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BY DAVID OVER.

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SELECT POETRY.



THE DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking,
Those who sleep its sleep are waking,
Eden opens her portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark! the seraph's hymn is singing,
And the living hills are flinging
Music in the immortal air!

There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining,
O'er the land of light and love;
Heaven's own harvest woe the reaper,
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,
Not a tear is left the weeper,
To profane the flower above.

No frail lilies there are breathing—
There no thorny rose is wreathing
In the bowers of Paradise;
Where the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
Mid superior verdure glowing,
Than is surpassed by mortal skies.

There the groves of God, that never
Fade or fall, are green forever,
Mirrored in the radiant tide;
There along the sacred waters,
Unprofaned by tears of slaughterers,
Wander earth's immortal daughters,
Each a pure immortal bride.

There no sigh of memory swelleth,
There no tear of memory dwelleth,
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scolding,
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
With scraggy day adorning
Life's glad waves and golden shore.

From the Boston Traveller.

THE BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.

List to those solemn dirges
Which the wild waves sing,
While o'er the rising surges
Cries of terror ring;
See, from the faded barque
Fierce flames arise,
Where on the waters dark
Helpless she lies.

Never again shall they,
That trembling hand,
Clasp friendly hands that wait,
Vainly, on land.
Manly hearts, lovely forms,
Childhood and age,
Midst burning horrors fall,
Or from their rage
Plunging 'neath rolling waves,
Soon where the deep
Greets them with chill embrace,
Silently sleep.

Long in the distant fetherland
Shall fall the bitter tear,
And homes shall long be desolate
For those who perished here;
And o'er them still the winds that sweep
Across the trackless main,
Shall chant a requiem for the loved
Earth ne'er shall see again.

A FAIR TURN.—I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town?

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Ahem! Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a thing as well as I can whittle."

"Pooh, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about whittling—what can you whittle as well as I can turn?"

"Anything, everything, Mr. Jones. Just you name the article that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give this dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of these gentlemen present. (Here Mr. Smith tables the dollar.)"

"Ahem! Well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for a trial, you know, you whittle the one, while I turn the other."

"A fair sell!" Mr. Smith stared for a moment and vanished. The forfeited dollar was quickly disposed of by those present with great glee.

SPITE.—The Harrisburg Patriot and Union tries to say some very severe things of the Americans, because they did not preserve a distinctive organization in the recent contest. Its shot, however, falls short of the mark, and it is not likely that anybody will be hurt by them. If the Patriot and Union pretends to be a newspaper, it ought to know something of party politics, and any one with the sense of an oyster, who has been in Pennsylvania for the last two or three years, knows that the opposition of Americans to the Republican movement was on account of its sectionalism. That having been abandoned, there could be no objection to a union with them upon a national basis. This was accomplished, and the happy result has cheered the heart of the good old Keystone State. Americans are very comfortable under the infliction of Locofoco wrath. In fact they rather like it, and if indignant epithets will mitigate the horrors of defeat, the organs of the great king are welcome to explode.

Arkansas in New Orleans.—Carrying Concealed Weapons.

The "local" of the New Orleans Delta gets off the following capital sketch. The "reporter" referred to is, of course, a revolver, and the "half moon concern" is the crescent which is worn by the New Orleans police, as our police wear a star:

"This reporter got a sight, a few nights ago, while taking an outside peep through the bars of the First District Lockup, of a genuine specimen of an Arkansas traveller, who had 'kum' all the way down to Orleans and the 'yaller fever' to buy some wheelbarrows, which the Napoleon merchants failed to furnish.—Feeling a little curious to know how a stranger had thus been taken in and cooped, we ventured to ask how he managed to be put in. Well, you see, said the traveller, at the same time extending his long shirt-sleeved arms through the grating, and lifting up his right leg, with jeans pantaloons stuffed in the top of his boots, and with ease, resting his foot upon the cross-bar, on a line with our head, 'I was pressed for some wheelbarrows, and I just left the old place in the lurch, and cum down on my old mule Sal, til I ketchied a boat from up country coming down a bulging, and I got aboard.—Well, you see the first thing I need, the boat she fotened up at Vicksburg, and then I hustled around, but no wheelbarrows could I find, because I kalkilate to take up twixt twenty or thirty, and bless my soul, sir, there wasn't that many in the drated town. Well, you see, I just got aboard the keers, and cum down to Orleans, whar I need I'd get 'um."

