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BY DAVID OVER.

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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 Speer's Hotel.  
September 3, 1858.

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**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, ff.

**D. S. RIDDLE,**  
Formerly of Bedford, Pa.  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law,**  
74 WALL ST. NEW YORK.  
All business promptly attended to.  
Dec. 2, 1858.

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**Attorney at Law and Land Surveyor,**  
WILL attend with promptness to all business entrusted to his care. Will practice in Bedford and all Fulton Counties. Office one door West of the Utan Hotel.  
Dec. 24, 1858.

**W. S. Mullin, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN**  
AND  
**DENTIST,**  
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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.—4f.

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

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

**ACARD.**  
WILL practice in the Courts of Fulton, Bedford and Franklin Counties. Office on Main Street, opposite Speer's Hotel.  
September 3, 1858.

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

**OSIER & GARN.**  
Now then for Bargain selling off all kinds of Summer dress Goods at cost.  
Bedford, July 16, 1859.

For the Hair-Jockey Club, and new mown hay, ponies, guineas or mares, at Dr. Harry's.

### Poetry.



#### OH, SING TO ME!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, sing to me, my own beloved,  
That sweet and simple strain  
That I have treasured in my heart  
Throughout long years of pain!  
For its clear tones recall to me  
The joys of bygone days,  
When hope's bright sun lit up the path  
Of happy childhood's ways;  
And, as I hear the soothing notes,  
My mind goes wandering back,  
And once again I tread with joy,  
Sweet childhood's fairy track,  
Oh, would that we, my own beloved,  
Could woo again the shade  
Where, in the halcyon days of youth,  
Our wandering footsteps strayed!  
Oh, would that we could sit beside  
The daisies mountain streams,  
And mirror, as in days of yore,  
Our future golden dreams.  
But ah, alas! we only now  
Their memories can bring,  
And soothe the soul with melting tones  
Of songs we used to sing.

#### MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

How cheering the thought that the spirits of bliss  
Will bend their bright wings to a world such as this;  
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morn'ing they come,  
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,  
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,  
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

#### THE RIVAL VENTRILOQUISTS.

"Once upon a time," as the "story-tellers" have it, we were sailing down the "father of waters," the Mississippi, in the "Goddess of Liberty," bound from St. Louis to New Orleans. We had on board the usual variety of passengers; but for some unexplainable cause, an unusual degree of monotony prevailed. 'Tis true, the cardplayers were at work, with their accustomed energy, and little groups of passengers were earnestly engaged over the quiet game of "checkers" or "draughts," while one little circle only were observed in that old, but now popular game—"chess." A large number of passengers were sitting in the forward saloon, gazing listlessly at each other, apparently in a state of stupefaction.

Being of an active temperament, and fond of excitement, we could not suffer ennui upon such an occasion to get the upper hand of us, so, with a view of kicking up some kind of a rumpus, for our own sake and the relief of the passengers generally, we walked boldly into the Captain's office, and laid the whole matter before the distinguished commander.

"We have no music on board," the captain remarked, "for we might wake the passengers up with a little hop on the light, fantastic."  
"Well," I replied (looking carelessly over the list on the passenger-roll) "we must have some excitement, for the passage is really wearisome."

Just at that moment, our eyes fell upon a name distinguished in the annals of diablerie—a name less a personage than the celebrated wizard and ventriloquist, Signor Blitz. Here was indeed reason for crying "Eureka," and forthwith we proceeded in search of the mysterious wizard. In a few moments the signor was found, quietly reposing in his state-room, and the whole difficulty (the occasion called for eloquence) eloquently laid before him. Blitz consented to create a little "harmless fun," as he termed it; but the sequel proved it more funny than harmless. But, without anticipating, the wizard entered the steward's apartment, and providing himself with a few huge slices of bread, and obtaining some of his little animate assistants, he announced himself prepared, but remarked that we must select a good subject, for on that selection depended the fun. We entered the forward saloon noiselessly, arm-in-arm, and advanced towards the quiet, sleepy-looking passengers, who were collected together without aim or object. While running our eyes rapidly around the room in search of a victim, our attention was attracted towards a young man dressed in a deep suit of black, who was seemingly absorbed in a book which he was attentively perusing. We "nudged" the signor, pointed significantly at the young man, and received from the former an affirmative answer, by a quiet movement of the head. The signor picked up a stool, seated himself unceremoniously between the young stranger and the end of the table near by. This movement arrested the attention of the stranger, who looked up inquiringly.

