superior to every ally. His temper was roused, and he hurled wrath and defiance at his enemies. On a question of parliamentary law, he came in immediate conflict with Mr. Clay, who had the majority of the Senate with him and was determined to carry his point. Mr. Benton met him with equal resolution, and with a bull dog ferocity that caused his antagonist to recede and yield the point from considerations of expediency. Mr. Benton was allowed his way, after hours of violent struggle and a night's deliberation of the majority. It was, to a very great extent, a triumph of his fighting qualities. Foote of Mississippi entered very largely into that debate, and persisted in dogging and attacking Benton. Benton, at last, bade him stop; he would bear no more of his insults. Foote continued in the same strain. Benton rose from his seat, and strode directly toward Foote, as if to throttle him on the spot. Foote fled, and Benton was checked; but Foote never uttered the name of Benton afterward in the Senate. On another occasion Mr. Benton laid himself out to attack Mr. Calhoun. He did it with ability, but his bad blood, his ill-temper, his violence of manner, and gross personalities, were the predominant characteristics of the attack. There was no pleasure to be derived from it merely as an intellectual demonstration. On the contrary, it only impressed the hearer as repulsive and disgusting.

In all these examples, we see where Mr. Benton's power lay as a parliamentary debater, and a man. He never carried his point by winning or convincing, or by pure mental effort. He never reached his objects or accomplished his successes by mere force of oratory or intellect. He never impressed his audience or the public by sheer strength of mind. It was his intense individuality and animal force, acting upon an intellect of common scope and character, that gave him all his triumphs. His industry was great, and his memory remarkable. He never rose to the consideration of scientific principles, and perhaps never even to the common field of philosophic generalization. For himself, he claimed to be a man of "measures," rather than of principles or ideas. We should further qualify this claim, by saying he was chiefly a man of "facts." His ideas of currency and the "gold" reform, which occupied him for many years, were very crude; and so far as we know, were never improved by after-study or reflection. They found expression in the existing Sub-Treasury system. Another favorite measure of his was a road to the Pacific, across the Continent. His services in establishing the pre-emption system in the disposition of the public lands, were conspicuous, and their results have been eminently beneficial, but we think the record of his principal "measures" must stop here.

Mr. Benton's mental activity being confined to an inferior plane of action, however busy and industrious, however constant and indomitable he might be, the very nature of his efforts prevented him from accomplishing much intellectually. We look in vain in the writings or speeches of such a man for any of the electric influences and inspirations which minds of a nobler mould often unconsciously impart. He never spoke the word which touched the nation's heart. He himself thought he would make a good military commander, and perhaps he was right. Of his personal peculiarities, his egotism was the most striking. It was a source of entertainment to his visitors, his own apparent unconsciousness of this peculiarity, or his sublime conviction of its pre-eminence in his own case, giving a zest to its oftentimes extravagant manifestations.

Of his private life and domestic relations it gives us pleasure to speak in language of unqualified admiration. He was a devoted husband, and his fond and considerate attentions to an invalid wife in her declining years offered a spectacle honorable to humanity. He was the preceptor of his children, whom he taught with the same industry and assiduity that he always manifested in whatever he undertook. They were Bentonian in their ways, however, and did not all please him in the choice of their mates; but we believe they all, at last, had his entire approbation, the most repugnant of the matches to the paternal care, we believe, being the marriage of his daughter Ann to the late Republican candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Benton's moral character as a public man is also deserving of very high praise. In his public acts, we believe, he always followed the

dictates of an honest purpose. He did not legislate for popularity, nor for pay, nor for any individual advantage in any way. He advocated and opposed public measures on the ground of what he considered to be their merits. His judgments may have been clouded by passion or partisan feeling, as, no doubt, at times they were, but we believe he was always true to his convictions. Of vanity and corruption in legislation he had an instinctive abhorrence, and during the thirty years of his Senatorial life, we do not think the perfect integrity of his votes on all subjects, whether of a public or private character, was ever impugned. In this respect his example is worthy of attention of all rising men, who, in this budding era of corruption, are likely to be tested by severer temptations than that of the statesmen of the past. Whatever else is unobtainable in reputation to a legislator, the proud distinction of integrity is beyond no man's reach, and it is a virtue that is not likely to lose any of its luster by being too common.

BASHFUL MEN.

We never yet saw a genuine bashful man that was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thought that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint in the unfolded rose, and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the glib Sir, Mustachio Brainsless with smiles and attention, because he can find a shaft gracefully, and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worlshiper man who feels for them a reverence so great that his every nerve glances in worship.

