

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 3, No. 26.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., JULY 9, 1846.

Whole No. 494

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 lore."

The following is one of the neatest songs we have yet seen to the popular air of 'Lucy Neal.' We find it originally in the Jackson (Miss.) Southern:

MARY GRAY.

AIR—'LUCY NEAL.'

Be still my heart,—do not rebel
Though she has passed away—
The one I loved so long and well—
The charming Mary Gray.
Oh poor Mary Gray;
My own lov'd Mary Gray;
Those eyes of light that shone so bright,
Are gone with Mary Gray.
There is no charm in song for me,
Nor beauty in the day;
For still my thoughts will upwards flee
To heaven with Mary Gray.
Oh poor Mary Gray;
My sainted Mary Gray;
For—far above, in realms of love,
Dwells my sweet Mary Gray.
How wearily roll on the days—
How dim the sun's bright rays!
One only thought upon me prays—
The thought of Mary Gray.
Oh poor Mary Gray;
My matchless Mary Gray;
My every thought with thee is fraught,
My own lov'd Mary Gray.

I'll welcome death when he shall come,
Not pining, wish to stay,
For, in her pure, celestial home,
I'll meet my Mary Gray.
Oh poor Mary Gray;
Departed Mary Gray,
I'll leave this sphere; so cold and drear,
To meet my Mary Gray.
Till then my life shall pass in dream,
And visions round me play,
For then on me with love shall beam
Those eyes of Mary Gray.
Oh poor Mary Gray,
Oh poor Mary Gray,
Still be my theme, my hope and dream—
My own lov'd Mary Gray.

Tributary Lines to the Memory of the Late Thomas Hood, Esq.

Farewell! Farewell! Tom Hood,
Many a day shall come
Before a head and heart so good,
Be destin'd to the tomb!

Thou wert Apollo's child,
Born in a frolic hour—
Each Muse and Grace upon thee smil'd,
Within thy cradle bow!

They kiss'd thee all—then fled,
For Momus was at hand—
Who took thee from thy infant bed,
And gave thee this command—

But seldom heed the smiles
Of those who just have flown—
And I'll give thee a world of wiles,
Shall make all earth thine own.

'Thou shalt be King of Jest,
Of wit's best wretched—
Go—heed this my farewell behest,
And Lord of Humor be!

And it was so—for aye
Was thy all-serious lay—
'Thou' once thy fancy thou didst dare,
On 'Midsummer's Day!

Still laughter was thy god—
And ne'er was Wisdom known
Her hoary locks to shake and nod,
As 'fore thy mirthful throne

But Yorick! Now where lies
The mind that caus'd the 'roar'!
Far up within the blessed skies,
'Tis gone—to come no more!

Farewell! Farewell! dear shade,
Thy loss, 'tis vain to mourn—
Spirits like thine, that have essay'd
Heav'n's porch must back return!

SONG.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bride of the earth and sky,
Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHECK-MATED; OR, THE NOBLE REVENGE.

'Oh yes, revenge is pleasing, let moralists contend as they will,' said a young man whom we will name Mackisson, while in conversation, with another. 'Nay, more, there is something of ecstasy in the pleasure which we feel when we have it in our power to repay with interest the injury or insult which we have undergone.'

'Say not so, Mackisson,' replied the other, whom we will call Vincent; 'the pleasure is rather that of a demon exulting in his own bad passions, than of a human being possessed of rational and moral qualities. My creed is that of our celebrated philosopher Bacon. "In taking revenge," he remarks, "a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over, he is superior." Again, "That which is past and gone is irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters.'

'Here thy cory, I assure you, if not something bordering on hypocrisy,' retorted the other. 'Bacon himself was not celebrated for too strict an adherence to the principles which he taught.'

'Some of those principles, however,' replied Vincent, 'among which I number that respecting revenge, are of themselves immortal and incontrovertible.'

'Nonsense; why should we not avenge the injury we have received?'

'One reason is, that we gain no ultimate good; on the contrary we insure to ourselves evil.'

'I should like much to hear how you make that out.'

