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BY DAVID OVER.

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SELECT POETRY.



For the Inquirer.

ACROSTIC.

Alas! I cannot wake the muse,
Nor ought I thus thy name abuse—
Name ever dear to me:

E—on thy brow I find would bind,
Love's fairest gems, pure and refined;
Make fragrant flowers, of sweet perfume,
In verdure round thy life's way bloom;
Rich blessings may at them have in store,
And thy life's cup with joy run o'er.

But there's a world more bright and fair,
Above the earth, and may'st thou there
Rich treasures too possess;
Now, may the Fount of Life and Truth,
Direct the footsteps of thy youth,
Obey, and God will bless;
Let not earth's vain and glittering toys,
Lure thee from pure, celestial joys,
And may'st thou, in thy youthful blood,
Remember thy Creator, God.

J. B. W.

CLARK GROVE, Ky., Oct. 28, 1858.

FROM THE POEMS OF GATHE, IN BLACKWOOD. THE TREASURE SEEKER.

Every man is, more or less, a treasure seeker—
a hater of labor until he has received the
important truth, that labor alone can bring
content and happiness. There is an affinity,
strange as it may appear, between those whose
lot in life is the most exalted and the haggard,
hollow-eyed wretch who prowls, incessantly,
around the crumbling ruins of the past, in the
belief that there is in their foundations a
mighty treasure, over which some jealous dem-
on keeps watch forever.

Many weary days I suffer'd,
Sick of heart and poor of purse;
Riches are the greatest blessings—
Poverty the deepest curse!
Till at last, to dig a treasure,
Forth I went into the wood—
"Friend! my soul is thine forever!"
And I signed the scroll with blood.

Then I drew the magic circle,
Kindled the mysterious fire,
Piec'd the herbs and bones in order,
Spoke the incantation dire;
And I sought the buried metal
With the spell of nicker night—
Sought it as my master taught me!
Black and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light appearing
In the distance, like a star;
When the midnight hour was tolling,
Came it waxing from afar;
Came it flashing swift and sudden,
As if fiery wine it were,
Flowing from an open chalice,
Which a beautiful boy did bear.

As he wore a lustrous chaplet,
And his eyes were full of thought,
As he stepped into the circle
With the radiance that he brought,
And he bade me taste the goblet;
And I thought—"It cannot be,
That this boy should be the bearer
Of a demon's gift to me!"

"Taste the draught of pure existence,
As it sparkles in the golden urn,
And no more with baneful magic
Shalt thou hitherward return.
Do not dig for treasure longer;
Let thy future spellword be
Days of labor, nights of resting;
So shall peace return to thee!"

For the Inquirer.

PLEASANTVILLE CELEBRATION.

Mr. OVER:—I wish a small space in your
excellent columns, to give a short account of
the celebration of the people's Party at Pleasant-
ville, on the 30th ult., of the glorious re-
sult of the election on the 12th of October—
the victory in the State, and the Congressional
and Legislative Districts.

The number of people there was beyond all
expectation; they rolled in from the hills and
the valleys, till our little village was crowded.

About 6 o'clock the celebration commended.
The evening being dark, it was thought
best to have a little light on the occasion. A
tar barrel was furnished by G. D. Trout, Esq.,
which was hoisted about ten feet in the air, and
was carried around the town, making a very
brilliant light—two large banners followed
next, then the fife and drum, amidst firing of
guns, and shouts of "victory!" whilst fire-
balls flew in every direction. After this
performance, the crowd repaired to the Pleas-
antville Inn, where Wm. Kirk, Esq., was called
upon for a speech, and responded in a neat
and pertinent address, congratulating the peo-
ple on the memorable and signal victory
achieved on the second Tuesday of October,
over the plundering hordes of Locofocoism,
and the corrupt national administration which
attempted to crush the liberties of a free peo-
ple. He urged the people to persevere in the
good work so well begun. He was frequently
cheered throughout his address, after which the
meeting adjourned with loud cheers for the
good cause.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and all
were well pleased.

THE MANIAC.

BY EDA MAYVILLE.

"Then you are really in earnest, Mart?"
said Philip Emmons, as the two sat in the quiet
little parlor of the village inn.

"Never was more so in my life," answered
Martin, raising a glass of Champagne to his
lips and then setting back lazily upon the sofa.

