

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. X, No. 66.

HUNTINGDON, PA., SEPTEMBER 17, 1846.

Whole No. 604.

PUBLISHED BY
JAMES CLARK.

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."

From the United States Gazette.

NIAGARA.

Suggested, while standing on Termination Rock, under the sheet of water that falls over Table Rock, July 13, 1845.

I am alone amid thy tone,
Bold stream of might and pride!
I hear thy roar around me pour
Its echoes far and wide!
Above me, thy rude crags are piled,
In massive grandeur, stern and wild
While o'er thy bed dark, deep and broad
The rainbow bends—the smile of God!
Ages have roll'd and Time grown old,
And empires passed away,
Since thou didst burst, from Chaos first,
Into the light of day;
Yet 'mid the wreck that's wrought by time
Thou mighty, absolute, sublime,
In frowning majesty dost tower,
Proud emblem of thy maker's power!
I have no fear of danger here,
Above thy foaming bed,
I do not shrink the trembling brink
Of these old rocks to tread:
Away! all trivial things of Earth!
Far nobler thoughts now leap to birth—
I feel a holier presence near,
Be strong, my spirit, God is here!

His mighty hand the whole hath plann'd—
His strength these rocks hath plann'd—
His fiat hurled this watery world,
Forth in its beauty wild—
His finger stretched that bow above,
That graceful arch—his smile of love—
His voice—the thunder of this roar,
His presence speak they evermore!

THE HOUR GLASS.

By Mrs. Milner.

Mark the golden grains that pass
Brightly through this crystal glass,
Measuring by their ceaseless fall
Heaven's most precious gift to all.
Pauseless, till the sand be done,
See the silent current run,
Till its inward treasure shed
When another hour is fled:
Its task performed, its travel past,
Like mortal man it rests at last.
Yet, let some hand invert its frame
And all its powers invert the same;
For all the golden grains remain
To work their little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for man,
From which the golden current ran,
Collect again the precious sand
Which time has scattered with his hand;
Bring back life's stream with vital power
And bid it run another hour!
A thousand years of toil were vain
To gather up one single grain.

Song of the Forsaken.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

Yes, meet me in my dying hour,
When life is growing cold,
And the story of thy cruel power
Upon the heart is told.
Come, while its strings are yet awake
And trembling still for thee,
And as they quiver, ere they break,
Thy soul shall feel for me.
Go with them when they bear me out
And lay me down to rest,
Then leave me in my loneliness—
The damp sods on my breast—
Go back to her for whom ye gave
The life that once was mine;
I shall not feel, in that dark grave,
This perfidy of thine.

The Mountain Flower.

By E. M. Sidney.

Oh! sweet the blushing violet
That by the streamlet blows;
And sweet the wildwood rose—
And sweet the dainty hyacinth
That blooms in lady's bowers;
But sweeter far than all combined
Is my own mountain flower.
Though beautiful maids may crowd the hall
Where fashion reigns supreme—
Where dancers move in queenly silks,
And costly jewels gleam;
Yet none of fashion's gilded dames
O'er me have half the power
As she—al innocence and grace—
My own dear mountain flower.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.—A wise father once endeavored to teach his son the nature of inference. "Thus, for example," said he, "when we read that the deluge covered the whole earth, the inference is, that the inhabitants thereof were all drowned. Now Naaman the Syrian was commanded to wash seven times in the river Jordan—What inference would you draw from that?" "That he must have been PLAGUEY DIRTY," was the precocious one's answer.

An Address To the People of Huntingdon County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The coming election will be an important crisis in the political transactions of our county; and one in which the people must either awake to a sense of their own interest, or ignobly submit to be ruled by the wiles and stratagems of a selfish faction. It is well known that the Whig and Democratic parties, at their late Conventions, have nominated candidates for our suffrages this fall; and we are again called on to rank ourselves under our respective banners. But our reason dictates that we have long enough been whipped into the party harness, regardless of our home-interest; and too long contended blindly for names, instead of realities—for men and not principles.

It is time then, we think, to arouse from our slumbers, and rid ourselves from party thralldom, at least in our county elections. No more favorable occasion could be desired, than the present, for such action. For momentous State and National questions are so settled that it matters but little what party possesses the majority in the next Legislature. Our Congressmen will be instructed to sustain the Tariff of 1842; the credit of the State still further redeemed; our school-system supported; and our internal improvements regulated equally well by men of every political creed in Pennsylvania. Local questions must occupy the deliberations of its ensuing session, and among them will be the proposed division of Huntingdon county. This is certainly the proper opportunity to ascertain fairly the will of the people on the proposition. The true issue at stake is not whether Whiggery or Democracy shall triumph, but whether we shall have the contemplated division or no division; whether the county shall be carved up to fill the pockets of a few to the great detriment of the many; or whether taxes shall be added to taxes already almost insupportable. These the people this fall must either assent to, or indignantly reject them.

The contrivers of this measure have, for several years, succeeded in preventing popular action on it, by the foulest of intrigue. For they have annually obtained a representative by threatening the defeat of the predominant party, if it did not yield to their demands. This year they have not only taken the same preparatory step to secure one advocate for this idol of their hearts, but have devised a scheme to elect two men favorable to division. Who, that will carefully scrutinize the recent nominations, can fail to perceive a teacherous design lurking beneath them! The dullest of observers must see that if Messrs. Brewster and M'Murtrie are successful, the friends of division will stand where they did last year; or if Messrs. H. L. Patterson and A. Gwin, supposing the latter an anti-division man, are elected still they are secure. But it is certain that Mr. Gwin is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Should these men be chosen, the whole representation would be in favor of the division. Another alternative is still left the division plotters. Suppose the Whigs and Democrats of the lower end unsuspectingly cast their votes for the party tickets. May not those of the upper end unite on Messrs. M'Murtrie and H. L. Patterson and thus bring about the same unfair result? What more subtle plan could have been originated by the most adroit political gamblers to cheat those who are not accustomed to analyze the intentions of men. For, whatever way the die is cast, the division-faction cannot be worsted. No matter what combination or amalgamation of tickets takes place at the polls, that sneaking, under-handed clique is still safe. It has every thing to gain and nothing to lose.

Will you then, fellow-citizens, be so basely duped! