

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 3, No. 20.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., MAY 23, 1846.

Whole No. 489.

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 arrearages 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 Muse's love."

And we shall sleep and heed it not.

How fast the fleeting moments fly!
How sad the thought that we must die!
To know the earth, with all its store
Of joys, to us will be no more,
And Nature's strife must end in peace;
Our labors fail, our senses cease;
Thoughts rise no more, nor passions move
The quiet breast with hate or love;
All sounds upon the ear will die,
And light no more illumine the eye;
The tongue will pause, the heart will rest—
An awful stillness seize the breast:
The soul, dimmed, will steal away,
And leave the cold, unconscious clay,
Which in some lone sepulchral spot
Will be interr'd and be forgot.

Then, strange to think, when we are gone,
That still will rise and set the sun;
The day will dawn as fair—as bright;
The stars will glow as rich at night;
The world will move just as before;
The winds will blow—the ocean roar;
The forests murmur in the breeze,
And verdure clothe and leave the trees;
The buds will swell, and blossoms blow,
And changing seasons come and go;
Though all to us will be forgot,
And we shall sleep, and heed it not.

And other forms will walk the earth,
With other scenes of joy and mirth;
And other friendships will be form'd,
And other hearts with love be warm'd;
And smiles will please, and tears will flow;
And sighs will heave the breasts of snow;
And poets sing, and lovers sigh,
And more be born, and all to die;
Though this to us will be but nought—
We all shall sleep and heed it not!

Though the green mound upon our breast
Or sculptur'd stone, should mark our rest,
Yet soon that stone will fall away,
And earth be level'd where we lay;
The clod by ploughshares will be left,
And strangers' feet will tread the spot,
And pass our dust, and know it not.
Or o'er our rest many cities rise,
And point their turrets to the skies;
Ambition, wealth, and power and pride,
May spurn the earth in which we hide—
Or saints may kneel, or buffoons play
Yet all to us will be forgot,
Still we shall sleep and heed it not.

But, stranger still, (should we pursue
A future thought, that may be true)
Not only men, like leaves, may fall,
But the whole nation sink, and all be lost—
Extinct this race of man,
Like Palenque, or like Copan;
And over all this broad domain
A wilderness may rise again:
From sea to sea, from coast to coast,
Our arts, our name, our nation lost;
While o'er our ruin Nature rears
Her forests of a thousand years,
Where savage man may find a home,
And kindred beasts may howl and roam,
Yet all to us will be forgot,
Calmly we'll sleep, and heed it not.

From Neal's Gazette.

MAY.

The merry, merry month of May—
It comes with sun and showers,
With birds to welcome in the day,
And dew to kiss the flowers!
The forest trees are gay and green,
The doves begin to call,
And by the moonlight's silvery sheen
We hear the fountain fall.

The gardens shed their perfumes round
As from Hesperia's bowers,
And lightly trip, with noiseless sound
The joyous siskin hours.
And childhood's laugh, like summer rain,
Is heard in woodland glades—
We seem to be a girl again
And frolic in the shade!

Oh! would that life was ever May,
With love and hope and flowers,
Then might we linger always gay,
In this bright world of ours!
But winter comes, and love departs,
And night sets in around—
Perennial spring, for weary hearts
In heaven alone are found.

To Mary.

Like a fragrant Havana
Long kept from the light,
Ere its loveliness faded
In ashes and night;
Like a saint in his cloister—
A monk in his cell;
Like a York River oyster
Shut up in his shell;
Like a toad in a grindstone—
A calm in the sea—
My heart is bound up,
Dearest Mary, in thee.

Benevolent intention and beneficial tendency
must combine to constitute the moral goodness of
an action.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

"When I said that I would die a bachelor, I did not think that I should live till I were married!"
Shakespeare.

"What treason to the country to write London and August on the same sheet of paper," said Mrs. Clifford to her son, as she commenced a letter.

"I have had some such thoughts myself, and really must accept one or other of the invitations I have for shooting."

"Shall you go to Sir Thomas Crofton's?" inquired the lady.

"No; for Lady Crofton will expect that if I kill her husband's partridges in the morning, I shall infallibly make love to his daughters in the evening; her imagination is so fertile, she never sees a man but she enumerates his acres, speculates on marriage settlements, and has visions of white satin, and all the pretty et ceteras of matrimony."