"I never had the most distant idea of marry-
ing Genna Howe, and if she has flattered her-
self into any such belief it's no fault of mine.
I've no particular objection to the girl, she is
well enough for aught I know, but the fact of
the matter is, I am too profoundly inconsis-
tent to ever marry anybody. It's a kind of
constitutional weakness, and I don't know as I
regret it. Nothing like variety, you know."

"But Mart, do you have no misgivings?"
Said some pretty girl, little blue-eyed
Lucy there, whom you used to take to all the
balls and sleighing parties to be heard of—
supposing for instance she had become so much
attached as to break her little loving heart
when aware of your desertion, wouldn't that
spark of celestial fire known as conscience
trouble you some?"

"You are making out a serious case, Phil.
I should, I confess, be sorry to plead gayety to
so grave a charge as sending a young innocent
girl like my half-forgotten pet Lucy sorrowing
to the tomb, but as regards Genna Howe, I
never—well, yes, I believe I have, too, given
the girl some reason to think I loved her, but
she ought to be a better judge of character
than to suppose I would keep all my promises
or that I was sincere when I said 'I could never
love another.'"

"Well," said Phil, "as for little Lucy, I
think she is a girl of too sound judgment to
mourn long for a fellow of your stamp, in case
she ever cared for you. But Genna, poor
child, I pity her from my very heart; I do, in-
deed. Why, Martin, if there is any such thing
upon earth as pure, unselfish undiluted love,
Genna Howe feels it for you. I verily believe
she would sacrifice her life if she thought by
so doing she could add one drop to your
cup of happiness."

"Oh, be done with your sweet ether non-
sense," exclaimed Martin, laughing; "it don't
take with me; it goes down very well with air-
brained simpletons. But, Phil, seriously, I
have no faith in these heart-broken girls. Just
let some handsome, dashing young blade, with
foreign airs and a pocket full of cash, come
around and begin to assume the devoted, I
guess the smashed-up concerns they call hearts
would mend rapidly."

"That may apply as a general rule, but I
fear Genna is an exception. God grant that
she is not," answered Philip, solemnly.

"Well, well," said Martin, gaily, taking
another draught of the sparkling beverage,
"she will find out very soon, I'm thinking—
By-the-by, I forgot to mention that I'm off for
Europe next week on a two years' tour. That
will give Genna, the darling, a chance to for-
get all about me—while I, likely as any way,
will take to my heart and home some languish-
ing Italian, or pretty little Greek. Ha! ha!
that's the plan!" And with a low bow to his
friend, Martin left the apartment, to complete
his preparations for his projected voyage.

Martin Aubrie was in every sense a man of
the world, gay, winning in his manners, and
always the polished gentleman.

He had met Genna Howe some six months
prior to the conversation just narrated, was
pleased with her gentle gayety, and quiet, la-
dylike deportment; he had sought her acquain-
tance and for a time appeared the most zealous
of lovers.

Fondly he lingered by her side, poured in
her willing ear the sweet persuasive accents of
never-changing love, wrought upon her young
imagination until he seemed to her a being of
almost celestial birth. With a feeling little
less than idolatry she regarded him—worship-
ing, never dreaming that he, whose image filled
her every thought could be less true or less
devoted than herself. Ah! what hopes and
joys depart with the light feet of early youth,
how dearly is purchased the happiness of loving
too fondly!

About three weeks after Martin Aubrie had
expressed his intentions so decidedly to his
friend, Genna Howe was quietly seated in her
little dressing room, busily engaged in arrang-
ing a vase of delicate wall flowers.

Very beautiful was Genna as she sat there
in her morning robe of snowy muslin, her sun-
ny curls shading her fair, childlike face, and
her long dark lashes drooping over her bright
azure eyes. Very lovely was Genna as she sat
thus, fondly thinking of the absent loved one,
and weaving bright fairy visions of the future.
Soon her meditations were unceremoniously in-
terrupted by her friend and confidante, Bessie
Emmons.

"Good morning, Genna," she exclaimed,
casting herself with the air of one perfectly at
home into a comfortable lounging chair. "Did
you know Martin Aubrie has gone to Euro-
pe?"

"No," replied Genna, surprised. "I think
you must be wrongly informed; he certainly
would never have gone without my knowledge
—and this is the first I have heard of it."

"But, Genna, I am not mistaken," persisted
Bessie; "he has been gone a week, and he told
brother Philip that he should not return for
two years."

"Gone! gone, and not one parting word—
Oh, Bessie, this is too cruel; it cannot be,
and burying her face in her hands, Genna re-
mained some moments in deep thought.

