

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, MARCH 26, 1856.

VOL. 11, NO. 40.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE,
Per annum, in advance, \$1 50
" if not paid in advance, 2 00
" No paper continued until all arrearages are paid.
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING,
1 insertion, 2 ins. 3 ins.
Six lines or less, 25 37 1 00
1 square, 16 lines, brevior, 50 75 1 00
2 " " " 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 " " " 1 50 2 25 3 00
3m. 6m. 12m.
1 square, brevior, \$3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00
2 " " 5 00 8 00 12 00
3 " " 7 50 10 00 15 00
4 " " 9 00 14 00 23 00
5 " " 15 00 25 00 38 00
10 " " 25 00 40 00 60 00
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding 6 lines, one year, \$4 05
Executors and Administrators' Notices, 1 75
Auditors' Notices, 1 25

TRAVERSE JURORS.

FIRST WEEK.

Samuel Bucher, jr., manufacturer, Cromwell.
David Barley, laborer, West.
James Bell, inn-keeper, West.
Samuel Buggs, jr., farmer, Tell.
Abraham Branletter, laborer, Warriorsmark.
John Cummins, farmer, Jackson.
Frederick Chrisman, farmer, Franklin.
William Cornelius, carpenter, Clay.
William Culshall, farmer, Springfield.
Ephraim Chilcot, farmer, Union.
Samuel Coen, gentleman, Barree.
Lewis K. Corbin, farmer, Cass.
Ephraim Doyle, carpenter, Shirley.
Levi Dell, farmer, Union.
John Davis, sr., farmer, Marris.
Isaac Enyart, farmer, Cromwell.
James Ewing, farmer, Barree.
James Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
James Goodman, farmer, Henderson.
John Garner, jr., farmer, Penn.
Samuel Grove, farmer, Hopewell.
William H. Harper, merchant, Jackson.
John Heeter, farmer, Tod.
Leonard Kessler, merchant, Brady.
J. Wareham Mattern, merchant, Franklin.
Andrew Mattern, wagon-maker, West.
Christian Miller, farmer, Brady.
William Miller, farmer, West.
William Oaks, farmer, Barree.
Alexander Oaks, farmer, Barree.
Henry Peightal, farmer, Walker.
Joseph Rodkey, farmer, Penn.
Milton H. Sangaree, teacher, Walker.
Jacob Snyder, tailor, Huntingdon.
Lewis Snyder, farmer, West.
Jacob Snyder, wagon-maker, West.
Fred. Thompson, blacksmith, Springfield.
William Trexler, laborer, Tell.
William Wible, farmer, Springfield.
Armstrong Willoughby, tailor, Huntingdon.
John Jackson, farmer, Jackson.
William Johnson, farmer, Hopewell.
Samuel Long, farmer, Dublin.
Daniel Logan, farmer, Cromwell.
Abraham McCoy, brickmaker, Huntingdon.
Andrew P. Swoope, farmer, Clay.
Michael Kyper, farmer, Walker.
J. Simpson Africa, Surveyor, Huntingdon.

SECOND WEEK.

Robert Anderson, farmer, Tod.
Philip Boustough, farmer, Porter.
George Berkstresser, farmer, Hopewell.
John Benson, farmer, Tod.
Henry Cremer, blacksmith, Springfield.
Jas. Chamberlain, inn-keeper, Warriorsmark.
James Clark, merchant, Warriorsmark.
Jonathan Doyle, miller, Union.
James Entekin, farmer, Hopewell.
Josiah Fleck, farmer, Cromwell.
James Fleming, farmer, Dublin.
Jacob Flemliee, farmer, Tell.
Samuel Fridley, butcher, Henderson.
John Fink, wagon-maker, Penn.
Benjamin Fink, farmer, Cass.
Hays Hamilton, manager, Franklin.
Monteal Henry, farmer, West.
Samuel Hney, tailor, Porter.
Isaac Heffner, farmer, Walker.
Peter Harnish, farmer, Morris.
John Hunt, laborer, Cromwell.
David Henderson, farmer, Franklin.
Wm. B. Johnston, farmer, Franklin.
Abraham Lias, farmer, Tod.
George Price, farmer, Cromwell.
Samuel Read, farmer, Penn.
Jacob Sollers, carpenter, Springfield.
James Sharrer, wagon-maker, Dublin.
Samuel Stryker, farmer, West.
Thos. Stewart, Esq., manufacturer, Jackson.
John Swan, jr., farmer, Dublin.
Abraham Shore, farmer, Cass.
Solomon Taylor, farmer, Springfield.
Martin Walker, farmer, West.
John Walls, farmer, Cass.
Eli Plummer, farmer, Hopewell.