"Lord Bradford's? there are no daughters there."

"True, but his wife is a deep, deep blue—horses you to death with her literary attainments, or non-attainments. I think I shall run down to Dacre's—I have not been to Woodland's since I stood godfather to my little namesake Frank nearly five years ago. I shall feel at home there; no fussy parties, prim and starched as an old bachelor."

Mrs. Clifford smiled.

"Well, if I am a bachelor, and mean so to continue, I am, at least, not a starched one," continued her son, interpreting the smile.

"Why should you be at all, Frank?—you, who have so many of the requisites to make a woman happy!"

"Why, my dear mother, women are so artificial—live for display—sigh for an establishment—and not to be too hard on the fairest and sweetest part of the creation, I ask so much in a wife—I require so many of the nameless something's and nothings indispensable to female fascination—and, not to speak it irreverently, when I think of the caprice, the vanity, the jealousy, that are the usual characteristics of the sex. I can but be thankful, I am a doomed bachelor. No," continued he, as if pursuing a train of thought, "I have drawn an image on my mind so fair, so pure, that I feel nothing less than the realization of the idea will satisfy me; at the same time, I know that it is one that for me can have no existence—it was the dream of my boyhood and it is past."

Frank Clifford was handsome, candid, generous, the soul of honor, with an income of three thousand a year—thirty-six and a bachelor, and such he had mentally and verbally resolved to continue—and yet, in spite of all this, he had still his visions and fantasies—starry skies, flowery valleys—the still quiet woods, enjoyed with some dear sympathizing friend, haunted his day dreams and night visions.

It was a bright day when we travelled to Woodland; the meadows were enamelled with a thousand and gay blossoms; the busy hum of myriads of insects filled the air with their soft drowsy music, and Clifford felt how soothing are such sights and sounds to man's unquiet spirit. And then how cordial was the welcome that awaited him—how happy was Dacre as he romped with his children on the lawn—and how proud of the gentleman who shared his joy at the long-promised visit of his friend!

"You have greatly improved this place, Dacre—it is impossible to conceive a fairer scene. How gracefully blended are those flowers with that green-bowery looking wilderness in the background; it is like a fairy land."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dacre, "and created by the magical wand of affection, aided by the fairy Good-will."

"Mary made all these pretty flowers grow," said the lovely girl insinuating her little hand into her mother's—"Mary does every thing that is nice."

"Your portfolio boasts some exquisite paintings," said Clifford, as he turned over the leaves; "I did not know you were so fine an artist."

"They are indeed beautiful," replied Mrs. Dacre, "but I may not claim the merit—that belongs to Mary."

At this moment dinner was announced, and he could only wonder who Mary was. In his bedroom some bold spirited drawings attracted his attention, and his eye quickly detected the name of Mary in the corner; all in the room bespoke female taste and consideration, and Dacre had said all had been arranged by Mary. Some of Dacre's occupations were too commonplace for the somewhat fastidious Clifford, and he delighted in solitary rambles; in one of these he passed a neat cottage; the gay flowers in the little garden before it arrested his steps, and he paused to admire the deep crimson stocks, and the beautiful double wall flower often seen in such perfection in the cottage garden of—

An aged woman invited him to rest in her humble dwelling.

"Take this seat, sir," said she, pointing to one whose very look bespoke comfort and ease; "I suffer a great deal from rheumatism, and Miss Mary from the Great House sent me this chair."

Clifford seated himself in it.

"Oh! she's a nice lady, so free and kind; she brought me these worsted stockings herself," continued the garrulous dame, putting out a foot not exactly a prototype of Tagliani's.

Clifford had a Byronic passion for the name of Mary, and it had come upon his ear so often in his brief sojourn at Woodlands, that he began to feel

quite a sensation when it was named, and no small curiosity to see her who had a right to the title.

But it was the first of September, and guns, dogs, and birds, were formidable rivals to the unknown Mary. The sky was clear—the air bland—the birds, those fairy-formed and many-colored things, sung gaily—and the stream looked pure and bright, as it broke into dimples and laughed in the sun. Clifford and Dacre were out early, and with a quick eye and sure aim, returned laden with the spoil.—Dacre lingered behind to give some directions, and as Clifford crossed the lawn, he heard the gay laugh of children, and the tones of the most musical voice mingling with theirs. He paused to listen—the sounds came nearer, and in a moment he was in the midst of the group. "Oh! Mary is come home—dear, sweet Mary—and we are so happy burst from the lips of the delighted young ones.

