



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

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1859.

VOL. 32, NO. 24.

### THE INQUIRER

Published every Friday morning, in Juliana Street, in the white frame building, nearly opposite the Mengel House, by

DAVID OVER.

TERMS: If paid in advance, \$1.50 within the year, \$2.00; and if not paid within the year, \$2.50 will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid—except at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be regarded as a new engagement. Advertisements not exceeding a square (10 lines), inserted three times for \$1—every subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in the same proportion. Each fraction of a square counted as a full square. All advertisements not specially ordered for a given time will be continued until forbid. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Job Printing of all kinds executed neatly and promptly and on reasonable terms.

### 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.

WM. C. LOGAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Fulton, Bedford and Franklin Counties. Office on Main Street, opposite Spang's Hotel. September 8, 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 Maj. Tate. MANN & SPANG June 1, 1854. tf.

D. S. RIDDELE, Formerly of Bedford, Pa. Attorney and Counsellor 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. S. Mullin, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND DENTIST, 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.—tf.

### 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.—tf.

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

DR. F. 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 have associated themselves in the practice of medicine in the village of St. Clairsville, night calls promptly attended to. Office opposite the St. Clair Inn. WM. A. VICKROY, G. W. STATLER. Feb. 11, 1859.—6 mo.

### Poetry.



#### THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
Let me feel her sweet, warm breath,  
For strange chill o'er me passes,  
And I know that it is death.  
I would gaze upon the treasure—  
Scarcely given ere I go,  
Feed her rosy, dimpled fingers  
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,  
But a blessed shore appears,  
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest!  
Let me kiss away thy tears;  
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,  
Strive from midnight until day,  
It may have an angel's blessing,  
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
'Tis not long she can be there;  
See! how to my heart she nestles,  
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.  
If, in after years, beside thee  
Sits another in my chair,  
Though her voice be sweeter music,  
And her face than mine more fair—

And her face than mine more fair—  
Far more beautiful than this,  
Love thy first born; O, my husband!  
Turn not from the motherless.  
Tell her sometimes of her mother,  
You will call her by my name;  
Shield her from the winds of sorrow;  
If she cry, oh! gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,  
I will answer if she calls,  
And my breath will stir her ringlets  
When my voice in blessing falls,  
And her soft black eyes will brighten  
With wonder whence it came;  
In my heart, when years pass o'er her,  
She will miss her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal  
Walks between two angels here;  
One records the ill, but blots it,  
If before the midnight drear  
Man repenteth; if uncancelled,  
Then he seals it for the skies,  
And the right hand angel weepeth,  
Bending low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right hand angel,  
Sealing up the good for Heaven,  
Striving that the midnight watches  
Find no misdeeds unforgiven.  
You will not forget me, husband,  
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod!  
Oh, love the jewel given us,  
As I love thee—next to God!

#### A GOOD ANECDOTE.

In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon; and the annual sessions of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of mad wags as could be found in the State, who had to rely upon their own resources for amusement, for there were then few theatres, concerts or shows.

These lovers of mischief had established a mock Masonic Lodge, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good-natured, athletic young man, about half a simpleton, was to be initiated, the room was crowded. Judge Grass (it being a character in which he was peculiarly happy) had consented to act the role of the devil; and to make the services more impressive, had put on a false face and a large paper cap, surmounted with horns, and, with some chains in his hands, placed himself behind a screen.

After taking the candidate through a variety of the screen, and then the candidate confessed all the crimes he had committed during his whole life. The candidate confessed some trivial offenses, and declared that he could recollect no more. At this the Judge came out from his hiding place, groaned, and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters, and declared that he had disclosed all the crimes he had ever committed. At this the groans of the pretended devil became furious, the chains rattled and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out,

"H-h-hold on, M-m-mister D-d-devil, if I m-m-must t-t-tell you, I d-d-did k-k-kiss J-j-judge G-g-grass's w-w-wife a c-c-couple of t-t-tims!"  
The groaning ceased.

A singular and swift retribution occurred in Huron co., O., a few days since. An ugly fellow, in fit of passion, intentionally destroyed an eye of one of his horses. The next day, while driving a nail, a piece of it lodged in his eye completely destroying the sight.

A French journal announces that M. Nicholas Clary, a gentleman in possession of an income of \$60,000 a year, has engaged as a private soldier in a cavalry regiment which is about to take the field.

### THE TERRIBLE RECOGNITION.

#### A Tale of the Ocean Wilderness.

BY HARRY HAZLETON.

We were rolling home in the old Plymouth, of Boston. It was a fine, starlight night, and there was a glorious breeze blowing in just the right direction—upon our quarter.

