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**TERMS.**  
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.  
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.  
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Phil'a. April 19, 1843.—6m.

**DAY, GERRISH & CO.**  
GENERAL PRODUCE,  
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Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.  
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Ridgeway's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as also to receive and forward goods to all points on the Juniata, and North and West branches of the Susquehanna Rivers, via the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.  
This establishment has many advantages over any other in the city in point of room and convenience for the accommodation of boats and produce. Being one of the largest wharves on the Delaware, and the stores extending from Water street to Delaware Front. Five or six boats may at the same time be loading and discharging. The usual facilities will be given on all consignments entrusted to their charge, which will be thank fully received and meet with prompt attention. Salt, Fish and Plaster, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price.  
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Booths 8, 1843.—6m.

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Merchants and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is full and extensive, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers, at No. 163 Market street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.  
GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.  
Pila. Feb. 6, 1843.—6m.

**Job Printing.**  
NEATLY EXECUTED  
AT THIS OFFICE.

**POETRY.**

**A Moon Scene.**  
A PRIZE POEM—BY W. C. BRANT.

The quiet August noon is come,  
A slumberous silence fills the sky,  
The fields are still, the woods are dumb:  
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark you soft white clouds, that rest  
Above our vale, a motionless train,  
The cattle on the mountain's breast,  
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh how unlike those merry hours  
In sunny June, when earth laughs out,  
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,  
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,  
And strains of tiny music swell  
From every moss-cup of the rock,  
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now, a joy too deep for sound,  
A peace no other season knows,  
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—  
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be to-day,  
The only slave of toil and care!  
Away from desk and dust away!  
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The sinless, peaceful works of God,  
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come then, in whose soft eyes I see  
The gentle meaning of the heart,  
One day amidst the woods with thee,  
From men and all their cares apart.

And where upon the meadow's breast,  
The shadow of the thicket lies,  
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest  
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come—when amid the calm profound  
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,  
They, like the lovely landscape round,  
Innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,  
And on the silent valleys gaze,  
Winding and widening till they fade  
In one soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summit  
As in those calm fields appear,  
As circled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mound the scene o'erlooks—  
There the loud winds their Sabbath keep,  
While a near hum from bees and brooks,  
Come faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer dream, that when,  
Worn with the struggle and the strife,  
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,  
The good forsake the scenes of life.

Like this deep quiet, that awhile  
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,  
Shall be the peace whose holy smile,  
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**Mesmerism and Niggerism.**  
We are rejoiced (says the N. O. Picayune) to be able to give at last the true elucidation of Mesmerism.

'Hello, nigger!' suddenly exclaimed Sam Jones, calling after another dark gentleman who was turning a distant corner.

'Hello you!' shouted Pete Gumbo in reply.

'Wa, how is you, Sam?' said Pete, when the two met and shook hands.

'Ise all right,' said Sam. 'Look heah, Pete: yous heard ob dis Mesmerism?'

'Well I has, Sam,'—and Pete immediately looked wise.

'Wa—well, wa't is it all about?'

'Sam,' said Pete, very seriously, 'we must all be cautious in proaching de confused sciences.—Mesmerism is a science as yet in de infant stage of convalescence. Now—now—s'pose I put you to sleep an you tell me whar a box ob spice is hid in the ground?'

'Wal,'

'Dat's Mesmerism!'

'Dat's it!'

'Dat's Mesmerism!'

'Wal, Pete,' said Sam, 's'pose I seen a box ob gold in de ground an don't tell you a single word 'bout it?'

'Wal,'

'Know wat dat is?'

'No,'

'Dat's Niggerism!'

**CABBAGES vs. CAPS.**—Old woman said a drunken fellow who had staggered to the closet for a cold supper, 'where did you get those cabbages. They are so tartal stringy, I can't eat them.'

'O, my gracious!' exclaimed the lady, if that stupid fellow aint eating all my caps that I put in starch in the closet!'

**LOVE.**—'What is love Clara?' said Frank the other night, as he sat by the side of his sweet-heart.

'Love! Frank, I hardly know what it is; but suppose it must be getting married, and kissing little babies.'

Frank fainted.

A woman's heart is like a fiddle—it requires a bean to play upon it.

Selected by a lady, for the "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL," and published at her request.

**Cousin Emily.**  
BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

PART I.