MILNWOOD ACADEMY,

Shade Gap, Huntingdon County Pa.

W. H. WOODS, A. M.,

Proprietor and Principal.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Assistant.

Assistant.

JOHN MCCAUSLAND,

Teacher in preparatory Department.

REV. W. S. MORRISON,

Lecturer on Evidences of Christianity.

REV. JAMES CAMPBELL,

Lecturer on General Literature.

J. A. SHADY, M. D.,

Lecturer on Anatomy and Hygiene.

The semi-annual exhibition of this Institution will take place on the 1st Wednesday of April. An address will be delivered before the societies in the fore part of the day, the exhibition will come off in the evening; the examinations the week previous. These exercises the friends of Education are respectfully invited to attend. The next session will open the 1st Wednesday of May. This Institution holds out peculiar inducements to young men seeking an education. The Board of Instructors is composed of Gentlemen of high Literary merit and skilled in their profession. The location is very healthy, having the fine mountain air and free from all noxious vapors arising from stagnant water and marshy grounds. Those subject to ague could not find a more desirable place. The temptations to vice, idleness and dissipation are few. There is nothing to draw the minds of the student from his books, no liquor is allowed to be sold in the place nearer than Mount Union 17 miles off; it is just such a situation as a young man desirous of improvement would seek.—The societies are in a flourishing condition and each has a fine library of choice works. The buildings are large and commodious, capable of accommodating some fifty students. Shade Gap is a quiet and retired place, situated on the main road between Chambersburg and the Mount Union station on the Pennsylvania R. Road.
TERMS.—For session of five months, for board, tuition and room rent, \$52.50. Washing, light and fuel extra. Students are charged from time of entering until the close of the session. Payments quarterly in advance. For catalogue and further particulars, address
W. H. WOODS,
Shade Gap, Huntingdon County, Pa.
March 5, 1856

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

[The following quaint lines convey a beautiful moral, teaching us there is no sphere or circumstance in life in which we can not render each other mutual assistance. The words have been arranged to music by Prof. T. Wood, and have become deservedly popular.]

A man, very lame, was a little to blame
To stray far away from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired, and heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.
While thus he reclined, a man that was blind
Came by and entreated his aid:
"Deprived of my sight, unassisted, to-night
I shall not reach my home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be, and if you'll carry me
It will give me much pleasure to show it."

"Great strength you have got, which, alas! I
have not,
In my legs, so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back, for the eyes which you
lack
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the poor blind man: "What a wonderful
plan!
Pray get on my shoulder, good brother!
I see all mankind, if they are but inclined,
MAY CONSTANTLY HELP ONE ANOTHER!"

Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.
Letter from Rome.

Rome, January 30, 1856.

A late number of the official *Journal of Rome* has an article on our countryman Crawford, from which I translate the following passages touching his chief work:

