

# Bedford Enquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.

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Have formed a partnership in the practice of  
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## Poetry.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

BY EMELINE F. SMITH.

Just after the death of the flowers,  
And before they are buried in snow,  
There comes a festival season,  
When nature is all aglow—  
A glow with mystical splendor  
That steals the brightness of Spring,  
Aglow with a vision so tender  
That aught which fair Summer could bring,  
Some spirit akin to the rainbow  
Then borrows magical dyes,  
And mantles the far spreading landscape  
In hues that bewilder the eye.  
The sun, from his cloud-pledged chamber,  
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,  
And dreams that his favorite children,  
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

### FIRMNESS.

Well let, him go, and let him stay—  
I do not mean to die  
I guess he'll find that I can live  
Without him, if I try.  
He thought to frighten me with frowns,  
So terrible and black—  
He'll stay away a thousand years  
Before I ask him back.  
He said that I had acted wrong,  
And foolishly, indeed,  
I won't forgive him after that  
I wouldn't if I died.  
If I was wrong, what right had he  
To be so cross with me?  
I know I'm not an angel quite—  
I don't pretend to be.  
He had another sweetheart once,  
And now, when we fall out,  
He always says she was not cross,  
And that she didn't part.  
It is enough to vex a saint—  
It's more than I can bear;  
I wish that other girl of his  
Was—well, I don't care where.  
He thinks that she was pretty, too—  
Was beautiful as good;  
I wonder if she'd get him back  
Again, now, if she could?  
I know she would, and there she is—  
She lives almost in sight;  
And now it's almost nine o'clock—  
Perhaps he's there to night.  
I'd almost write to him to come—  
But then I've said so much—  
I do not care so much—but she  
Shan't have him if I don't.  
Besides, I know that I was wrong  
And he was in the right.  
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—  
I wish he'd come to night.

### DICKENS AND BULWER.

Translated from a German Work.  
Bulwer lives in his beautiful villa in Fulham, a quiet, lonely village above London. A tranquility disturbed by nothing, reigns in the house. Notwithstanding the warm spring day, Bulwer sits near the fireplace, where a bright coal fire is burning. Outside, an exuberance of blossoms, hang down on the window, and the low, chirping notes of the birds penetrate into the room. The celebrated author—a tall, slender form, wrapped in a sky-blue, soft-lined, silken morning gown, which is fastened with a strong cord round his waist—sits at his large empty table, and has before him only a blank book, in which he writes his new novels.  
His large, light blue eyes cast longing glances out of the windows; his sunburnt hair flows in the ringlets down on his high, narrow forehead; the large, slender nose hangs over his small mouth, and his red whiskers fall from his long and narrow chin on his breast. The whole face looks decidedly too long. He has a sickly appearance, and is abstracted. His family affairs are at the bottom of his melancholy, which no one can fail to perceive. His little daughter died; his son, the heir of his baronetcy, is estranged from him; and his wife, lady Bulwer, has long since been separated from him and lives in the city. Let us enter her room.  
She sits on her writing table, for she is likewise at work upon a novel. Her corpulent form, her round face, her radiant, deep blue eyes, her raven hair, every thing forms a striking contrast with the appearance of her husband. She contemplates the portrait of her son; she charges her husband with another Lovelace, and refusing to pay her debts. Her large eyes look at us languidly; her full cheeks contain a number of dimples, such as Rubens liked to paint; her lips are still as swelling, fresh and red as those of Titian's daughters, and yet she is much over forty. On thinking of this our suspicions are aroused; the crimson on her cheeks is too fragrant; the heavy braids surmounting her forehead are too black, her manners are decidedly too kind and polite, and cannot be sincere—we escape from her, bearing in mind the bleeding heart of her melancholy husband, and the mournful tone of his novels.  
Let us now go to Charles Dickens. There are several aristocratic carriages and plain hacks in front of his elegant residence, where a numerous party is assembled. The celebrated romancer has returned from an extended trip to Switzerland and Genoa, and gives to-night a soiree, such as are the order of the day, at his hospitable house. He is blonde, his eyes are light blue, his face flushed with wine, neither meagre nor round, but brimful of good humor and kind-heartedness. He is conversing with two ladies, who cannot refrain from bursting into loud laughter.  
You can tell at once, on looking at his face, which is by no means expressive in itself, when Dickens describes, rosters or satirizes, Dickens is a lion rampant, now in a poetical mood, now observing, all seemingly superficially, and yet what a deep heart is concealed under this restless surface! If it is said that the currents of the world are injurious to genius, Dickens' example proves the contrary; for his creations spring from the observations of life; he would be nothing without seeing, observing, and living with what he beholds.  
In former times his wife, a stately lady, was to be seen on such occasions. Her black eyes, her full form, her measured countenance in striking contrast with those of her husband, and we regret to say that the quarrel which disturbed their relations and their happiness after a blissful wedded life of many