'Willingly. Society is so constituted, that we can never be said to be independent of each other. If we revenge every injury, whether intentional or not, which we receive, we place ourselves without the pale of sympathy or assistance, when probably we stand most in need of it.'

'That would apply equally to the original offence.'

'Which would not weaken its application to the revenge.'

'But then the pleasure of making our adversary feel something of the pain that we have felt!'

'If pleasure there be, it is of too diabolical a kind to be taken into the account.'

'Then you would permit your enemy, and one who had deeply grieved you, to go scatheless?'

'I would.'

'So would not I; and there ends the matter.—Good-bye.'

Such was the conversation of the two young men on the occasion of this interview; and little did they think how soon they would be led each to put his principles into practice.

Their principles being diametrically opposed, it is not surprising that their dispositions were equally so. Mackisson was conceited, passionate, ambitious, and vain; consequently jealous. Vincent modest, good-tempered, yet reserved; unobtrusive, yet firm. The one was affected by every trifling occurrence; the other thought few occurrences were of sufficient importance to be permitted to disturb the equanimity of his temper.—Mackisson was aspiring, but not always observant of the proper means; Vincent was not indifferent to distinction, but thought it procured at too great a price if at the sacrifice of honour.

It is not an easy task to explain the precise degree of estimation in which each was held in the circles in which they moved. Mackisson, always accessible, easily led to enter into the spirit of every passing event or topic of conversation, not deficient in humor, seemed a general favorite, and was usually surrounded by a host of persons. Vincent, modest and retiring, not easily led to attach importance to that which seemed to him not worthy of consideration, not always conversable, yet able to take no mean part in conversation when moved to do so, seemed at times neglected when in the company of his more brilliant associate. There was however, always this distinction between the small circle which sought his conversation, and that large one which thronged around his companion—the one was remarkable for his frivolity and boisterous hilarity, the other for his quiet and cheerful gravity. An occasional intermingling would of course take place between these circles; but soon again the members of each would, by a sort of antagonism, resume their former places; like two uncombining fluids which, agitated, will assume a temporary intermixture of parts, yet resort each to its original state as soon as the external force which caused them to intermingle is withdrawn.

Between the parties themselves there had long existed an acquaintance; but the probability of a perfect intimacy had become daily lessened as the force of their natural characters developed itself.—Mackisson thought Vincent too 'sof,' as he would term it; and Vincent, Mackisson too boisterous and assuming. The one would prolong a debate after every point had been conceded; the other detested useless discussion. The one would wrangle for a straw's end; the other rather abandon the straw *in toto*. Yet they were no equal match in force and strength of intellect, as Mackisson's wounded vanity was frequently compelled to admit.

Discussions similar to that just narrated, and ending similarly in favor of Vincent were not calculated to narrow the natural antipathy, if I may so term it, of their characters. In fact, at every fresh defeat—and the occasions were many, for Mackisson's vanity and ambition led him to enter upon every discussion, however unacquainted with the subject—the extent of that antipathy became greater; and as Mackisson's principles fairly developed themselves, Vincent saw the necessity of having as little in common with his companion as possible. Matters were in this state when another discussion, attended with the mortifying circumstance of publicity, gave a fresh impetus to this mutually opposing principle. Mackisson and Vincent were present on an occasion in which an argument arose on the subject of party spirit, and its effects on society. As usual, Mackisson took a prominent part, and addressing himself frequently to Vincent, ultimately involved him in the discussion. As it became warm, however, the latter proposed that should cease, there being no necessity for permitting it to proceed to the extent which it promised to do.

'I'll allow it to cease, said Mackisson, 'if you admit yourself vanquished!'

'By no means,' replied the other; 'yet I am no longer disposed to continue the argument.' Those, however, who entertained opinions similar to Vincent's and had in a degree abandoned their cause to his advocacy, were not desirous that the discussion should terminate in so unsatisfactory a manner. At their solicitations, then, he again replied to the positions which had been assumed by Mackisson, and the argument approached a climax. 'You say,' continued Vincent, 'that party spirit is beneficial to society, by reason of the force which it engenders, and that that force being in a right direction, good must result. How if it be in a wrong?'

