

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE, THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

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## "Poet's Corner."

### The Old Cottage Clock.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

On the old clock of the household clock  
Was the brightest thing and nearest,  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang still the sweetest.  
Twas a monster too, though its voice were low  
Yet they lived, though Nations alter'd;  
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young  
When the voice of friendship fail'd.  
Tick, tick, it said; quick, quick, to bed,  
For ten I've given warning;  
Up—and go—or else, you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And told the time, with a merry chime,  
The wily hours beginning.  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock  
As it call'd at day-break loudly,  
When the dawn look'd grey, and the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly.  
Tick, tick, it said; quick, quick, to bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning!

Spit, hourly, the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright days dead,  
And the old friends lost forever!  
In heart beats on—though leaves are gone  
Its hands still move, though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
Tick, tick, it said; to the church-yard bed:  
The grave has given warning;  
Up—and rise to the Angel skin—  
And enter a Heavenly morning!

## Selected Miscellany.

### THE CARNIVAL BALL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The carnival of 1874 was drawing to a close, and a gay period of festivity and excess it had proved. They, young Capt. de Marmont was sitting alone, luxuriating in his brocade dressing-gown, and sipping a cup of pure Mocha coffee, then at the height of his popularity in Paris, when his valet entered, and presented him a deliciously perfumed note upon a silver salver.

The count lazily examined the seal; the devices of which were quaint and pretty, but the arms were not those of any noble house he could on the moment recall. The superscription was in a fine female hand, but that, too, was unknown in consideration of these circumstances he opened the note with some degree of interest, and read as follows:

"My Dear Count:—You will be with me on the opera ball to-night, it is the last one of the Carnival, and will be so gay. But it is not for that I bid you come. I want to see you in relation to matters of importance. You will know me by wearing a pink domino with a star on the shoulder. I shall know you in whatever disguise you may assume. The heart is the best clairvoyant."

"Your name," said the count, "is Amie." Marmont tossed the note from him rather carelessly and recommenced sipping his coffee, musing, meanwhile, to himself:—Who can this be? But pause! my need I borrow my head about the matter at all; and I, not engaged to Julie de Fontange, the finest little Parisian of the day? And have I not promised her to go to these balls? But this is the last one of the season, and I should like to go above all the others for the last time. "Does monsieur think of going to the ball to-night?" asked the obsequious valet, Lecompte, who had been eyeing his master's face with keen eyes, such a look as a tierce-douze might regard such a prospect in the floor. "Ah! it will be magnificent! All the nobles will be there, and monsieur looks so well in the new blue and silver suit."

"Silence!" cried Marmont, "I had had the father of another, he could not have looked more like a sick man." "Monsieur will be the death of me," he said. "Well, then I am going," said Marmont, rising; "but you say nothing of my purpose to any one."

"Yes, monsieur," said the valet, "I shall be dumb, monsieur." The valet laid his hand upon his heart, as if he had promised most faithfully to obey his master's injunction, and Marmont went to the new riding school, with all the confidence in the integrity of his servant.

As the winged Mercures of their master and mistress, were frequently brought into contact with each other, and to preserve the dramatic unity, as Marmont averred, they fell in love. Of course when they met that day, the ball of the evening was the topic of the moment, and as Lecompte's master had promised Adele's mistress that he would go to another masquerade ball, it was of course a very natural and proper that the faithful servant should inform the young lady, that he was going, and that he was going in the blue and silver suit, and that, moreover, he had come to this decision immediately after receiving a note directed in a female hand.

"Having obtained this little morsel of gossip Mlle. Adele darted away with it in a very bird-like manner to communicate it to Mlle. Julie de Fontange. When you ask a lady who told her such and such a thing, she will generally smile and answer that a little bird brought her the intelligence. Now nine times out of ten this little bird is a light built lass with glistening eyes, a slender waist, and a foot like a fairy's."

Some women in the position of Julie de Fontange, would have been thrown into a fit of jealous rage, at hearing such a piece of news as she had just received, but Julie was a good and sensible girl, and knew very well that Marmont loved her dearly, and so she said very gently to her maid:

"Very well, I shall be there myself!" "You, Mademoiselle!" "Yes, Adele, why not?" "Certainly, if madam pleases." The little waiting maid clapped her little hands together and almost danced for joy.