Who is it useful in the presence of ladies is their defender when the loose tongue of the glib man, who boasts of conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheeks will flush with resentment, his eyes flash with anger, to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine! The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sit flattery, ready to play court alike to blue eyes and black; he is never nonplussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures for a word he would profess to buy down his life. Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of purity, it is he who profanes the holy name of mother, desecrates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned, ruins the heart that trusts in him, pollutes the very air he breathes, and all under the mask of a polished gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ear; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers even at your approach, consider them as so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—*Mrs. Mary A. Dennison.*

EVIL SPEAKING.

The following anecdote is related of the late J. J. Gurney, by one, who as a child, was often one of his family circle:

One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in chiding anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of his failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked very gravely, "Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?"

I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked—"O yes; I know some good things, but—" "Would it not have been better, then, to relate those good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem?—Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? 'Clarity rejoiceth not in iniquity,' thou knowest."

There is a world where storms never intrude—a haven of safety against the tempests of life—a little world of enjoyment and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor the venom of slander. When a man enough it forgets his sorrows and cares, and disappointments; he opens his heart to confidence and pleasure, not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable mother.

An exchange tells a story of a negro boy who fell into a hogshod of molasses, and wonders if they licked him, when they took him out.

FOLLOWING A SHARK.

SOME time ago, a gentleman and one of his servants, a stalwart negro, went fishing for rook on the Bay shore, about ten miles from this city. They cast their hooks and lines and waited for a bite. The big darkey, after wading out some feet from the shore, tied the line around his body. His master told him there was danger in doing so; but the sable fisherman suspected no difficulty or accident. Soon an old shark, a real old sea-dog, came along and swallowed the bait with a good relish, and Sambo held the line with a firm grasp. The powerful fish, however, drew him gradually out in deep water, when finding that he was in danger of being carried out to sea, in order to cut the line he made a desperate grab at his knife, which was fastened to his lead half shirt, a portion of his hair being between the blade and the handle, but it was too late. The hungry monster of the deep, by a rapid movement slackened the line and dashed furiously out from the shore, followed by the darkey, who alternately disappeared beneath the waves and rose to the surface, grabbing at his knife as he rushed along with almost lightning speed in the wake of the shark. He was seen at the distance of nearly a mile, as he occasionally rose to the surface, but soon disappeared entirely far beyond the reach of assistance, and a victim of his own hazardous daring and imprudent temerity.—*Southern Argus.*

A STRONG MINDED LADY.—A handsomely dressed lady entered a broker's office yesterday afternoon in Walnut street, near third. Having crossed the threshold, she asked for a young man employed there. Young man was summoned accordingly. He came forward bowing and smiling, while young lady, in equally apparent cordiality, advanced to him and extended her left hand. Young gentleman was about to take young lady's left hand in his right. As he made the necessary motion to do so, young lady's countenance changed its expression; she seized him by the neck tie, slightly checked his respiration, and drawing a jackass whip, she brought down a shower of blows upon his back that made the hapless youth dance like a cat upon a hot stove, and cut a Spring Heeled that cost fifteen dollars, into about a shilling's worth of second class carpet rags. Having finished up the "licking," young lady resumed her amiable countenance, and the chief of the office, the flames of her silk shirt describing an angle of forty-five degrees as she did so. She then went into a neighboring cigar store and requested the attendant to wrap the instrument of torture in paper. The lady was rather pretty, of decidedly genteel appearance, and stated to the cigar man that she had been "striking a puppy who had insulted her." There's a woman for you.—*Philadelphia North American.*

CHRISTIANITY.—A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

A hair from a cabbage head. A small quantity of rat supposed to have been left where the Israelites pitched their tents.

An original brush used in painting the signs of the times.

A bucket of water from all's well.

Soap with which a man was washed overboard.

The pencils with which Britannia ruled the wave.

A portion of the yeast used in raising the wind.

A dike from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.

A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife.

The chair in which the sun sat.

A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.

Eggs from a nest of thieves.

Hinges and locks from the trunk of an elephant.

A sketch from a politician's views.

The jewel extracted from an editors' consistency.

CHARLES LAMB'S WARNING.

Charles Lamb, a genius and a drunkard, tells sad experience as a warning to men, in the following language. "The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths could I be heard, I would cry to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet was not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my feverish eye, feverish after last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its madding temptation!"

Winchell, the clown, accidentally jostled an Irishman one day in a public room, when Paddy remarked:

"You are no gentleman."