Clifford was slightly embarrassed, but seeing Dacre, he said, "Will you come and introduce me to this lady, who I presume boasts some other name than my favorite one of Mary?"

"O yes, her name is Dacre; the orphan child of my poor brother Frederick," he added in a lower tone; "and this, Mary, is my old friend Clifford, of whom you have heard honorable mention. But tell me how are the Powells and Grace, and how came you home so early?"

"To answer your last question first, Grace drove me in the pony-chaise to park gate and we had such a delightful ride, every thing looked so fresh, it seemed to have the charm of novelty. I had been as happy as a bird; but I began to long for my dear *dulce, domum*, and a romp with my darling pets," said Mary, as she stooped to kiss the children.

When Clifford descended to the breakfast room, Mary was seated at the table, and as he entered she was talking in a cheerful tone to Mrs. Dacre, whose simple matronly cap and fair genteel face, contrasted sweetly with the profusion of dark brown curls which hung in beautiful luxuriance over the more animated countenance of her companion.

"Our truant has returned at last," said his hostess, and she tells me you have met."

The brow of Mary Dacre was a sweet clear page, where you might read all that passed in her kind and noble heart. Her beauty did not fascinate for a moment, but it attracted by its grace and intelligence; it was a face to gaze on and return to, to fill across "the mind's eye," haunt you at all hours, unbidden and unexpected; in fact she was a dangerous invader of the rights of bachelorship, and Clifford, scarcely resisting the fair assault, found the strong holds of celibacy one by one giving away, and each stern sentinel that hitherto guarded the avenues of his heart, deserted his post.

"What folly!" thought he, as he stood gazing on the light form of Mary, as she tripped like a wood nymph over the lawn, "to fancy so young and fair a creature would ever mingle her fate with mine, nothing but love, the purest and profoundest could ever tempt me to marry; and then I must have equal devotion—one who should share my aspirations after better things than earth can offer, and sympathize in all my hopes. It is folly, rash folly and egregious vanity, to imagine she could ever love me thus."

But Mary was not insensible to the polished manners and winning grace of her uncle's friend, nor did the delicate attention he paid, or the friendly interest he evinced for her, pass unappreciated.—Agreeable first impressions facilitate intercourse amazingly, and is one astonished what progress love makes in a country house, where communion is unfeathered and free.

"And so we are going to have a dinner-party today," said Clifford to Mary, as she was gathering flowers for the vases; "how I wish it was over—I hate such affairs."

"I see you are spoiled," said Mary, laughing; "you have been petted by my aunt, praised by my uncle, till you really are beyond bearing."

"Who are coming?"

"A great many agreeable people."

"Country squires mostly are—they will talk of the corn laws and tithes, and the pedigree of their horses, and other interesting sayings and doings."

"Will you tell me any of their names?"

"Sir Edward and Lady Talbot; he, grave and sedate; she, all sparkle and saucy. Mr. and the four Miss Arnolds; he a clever, shrewd man of the world; his daughters worthy of such a sire. Pretty, accomplished, and sing and play enchantingly;—Lord Lucas, fond of the 'feast,' though not of 'reason,' he is a bachelor, continued Mary, archly, "therefore I must be merciful to him. Then Mr. and Mrs. Powell, my Powell's two sons, and dear graceful Grace—beauty, wit, and goodness enough in her own dear self, to make the dull dinner charming."

"Does your enthusiasm extend to the whole family?" asked Clifford, assuming an indifference he did not feel.

"O yes; indeed, I wear them all in my heart of hearts."

Clifford was satisfied.

"You cannot imagine how much ore may be extracted from such folks as these seem to hold in contempt," continued Mary, by the exercise of a very little moral alchemy; will you try?"

"I will do anything for you."

"Well, be thankful then for this petite historette—you ought, for I had scarcely left ten minutes for the graces." And away she ran, laden with flowers looking, as Clifford thought, the very personification of Flora.

"Your niece is very lovely," said Clifford, a day or two after the above conversation, breaking a long

silence, and thus indicating the current of his thoughts.

