BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, JANUARY 2, 1856.

VOL. 11, NO. 28,

# THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, Per annum, in advance, \$1.50 " if not paid in advance, 200 No paper discontinued until all arrearages Per annum, in advance,

A fullure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

Terms of Advertising

19 00 -14 00 23 00 " 15 00 25 00 " 25 00 40 00 38 00 60 00 Professional and Business Cards not exceeding 6 lines, on e year,

## COURT AFFAIRS.

January Term 1856. GRAND JURORS.

David Bratton, Mechanic, Warriorsmark. John N. Ball, Mechanic. Huntingdon. Ralph Crotsley, farmer, Cass.
John Davis, Jr., farmer, Morris.
John Hawn, farmer, Walker: Collins Hamer, farmer, Porter. William Johns, farmer, Cromwell. Jacob Lane, laborer, Cromwell, John F. Lee, farmer, Jackson. John Myerly, farmer, Tod. William M'Ilvain, mason, Franklin. Rudolph Neff, farmer, West. Isaac Oatenkirk, farmer, Brady. Daniel Piper, tanner, Porter. Levi Pheasant, farmer, Union. John Rudy, farmer, Jackson. Levi Smith, farmer, Union. Jacob Shivly, farmer, West. Andrew Sharrer, farmer, West. Andrew J. Taylor, saddler, Dublin. John Whittaker, gentleman, Huntingdon. John Walter, farmer, Morris. Math. F. Campbell, farmer, Union. David Zook, farmer, Brady.

TRAVERSE JURORS .- FIRST WEEK.

William Adams, farmer, Warriorsmark. Alexander Appleby, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Alexander Appleby, farmer, Dublin.
James Allen, farmer, Potter.
Geo. W. Barkley, laborer, West.
David Bowman, farmer, Shirley
Geo. Branstetter, farmer, Warriorsmark,
John Basor, jr., farmer, Tell.
John Corbin, Sr., farmer, Walker.
Loseph Grove, farmer, Shirley Joseph Grove, farmer, Shirley. Benj. Grove, farmer, Penn. David Heck, farmer, Clay. James Hileman, farmer, Cromwell. Jacob H. Isett, iron master, Franklin. Thomas Irvin, farmer, Union. Robert Johnston, farmer, Jackson. Samuel Johnston, farmer, Hopewell. David Kinch, blacksmith, Franklin. Abraham Kurtz, farmer, Hopewell. George Keith, farmer, Tod. John Lyon, iron master, Franklin. Henry Lower, brick layer, Huntingdon. Benjamin Litle, farmer, Tod. Isaac Lininger, cabt. maker, Huntingdon. Peter Myers, tailor, Shirley. John McMahan, farmer, Barree. James Magee, farmer, Dublin. Joseph McCoy, Esq., farmer, Walker. John McCartney, farmer, Henderson. Samuel Morris, farmer, West. Jas. Maguire, gentleman, Huntingdon.
Joseph Norris, farmer, Penn.
Alexander Park, farmer, Hopewell. Joseph Park, faimer, Clay. David Patterson, carpenter, Dublin, John Porter, farmer, Henderson. Isaac Peightal, farmer, Penn. Alexander Rouse, laborer, Franklin. George Rudy, farmer, Jackson.
John Rupert, farmer, Clay. Johna. Shove, farmer, Clay. Michael Starr, farmer, Cromwell. Wm. Summers, grocer, Huntingdon. James Simpson, jr., farmer, Brady. Aaron Shore, farmer, Clay.
John Thompson, Esq., blacksmith, West. Henry Walker, merchant, Porter. Benj. F. Wallace, farmer, Morris.

Joseph Isenberg, farmer, Morris. TRAVERSE JURORS .- SECOND WEEK.

