

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 2, No. 14.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., APRIL 16, 1846.

Whole No. 482.

PUBLISHED BY

THEODORE H. CREMER.

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.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

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

ROMANCE.

In early days, when childhood's charms  
Hang sweetly round our happy hearts,  
When love's caress is wild and warm,  
And pure the joy that life imparts—  
When home is home, and friends, though few,  
Watch o'er our weal with anxious eye—  
'Tis then life wears its brightest hue,  
And memory takes its deepest dye.

Long years may lift their leaden tramp,  
And checker life with hopes and fears—  
Misfortune light her lurid lamp,  
And feed its flames with naught but tears—  
Or friendship bliss, or fortune smile,  
Or pleasure wait where'er we roam—  
Still, still will memory oft beguile  
From each, from all, a thought of home.

I would not that a stranger hand  
Should hold for me the dreamless pillow;  
I would not that a stranger hand  
Should place o'er me a weeping willow:  
The sod so often lightly pressed,  
Would on my bosom press more lightly;  
The stars that have my childhood blessed,  
Would o'er my slumber beam most brightly.

Oh! may the breeze that kissed my brow,  
Ere life had known a stain of sorrow,  
Breathe out the way-toned requiem low,  
For sleep that knows no dawning tomorrow;  
And when the sun is near the wave,  
And faintly beams the star of even,  
Then hear me to my sea-girl grave,  
And let a prayer ascend to heaven.

From the Portsmouth Tribune.  
To a Young Girl.

What! bind up now thy sunny hair?  
Nay, let those ringlets float,  
As they were wont, in beauty there,  
Around that snowy throat.

And scorn not now thy simple dress,  
Nor veil that open brow;  
Retain thy lovely childishness,  
And thou'll be happy now.

Thou'll find the path of life is filled  
With sorrows, hopes and tears,  
And, though thou'rt good and pure and fair,  
Thou'll be a thing of tears.

Thy hours of playful innocence—  
Speed them not in their flight;  
But be a child while yet thou mayst,  
The beautiful, the bright.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DADDY BIGGS' SCRAPE  
AT COCKERELL'S BEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, BY THE  
"CHICKEN MAN," THE AUTHOR OF "SIMON  
SNUGG," & "TAKING THE CENSUS," ETC.

Cockerell's Bend is a well known rendezvous for the hunter and fisher of the Talapoosa—and a beautiful one it is. The upper end of the curve is lake-like in its stillness, and is very deep; while a half mile below, the river spreads itself to double its usual width, and brawls among rocks and islets fringed with the tall river grass. The part above is resorted to by those who fish with the rod, and that below by seiners. Opposite the deep water, the hills come towering down to within twenty yards of the river, the narrow intervening strip being low land, covered with a tremendous growth of gum, poplar and white oak. Late in the afternoon of a warm May day, this part of the Bend is a most delightful spot. The little mountains on the south and west exclude the sun-gle completely; and the mere comfort-seeker may lay himself flat in the bottom of the old Indian canoe he finds moored there by a grape vine, and doat and look at the clouds, and dream—as I have done—with no living thing in sight to disturb his meditations, except the musk-rat on the end of the old projecting log, and the maternally summer duck, with her brood of tiny ducklings, swimming, close huddled, in the shade of the huge water oak, whose overhanging limbs are covered with a close network of muscadine vines—whereof (of the vines I mean) I have a story of my friend, Captain Snuggs, which will be related at the proper time. Take care, ye little downy rascals!—especially you, little fellow, with half an egg shell stuck to your back! True, there are not many or large trout in the Talapoosa; but there are some, and occasionally one is found of mouth sufficient to engorge a young duck!—and a most always in a cool quiet shade just like—  
"his? snap!—there you go, precisely as I told you! Now, old lady, quit that fussing and fluttering, and take the 'young uns' out of the way of that other one that isn't far off." "Frituration in a trout's maw must be unpleasant one would think!"

It chanced once that the writer encamped for a day or two on the narrow strip spoken of, with a

company of the unsophisticated dwellers of the rough lands in that region, of whom the principal personage was 'Daddy Elias Biggs,' sometimes called 'Daddy Lias,' but more commonly 'Daddy Biggs.' We were on a fishing expedition, and at night hung a short line or two from the branches of the trees which overhung the water, for 'cat.'—One night, as we had just done this and were gathered around the fire, a gullion jug passing from hand to hand, 'Daddy Biggs,'—who was a short, squat man, rosy checked, bald, and 'inclining to three score,'—remarked, as he extended his hand towards a long, gaunt fellow with a very long nose and a very black beard—

'Boys aint you never heard what a scrape I had here at this very spot, last year? Billy Teal, and I'll tell you all about it.'

