

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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**Terms.**  
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## TO INVALIDS.

How important it is that you commence without loss of time with **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**. They mildly but surely remove all impurities from the blood, and no case of sickness can effect the human frame, that these celebrated Pills do not relieve as much as medicine can do. **COLDS** and **COUGHs** are more benefited by the Brandreth Pills than by Lozenges and Candies. Very well, perhaps, as palliatives, but worth nothing as ERADICATORS of disease from the human system. The Brandreth Pills cure, they do not merely relieve, they cure. Diseases, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise, will certainly be cured by the use of these all-sufficient Pills.

## CURE OF A CANCEROUS SORE.

SING SING, January 21, 1843.  
**DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH:**  
Honored Sir,—  
Owing to you a debt of gratitude that money cannot pay. I am induced to make a public acknowledgment of the benefit my wife has derived from your invaluable Pills. About three years this winter she was taken with a pain in her side, which soon became very much inflamed, and swollen, so much that we became much alarmed, and sent for the doctor. During his attendance the pain and swelling increased to an alarming degree, and in three weeks from its first commencing it became a running sore. She could get no rest at night the pain was so great. Our first doctor attended her for six months, and she received no benefit whatever, the pain growing worse and the sore larger all the time. He said it was healed up it would be her death, but he appeared to be at a loss how to proceed, and my poor wife still continued to suffer the most terrible tortures. We therefore sought other aid, in a Botanical doctor, who said when he first saw it that he could soon cure the sore and give her ease at once. To our surprise he cured her in a few days, and acknowledged that he had cured her in a few days.

Thus we felt at ease, and I have since the whole year the experience of two celebrated physicians in vain, in absolute despair. My poor wife's constitution rapidly failing in the prime of her years from her continued suffering. Under these circumstances we concluded to try your Universal Vegetable Pills, determined to fairly test their curative effects. To my wife's great comfort the first few doses afforded great relief of the pain. Within one week to the astonishment of ourselves and every one who knew the case, the swelling and the inflammation began to cease so that she felt quite easy, and would sleep comfortable, and after six weeks' use she was able to go to the house and again attend to the management of her family, which she had not done for nearly fourteen months. In a little over two months from the time she first commenced the use of your invaluable Pills her ankle was quite sound, and her health better than it had been in quite a number of years before. I send you this statement after two years test of the cure, considering it only an act of justice to you and the public at large. We are with much gratitude,  
Very respectfully,  
T. & E. A. L.

**DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS** are sold by the following Agents in Huntingdon county:  
Thomas Read, Huntingdon.  
Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.  
A. & N. Cresswell, Petersburg.  
Mary W. Neff, Alexandria.  
Joseph Patton, Jr. Dancausville.  
Hartman & Smith, Manor Hill.  
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Thomas Owens, Birmingham.  
A. Patterson, Williamsburg.  
Peter Good, Jr. Canoe Creek.  
John Lutz, Shrewsbury.  
Observe each of Dr. Brandreth's Agents have an engraved certificate of Agency.—Examine this and you will find the NEW LABELS upon the certificate corresponding with those on the Boxes, none other are genuine.  
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.  
Phila. Office S. North 8th St.—ly.

## TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

THE subscriber occupying the large three story brick dwelling house at the south east corner of Allegheny and Smith streets, in the borough of Huntingdon, the third story of which during the last summer has been fitted for sleeping rooms; having a large stable on the premises, and having employed a careful person to attend to it and take care of horses, &c., informs the public that she is prepared to accommodate such of her friends and such strangers and travellers as may desire accommodation. She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes the friends of Temperance will give her a call.  
ESTHER CLARKE.  
Huntingdon March 1, 1843.

## T. H. CREMER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
HUNTINGDON, PA.

## POETRY.

All hail once more to the Western enchantress!  
From the Louisville Journal.  
**Teach me Forgetfulness.**

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh teach me forgetfulness, teach me to cast  
From the depths of my spirit all thought of the past;  
My hopes you have brightened; within my sad heart  
There lingers but memory—Oh bid it depart,  
You have taught me to look on the past with regret,  
And weep for the future, but not to forget.  
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,  
Why did you not teach me forgetfulness too?