Seated with five of my messmates upon the windlass, our conversation naturally turned to home and its associations. It was a suitable subject, for, as we glanced at the swelling pyramids of canvass extending upward to the lofty trucks, we felt that these "white pinions" were shoving the old vessel along, each moment, nearer her destination.

"Jack," said I, turning to one of my messmates, a robust young fellow of twenty, "how happens it that you have nothing to say upon this subject? Have you no mother, sister, nor other friend to talk about?" I uttered these words in a light, jesting tone, as my shipmate had remained silent during our conversation.

A shadow fell upon his brow, and he seemed under the influence of some powerful emotion.

"Tom," said he, in a mournful voice, "never mention the name of mother again; it is a painful subject to me, and one upon which I never like to think. But I will tell you why. Many years ago—not such a great many, either—for it was only five—I lived with a kind, gentle widow woman, who was wont to take me by the hand and call me son. That woman was my own mother. She would take all the pains in the world to make me comfortable and happy. I was then a lad of fifteen, and used to work very hard. My pay was not very good, but with that and the money which my mother earned by taking in sewing, we managed to live. I shan't try to describe any of the little acts of tenderness on her part toward me. You all know, boys, at least all of you who have been blessed with a mother long enough to appreciate her, how she would be likely to act toward an only son. Well, as I said, I used to work very hard—very hard from morn till night. During the leisure, which was afforded me Sundays, I naturally felt the want of some amusement more exciting than that of the pleasures of home, and the society of my poor mother. Unluckily, therefore, I fell into the company of some dissipated young fellows, and resorted to the stimulus of strong drinks to afford the excitement which I craved. It is unnecessary to go into details. From that time my course was downward; and all the persuasion of my mother to turn me from the fearful road I was pursuing, proved of no avail. At last, by constant neglect of business, I lost my situation altogether; and then, frantic with grief and despair, I fled from that roof which had sheltered me from infancy. Having always had a strong inclination for the sea, I shipped on board a whaler as cabin boy. The vessel was gone about three years, at the end of which time I found myself once more in my native town. I sought the cottage in which I had previously resided, hoping that my mother was still living there. But I found the place deserted, and on inquiring of some of the neighbors, learned that my mother had remained upwards of a year after my departure, in the old homestead, grieving for my departure. She had found out from some of the ship owners in New Bedford, that I had gone to sea, and waited a long time, hoping that I would write to her. But as a whole year went by without bringing any news of me, she became almost frantic with grief, and seemed to be gradually losing her reason. One day she left the house with a bundle in her hand, and when the neighbors inquired concerning her intentions, she commenced to weep and wring her hands, saying that she was going to look for her long-lost son. They saw her take the road to New Bedford, and since that time she had never been seen or heard of again, in the village.

"Such was the story they told me, and you can judge of the effect which it had upon my mind. I plunged into the most degraded society, and drank deeply of the wine cup to drown sorrow; so that in a few months all my hard earnings were spent, and I was forced to take to the sea again. It was then that I shipped in this vessel, the Plymouth, and came among you as messmate. I have now given up all hopes of ever again meeting with my mother, unless it be in the land of spirits, after my death."

"What makes me feel worse about the matter is, because they told me in the village that they thought she was insane. This may have got her into some difficulty."  
"Perhaps you wouldn't know her again, if you were to see her," said one of the men.  
"Oh, yes, I would," answered Jack; "that is, if I could get a glimpse of her arm. But I think she'd have to be very much altered in the countenance for me not to know her if I saw her."

"You were saying something about her arm," suggested one of the listeners.  
"Yes, I was going to say I would know her if I was to see her bare arm, but I don't like to tell why," answered Jack, moodily. "Yes, I will, though," he added, after a moment's silence. "In her right arm, just above the elbow, are the marks of my teeth! One night I staggered into the house, and under the influence of liquor I had drunk, reeled to the floor. My mother took hold of me, and gently raised me up, and I—monster—brute that I was, fixed my teeth in her arm and bit her, while she was so doing. My teeth were very sharp, and they sunk deep in her flesh. It was some time after that, ere the wound healed, and when it

did, four blue marks—the impression of my teeth—were left upon the skin."

Such was the story of Jack Ratlin; and weeks after, when our vessel arrived at Boston, I had almost entirely forgotten it. But certain incidents which I am now going to relate, recalled it again, and that very forcibly, to my recollection, about eighteen months afterwards. After having left the Plymouth, I had shipped in a sperm whaler; but not being satisfied with the usage I received on board, I took the liberty to desert her when she arrived at her first port in Talcahuana, ten months afterwards. I remained here for nearly ten weeks, earning a few reals daily by serving in a Chilean schooner, plying up and down the coast. At the end of that time, as there was no other change, I shipped in another whaler, then lying in port. Scarcely had I leaped over the bulwarks on first coming on board, than my eye lighted upon the well-known countenance of my former shipmate in the Plymouth, Jack Ratlin. He was walking up and down the quarter deck, issuing, now and then, some orders, in a sharp tone, to the men forward, who were employed about the windlass.

