

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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**TERMS.**  
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## LIST OF JURORS FOR APRIL TERM, 1845.

**GRAND JURORS.**  
Allison John, Farmer, Henderson Township.  
Bouslough John, Merchant, Blair.  
Bridenbaugh Philip, Farmer, Tyrone.  
Bingham Emanuel, Carpenter, Blair.  
Campbell Robert, Merchant, Antes.  
Caminus William, Farmer, Barre.  
Caldwell William, Tanner, Tyrone.  
Galbraith Ephraim, Justice of the Peace, Blair.  
Gwin James, Surveyor, Antes.  
Hileman Philip, Farmer, Frankstown.  
Hewitt Peter, Gentleman, Blair.  
Irvin Joseph, Farmer, Frankstown.  
James John, Gentleman, Blair.  
Kelly George, Farmer, Dublin.  
Lowe John, Innkeeper, Blair.  
Miller Henry, Farmer, Henderson.  
McCune Seth R. do. Frankstown.  
McCracken James do. West.  
McNamara Thomas, Manager, Allegheny.  
McCoy Samuel, Sawyer, Henderson.  
Renner Jacob, Carpenter, West.  
Robeson David, Farmer, Allegheny.  
Stains Aaron, do. Cromwell.  
Taylor Matthew, do. Dublin.

**TRAVERSE JURORS.—FIRST WEEK.**  
Anspaugh Jacob, Farmer, Barre Township.  
Bucher Conrad, Gentleman, Porter.  
Boggs Samuel, Farmer, Henderson.  
Beck Christian, do. Snyder.  
Conrad James, do. Blair.  
Clayton William, do. Tell.  
Cowen George, do. Allegheny.  
Caldwell Samuel, Ironmaster, Franklin.  
Cheny Gilbert, Farmer, Barre.  
Condon James, Merchant, Frankstown.  
Dean Samuel, Farmer, Woodberry.  
Dean William, do. Hopewell.  
Donnelly Thomas, do. Morris.  
Fleener Daniel, do. Walker.  
Fouse Frederick, do. Huston.  
Gorley John, Grocer, Blair.  
Green Charles, Farmer, West.  
Gehrett Jacob, Constable, Springfield.  
Hays William, Tanner, Barre.  
Hay John, Y. Blacksmith, Franklin.  
Hoover David, Farmer, Huston.  
Hamilton, Parn, T. Carpenter.  
Hite James, Farmer, Henderson.  
Harnish John, do. Frankstown.  
Kratzer John, Ironmaster, Snyder.  
Lowry Lazarus, Farmer, Allegheny.  
Lane James, Jr. do. Henderson.  
Love James, Merchant, Barre.  
Moore William, do. Porter.  
Moore Perry, Farmer, Morris.  
Miller Charles, H. Tanner, Henderson.  
McWilliams Jonathan, Farmer, Franklin.  
Nell Isaac, Miller, West.  
Robeson Moses, Tanner, Snyder.  
Rees Thomas, Chairmaker, Woodberry.  
Reed William, Esq. Farmer, Morris.  
Smith Joseph, Esq. do. Frankstown.  
Stroup John, do. Union.  
Snyder Joseph, do. Tod.  
Simpson Alexander, do. Henderson.  
Shaver Henry, do. Shirley.  
Templeton William, do. Tyrone.  
Tate David, Justice of the Peace, Blair.  
Travis James, Esq. Farmer, Franklin.  
Wike Henry, do. Huston.  
Williamson Joshua, Wagonmaker, Blair.  
Young John, Farmer, Allegheny.  
Young George, B. Silversmith, Porter.