"Yes," replied Dacre, "pretty and portentious; my poor brother was ever heedless of the future, and he left her little beside his blessing; but I cannot talk of that even to you, Frank."

Clifford spoke of his protracted visit. "I have been here six weeks! surely never did time pass so rapidly."

"You must not, my dear fellow, think of going yet, we have all been so happy in your society."

Clifford wondered if Mary was included in that imperial pronoun *We*. Another and another week flew on, and still he lingered; he was less cheerful and when alone on his wanderings, which became more frequent, he felt life flat, void, fruitless but ever in his musings he imagined a bright, fair vision, which he believed was the only charm required to make it very different—he became decided that love was not all a delusion—an airy nothing—sparkling but to make the gloom more apparent at its vanishing. "Mary! he softly breathed, and as if she had heard the scarcely uttered sound, a turn of the path brought her to his side.

"How fresh all things look," she exclaimed; how pleased and glad nature appears! listen to the matin song of the birds, is it not sweet music, is it not all delightful!"

"It is lovely, but it is something brighter than all that makes it appear bright to me!"

"Need we go on, or say how beyond 'all count of time' that morning walk was extended, or how Mrs. Dacre forebore a reproach when they entered long after luncheon, or how Mr. Dacre smiled when Clifford said,

"How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers,"

and smiled still more when he asked for ten minutes chat in the library. Mary in the interim, with eyes overflowing with tears, whose source did not spring from love, was quite confidential with Mrs. Dacre; and it would have been difficult to have found a more happy party than that which met at the dinner-hour that day.

But spring has come, with all its green buds, and every blade of grass is full of fragrance, and the air is making sweet music, while the young leaves dance; and Mary, with a tearful eye and smile like a sunbeam has just received the nuptial blessing. In the primitive looking church where her vows were registered, there were no inspiring painting—no gothic aisles, sparkling shrines, or delicate carvings; but in after life how dear was the memory of that humble sanctuary where Mary Dacre had become a Bachelor's Bride.

E. S. P.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.

"Ah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? and as I am alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows!—Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! As if any body ever did return an umbrella.—There, do you hear it?—Worse and worse!—Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks—and no umbrella!"

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school-to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner that go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers."

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes; I know very well. I was going to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to do there and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more—No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eight-pence for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas!"

"Do you hear the rain Mr. Caudle? I say do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for all you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again.—I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes; and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!"

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em: No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go out as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's! I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one.—(With great emphasis.) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street.—I'll have my own umbrella or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nezzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nezzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!"

"Men, indeed!—Calls themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!"

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me, I know you will. Else you'd never lent that umbrella!"

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts, who lend umbrellas!"

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella! Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school, Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school; mark that. And if they get their death of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrellas."

"Here's said Caudle in his MS., I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella."

Obedient Orders.—A good story is told of an American General in the last war, who was more ready in the use of his sword than he was of his pen, and who, still lives the pride of the army and country. While stationed on lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, of the name of Kennedy, had deserted. He issued an order to a subaltern to detail a file of men, and with them proceed to a place named on the line, and take the two 'Canadas.' The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer said he would try, and set about executing it; but remarked that he thought he could not take more than one province without a reinforcement.

An Ingenious Advertisement.—A CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Schoolmaster: "James, what is a Salamander?"

"An Amphibious animal what eats fire."

Schoolmaster: "Pshaw! Robert, what's a Salamander? Describe it, and the state where it is found."

"I know! It's a big iron box, with doors to it, as laid in the fire at the Tribune office for thirty-six hours, without getting hot enough to scorch a bank bill; and it's found at Mr. Herring's, 138 Water street N. York. I see it there myself, and more of same genus."

Schoolmaster: "You're a smart boy, Robert, go to the head!"

Higgins met the schoolmaster one morning.

"I say," said he, "do you know you are the only person in town for whom the minister prays on Sunday?"

"No," answered the pedagogue "how is that?"

"Why he prays for the heads of all colleges and inferior institutions of learning—and if you don't keep an inferior one I don't know who does."

Putting it on Thick.—A house painter of our acquaintance has a son, a mere lad, who occasionally assists him in his jobs. He used the brush dexterously, but unfortunately he had acquired the habit of 'putting it on a little too thick.' The other day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation. "There you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know dad," whined the boy in reply, "but it seems to me you put it on a darn d sight thicker than I did."