"Among the first of the great number of foreign studios at Rome is that of Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor. We admire there some precious works of Art, of which the colossal monument of Virginia to Washington is the principal. It was a noble thought of that State to raise such a solemn and durable mausoleum to its noblest son; and not less wise was the counsel which committed the execution of it to one of the best qualified of his countrymen. The monument must be classed with the most majestic and imposing erected by modern nations. From the broad, round base, the platform of which is reached by 8-or-10 well-graduated steps, rise at equal distances 6 pedestals, each sustaining an American eagle proudly stretching its wings, with an undazzled eye fixed on the sun.
"Six expressive bronze statues of illustrious Virginia contemporaries of Washington in their proper costume stand on fit pedestals around the second stage of the marble structure; on the two principal facades, of which are bas-reliefs representing, 1st, Virginia as a grave matron, holding a sword in one hand, and pointing with the other to the chained figure of Tyranny at her feet; and, 2d, a beautiful group comprising a personification of Eternity, embracing Justice and Abundance, symbolizing American independence, crowned with peace and riches, the enduring fruits of constancy, with the word *Perseverance*, and this line of Virgil—*Deus nobis hæc oïa fecit*. The artist has happily veiled the face of Eternity, since its distinctive features, its origin and duration, cannot be imagined. The majestic word, *Washington*, stands out in bold relief on another facade of this elevation. Crowning the monument stands the equestrian statue of the Man in his proper uniform, displaying the naked sword of Victory. This work of genius and study finely signalizes the valor, the patriotism, the disinterestedness, and the other high qualities of the memorable character, who preserved a serene and dignified air in the midst of the trials of war and revolution. The horse is full of life and movement.—Altogether the work must secure an enviable reputation for the author, and it will, we trust, prove an indestructible memorial of the gratitude of the American people to the chief agent of their independence."

The last number of the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, an invaluable serial publication of the nature of your Historical Society's periodical, honorably recalls the labors of Horace Greenough, the pioneer of American sculptors in Italy, who has thus found a fitting memorial in the most authentic record of the History of Modern Italy. His friends and countrymen could desire nothing more complimentary than this appreciative memoir, which mentions with just pride that he bore the title of "honorary professor of the Florentine Academy of the Beautiful Arts." In the same publication I find also a brief memoir of our lamented countryman, Richard Henry Wilde, the statesman, scholar and jurist, known in our political history as the eloquent representative of Georgia in Congress, in our literature as the author of the charming lyric "My Life is like the Summer Rose," and a work on the "Madness and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso," and in our jurisprudence as the law professor of the University of New Orleans, where he was cut off in 1847, by the yellow fever, at the age of 55. It appears by this memoir that Mr. Wilde had made rare collections, during his long sojourn in Italy, for a learned illustrative work on the life and time of Dante, which the writer hopes will pass into hands capable of perfecting his original intention. A series of interesting letters running from 1834 to 1837, from Charles Botta, the elegant Italian historian of the American Revolution, to George Washington Greene, (the grandson of one of its chiefs), who filled the office of U. S. Consul at Rome some years, is also preserved in this collection of historical papers.
The American citizens thus honored in these "Archives" are fondly recognized as *Italofili Americani*.
During the passing season we have had preaching in every tongue of Europe, by Car-

dinals and Bishops of eminence for learning and eloquence; and the ecclesiastical circles are just now vocal with the praises of a discourse by Mgr. Pie, the worthy successor of St. Hilare, of Poitiers, in France, on the reciprocal relations of faith and reason. It was, indeed, a subtle and seductive exposition of the parable of the prodigal son, which is held to illustrate the dogma of the just subordination of reason to revelation—as the Romish Church understands it. The simple and limpid eloquence of the preacher reminded me of the manner of the late Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton—truly venerable *no-men*. At the conclusion of the services, the orator received the congratulations of the numerous members of the Sacred College and other dignitaries present, and was complimented the next day by the Pope with a basket of fruit from the apostolic gardens. The famous discourse is to be reproduced in both French and Italian, by the pontifical press.

The Dominican monks of the monastery of St. Sabine, on Mt. Aventin, have recently made some excavations in the declivities of that hill, which have revealed a suite of ancient Roman chambers, supposed to have formed part of a subterranean passages to the palace of the kings. They have also recovered sundry urns, jets, medals and utensils of a high antiquity, which are conspicuously displayed in the museum of the monastery. It is again said that the revival of the Order of Malta has been, or is to be, decreed. Its existence now is merely nominal, though the office of Grand Prior is continued in the hands of a Cardinal, of course, with a snug salary of 20,000 francs; and several chevaliers receive small pensions out of its rent of 100,000 francs. I am told to-day that the rich gallery of the palace Corsini, now in deep mourning, is to be sold at public auction. It comprises many pictures by the Raphaels and Correggios of the time, and is justly reckoned among the chief ornaments of Rome.