The old man took 'a suck,' smacked his lips, and began his relation:

'You all remember the time, boys, when them Chatoospa fellows came here a fishin'? D—n 'em! I wish they could fish at home, without goin' twenty miles to interrupt other people's range. Well, they camped right here, and right here they seed the Devil!'

'Seed the Devil!' exclaimed Billy Teal.

'Did they, in right down earnest now?' asked Jim Waters, looking around at the dark woods, and insinuating himself between Abe Ludlow and the fire, in evident fright.

'They seed the Devil,' repeated Daddy Biggs, with emphasis—'and ketcht him too!' he added, 'but they couldn't hold him.'

'Good graces!' said Jim Waters, looking around again—'do you think he stays about here?'—and Jim got nearer to the fire.

'He stays about here some,' replied Daddy Biggs. 'But Jim, son, get out from the fire!—you'll set your over-hauls afire!—and git me the sperrits!—I'll buss the jug agin, and tell you all about it.'

Bill Teal had deposed the jug behind a log some ten feet off; but Jim Waters was not the lad to back out, if the devil was about; so he made two desperate strides and grabbed the 'yearthen-war,' and then made two more, which brought him, head first, jug and all into the fire. Chunks and sparks flew everywhere, as he ploughed through!

'He's got you, Jim!' shouted Abe.

'Pull the boy out!' exclaimed Bill and myself, in a breath, 'or he'll burn up!'

'Some on ye save the jug!' screamed Daddy Biggs, who was standing horror-stricken at the idea of being left without liquor in the woods.

In a minute both boy and jug were rescued; the former with burnt face and hands, and singed hair—the latter entirely uninjured.

'Well, well,' chuckled Daddy Biggs, 'we come outen that fust rate—the jug ain't hurt, nor no liquor spilt. But Jim I'm raly 'stonished at you!—pitch in the fire that way, and you knowin' that was every drop of sperrits we had!'

'Oh, but Daddy Lias,' interposed Dick McCoy, 'you must look over that—he seed the devil!'

'Well, well, that mirds me I was gwine to tell you all about that scrape I had with them Chatoospa fellows, last summer; so I'll squeeze the jug one time more, and tell you all about it.'

Throwing his head into an admirable position for taking a view of things heavenly, Daddy Biggs inserted the mouth of the jug in his own mouth, when for a short space there was a sound which might be spelled, 'guggle-uggle-uggle-uggle-uggle!—' and then Daddy Biggs set the jug down by him, and began his story once more.

'Well, boys, they had camped right here, and had set their hooks for cat (fish) just as we've done to-night. Right thar this side o' whar Bill's line hangs, some on em had tied a most devil of a hook, from that big limb as goes straight out thar. He must-a-had a kunnoo to fasten it whar he did, else coomed it on the top o' the limb. Well, it's his gillers swimmin under that limb, but thar's a big log in the shape of a sugar loaf, comes up in six inches o' the top. Right round that was whar I'd ketcht the monstrousest most outdaciousst Appeloosa cat, the week before, that ever come outen the Talapoosa; and they'd heard of it, and the fellow with the big hook was a fishin' for his mate. D—n 'em, boys, it makes me mad to think how them Chatoospa fellows and the town folks do 'trude on we roover people; and when I'm aggravated I allers drinks, so here goes agin.'

Daddy Biggs threw back his head again—again put the jug's mouth in his own, and again produced the sound of 'guggle uggle, uggle uggle,' and then resumed:

'This big-hook fellow I was tellin about, his name was Jess Cole, which lives in the Bottom thar whar Chatoospa falls into the Aoota Lock, and aint got more'n a half sense at that.'

'Thar the fellow used to strike for Vince Kirkland, in the blacksmith's shop at Dood's, afore Vince died, aint it?' asked Bill Teal.