"You don't belong to the perlice do you, stranger?" said the traveller, eyeing us for a moment steadily. "bekase, if you do, you and I can't hetch horses."

Upon our assuring him to the contrary, he continued: "Well, you see, when I was about pulling up my pegs to cum down, I says to Bill Blake, 'Bill, I'm agoin on a bit of a tramp, can't you lend a feller your repector?' Well, you see, Bill is a reglar out-and-outer, and totes a heart as big as all Orleans, and he just jerked out his repector and stuck her in my breeches, ready loaded, and says he, 'Sam, don't fool with her 'til you're ready.' Well, when I got to Orleans, the folks at the tavern says to me, it's agin the law to tote concealed weapons. So, I just stuck her in front with the handle out, so the perlice could see I wasn't the man to tote concealed weapons."

"Well, you see, stranger" and shifting his right leg for the left, and clearing his throat, which he said was rather husky, as he hadn't had a chance to "licker," "I just stepped over with a feller to licker when I seed a kinder coter looking chap eyeing me purty sharp, and I says to myself, that feller ain't after no good—and sure enough, he wasn't neither."

"I tipped the wink to the feller along with me, bekase I'd hearn tell about the fighting chaps in Orleans, and I just wanted to show them a thing or two. So, just about the time I was goin to ask him if he had any business with me, he fotched his hand on my shoulder, and says he, I arrest you for totting concealed weapons. I don't carry concealed weapons says I, and I axed the liker dealer if he didn't see it when I faust come in, and says he, yes, and then I told the feller to stand back."

"Well, you see, stranger, he did stand back; but he pulled out a half-moon concern, and I need I was done for. I'd hearn tell about these half-moons way up in Arkansas, and I need there wasn't any use kicking agin them things, so I just give 'm. Well, I cum along with that gentleman with a half-moon, like a man or ter when he's arrested; but I'll tell you what it is, stranger, I wasn't treated right in that ere office, now. I axed for a hearing, and they wouldn't give it to me, but just hustled me off here—and that's how I come to be behind these sticks."

By this time we felt somewhat interested in the man, who seemingly told a straight story, and suggested that he had better engage some lawyer to see him through.

"Well, you see stranger, that's just the thing I'm after, only I don't know any."

Thinking for a moment, we said that Mr. Van Dalston was as good a man as he could probably get.

"Well, I declare! you don't tell me Van Dalston's lawing it down here, stranger?—Why he used to be preaching up our city. Why stranger just tell him to come round and git a fellow out that he's known from a brat up, and I reckon he'll haul me out of these sticks like a flash. Well! well! Who'd a thought Van would ever quit a preaching."

Upon our informing him that he was mistaken in the person, he remarked:

"Never mind, stranger; tell him to cum around; I kinder like the name, bekase they're all good talkers. I never hearn tell of a Van Dalston but what was good on the speech."

Promising him to see that he was not neglected, we left him humming a verse of that good old song, 'The Arkansas Traveller.'

FILIBUSTERING.

A proclamation has been issued by the President against the filibustering schemes of Gen. Walker, and others, who contemplate making a descent upon Nicaragua. The proclamation is mild but firm in its tone, and while it meets the approbation of all good citizens, will scarcely be regarded by the pirates whose infamous proceedings it is designed to arrest. The leniency of our Government towards Walker, when he was captured by Com. Paulding, was not calculated to inspire our naval officers with any great degree of confidence that their exertions to maintain the honor of the nation, in this particular, will meet with general approval. The proclamation is only intended by the administration to deceive the people.