The police authorities have given license for a general masquerade during the last three days of the carnival, with the condition, that the face shall in no way be masked.—Small sugar plums, and coriander and anise seed are gravely mentioned as the only allowable missives to be thrown in the streets, except single flowers; but bouquets, and balls of lime and plaster, the *confetti* which have been so profusely used on former occasions, are expressly interdicted! Truly, these people treat serious subjects with levity, and trifles as gravities.
On the 26th the city was nearly deluged by a tempest of wind, rain and hail. Some of the hail stones were quite equal to small hens eggs.—The storm raged for two hours and a half with unprecedented violence.—To-day the atmosphere is as calm and bland as June.

The Few Grains of Wheat.
There was once a Spanish lady, a certain Donna Maria d' Escobar, living at Lima, who had a few grains of wheat, which she had brought from Estramaduria. She planted them in her garden, and of the slender harvest she distributed to others until that which had been counted in grains was counted in sheaves; and that which had been counted in sheaves was counted in fields; and thence came all the corn which is now found in Peru. This anecdote—it is told, I think, by Southey—made a strong impression on my fancy many years ago, and it recurs to me often when I feel discouraged at the slow dissemination of the most obvious truths. The hope that one so powerless as myself could ever assist in popularizing any great truth, or help to convert the unfamiliar, the unpalatable into the common food of daily life, has seemed like vanity;—but then I have thought "No, that word 'vanity' shall not frighten me." Wisely said the Thinker of old, that "there is oftentimes as great vanity and self-pride in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits from the world, as in publishing them;" and extreme vanity does sometimes borrow the garb of an ultra-modesty.—When I see people haunted by the idea of self, afraid to speak lest they should not be listened to; spreading their hands before their faces, less they meet the reflection of it in every other face—as if the wide world were to them only a French drawing room, paneled with looking-glasses; always fustily putting this obtrusive self behind them, or dragging over it a scanty drapery of conscientiousness—miscalled modesty; always on the defence against compliment, or mistaking sympathy for compliment, which is as great an error, and a far more vulgar error than that of mistaking flattery for sympathy; when I have seen this—and how often have I seen it allied with power and talent!—I have been inclined to attribute it to immaturity of character—to a sort of childishness; or to what is worse, a want of innate integrity and simplicity. We live in a season of fermentation, which some deprecate as change—others hail as progress; but these who venture as they walk on their path through life to scatter a few seeds by the way-side in faith and in charity, may, at least, cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life at least, and of bringing forth, little or much, in due season; for the earth, even by the way-sides of common life, is no longer dry, and barren, and stony hard, but green with promise—grateful for culture—and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.—Mrs. Jamison.

"The man who 'held an office' got tired, and left go for the purpose of resting himself a short time, when the office got away and has not been heard of since.

"A fellow 'out West' being asked what made him bald, replied that 'the gals had pulled his hair out pulling him into their windows."

"It is supposed by Dr. Francis that the first person that had the itch was the Devil—hence the tide 'the old Scratch.'"

"Our devil says that getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a fellow does it the more he wants to.

The Democratic Convention of 1852.

As a matter of interest just now among politicians, we re-publish the first ballot of the Baltimore democratic convention, of 1852, giving each State with the names of the gentlemen voted for:

FIRST BALLOT BY STATES.	
Alabama,	James Buchanan, 9
Arkansas,	" " 4
California,	John B. Weller, 4
Connecticut,	Lewis Cass, 2
" "	James Buchanan, 2
" "	Stephen A. Douglas, 1
" "	Sam Houston, 1
Delaware,	Lewis Cass, 5
Florida,	Stephen A. Douglas, 3
" "	Daniel S. Dickinson, 1
Georgia,	James Buchanan, 10
Indiana,	Joseph Lane, 13
Illinois,	Stephen A. Douglas, 8
Kentucky,	Lewis Cass, 12
Louisiana,	" " 6
Maine,	" " 5
" "	James Buchanan, 3
Maryland,	Lewis Cass, 8
Massachusetts,	" " 9
" "	Stephen A. Douglas, 1
" "	Wm. L. Marcy, 2
" "	Sam Houston, 6
Michigan,	Lewis Cass, 1
Mississippi,	James Buchanan, 7
Missouri,	Lewis Cass, 9
New Hampshire,	" " 4
" "	Stephen A. Douglas, 1
New Jersey,	Lewis Cass, 7
New York,	" " 11
" "	Wm. L. Marcy, 24
North Carolina,	James Buchanan 10
Ohio,	Lewis Cass, 16
" "	Stephen A. Douglas, 2
" "	Wm. O. Butler, 2
" "	Sam Houston, 2
Pennsylvania,	James Buchanan, 27
Rhode Island,	Lewis Cass, 3
" "	Wm. L. Marcy, 1
Tennessee,	Lewis Cass, 6
" "	James Buchanan, 4
Texas,	Sam Houston, 6
Vermont,	Lewis Cass, 1
Virginia,	James Buchanan, 15
Wisconsin,	Lewis Cass, 2
" "	Henry Dodge, 8