"You seem to be much interested in your book, sir," the signor remarked.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "a good book is to me preferable to a good dinner."

Signor—"That depends upon the length of time you have fasted. By the way, I did not see you at the dinner-table?"

Stranger—"No, sir, I preferred my book."

Signor—"One dollar is high for a single meal; I commend your economy."

Stranger—"I eat when hungry, whatever the price."

Signor—"I spoke of economy because I observed some provisions in your hat!"

Stranger (in an offended tone)—"Provisions, sir? I carry no provisions with me. I always eat at the public table, and pay for it, too!"

The whole attention of the passengers was now centered upon the speakers, and considerable interest manifested by the company in the peculiar subject under discussion.

Signor (lifting up the young gent's hat from his side, and passing it under the eyes of the entire group—"I do not wish to offend you, sir; but I see here quite a supply of provisions!"

This created not a little merriment at the expense of the stranger, which soon increased to a laugh, as the wizard drew forth slices after slice of stale bread from the young man's hat. The stranger hit his lips in confusion, and fixed his gaze upon the signor, then, with a smile, got up from his seat, and moved toward his state-room.

"Frightened?" says one of the lookers on, smiling at the sudden disappearance of the stranger.

Stranger (emerging from the state-room)—"No; not frightened, exactly. I merely went away my book, because I find there is going to be some fun aboard, and when there's fun aboard I want to be 'counted in,' for that's my forte!"

Looker-on (enthusiastically)—"Good! bravo, bravo! Go it, little 'un—you're a match for him!"

The stranger had barely finished his remark when a loud yelping and snapping was heard at his heels, and the passengers began to scatter, thinking a rabid dog was in their midst; but a few minutes served to prove the barking and yelping another trick of the ventriloquist.

During the excitement about the dog, the signor seemed constantly brushing something from behind his ear, and becoming much annoyed by a continual buzzing at his head, requested one of the passengers to examine his neck, for a wasp had taken passage on the boat, and was engaged in the exclusive business of annoying him. An examination proved the signor's fears groundless, and the fact with the stranger coincided. Next came the squeaking of a pig, and in a few moments the signor, to the great amusement of the crowd, produced from the stranger's bosom a small guinea pig, which jumped and ran around the cabin, as if pleased at being released from such an uncomfortable berth. Again the signor was seized with that periodical attack of the wasp, and brushed in vain with his hands, to rid himself of the little tormentor.—Several of the passengers attempted to catch the refractory wasp, but each attempt proved futile, and the attacks of the insect on the head of the signor soon became a portion of the amusement of the passengers; the buzzing of the wasp produced as much fun as any of the wizard's wonderful feats.

During all this time the features of the stranger remained placid, though his brilliant black eyes flashed, and gave evidence of no small amount of mischief lurking within.—The ventriloquist having failed to affect the stranger, resolved to try again, apparently determined not only to bring down the boat, but to bring down the stranger, also.

Signor (stepping up to the young stranger)—"Come, friend, sing us a good song, won't you? Don't be so quiet."

Without further remark, the signor commenced his wonderful ventriloquist singing powers by singing a favorite air, with a chorus of "Ri tol lol," etc., each note of which appeared to come from the mouth of the young stranger. So complete was the illusion, that the stranger received shouts of applause at its conclusion, and notwithstanding his positive denial of singing a single word, the passengers insisted it was well done. During the singing, the signor was again pestered with the buzzing in his ear of that infernal wasp, and seemed utterly unable to free himself from the pernicious insect.

"Now," remarked the stranger, "as you insist I have been singing a song, though entirely unconscious of the act myself, I think it but fair that Blitz shall favor us with a song in return."

At the sound of Blitz's name, all were on the qui vive, and now, as the character of the invective was understood, the party insisted upon a song.

Blitz (earnestly)—"I tell you, gentlemen, I am no singer, never sang a song in my life, except ventriloquially."

A voice—"That's a whopper."

Blitz (looking around)—"who spoke—who says I can sing?"

A voice (gruffly) "I do."

Notwithstanding all efforts to find the speaker, he was *non est*, and the bystanders supposed the voice a trick of the signor's.