As soon as he saw me, he ran up, and despite his dignity as second mate of the vessel, shook me cordially by the hand, and inquired after my health. He then informed me that shortly after leaving the Plymouth, he succeeded, through the influence of one of the ship owners, in obtaining the birth of second mate on board the Rochester, which was the name of the vessel in which I now had shipped as a foremast hand.

"You'll find me a good officer, Tom," said he; "although, perhaps, the men think I'm a little quick-tempered."  
"No doubt of it Jack—no doubt of it," said I, as I bunched forward with my chest and valise.

We had not been out from Talcahuana but a few weeks, when I was also inclined to think with the rest of my shipmates, that Jack Ratlin, although he had been quiet enough as a foremast hand, was quick tempered as second mate.

He treated me well enough, but the greater portion of the men had cause to complain of his conduct toward them. There was one individual in particular among the crew whom he used like a dog. This personage was a pitiful looking specimen of humanity, about fifty years of age, called Brooks. His eyes were sunk, his cheek wasted, and his brow wrinkled as with care. He always kept by himself, and would never eat anything at meal times but a little hard bread and some water. He was evidently half an idiot, for he was constantly walking about the decks, moaning and wringing his hands, while his eyes would have a strange vacant stare. He never seemed to take pride in the rest of us in making himself look neat, although he was far from being filthy. His garments were generally clean, but always ragged and never seemed to fit his attenuated figure.

This poor fellow was the butt of the crew, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. Sometimes I would see him sitting all alone in some obscure part of the ship eating his solitary meal, while the tears were streaming down his hollow cheeks. Whenever he was told to do anything, instead of executing the command, he would stand and look about him with a bewildered stare. It was at such times that the wrath of Jack Ratlin would become aroused against the unfortunate fellow, and he would deal him a blow or a kick. To this abuse, however, he would only respond by clasping his hands together and uttering a strange, plaintive moan. One night, presuming upon our former acquaintance, I took the liberty of reproaching with Ratlin in regard to his behavior toward the poor wretch.

"Tom," said he, "do you know what makes me so hard upon that fellow? I will tell you. It is because there is a look about him which always makes me think of—"  
"Buzz! bang! crash! Down keeled our ship on her beam ends, and away went the main top-gallant mast. We had been struck by one of those sudden squalls so common off the coast of Japan.

"Clear up top-gallant sails! let go top-sail byrds fore and aft!" yelled Ratlin. The men flew to obey the order.  
"What in—! are you about? Go there and help the men clear up the top-gallant-sails!" cried Jack to Brooks, who was standing close behind him, trembling from head to foot. The man did not stir. Enraged at this, Jack caught up a iron belaying pin and struck him on the head, uttering a low moan and fell heavily on the deck. Jack now repented of what he had done and at the squall by this time had passed to leeward, he ordered some of the men to convey the body into the cabin. I was one of those who obliged the order, and helped to carry the body into the state room, and lay it out upon a sofa. As the light fell upon his features it was to be seen that they were deadly pale, while a small stream of blood was trickling from a wound in the temple, which had been inflicted by the belaying pin.

The eyes fell upon us with a fixed look, which was no mistaking—it was the icy stare of death.  
"Good God!" groaned Jack, "he is dead!—Yet—oh, no! no! it cannot be that I have really murdered him! Perhaps he may recover; this heavy jacket alone is enough to stifle the man."

While uttering these words, the second mate had been engaged in divesting Brooks of his jacket. He had already disengaged the sleeve of the right arm, when something was heard to drop from one of the pockets to the floor. Jack picked it up, and on examination, discovered it to be a small locket containing a likeness of himself. He instantly tore the shirt from the back of the corpse; the supposed seaman was a woman. He lifted the right arm, and looked at it closely. Four blue marks the impression of teeth, were perceived just above the elbow.

Ratlin uttered a wild cry, and sank insensible on the deck. By these marks he had recognized the figure before him as the corpse of his own mother.