Oh teach me forgetfulness, bid me control  
The thoughts, the wild thoughts that have entered  
My soul;  
I thought your wild passion an innocent flame  
That would lift me above, not degrade me to shame;  
I thought—oh! enough—the deep folly is o'er,  
I would turn from the past, and remember no more;  
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,  
Then teach me, oh teach me forgetfulness too!

Oh teach me forgetfulness—little I thought  
That in seeking my heart 'twas its ruin you sought;  
I thought you had won my fond spirit away  
To love me, to bless me, and not to betray.  
Alas that such musings should sadden me yet;  
My heart is all memory—oh bid it forget;  
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,  
Then teach me, oh teach me forgetfulness too!

AMELIA.

## Hope and Memory.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Hope sung a song of future years,  
Replete with sunny hours;  
When present sorrow's dew-like tears  
Should all be hid in flowers.

But Memory backward turned her eyes,  
And taught the heart to fear  
More stormy clouds, more angry skies,  
With each succeeding year.

But still Hope sung, as by that voice  
Such warnings sad were given,  
In louder strains bid earth rejoice,  
And age look on to heaven.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Court Journal.

## THE WEDDING RING.

By JOHN MILLS—author of "The Old English Gentleman."

"For where thou art, there is the world;  
And where thou art not, desolation."

Harry Wington, an independent gentleman with the neat income of two thousand a year, had, a few months since, entered the holy bonds of conjugal bliss.

In opposition to the general custom of grumbling humanity, he was on unobjectionable terms with his wife, himself, and the world. Notwithstanding the philosophy of others, he could not perceive any consolation to be derived from contemplating existence as a scene in which little else than acts of annoyance and misery were to cease, merely to make room for new ones; but, contrary to the illustrated examples of unsocial life, he regarded the present as the time to be enjoyed, the past with no regret, the future without fear.

An elegant cottage, as it was called, in the centre of Devonshire, with beautiful grounds attached, and no inquisitive neighbor nearer than the vicarage, quite half a mile distant, was the enviable spot selected for the earthly paradise of Mr. and Mrs. Wington.

It was the first of September, a day enthusiastically anticipated by sportsmen, when a loud, gruff voice, from under the window of Harry's dormitory thus saluted him—

"Now, sir, it's time to be stirring. Down, Ponto, you're a troublesome brute! Now then, sir, come to heel! come to heel, I say!"

Waking from his slumbers, Harry threw open the casement. Upon the green lawn, in a picturesque group, stood his gamekeeper, John Flip, and a brace of—as he would maintain—the best pointers in the whole country round. They'dined, back and drop, against any that ever were or would be.

"It's just four, sir," said John, respectfully touching his hat to his master's emerged head. "To bag ten brace before breakfast you musn't be long in turning out."

In a very limited period the shooting gear was arranged, and the impatient biped and quadrupeds were joined by their no less eager master—all equally desirous for the sport.

Not five minutes elapsed after Harry's departure, when Mrs. Wington's pleasant dream was rudely broken by the sharp crack of one of Manton's best. Quickly surmising the cause, she proceeded to the window, and saw her husband covered to his knees with the luxuriant green tops of turnips, caressing one of his favorite dogs.

With a fine, hearty laugh, which indicates no thought of duns, promissory notes, actions, or chancery suits, Harry kissed his hand to his smiling wife, and after holding up a partridge in triumph of his skill, he vanished behind a haystack followed by the gamekeeper and pointers.

Nature was waking from repose—the sun's rays were bursting upon the dewy verdure, like Hope's bright hue upon the clouded heart. The flowers unclasped their leaves to the cheerful light with cups charged to the brim with crystal drops. The air rang with the song of birds, and as Ida Wington continued to look upon the beautiful scene with smiles—

"Which went and came, and disappeared,  
Like glancing sunbeams on the dimpled water  
Shaded by trees,"

she thought how delightful it was to have so handsome, good-tempered, and excellent a husband as she was possessed of. Hours passed with unconscious swiftness to Ida, so engaged was she with her no uncommon reverie, when a rap-atap at her chamber door occasioned her to start, and hastily ask who was there?

"Who is there, indeed?" repeated a voice from the outside. "It is past eight. Breakfast, breakfast, I say!"

"I'm coming, forsooth!"—"I'm waiting for you!" rejoined the voice.  
Before knowing the value of a parent's smile, Ida was an orphan, and left to the sole care of an only aunt. With a mother's tenderness she had reared her, petted, but not spoiled her niece, and deemed herself fully rewarded by seeing her favorite a beautiful, accomplished woman, and the wife of one whose study it was to render her happy. Upon Ida's marriage, Harry requested that the kind-hearted old lady would reside with them and form a member of his family circle. This was the acme of her wishes; and thus matters stood a short time after that eventful epoch in the lives of parties concerned, the wedding day.

The morning toilet completed, Ida hastened to the breakfast parlor, where she found her aunt impatiently waiting for the *dejeuner*.

"My love, you look—little too sweet, some more of the milk, think you, child—pale this morning, I think," said the antiquated dame in her usual broken sentences.

"I am quite well, aunt," replied Mrs. Wington. "I am glad to hear that you are, my child, but you certainly are—a piece of dry toast—something languid. Where is the scapegrace Harry?"

"How forgetful you are, aunt! Why, this is the first of September," said Ida.

"Ah! shooting then, of course. Married men should not indulge often in such amusements.—Frequently do we hear of guns bursting, and—a little of that tongue—exploding accidentally," rejoined the aunt.  
A follower of the illustrious Arab, Mahomet, exclaims, when the shades of sorrow are cast upon his path, "Tis my destiny!" Whether this creed be founded on a semblance of truth, or the gravity of a bubble lighter than air, it shall form no argument for this page. All to be here stated is the simple fact, whether fate winged the shaft or not, sugar into a cup of coffee, her wedding ring slipped from her taper finger into the saucer.

"Heaven preserve us—Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated the aunt. "It's a fearful circumstance. Direful—direful!"

"What is the matter?" said Ida, springing from her chair.

"The ring, the ring!" murmured the aunt, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Here it is," replied her niece, replacing the magic hoop upon her finger.

"Child, child! it's an awful sign!"

"Of what, aunt?"

"Accident or misfortune of some kind, for 'tis said—Ere the sun be set, sorrow will rise, when from a bride the ring doth fall," replied the aunt, with a melancholy anticipation of evil.

A merry laugh burst from Ida's lips, and she turned the object of discussion derisively round upon the end of her finger, when her aunt's anger was somewhat excited at this expressed contempt for the prophecy, and she sharply continued, "You may ridicule anything, child; but recollect many loud laughs have changed into bitter tears."

"Why do you wish to frighten me?" asked Ida, in a tone of remonstrance.

"I've no wish to alarm you but I much disapprove of levity upon occasions requiring seriousness," replied the aunt.

"I cannot believe in such obsolete things—they are so very silly," said Ida, with an ill-suppressed smile.

"So it appears, my dear; but I do believe in them," added the aunt.

"They tell me the reason for so doing," said her niece.

"My reasons are countless. Circumstances admitting of no doubt have been related to me by dozens," rejoined the old lady.

Not convinced that hearsay evidence was to be deemed conclusive, Ida inquired if her aunt had ever witnessed an illustration of this to be dreaded fatality.

"Bless me! you talk like a lawyer I once heard at the assizes, who would not permit an honest man to say what he heard!"

for my part, I think persons who laugh at superstition are as full of it as those who admit its influence."

"We are all, more or less, prone to be superstitious, I believe," said Ida. "But tell me about the ring. I wish to hear of some mishap following the luckless fall from the wearer of this public sign of matrimony."

"Listen, child, and I'll narrate to you one which I know to be true, although I did not see the occurrence," rejoined the aunt, with another shake of the wig.