David Black, carpenter, Huntingdon. Jacksor, Briggs, laborer, Tell. Josiah Cumingham, farmer, Barree. Amos Clark, merchant, Tod. Thomas Cisney, farmer, Tell. Nicholas Crum miller, Tod, James Ewing, farmer, Barree. George Eby, Jr., merchant, Shirley. Samuel Fouse, farmer, Union. Philip Hooper, laborer, Springfield. Solpmon Houck, just, of peace, Tod. Henry H. Hudson, carpenter, Clay. Andrew Hagie, farmer, Cromwell. Samuel Hess, farmer, Henderson. John Hagan, farmer, Barree. Valentine Hover, farmer, Porter. Jacob G. Jones, teacher, Tell. John Kelly, farmer, Dublin. Silas Lang, farmer, Walker. Jacob Longnecker, carpenter, West. David Miller, farmer, Tod. John Neely of James, farmer, Dublin. Benj. F. Patton, merchant, Warriorsmark. William L. States, farmer, Penn. John Ridenhour, Jr., farmer, Penn. Thomas Smith, farmer, Jackson. Solomon Sharp, farmer, Brady. Aaron M. Shoop, farmer, Tell. John Snyder, shoemaker, Walker. John Vandevander, laborer, Brady. John Wilson, wagon maker, Cromwell. Thomas Whittaker, farmer, Porter. Thomas D. Walker, carpenter, Porter, Daniel Weight, farmer, Franklin. John Zentmire, farmer, Franklin.

MOULD and Dip, for sale at wholesale price, FRED Tiers 10,000 lbs. Pure Tallow Candles. Huntingdon, Nov. 21.—31

### PLEASANT THOUGHTS

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

We all possess the magic power Of turning dark to brightest hour; A look of kindness we may lend, And bless the pathway of a friend.

The night of trouble comes to all, When sorrow, like a funeral pall, O'erspreads the soul with fearful cloud, Hiding life's beauties in a shroud.

But words of kindness will impart A healing to the wounded heart ; . And though the tear doth fill the eve. There's comfort felt when love is nigh.

Tis sweet to mingle sighs and tears With those whom we have loved for years And sweeter still with them to share Life's joys, unmixed with pain and care.

The joys of life ! oh, they abound. Like flowers upon a fertile ground, When cultured well and nursed with care-A beautious sight, a prospect fair.

'Tis only those who will not raise Their eyes from earth, to upward gaze, Who cannot see the Heaven above-The thousand blessings sent in love,

While we recount our mercies o'er, The treasures rich we have in store, They multiply, increasing fast, Like rain-drops on the ocean cast.

Then, upward turn the eye to Heaven, Where endless joys are freely given; There may beloved ones meet again, Released from every care and pain.

From the American Union. CAPTURING A SPERM WHALE, OR: CAPT. BUNKER ON A LONG DART. BY AN OLD WHALEMAN.

A few days after our image stealing expedition to the town of Niphen, we parted com-pany with our New Bedford friends, and that we would try what luck we could meet with off the extreme end of the island of Jesso. Bunker had a sort of horror of cruising near the place where we had made the sition, and then peaked our oars, waiting for expedition on shore, and the only way to the whale to sound. swear at the scarcity of whales. One aftermast head startled us with the cry of, "There she blows!"

"Where away?" yelled Bunker; stopping in the midst of a frightful curse. "About two pints off the lee bow, sir .-There she blows! blows!"

"Keep it up my good fellow," velled Bunker, rubbing his shin which he had hit against a hen coop in his eagerness to hail the mastshead.

"A school of 'em sir," cried the boats steerer, who was perched on the main tops gallant cross trees. "A school of what, you fool?" shouted

"Sperm whales, sir. Blowing all the time. There she blows! blows!

"Thank God we've got sight of something that will make grease. But they may be humpbacks, after all. I'm ready to believe anything now-a-days, there's so much deception in the world. See how we were fooled the other night instead of getting gold and silver, I got most cussedly brused. Well, have you gone to sleep up there, or have the whales vanished from your sight," Bunker said, directing the latter portion of his speech to the look-out.

"There she breaches!" yelled the boatsteerer in reply.

"They may be sparm whales," mused Bunker. "Keep the ship off a pint, and let's see what they look like upon a nearer acquaintance." The news that whales were in sight, bro't

all hands on deck. Some of the men ascended the rigging and watched the animals, and made bets with each other of tobacco that we should take no oil that day; while others of a more sanguine temperament were willing to of the line, when he manifested a disposition wager all they possessed that we would "cut in" at least two of the school before us.

The whales were not more than two miles distant, when they turned flukes and went down. As we were well aware that sperm whales remained under water nearly three quarters of an hour, we were in no hurry.— The wird was light, with a very smooth sea, and the air was just bracing enough to enable the men to work their oars without suffering from the heat. Had we asked for a more pleasant day for whaling, we could not have

had it granted. The boat steerers were busy in getting their irons in order, and seeing that everything was ready for lowering. The water kegs were re-filled, the lance heads were touched with whetstones, the lines were examined to see that they would run clear, and the tackles were placed on deck ready to be let go at a

moment's warning. "Back the main top sail," said Bunker, after the whale had been down a few minutes. "There's no telling where they hay rise, so we may as well wait for 'em."