I shall now merely add that it was subsequently discovered, upon further investigation, that the mother of Jack Ratlin, having disguised herself in season's apparel, had shipped in four different vessels, (previous to entering the Rochester at Talcahuana,) for the purpose of hunting up her long-lost son. It is not very probable that she would have undertaken so wild a project had she not been affected with a slight derangement of her mental faculties, caused, no doubt, by the sudden disappearance of her son. The lapse of time had so changed the countenance and form of the latter since she last beheld him, (a mere boy of fifteen) as to prevent her from recognizing him in the person of the second mate of the Rochester. Her disguise, as well as the alterations which time and sorrow had wrought upon her countenance, likewise prevented Jack Ratlin from identifying his mother with the person of the baggards-looking seaman. I shall conclude by adding that the matricide is now the inmate of a mad house.

#### A WOMAN'S WIT.

A little romance was enacted in this city a short time ago, the details of which we were so fortunate as to obtain. A gentleman who resides on Prospect street has a wife who, for some months past, has gradually become imbued with ideas that her lord is recreant to his vows. A note which she intercepted confirmed her in her suspicions, and his movements were watched with a secrecy and cunning known only to jealous wives. She ascertained where the frail one lived who had estranged her husband's love from his lawful object, and succeeded in renting a room in a house directly opposite, representing herself to be a dress-maker.

From this point of observation, she saw enough to convince her that her faithless spouse was a constant and welcome visitor at the house across the way, whose reputation was not at all questionable. By the promise of a liberal reward, she induced a daguerrean artist to remove his apparatus to her room, and to follow her directions without asking questions. Wondering what deed of horror he might be called upon to daguerreotype, the artist prepared to obey her commands. She ordered him to place his instrument so as command the front door of the house opposite, and to be prepared to take an impression at a moment's notice. He did as he was requested, and for many long hours, two anxious faces might have been seen peering from the window, and the artist's camera pointing grimly and relentlessly at the door of the opposite house.

The next day when the naughty husband entered his own house, his wife advanced towards him, looking unusually sweet and cheerful (in fact, he thought he had never observed her looking so charming before) and presented him with a daguerreotype, saying she had been at considerable pains to obtain it, regretting that it did not do the subject entire justice, and ending by begging its acceptance with one of her sweetest smiles. Thinking his dear little wife had been getting her miniature for him, and recalling his disloyalty with an ugly spasm of the heart, he proceeded to unclasp the case which contained, as he supposed, the features of the loving and condoling creature before him. The first glance disclosed a house which looked astonishingly familiar; and the second revealed to his petrified gaze the form of himself, standing on the steps with his hand upon the door knob; and gazing sheepishly round as if fearful of detection. His head swam, the infernal miniature danced before his eyes, and falling upon his knees, the wretch frantically besought her forgiveness. "Tis said that room presented a fearful scene. There were reproaches, entreaties, threats of separation, supplications, mingled with a considerable quantity of hysterics and tearing of hair. We are informed that the affair was at length adjusted, and that he has become an exceedingly meek, attentive and obedient husband.—Cleveland Democrat.

A PRINTING OFFICE ANECDOTE.—A young English lad, just 'come over,' became an apprentice in a printing office, to learn the trade. When learning the letter boxes in the 'case,' he asked the printer's 'devil,' a mischievous young scamp, where the E box was. The 'devil' pointed him to the L box. After having studied over the 'case' long enough to know all the 'boxes' of the alphabet, the foreman asked him to 'go over' them, naming each letter-box, the juvenile John Bull did so, and got them all right except E and L.

"You've got those two mixed up," remarked the foreman.  
"Well," replied the young Englisher, "he asked that party (pointing to the 'devil,') where HE was, and 'e pointed 'is finger to HELL!"  
The foreman gave the 'devil' a sharp look, and he grinned satanically.

In a jolly company each one was to ask a question. If it was answered the proposer had to pay a forfeit, or if he could not answer it himself, he paid for it.  
Pat's question was:  
"How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"  
When they all gave it up, Pat said:  
"Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole."  
One of the rest exclaimed:  
"But how does he get there?"  
"Ah," said Pat, "that is your question; and you can answer it yourself."

As a soul in heaven may look back on earth and smile at its past sorrow, so even here, it may rise to a sphere where it may look down on the storm that once threatened to overwhelm it.

### THE STATE OF EUROPE.

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune

LONDON, Friday, May 14, 1859.