A voice apparently from the signor, who was again annoyed at the buzzing of the wasp—"I'll sing, I'll sing."

Blitz—"Gentlemen, I did not speak—I cannot sing; there must be a ventriloquist here."

A voice (apparently the signor's)—"Should you acquaintance be forgot?"

Passengers—"O, good heavens! don't sing that!"

Blitz—"I am not singing, gentlemen, this is a trick—a ruse; there's—"

The song and remarks of the signor were interrupted by another attack of the wasp, and the passengers were laughing immoderately at the efforts of the signor to keep off the stinging, buzzing, intruding insect.

Signor—"Gentlemen, let me explain; there is another ventriloquist here, I am sure of it, and I think this stranger, our friend, must be the man!"

Passenger (addressing the stranger)—"Are you a ventriloquist?"

Stranger (blandly)—"When at home, I am."

Blitz (staring at the young stranger) "And your name is—?"

Stranger (smiling) "Wyman, the wizard and ventriloquist."

Blitz—"And the confounded wasp was nothing more nor less than—"

Stranger (interrupting)—"Wyman, the ventriloquist."

The two wizards shook hands heartily, while the passengers enjoyed a laugh which fairly shook the boat from stem to stern, and for the balance of that trip there was no end to fun.—The boat was stopped by Blitz, started by Wyman, Blitz got up a false alarm of fire, and Wyman burst the boiler, to the holy horror of several old maids. Blitz bolted whole potatoes at the table, Wyman stowed away chickens, alive and kicking. Blitz had a dozen waiters constantly bringing the wrong dishes, and Wyman had dogs and cats under the table, and between them both, the splendid steamer "Goddess of Liberty," was completely turned into an immense stage, with the "Comedy of Errors" upon it, for the amusement of the three hundred passengers.

Both wizards have since become intimately acquainted, and they have many a hearty laugh at the fun created on the Mississippi by the rival ventriloquists.

#### Italy is not Free to the Adriatic.

The Emperor Napoleon stood in an enviable position when he declared, after the battle of Magenta, that his purpose was not the aggrandisement of himself or of France, but only to render justice to Italy, by freeing it from foreign domination, from the Alps to the Adriatic. The victories won before and since were won, not by Napoleon, but by the cause the allied armies represented. The heart of Europe and of the world was with them, and justice in such a war is worth thousands of men and parks of rifled cannon. And now Napoleon stops and undoes half the work because the cause is too good, and its impetus too irresistible. It is sweeping beyond the control of any Emperor, and rises into proportions beyond the narrow interests of France. France, in the eye of Louis Napoleon, needs only special friends, special influences in adjacent nations, and secure dynastic position in its ruling family.—France does not need the liberation of any nation as a distinctive fact, and therefore, when circumstances commit a holy cause to his hands, and open the door to an early and easy attainment of great ends, the Emperor dashed the cup aside as one too full of blessings, for his purpose.

Maintaining the attitude he deliberately took at Magenta, he would have been safe in expelling from Italy not only every trace of the Austrian rule, but in purging the Papal States and Naples of every element of affinity to that rule. He might have reformed and consolidated Italy from the Alps to Sicily, and, clearing it of external constraints, have left it free to organize governments of elective form, so far as the monarchical features were concerned, and protected by constitutions like those of Sardinia. The strength of his position would have been invincible, and it might have been taken without necessary complications in Hungary, or in any country whatever out of Italy. This most majestic achievement of modern times the French Emperor threw from him after it had actually fallen into his hands. That which any ruler who comprehended the age might have reasonably thought worth a life time of effort, he surrendered to make friends with the young Emperor of Austria. Such is the strange difference between Magenta and Solferino. The road from the Ticino to the Niocino is a descending path to the French, and no achievement of arms, can atone of the moral defeat, or rather the opportunity for moral victory, thrown away by cowardice on the field.