The interest recently excited upon the subject of mental affection, and more especially in reference to a lamentable event, which has deprived society of an active and valuable member, induced the writer to search for some notes of a singular story which was related to him several years ago, and in which a peculiar phase of insanity was illustrated by its most painful results. He has endeavored, in the following pages, to bring a tale before the reader—it is right that he should mention that all who could possess any personal knowledge of its details (the original narrator included) having long since 'ceased from among us.'

You have lived under four English sovereigns, and the number of your fellow-subjects who can add another king to the list is small. I am one of that small number, for I was born in the year 1757, and am now eighty-three. You need not on that account hesitate at passing me the bottle.

I'll tell you something which was brought to my mind by this straggling old inn, with its long gloomy passage and terrible staircase. I am not at all sorry we decided on sleeping here, for it seems a naughty night to swim in, but there is a place near the top of the house which I wish I had not seen. Help yourself, and stir the fire into a blaze; I don't like even to think of the story in the dark.

When I was sixteen, I believed myself intensely in love with a very pretty cousin of mine, whose Christian name was Emily. She was exactly that sort of a cousin with whom I suppose, all boys fall in love—she was three years older than myself, and not only very pretty, but very merry and very kind-hearted, and, in spite of all my endeavors, her laughing face, with a quantity of black curls falling about it, was perpetually coming between my eye and the Delphin Jewel, the fact of her being miles away from my school not at all interfering with her pertinacious hauntings. I was exceedingly outrageous when I was informed of her intended marriage to a country clergyman, about ten years her senior, and I thought Mrs. Algoner Parke, (that was the name she took, poor thing!) wrote me a sonnet in her married state, and she had become a comely woman, that I could make up my mind to visit her. My journey was then accidental, but when I entered her house she gave me such a sunny welcome, and, in spite of the child crawling about upon the rug, she looked so like the Emily of other days, that I reproached myself for my delay, and determined to make up for it by spending as much of my time as possible at the Rectory.

Her husband, the Reverend Algoner Parke, was one of those men whom you cannot help liking, and yet with whom it is impossible to be very intimate. He was tall, handsome, and aristocratic in appearance; he was an accomplished scholar, and had traveled much, and his general information was, or seemed to a youth of nineteen very extensive. But he was an extraordinary proud man, and though nothing could be kinder or more hospitable than his manner, I was forced to feel that he rather endured that sought conversation with me. Indeed, I have often thought that I may have attributed this neglect on his part to wrong causes, for the talk of a person of my age and character must in all probability have been rubbishing enough, especially in those days, when young gentlemen were not furnished with a smattering of every kind of knowledge. However, Mr. Parke always gave me a cordial welcome to his house, and while I remained there, we saw little of each other except at social hours. There was excellent sporting of two or three kinds in the neighborhood, and though I devoted a great deal of time to my cousin, I reserved a tolerable proportion for my dogs, and guns, and fishing tackle. Altogether I found the Rectory a delightful place.

The house itself had little to recommend it beyond its size and its situation, for it was one of those ungainly structures which were reared when everything requisite for building was cheap—architectural skill excepted. I told you that this inn reminded me of the place. The Rectory was a very tall and a very spacious house, full of winding staircases and intricate passages, doors opening where they were least expected, and long galleries without an opening except at each end. The rooms were chiefly lofty and airy, yet there was a sensation of dulness, and even desolation, connected with them, which often became oppressive, especially on bleak afternoons. The inmates of the house had of course by practice, acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the apartments in use, which constituted about a third of the mansion,—a stranger gradually ascertained the nearest way from his bedroom to the dining-parlor and drawing-room,—but of the doubtful situations of the unoccupied chambers, I doubt if any person were aware. Two or three servants had their respective and different ways of proceeding on the rare occasion of having to explore those regions, and I myself, who had the pride of geometrical knowledge volunteered to map out the various stories, was finally baffled, and forced to relinquish the task, by the multiplicity of enormous closets which crossed the landing-places, and isolated rooms upon which one came by accident, and failed to discover a second time. I revenged myself upon the edifice by defining it as a noble specimen of Intoxicated Architecture.

You may think I am dealing lightly with a narrative which I have described as a painful one, but I am rather endeavoring to give you an idea of the successive effects which the scene and the incidents produced upon myself. They have receded far enough from me to allow me to detail them with much more clearness than I can bring to the description of events of the last ten years.