The sail was thrown to the mast, and eager eyes were on the look-out for the first appearance of the animals to the surface of as he went down. the water.
In about half an hour, first one and then

another of the school came to the surface, until the water seemed alive with their gam-"Down with the boats," shouted Bunker.

"Lower away lively, men, and fasten to as many as you can.11 The men sprang to their boats, and in a

short time they were in the water and the mate is stove. We will look after your crew at their oars.

"I am too stiff to man my boat to-day, said the captain, looking over the rail as we shot clear of the ship's side, "but if any of misfortune hurried my movements. In a few you get stove I'll come and pick you up, and moments I had cut from my whale, after taperhaps show you how to kill a sparm whale king the precaution to attach a drag to the at twenty fathoms."

We made him no reply, but turned our was pulling rapidly towards the stoven boat whole attention to the exciting scene before

their heads, and wave their broad flokes back had fastened to. and forth in a threatening manner, as though they were practising for some fearful blow. Others again, with their huge square heads thrust out of the water, and their long under venture near enough to the whale to attempt jaws thrown back, revealing their white teeth, a lance. In fact, it would have been danger-

crews encouraged by the words of their officers, and anxious to have the honor of being

though you were in earnest. Another such turing to close quarters. a stroke as the last, and we have him.— "Here comes a boat Lord, how he lies there, scarcely moving, cried one of the men. and as unconscious of danger as your grand-

manifested a disposition to turn flukes We were about a long dart from the felface to escape the danger which threatened, houtedwe were upon him.

the small hump near the finkes.

"Stern all," I cried the instant I saw the irons leave the hand of the boat-steerer. Amid a perfect shower of spray and white

ger-head fairly burned the wood like rods of as I am." red hot iron.

"Hold hard, lads," I cried, as the men Bunker," I said slightly indignant. tried to check the speed of the line, with their thick nippers. Dispute every inch, or we shall have to drag him. There is no one to lend us a line."

In fact, while we were busy fastening to our whale, the second and third mates had been equally as successful. I had hardly time to glance around, but I saw in an instant that Mr. Betts, the third officer, had caught a Tarter; and would have his hands full before he "turned him up." He had fastened to a bull whale that would fry out about fifty barrels, but he appeared to know too much to submit to any such operation,-Instead of sounding, as every decently disposed whale is expected to do, the ugly rascal ted with the struggles.

opened his mouth to its widest extent, and Bunker pointed his lance and sent it with opened his mouth to its widest extent, and made for the boat as though he intended to no mean force full at the "life" of the animal. make a dinner of its contents.

I saw the third mate drive his lance into followed the blow. the animal's head clear to the socket, but it "You see," shouted Bunker, turning to had no effect. Had a right whale attempted me, "it is an easy thing to kill a whale if you the same game, a mere prick of the iron lonly know how." would have turned him instantly; but a only enrages them without endangering their

I had only time to see the crew of the crush them in an instant, when my attention and yelled: was called to my own boat!

The whale which I was fastened to had not sounded until he had run out nearly the whole to rise. He turned short, however, under the water, and headed for the ship. When he rose, he started off at the rate of twenty knots an hour, and before I could haul up to gained on them, and in spite of the severe get a lance at him, he was carrying me past lancings, which the old man effected in the the ressel, where I saw Bunker perched upon

the rail, ready to hail me. "Why don't you kill him, Mr. H whale run away with you."

There was a grin on the old fellow's face pitched into the water and the crew swimthat I didn't like. I called to the men to ming towards us for dear life, haul me up to the animal, and just as I was about to try what effect a spade would have the old fellow up, considerably crest-fallen. upon the brute's flukes, he suddenly milled For a time he did nothing but look at the ugshort round, and darted across the bows of ly brute that had caused all the trouble .-

the ship. I dropped the spade, and grasped my lance just as I heard Bunker short—
"Now's your chance! Give him-

I had a fair opportunity for a flying dart, so.I let drive. The lance struck the animal about two feet abaft and a few inches below the line of the right fin, and burried itself nearly to the socket.

In an instant the whale disappeared from the surface, shaking his flukes in our faces "A --- good lance!" yelled Bunker; "that

whale is as good as dead.". The captain had hardly finished speaking before the animal made his appearance, and spouted forth a huge column of dark, clotted blood which stained the water for rods, and

sent a thrill of joy to the hearts of the crew.

whale, he can't last long."