## Miscellaneous.

### GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

JAMES PATRON.

Of all American writers few are more strictly national than James Patron, or more deserving the praise of Americans. Born in England 1822, he came to this country at an early age, and after teaching for a short time became the life of a journalist. He has been connected with several newspapers; but first attracted notice as a writer of brilliant articles for the *Home Journal*, and as editor of the *Phoenician Journal*. His connection with the former paper led to his acquaintance with Fanny Fern, whom he afterwards married. About the same time he began his *Life of Horace Greeley*, which proving successful, led him to adopt literature as a profession, and with the exception of a number of review articles, and a series of short biographical contributions to the *Ledger*, he has since devoted himself to book-writing. His history has had five incidents. Like *Smiley* he has led the life of a recluse, closely occupied with his literary labors, and only closing them for visits to collect materials for his works. His resemblance to *Smiley* is still further shown in the most successful work of each. Mr. Patron's *Baller at New Orleans*, was a piece of hack-work, written to supply an emergency, and had an enormous sale.  
The character of Mr. Patron, like that of most men, has been largely influenced by circumstances. Compelled to subsist by newspaper writing, where success depends so much on expression, and where the art of putting things "has been reduced to a science, he has been forced to study style, and expression, and as a result displays in all his writings a sometimes excessive tendency towards brilliancy and effect. We do not mean that he willfully misrepresents anything, or alters the truth to suit his purpose, but simply that like Macaulay, and all similar writers, he has been tempted, in order to put things in a striking light, to exaggerate, or understate the truth. Probably from intention his subjects have all been suited for the display of his peculiar talent.  
Among so many works of contemporary writers, perfect impartiality is hardly to be expected. The life of Greeley and Butler, pre-suppose a strong faith in their subject and are, perhaps, as fair as was possible under the circumstances. In the case of Aaron Burr, it was natural that the odium attached to his peculiar fascination, should induce a strong sympathy in his biographer, and an apparent partiality. In the main, however, Burr's character is fairly expressed, and his faults properly reprobated.  
The life of Jackson was a task beset with difficulties, which it will be generally acknowledged Mr. Patron has fairly overcome, and produced a standard work which has already reached deserved popularity. Mr. Patron has expressed the opinion that his life of Franklin is his best work, and posterity will probably confirm his choice, though its sale has been less than any other of his writings. It is, however, an admirable work, written in his best style and with few defects.  
His latest, and in some respects best work, *Famous Americans of Modern Times*, consists of various magazine and review articles.

the most prominent of which are on Clay, Webster, Calhoun, John Randolph, Good-year, Girard, Vanderbilt, and James Gordon Bennett. For condensed information, perspicuity, and artistic finish, these are surpassed by anything Mr. Patron has written. The article on Bennett is a masterpiece of mental dissection, and did full justice to his subject. Since these were composed he has written an admirable series of articles on the three great cities of the West for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which have received deserved attention. He will continue his articles for this periodical, and the *North American Review*, and is also preparing for his favorite work, a *Life of Voltaire*, which he desires to make the coming work of his literary career.