**TRAVERSE JURORS.—SECOND WEEK.**  
Beck William, H. Farmer, Frankstown Tp.  
Bender Thomas, Carpenter, Woodberry.  
Clapper Henry, (of D.) Farmer, Frankstown.  
Davis George, do. Morris.  
Dell Levi, do. Union.  
Eckire David, Innkeeper, Cromwell.  
Fleener Jacob, Farmer, Henderson.  
Greenland Hiram, Saddler, Cass.  
Gibboney Daniel, C. Fuller, Allegheny.  
Hollman George, Blacksmith, West.  
Hamer Collins, Farmer, Porter.  
Heffner Peter, do. Walker.  
Herton George, W. Blacksmith, Frankstown.  
Hileman William, Farmer, Morris.  
Johnston John, do. Barre.  
Kelly Michael, Machinist, Blair.  
Kennedy Alexander, Farmer, Dublin.  
Lightner Henry, do. West.  
Leas George, Merchant, Shirley.  
Moore David, H. Gentleman, Blair.  
Miller George, Farmer, Antes.  
Martin John, R. Cordwainer, Blair.  
Nell Daniel, Farmer, Porter.  
Pejard Emanuel, do. Hopewell.  
Priece Asa, do. Cromwell.  
Patterson Thomas, Tinner, Blair.  
Smith John, (of Hugh) Farmer, Barre.  
Smith Thomas, do. Frankstown.  
Simpson John, do. Henderson.  
Stewart Daniel, Jr. do. Frankstown.  
Smelker Thomas, A. do. Shirley.  
Snare Conrad, do. Hopewell.  
Stonebaker John, H. do. Franklin.  
Swoope Caleb, Constable, Cass.  
Wilson George, Carpenter, Barre.  
Weaver George, Carpenter Blair.

**J. Hearsley Henderson,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Huntingdon, a.  
Office on Main street, one door West of William  
Dorris' Store.  
Huntingdon, June 12, 1844.

**BLANK BONDS** to Constables for State  
of Execution, under the new law, just  
printed, and for sale, at this office.

## POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

### The Grave of Franklin.

Dr. Franklin lies interred in the north-west corner of Christ Church Cemetery, Fifth and Arch streets Philadelphia.

No chisell'd urn is rear'd to thee,  
No sculptur'd scroll unrolls its page  
To tell the children of the free  
Where rests the patriot and sage.

For in that city of the dead  
A corner holds thy sacred clay;  
And pilgrim feet by reverence led,  
Have worn a path that marks the way.

There round thy lone and simple grave,  
Encroaching on its marble gray,  
Wild plaintain weeds and tall grass wave,  
And sunbeams pour their shadless ray.

Level with earth thy letter'd stone,  
And hidden oft by winter's snow,  
Its modest record tells alone  
Whose dust it is that sleeps below

That name's enough—that honor'd name  
No aid from eulogy requires—  
'Tis blended with thy country's fame;  
And flashes round her lightning spires.

### Lines to an Indian Air.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ., M. P.

Slumber, infant! slumber  
On thy mother's breast;  
Kisses without number  
Rain upon thy rest:  
Fair they fall from many lips,  
But from her's the best,  
Slumber, infant! slumber  
On thy mother's breast.

Slumber, infant! slumber  
On the earth's cold breast;  
Blossoms without number  
Breathe about thy rest;  
Nature, with ten thousand smiles,  
Meets so dear a guest.  
Slumber, infant! slumber  
On the earth's cold breast,

Slumber, infant! slumber  
On an angel's breast;  
Glories without number  
Consecrate thy rest:  
Deeper joys than we can know  
Wait upon the blest.  
Slumber, infant! slumber  
In thy heavenly rest!—*H. Magazine.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A COUNTRY RECOLLECTION; OR, THE REFORMED INEBRIATE.

BY MRS. F. ELLET.

IT IS MANY YEARS since I was in a certain neighborhood among the mountains of New Jersey, where the richest cultivation enhances the beauty of scenery unusually fine, though not wild or bold enough for sublimity. It was a valley somewhat extensive, bordered on the south by abrupt and very high hills, wooded to the summit, except a small strip of cultivated land near their base, and terminating on the north side in sloping uplands covered with the wealth of harvest. A quiet stream murmured through the meadows, now narrow & between high banks, now expanding into a lakelet near which stood a flour mill. The house where I passed some days at this time had lawns sloping down to the stream; and I remember those flourished three large drooping willows, which I hoped might always escape the axe and grow old as guardians of the crystal water. Their exact locality was fixed in my memory by the circumstance that over their tops might be seen a cottage situated on the side of the mountain, just in the verge of the woods, and about half a mile distant. The loneliness of its situation gave it something of romance, and I observed then that what had once been a garden was choked with tall weeds and briars, and that a rude screen of boards had been built directly in front of the cottage, so as to shut out all view of the neighboring dwellings. This strange precaution seemed misanthropical; or was it adopted for the purpose of concealing from curious eyes what might pass within doors? To my inquiry who occupied that hermit's hut, the reply was—

'Walter B.—'  
'The B.— who married Jane S.—'  
'The same.'