"KING OF THE AUTUMN."

In a recent issue of the Harrisburg Telegraph, a beautiful and poetic description of an "American Autumn" was published, from the pen of the gifted Prentice of the Louisville Journal, which has since appeared in the columns of nearly every paper that visits our sanctum. The following article on November, as "King of the Autumn," breathes the true spirit of poetry and eloquence, and will be equally appreciated by the admirers of Prentice, whom they justly regard as one of the most graceful of our American prose writers. We copy from the Journal of Monday week:—

NOVEMBER.—Room for the athlete! room for the broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and vigorous November, who leaps with an elastic bound into the arena! He has divested himself of all superfluous clothing, every limb is bare, and his brawny trunk stands in glorious majesty, while his head, encircled by a coronet of the purple vine and scarlet berries, proclaims him the King of Autumn! Doomed as he is, deserted by his fleeing brethren, pressed by the advancing regions of gloomy Winter, he still looks every inch a king! He has gathered about him his vassals, who neither tremble with fear nor look pale at the portents around them, but every one has thrown down his leafy gauntlet, and bent his brachy hand to await the coming storm! Like the last King of Assyria, he has surrounded himself with all the luxurious furniture of nature and the voluptuous revelry of the season, and looks to his parent sun to send down his fires to consume them all before he will surrender! Above and around him the winds sing a wailing song, and the bright plumage of the clouds glows with weird lustre as their winged flocks soar to the zenith or sweep majestically to rest upon the bosom of the horizon. Type of the regal month—symbol of the pending fate of November—around the golden couch of the setting sun the curtains of royal purple are drawn, and earth and sky are hushed and mute, lest a breath should disturb his sleep, whilst stars that spangle the measureless dome above sink lowly and softly their lullaby. So will November sink to repose after a life of majesty and of strong action, to the mellow cadences of the Indian Summer, amid the blazonry of the golden maple, the gorgeous crimson of the forests, and the bright scarlet of the running vines which gird his stately guard of monarch oaks. Who then can assent to the poet's idea that with November, "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year?" Not we! There is no sadness in any work of God's providence; he orders all things in kindness, and his smile can warm this last autumnal month, and make it gorgeous in the sunshine which fills the human soul with gratitude and illuminates it with the full, bright and beatific knowledge of his Eternal Love.

A NEW ORLEANS INCIDENT.

The New Orleans papers from time to time, relate many touching incidents occurring in that scourged city, where the pestilence runs riot, striking down old and young, strangers and citizens, and desolating the homes of high and low, rich and poor. We daily look over the columns of the Picayune with melancholy interest, and find in every issue a sad tale of some "stranger in a strange land" being stricken down by "the skeleton hand of the pestilence." Among the numerous incidents related by the papers of that devoted city, we have read none more affecting than the following, from the Picayune:

AN INCIDENT.—About a month since, a stranger of fine personal appearance evidently reared amid the associations of good society, applied to one of the benevolent societies of our city to be taken into their infirmary, as he was suffering under the first attack of fever, and had no friends in the city. He was one of the first who came from the far North to seize the golden opportunity for desirable business situations made vacant by death, but found the beckoning of Fortune to be in reality the wave of the skeleton hand of the Pestilence.—Around his couch strangers ministered with the tenderness and the assiduity of life-long friends, but the fever ran riot in his veins, and his iron constitution only made the struggle with the disease the more terrible. From the day he sought assistance, it was evident he was doomed; but in his descent into the dark valley he had all the attentions which could have been provided in his Northern home. The benevolent friends who had watched, and nursed, and ministered to him, and provided him with a last resting place in our city of the dead, wrote to his friends the sad tidings of his decease, conveying his last messages of love to parents and relatives, and such consolations to the bereaved as were naturally suggested.