"And what dress will madame wear?" she asked. "That is my secret," replied the mistress smiling quietly. Miss Adele pouted, but asked no more questions, for the new mistress was firm, and encouraged no familiarity.

Gaily and brilliantly did the ball open that night; music, flowers, perfume, a vast crowd, universal hilarity, gave it a peculiar and intoxicating charm. Now hardly regretted that the ladies were masked, it was so interesting to guess what their faces might be from the indications of hand, figure and foot, or the contour of the white and finely rounded chin, appearing beneath the lace fringe of the vizard.

Marmont was there, seeking the strong for the pink domino. He found her at last, but her figure was so different in the loose folds of her dress, her contour was undistinguishable, but it was all and commanding, notwithstanding the fact that she peeped forth in the high-heeled slippers were beautifully small, and the jeweled hand laid upon Marmont's arm, carefully and lightly, was fair, white and aristocratic.

"Here at last!" whispered the mask to him. "You are no recumbent knight, I should have said, you are a knight of the sword, and one of the most musical voices he had ever listened to. You have put me into your Amie's wait in vain for you. Now, tell me can you guess who I am? Come, try if you can."

"You are the Baroness de Fauchere," said the pink domino, "and I am the Count de Marmont." "What a pretentious name!" said the pink domino, "but I belong to her set." "If you please," said Marmont, "and be referred to a minute and correct description from the pink domino of her ladyship's boudoir. Then branching off, as if she delighted to perplex and surprise him, she recounted a thousand particulars of Marmont's life, habits, even his thoughts, until he was completely perplexed and bewildered.

"I am entirely mystified," he said at length to the middle of the Sprink, "nothing to this. You must take pity, and reveal to me the being, the good angel, who takes such an interest in my affairs. I feel that you must be beautiful; step aside with me and lift your mask. I suppose you do."

"No," said the pink domino, "I do not intend to be the leader of the gang; the boy must be quick—for we are thirty, and count well," he added with a sinister look at his companion. "You hear, my boy," said Marmont, addressing Julie, and fixing his keen look upon her intelligent countenance. "Go as quick as you can, and bring me a *depot* in a bottle of that wine!"

"Julie vanished." The brief space of her absence was an age of agony to Marmont. Had she understood him? Was her head clear, and her foot sure? Would she accept of his offer? Cold drops of perspiration beaded upon his brow. In the meantime the ruffian talked together in whispers; it was evident they were impatient to finish plundering him, and then killing him, to conceal the crime.

Young, rich, fortunate, his career seemed destined to an abrupt and sanguinary termination. He secretly cursed the carnival, and the credulous folly that took him to the ball. But these reflections came too late. Ah! his fate seemed to be sealed.

Suddenly the door opened, and Julie appeared. "Good God!" cried Marmont, "have you forgotten the wine?" "It is here," she answered; and stepping to one side from the doorway, a dozen gens d'armes with fixed bayonets rushed into the room, and secured the ruffian as well as their accomplice. The means of their capture, whether by force or by guile, was not known.

Soon after this the gens were tried and all sentenced to the galleys. Hardly four months subsequent to this date, Marmont and Julie were happily married, and a life of peaceful joy was theirs, and the young lady, by the courage and intelligence that had enabled her to frustrate the machinations of the pink domino, and save the life of her beloved, light hand touched his shoulder.

"Marmont!" said a voice that thrilled to his very heart. "Julie de Fontange!" exclaimed the young man. "You here? are you a partner in this mystery?" "Alas, my friend!" replied Julie. "Finding that you rejected my warnings, I got up behind the carriage, and followed you to this house. I fear you are betrayed. If so, though unable to save you, I can at least die with you."

"She could say no more. Lights appeared, and with them three ruffian fellows, with long rapiers at their sides, preceded by the pink domino, whose face, now that she was unmasked, exhibited features of great regularity, but which were stamped by the unmistakable sign of cunning and cruelty.

"So you are not alone, I find," she said, glancing at Julie, who was dressed in blue and white livery. "Who is this boy?" "My page, madame," replied Marmont, with perfect coolness. "But pardon me, I do not recognize you even unmasked. Will you not give me your name, that I may associate it in my memory with the pleasant mysteries of this evening?"

"You will learn that soon enough," replied the woman, with a mocking smile. "You must excuse me now, while I retire; these gentlemen will keep you company in the mean time."

As the pink domino left the room, the three men seated themselves, motioning Marmont to follow them, and to follow their example. They were evidently out of breath and roared. Marmont now bit- tery repeated having left his sword at home, for he was a master of his weapon; and though against such fearful odds, could at least hope to save his life. He thought of Julie too, involved in the same mortal peril with himself, and his heart sunk within him. But he kept up the appearance of perfect coolness, knowing that the slightest manifestation of distrust would be the signal for his instant assassination.

"Long live the Carnival!" he exclaimed gaily. "There is nothing like it for intrigue and romance, and this seems one of the Arabian nights' entertainments. The ruffian had never heard of the Arabian nights, but they thrust the table with their fists, and roared out, 'good!' with their ample emphasis.

"Pray, monsieur," said one of the ruffians, "have you the time about you?" "It is past midnight," replied the count, consulting an elegant gold watch set in brilliants.

"Egad, that's a pretty toy," exclaimed the ruffian, stretching out his hand, and grasping the watch. "You like it?" said the count, hastily detaching it from the chain. "Pray accept it as a slight souvenir."

"That's a splendid diamond ring of yours!" said another of the ruffians. "Do you think so?" answered the count. "Pray accept it, for my sake. I set little store by the baubles." "What a precious gem it is!" muttered the third ruffian, between his yellow, fang-like teeth.

## From the London Gentleman's Magazine.

### James Logan of Pennsylvania.

James Logan was descended from the Scottish family of Logans, who still retain in history for little else save its connection with the celebrated and by the legal proceedings consequent upon the singular discovery of their father's letters to Gowrie in 1608, the two sons of the Logan of Bestarig migrated to Ireland and established themselves at Lurgan. Robert, the younger son, subsequently returned to Scotland, where he married and had a son Patrick, who removed to Ireland, taking with him a well-connected Scottish bride, and an affection for the religious opinions of George Fox. Out of a considerable family only two children of Patrick Logan grew to manhood, William, who was physician at Bristol, and James, the subject of the present biography. The latter was born at Lurgan in 1691 or 1692. He seems to have had an appetite for the acquisition of languages, and during a youth passed in various places in the three kingdoms—for his parents removed from Ireland back to Scotland, and thence to England—James Logan picked up considerable knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.

How and when he became acquainted with Mrs. Penn does not appear. Probably it was through Penn's second wife, with whose father Logan was acquainted. However begun, community of religious opinions and some similarity in manners and education to the Quakers in general, riveted the bond of union between the proprietor of Pennsylvania and the young disciple, and induced Penn, in 1699, to propose to James Logan to relinquish his intention of engaging in trade at Bristol, and accompany him to Pennsylvania in the character of his secretary. They sailed in September, 1699, and after a three months' voyage, the proprietor and his secretary touched the shore of the new land of promise, in which it was Penn's intention to pass the remainder of his life. After two years Penn found it necessary to return to England, and left his secretary in America as his agent and representative. In that arrangement Penn was particularly fortunate. Every body else in authority in Pennsylvania, and looked upon Penn with jealousy, and strove to attain some selfish ends in infringing his acknowledged rights, or by taking advantage of his necessities. Logan alone stood fairly by him, and exhibited in his conduct towards him the most disinterested regard to the practical and salutary interests of the colony, in which both of them stood.

A more unqualified and unreserved support of Penn's colonial interests can hardly be conceived. If all is true that is told of them, they certainly used Penn himself very liberally, and treated him with more justice or liberality than themselves. Logan did not escape in 1710 he was obliged to visit England in order to vindicate his conduct before the home authorities. He did so fully, and then returned to pursue his duties and his fortune in the New World. During the six years of his absence, which preceded the death of William Penn, a correspondence passed between Penn's wife and Logan, in which we have on the one side, in general, but with some glimpses of the gradation of the great Quaker philanthropist, and on the other, a valuable information respecting the growth and progress of the colony.

Logan had, ere this time, married, and settled himself in Pennsylvania. He prudently continued to devote his attention to commerce as well as to the public affairs of the colony, and attained by eminent wealth as well as the highest station. As his years advanced, he increased his property, withdrew from public affairs, and in a residence in the beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia, devoted his declining years to literature and science. The Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania, at a salary of 1000l. per annum, in 1736 he speaks of having already been obliged for six years past to mount his horse on crutches. He desired to retire; but the government could not find a satisfactory successor to his office. During his period of retirement Logan corresponded with his friends in Europe upon metaphysical subjects, and made important contributions to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in natural philosophy, the theory of the rainbow, and other subjects. He was a member of the Royal Society, in letters addressed to Sir Hans Sloane, Peter Collinson and others. He employed himself in the most judicious manner, and having done it with 25s per annum for his board, he left the whole to the city of Philadelphia. The Loganian Library still exists, but in combination with two other public libraries. The founder is also perpetuated in one of the public squares of Pennsylvania which bears his name. He died on the 31st October, 1751.

Among the founders of Pennsylvania, Logan might be held in honorable remembrance. Firm in his friendship to William Penn, and in his adherence to his personal religion, honorable, a zealous and useful citizen, honorable and upright in every relation in life, he was also still further credit of having been the first to procure the rising colony, with liberality and all those amenities which are the fruits of his industry.

Opening a Strait.—A fellow took up as a vagrant, declared that he was that man without any visible means of subsistence, or any other extraordinary endowment, was found on inquiry, that he had a large hat with a crown that he might open it, and find the money he needed. He was fortunately the story belonged to a man who was a Quaker.

QUESTION FOR DEBATE.—If the milk way, now composed of real cream, how many drops would it make at eight or a pound.

## MOUSTACHES.

His favored beard was his equal grace,  
Both of his wisdom and his face.—*Hullbar.*  
"What are these things growing out of your upper lip, mister?" asked a country yankee of a city coxcomb whom he met the other day.

"Oh!" exclaimed the dandy, fiercely raising his ruffian, and bristling up to the interrogator. "What business is that to you, sir?" "Oh, in business of any consequence to speak on," replied the yankee, "just as'd for information, for I'm not here to be acquainted with them, but to be acquainted with you."

"Well, sir," returned the gallant angrily, "what if you don't acquit with me? Must a fellow of your cloth have the impudence to question a gentleman of mine?" "Is that really your cloth, mister, or is it the tailor's?" asked the countryman.

"The tailor's?" exclaimed the coxcomb fiercely; "what do you mean by that?" "Do you mean to insinuate that I—death sir!" "I'll not say so much," returned the yankee, "and I'm sticking my hands in his breeches, and standing still before the dandy. I thought you never intended to pay for them."

"What is that to you, whether I pay for them, or not? Has't a right to manage my own affairs as I please, and pay my tailor or let it alone?" "Why, mister, that depends very much on what sort of bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why that's his lookout, not mine, but you think on your own upper lip that."

"So you're a rampant puppy, sir?" "I heard you say, your father's got a tarrier dog—but he don't carry much. I can tell you—I'll kill two rats in three seconds. But as I was saying, mister, got a tarrier dog that's rough and hairy about the mouth, but he ain't a circus, stance to you; he'd cling his tail between his legs if he was to see you, and cry tit-tit, and run to the end of the world without stopping. My gracious, how you look with them things!"

"Look, why say they are all the go, now. There's no finished gentleman but what wears moustaches." "Moustaches, do you call them? Well, they are mighty handy things. They look very much like the end of our dog's tail, when he brushes his tail over his shoulder, and touch him on the face, fugh! I wouldn't touch him, but he ain't there."

"Touch them, mister, if you offer to put a finger on them, I'll cut you with a razor or your own hair, sir." "What with that, mister? I shouldn't mind if any more than an ostrich."

"Well, sir, touch my moustache and see if you can't get it out." "I'll leave you to your moustaches? Why, I'd have just been to cut 'em off. Touch 'em, mister, I would touch 'em with the tongue. I can't conceive for my life, what should induce any human creature to wear such nasty looking things as these."

"Nasty looking, do you call them? sar, you have no taste. Nasty looking, indeed. Why, sar, they are all the admiration of the ladies!" "Ladies, ha! ha! They must have a queer notion, sar, how. There are women who are undoubtedly fond of bumps and such like animals, and I've seen 'em fondle 'em as if they were human creatures. But I shouldn't see how any woman would let her lips come within gunshot of ladies you have in the city here. But one thing I can tell you—your country calls it a nose, and you touch 'em with your finger, and you touch 'em with your lips, and you touch 'em with your teeth. But mister, how in the name of bar and bristles do you ever get to work to get the ruffian in your mouth, with them things hanging over it, like the hedge fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat meat and such like, or do you live on spoon victuals?"

"It's none of your business, sar, what I live on. I board at seven dollars a week, and eat what I please, sar, and drink what I please." "Seven dollars a week? My gracious! we get board and drink and all in the country for a dollar and fifty cents. I suppose they ask for five times as much for them as they do here. Eh, I wouldn't have them at the table for you dollars."

"What a fool I am, standing here talking to a man of your cloth!" "Thus saying, the man with the moustaches brushed his hand, came, wheeled about, and walked off. He had gone but a few steps when the yankee bawled out, 'Hullo, mister, don't you want a curry-comb, I've got some real fine ones, with teeth on both sides.' They are up I can tell you."

## Liberia—Letter of Jasper Boush.

Jasper Boush is one of the company who went from Norfolk, Va., to Liberia in July, 1850. And as he was extensively known to be an honest, upright Christian—one of the most intelligent of his countrymen, and a man of high moral character, his letters are of great value, and are being industriously circulated, in view of the confidence of the free colored people, he was selected as a fit person to inquire of concerning certain reports that have been industriously circulated, to wit: that the emigrants from this country cannot enjoy in Liberia, that the soil is sterile, refusing a support to the industrious; that the laws are oppressive, and the government badly administered; and that the few who yet remain are a miserable set of wretches, always sick and sighing to get back again.

His letter is a matter of fact refutation of those false and injurious rumors.—*Colony-ization Herald.*  
CLAY—ASHLAND, DECEMBER, MAY 1852.

Truly I am better and better pleased with Liberia each morning when I awake and find myself in it. I could not be prevailed on by any earthly consideration to leave Liberia, or to exchange it for any other country. Here I am in the land of my forefathers; here I can enjoy all those rights which a benevolent God hath so liberally vouchsafed to man; here I can exercise and improve my gifts and graces in enlightening, instructing and exhorting the benighted sons of the forest in the truths of the Christian religion; here I can bow down in the sanctuary of the Most High, or at home, and unmolested by any man, to the service of my own mind and conscience, which I have no more to molest or make me afraid; here my children to their latest generation can enjoy the privilege of freedom in storing their minds with education and useful knowledge, and participating in the duties, &c. of civil government; and here, in every department of my life, provisions, and breadstuffs, and my own raising, I have now growing as my own raising, a large quantity of cassava, and potatoes, and several acres of sugar cane, several acres of rice, and several also of ginger. I have now to be transported from my nursery several thousand coffee seedlings, nearly 100,000 cocoa nuts, (not cocoa nut, mind you, but the chocolate) and about the same quantity of mango plants. My present crop of my sugar crop will be worth about 600 or 800 dollars. I will have about 150 worth of rice, which is worth from 75c to \$1 per bushel.

I shall labor to benefit not only my own country, but my country. I intend to be well represented in the commerce of Liberia, which is now increasing and commanding the respect of the commercial world. I am convinced fully that agriculture is to be the great dependence of Liberia; that will furnish us extensive commerce—produce, manufactures; and in every way benefit the country. In America, the free colored man can never be a citizen. I believe it true that the free colored women are the great hindrance to the full tide of emigration which would have, and indeed ought to have, passed long since into Liberia. Let the colored however, if they do not come now, they will come soon; if they do so, it is a pity that they cannot have an intelligent sight at their own and only interests, and am sure the inevitable force of circumstances, by which they are surrounded, the organization of the social elements, both as to the circle in which they move, and that in which the whites belong, and the genius of legislation will soon very soon convince them of their condition.