His aim has been a laudable one, viz., to elevate biography into a fine art. Whether he has succeeded in doing so remains to be seen. No one will deny that he has shown some of the most important traits of the biographer—conscientiousness, thorough knowledge of his subject and an active want of dulness. He has a shrewd knowledge of human nature, but not such a keen pierce down into the very depths like Hawthorne. He is the perfect antithesis of that writer. He prefers the tangible to the hidden, and has little taste for subtle requirements or delicate analysis. His best qualities are his love of right and hatred of all that is low or mean. He has a strong faith in human progress, and especially in that of the American people.  
His style is clear, flexible, and picturesque. He is apt to be careless at times and indulge in slipshod expressions, but in his best work he is careful and accurate. He is conscientious and unceasing in labor and research; to use his own words, "never beginning to write on a subject, until he had exhausted every source of information connected with it." He is one of the few American writers who live entirely by the pen.  
In appearance, Mr. Patron is small, with a slight and somewhat delicate figure. His head is small and from the front appears narrow, but is highly developed in all the moral faculties and also in the propelling forces, which would be imagined from his untiring energy. His complexion is sallow, which gives his face an inert expression, but when animated his eye flashes with the fire of intellect, and his whole appearance changes. He is very affable in conversation, and talks as brilliantly as he writes.

### OUR THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

Reader, did you ever think how much a word can wound? Perhaps some borrowing mortal is near you even now, thirsting in her heart for a single good word. Every "heart knoweth its own bitterness," but how few of us ever sympathize in another's woe. We pass and re-pass the mourning, sorrowing one and perhaps a few common-place words of condolence fall with a cold, unmeaning, lifeless expression from our lips, and we think our duty done; and often, very often, a smile of derision, an unkind word, and a ranking, festering wound is inflicted which burns the heart as long as life lasts.  
Ah! how little do we think how our thoughtless words influence the destiny of others for time and eternity! A single harsh expression falls from our lips, which is forgotten by us almost as soon as uttered, and a mildew blight falls upon some heart, which had our words been truly spoken, might have budded and blossomed in an eternity of happiness.  
Then, reader, let your words be those of gentleness, and your actions ever kind. The human heart is easily touched, and from its hidden fountains will gush forth such a stream of gratitude and love, that you, will never regret the effort you have made, nor forget to thank God for the good you have been the means of doing.  
"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often soothed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere."

### GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every-boddy remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage. He was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the week in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver or the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many years of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.  
A POOR MAN'S WISH.—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said: "Give me books, health, and quiet, and I care for nothing more."  
I asked a pauper, and he faintly said: "Bread, bread, bread!"  
I asked a drunkard, and he called loudly for strong drink.  
I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words: "Wealth, fame and pleasure."  
I asked a poor man, who had borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied that all his wishes might be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said: "I greatly desire three things; first that I be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ."  
I have thought much of his answer, and of the more I think of it the wiser it seems.

### CHEERFULNESS AND MOROSINESS.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles at us; the sky seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be, it pleases us. We feel better for it—stronger and livelier, and fit for exertion. Now what happens to us if we are all ill-tempered and discontented? Why, there is nothing which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty, the fields are barren, the flowers are lustreless, and the birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything.

### TALENT AND TACT.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, but tact is everything. Talent is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum, talent knows what to do, and tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

### NEVER MAKE USE OF A WOMAN'S NAME IN AN IMPROPER TIME, OR IN MIXED COMPANY.

Never make assertions about her that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them, for they are lost to every sense of honor.  
TRUTH.—There is nothing as pleasant as the hearing and speaking the truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray and speaks without any intention to deceive.

years has not yet been settled. They are no, yet reconciled. The husband drowns his cares in his literary activity, and in his noisy bustle of the world.