"I would not care, Genna," said Bessie,
soothingly. "Brother Phil says he is a worth-
less scamp—and you can't think how unfeel-
ingly he talked about you; said he did not love
you, and laughed at the idea of making you
his bride. Don't, Genna, darling, don't look

so, he is not worth grieving about. I would
not care, I am sure I would not."
"You have never loved, Bessie," said Genna,
in a hollow voice, gazing vacantly around, her
face colorless as marble. "Did he say he did
not love me, dear Martin?—no, Bessie—no—
It was in the little arbor we were, when he
clasped my hand and pressed it to his lips, and
then he told me—"

"What was it, Bessie?" said the poor girl,
pressing her hand against her burning brow.—
My head aches so hard. I cannot remember.
You know, Bessie? I told you all about it—
what did he tell me? That I was a star; yes,
a bright beautiful star that shone but for him,
and that I would be the light of his life. Yes,
Bessie, did he not say so? How foolish, how
unkind of me to doubt him."

"No, no, Bessie, he loves me still; he can
never forget his own Genna. Do you not think
he will come to-night? he loves me so. How
dark it is here, Bessie. I cannot see you!"
and with a deep groan the wretched girl sank
insensible upon the floor.

Half frantic with terror at the effect of her
thoughtless words, Bessie sprang to the bell
and rang it violently, then kneeling beside the
pale, immovable form of Genna, she besought
her in piteous tones to speak, if but one little
word. But Genna remained as she had fallen,
cold and rigid, her eyes fixed, and every fea-
ture wearing the impress of death. The family
and physicians were soon present, but all their
efforts to rouse her from the deathlike stupor
into which she had fallen, were unsuccessful.

Sadly Bessie lingered at her bedside, vainly
regretting the careless manner in which she
had spoken, little thinking how deep and last-
ing was the love that found a home in the heart
of her young friend.

Six days passed, and no change. The morn-
ing of the seventh dawned; pale and sorrowful,
Bessie leaned over the low couch where rested
the lovely form of Genna. There she lay
shrouded in her white robes, pale and beauti-
ful; but as Bessie gazed, she fancied she detected
a slight change. With fear and trembling
she placed her hand upon her heart; there was
a gentle throbbing, scarce perceptible. Earn-
estly did Bessie watch; soon a little glow, like
the first faint flush of morning, tinged her palid
countenance, and her lips moved audibly—
"Martin!" Bessie caught the sound.

Slowly and languidly, Genna moved her
eyes, and gazed wonderfully upon the many
faces that were by this time bent over her.

"Who told me Martin had gone? I said
he did not love me!" she asked in weak, trem-
ulous tones.

"Martin will come soon," said Bessie, gen-
tly. "Lie still, now; you have been ill, dar-
ling, but you are better now, and must be very
quiet."

"Yes, did Martin say I was ill? No, no,
he said he loved me! he is whispering to me now!
he says I am the sweet spirit of all his waking
dreams," and closing her eyes she sank into a
peaceful slumber.

We will drop the curtain over the days and
weeks that elapsed ere Genna regained strength
sufficient to enable her to arise from that bed
of suffering. We will not attempt to portray
the heart-rending agony of her loving parents
and friends, when it was discovered that she,
the young, the beautiful, who but a little time
ago gladdened every heart with her playful
mirth and winning smiles, was now a hopeless
maim, the victim of man's inconsistency.

Five years with their burden of joys and sor-
rows, smiles and tears, sped swiftly by.

Martin Aubrie, young, handsome, and gay as
ever, sits in his quiet breakfast parlor; upon
his shoulder leans a dark-eyed, beautiful wo-
man, his wife. Two sweet playful children
complete the picture.

"Well, good morning, wife, I'm off to the
counting-house, now," said Martin, rising, and
kissing his hand to his lovely babes, he passed
out of the room, while his wife, placing a box
of toys upon the carpet, retired to her chamber;
but a few moments elapsed ere she again entered
the parlor. O, God! what a sight met her
eyes! There lay her beautiful babes, with a
fearful gasp across their fair white throats,
from which poured forth the crimson tide in
frightful streams.

Over them stood Genna, the perpetrator of
this fiendish deed, robed in white flowing gar-
ments, her arms and neck bare, her face pale,
and her eyes gleaming with the wild light of
insanity. Brandishing her knife, she said, in a
deep, piercing tone:

"I swore I would kill them; I saw Martin
carry them in his arms; I saw him press his
lips to their little baby faces; I know he loves
them, but he told me once that he loved me,
and I believed him, and now people point me
out, and call me mad! No, no, I am not
mad." Then turning, she fled from the apart-
ment, leaving Mrs. Aubrie transfixed with
grief and amazement.

As soon as the horrible affair was noised
abroad, a search was instituted for the murder-
ess, but Genna had mysteriously disappeared.
No one had seen her—no one could gain any
tidings of her.

One morning, three months after the unholy
sacrifice of his little ones, Martin Aubrie again
entered his counting room. He was very pale,
and a shade of deep melancholy rested upon
his handsome countenance.

He had scarcely reached his desk ere he felt
a light hand laid upon his arm, and turning,
his eyes met those of her he had so deeply
wronged—pale and wildly beautiful she stood
before him. "Martin Aubrie," said she, in a
deep hurried whisper, that thrilled his very
soul, "we meet at last!" and drawing from her
bosom a knife still stained with the blood of
his innocent children, before any one could be
aware of her intentions, she plunged it deep
into his heart.

Years have passed.

Genna Howe, the beautiful maniac, is no
more. She sleeps in her narrow home, while
over her the cypress and the willow wave their
mournful boughs. She sleeps at last, and who
shall say that he, the gay deceiver, the destroy-
er of her young life's happiness—merited not
his dark, sad fate?

ROYAL POLITENESS.

A Scotch newspaper, which evidently is de-
fective in the feeling commonly known as loy-
alty among the English, profusely has an ent
"Her most Gracious Majesty," Queen Victo-
ria. It appears that, accompanied by her hus-
band and some of her children, Victoria lately
visited the town of Leeds, on the way to Scot-
land; with the expressed purpose of opening a
magnificent Town Hall, which the Leeds peo-
ple have lately built. The Glasgow Examiner
says:

"Among the curiosities of royal life it may
be worth while to state that, though the mayor
of Leeds gave up his mansion to the Queen,
and spent £10,000 in entertaining her, his la-
dy was not allowed to dine with her, or even
see her. The mayor himself had been com-
manded to dine with the Queen, but the lady
was not admitted in her own house to sit at her
own table."

If this be a true bill, and it is precisely
what we know to have occurred repeatedly, at
other places visited by the Queen, it is a fine
specimen of cool impudence. The mayor,
Mr. Fairbairn, received the honor of Knight-
hood, and is now called "Sir Peter," but this
is a security equivalent for the compliment he
has paid Her Majesty, at a vast expense. An-
other newspaper states that Lady Fairbairn had
received a bracelet from the Queen, (after the
publication of the above announcement) but
does not add that, with true womanly spirit,
she had refused to accept a present from a lady,
however exalted in rank, who would not sit
down to table with her, would not even see her.
This exclusiveness would be very amusing if it
were not very impertinent sometimes. What a
pity it is that the exigencies of State etiquette
should compel Queen Victoria—to really a very
good-natured little woman—to do unkind and
unpleasant things. One would have thought,
in the instance of one of her own sex, the wife
of her generous and devoted host, she would
have acted differently.—Press.

ELECTION SCENES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A correspondent of the Pendleton Messenger,
reporting a trip through Spartanburg to North
Carolina, gives some illustrations of "election
times," which may be interesting and sugges-
tive:

"Arrived at the election ground, there was
a sight worth seeing. Apple brandy ruled.—
There were about as many women as men on
the ground. This is a peculiar feature in North
Carolina gatherings—the women nearly all
attend, and it results beneficially sometimes. I
once saw a fellow get into a fight at one of
these elections, while his wife was along with
him. The front yard of the dogery had been
gravelled with very coarse gravel. Our hero
pulled off his shirt and pitched in, but was
soon made to hit the gravel. Hero No. 2
jumped on him, but was no sooner on than off,
for our first named hero's wife gathered a hoop-
pole and such a lamming as hero No. 2 got it
has not been my fortune to see since. All
hands stood off and saw it well done. Hero
No. 1 was a sight. Imagine a man's back full
of coarse gravel—gouged in through the skin.
In approaching the election ground, young
men and women could be seen sitting on logs
in the woods, eating ginger cakes and drinking
solder and brandy. Heap of land to the acre
there. One fellow jumped out of a shanty
where they kept their apple brandy, and
swore that he could whip the man that had
anything against him. Everybody seemed too
drunk to take much notice of him. Two fol-
lows got to scuffling on a large scaffold, and
down it came, causing a general row. Some
were knocked down by the falling of the scaf-
fold, and supposing somebody had knocked
them down, pitched in promiscuously. I thought
it was time for a peaceable man to leave, so I
took the road."