I returned to the Rectory as often as my college life would permit, and it was upon my third visit there that I perceived a strange change in Algoner Parke.

His manner to me was warm and cordial as before, but the alteration was in his conduct to Emily. Did I mention to you that his behaviour to her had previously been marked by the most sedulous attention, but that there was an absence of fondness of affection which I had expected to see, and which her youth and extreme beauty, coupled with her admiring devotion to him, might have elicited from even a prouder and colder man than Parke? In short, I hardly knew whether to be vexed or pleased at not finding Algoner adoring the lovely girl whom I thought perfection. We are curious creatures, and the feelings alternated in my heart until I was almost ashamed of my exertions to define, and so to fix, my sentiments upon the subject. But now all was altered, and in the place of the calm attentive regard which Algoner had hitherto manifested towards his wife, there had arisen a lover-like ardour of anxiety and tenderness, which kept him constantly at her side—a perpetual watch for every word she uttered, over every movement she made—an untiring, unceasing homage, which, as it appeared to me, would have better suited the brief glowing courtship of some young Italian musician, inspired by his love, his art, and his skies, than the married state of an English clergyman of mature age and reserved habits. The phenomenon puzzled me beyond measure. I sought for ordinary reasons for it, in vain. I had, of course, been favored, in my time, with explanations of the curious influence over the husband with which the honors of maternity invested the wife.—Egily, it is true, had a second time added to her family, and two more beautiful children, than the little Louisa and Henry Parke I have never seen; but the devotion of Algoner to his wife was so unreasonably intense that even the mysterious agency in question, taxed to its fullest extent, was insufficient to explain what was bearing towards her. In ordinary cases, the change, except that he had become more attentive to her, was not to be seen, with an amiable self-complacency of youth, I attributed this to my own enlarged and edifying habits of discussion. One thing I observed—he spoke with far more rapidity than upon former visits.

The children were very lovely. Louisa, the elder, whom I had seen crawling on the rug on my first visit to the Rectory, was now a merry little sylph of four years old, an infant copy of her beautiful mother's features, but with a profusion of golden hair, and with deep blue eyes. Her ringing laugh was always ready to welcome me—I was her decided favorite, friend, and confidant. She loved me, I believe very sincerely, but she worshipped the dogs which were invariably my companions. There affectionate attention to her were her delight, and the figure of the wild little fairy, tugging laughingly at the ears or tail of the wistful but uncomplaining Ponto or Sancho, is fresh as if sixty years had not divided us.

Henry, the boy, was a year younger than his sister, and a contrast to her in everything but beauty. His grave-eyed meekness suited his appearance well; and his tranquillity, especially when taken under the patronage of the high spirits of Louisa, was very winning. He, too, was a great ally of the dogs; but whereas Miss Louisa's pleasure was in exciting them into frolics kindred with her own, her brother loved to lie for hours with one animal for a pillow, while the head of the other rested in his lap. You are at my mercy here, and must bear with my miniature painting—it is all part of the picture.

The fondness of my cousin for her beautiful children was excessive, and rivalled that of Algoner for herself; but it was so natural and graceful that I, who was at an age when to the foolish eye of a boy the earnestness of affection is not always pleasing, nor could be charmed with the love manifested towards them by Emily. Algoner's conduct to the children was, however, inexplicable. He would stand gazing at them for long periods, with looks of affection and delight; but he invariably recoiled from their contact or approach, and in a marked manner shunned the morning and evening kiss with which they had been accustomed to salute him.—Once, when Emily suddenly pressed the face of her boy to that of his father, he turned deadly pale, and hastily left the room. She never repeated the experiment—its failure was perhaps the only thing in which for many months Algoner had crossed her wishes: his devotion continued unabated.

PART II.

My fourth visit—it was my last—was prefaced by a slight circumstance, to which I paid no attention until subsequent events caused me to reconsider every link in their chain. I wrote from Oxford to announce my coming; and, as I had often done before, I addressed my letter to my little friend Louisa, who could not, of course, trace even a syllable of its contents, but in whose name her mother had sometimes been accustomed to reply. I thought no more of the trifling playfulness, until the answer came, written by Algoner himself. His invitation was warm as usual, but, to my surprise, the following postscript was added:—

"Why do you write to me in every respect but beneath you?"