I was about to finish him, when the captain spoke, but the news of the third mate's animal in case he should wish to run, and

I found that the second mate had turned up a good sized whale, and was about pro-About a quarter of a mile to the leeward, ceeding to the third officer's assistance, when nearly a dozen whales were sporting, some- the latter's boat was badly stove. Mr. Pratt times breaching high in the air, and making the second mate, arrived in time to rescue the water white with foam as they struck the half drowned men, but still did not like surface, some would balance themselves on to quit the crazy brute which the third mate

While he was waiting for a boat from the seemed to watch our movements undismayed. ous, just then, for the animal was playing The three boats rapidly approached, the queer antics with the pieces of the stoved boat, hardly a plank being left the size of a man's hand.

fast first. The men'also knew that the eye | I had no particular desire to venture upon of Bunker was watching them, and the old a close acquaintance with the whale just man had followed whaling too long not to then. He was flourishing his flukes, and know when a sailor expended all his strength | shaking them at us as though he longed to try the strength of another boat; while every "Pull, men," I whispered; "another few minutes his huge, square head, and long stroke and we shall be upon him. A sixty under jaw were thrust into the air, as a warbarrel fellow is right before us, and waiting | ning against our venturing too near. In fact, for our irons. Don't let the waist boat get the animal was crazy, and bent on mischief, fast first, and you shall have a drink of New England. Make her jump, lads. That is the way to do business. Now you pull as the way to do business. Now you pull as the way to do business. Now you pull as the way to do business.

"Here comes a boat from the ship, sir."

I was thankful for that piece of informamother when she was drying wet powder over the stove. One more stroke and he is ours," I added, nodding to the boat-steerer the stand in and he is ours, and waited patiently until the second mate could be relieved of his double burden when we might devise means to attack the to stand up and be realy, as I saw the whale animal, with some show of success.

As soon as the boat got within hailing distance, I saw at once that Bunker had forgotlow, when he chanced to roll over, and ten his bruises, and was determined to show caught a sight of us. In an instance his ap- his officer how to kill a whale. He had got concerned—is widened from day to day by a pearance changed, but before he had time impatient at our delay in destroying the ani- couble system of treachery and betrayal; the to raise his flukes, and dive beneath the sur- mal, and as he passed the second mate, he mischief maker professing to be confidential

"Go on board, Mr. Pratt-go on board, sir, "Give it to him," I shouted to the boat- and launch another boat. I have sailed a steerer, and obedient to the cemmand, both whole voyage before now and never had a irons were driven to the socket just back of boat stove. People are careless, now-a-day makers, who are so, thoughtlessly, foolishly, or else they don't understand the natur of a without any deep, deliberate, or serious whale. I'll show you how to kill one, old as design of doing evil. They are simply blabbers, or tattlers, who lack discretion, judg-I am."

Pratt steered towards the ship with his water, we backed out of our dangerous po- damp crew, and looked rather sulky as he er been able to practice the philosophy of went, but he made no reply.
"What is the matter?" shouted Bunker, as

keep him in good temper was to lay all the blade place with the boat-steerer, and blame on the New Bedford captain, and never ask about his bruises. The old fellow large that time the line was running out raparts about the whale, or can't you kill one unless you and study every opportunity to undermine, and study every opp was just able to hobble about the deck, and boat glisten like burnished silver, and keep- I larnt to do business. If you are afered, ing the after orsman busy dashing water in- why just watch me, and you'll larn somemoon, about two o'clock, the lookout at the to the tub, while the turns around the log- thing. I can kill a whale at a long dart, old

"I: am not afraid of the whale, Captain "Then why don't you haul up and give

him a lance?" replied Bunker. "Because I didn't wish to get stove. No boat can approach that whale now without danger.