'We must prevent it from being so.'

'How will you prevent it?'

'By inculcating correct opinions.'

'But does not the existence of party spirit imply the existence of two factions at least?'

'It does.'

'Well, then, can both of them be in the right?'

'Certainly not.'

'Can it be for the good of society that any body of men should be in the wrong?'

'Of course not.'

'And yet this is party spirit!' A laugh from his opponents, Vincent's supporters, annoyed Mackisson exceedingly; and already at a loss, he floundered on in the discussion.

'No, no, you do not understand me,' he continued, after a short but embarrassing pause. 'I do not intend that any body of men should entertain erroneous opinions. I would have all mankind advocating correct principles.'

'Well, then, suppose they were?'

'If they were we should have the benefit of their united force tending in the right direction.'

'Where, then, would be the party spirit for which you contend? If all were unanimous in advocating correct principles, how could party spirit possibly exist; and if good resulted from this unanimity, how would you charge it as the result of that spirit?'

'Vanquished, by all that's good,' exclaimed Vincent's supporters. 'Mackisson, go hide your diminished head.'

'I will not—I am not conquered—I will not be conquered by him,' cried Mackisson, much excited.

'Oh, good, good!' echoed the others.

'A man convinced against his will,
Is of the opinion still—
but every one knows he has lost the game.'

'I tell you I've not,' he replied stamping his feet on the ground, 'and I'll prove it out of that fellow's own text-book.' Vincent reddened at the term, but remained calm.

'He pins his faith,' continued Mackisson, on every word that falls from the pen of that old peccator Bacon. Now, Bacon himself says, that "it is good to side one's self to faction." The misapplication of this quotation was so glaring, that it was followed by a simultaneous burst of laughter, at which Mackisson, unable to control his anger, or to bear the point of their sarcasms, abruptly left the room.

Here, as elsewhere, the vast superiority of temper over passion was amply manifest. Vincent, as I have already observed, was not a general favorite; but the mode in which he had conducted himself throughout the discussion, won considerably upon the esteem of his companions. Above all, the moderation under provocation which he had shown, far from detracting from their good opinion, tended rather to enhance it. Thus will forbearance usually receive due homage, although we may not at all times be enabled to emulate it.

Mackisson, on the other hand, lost much of the good opinion of his own supporters; and, the victim of a scene which he himself had tended to create, retired to his home possessed of the most outrageous feelings of jealousy—of all passions the most permanent and the most corroding. Anger may evaporate with the passing of the occasion which induces it, hatred may give way to a sense of the unworthiness of the object, but jealousy ever nourishes and prolongs the cause which excites it, and the very self esteem which, in the case of hatred, contributes to allay the passion, here by a depreciating comparison, perpetuates it. Had Mackisson been simply angry, a few hours would have sufficed to allay the feeling; but being also jealous, we find him days subsequently nourishing his resentments and seeking to avenge himself in a manner peculiarly characteristic.

Inferiority and the publicity which had accompanied the last manifestation of it, were the causes of Mackisson's jealousy. It therefore became his

object to lessen its degree in any possible shape, accompanied with equal publicity. How, he reflected, could that object be attained. All contest with Vincent in debate or general acquiescence, he was reluctantly compelled to admit, was vain. Vincent was too far in advance, and too industrious himself, to permit a fair chance of speedy equality. Would games of skill effect the object? It seemed unlikely. Vincent was no admirer of, and seldom played them. Little credit was therefore to be procured by excelling him at them. But there was one game, superior to them, all confessedly a game of mind, of which Vincent was devotedly fond, and at which he possessed the reputation of being an expert player. Was it possible to contend with him at this game—to vanquish him with his own weapons? Oh what triumph for him, Mackisson! what humiliation for his opponent if it were! And should it be possible! Nights and days would he devote to all the intricacies of the game, to all the mysteries of the several moves; and then, when he had rendered himself master of them, then he would challenge and conquer his opponent, under circumstances that should obliterate the memory of all past discomfures.