### BACHELOR'S PERILS.

Marrageable men are beginning to be wary. Even if a man is allowed to visit in the guise of a friend, the chances are that he will eventually drift into matrimony. Supposing there are several daughters in the family where he visits, he will look on the number as his greatest safeguard. He may imagine that he will never attempt to single out one, from the difficulty of discovering which one to single out. The girls would, of course, lead him to believe that they looked upon him as a brother, and that papa and mamma looked upon him in the light of a son—not a son-in-law! The lucky bachelor would thus be lulled to sleep. He would become unguarded in his actions, and would allow his feelings to lead him whither they listed, and as a sequence, he would eventually single some one rose from these flowers of womanhood, as being a little fairer, having a little more charming manner, or for in some way or other coming nearer than her sisters to his ideas of all that is excellent in woman. If a bachelor of middle age, he would most probably have selected the youngest of the family, simply into the belief that he did so cheaply out of a sort of fatherly regard for her. He would christen her the "baby" of the house, though she might be a fine grown maiden of eighteen summers, and have all the airs and ideas of a woman of three times her age. He would more frequently discuss his conversation to her than to her sisters, but at the same time he would rarely talk sweet speeches, talking more like a school-master than an admirer, that she might be instructed somewhat. He would prefer walking with her, that he might point out the beauties of nature, or illustrate the harmonies of creation; and in effect, he would not fail to show his preference in spite of his awkward apologies and grotesque effects at social gatherings. The sisters would be careful not to check legitimate sport. They would jocularly call them, always at next one another at the family board, that they were partners in all amusements, and that in party drives or walks they should either be left behind or left in front. Of course this style of proceeding would not fail to be observed. The lady friend of the family would feel in duty bound to tell her husband, and the husband would have no other alternative, than to inform his friend that, owing to the talk of the neighbors, he must either cease his visits altogether, or continue them on a different footing. The poor bachelor has but one course open to him—a man of honor and a gentleman, he must as speedily as possible raise the "baby" of the family to the dignity of matron.

### MATTERS OF FACT PEOPLE.

It was said of an ancient poet, that he was so thin and light, that lead was fastened to his shoes to prevent his being blown away. The story is told by a writer, who at the same time in the gravest manner discredits it, for, says he, "Hoy could he blow away so sufficient weight to prevent his being blown away, if he was so weak as to be unable to resist the sea breeze?" This matter of fact way of regarding a humorous tale is exceedingly amusing, and recalls a somewhat similar criticism upon the following American story: A traveller, after a long journey, anxiously looked about for some inn where his jaded horse might have a bait, but no accommodation being found, he sought a grassy spot for pasture, but without success. In this dilemma he produced a pair of green glass spectacles, and placed them on the horse's face, and led him into a carpenter's yard, where the deluded animal immediately commenced his meal upon shavings and sawdust. The absurdity of this story produced a laugh in all but one hearer, who after a few moments of solemn abstraction exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, sir; but I doubt your story, for I cannot understand how the spectacles could have been fixed on the horse's nose." "How true is the saying, 'the prosperity of a host lies in the ear of his who hears it.'"

### THE SMILES THAT HIDE GRIEF.

Some one said to Dr. Johnson that it seemed strange that he who so often delighted his company by his lively conversation should say he was miserable. "Alas! it is all outside," replied the sage; "I may be cracking my joke and cursing the sun; sun, how I hate thy beams!" Bowtell appended a footnote in which he remarked that beyond a doubt a man may appear very gay in company who is sad in heart. His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in battle to drown the groans of the wounded and dying. It is well known that Cowper was in a morbidly despondent state when he penned "John Gilpin," of which delectable ballad and his coggers he himself bears record: "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood perhaps would never have been written at all."  
In the height of his ill fortune, 1826, Sir Walter Scott was ever giving vent, in his diary or elsewhere, to some whimsical outburst of humorous sallies; and after indicating an extra *jaeu d'esprit* in his journal just before leaving his dingy Edinburgh lodgings for Abbotsford, he followed it up next day by this bit of self-portraiture: "Anybody would think from the fal-de-rall conclusion of my journal of yesterday that I left town in a very good humor. But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy—I know not what to call it—that mingles with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distress strange snatches of mirth which have no mirth in them.