'Thar's him,' said Daddy Biggs, 'and thar's how I come to know him, for I seed him thar once, tho' I can't say he knowed me. Well he waked up in the night, and heard a terrible of a slosh in at the end of his line, and says he, 'Rise boys! I've got him! durn my skin if I haint!' And sure enough there was something flouncein, stoshin and makin a devil of a combination at the end of his line. Jess he sprung up, and got a long stick with a hook at one end, and retched out and cotch the line and tried to pull it in; but the thing on the hook gave a flirt, and the stick beat a little too short, which made him step forward, in he fell! He shuffled out, though tolerable quick, and says he 'boys, he's a whaler! cuss my eternal buttons if he aint the rise

of sixty pounds! Old Biggs may go away now with his forty pound cats; he can't shine no way.' When I heard that, boys, I—

'When you heard it!' exclaimed all.

'Yes, me,' said Biggs laughingly; 'didn't I tell you that before! Well, I oughter done it but I forgot. D—n 'em! we'll take a drink on that any way,' and so he did.

'So 'twas you instid o' the devil he cotched,' observed Jim Waters, apparently much relieved by the disclosure.

Just so; and the way it was, I seed the rascals they were coming here, and knowed what they were arter. So when night comes, I slips down the roover bank, mighty easy and nice, till I could see the camp fire. But thar was a dog along, and I was afraid to venture up that way. See, I was arter stealin their fish they'd cotched through the day, which I knowed in reason they'd have a string on em in the water at the kunnoo landing, to keep fresh. Well, seen of the dog I cluded I'd 'tack the inimy by water instid o' land. So with that I took the roover about 30 yards above here, and sure enough! finds the string of fish just whar I knowed they'd be; and then I starts to swim down the roover a little ways, and git out below, and go to Jerry White's and tell him the joke. Boys aint you all getting mighty dry? I am!

And Daddy Biggs drank again!

'Well, boys, just as I got to where the blasted hook was not a thirkin of nothin but the fun, the cussed thing ketcht in one thigh of my over-hauls and brought me up short. I tried the cussedest ever a feller did to git loose, and couldn't. I had no knife, and thar I flow round, and pulled first forards and then backards, and raird and pitched and made the water lile. Fact boys I was hitched to a swingin limb and no mistake. Once or twice I got on the top of the sugar-loaf rock, and scaset about the time I was going to untie the rope of a line, the blasted rock was so slipery off I'd slaunch! Fact boys! And it aggravated me; it aggravated me smartly, so it did. Ef I'd a had liquor then, I'd a took some, I was so d—d mad! Well in this time that long-legged cuss, Jess Cole, wakes up as I tell'd you, and hollers out the way I narrated. Boys what say you all to another drink! It makes me so cussed mad every time I think bout it.'

Once more Daddy Biggs gazed at the stars!

'Soon as Jess said that about his cat been bigger'n mine, I seed in my mind 'I'll whip you certain!—' They all kept a most terrible hollerin and every now and then some on em would throw a long log o' wood as they had cut for the fire, as high at me as they could guess, to start the cat, you see; but the branches of the tree favored em mightily in keepin em off; though they'd strike pretty close by me occasionally, ca-junk! striking end foremost, you see, so they kept up a right smart throwin of logs, and me a right pert 'edging, for some time; and I tell you, it took real nice judgment for me to keep the infernal hook outen my meat; it grazed the skin several times as 'twas. At last Jess he climbed into the tree and gits on the limb right over me, and ses he 'boys, I believe hit's a mud turkle, for I sees something like the form of one right under me.'—'Thanks I, you'll find it one of the snappin sort, I judge. Then another one ses, 'thars a way to try that, Jess, of you see him,' and he hands Jess a gig. 'Now, ses he, 'git him!'

'Gig the Devil, ses I for I was pestered.'

'Great Heavens!' squaled Jess, 'hit's the Devil!' and down he tumbled right a top of me. I thought I was busted open from one end to tother. Sure enough, though, I warn't, but only burst loose from the line. Both on us put for the band quick; but on account of my gittin bolt of the gig, which rater bothered me, Jess got ashore fust. I was right arter him though, I tell you, with the gig!

When I cum up the bank I found the rest was all clee gone, and thar lay Jess, which had stumped his toe agin something, right flat on his face, a moan in c'redful.

'Oh, I've got you now,' ses I.

'Please, Devil,' ses he.

'Must take you along with me,' ses I, in the d—dest most unyearthly you ever heard.

'The hogs I took warn't marked,' ses Jess, a shiverin all over.

'They warn't yorn,' ses I.