"It was a rough day in March, and two years after the union of a very dear friend of mine, that her husband was dressed for hunting. Oh! that dangerous, reckless amusement! Being late, he was hastening to depart, and, in his hurry to bid her adieu, he snatched her hand quickly, and drew off her wedding ring, which rolled upon the floor—This circumstance was unnoticed at the time, and he proceeded to the door, where his patient horse stood pawing the ground: held by a groom. Just as he was going to mount, the cries of the hounds in full chase were heard. No sooner were the well-known sounds caught by the high spirited animal, than he reared upon his haunches straight in the air, bounded from one side of the road to the other, and became completely ungovernable from excitement and eagerness to join in the sport. After many useless attempts to gain the saddle, his master, angry at not being able to start, threw himself passionately across the horse, and gained one foot in a stirrup; when accidentally a spur struck deep in the side of the restless animal. Furious with pain, he snapp'd his bridle, jumped from the earth with a sudden bound, and hurled the groom far from him. Away he rushed down the avenue with his rider half on, clinging to his mane. A high gate was closed at the end of the avenue, towards which the horse galloped with fearful speed. The creature neared the barrier, and leaped at it without hesitation, but dashing against the top rail, he fell with desperate force, carrying his ill-fated master with him.

"My poor friend saw the accident with feelings that may be conceived, but not described. For many hours she was unconscious of the extent of her lamentable misfortune. Upon recovering from her swoon, she found her husband stretched upon a bed a ghastly figure. A surgeon was watching him with fingers pressed upon the fluttering pulse; bandages stained with blood were wrapped round his head, his cheeks were ashy pale; his lips were scarcely perceptible, and he was in a state of insensibility. In one short hour more, from being as happy a wife as ever the sun shone upon, my poor friend was a heartbroken widow."

Tears rolled from the old lady's eyes as she concluded her brief, but melancholy narrative.

"No wonder that you believe in the omen of the ring," sobbed Ida. "My poor, dear Harry! oh! what will happen to him?"

"Nothing, I hope and pray, my love. Do not weep, untended her aunt! 'Tis very foolish of me to tell you this story—very wrong, indeed; but it was want of reflection; I'm a silly old woman. There, there, don't cry, child."

A loud crash of thunder at this moment occasioned both to start. Flash after flash of lightning succeeded, and a few large drops of rain splashed at intervals against the windows. Suddenly, one deafening roar pealed over head, reverberating over the hills miles distant, and a deluge of water fell, making the earth appear involved in smoke. Roll after roll of the warring elements followed, and the heavy clouds floated slowly on spouting forth their overcharged contents. The heavens grew momentarily blacker, and the storm increased in its violence.

Peering through the wet streaked panes, Ida watched, with fear depicted in her trembling limbs, the raging storm. Generally without the common nervousness of her sex, Ida now paced the room with hurried step, clasping her hands and lost to all control of feeling. Her aunt endeavored to calm her excitement, but without success. The narration of the event of the ring, and the violence of the storm, had produced an effect not easily erased.

As she was walking with haste up and down the apartment, anticipating evil of every kind that her heated imagination could form, she stood before the window speechless with emotion, at seeing the gamekeeper running towards the house. On he came, but his master neither preceded nor followed him. Ida beckoned to her aunt, and pointing to the hurrying man, rushed out of the house to meet him, regardless of the pouring torrents.

"Tell me," she gasped, clutching John by the arm, and stopping him in his course.

"My lady, my master is—!" John could say no more.

"Quick, quick," she rejoined in a voice hollow with dread.

"My master is in bed quite—!" again John's breath was quite gone.

Looking as one about to hear the judgement of death, Ida murmured "What!"

"Wet through!" replied the gamekeeper, in amazement at the expressed agony of his mistress and her extraordinary determination to become, in a like situation. "He's in bed wet through," continued John, in my cottage, and he wants a change of clothes."

Years have swept away since Ida's wedding ring fell. Sorrow has not traced a single furrow upon her brow, if time has left the print of days gone by upon it. May my fair reader's be a similar destiny—a happy and contented wife.

## A Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat has requested me to preach from the following:  
"Go it while you're young.  
For when you're old you can't."