AN UP-HILL BUSINESS.

Wake up,
Roll up,
Tumble up,
Scup up,
Jump up,
Climb up,
Run up,
Skate up,
Ride up,
Rush up,
Swim up,
Fly up,
Crawl up,
Fire up,
Steam up,
Sail up,
Push up,
Any way, so that you get up and SETTLE UP
your subscription bills.

LOW NECKED DRESSES.

In the olden time
low necked dresses seem to have been regarded
with particular disfavor by the lawmakers. In
Pennsylvania, in the early days of that colony,
there was a law, a part of which reads as fol-
lows: "That if any white female of ten years or
upward, should appear in any public street,
lane, highway, church, court house, tavern, ball
room, theatre, or any other place of public re-
sort, with naked shoulders, (i. e. low-necked
dresses), being able to purchase necessary cloth-
ing, shall forfeit and pay a fine not less than
one nor more than two hundred dollars." The
closing paragraph of the law, however permit-
ted woman of questionable character to bare
their shoulders, as a badge of distinction between
the chaste and the unchaste.

A HORSE DEALER.

A horse dealer, in describing a used up horse
said he looked "as if he had been editing a
daily newspaper."

DEATH OF FOUR CENTENARIAN CLERGY- MEN.

Six months ago a statement went the
rounds of the press that four graduates of
Dartmouth college—all of them clergymen—
still survived, the aggregate of whose ages
amounted to more than four hundred years.—
Hardly had the fact become known than death
commenced its work. One of the number,
Rev. Mr. Parsons, of New Jersey, was called
away at the age of 99; Rev. Labin Answorth,
for three quarters of a century minister Jeffrey,
(N. H.) died about the same time having more
than completed his century; Rev. Zachariah
Green, of Hempstead, (L. I.) followed in his
99th year, and now we have to chronicle the
decease of the last and oldest of the four, Rev.
John Sawyer, of Bangor, (Me.) who died on
the 14th ult., aged 103 years and five days.
Almost to the close of his life Mr. Sawyer
retained his vigor in a surprising degree, and
preached occasionally during the spring and
summer. In early life he served in the Revo-
lutionary army, and was wounded in one of
the battles in which he took a part. Rev. Daniel
Waldo, recently Chaplain of the National House
of Representatives, is, if we mistake not, the
oldest clergyman in the country engaged in the
active duties of his profession. His age is
about ninety-four years.

WOMEN NATURAL ORATORS.

This passage
occurs in a work recently published abroad on
the "Art of Public Speaking."—"Women
naturally speak better than men. They ex-
press themselves more easily, more vividly,
with more arch simplicity, because they feel
more rapidly, more arch simplicity, because
they feel more rapidly, more delicately. Hence
the loquacity with which they are reproached,
and which is an effect of their constitution and
temperament. Hence there are so many wo-
men who write in an admirable and remarkable
manner, although they have studied neither
rhetoric nor logic, and even without knowing
grammar or orthography. They write as they
speak; they speak pretty much as the birds
sing, and their language has the same
charm. Add the sweetness of their organs,
the flexibility of their voice, and the variety of
their intonations, according to the feeling which
animates them, the nobility of their physiog-
ny, which greatly increases the effect of their
picturesqueness of their gestures, and in
short the gracefulness of their whole exterior;
thus, although not destined for orators by their
sex or social position, they have all the power
of the orator, and all his success in their sphere,
and in the circle of their activity: for none
better know how to touch, persuade, and in-
fluence, which, I think, is the end and per-
fection of eloquence."

REVOLUTIONARY REPORT.

John Van Bur-
ren, in a speech the other day, compared Mr.
Haskin to André, and said if he were search-
ed, doubtless a pass from Senard would be
found in his boot. But had John been the
captor, he would have taken Haskin's watch
and purse; he would never think of enulating
the disinterested patriotism of Paulding, Van
Wert, and Williams.

THE SAVANNAH NEWS FEELS CONFIDENT OF THE NEUTRALITY OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Despite the
jealous fears heretofore expressed, as, at pre-
sent, it has not a word to say on either side on
any subject.