'I'll never do so no more,' ses Jess, shiverin wuss and wuss, 'ef you'll let me off this time.'

'Can't do it Jess! want you down in Tophet to strike for Vince Kirkland. I've got him thar a blacksmithin of it. He does all my odd jobs, like pintin of my tail and sich like! Can't let you off—free come in-poor for you!'

'I seed the poor devil shudder when I called Vince's name, but he didn't say no more, so I jobs the gig through the hind part of his overhauls and starts down to the kunnoo landin with him in a pert trot. The way he scratched up the dirt as he travelled backards on his all fours, was a perfect sight. But just as I struck the roover, he got hold of a grub, and the gig tore out, and he started tother way! I never seed runnin till then; taint no use to try to tell you how fast he did run, I couldn't do it in a week. A scared wolf warn't nothin to him. He run fastern six scared wolves and a yearlin deer. Soon as he got a start I made for the log whar I seed their guns, and behind that I finds the big powder gourd they all kept their powder in that the warn't a usin. Thinks I ef you aint all klee gone, I'll finish the job for you; so I pitched the gourd—it held fully a gallon—smack into the fire and then jumped into the roover myself. I hadnt more'n got properly in before it blowed up. Such a blaze I never seed before. The nise was some itself, but the blaze covered all crea-

tion, and reached higher than the trees. It spread out to the logs whar the guns was, and fired them off—pop, pop, pop! Now under them Chatoospa fellers never come back. Satan himself couldn't a done it no doffer, ef he had been there, in the way of racket and nise.

Daddy Biggs now took a long breath and a longer drink.

'Boys, he continued, I got them fellers fish and a two gallon jug o' sperrits, and I throwed their guns in the roover, beside givin them the all-goriest scare they ever had; and they aint been back since, which I hope they never will, for it's outdacious the way the roover folks is posed upon. Now, boys, thar's my scrape; so lets take another drink, look at the books and then lay down.'

For the Huntingdon Journal.

MR. BARTON—I find the following in a paper received from the city this week. It is taken from a work lately published in England, compiled from the records of the Venerable Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and intended to throw light upon the condition of the Church of England, in the American Colonies before they became independent.

The letter can hardly fail to be of interest to your readers, as it relates in part to the early history of our town;—ninety years ago considered as among 'the remotest parts of the West.'

Huntingdon, April 10, 1845. G. G. F.

In January, 1755, Mr. Thomas Barton, who had been for two years engaged as an assistant tutor in the Academy of Pennsylvania, came to England with letters testimonial from the Professors of a college and the clergy of the province—and with an earnest petition from the inhabitants of Huntingdon, that he might be appointed their missionary. After the necessary inquiries and examinations had been completed, Mr. Barton was ordained, and went back to America as itinerant missionary for the counties of York and Cumberland.

The following extracts from his first letter to the Society, dated Huntingdon, November 8th, 1756, will convey some notion of the extent of his mission and the laborious nature of his duties.

'After a short and very agreeable passage, I arrived at Philadelphia about the 16th of April, 1755, and immediately wrote to the people of Huntingdon, who came generally with their wagons, and brought away my effects. As soon as I settled my affairs and visited my friends, I set out for this place about the latter end of May, where I was received with a hearty welcome, and was much pleased to find the poor people filled with gratitude under a due sense of the weighty obligations they were under upon them. And what pleased me still more, was to hear that they had strived hard to keep alive some sense of religion among their children, by meeting every Sunday, and getting one of the members to read prayers to them.'

'My first business was to visit and make myself acquainted with the state and numbers of the three congregations at York, Huntingdon, and Carlisle; and having settled wardens and vestry-men in each, they all met, and according to their numbers, agreed mutually that I should officiate three Sundays in six at Huntingdon, two at Carlisle, and one at York. Upon hearing that within the limits of my mission there were large numbers of the settlement of Canogaohie, Shippensburg, Sherman's Valley, West-Penn-Borough and Marsh-Creek, I determined to visit each of these places four times a year, to prepare them for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and to baptize their children.'

I had the pleasure to see my hearers increase daily, which amounted to such a number in a few weeks at Huntingdon, that I have been sometimes obliged to preach to them under the cover of the trees. And when it was my turn at Carlisle, I am told that people came forty, fifty, and some sixty miles.'

'I now began to consider myself (as the Rev. Mr. Provost Smith expresses it in a letter to me) as one who had advanced to the very frontiers of the Messiah's kingdom, and among the first who had unfolded His everlasting banners in the remotest parts of the West.'