Just So.—A man came to a printing office to beg a paper, 'because,' said he, 'we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none.'

Sorrow's.—All accidental sorrows may be dwelt upon with calmness, or recollected with gratitude to Him who sent them; the sorrows that sprang from ourselves preserve their unmitigated bitterness.

Happiness.—Happiness! that glorious crown which all the jewels of the world cannot enrich; which, studded with the diamonds of the heart, can receive no additional lustre from such paltry things as power, or wealth, or station.

Dress.—Nor is dress, in general, altogether unworthy of attention. Somebody has called it the habitual expression of a man's mind; and though I cannot agree to that definition in the full sense, yet certainly, where there is no impediment to his following his own wishes, a man's dress affords strong indications of taste and habits of thought.

The Heart and the World.—Oh, how hard it is, when the mind like a young bird has soared forth at liberty into the face of heaven, and tried its wing at large among all the joyous things of nature, to be called back to the close page of the dull world's doings, the meannesses, which form the bars that prison in the heart.—G. P. R. Jones.

How the English Ladies could Benefit. DAMASCUS.—Money becomes scarcer every year, said one of the merchants; "the importations of British manufactures have increased frightfully.—While you undersell the native Damascus manufacturer, you won't take our produce in exchange, and this cuts like a two-edged sword, for it drains the country of gold." "Make your silk short reel instead of long reel," said I, "and we will take more than your mulberries can produce." Then, you cannot expect us to take the bad cotton of Syria when we can get the good cotton of Egypt and America.

"The balance of trade could easily be redressed by 'Timback,' said an old Bagdad merchant, smiling; "every lady in Syria wears some article of British manufacture. Now, if every lady in England were to return the compliment by smoking a little 'Timback, we could pay for our women's dresses with produce, and the exchange on England would fall to its natural level!"—The Modern Syrians.

A Weighing-machine at a Fair.—I saw a gaunt man, with a weighing-chair suspended from a tripod, inviting the bystanders to be weighed for a penny. As I stood scanning his apparatus an enormously fat fellow, with a jolly twinkle in his eye, offered to bet him sixpence he weighed the most.—As he was manifestly four times my size, the proposition was preposterous enough to be pleasant, so I said "Done!" and I sat down. "Ten stone five," said the gaunt man. My rival scated himself.—"Stop," said I, "it's not fair; you are smoking your pipe, and that weighs something." "Oh, ah! I forgot," said he, and immediately, to meet the objection, he took the pipe out of his mouth, and (with perfect good faith) held it in his hand during the process. A new way of abolishing the weight of a pipe which mightily tickled my fancy.—Hood's Magazine.

Father and son, in a church in the Highlands became severed by the free church rupture. They both preached in one up to that time, but the son seceded. The congregation seceded too—leaving the old gentleman "alone in his glory." So the church being empty, the father thought the pulpit might be empty also, but the presbytery ordered him to resume his ministrations; and if he had not a congregation, he was to find one. Well, the next Sunday found the venerable pastor in the pulpit, and his wife in her pew. Not another soul was present. The old man, looking on his better half, discoursed as follows: "Jessie, my dear, I need not lecture you; I can do that at home. So we'll just go over the way and hear our son Tom."

Printer's Language.—Every profession has its technical terms, and, of course, the printers have a 'small smattering,' which is intelligible to the 'craft.' The following (says the Delaware Republican) is a specimen; it don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated.

"Jim put General Washington on the galley, and then finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Herculaneum; distribute the small box; you need not finish that runaway match; have the high water in the paper this week. Let the pie alone till after dinner, but put the barbecue to press, and then go to the Devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning."

Not much wonder that Doctor Faustus was buried for inventing such a dialectical art.

In 1699, the constables in the colony of Plymouth, were ordered to look after all persons who slept in church, and report their names to the General Court. If such a law were in force in these days, constables would have their hands full of business, and be precluded from many a comfortable nap themselves.

An Inducement.—The Wisconsin Republican says, the candidate for Justice at Green Bay, offers to marry all bachelors who will vote for him at half price, and editors free!

"To do as much good, and as little evil as we can, is the brief and intelligible principle that comprehends all subordinate maxims."

The ascent from the bottom of the hill may be fatiguing; but, when the summit is attained, what a beautiful prospect!

They that presume most in prosperity are soonest subject to despair in adversity.