Mackisson had energy and perseverance, and some talent, although of a second grade. To resolve to prosecute the study of the game was to do so. Every spare moment was devoted to it—all mere pleasures sacrificed to it. Every move was patiently investigated, and a variety of combinations committed to heart over and over again; and then, when he thought himself sufficiently proficient he requested Vincent to pass an evening with him, transmitting at the same time invitations to all their mutual acquaintances to be there. Vincent went, and found to his surprise many persons assembled. The feeling, however, soon wore off—Mackisson was unusually gay, and somewhat marked in his attentions to Vincent. The latter, regarding this conduct as the result of a desire to atone for the occurrence of the last meeting, responded with cordiality. At length Mackisson proposed to Vincent that they should play a game of chess. 'I suppose he added there is very little probability of my being conqueror; having but within the last few weeks acquired a knowledge of the game.' The truth at once occurred to Vincent; Mackisson had learned the game to compete with him, and the guests had been assembled to witness what he undoubtedly expected would be his triumph.

'Mackisson,' observed Vincent, giving utterance to his suspicions, 'I perceive this is a preconcerted challenge!' 'I candidly confess it,' said Mackisson, 'and these gentlemen will bear witness of my intention to win back the many laurels I have lost.' 'A challenge, a challenge!' cried the guests: 'let's have the game; five to one on Mackisson; four to one on Vincent, &c. I accept the challenge,' replied Vincent, inwardly determined, if possible, to ally for ever that restless vanity on the part of his companion, which was continually engaging himself and others in hostile contests.

Vincent played white, and Mackisson red, and for some time the game was maintained with equal skill. At length Vincent made what Mackisson regarded as an exceedingly bad move. 'Your game is gone,' he cried exultingly to Vincent. 'Say you so?' replied the other; 'we shall see.' 'I am magnanimous enough to inform you,' continued Mackisson, 'that unless you use exceeding skill the game is mine.' 'Well, then, if you will be so positive,' said Vincent, 'let me in my turn inform you that you shall be check mated in my four next moves.' 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed Mackisson, 'you dream: I've moved; 'tis your turn to play.' 'Well, then, check to your king my castle.' 'Ha, ha! a most awkward blunder—I take your castle with my king.' 'Be it so; check with my castle.' 'Well, I move out of check; that makes two moves.' 'Check with my castle again.' 'Ha, ha, ha! really, this is too good; I take your castle once more with my king.' 'So you do, but I check mate you with my queen.' 'Tis false!' exclaimed Mackisson—'tis false! I'm not checkmated! and then a moment after, seeing that the game was lost, he swore a terrible oath, and flung the board and men to the extreme end of the apartment.—There was an end to the hilarity of the remainder of the evening, and the guests soon after departed.

From simple jealousy, Mackisson's feelings towards Vincent was now converted into a hatred.—The pit which he had dug for another he had fallen into himself, and he now regarded that other with the bitterest feeling of animosity. No means were left unexplored which he thought could injure—no devices untried which appeared calculated to wreak his revenge. One of the most important attempts of this nature occurred but a few weeks subsequent to the date of the scene just described.

'Do you know young Vincent?' inquired a gentleman at the house of a third party, on an occasion when Mackisson was present. 'Very slightly,' they replied; 'what of him?'

'Nothing of moment,' rejoined the inquirer, 'but I have some reason for learning the character he bears.' 'By the way,' observed one of the company. 'Mackisson may be in a situation to afford you the necessary information: apply to him.' The party addressed himself to Mackisson. 'I know Vincent well,' replied the latter: 'very well indeed.' 'Let me hear something of him.' 'Why' he is as good as the generality of us, but—' and he made a significant pause. 'Pray, go on,' urged the other, who seemed much interested. 'The fact is,' added Mackisson, appearing suddenly to recollect him-