I was much amused with this curious piece of didactic remonstrance, and was soon at the door of the Rectory. Algoner came out to meet me, and seemed anxious to speak to me before any of the servants should approach. He gave hasty orders for the care of my travelling boxes, and then, taking my arm, begged me to walk with him into the garden. I pleaded that I ought first speak to Emily, but he made some plausible excuse, and led me through a shrubbery. Suddenly turning upon me, he said in a strange, harsh voice—

'This is an odd affair—is it not?'

'What is it?—what do you mean?'

'Ah!—true, true—you haven't heard!—Why, we've lost Miss Parke.'

'Good heavens! you don't mean—you can't mean Louisa?' I said.

'Ay, I mean her!' he replied, contorting his mouth into a dreadful smile.

'What!—dead? I am—why not have told me—why did you allow me to intrude on you?' I gasped out, hardly knowing whether to express astonishment or sympathy, so—strange was his manner.

'No intrusion—no intrusion!' he cried, in a high, but husky voice,—no intrusion at all. No—and she's not dead either—that's the best of it, as it seems to me.'

'Lost, and not dead, Mr. Parke! For Heaven's sake, tell me what all this means!'

'I tell you!—I!' said he, very coldly, but instantly altering his manner, said, 'I am wrong—you are my guest. At dinner, then, if you please, I shall have much pleasure in answering any question you may ask.' He turned upon his heel, and actually ran from me. I was too much stupefied to follow him for some moments, but when I did I believe my pace was as rapid as his own. A domestic, however, appeared at the end of the shrubbery, and stopped me.

'Oh sir! we suppose master has told you something.'

'Yes, yes, Anderson; Miss Louisa—he says she is lost. What is it all?—quick!'

'It's all true, sir—she is lost, and the grief has turned master's head.'

'Grief?' I repeated, in much perplexity. I proceeded to question the servant, who told me that, about five days before, and in the middle of the afternoon, Louisa had disappeared from the house. It was of course supposed that she had strayed into some of the unused apartments, access to which, however, had been usually prevented since the children had been old enough to wander. On examination, it was found that to one floor only could the child have gained admission, the doors leading to the other floors being all locked, and the keys being actually hanging in Algoner's study. That door had been searched until the searchers were weary; shouting, calling, and even firing a pistol, had been tried, on the chance of Louisa's having fallen asleep in some mysterious corner. All was in vain. The searches outside the house had been equally useless. Gates, neither over nor under which a child could climb nor crawl, cut off all egress from the garden, and it was proved that they had not been opened. No gipsies or other suspicious persons had approached the house; and the agonizing conclusion to all exertions was, that Louisa was lost.

I found upon questioning Anderson further, that Mr. Parke had led the servants on their quest, and had been as energetic in his pursuit as became a father to be in so dreadful an emergency. Had the domestics no conjectures of any kind? Anderson said they had none. And Mrs. Parke?

I entered the house, and in the drawing-room found Emily—but how changed from the sunny being I had left her a few weeks before! She was pale as ashes, and her beautiful black hair hung wildly about her face. She was obviously under the influence of extreme terror. In her arms she held her son, of whom she appeared resolved not to relinquish her hold for a moment. On my entrance, she glanced nervously round, and instead of rising or speaking, she clasped the child convulsively to her breast, and looked in my face with such a piteous expression that I turned in pain from her gaze.

'I am so glad that you have come!' she murmured the tears rolling from her eyes.

A terrible thought came over me at that moment, but I indignantly rejected it. Algoner entered hastily, and again I saw that convulsive clasping of the child by the mother. He spoke with his usual cordiality, and invited me to retire for the purpose of dressing. I assented; and he conducted me to my apartment,—apparently resolved not to leave me for a moment. This constant attendance he pursued for the remainder of the day, vigilantly preventing my holding conversation with Emily, who indeed sat through the long hours in a state of comparative stupor, but never for one instant parting with the child. As night drew on that terrible thought returned: and at length its pressure became unbearable. I pleaded indisposition, and begged leave to go early to rest. Algoner followed me to my room; and as I went in, I observed that the key was outside the door. I took it quietly from the lock, and into the room. Parke watched my movement, but made no remark, and left me to solitude and that thought.

I had now leisure to weigh the occurrences of the day; and as I did so my mind underwent alternate visitations of stupefying bewilderment and harrowing excitement. But I will not trouble you with more than a rapid detail of what followed. I listened until I heard the door of Algoner's bedroom close, and the lock turn. Knowing that he had then retired for the night, I stole softly down to the apartment occupied by Anderson. In reply to my whisper, he opened the door, and seemed relieved by finding that I was his visitor.