In seven days from the receipt of the letter in that Northern home made desolate, while the fever was at its height, a cousin, in the prime of life and vigor of manhood, arrived in the city to convey the body of his deceased relative to a last resting-place beneath the funeral willows in the family burying ground.—Scarcely had he time to flue the charitable friends of the deceased before he was seized with fever; his application for the body of his relative proved a demand for the same charities that had been bestowed upon the recent dead. He was placed in the same infirmary, occupied the same couch, and after wrestling with the pestilence seven days, died, and now lies buried by the side of him he came to bow back to his native home.

THE DEAD SEA.

The editor—correspondent of the Utica Herald—graphically describes the Dead Sea sea thus:

As I first looked over the Dead Sea I tho't it lovely. Its waters were beautifully blue as those of the noble lakes of my own native land. Not a ripple disturbed its fair face; it seemed dreaming in the tranqed hush of the hot noonday. Its translucent waves lazily toyed with the pebbly beach that wound about its skirts in many a graceful curve. Then it stretched endlessly away between two frowning ramparts of hills mirroring on its glossy bosom the mountain of Moab and the mountains of Judea. I could not realize that this lake that lay so tranquilly sleeping and smiling so sweetly on the winds around, could be that fatal sea on whose every wave rode grim and ghastly death, that its breath had blasted the plain and blighted every speck of verdure on the hill. But as I looked more intently over its broad expanse it seemed to assume a certain unhealthy, lurid hue, and there came up from it a hot and sickly mist as if seething in its rocky cauldron. Its rest, too, seemed troubled, as if it were rather the stupor of fever than the beautiful hush of sleep. And the translucence of its waters was deceptive, for whenever they touched the shore there remained a black and oily deposit.

Probably nature does not afford a more desolate scene than that of the region of the Dead Sea. It lies in a vast basin, four thousand feet below the Mediterranean. It is bounded on the north by the plain of Jericho; on the east its waves wash the base of the calined hills of Moab; on the west the barren mountains of the desert of Judea rise above its shores; while its southern extremity touches the region of Arabia Petraea. The eye looks in vain for any sign or vestige of life. No living creature inhabits its shore, no fish swim in it; no buds dip their wings in its waters.—One endless range of barren hills meets you on every side. There is no escape—no refuge from the desolation that begets you. This sea, which receives the living Jordan, has no outlet. It remains a problem—an enigma to science. Numerous efforts to explain it have been made, many adventurous travelers have lost their lives in the attempt, and Mr. Lynch, whose survey is so imperfect, lost his first assistant. Even the wild Bedouin, whose home is the desert, shuns it in his wide wanderings. Its origin involves a wide and fearful history. The shores it laved once teemed with life. Its waters roll on the sites of the "Cities of the Plain." Deep down in its depths lies dead and damned Gomorrah and Sodom.

STUPIDITIES.

Hall's Journal of Health enumerates the following. The list is capable of being extended indefinitely. Indeed, if one should specify all the silly and ridiculous habits and practices by which the majority of reasoning and sensible mortals are injuring themselves, he would make a chapter as long as the Atlantic cable.

"Walking along the street with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or by some other cause, a person in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, in one of our streets, and died in a few weeks."

"To carry a long pencil in vest or outside coat pockets; not long since, a clerk in New York fell, and the long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery that it had to be cut down from the top of the shoulder to prevent death, with a three months' illness."

"To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges repose."

"To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its wasting out qualities."

"To set down to a table and forego yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite, but a positive aversion to food."

"To take a glass of toddy, or of ganegance, or mint drops, on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of cold water."

"To economize time by robbing yourself of the necessary sleep, on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually spoiled."

"To persuade yourself that you are destroying and unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one, that is by attempting to sweeten your own unwashed garments and person by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de cologne, or rose water; the best perfume being a clean skin and well washed clothing."

A CURE FOR SCROFULA.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied in old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of squarfortis in a bowl or saucer, drop in two copper cents; it will effervesce; leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of the strongest cider vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe, put in a little rain water. Apply it to

the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush or rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water.