MY HEARERS!—The old proverb says, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it;" but this, modernized, reads, "train up a child in the way he would go, and before he is old he will go it." Yes, my friends, there is no mistake in it—if you let a child run loose over the fenceless fields of his own inclination, he will wear out more moral shoe leather in one day than an old man will in six weeks, who walks moderately along the highway of sin. I would, however, have you understand that I have no particular objections to the sons and daughters of earth going it while they are young, provided they don't go it too strong; for I know that the honey suckles of pleasure grow only in the green valleys of youth, and that they all shed their sweetness in the morning of life; that old men, tottering toward the lone tenement of death, are oftentimes compelled to bear the insults and jeers of thoughtless juveniles, who run after them shouting "go it ye cripples!" When the young rascals know that they are no longer able to go it as they once did—when the wheels of life were new—when every hinge in the physical system operated without squeaking—and when the heart's tallow was kept melted by the warm blaze of youthful ambition.

My dear children!—go it while you are young but be careful how you go it. Lie down and roll over as much as you please upon the perfumed beds of indulgence, but mind and not roll into the brambles of everlasting misery. Kick up your heels along the gay walks of pleasure, but don't crush the tender buds of virtue beneath your careless tread; and above all, don't run so swiftly as to produce a spontaneous combustion of mortality—for when that spiritual essence is once destroyed, you are just as surely done up and burst as though you were obliged to borrow a shirt to keep up appearances.—Drink deep from the cup of rational enjoyment, but shun the incinerating bowl as you would the small pox or the double width measles. Don't meddle with it my young friends—for when you once get your sucker in, you will find it scorched before you can get it out again—your fine sympathies crisped, I warn you against the worst of temptations, it is but a trick of the devil to entice you into his slaughter house. It induces you to cheat and indulge in profane language; and it moreover offers you an invitation to get your living by other means than those prescribed in the golden decalogue of honest industry. Be careful also how you go it in your approximations towards the female. Let your love be that of the purest and most exalted nature. You ought to have your affections placed upon heavenly virtues, for they alone contain the true source of reciprocal love.

Go it, young man, now in the days of your youth! Revel in the sweets of enjoyment while fancy's flowers are in the fullest bloom—while the pinions of hope droop not in the cold storms of adversity—while the sun of ambition still shines upon the far distant summit of fame. Let your heart abound with good cheer—banish every suicidal thought from the mind, and let your soul surfeit upon the luxuries of mental bliss—but while you are partaking of those bounties, you must try, my young friend, to lay up a portion of them to feast upon when you are no longer able to go it with that looseness with which you are now privileged. The time will come when the sweetest soup of life will taste as insipid as dish-water—when every lump of joy will lose its seasoning—when your bread won't rise for want of leaven, and when like a dried sapling, you have grown so old and stiff that you can't bend without cracking.

My dear friends—when you are old you can't go it any more than an old broken down stage horse; and if you don't enjoy yourself while you feed upon the oats of youthful anticipation, you will find out that you never can do it when you come to graze upon the pastures of age. If I compare you to horses, my respectable hearers, I trust you will forget the comparison, inasmuch as the mortal part of man is subject to that same decay which horse flesh is heir to. Yes, the juices of our bodies become dried in the autumnal winds of age—and the few jewels that remain in the casket of memory, although pure and brilliant, are hardly worth cherishing, considering that the little comfort they give us is so over-spread with the mustard of regret. When our heads grow grey with age a sort of grayness comes over the landscape of existence, and a forbidding gloom succeeds. Then we don't care about going it as we did once lest we might accidentally bump our noses against the tomb, and perhaps keep up for all night; and if we would like to cut capers and spend a copper, our wishes could never be gratified. Therefore, go it while you are young in all that is rational or becoming, before the evil days draw nigh in which you shall say, I have no pleasure, but in the prospect of heaven, and no hope but that which is eternal. So mote it be.

"The handkerchief! the handkerchief!" cried Othello. "Confound it," said a sailor in the pit, "blow your nose with your fingers and go on with the play."

A country lad went a courting—but his father found it out, and forbid the matter, as the girl was not good enough for him. "Well, father, I thought it'd be good enough to begin with."

## DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

FROM THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

Tread softly with a solemn footstep, whisper your words in a low voice, and let your breath be hushed; for the air of the chamber is heavy with death, and the faces of all you see are stamped with grief, and the suppressed sob of the women, and the deep death groan of the strong man in mortal agony, mingle their notes of woe, breaking on your ear like voices from the grave, and all around is still and sad and fearful—for the Hero is dying—His keen eye which a month ago, met the gaze of millions, hailing him, in all the pomp of civic triumph, their Leader and their Ruler, is now glazing with the chill of death, and his soul is passing from the Visible to the Awful Unseen.

He is dying! The light of the breaking day falls dimly through the half closed shutters, the lamp burns with a sickly glare, and in the mingled light appear the faces of the watchers by the bedside of the dying, faces wan and ghastly with prolonged anxiety and anguish.

He is dying!—his face turned toward the heavens, is pallid and wan, the cheeks are hollowed, the eyes sunken; and the brow damp with the dew of death, with the masses of grey hair falling down from its outline stands out so boldly in the light, speaking much of the might of the Hero's mind, while the whitening lip, the convulsive throbbing along the length of the face, the heaving chest and the throat straining with the death-rattle, all announce the passage to the grave, and herald the approach of the Skeleton God.

And around him gathered the friends of his path, and the sharers of his triumph—there was WEBSTER with his towering brow and eagle eye, there was CHATFIELD and EWING and GRANGER, men of mind from all parts of this wide union, and there with a face stamped with genius, and marked with a high honesty of purpose, was GILMER E. BROWN, the pride of North Carolina, and all here gathered round the bedside, to see the mighty man fight his last battle, and after having battled Death an hundred times in the field, after having battled with enemies more bitter than death, with slander, and falsehood, with low calumination, the Hero was at last yielding to the final victory of all, whose throne is on the skulls of nations and whose sway is over the realms of Time.

He was dying! A month ago, his footsteps had topped the highest rock in the steep pathway of human ambition; a month ago, and his name had been met by the gaze of millions, and the earthquake shout of a free people had sounded on his ear, and filled the clear heavens above, and now—the short space of a single moon had waned—the insignia of Power had scarce warmed in his grasp—the Presidential Banquet had scarce grown cold—the last shout of the people was yet sounding his ear, and he was summoned by a mightier than the kings, or the people, to the throne of the Eternal God!

He was dying! And the scenes of the terrible night of Typhoon were again around him, the dark and fearful night, when the yell of the savage and the gleam of the scalping knife were in his camp; again he led his riflemen to the quick struggle of life for life; again he shouted the watchword of the charge, and a faint smile stole over the lips of the dying man, as again he beheld the banner of stars and stripes in triumph.

Hark—a faint murmur breaks from his lips—his hands clutch nervously at the vacant air.

He is again beside the Thames. He is again with JOHNSON and SHELLEY; he is again beside PERRY, and again the blue smoke of the rifle winds up from the green woods, and the war whoop of the Indian shrieks along the plain. Then the terrible contest! the sweep of DICK JOHNSON'S mounted Riflemen in their hurricane charge across passes before his eye, and the old Hero, would shout with joy, but the death rattle is in his throat, and the death-dew on his brow.

He is dying! for his death, the bright eyes of woman shall be dim with tears and aged men shall weep, and a nation will be sad and gloom and civil corruption and legalized anarchy shall pass like a pall of gloom over the land, and yet the fiat has gone forth, God hath spoken it, and the Hero dies, ere yet the rejoicings of the nation are lost to his ear.

And in that terrible moment, when his hands were interlocked with the hands of death, when his mind was armed to supernatural vigor, and the Past and Future, mingled in his vision, then the thought of his country arose on his mind, then the thought of the trust placed in his hands by the people, burdened his soul, and with the last struggle of life, he imagined a man of noble heart and resolute soul standing before him, he imagined a successor of mind and intellect, and the words broke from his lips—"I wish you to understand the true principles of Government—I ask you to carry them out—I ask nothing more!"

The Boston Post says, that a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, when there are so many maiden ladies with their trunks all packed ready for a start.

"The handkerchief! the handkerchief!" cried Othello. "Confound it," said a sailor in the pit, "blow your nose with your fingers and go on with the play."

A country lad went a courting—but his father found it out, and forbid the matter, as the girl was not good enough for him. "Well, father, I thought it'd be good enough to begin with."