self, 'I should not like to report any thing to Vincent's discredit.' 'Discredit!' ejaculated the other: 'I have been led to believe him a very exemplary young man.' I made use of the term discredit,' continued Mackisson; 'but I perceive I have already said too much.' 'For heaven's sake explain yourself,' exclaimed the party; 'I am free to confess to you that Vincent is much interested in the result of my enquiries respecting him.'—'Then it is the more necessary that I should hold my peace,' said Mackisson. To further solicitation he replied, 'I beg to assure you sir, that I know (with much emphasis on the word) nothing calculated to affect our good opinions of Vincent's character.' 'Can you not tell me something of this young man which may dissipate these doubts?' said the inquirer, addressing himself generally to those present. 'We know nothing of him,' they replied, 'except that he is very reserved, and is not a general favourite.' One other attempt did the party make to obtain some explicit information from Mackisson, but the reply added the more to his perplexity. 'It does not become me,' said Mackisson 'to repeat that which might after all, be but the result of unfounded suspicions.' Mackisson was aware that a vague allegation of times more surely blights the character of an individual than any definite charge. The mind has in the former case the entire circle of offences through which to wander: in the latter but a solitary segment of the circle.

We should not understand Mackisson's character aright, were we to suppose he avoided the society of Vincent while thus calumniating him. On the contrary, he sought his presence, and manifested an apparent deference and respect towards him which he had never before exhibited. It is the part of low and revengeful cunning to wear the mask of friendship, that it may the more securely wound.

Vincent had returned home one evening from his day's occupation, when a letter left for him during his absence was placed in his hands. Its contents were calculated to surprise him. A distant relative possessed of considerable wealth, had died, leaving him his heir; and the latter requested that Vincent would, at his earliest convenience, favour the writer with an interview. Vincent, therefore, immediately repaired to the address of the party (an attorney) from whom he learned all the particulars of his good fortune. There is but one portion of the conversation held on the occasion to which it is necessary to refer. 'You see, my dear sir,' said the attorney, 'what friends we have in the world. Had I placed implicit confidence in the character furnished me of you by your friend, you never would have inherited the splendid fortune now at your command.' 'This is not the only favor of the kind which I have to place in his account, as he shall some day know,' said Vincent; and having made certain arrangements with the attorney, he returned home.

Our hero was now, like all prototypes, in possession of a large income; and although generally as retiring and reserved as heretofore, he was admitted to be by some species of magic perfectly familiar to men of the world, a very fine fellow. His entertainments were not sufficiently frequent; but there was something so chaste about those which he gave, that every allowance was to be made.—His conversation was not racy, but then his wine was of the first vintage; and so on. It was evident that Vincent, wealthy and independent, was a much more important personage, and had far more extensive privileges allowed him, than Vincent, a clerk and dependant.

Well, at one of these chaste entertainments given by our hero, were assembled many guests, among whom were Mackisson and other acquaintances of early days. The cloth had been removed and wine brought on. During a temporary cessation in the conversation, Vincent remarked, addressing himself to his guests, 'By the by, gentlemen, let me tell you, I have recently discovered so atrocious a combination of hypocrisy, malice, and ingratitude, that I am assured, when I relate to you all, you will unanimously object him from your society.' 'Who is he? who is he?' echoed from all sides; and Mackisson's voice was heard among the loudest, although he experienced a feeling amounting to suffocation. 'I'll name him presently; and then producing some papers, Vincent continued—'this individual and I have been on terms of intimacy from our earliest years, and never on one occasion, I am assured, have I given him just cause for an angry feeling. Of me he has always exhibited a degree of jealousy that was unaccountable; but I have ever striven to allay it. He has insulted me but I have passed by his insults unnoticed. He has endeavored to blight my character and wreck my fortune, but I have forgiven it all. On a particular occasion, he had so planned as to render me, but for a happy chance, the ridicule of our mutual friends; but I fortunately escaped the toils he had set for me. From that moment his every sentiment has seemed engulfed in one of revenge, and he has resorted to every device which he thought calculated to effect my ruin. The more adroitly, however, to veil his schemes, he professed a reviving attachment to me. While he secretly undermined, or attempted to undermine, my reputation, he openly exhibited his apparent friendship; while he stealthily sought to mar my prospects, he outwardly courted my society; while he strove to wreak my happiness, he seemed only anxious to promote it.' A pause enabled the guests to express in the strongest terms the unparadonable ignominy of such conduct, Mackisson's situation may be conceived, but not expressed. Vincent contin-

ued—I do not, gentlemen, speak unadvisedly, or without authority.