Its first application known to me was a poor girl sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off, as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot one third of the flesh was gone and all the skin except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it.

In a few days her peace of mind returned, and she declared it was getting well. It was supposed it was a relief from the pain only, but when examined, fresh flesh was found growing, and skin over it. She was soon running about, and would work, which delayed the entire cure, leaving a small sore, which was in a few months entirely healed. A young girl with scrofula in her neck, having a large open hole and deemed incurable, came one month after, entirely cured, and recently married, with her husband, on their way East. I have never known a case where it did not effect a cure.

ANCIENT SHIP-BUILDING.

The ancients seem to have outdone all succeeding attempts—the Leviathan of 1858 alone excepted. Some of the galleys, from descriptions left us, were superb. Ptolemy Philopater had one built which was four hundred and twenty feet long, and twenty-eight broad, and required a complement of four thousand rowers, four thousand sailors, and three thousand soldiers; but that of Hiero, constructed by the renowned Archimedes, consumed wood enough to build sixty large galleys; and it was fitted up in a style that throws the most splendid of our vessels into a wide distance. There was not only banquetting room, galleries, baths, library and a spacious gymnasium, finished and furnished with the most admirable skill and costly materials, with stables, fish-ponds, mills and gardens; but there was a Temple of Venus, fitted up in a gorgeous style, the floor being inlaid with precious stones, the walls of cypress wood, ornamented with choice paintings and statues. The warlike appurtenances of this marine monster were on a corresponding scale of formidable grandeur.—The vessel was surrounded by iron bulwarks, like a rampart, massy, and strengthened with eight towers, and there were machines sufficiently powerful to project a stone three hundred pounds weight, or a dart seventeen feet and a half long, a distance of a half a mile.

AN EMBARRASSED FATHER.

The following true incident will show the dangers to which young children are exposed in the public squares of our cities. A gentleman on Saturday afternoon was taking his little boy—an only child about six months old—on an airing in Madison Park, New York, when suddenly a well dressed woman, an entire stranger to him, rushed frantically after him and with screams and gestures, demanded her child. The astonished father, of course, pushed her aside, and told her to clear off, upon which she persisted, attempting to lay hands on the baby, and drawing with her screams a large crowd to witness the contest. Of course the crowd, with their usual humanity, sympathized with the bereaved woman until the unfortunate "parent" was compelled to call a policeman, who took his tormentor away.

It seems a little strange that when there are so many unclaimed babies, she should be so anxious to seize an only child, the sole object of parental affection. The probability is, however, that the vixen who was a good looking French woman, of about thirty or thirty-five, had lost a baby, and seeing a handsome boy, had mistaken him for the one she was seeking. From the pertinacity with which she insisted on her claim, it is also probable that she would have succeeded in running off with the baby, had it not been protected by the strong arm of its father, and had its only guardian been, as is often the case, a servant maid or nurse of fifteen or twenty years.—Phila. Paper.

Robber's Cave near Clarion.

Our neighbors up at Clarion have a "mystery" in their vicinity, which considerably agitates them. The Citizen says that about five miles from Clarion, near where the Pittsburgh road crosses Sandy creek, a singular discovery was made by a Mr. Mason. While hunting bees, he noticed under some rocks, a buffalo robe and other evidences of the former presence of some animals less laborious and less honest than those he was in search of. Being somewhat frightened, he called others, who, after some search, discovered jewelry of different kinds, worth in all, about one hundred dollars. In addition to this, a pair of boots and pantaloons, a vest, cravat and fine coat, with the skirt considerably torn, pieces of which were found in different places, were picked up near the jewelry depot. The circumstance induced ten of the adjacent citizens to repair to the spot and lie in wait that night for the return of the depositors, but through the imprudence of kindling a fire in the after night, nothing was effected. In dispersing next morning, a sack of flour, three freshly dressed chickens and a blanket, were found unconcealed, as though they had been hastily left. Several other articles, such as powder, caps, an old revolver, augers, a piece of chloroform, &c., were picked up.—Pitts. Jour.