The first Austrian campaign is over. The plan to follow up the invasion of Piedmont by a rapid march to Turin was baffled by the unexpected arrival of the French. And the army of the Irons, which the low country was artificially inundated by the cutting of the dikes. The Austrians, with their traditional slowness, lost all the advantage of being the first in the field, and seemed to forget that the snow melts every year in Spring on the Alps and increases the body of the waters. They are now fast retreating. They have given up the line of the Sesia and will scarcely await the French within the boundaries of Piedmont. Francis Joseph, who, in the first instance, snubbed Baron Hess for his cautious plan of campaign, which was to remain around Pinerolo and to accept the battle under the canon of the fortress, has now lost his confidence in the more daring plan of Gyula, and will, in a few days, set out with Baron Hess to supersede Gyula in the command. The continuous rain and the retrograde movements have considerably dampened the military ardor of the young Austrian officers, who thought they might within a few days destroy the Sardinian forces and occupy and plunder Turin. The halo which surrounded Radowitz's army with the first campaign, and makes a generous use of his victory in favor of Italian independence, he will secure the throne for his dynasty. If beaten, he is lost. With such heavy stakes, we shall soon have of a great pitched battle, probably within a week.

Russia solemnly denies any alliance with France. Still, from her evasive expansion, we may infer that she has been hastily to watch Austria and to keep Prussia in awe in case she should espouse the cause of Austria. The Czar is not prepared for a great war, but he may easily, by hostile neutrality, paralyze an Austrian army and the retrograde enthusiasm of Germany. His first and principal object is the emancipation of the serfs, which has already progressed so far that it cannot be postponed any longer without endangering the public peace.

As regards England, as was said lately by a very influential man, Lord Derby is at least for non-intervention; Prince Albert for intervention in favor of Austria; and Lord Palmerston for intervention in favor of France. The elections gave a good opportunity to the boroughs and counties for expressing their wishes for complete non-intervention and honest neutrality. As to internal affairs, the Conservatives have gained about twenty seats and are still in a minority of about sixty votes in full Parliament. Still, they have consolidated their party by stupendous bribery. Lord Derby secured £20,000 for the election, the Duke of Northumberland £25,000, each of the three new peers £10,000, and some £30,000 more were furnished by the other members of the Carlton Club. It is, however, a great question whether the Liberals will be able to defeat the Ministry, which clings to office and cannot be ousted but by a vote of want of confidence. Now the Liberals are not united; the Radicals hate Lord Palmerston still more than they hate Lord Derby, and the split between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston is not yet healed.

We hear from Turkey that the agitation in Bosnia and Bulgaria is on the increase, and an outbreak may soon be expected. The Sultan has increased his army by an additional 20,000 men along the Danube; but he has no good officers, and the Turks are jealous of every rising man; and the stolidity of the Turks prevents them from making the proper use of the foreign officers in their service.

What is in the Wind!  
A special correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from this city under date of May 19th, gives the following. This may or may not be a *canard*, but as Mr. Forney himself is writing some rather singular articles now-a-days, the information communicated may have a significance.—*Cleveland News*

"Some three weeks since, Hon. S. A. Douglas spent almost an entire night at the house of Mr. Forney, in Philadelphia, discussing the course to be taken as to the Charleston Convention.—Mr. Douglas arguing in favor of going into the convention and submitting to its action, whilst Mr. Forney declared that he would have nothing to do with it, and would fight any one nominated by that convention, even Douglas himself. Mr. Douglas finally asked what he (Forney) would advise him to do; to which Mr. Forney said that if he was in (Douglas's) place, he would go to Chicago and announce himself as a candidate for the Presidency, in the same manner that town constables in the Western towns announce themselves for office, and say no attention whatever to the convention; and let a convention meet and nominate a Vice President to run with him, and trust to the result.—Douglas' opinion all the way through was, that it was his best course to go into the Charleston Convention and abide its results.

"Forney declared that he was going to fight the Republican party and Administration party, considering (he said) both of them the essence of corruption, and feels sanguine that he will draw the Democratic party back with him. He also stated that the reason that their wing of the Democracy did not nominate a ticket at Altoona was that they were afraid of the exhibit they would make next October. He was afraid that the majority of the party would stick to the regular nominees, and would not give them over fifty thousand votes, when he knew that there were three times that number in the State sympathizing with their principles."

IRISH DENIAL.—An Irish boy, who was trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish.  
"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about hiring him; but this I know, you were born in Ireland."  
"Oh, your honor, if that's all said the boy, 'small blame to that. Suppose I had been born in a stable, would I have been a horse?"

A COUNTRY LADY ON VIRTUE.—A correspondent of the Vincennes Sun, writing from Olney, a small village in Illinois, says:  
"I asked an old lady of the church in confidence, if she really thought a dis-virtuous woman would become virtuous by joining the church. She jerked her cap-border, adjusted her specs, and said, 'yes, if the prisky men would let her alone!' and I believe she is right."

A conceited coxcomb asked a friend what apology he ought to make for not being one of a party, the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

Every delay of repentance is a cheat upon ourselves.