The fortune I now possess had been lost, had his report of my character been received. I can produce an attorney on whose credibility he played successfully for a time. My hopes of domestic felicity were basely threatened. Here is a letter infamously maligning my conduct to a lady whom I have the honor to esteem, and which I am enabled to trace as emanating from his hands. He has carried his hostility and his envied feelings, for aught I know, up to this very moment of time; for here is another letter dated to day, addressed to one of my most intimate friends, scandalously, yet secretly as he imagined, misrepresenting circumstances which transpired between us.' Vincent again paused, and glancing his eyes slowly around the table, permitted them to rest fixedly for a moment, but only for a moment, on Mackisson. The latter was exceedingly pale. 'What think you, gentlemen,' he again continued, 'should be the punishment of such a wretch?' 'It is impossible to suggest one too ignominious,' observed a guest. 'He should be scourged beyond the limits of respectable society,' said another. 'He should be publicly whipped,' cried a third. Mackisson's agony was intense as he contemplated the probable accumulation of all this wrath on his own head. 'Name him!' shouted a fourth. He started. This indeed was what he dreaded; this indeed would be the acme of shame and humiliation. 'To be pointed at as a hypocrite, an ingrate, a liar! Oh how bitterly he repented having given away to an unprincipled jealousy and a feeling of malicious revenge! He would have given much to have crept out silently and unobserved. The overwhelming sentence of social excommunication would then pass over comparatively unheeded. But escape was impossible. One faint hope presented itself. Would Vincent relent! Oh no!—there was no compassion in that indignant voice—no mercy in that determined look. 'Name him!' shouted the voice 'name him!' (Mackisson felt a sickening sensation at heart; his brain reeled)—name him, that we may brand him as an unprincipled wretch and base defamer.' 'I will not name him,' said Vincent calmly; he knows the obloquy which he has incurred, and will appreciate my present forbearance and forgiveness.' Mackisson at that moment felt that he could die to serve the man whom he had hitherto bent every energy to embarrass and defame.

The following morning he addressed a penitential letter to Vincent, acknowledging the unworthy nature of his conduct, and pledging himself ever to remember Vincent's forbearance with gratitude. It is pleasing to remark that he added, 'I can now appreciate the divine nature of forgiveness, and the consequent diabolical character of revenge. Had you pursued the course which I should have done, you would have rendered my hatred implacable. You have forgiven me, and have awakened my esteem. I hope hereafter to prove to you my affection.'

'My dear husband,' said an amiable and witty wife to her trust lord, one morning after returning home at a late hour, some what the worse for an evening's dissipation. 'do you think, really, that man and wife are both one, as is sometimes said?' 'Certainly, my dear, how shall it be otherwise! But why ask the question?'

'Because,' she replied, 'if that be the fact I am bound to express my regret and ask your forgiveness for being imprudent last night. Pardon me this offence; and I promise you that I will never get drunk again.'

The rebuke was effectual.

While travellers abroad lament over the declining glories of Amsterdam and Venice, they forget that we have parallels on a smaller scale at home. The little port of Perth Amboy was once a rival of New York. Newport seventy years ago was the next seaport of the East. Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, at one time transacted more business than Baltimore. Jamestown once so important a place, is now in ruins; and the spot on which Roanoke was built is not even known. 'So runs the world away.'

There is a man in our town who is so remarkably short that he can't eat anything but short cakes.

The History of Life.

BY CORNWALL.

Day dawned. Within a certain room;
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at the point of doom.

Day closed a child had seen the light,
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green;
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy with the lightless mein.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before you,
Humanity's brief sum and story—
Life, Death, and all there is of—Glory.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

To comfort man to whisper hope
When'er his faith is dim,
That He who careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

[Mary Howitt.]

A little thieving is a dangerous part,
But thieving largely is a noble art!
'Tis vile to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But thieving largely makes us gentlemen!