"Then I'll prove to the contrary, jist watch me and larn something. Give way lads .--Lay me along side and I'll show you how an ness, but in confidence, sincerity and sympa-

old Nantucket captain can kill a whale." The men as I thought, rather reluctantly bent to their oars, and with a few strokes his boat was close to the animal. Bunker changed places with his boatsteerer, drew up his lance and prepared to dart. At that moment of coldness, and thus to lay the foundation of

The iron struck fair and a stream of blood

He had hardly uttered the boast before the sperm whale is a different kind of animal to fierce brute suddenly raised his head, and deal with, and darting lances in their head caught a sight of the boat. With a fearful sweep of his flukes, and a bellow of rage and pain, the whale started towards Bunker, his the reputation : confidence may be so readily head high out of the water, as though he inboat "sterning all" for dear life, and the huge | tended to swallow boat and crew. There upper jaw of the animal hanging over them was no time for Bunker to boast then. He liks a rugged black rock which threatened to dashed his old hat towards the whale's mouth,

"Starn all, boys! Starn all, I tell ve!" "Why don't you kill him," I cried, willing

to retaliate a little. "Kill-, starn all you devils," Bunker

shouted. The men applied their whole strength, to their task, but it was of no avail. The whale head of the brute, the huge upper and lower jaws were firmly clasped upon the bow of the boat, and the next instant there was a crash, shouted the old .man. "Don't let a sparm and I saw Bunker give a leap towards the after oarsman, and then men and line were

> We pulled towards the caption and picked Then he muttered an oath and ordered us to make best of our way to the ship. The instant he got on board he hobbled into the cabbin and presently returned with a two quart case bottle of New England.

> "Here," he cried, "come aft every mother's son of you and take a drink, but recollect no one is to say a word during the voyage that old Joe Bunker was stove while lancing a sparm whale."

We secured the two dead animals and picked up the fragments of the boat, but we thought no more of capturing the ugly brute, and when night came on we saw him still making the water foam and still fighting imaginary enemies.

Three days after the lookout raised a blasted or dead whale. We lowered a boat and took possession and come to get him along-"Give him another lance, and leave him!" side we found that it was our old enemy who and the father frowned, "more in sorrow than sneaking plaguy things grew near our schools." yelled Bunker; "that ----- fool of a third had died of his wounds. Bunker shook his in anger,"

head when the fact was made known to him, but he didn't have a word to say. He never long darts.

#### MISCHIEF MAKERS.

"The mischief makers: Nor do they trust their tongues alone, But speak a language of their own; Can read a nod, a shrug or look, Far better than a printed book; Convey a libel in a frown, Or wink a reputation down."

The duties and obligations of social life are often misunderstood, as well as sadly violated. The confidence of friends is abused, and the insidious, the hypocritical, and the malignant, take the advantage of thoughtless expressions, uttered, perhaps, in moments of excitement, to provoke distrust, foment jealonsy, and thus cause bitterness and ill-will It has been well and forcibly said, "that to repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a deep treachery," and when it is not treacherous it is often foolish. The idle TATTLER, who runs from door to door, listens eagerly to all that is said, then repeats, exaggerates, or by wicked insinuaions, conveys a meaning that was never intended, is a source of infinite mischief, and often of bitter and hopeless fends between neighbors and families. We can conceive of no treachery more deplorable or censurable, than that which abuses the frankness and confidence of an honest nature, and by persuasion or distrust, creates an offence and inflicts a wound where nothing of the kind was intended. Thus a confidential conversation will be repeated, with the most solemn in-JUNOTION not to betray the mischief maker, who only tells the whole truth, but ands some unauthorized interpretation, ordescribes the MANNER as having been offensive, when the fact was exactly otherwise. Some dark suggestion, hint, or inuendo, is also made and thus a playful remark, or a frank expression is tortured into a slander, an insult, or a slight. The breach thus created-unwillingly created, so far as the original parties are with parties, and enjoining secress upon both. Hence, hearts become estranged, friendship broken, and affection is stifled.

There are, we are aware, many mischief ment and common sense, and who have nevwho are subtle, wily and adroit, and who, as tion, impair confidence and sever friendship. We can conceive of no darker illustration of human depravity. There is scarcely an individual in existence who could not be injured seriously, if not fatally, by such insidious and double-faced guile. It is impossible, at all times, to be watchful and wary, especially in social life; and when the intercourse is free, frank and undisguised, at such times the thoughts and feelings are apt to be expressed with the utmost freedom, and even the weakness and prejudices of cherished friends to be alluded to not in bitterness, or weakthy. If, however, a malicious mischief maker happen to be at hand, it is the easiest thing in the world to misrepresent the real fact of the case, so as to annoy, irritate and inflame, to create a sentiment of distrust and the whale was lying quiet, apparently exhaus- a misunderstanding which if followed up, is sure to end in enmity and ill will. Some persons are, moreover, quite sensitive on certain subjects, while others are particularly credulous. The mischief maker is sure to discover all this and play his game accor-