### A MAN CANNOT POSSESS ANYTHING THAT IS BETTER THAN A GOOD WOMAN, NOR ANYTHING THAT IS WORSE THAN A BAD ONE.

Oratory.—Persons who think that the careful preparation of the language of speech really dispoils it of its right to be considered really eloquent, either forget or have never known, that the Grecian and Roman orators, who have ever been considered the greatest models of eloquence, always wrote out their speeches and committed to memory. Demosthenes and Cicero both did so. Indeed, the most eloquent speech of the great Roman was written out ready, but was never delivered. In English Senatorial history we have a still more remarkable example of the paradox of the most eloquent speakers preparing carefully the points and illustrations with which their most famous speeches were apparently on the impulse of the moment adorned.  
Richard Brinsley Sheridan was sarcastically taunted with being "the right honorable gentleman who is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his wit," which simply meant that the pungent sarcasm which he seemed to throw off spontaneously in the heat and excitement of debate, had been generally thought over and modelled before, and kept in his memory, ready for use when any good opportunity presented itself. This may have been carrying preparation a little too far. But the example of ancient orators of the greatest eminence all go to prove that the title of orator must not by any means be limited to those who depend for their language on the impulse of the moment.  
ETERNITY.—"Eternity has no gray hairs." The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the man lays down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkle on the brow of eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought. The ever present, unending, unending, endless chain, compassing the life of God, the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; they are but as the gilded sepulchre; its possessions, they are but toys of changing fortunes, its pleasures, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne, in the dwelling of the Almighty, can come no foot steps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its foundations will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease, exhaustless love supplies the song.  
HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW AN ICICLE FORMED? You notice how it froze, one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear and sparkled in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely.  
ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.—At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked, "Which season of life is most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees and they are covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is serene winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the stars shine through.  
A SILVER MINE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED on the farm of Mr. John J. Larew, ten miles southwest of Stanton, Va. Surface specimens of the ore have been analyzed, and are said to be very rich and to promise a fine yield upon going deeper into the bowels of mother earth.  
A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and to their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "O, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the innocent reply.  
A LITTLE Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky intently meditating on the glorious to heaven. At last looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"  
A SON OF ENRY, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a traveling and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with, "Your money or your life." Seeing Pat was "green," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed," Pat received the money and handed over the pistol. "Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat; "never a drop of powder there's in it."  
LAUGHABLE.—The following amusing incident is related in the *Cortland (New York) Gazette*:  
A very amusing affair occurred last Sabbath morning in a church not far from this village. The clergyman was discoursing as eloquently as the state of the weather would permit, yet one of his auditors—a young lady—was so overcome by the heat as to fall asleep in the midst of the discourse. Those behind her were somewhat amused, observing her efforts to keep her head in a perpendicular position. The superintendent of the Sunday School happening to look around just as the lady's head was going backward, supposing she had fainted, and springing to her feet called out to the doctor to stop and send down from the desk a tumbler of water, which request was immediately complied with and a copious supply of water was administered to the somnolent young lady before she recovered.  
It is a good thing that to have utility and beauty combined, as the poor washerwoman said when she used her thirteen children for clothes-pins.

## OUR THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

Reader, did you ever think how much a word can wound? Perhaps some borrowing mortal is near you even now, thirsting in her heart for a single good word. Every "heart knoweth its own bitterness," but how few of us ever sympathize in another's woe. We pass and re-pass the mourning, sorrowing one and perhaps a few common-place words of condolence fall with a cold, unmeaning, lifeless expression from our lips, and we think our duty done; and often, very often, a smile of derision, an unkind word, and a ranking, festering wound is inflicted which burns the heart as long as life lasts.  
Ah! how little do we think how our thoughtless words influence the destiny of others for time and eternity! A single harsh expression falls from our lips, which is forgotten by us almost as soon as uttered, and a mildew blight falls upon some heart, which had our words been truly spoken, might have budded and blossomed in an eternity of happiness.  
Then, reader, let your words be those of gentleness, and your actions ever kind. The human heart is easily touched, and from its hidden fountains will gush forth such a stream of gratitude and love, that you, will never regret the effort you have made, nor forget to thank God for the good you have been the means of doing.  
"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often soothed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere."

### JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zeke had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while musing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for and in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan.  
"No, I never did, do tell it," was the reply.  
"Well you know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin' arter ducks in father's skiff, so in we got and skulled down the river. I tell ye—a slew of them lit down by the marsh and went to feeding on muskles. I caught up my powder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now, I couldn't swim a jot; so I says to Uncle Zeke, 'you're a pretty clever fellow; just let me take your powder horn to prime; and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a pretty good diver, and if you will dive and get it I will give you a priming.' I thought he'd leave his powder horn, but he didn't, he stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."  
Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added:  
"I looked down and what do you think the critter was doin'?"  
"Golly!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."  
"There he was," said our hero, "settin' on the bottom of the river, pouring the powder out of my horn into hizen!"  
WE WERE AMUSED yesterday (says the *Virginia Enterprise</*