Total no. delegates excluding S. Carolina, 288
Necessary to choice, under two-third rule, 192
This shows Mr. Cass to have received 116 votes; Buchanan 93; Douglass 20; Marcy 27; Lane 13; Houston 8; Weller 4; Butler 2; Dodge 3; and Dickinson 1.

Franklin Pierce's name did not appear among the list of candidates until the 35th ballot, when the Old Dominion, which all along had cast her vote for "Pennsylvania's favorite son," made a break in the direction of New Hampshire. When the 48th ballot was taken he had 55 votes, and on the 49th 282.

Gen. Cass' highest vote was 131, which he received on the 36th ballot; Mr. Buchanan 104 on the 23d, and Mr. Douglas 92 on the 31st ballot.—*Lancaster Intelligencer*.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,

Appointed by the Chairman of the Democratic State Convention.
JOHN W. FORNEY, Chairman.
City of Philadelphia.

Gideon G. Westcott, Thomas S. Fernon;
James F. Johnson, Emanuel Street,
George Platt, William O. Kline,
Alfred Gilmore, William V. McGrath,
William Rice, Edward W. Power,
N. B. Browne, George W. Moore,
George Williams, Thomas J. Timmons,
Jesse Johnson.

Third District.
A. H. Tippin.
Fourth District.
Joseph Hemphill, John J. Leiper.

Fifth District.
J. Lawrence Getz, William Karnes.
Sixth District.
F. Vansant, John Davis.

Seventh District.
Sam'l. C. Stambaugh, H. B. Swarr,
C. D. Gloninger, Jas. S. McMahon.

Eighth District.
Isaac G. McKinley, O. Barrett,
Andrew Hopkins, Samuel Bigler,
William H. Miller, Henry Omit,
Richard M'Allister, Wm. P. Withington.

Ninth District.
David D. Wagener, Samuel Wetherill,
Nelson Weiser.

Tenth District.
John F. Lord, William Lilly.
Eleventh District.
Wilson Reilly, Joel B. Danner.

Twelfth District.
William H. Kurtz, George S. Morris.
Thirteenth District.
George H. Bucher, George Stroop.

Fourteenth District.
George White, J. Richter Jones,
H. L. Diefenbach.
Fifteenth District.
William W. Murray, Thomas A. Mcguire.

Sixteenth District.
R. W. Weaver, Dr. B. H. Throop.
Seventeenth District.
Asar Eathrop, William M. Platt.

Eighteenth District.
Julius Sherwood, H. H. Dent.
Nineteenth District.
William S. Garvin, Robert P. Cochran.

Twentieth District.
Joseph Douglass, B. F. Sloan.
Twenty-First District.
James M. Bredin, J. M. Keuster,
Samuel B. Wilson.

Twenty-Second District.
David Lynch, M. T. Stewart.
Twenty-Third District.
William Workman, Charles A. Black.

Twenty-Fourth District.
George W. Bowman, J. B. Sansoni.
Twenty-Fifth District.
S. S. Jamison, Charles Lamberton.
Twenty-Sixth District.
A. S. Wilson, Thomas Bower,
J. S. Miller.
Twenty-Seventh District.
E. J. Keenan, R. P. Flenniken.
Twenty-Eighth District.
Barnard Reilly, Thos. J. M'Camant.

Corn Stalk Sugar.