'From the advantage of my situation, bordering upon nations of savages, I entertained strong hopes that it might please the Lord to make me a happy instrument to subvert some of these poor ignorant creatures to the kingdom of God, and of Jesus Christ; and hearing that a number of them were come down from the Ohio to Carlisle, to dispose of their fur and deer skins, I made it my business to go among them and endeavor as much as possible to ingratiate myself into their good opinion. Next morning I invited them to church, and such of them as understood any English came, and seemed very attentive the whole time. When I came to visit them in the afternoon, those that had been at church brought all their brethren to shake hands with me and pointing often upwards, discoursed with one another some time in their own language. I imagine they were telling them what they had heard, and indeed, I observed them to be pleased with the relation.'

'This gave me reason to think that the Indians were willing to be instructed, and were susceptible of good impressions; and if they found missionaries divested of sinister and selfish motives, they could easily be prevailed upon to exchange their savage barbarity for the pure and peaceable religion of Jesus. Just when I was big with the hopes of being able to do service among these tawny people, we received the melancholy news, that our forces, under the command of General Braddock, were defeated on the 9th of July, as they were marching to take Duquesne, a French fort upon the Ohio. This was soon succeeded by an alienation of the Indians on our interest, and from that day this poor Pennsylvania has felt incessantly the sad effects of popish tyranny and savage cruelty. A great part of five of her counties has been depopulated and laid waste, and some hundreds of her stoutest sons either murdered or carried into barbarous captivity.'

'At a time of such public calamity and distress, you may easily conceive what must be my situation, whose fortune it was to have my residence in a place where these grievances were felt most. \* \* \* It was but a little time since these counties were erected. They were chiefly settled by poor people, who not being able to purchase lands in the interior part of the country, came back where they were cheap. Many of them were so low at first, that two families were generally obliged to join in fitting out one plough, and before they could raise a

subistence, were necessitated to run in debt for stock and for what maintained them in the interim. As soon as they became industrious, the fertile soil gave them an hundred fold, and in a little time raised them to affluence and plenty; when they were just beginning to feel the comforts and taste the fruits of their industry, a barbarous and cruel enemy came and ruined them.'

'The county of Cumberland has suffered particularly, and the condition of its remaining shattered inhabitants is truly deplorable! many of them are reduced to real poverty and distress, groaning under a burden of calamities; some having lost their husbands, some their wives, some their children, and all the labor of many years. In this condition (my heart bleeds in relating what I am an eye witness to) they now wander about without bread of their own to eat, or a house to shelter themselves in from the inclemency of the approaching winter. They have left many thousand bushels of wheat and other grain behind them in their barns and store-houses, which must become a spoil to the enemy, while the just owners of it must either beg or starve. Since I sat down to write this letter, I have received accounts that a poor family had fled for refuge into this county about six months ago, where they have remained ever since; but finding they could not subsist, those few days ago to run the risk of returning home to enjoy the fruits of their labor, where they had not time to unlade their cart, before they were seized by Indians and murdered.'

'Carlisle is the only remains of that once populous county: they have a garrison of about 100 men, but how long they will be able to defend themselves is very uncertain, as the enemy have threatened that place in particular. They still have their share of my ministrations, and seem extremely thankful to the honorable Society upon whose bounty I am chiefly supported. \* \* \* This mission, in a few years, would have vied with the ablest in this province, as it was in a flourishing state, and could not contain less than 2000 persons, members of the Church of England. But so melancholy is the transition, that it cannot afford to build one church; so that I officiate sometimes in a barn, sometimes in a washhouse, or wherever else convenience offers.'

'I have baptized since my arrival one hundred and sixty infants, ten adults, and an Indian girl, who has been brought up in a Christian family since her infancy, after due examination and instruction. The number of my communicants is fifty-eight, which I have but little expectation of increasing till this storm is blown over.'

Mrs. Caudie's Curtain Lectures.

MR. CAUDIE JOINS A CLUB—THE SKYLARKS.

'I'm sure a poor woman had better be in her grave than married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man! No; I don't care if you are tired, I shan't let you go to sleep. No, and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half-past twelve and, expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder! A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.'

'And so you've gone and joined a club! The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruled by you. No; I'm determined on that. I'll go and take the dear children and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.'