And yet this war has stirred up interests which will not rest with this unfinished work. In every part of Italy the best blood and the best energies are thoroughly roused. Cardinal Anonelli cannot continue to rule Rome, and it is even problematical whether the Archdukes will be permitted to re-enter Modena and Tuscany. Sardinia has a position not so easily received from as that taken by France, and there can be no re-antagonist party established in power by ousting Cavour. This leader of the whole movement resigns in disgust at events which were precipitated over his head by the haste of Napoleon, but his resignation only strengthens the liberal cause. The world still has faith in Victor Emmanuel, also, and from this green spot the hopeful in other States will still gather courage and strength. Unbounded admiration for the spirit and devotion of Italians, of every State, has been elicited at every step of these great events, and none of those who doubted Napoleon felt chilled or discouraged at the bearing of Italians themselves.

The events of a month to come will be full of interest, second only to the like period just passed. Whether the spirit of Italy will content itself with modifying the conditions Napoleon has undertaken to establish, and with placing them on the best footing possible for the future, time only can show. Garibaldi is the type—representative of the active and warlike class, as Cavour is of the advanced among the statesmen who would accept and improve upon order. What these men do all Italy will occur in, and if they resolve that a further struggle to free the nation shall be undertaken, the whole army of France will be required to subdue them. Napoleon will not, we hope, have the madness to undertake a new war to disarm the chivalrous people by whose aid he, but a few days since, solemnly declared his purpose to make Italy free to the Adriatic.

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." Oh, I will take it, then by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

#### From the Fitzgerald's City Mem. ADMIRABLE ARTICLE.

#### "OUR COUNTRY! RIGHT OR WRONG!"

There is at least as much justice and propriety in another exclamation—viz:—our friends—our children—right or wrong! for if patriotism, or the love of country renders the first feeling admissible, surely the natural and stronger love of one's own offspring and the inmates of our domestic circle, offers an abundant excuse for the other. We well know it is not wise, or perhaps consistent with the teachings of religion, to give our sanction to what is positively wrong—what we know to be wrong; and yet in a choice of evils, may we and should we not, select the least. A child, in spite of our best efforts, by educational influences and home discipline, such as we have been able to maintain, may reach adult age an ungovernable, foolish, or vicious person; and besides the pain and anxieties caused at home by son and daughter, under these circumstances, society eventually, perhaps, the law becomes offended by one having the strongest natural claims upon our interest and affection. If, at such a moment, we join with the world, and in an unloving spirit of stern justice, drive this child from home and our protection, running the risk of bringing greater misconduct and perhaps ultimate ruin, on all sides we hear loud exclamations of—"heartless parent!" "unnatural brute!" If on the contrary, we still allow our natural love to govern, and stand by the erring; renewing our private efforts to correct the evils of a life that is precious to us—then, it is "blind indulgence" "parental infatuation, and encouragement, to wrong doing!" What course is left for the parent but to endure the world's reproach or scorn, and still obeying the best impulse of the heart, exclaim—"my children and my friends, right or wrong!"

Impartial or indifferent judges will freely condemn and abandon, perhaps punish the mistakes or misdeeds of our children; it is an unloving world we live in, spite of the heavenly injunction—"yea, seventy times seven shall thou forgive thy brother." We are, perchance, the last, the only hope from which erring humanity may derive the opportunity to mend; and at the very period when the ignorant and condemning world is most severe and unloving, it may be that penitence and reformation have reached the heart, where folly and wickedness had so lately ruled. This is especially true of the young and inexperienced, in whom character is ever undergoing change, and where if error and vice startle us, it is mostly through the apt teachings and evil influences of older sinners—of wicked and designing men. If, then, our country is wrong, let us still protect and defend her until she gets old enough and wise enough to be right; and so too with friends and family—let us be slow to abandon those that are near and dear to us, when error clouds their path.

B. L. B.

#### Death of Richard Rush.

On Saturday last, Hon. Richard Rush died at his residence in this city, after an illness of more than a month, the fatal termination of which has for some time been anticipated.—The event will excite regret all over the country, for Mr. Rush was a national man, in every sense of the word, and one of the few of the past generation of public men that remained among us.