"I know that," said Winchell, "but I don't see how such a fool as you came to know it."

"But," says Paddy, "every one says so."

"Of course, you heard some one say so, or you would not have known it."

Paddy sloped.

All mankind are happier for having been happy; so that if you can make them happy now, you may make them happy for many years hence by the memory of it.

Very funny stories are told of the process of serving a call of the U. S. Senate, an hour or two after midnight, on Senators who had gone home and to bed. The Sergeant-at-Arms, accompanied by errand boys, rode around the city and collected the deserters, peacefully if he could, but forcibly if he must. Sam Houston was captured at the Kirkwood House, taken from his bed and carried growling to the Capitol. When called upon for an excuse for his absence, he gravely requested the Senate to inform him what excuse it had to offer for the outrage it had committed upon his personal rights, by dragging him from his bed at that untimely hour. He protested that he would not be pacified until the Senate apologized to him. Senator Clay, of Ala., kept his doors locked, and defied the Sergeant-at-Arms. Generally, however, the absentees surrendered themselves with a good grace, and a quorum was obtained at 4 o'clock in the morning.

The distillery of Mitchell & Molby, lately erected at St. Joseph, Missouri, is probably the most extensive in the world. The machinery is immense, comprising two engines, one of eighty and one of forty-horse power, three boilers; four feet in diameter, twenty-six feet long, and four flues in each; two fly-wheels, one twenty feet in diameter, weighing eight thousand pounds, and one sixteen feet in diameter, weighing six thousand pounds. It consumes one thousand two hundred bushels of grain per day, and turns out one hundred barrels of whiskey. It can shell four thousand bushels of corn in ten hours. The worm is six inches in diameter at the base, and three at the mouth; the tub in which it is contained is twenty-four feet high and twelve in diameter; the still is twenty-eight feet high twelve in diameter; and there are eleven beer-tubs that contain eleven thousand gallons each.

The N. O. Picayune of the 30th ultimo says that a singular funeral transpired on Dragades street on the day previous, on its way to one of the 4th district cemeteries. Oub woman, poor and lonely—prochance a mother—bore on her head a little coffin containing the body of a child of about five summers, and the sad procession which accompanied her consisted of three women meekly led, followed by three men. Never before were our eyes witness of such a funeral procession in this city. The little corpse was the chief mourner could not be doubted, and yet it must have been her fancy to thus convey the departed one to its silent rest, for we can scarcely imagine that the men who joined in the procession failed to tender their services as bearers of the body.

A WARNING.—The Louisville Democrat of Friday says:

Colonel Robert Alexander died on the 24th inst., at the City Farm, the effect of dissipation. He was a white-headed old man of seventy-six years, whose life was well and honorably earned, having served under General Harrison, and having been present and taking an active part in the battle of Tippecanoe, at which time he received one wound in the head. He belongs to a respectable and wealthy family in Paris, Ky., but neither his respectability in other days, nor his respectability in his country in the North-western struggle, could save him from the destroyer. He died, an object of pity, in the Work-house.

A fashionable lady in Buffalo is objecting to have a house built upon one of the best sites in town. Everything about it is to be sublimated and splendid. There is to be a Porto Rico in front, a pizzeria in the rear, and a lemonade all around it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an anecdote, the lawn in front is to be degraded, and some large fresh trees are to be supplanted into the Erie in the rear. This is the same lady who told Gov. Clinton how remarkably stormy it is apt to be when the sun is passing the "Penobscot."

Near the village of Lockport, a rich farmer some years ago, adopted a bright eyed little orphan as a companion for his only daughter. The protegee was treated with kindness by her new parent. As time passed on, a remarkable resemblance began to make its appearance between the two children, till now, both being eighteen years of age, they are so similar in size habit and expression of countenance that it is almost impossible to distinguish them apart!

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing Dr. —, of N —, asked him to prescribe for his complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open.

"Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that, when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

At one of the Parisian schools, it was a rare occurrence for the students to have fresh bread for breakfast. One morning, smoking rolls were placed upon the table. "Hold," cried one of the students, as the waiter was cleaning the table, "leave the remainder of those rolls until to-morrow. We want fresh rolls to-morrow, too!"

What a melancholy spectacle it is to see a young man wandering through the streets of a strange city, alone in the crowds, solitary in the multitudes, meeting no extended hand, no smile of welcome, destitute of money and friends, and—

Why are lawyers like a lazy man in bed in the morning?—
Ans.—Because they lie first on one side, and then turn over and lie on the other.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep.