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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.
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POETRY.

Our Country.

Our country! 'tis a glorious land [shore;
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtur'd on her ample breast
How many a goodly prospect lies
In nature's wildest grandeur dress'd
Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sun-lit ocean roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain born;
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leop.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide,
For plenty here her fullness pours,
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
'Tis earth's no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrammell'd spring,
Her harvest wave, her cities rise;
And yet till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

'Tis said that Absence Conquers Love.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But, O! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same.
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair—
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
What e'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But, O! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

A Safe Speculation.

"Your wife is beautiful and young,
But then her clapper! how't is hung!
Had I a wife with such a tongue,
I'd pack her off to France, sir."
"Pshaw! you're too much afraid of strife,
Would you improve your present life,
I'd have you marry such a wife,
I'm certain she would answer."

"Shall I have the pleasure of waltzing
with you, Madam?" said a gentleman to a
dashing married lady.
"Thank you sir, I have hugging enough
at home."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Legend of Life and Love.

A very cheerful and fallacious doctrine is that which teaches to deny the yielding to nature's feelings, righteously directed, because the consequences may be trouble and grief, as well as satisfaction and pleasure. The man who lives on from year to year, jealous of ever placing himself in a situation where the chances can possibly turn against him—ice, as it were, surrounding his heart, and his mind too scrupulously weighing in a balance the result of giving away to any of those propensities his Creator has planted in his heart—may be a philosopher, can never be a happy man.

Upon the banks of a pleasant river stood a cottage, the residence of an ancient man whose limbs were feeble with the weight of years and of former sorrow. In his appetites easily gratified, like the simple race of people among whom he lived, every want of existence was supplied by a few fertile acres. These acres were tilled and tended by two brothers, grandsons of the old man, and dwellers also in the cottage. The parents of the boys lay buried near by.

Nathan, the elder, had hardly seen his twentieth summer. He was a beautiful youth, glossy hair clustered upon his head, and his cheeks were very brown from sunshine and open air. Though the eyes of Nathan were soft and liquid, like a girl's, and his cheeks curled with a voluptuous swell, exercise and labor had developed his limbs into noble and manly proportions. The bands of hunters as they met sometimes to start off together after the game upon the neighboring hills, could hardly show one among their numbers who in comeliness, strength, or activity, might compete with the youthful Nathan. Mark was but a year younger than his brother. He, too, had great beauty.

In course of time the ancient sickened and knew he was to die. Before the approach of the fatal hour, he called before him the two youths and addressed them thus:

"The world, my children, is full of and sorrow and disappointment are the fruits of intercourse with them. So wisdom is wary.

"And as the things of life are only shadows, passing like the darkness of a cloud, twine no bands of love about your hearts. For love is the ficklest of the things of life. The object of our affection dies, and we thenceforth languish in agony; or perhaps the love we covet dies, and that is more painful yet.

"It will never do to confide in any man. It is well to keep aloof from follies and iniquities of earth. Let there be no links between you and others. Let not any being control you through your dependence upon him for a portion of your happiness. This, my sons, I have learned by bitter experience, is the teaching of truth."

Within a few short days afterwards, the old man was placed away in the marble tomb of his kindred, which was built on the shore.

Now the injunction given to Nathan and his brother—injunctions frequently impressed upon them before by the same monitorial voice—were pondered over by each youth in his inmost heart. They had always habitually respected their grandfathers; whatever came from his mouth, therefore, seemed as the words of an oracle not to be gainsaid.

Soon the path of Nathan chanced to be sundered from that of Mark.

And the trees leaved out, and then the autumn cast their foliage; and in due course leaved out again and again, and many times again—and the brothers met not yet.

Two score years and ten! what change works over earth in such a space as two score years and ten!

As the sun, an hour ere setting, cast long slanting shadows, to the eastward, two men withered, and with hair thin and snowy, came wearily up from opposite directions, and stood together at a tomb built on a hill by the borders of a fair river. Why do they start, as each casts his dim eyes towards the face of the other? Why do tears drop down their cheeks, and their frames tremble even more than with the feebleness of age? They are the long separated brethren, and they enfold themselves in one another's arms.

"And yet," said Mark, after a few moments, stepping back, and gazing earnestly upon his companion's form and features, "and yet it wonders me that thou art my brother. There should be a brave and beautiful youth, with black curls upon his head, and not those pale emblems of decay. And my brother should be straight and nimble—not bent and tottering as thou."