Her name called up distant recollections. I had seen Miss S. once at a rustic ball. She was a country beauty, rather better educated than most of the damsels who were her companions. Indeed, her father used to complain that she spent too much time in reading. His idea was, that after a girl had left school and completed her education, she had nothing more to do with books. But he rarely interfered, except by a little grumbling, with her pursuits, especially as his house was always in the best order, and his dinners excellent.

Jane was a choice housekeeper, and her leisure hours she spent as pleased herself, not heeding her father's ominous shake of the head, when he saw her earnestly devouring a book, or noticed the shelves in her little chamber filled with books.—She will leave off such follies when she marries.—His was his consolatory remark; and in truth when the indulged girl did marry, whether she gave up her reading or not, she did not suffer it to interfere with her household duties. She was the most exemplary wife and mother in the country; and all the neighbors professed happiness from her union with young

B. His father left him a small farm, well stocked, with a house large enough for comfort and even elegance; and few men began life with better prospects of contentment. Walter was active and ambitious, and wanted to secure something more than a competence for old age. My acquaintance with the young couple had left them thus, and I was naturally somewhat surprised to find them living in a home of so little pretensions.

'The only marvel about it,' said the friend to whom I expressed my wonder, 'is that they have a home at all. When Walter took to drink, his stock went first, and then his farm was neglected, till at last, when sold to pay his debts, it brought less than half its value.'

Alas! it was the common story of the intemperate man. First, moderate indulgence in frequent convivial meetings with his friends; then occasional excess that unfitted him to work for days, during which time he would vow and resolve, and pledge his word to his wife that each should be the last, followed by more frequent returnings to the same excess, till the doom of the victim was sealed, and the very friends who had led him into vice abandoned him in disgust.

Since the desertion of his boon companions, Walter had become gloomy and sullen; a mood which under the excitement he now daily sought gave place to wild and savage ferocity. The little children ran from him if they saw him on the road; and it was rumored that his wretched home too frequently witnessed his cruel brutality towards his unoffending wife. But he soon removed to this retired cot on the mountain, and the screen of boards erected effectually excluded all observation.

I listened to this melancholy history with the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate girl, now a helpless mother. She had sought no assistance from the neighbors, and few visited her, partly because they dreaded her husband and partly because she herself did not encourage them. But some compassionate person sent her provisions from time to time.

While I looked at the little dwelling which was now the scene of so much misery, with an aching heart for the countless victims of this dreadful vice, a bright flash suddenly shot up from the roof of the hut, while at the same time a volume of smoke poured from the chimney and upper windows. At the same moment a female rushed from behind the screen before mentioned, clasping an infant to her breast, and dragging along a child about four years of age, and rapidly descended the slope of the mountain. Not many paces behind, her husband followed, calling upon her with shouts and execrations to return; but his evident intoxication rendered it impossible for him to equal the speed of his flying wife; and well was it for her, for a large knife was in his hand, which he brandished with frightful menaces. In less time than it would take to narrate what passed, several of the neighbors had run to meet her. Just as she reached the stream through which she rushed with both children in her arms, then sank exhausted on the bank, they crowded round her with eager offers of assistance.

W. now came up, heedless of the men and women, who regarded him with looks of fear and horror. He had dropped the knife, but had not changed his threatening tone; and with shocking imprecations ordered his wife 'to get up and come home this instant.'

The poor woman uttered no reply; indeed she was hardly capable of speech; but the miller, a sturdy man, answered for her that she should go no more to the home of a villain who had nearly killed her. These words provoked B. to unbounded fury; he rushed on the man who had spoken them with such violence as to throw him off his guard, and would have strangled him but for the interference of others. When he found himself overpowered by superior strength, he revenged himself by the most fearful curses, vented especially upon his poor wife, whom again, with abusive epithets, he ordered to go home, and not expose herself in this ridiculous manner.

'No, Walter,' said his wife, rising at last, and confronting him with pale but determined face—'No, I will not return to you. I could have borne, as I long have done, your harshness and violence towards me; but you have this night raised your hand against the lives of these children, and as it is my duty before God to protect them, I leave you forever.'