dingly.
There might be many illustrations pointed out: suffice it to say, the vice is heartless, cruel and dangerous, and its victims directly or indirectly, may be counted by thousands. It is such an easy thing to wound a sensitive spirit. It is so light a thing to stain or soil disturbed; suspicion may be so promptly excited. How many merchants have had their credit ruined; how many honest men have had their prospects blighted, and their families subjected to all the horrors of poverty; how many unkindnesses have been provoked; how many families have been made miserable by the thoughtless, or the vicious, the heedless or the crafty and malignant propensity of the mischeif maker. The poor wretch who, in a moment of necessity, and laboring cravings of nature, is promptly arrested, convicted and sent to "durance vile.". But how many dostroyers of the peace of families, disturbers of the happiness of households, in hypocritically that they see the ruin and the vantage. wreck they make, and yet contrive to escape the responsibility. Let them be assured, however, that a day of reckening will come.

Gentleness, Home.

Be ever gentle with the chileren God has given you; watch over them constantly, reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the fornible language of Scripture, Be not bitter against them."

"Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them very much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them,"

It was a beautiful thought though not elegantly expressed. Yes there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now on whose head, if longer spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them; but amid all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye moistened with a tear

I ean pass by the tomb of a man with boasted during the voyage of his success at somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman, I associate every soft, tender and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave, to which she must soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from exislence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and mobirusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her many have shown he genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I now

A MAN OF HONOR .- He will violate no confidence. He will consider everything confidential which is likely, if repeated, to injure a friend, or even an acquaintance, and we had almost said even an enemy. There is one class of men more trusted than any other, and who seldom violate the trust plac-ed in them. We refer to the medical profession. Nothing would destroy a doctor's reputation sooner than a violation of this rule. We doubt whether it be good policy for the pofossion to refer to their patients in any way. A sacred confidence is theirs. They enter the private and domestic penetralium. And what is said to them is said always under the implied understanding that it is confidential, and a sacred truth.

Pope, in a letter to Addison, says, "when I reflect, what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed on its course, people will laugh er been able to practice the philosophy of holding their tongues. But there are others who are subtle, will and adroit, and who, as

A Know Northing.—I say, Bill, I seed Know Nothing.'

'Where?' 'Why, on the Museum steps.' 'What did he look like?' 'Why, he looked a little shy like."

'No, but what had he on ?' 'Clothes.' 'Don't be a fool, now. Can't you tell me ow you found out he was a Know Nothin ?

'Why, he said so.' 'Did you ask him?' 'No; but I asked him whether he would'nt

give me a fip, and he said No! Nothin. "I ONCE ATTEMPTED," said Lord Byron, to enumerate the happy days I have lived which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy. I could not make them count more than eleven; and I

have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether, between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen." Goon Advice.-Among the many good things in the variegated memoirs of Rev. Sidney Smith, is the following: - "When you meet with neglect, let is rouse won to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set

about lessening those defects which expose

you to neglect, and improve those excellences

which command attention and respect. This is excellent advice. For every one, life has some blessingsome cup that is not mixed with bitterness.-At every heart there is some fountain of pure waters, and all men at some time or other taste their sweetness. Who is he that has not found on his path of life, some fragrant rose bush, scenting all the air with its sweet

16 11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 3 The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerence; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good exunder the horrors of hunger, commits some ample; to a father, deference; to your mother; paltry theft, with the object of satisfying the conduct that will make her proud of her son, to yourself, respect; and to all men, charity.

pertume ?

Always adhere strictly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in brief, moral assassions of character, perform a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the their wicked work so artfully, stealthily and manner is the frame which displays it to ad-

> Good Nature is one of the sweetest gifts of providence. Like the pure sunshine, it gladdens, enlivens and cheers. In the midst of hate revenge, sorrow and despair, how glorious its effect.

A certain sign-board has the following classical inscription :- "All" persons found fyghteting or iresspussing on this ground will be executed with the ulmost wigger of the law. Who was here and a second second

When a man dies, people generally inquire what property he has left behind him? The angels will ask, what good deeds he has sent before him.

A HAPPY SMILE .- A Writer has compared worldly friendship to our shadowwhile we walk in synshine it sticks to us, but the moment we enter the shade it leaves us.

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping, willow?" "Kaze one of the house, and supplies master with switches ?? ::