Sir, the free colored people cannot go any where else but to Liberia; and they are beginning now to know that they must come, and would to God that they would do it, not compulsively, but willingly and cordially, like rational beings. I and my family are well, we enjoy good health here as in America. I eat my allowance every day, and am not at each meal with a good appetite, and I feel you that the enjoyment of such health in Liberia, by the free colored people, is the subject of the religion—can well be felt, by the expression. Please oblige me by representing this letter, and my special exhortation to brethren General Bell, John Williams and families, and all my acquaintances, to come to Liberia, without unnecessary delay. Believe me truly to be yours in Christian love, JASPER BOUSH.

Better to receive than give an injury

## Memorials of Webster.

From an interesting article in the Boston Atlas we quote the following:—Mr. Webster was never seen to more advantage than within his own household at the family board, or in strolling with him over his farm at Marshfield, or standing with him upon the sea beach, and looking out upon the ocean before us, which like the scope of his intellectual vision, appeared boundless. We have never loved this thing, and there are no events in our life in which we have experienced more pleasure. As we write, they involuntarily rise before us, like blessed visions of other and better days. To hear him converse upon the past, the present, the future, in a familiar manner, colloquial manner; to listen to his great thoughts expressed in the purest words of our language, and wonder how he could thus speak and think, and joys which we can find no words to express.

It was our fortune to pass several days at his home in Marshfield, some six or eight years ago, and we were never more beautiful sight, when the heavens seemed bright with countless myriads of stars, that about nine o'clock in the evening we walked out, and he stood beneath the beautiful weeping elm, which raises its majestic form within a few paces of his dwelling, and looking up thro' the leafy branches, he appeared for several minutes to be wrapped in deep thought, and as he length, as if the scene, so soft and beautiful, had suggested the lines, he quoted certain verses, which we now remember with the words, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

The deep, low tone in which he repeated these inspired words, and the deep ground, a tremor with which he gazed up thro' the branches of the elm, struck us with a feeling of grave awe, and solemnity that we ever felt; when in a year or two later, we visited some of the most magnificent cathedrals of the old world, venerable with the ivy of centuries, and mellowed with the glories of a daily church service for a thousand years. He was thinking, then, of that far distant world, where it is promised that the good of this life shall live forever and ever—

He remained out beneath the tree for an hour, and all the time he conversed about the services which man has studied with greater attention, and of which no man whom we ever saw knew so much, or appeared to understand and appreciate so well.

He talked of the books of the Old Testament especially, and dwelt with unaffected pleasure upon Isaiah, the Psalms, and especially the book of Job. The third of Job, he said, taken as a mere work or piece of literature, which no man has ever produced, and which no man has ever written, and which no man has ever read, and which no man has ever understood, and which no man has ever translated, and which no man has ever explained, and which no man has ever interpreted, and which no man has ever rendered into any language. As an epic, he deemed it far superior to either the Iliad or the Odyssey. The two last, he said, received much of their attraction from the mere narration of warlike deeds, and from the perilsous escapes of the chief personages from death and slaughter; but the book of Job was a purely intellectual production, and which no man has ever understood, and which no man has ever translated, and which no man has ever explained, and which no man has ever rendered into any language.

We will remember his mention of some of the verses in that third chapter of the whirlwind, and said, who is it that hath darkened counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answerest thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding. Mr. Webster was a fine reader, and his recitation of particular passages to which he felt more than ever attracted, and which he read with the most exquisite delight to those who could appreciate them.

How to Acquire High Health.  
"Wither, in his 'Origin,' lets down the following rules for attaining high health:—They are worth remembering, particularly his advice to wives and husbands. 'First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation of one of the other, especially just before and after meals, which the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, endeavor to look at the bright side of things, keep your mind as much as possible the purely cheerful, and avoid all morbid and melancholy thoughts. Your pillow in the night should be made up of your own good thoughts. Let not your own passions master you. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, do not perplex, but only think what is right to do in the sight of him who sees all things, and bear without flinching the result. When your meals are salted, let your thoughts be cheerful, when they are sweet, let them be better, avoid disputes or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. If you have any business to attend to, let it be done in the morning, and the day will be passed in easy conversation. A pleasant project, welcome news, or lively conversation, I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor propound unreasonable or provoking questions, and advise husbands to keep the quiet and vexatious of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of what is comfortable, cheerful and amusing."