'Anderson,' said I, 'get me those keys which you said hung in your master's study.'

He looked startled; but promised to do so, and bring them to my room. I returned as softly as possible, and waited his arrival. In a few minutes he came to the door.

'Sir, they are not there now.'

My sensations now became maddening; I paced the room furiously, and at length sat down on the bed in a state of positive fever. The house was still as the tomb, and the only sound I heard was the deep tone of the church clock, which struck at long intervals. My frenzied restlessness finally urged me to go and seek for the keys myself, and taking the candle, I stepped stealthily forth for that purpose. As I reached the foot of the stairs, and was peering through the darkness in quest of the study-door, one long and frightful scream rang through the upper part of the house. I rushed up stairs like a guilty thing, and at the first turning I suddenly encountered Algoner. He was half-dressed, and held a light.

'In God's name, tell me whose scream was that! I exclaimed.

'It was nothing,' he said. 'H—, do you ever read the Bible?'

'Sometimes—sometimes; but that scream!'

'Have you ever read,' he asked very sternly, 'the fearful book with which it ends—the Book of the Revelations?'

'I have,' said I; but Mr. Parke I insist on knowing—'

'Do you remember what is said there about the Bottomless Pit being opened for a little while?—the Bottomless Pit—ha! ha!' And he rushed from me, and entered his own room, double locking the door.

I, too, returned to my own apartment, and watched intently. But there was no further alarm, and at least the blessed morning came; never was it so welcome. As the light began to render objects half visible, there came a low tap at my door. It was Anderson.

'Sir,' said he in faltering accents, 'I thought I would go again and search for the keys, and here they are.'

I snatched them from him, and motioned him to follow me. The light was now come upon us, as I unlocked the door leading to the unused apartments on the floor on which I stood. Need I weary you by saying, that perhaps such a search, was never made for concealed gold or escaped captive as that I made through those dreary rooms, and those above them. There was yet a third floor to search; and through that I searched in like manner, and in vain I hardly knew, indeed, what I was expecting to discover.

We were standing in a large and low-roofed room, lighted by a single window, and entirely empty.—It was the last room, as we believed on the upper floor. I have said the house was a very lofty one; and as I stood at the window I was struck by its distance from the ground below. I turned away, and the next moment one of my dogs came leaping into the room, manifesting the utmost joy at seeing me. It suddenly occurred to me to put him in quest of a scent—and wild as was the idea, in the excited state of my feelings, I made him the necessary signal.—In an instant he was at work, sniffing in all the delighted energy of his race. Twice he crossed the room, and twice recrossed it, and returned to my feet, as if wondering at the new task I had set him. I saw that he could discover nothing, and was about to retire, when the dog uttered a cry, and clung to me in manifest terror. What he saw or felt, I know not to this hour; but I believe there are secrets, dread and secret in nature, which should make the wisest and best of us tremble. I gazed in wonder, when the good hound, disengaging himself from me, rushed with a furious yell towards the opposite wall. It was of boards, and I could trace no sign of a door or opening; but what was that to me?—I desired Anderson to fetch me a chisel and hammer, while I ran for a crow-bar, which I had seen in one of the lower apartments.

In a few minutes I re-entered the room—but ghastly tenants were there before me. If the sixty years which have followed that hideous moment could be made six hundred, it could not pass from my recollection. A large and gaping chasm appeared in the wall, opening as it seemed, into a black abyss which the eye could not fathom. But eyes had fathomed it, and in that gaze their intelligence was lost for ever. Emily Parke had been dragged from her bed to the edge of that hideous pit, and the fierce grasp of her husband was upon her wrist, while his other hand pointed down the dreadful well, into which he had flung some blazing substance.—The mother's eye had followed its fiery career down—down—down, until it rested, glaring brightly.

At the bottom of that pit (until then an untold mystery of that strange house) lay two little corpses. One had lain there for days—the other had newly been buried thither—both the children had gone down alive, as their father afterwards exultingly declared. There lay Louisa and her brother, eighty feet below the chamber where an idiot was staring at a Maniac!

Why is a guide-board like a hypocritical preacher? Because he points out the road for other folks to go, but never takes in himself.

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