True friendship is like sound health: its value is seldom known until it is lost.

EDWARD MCPHERSON, ESQ.—Among the many gratifying results of the late election in this State, none are more gratifying than the success of Edward McPherson, Esq., who has been elected to Congress in the Seventeenth District. In that district, Wilson Reilly, the Administration candidate, had a majority of 509, two years ago. Now Mr. McPherson carries it by 267 majority, against this same Wilson Reilly, who was zealously aided by his friends, and the whole power and patronage of the government. The people of the State are to be congratulated upon securing the services of such a man as Mr. Pherson. We have long known him as a gentleman of fine talents and attainments, perfect purity and uprightness, thorough knowledge of the wants of Pennsylvania, and entire devotion to her interests.—His articles on the sale of the State Canals, published in our columns, did more than anything else to open the eyes of the people to the abuses of the State system of managing them, and hastened the accomplishment of the sale, which is nowhere regretted except among Democratic politicians. He has, in many other ways, exhibited his knowledge of the State and what she requires, and it is a matter for real rejoicing, that such a man should be sent to Congress. We predict that Mr. McPherson will make one of the best, most faithful, most useful and most respected representatives that Pennsylvania has ever sent to Washington.—Phila. Bulletin.

AN IMPORTANT MEDICAL FACT.—Suicide Averted by Means of Artificial Respiration.

Several days ago a well known citizen attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. He swallowed about two ounces and a half. As soon as the fact became known medical aid was called in, the stomach-pump and other appliances made, but seemingly all in vain. All hope of averting death was at last given up by those in attendance. Some several hours after the occurrence, the physician of the family arrived, but too late, as was supposed, to do any good. The thro' struck him, however, of testing efficiency of artificial respiration, so successfully used of late in cases of strangulation by water. He proceeded immediately to work, and soon began to perceive symptoms of improvement. Encouraged, he labored on, assisted by medical gentlemen, and in the course of nine hours succeeded in restoring the unfortunate man. The intended suicide is now well. The entire success of the experiment is worthy the attention of the faculty.—Cincinnati Times.

Contest of Florence's Seat.

It will be seen by the following that Florence's right to a seat in Congress is to be contested, and we have no doubt that Col. Ryan will succeed in making good his claims:—

To the People of the first Congressional District:—As it is my intention to contest the right of Col. Thomas B. Florence to a seat in the Congress of the United States, I would respectfully urge upon all those who have any knowledge in relation to the frauds perpetrated at the recent election in the First Congressional District, to transmit all the information in their possession to
JOHN W. RYAN,
944 South Front street.

CALUMNIATORS.—Calumniators are those who have neither good hearts nor good understandings. We ought not to think ill of any one till we have palpable proof, and even then we should not expose them to others.

We suppose that egotistical people may be set down as taking excellent care of themselves, for every man minds his I.

A waggish candidate coming in the course of the canvass to a tailor's shop, "What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

It is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

To the poor the gospel was preached, not only in the days of Christ, when the common people heard him gladly, but all ages of the Church the sweetest, richest pieces of experience in the work of grace are from the poor, to the poor, and for the poor.

Some hard-money rascal recently perpetrated the following upon the back of a one dollar bill, Bank of Tennessee:—"Thou art but the Ghost on cash, The spirit of a specie dollar, Thy paper fabric is but trash, And all thy promises are holler."

What part in a play do drinking men always like the best? The fine ale to be sure.

A Western jury brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—about a groggery!"

Tying a Mackeral to your coat-tail, and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in codfish aristocracy.

Why is a little nurse-maid like the evening star? Because's she's a wee-nuss.

Some writers, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only what is cut and dried.

Why are ladies like bells?—Because you can never find out their metal until you have given them a ring.

Some judges commit a great many crimes, yet very seldom severity the employment by committing crimes.