The speaker casts a second searching glance of discontent.
"And I," rejoined Nathan, "I might require from my brother, not such shrivelled limbs as I see, and instead of that

cracked voice, the full swelling music of a morning heart—but that half a century is a fearful melter of comeliness and of strength; for half a century it is, dear brother, since my hand touched thine, or my gaze rested upon thy face."

Mark sighed and answered not. Then, in a little while, they made inquiries about what had befallen either during the time past. Seated upon the marble by which they had met, Mark briefly told his story.

"I think me, brother, many, many years have indeed passed over since our grandfathers, dying, left us to seek our fortunes amid a wicked and seductive world. His last word, as thou doubtless dost remember, advised us against the snares that should beset our subsequent journeys. He portrayed the dangers which lie in the path of love; he impressed upon our minds the folly of placing confidence in human honor; and warned us to keep aloof from too close communion with our kind. He then died, but his instructions live, and have ever been present in my memory.

"Dear Nathan, why should I conceal from you that at that time I loved. My simple soul, ungifted with the wisdom of our aged relative, had yielded to the delicious folly, and the brown eyed Eva was my young heart's choice. O brother, even now, the feeble and withered thing I am, dim recollections, pleasant passages, come forth around me, like the joy of old dreams. A boy again, and in all the confiding heart of a boy, I walked with Eva by the river's banks. And the gentle creature blushes at my protestations of love and leans her cheek upon my neck. The regal sun goes down in the west, and gazing upon the glory of the clouds that attend his setting, and while we look at their fantastic changes, a laugh sounds out, clear like a flute, and merry as the jingling of silver bells. It is the laugh of Eva."

The eye of the old man glistened with unwonted brightness. He paused, sighed, the brightness faded away, and he went on with his narration.

"As I said, the dying lesson of him whom I loved, I feared that if I again stood beside the maiden of my love, and looked upon her face, and listened to her words, the wholesome axioms might be blotted from my thought, so I determined to act as became a man: from that hour I never have beheld the brown eyed Eva."

"I went amid the world. Acting upon the wise principles which our aged friend taught us, I looked upon every thing with suspicious eyes. Alas! I found it but too true that iniquity and deceit are the ruling spirit of men."

"Some called me cold, calculating, and unamiable; but it was their own unworthiness that made me appear so to their eyes. I am not—you know my brother—I am not naturally, of proud and repulsive manner; but I was determined never to give my friendship merely to be blown off again, it might chance, as a feather by the wind; nor interweave my course of life with those that very likely would draw all the advantage of connexion, and leave me no better than before."

"I engaged in traffic. Success attended me. Enemies said that my good fortune was the result of chance, but I knew it the fruit of the judicious system of caution which governed me in matters of business, as well as of social intercourse."

My brother, thus have I lived my life. Your looks ask me if I have been happy. Dear brother, truth impels me to say, no. Yet assuredly, if few glittering pleasures ministered to me on my journey, equally few were the disappointments, the hopes blighted, the truth betrayed, the faintings of the soul, caused by the defection of those in whom I had laid my treasures.

"Ah, my brother, the world is full of misery!"

The disciple of a wretched faith ceased his story, and there was a silence a while. Then Nathan spake:

"In the early years," he said, "I too loved a beautiful woman. Whether my heart was more frail than thine, or affection had gained a mightier power over me, I could not part from her I loved without the satisfaction of a farewell kiss. We met—I had resolved to stay but a moment—for I had chalked out my future life after the fashion thou hast described thine."

"How it was I know not, but the moment rolled on to hours; and still we stood with our arms around each other. My brother, a maiden's tears washed my stern resolves away. The lure of a voice rolling quietly from between two soft lips, enticed me from remembrance of my grandfathers' wisdom. I forgot his teachings, and married the woman I loved."

"Ah! how sweetly sped the seasons! We were blessed. True, there came crossings and evils; but we withstood them all, and holding each other by the hand, forgot that such a thing as sorrow remained in the world."

"Children were born to us—brave boys and fair girls. Oh, Mark, that is a plea-

sure—that swelling of tenderness for our offspring—which the rigorous doctrines of your course of life have withheld from you!"

"Like you, I engaged in trade. Various fortunes followed my path. I will not deny but that some in whom I thought virtue was strong, proved cunning hypocrites, and worthy of no man's trust. Yet there are many I have known, spotless as far as humanity may be spotless."

"Thus to me life has been alternately dark and fair. Have I lived happy? No, not completely; it is never for mortals to be. But I can lay my hand upon my heart, and thank the Great Master, that the sunshine has been far oftener than the darkness of the clouds."

"Dear brother, the world has misery—but it is a pleasant world still, and affords much joy to the dwellers!"