THE WASHINGTON UNION "RESPECTFULLY IN- QUIRES WHAT PLAY THE OPPOSITION MANAGERS HAVE IN REHEARSAL TO SUCCEED BLEEDING KANSAS UPON THE POLITICAL STAGE."

We would "respectfully
suggest 'Used Up' to the Union to be followed
by 'No, or the Glorious Minority,' with a recita-
tion of 'Berks, have at ye all,' by Senator
Douglas, if it desires private theatricals.

THAT PART OF INDIANA CALLED 'THE POCKET' DIDN'T EXHIBIT MUCH INTELLIGENCE IN THE LATE ELECTION. INDIANA'S BRAINS ARE EVIDENTLY NOT IN HER POCKET.

An American editor asks what our neighbor
of the Democrat's purpose an be in his constant
tirades. We don't know, but we apprehend
that he has deadly designs against those who
are watching his course. He seems to be imi-
tating the policy of the man who twisted the
owl's head off by walking round and round the
tree upon which the bird sat.

THERE WAS A DUEL IN FLORIDA THE OTHER DAY BETWEEN JOHN LINGLE AND JAMES LYNO. LINGLE MADE A LYNE SHOT—BUT PROBABLY NOT A MORTAL ONE.

Coming events cast their shadows before
the Queen of England, the Queen of Portu-
gal, the Empress of France, and the Princess
Royal of Prussia.

THE CINCINNATI TIMES SAYS "THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC NOW RAGING IN THIS CITY IS THE THRIFT FOR STRONG DRINK."

We presume the rye flows
occasion by the results of the election have
struck in.

THE "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH," OF BERKS, HAVE A HIGHLY APPRECIATIVE OPINION OF J. G. JONES.

One of them said, "It is von shame if Miesher
Shones be not elected for he is the Committee
of the Shairman of Mean Ways.

IN SWEDEN, A MAN WHO IS SEEN FOUR TIMES DRUNK IS DEPRIVED OF A VOTE AT ELECTION. IN SOME OF OUR LARGE CITIES THIS RULE IS REVERSED; A DRUNKEN MAN IS MADE TO VOTE FOUR TIMES.

AN ILLINOIS CORRESPONDENT SAYS THAT MR. DOUGLAS BECAME SO EXHAUSTED IN SPEAKING UPON A RECENT OCCASION, THAT HIS FRIENDS HAD TO HOLD HIM UP ON THE STAND. HE WAS IN AS BAD A WAY AS THE POOR DOG THAT WAS SO FEIBLE AS TO HAVE TO LEAN AGAINST THE FENCE TO BARK.

THE MANAGERS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE WHICH WAS RECENTLY BURNED, APPEAR TO BE GETTING UP A QUARREL. AS THEY HAVE NO LONGER A 'GLASS HOUSE,' THEY BEGIN TO 'THROW STONES.'

A MAN TRIES TO CHOP HIS OWN HEAD OFF.

A correspondent of the Vevay (Ind.) Re-
veller, writing from Carroll county, Ky., states
that a few days since a party of men were
raising a log building; one of the company a
young man named Thomas E. Searcy, sud-
denly left his work, and seizing an axe, cut
several gashes on the top of his head. On at-
tempts being made to wrest the weapon from
him, he brandished it in the air, threatening to
kill any one who approached him. He then
laid his neck upon a log, and was about to chop
his own head off, when his companions managed,
after a desperate struggle, to secure him.—
Searcy is described as being an intelligent,
upright man, and had never before given evi-
dence of being insane.

MOST STRANGE.—A MAN WAS ONCE RELATING A STORY OF BEING ON A LOCOMOTIVE THAT STRUCK A COW STANDING ON THE TRACK, AND THREW SEVERAL RODS INTO A FIELD, WHERE SHE LIT SQUARELY UPON HER FEET, WITH HER HEAD TOWARD THE TRAIN, AND STRANGE TO TELL WASN'T HURT A MITE.

"But didn't she look scared?" Enquired a
listener.

"Well, I don't know whether she was scared
or not, but she looked a good deal discoura-
ged."

ONE PERSON HAVING ASKED ANOTHER IF HE BELIEVED IN THE APPEARANCE OF SPIRITS.

"No," was the reply; "but I believe in their
disappearance, for I've missed a bottle of gin
since last night."

IN THE SCHOOL OF THE WORLD AS IN THAT OF LOVE WE MUST BEGIN BY PRACTISING WHAT WE WISH TO LEARN.

Speaking of cheap things—it costs but a tri-
fle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes
prove "a little dear!"