Richard Rush was born in Philadelphia, August, 1780. He was a son of the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He graduated at Princeton in 1797, and afterwards studied law in Philadelphia, where, in 1811, he was appointed by Governor Snyder, Attorney General of this State. Soon afterwards he was appointed Comptroller of the United States Treasury, and in 1814 Attorney General of the United States. When Mr. Monroe entered office, he called on Mr. Rush to perform the duties of Secretary of State during the absence of Hon. John Quincy Adams.—When Mr. Adams returned, in 1817, Mr. Rush was appointed Minister to England, which office he held for seven years and many years afterwards he published a very interesting narrative, describing his "Residence at the Court of St. James." He negotiated the important treaty of 1818, which settled the then existing disputes in regard to the fisheries and part of our northwestern boundary. His negotiations also led to President Monroe's cancellation of the famous Monroe Doctrine, against European interference on this Continent. In 1825 President Adams recalled Mr. Rush from England, and appointed him Secretary of the Treasury, which office he held during the whole of Mr. Adams' term. In the year 1836 he was sent by President Jackson as a special agent of the government to receive the Smithsonian bequest, which mission he successfully fulfilled and returned in 1838 with the entire sum. In 1847 he was appointed by President Polk, Minister to France, where he remained, through the disturbed time of the revolution, till the year 1849. Since then he has been living in the retirement that is most agreeable to the close of a well-spent life, at his residence in Philadelphia. He has occasionally appeared before the public, through the journals and at town meetings, when any important question has arisen. He has also attended the regular meetings of the Smithsonian Institute, of which he has been one of the Regents ever since its organization.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

#### The Effect of Peace on Italy.

There cannot be a doubt that all the Liberal party in Italy are sadly disappointed at the sudden treaty of Villa Franca. We think it probable that Louis Napoleon was literally correct, in saying that the interests of France required that this treaty should be made. But certainly, the Italian States have looked upon it as not promoting the interests of Italy.—Count Cavour, the life and soul of the Sardinian cause, has resigned, a new name, unknown to fame, Count Aresca, succeeds to the control of Sardinian Affairs. At Turin, the engraved likenesses of Louis Napoleon which had filled every window, were immediately withdrawn on receipt of news of the treaty, to prevent the populace from insulting them. In Tuscany, they are organizing by military force to prevent the return of the Grand Duke.

The same may be said of the Duchies of Parma and Modena. Even in the States of the Church, very little more favor seems to be shown to this treaty. It is also alleged that already it has failed to meet the wishes of France and Austria. Either more experienced diplomatists will have to be called in, or else the three Emperors will have to reassemble to explain and correct its details. All parties in England appear to disapprove of the treaty, and what is strange, the sympathizers of France and Austria are about equally divided. Even the old ladies are now on the daily look out for a French fleet to land forces on the cliffs of England, and to march their soldiers direct for London. Take it all in all, we doubt if any event of the last twenty years has offended so many, and pleased so few as this sudden treaty. And yet, we believe the interests of France were promoted by its signature.—*Pitts. Com. Jour.*

A PENNY.—A good woman called on Dr B.—one day in a great deal of trouble and said her son had swallowed a penny. "Pray madam," said the Doctor, "was it a counterfeit?" "No, sir, certainly not," was the reply. "Then it will pass, of course," rejoined the facetious physician.

We heard a good story told lately of an Irish lady of this town who discovered a spotted land tortoise while gathering berries, and in great tribulation called on her companion to come and see a rattlesnake with the box with the rattles in on its back.

"I never come late to a friend's dinner," says Boileau, "for I have observed that, when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse."

Truthfulness is a corner stone in the character, and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

A Georgia editor accuses one of his cotemporaries of "dying his hair and trying to renovate his carress so as to get some female into the embraces of his rattling bones."

"Pat, what is the reason that you and your wife always disagree?" "Faith, its kaze we're both of one mind; she wants to be master, and so do I!"

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

It is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in chastity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

"Catch not too soon at an offense, nor give too easy way to anger. The one shows a weak judgement, the other a perverse nature."

Dear I love a friend, yet I foe I may turn to profit; friends show me that which I can do—foes teach me that which I should do.

A western exchange says that Garibaldi kept a coffee house in Cincinnati a few years ago, and retailed liquor by the dram. Not true.

A man in Georgia hung himself to scare his wife. She left him hang long enough to scare himself.

Life may be merry, as well as useful. Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

PROVOKING.—To dream you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself a printer.

Somebody says that "morning is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

Why is a chicken running, like a man whipping his wife? Because its a foul proceeding.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

There is but one kind of love; but there are a thousand copies of it.

The pen, in the hand that knows how to use it, is the most powerful weapon in the world.

Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

"Union is always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relations? Because they are but slightly connected.

Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.