A correspondent writes to us for information respecting the making of sugar from the green stalks of maize. We do not recollect the article in this paper on that subject to which our correspondent refers, nor that we have ever intimated that we had any particular knowledge of the process in our possession. In the *Farmer's Dictionary*, edited by Dr. Gardner, and published by the Harpers, will be found, under the head of "Corn for Sugar," a paper by William Webb, of Wilmington, Delaware, giving the results of various experiments made by him in obtaining sugar from the juice of cornstalks crushed in a mill. The juice was boiled in cauldrons and then granulated. Mr. Webb thinks that the making of sugar from maize has many advantages over the same manufacture from the best-root. In the Patent Report for the year 1843, prepared by H. L. Ellsworth, Commissioner, the subject is particularly noticed, and various letters from individuals who had made the experiment in different parts of the United States are given.

For the benefit of those who have not this Report at hand, we give the method employed by Messrs. David Hubbard and Ira Burdick, of Kalamazoo. They say:

"Our manner of proceeding, after extracting the juice by horse power, is to put it in pans made of tin, of fourteen sheets each, with sides of wood six inches wide, and which hold about a barrel and a half, placed over arches, and by boiling the juice down one hour, it is fit to be placed in pans for graining. It requires great care and attention to prevent burning it. We made a quantity of sugar and a good deal of molasses, which is a good article."

The stalks, before passing through the mill, were deprived of the leaves and tassels. The mill is thus described:

Have two iron rollers, of twenty inches in diameter, and two feet long, with iron gudgeons three inches in diameter, and cogs attached to the same, placed horizontally.—The rollers should be at least two inches thick, to move by horse or water power, with about the same velocity as a common cider mill."

There is a further direction in regard to the boiling:—"We think the best way is to boil the juice, after it is cleaned with the milk of lime to a moderate syrup, take it off and let it stand about six hours; then carefully drain it from the dregs, adding about one tablespoonful of saleratus dissolved to about three gallons of syrup, boil until it operates exactly as does maple sugar."

The writer of this letter thinks that an acre of Indian corn will yield, from 500 to 600 pounds of sugar. By "milk of lime" we suppose is meant lime-water.
Mr. John Beal, of New Harmony, thinks that the best time to cut up the stalks for crushing is when the blades begin to wither about the middle of the stalk. He and Mr. Webb, of Wilmington, direct that the ears should be taken off the moment they begin to show the silk. The Rev. Luther Humphrey, of Edwardsburg, in Michigan, thinks that the syrup will sooner granulate which is made from stalks cut early in the season—that is soon after the silk is formed. Mr. Adams, of Adams Basin, in this State, made 600 pounds from an acre.

It seems to be agreed that the stalks should be passed through the mill as soon as they are cut, and that the boiling should begin immediately after the juice is pressed out.—A slight delay occasions a sensible acidulation.

Charters, charters, charters—nothing but charters. The Legislature is overrun with them, they constitute the staple business of every session. We have acts to incorporate, and supplements thereto, and supplements on supplements, until it is difficult to tell upon what precise basis any chartered corporation stands. Instead of having general laws defining the exact nature, powers, limits and scope of these corporations, we have acts to enable them to purchase, or hold, or sell real estate; acts to put off the payment of their debts; acts to allow them to increase their capital; acts to do everything, in fact, which ought to be rigidly regulated by a uniform system. Such is the rush of this description of business at Harrisburg, that the public welfare can necessarily receive but a small share of the attention of members.—The latter are up to their eyes in private and special legislation. "And how dignified is the business which thus overwhelms them. Here we notice one bill which incorporates a Bone Boiling Company; another incorporates a Manure Manufacturing Company; a third charters a company to build a hotel; a fourth a Cemetery Company; a fifth a Guano Company, and so on. Now what makes all these companies of such tremendous importance that they do not go to the county courts for charters? The reason is plain. Special privileges are sought, which the county courts would not grant. In nine cases out of ten these are highly improper, but such is the mass of business pressing upon the attention of the Legislature, that no difficulty is found in getting any kind of a private bill through both houses.—North American.

A country clergyman has a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "I flatter myself" instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he "flattered himself" that more than one half of them would be damned!