Whatever reply the drunkard might have made, it was drowned in the indignant clamors of the bystanders, and he was dragged off to jail. His wife was cared for by her sympathizing female acquaintance, and soon provided with a permanent situation, where by the labor of her hands she could support herself and her little ones. And soon, very soon, did her changed appearance bear witness to the improvement. She became contented, and even cheerful; and the playful caresses or her children beguiled her of many sad thoughts.

When B. awoke from his intoxication, in prison, the recollection of what he had done overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He sent for one of his neighbors, and entreated him to go on his part to his injured wife, and supplicate her forgiveness, and pledge the most solemn promise of future amendment. Jane wept much; she forgave him from her heart, as she prayed God he might be forgiven; but she could not, dared not trust his oft violated word, and sacrifice her children. Her determination was fixed; and for weeks together, though with bleeding heart, she returned the same answer to the entreaties of her repentant husband. She dared not even see him, lest her resolution might be shaken.

When at last B. was discharged from jail, full of

indignation at what he termed the cruel obstinacy of his wife, he made no effort to see her or the children; but after shutting himself up a month or two in the cottage, which had been saved by timely attention from being burned the night of Jane's escape, he departed, none knew whither. He left a reproachful letter to his wife, professing himself driven to desperation by her desertion, and laying on her the blame of his future crimes. No furniture of any kind was found in the house, the greater part having been disposed of to procure food and—*liquor.*

Two years after this occurrence, (I have the particulars from a friend,) a crowd was assembled round the jail of the little town of ——. A murderer, under the most appalling circumstances, had been committed in the neighborhood; a man to whom suspicion attacked had been arrested, and after strict examination was committed for trial.—Particulars that had transpired left no doubt of his guilt on the minds of the people; and it was with suppressed execrations that the multitude followed the suspected felon to prison. When he disappeared from their sight within the gloomy walls, the popular rage broke out in groans and murmurs.—One woman, young and interesting in appearance, who had listened with undivided eagerness to a knot of idlers discussing the case, walked away when they ended their conference, and presenting herself at the door of the magistrate who had conducted the examination, asked leave to speak with him. It was the wife of B. She had seen her husband led to jail, loaded with the most terrible suspicions, and she came to have her worst fears allayed or confirmed. The magistrate soothed her by assuring her that the evidence against B., though strong, was only circumstantial, and by no means absolutely proved his guilt. It was impossible to say what might be the end of the trial; but there was ground for hope. Poor Jane clung to this hope.

'Oh, sir,' sobbed she, 'if he is guilty and must die, it is I who have murdered him! I deserted him when all the world cast him off!'

When the unhappy wife returned home, it was to give way to the bitter anguish of remorse, to weep and sob all night, as if her heart would break.

'How have I been able to kneel night and morning to ask pardon of God,' she cried to herself, 'when I refuse my aid to save a fellow being from destruction! And yet these little ones,—and she hung over her sleeping children; the fair boy, with bright cheek, shaded by his clustering curls, and the sweet dark-eyed girl, so like him before excess had marred his manly beauty. Could she die brought these innocent ones into wretchedness—perhaps guilt! Had she not done right to snatch them from ruin, even by abandoning their father? She knelt once more and prayed for guidance, for discernment of the right; and her mind was calmed.

The next day, before noon, the jail was again visited by groups of idlers, gazing into the window of B.'s cell, which looked upon the street. It might be that the prisoner was maddened by their taunts and derision; he was leaping about with frantic gestures, clapping his hands and laughing immoderately, or thrusting his face between the bars to grin defiance at his tormentors. Suddenly a woman, her face concealed by a drooping bonnet and thick veil, glided through the crowd, and reaching up to the window, offered a parcel to the prisoner. He grasped it eagerly, with a wistful look, but the woman did not stay to be recognized. It was observed, as she hastened away, that her steps tottered and she held her head down, apparently overcome by emotion. Well might the fearfully changed countenance of the accused appear one who had known him in better days.

The parcel contained a portion of food more palatable than is usually allowed to prisoners, and a small pocket bible—the book B. had once prized—the gift of his dying mother. His name was written on the first page, in her hand. Many times in the week, always at dusk, did the same compassionate visitor stand at the grated window, and offer food or books to the prisoner, who was evidently affected by the kind attention. He ceased his idiotic dancing and laughing; he answered nothing more to the upbraidings of vagrants without; and those who looked in at his window saw him seated quietly at the table, reading, or with his head on his hand in deep thought. With thankfulness unspeakable Jane saw this change; but her joy was dashed with sadness, when on one of her visits the prisoner besought her, with piteous entreaty, to bring him a bottle of brandy.