'How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern! Oh, yes, Mr. Caudie; I dare say you do for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy-and-water; yes, and your more filthy tobacco smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home, I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute, Prettyman. He has broken his own poor wife's heart, and now he wants to, but don't you think it, Mr. Caudie; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod—'

Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it though—that I'm determined.'

'How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit, and smoke, and drink, and talk with people who wouldn't one of them lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot companions—oh, his disgraceful, Mr. Caudie; it's unfeeling. No man who has been the least love for his wife could do it.'

'And I suppose this to be the case every Saturday! But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, Mr. Caudie, your calling me a good creature; I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No; if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half past twelve. There was a time when you were as regular at your fireside as a kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go with Heaven knows who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do: I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house sells liquor after twelve of a Saturday night; and if I don't write to the magistrates, and have the license taken away, I'm not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no Mr. Caudie, no; it's you who are the foolish man: or worse than a foolish man: you're—'

'I'm a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and the people who go to public houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and an affectionate father.' I—I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you.'

'Go and spending your money, and—non-sense! don't tell me—no, if you were to ten times swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent

eighteen-pence on a Saturday. You can't be all those hours, and only spend eighteen-pence, I know better, I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudie.—A great deal you could have for eighteen pence! And all the Club married men and fathers of families.—The more shame for 'em! Skylarks indeed!—They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they always do by robbing their innocent wives and children. Eighteen-pence a week! And if it was only that—do you know what fifty-two eighteen-pences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house money; my myself a pin cushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No, not so much as a half of cotton. But what do you care so you can get your brimdy and water? There's the girls, too—the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh yes! So he can go with his skylarks they may wear sack-cloth for pinafores, and pack thread for garters.'

'You'd better not let Mr. Prettyman come here, thar's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves only in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king with a lot of fools like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudie, no; it's no use your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what the use of coming to bed at all now.'

'The Skylarks indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood; and in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already; and you've just one of the noses liquor always flies to. You don't see it's red? No—I dare say not—but I see it; I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on. In a little time, with your brandy-and-water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses—I know what men's two small glasses are; in a little time you'll have a face all over as it was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then? I won't, so don't think it. Don't come to me.'

'Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's Joskins; he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears.—He's a Skylark, too. And I suppose some day, you'll be trying to box my ears? Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudie; I say don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean to—but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudie.'

'Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern!—What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.'

'Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water, enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape! It's brutal, Mr. Caudie. It's re-ve-ve—y-bru—tal!'

And, says a note in the MS. by Mr. Caudie—'Here, thank heaven! yawning, she fell asleep.'

TRUE SENTIMENTS.—Neal's Gazette says:—'The difference between the people who read the newspapers and people who do not, is striking. It may almost be seen in their faces, and it is at least made evident in two minutes conversation. We have indeed been always of opinion, that newspapers of the proper character, should be regularly placed in the hands of children, as soon as they are able to read. It will soon be to them a pleasure as well as an advantage, and its beneficial effect in awakening the mind would be felt throughout life. We might even if we had leisure now, prove that to read journals is an improver of beauty—an actual cosmetic, giving intelligence to the eye, expansion to the brow and vivacity to the expression. The aspect often indicates the soul to be dark and unenlightened, the imprint will be likewise on the visage. How often do we see children with bright and intellectual looks become gradually heavy, dull and contracted in their expression as they advance towards maturity. And why is this?—for want of the proper mental culture. The best part of their nature perishes for lack of exercise. They do not read the newspapers. People may laugh perhaps; but if this be a jest there is not a little of truth in it.'

ELUCIDATION.—The following was given by some cotemporary as a specimen of Western eloquence:—'Americans! This great country—wide—vast—and in the south west unlimited. Our republic is yet destined re-anna South America—to occupy the Russian possessions, and again to recover possession of those British provinces, which the power of the old thirteen Colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham! all rightfully ours to-occupy. Ours is a great and growing country.—Faneuil Hall was its cradle! but whar—whar will be found timber enough for its coffin! Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed would not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse.—And yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe! what is Europe!—She is no war; nothing; a circumstance, a cipher, a mere obsolete idea. We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, better mill privileges, broader lakes, higher mountains, deeper canyons, louder thunder, fiercer lightning, braver men, handsomer women, and more money than England dur have (Thundering applause.)'

The wisdom of speech is to know when, what and where to speak; the time, matter, and manner.