As Nathan ceased, his brother looked up in his face, like a man unto whom the simple truth had been for the first time revealed.

Responsibilities of American Youth.

The following extract from a discourse on "American Enterprise, or Christianity adapted to the active powers of American Youth," by Mr. Albert Barnes, claims their serious consideration:

But your country opens a wide field for all that is active and mighty in the talents of young men. This is the land for christian enterprise. Here mighty dangers are coming in like a flood. Here foreigners of all opinions seek an asylum. Here the nations of the world are already represented, in the oppressed of other people seeking freedom, or in their outlaws seeking our shores an asylum from justice. Here a vast continent is to be brought under the influence of christian truth and christian freedom. Here the confederate forms of wickedness are to be broken up; the infidel subdued by argument, not by dictation; the ignorant taught, the five hundred thousand here public sentiment must foster all that is noble, all that is pure, all that is sacred. Here embattled hosts are not to restrain a free people; our colleges, our associations of benevolence, our Sunday schools, our bibles, our sabbaths, our public press, must do what standing armies have vainly sought to do—preserve the constitution of a free people. Here the christian religion, mild, expansive, free, is to shed its blessings on all the cities, towns and hamlets of our republic, or we are a ruined people. Here without being cramped or crippled in its energies, or pressed into an unnatural alliance with any system of state policy, or wedded

—like beauty to old age,
For m'nest sake living with the dead,"

it may show its native power for blessing men. More than this. Our influence stretches across the ocean; our voice is on the waters; and the name of American sounds alarm in the ears of distant monarchs, and they become pale on their thrones when they look at us. Engrave it, young men, on your hearts, that this land is the only obstacle in the way of universal tyranny and oppression. Strike the sun of our christian freedom from the heavens, and all will be dark again, and dark for ages. One loud shout of triumph will go through all the abodes of despotism, if we totter and fall. One universal yell will rend the heavens, if we become corrupt, and our christian light extinguished, and we sink in the common grave of republics. Who is to stand foremost in this christian warfare? Who to urge on the great principles that are to bless mankind? Who but the young men of this nation—strong in the day of their youth—entrusted with the last hopes of man. In this great arena of things you will be called to act.

Will there be aught of meanness and degradation in summoning the vigorous powers of youth to the great business of virtue, of liberty, and of God; in forming the deep felt purpose, this night, to be christian men, and to dare to face intemperance, and misrule, and profaneness, and infidelity, and to go forth to meet the mighty powers of human crime? I plead first of all, that your hearts may be given to Jesus Christ to-night. And then I spread out before you the good and vast land—this hope of this asylum of liberty—this pillar of the christian church, as a field wide enough for all your powers. I summon you to this great work in view of the richest blessings ever conferred on man; in view of the hopes and liberties of the world.

—CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.—A preacher in the "far west" gave out his text, a certain chapter and verse of *Clover*. The deacon arose and told him it was *Timothy*. "O yes," replied the divine, "it is *Timothy*. I knew it was some kind of *grass*."

"THY WILL BE DONE."—A mother was kneeling in the soft light of the dying day by the side of her suffering babe; the deep, low-breathed accents of the father went up in supplication, as if to the very ear of the Eternal: O! thou who didst weep at the grave of Lazarus, and dost note every pulsation of the human heart, look down in thy mercy's sake! Whatever else thou withholdest, give us the life of our sweet babe!"

"Amen!" responded the trembling voice of the heart-stricken mother, as she wiped away the cold sweat from his pale forehead. "Oh! William I cannot give him up!" she added, "he is so lovely—and then he is our only one! Surely your petition will be granted."

The unconscious infant lay motionless in its cradle; its little bosom heaved with the faint breath of life, its tiny fingers were half hid beneath its golden hair, while the sweet smile that played round its fevered lips seemed to respond to the whispering of angels, as if they already welcomed the freed spirit to the land of light.

The father and mother gazed upon it with an intensity that none but a parent's heart can feel. Gradually the smile relaxed—the hand fell down upon its bosom—the throbbing of the heart became more tranquil—a moisture diffused itself over the skin, and a sweet sleep fell upon it, clothing it with a mantle.

Long and quietly it slumbered; and when the eye opened and the lip moved, its cherub face seemed irradiated with unearthly intelligence and purity. Day after day, and night after night the father and mother watched their boy, as he was slowly restored to health and activity. God spared him, and he grew up in loveliness, the pride of his parents. Pestilence stalked abroad—death laid low the young and the beautiful—still their child, as if by some talismanic spell, was preserved, and the fond mother thanked God in her heart that he had lived to comfort her.

—INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES.—What makes these men who associate habitually with women superior? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved for their colloquial power? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their faculties awaken; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, in studs, and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

"Let me curse God and die!" said the unhappy sufferer.

"Oh! that thou hadst died in the calmness and sweetness of thy childhood!" murmured the self-accusing mother.

Again the father knelt by the bedside of his son, and his voice was once more offered up in prayer: "O Lord! whatsoever thou givest or withholdest, enable us to say sincerely—'Thy will be done!'"

"Amen!" clearly articulated the mother, and the angel of death took the spirit of the hopeless to the bar of God.

A REMINISCENCE OF SIXTY YEARS, BY A MIDSHIPMAN NOW SEVENTY-NINE YEARS OLD.—In my youthful days, on one of my passages from Philadelphia to Havre, in the sloop-of-war General Washington, Joshua Barney commander, we fell in with his Majesty's ship *Jupiter*, of fifty guns, at the mouth of the British Channel, having under her convoy a fleet from Barbadoes; this information we had from some of the vessels we spoke; consequently, we knew the vessel which conveyed them was the *Jupiter*. We had been out but sixteen days; this was in November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. We soon ran alongside the *Jupiter*. Our deck was crowded with passengers, it being so shortly after peace, both French and Americans. They all brushed themselves up with the expectation of a little pleasant chat; but the commander of the *Jupiter* took up a small trumpet, and, with as few words as possible, inquired "Where is that ship from?" Barney replied, in a gentleman-like manner, "Sir, from Philadelphia." Here all conversation ceased. Commander Paul Jones, with a number of officers, cast their eyes on Barney, and smiled. "Well," said our commander, "if he is not disposed to speak, he shall hear—call up the music." Accordingly the band on board the vessel struck up Yankee-Doodle until we were out of their hearing.

A HARD HEAD.—An athletic black man, while carrying a hod in a building down town, was struck on his head by a salmon brick which fell from the scaffold nearly two stories high. "Look out up there, how you throw your bricks," vociferated the hod carrier, "guess you want to kill dis nigger." What is most strange, is, that the man was not even stunned, and the brick was broken in two by coming in contact with his head.

A certain Dutchman down town, speaks of a large house "dat always standish right py de side of a little yaller tog."—*Cres. City.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Never marry a young woman who is proud of the bustle she makes.

"Ma, I wish to undress." "Don't make use of that word, my child, it's decidedly vulgar; say *undress*."

A TRUTH.—Somebody has said this. It is true. The man who wrote it thinks deep and strong.

"The deepest malice often vents itself in the lightest ridicule. He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest; it is your cool dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware."

A BEAUTY.—ANECDOTE OF A RUNAWAY PAIR.—Lady Wren is immensely tall and extremely beautiful; she is now just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years. She is giddy, gay, chatty, good humored and a little affected; she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young, and gay, and handsome, that she is not much mistaken. She is in short, an inferior lady Honoria Pemberton; something beneath her in parts and understanding, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself; but her voice is loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room. Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of, "I'll tell you," cried she, "a story, that is, it shan't be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had £50,000 fortune, ran away to Scotland with a gentleman she liked vastly; she was a little doubtful of him, and had a mind to try him; so when they stopped to dine, and change horses and all that, she said, 'Now as I have a great regard for you, as I dare say you have for me, I will tell you a secret; I have got no fortune at all, in reality, but only £5000, for all the rest is a mere pretence; but if you like me for myself, and not for my fortune, you won't mind that.' So the gentleman said, 'Oh, I don't regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,' and all these sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chase. So he did not come back, but when dinner was ready the lady said, 'Pray where is he?' 'Lor, ma'am,' said they, 'why that gentleman has been gone ever so long.' So she came back by herself, and now she's married to somebody else, and has her £50,000 fortune all safe.

—*Diary and Letters of Mad. D'Arblay.*

INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES.—What makes these men who associate habitually with women superior? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved for their colloquial power? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their faculties awaken; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, in studs, and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

A FAMILY FAILING.—There was an old man once who had three sons, and the old man was in a large business, which kept on increasing until it got so large that the house could not hold it, the house burst, and the old man failed.

Then the old man got a larger house, washed his hands of the old debts, took in his eldest son and commenced all bright and new again. In due course of time the old man and his eldest son failed.

Then immediately opened a dashing new store, in another neighborhood, richly and largely stocked, being the firm of — Brothers; and these were the old man's two other sons. A smashing business was carried on—in due time the smash came, and — Brothers failed.

We don't know how the next firm is to be made up among them; but, failing seems to be a business with them, and their business is a family failing.—*Pennsylvania.*

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