It now occurred to the wife to do what she had never dared when B. was at home—to force on his personal some tracts containing the most awful warnings against intemperance, and encouragements to the victim to struggle for recovery. He had no other book to beguile the time; he could not now, as formerly, rail at or punish her, even had he any suspicion who she was. What might ensue if he read them? Her effort was crowned with success. Not a week had passed when the abject entreaty for liquor—which had been urged night after night—was dropped, to be renewed no more. Jane's heart throbbled when she thought of this; but alas! even if he were really reformed, would he live to prove himself so?

Thus days rolled on, and the time for the trial arrived. The prisoner had communicated with his counsel; witnesses had been sent for; the principal lawyer engaged in the prosecution had unfolded the chain of evidence by which his guilt was to be proved, and the court was to open next morning. The accused had received some of his former acquaintances during the day, and as night drew near he was alone. On his table lay a letter he had just

written; he was pacing the room, tranquil, but with a mind filled with painful thoughts. The jailer opened the door, announced a name, received the prisoner's startled assent, and the next moment the long estranged husband and wife were together.—B. did not stir; he was petrified by surprise; and Jane rushed to him, her arms were round his neck, and she wept aloud. Her husband was moved, but struggled apparently with his pride. He unclasped her arms, stepped back a little, and looked earnestly at her.

Sad indeed the contrast between the two: the man almost spectral in aspect, haggard, wan, emaciated—not even the shadow of his former self: the woman blooming in the freshness of almost maiden beauty. No unhallowed vigils, or excess, or evil passions had stamped their traces on her brow, or marred the symmetry of her form; and the very purity and tenderness that shone in her expression rebuked the conscious sinner as loudly as if an angel's tongue had proclaimed his degradation. As he shrank back and stood thus silent, Jane stretched out her hands beseechingly—

'Oh! Walter,' she cried, 'have you not yet forgiven me?'

'Forgiven you, Jane! Oh, heaven! what a wretch I am!'

'It was wrong, Walter, to desert you, even at the worst—but oh! say you do not bear hard thoughts towards me.'

'Tell me, Jane, is it you who brought me these?'

'Yes, Walter, for I thought you would read them now, and—'

She was interrupted by the sobs of her husband; he sank on his knees as if to thank her; but, to prevent that, she knelt with him, and prayed for him in the deepest emotion of her heart.

When B. was sufficiently calm he asked after his children, and pointing to the table, said,

'There, Jane, is a letter I had written you, in a better spirit, I trust, than the last. If it were God's will I should live longer, I might make a better husband and father; but I dare not think of that now.'

Jane longed to ask one question, but her tongue refused to utter the words. Her husband seemed to read the meaning of her anxious looks.

'Before high heaven,' said he, 'I declare to you that I am innocent of the crime for which I shall be tried to-morrow.'

A shriek of joy, scarce suppressed, burst from the wife; she clasped her hands and raised them upwards—gratitude denied her speech.

'Then you will live!' she gasped out at length.

'No, Jane—I dare not hope it; and I deserve to die. I am guiltless of murder, but what have I been to you and my children? What have I been these few past years? A reckless outcast—my own destroyer—the enemy of God! I tell you, Jane, I have long looked to the gallows as the end of my career, and have come to it at last. But I have mastered the tyrant that brought me to this; yes, I have!'

He laughed convulsively as he said this, and his wife turned pale.

'Look here, Jane, look here!' and lifting up the cover of his bed he produced several bottles of brandy and whiskey. They were full.

'I asked you to give me liquor,' he continued, and you would not; but others, less merciful, brought these to me. Do not shudder and grow so pale, Jane; I swear to you I have not tasted one drop, though they have been there for a fortnight. Those books saved me, for I read of even worse cases than mine. I took an oath, Jane, on the Bible you brought me the first night, my mother's Bible, that I would never taste liquor again; and I kept that to try if I could keep my resolution.'

'Oh, Walter!' was all the sobbing wife could say; but her tears were those of joy.

'You know, Jane, I was always fond of books, and if I had not been a slave to drink, I might have been fit society even for the judges who are to try me to-morrow. Oh, if I could only live my life over! But it is too late now; yet it is something—is it not?—and his pale face kindled, 'to think that I can, that I have, overcome the fiend at last—that I will not die a drunkard! Remember that, and let everybody know it. I have written here in your letter. God will remember it when my soul stands before him in judgment.'

'Oh, my husband, you shall not die!' cried the wife, as with streaming tears she clasped him to her arms.

'The will of God be done, and that I can now say sincerely. I am willing to go. The Bible says no drunkard shall enter His kingdom; but I can not a drunkard. I am a degraded wretch, an outcast of men, about to die a felon's death; but I feel a triumph, Jane, a joy unspeakable, that I have conquered my worst enemy. I thank God that he has supported me through the struggle. It was a terrible one.'

I need not at length record this interview. I need say no more than that, after weeks of the most agonizing suspense and anxiety, Jane had the happiness to hear that her husband was fully acquitted of the crime laid to his charge, to receive him once more and welcome him to a home. For months he lay helpless, the victim of a wasting sickness, but his wife worked day and night to procure him comforts, and her children played round his bed, and in her heart was what the poet so sweetly terms a "hymn of thankfulness" never silent. When he recovered, he found it not hard to bear her company in her cheerful toil, and never would he suffer himself to be persuaded to touch what once had proved his bane, and so nearly brought him to an ignominious end.

It is not long since I heard an address of touching

eloquence on the subject of Temperance, delivered by Walter B.—. There was truth in every word of it, for he deeply felt what he uttered, and it came home to many a heart, and drew tears from many an eye. He told his own history, and described himself as once the most wretched and lost among the victims of that vice; and yet there had been others, more lost than he, who recovered. It was this, he said, that first inspired him with hope for himself.

### Tact and Talent.

Talent is something, but Tact is everything.—Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable.—Tact is all that and more too. It is not a seventh sense but it is the life of all five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and all times. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world. It is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power.—Tact is skill. Talent is weight.—Tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do.—Tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable.—Tact will make a man respected. Talent is wealth.—Tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, Tact carries it against Talent, ten to one.—Take them to the theatre, and Talent will produce you a tragedy that will live scarcely long enough to be condemned, while Tact keeps the house in a roar night after night, with its successful farces.—Take them to the Bar; Tact speaks learnedly and logically.—Tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder it gets on so fast.—Tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry—it makes no false steps—it hits the right nail on the head—it loses no time—it takes all hints—and by keeping its eye on the weather cock is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the Church; Talent may obtain a living.—Tact will make one. Talent gets a good name.—Tact a great one. Talent contrives.—Tact converts. Talent is an honor to the profession.—Tact gains honor from the profession. Take them to Court; Talent feels its weight.—Tact finds its way. Talent commands.—Tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation.—Tact is blessed with preference.

A great library is a splendid monument to intellectual exertion; but like other monuments, it is erected to the dead, and bears a touch of the melancholy of the tomb; with this difference, that the book-shelves are the catacombs in which are entombed men's minds instead of their bodies.

Hoxe writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

'I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down east that he is so industrious that he works 25 hours a day.' How is that Cuffy? 'There is only 24 hours in a day!' 'Why he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger!'

A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words: 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.' The stone however, being small, he engraved on it 'a virtuous woman is so to her husband.'

A certain tavern keeper, who opened an oyster shop as an appendage to his other establishment, was upbraided by a neighboring oyster-monger as ungenerous and selfish. 'And why (said he) would you have me sell fish?'

Three men were in company.—Strange, Wright, and Moore. Says Wright—'There is one rogue amongst us, and that is strange.' 'No,' says Strange, 'there is one more.' 'Ay,' says Moore, 'that is right.'

'The humble are not always the harmless. If you tread upon a scorpion, you must expect he will use his sting.'

By prudent deportment, pertinent expressions and commendable actions, riches and reputation are acquired; but contrary causes have contrary effects.

The man who lost his eye-sight by reading a borrowed paper, has recovered it again since he became a subscriber.

Socrates being asked what was the best mode of gaining a high reputation said—'To be what you appear to be.'

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, 'I did it out of pure revenge.'

A wit and a fool in company, are like a crab and an oyster—the one watches till the other opens his mouth that he may catch him up.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

To be great is not in every one's power, but to be good is in the power of all.

CHARITY is the scope of all God's commands.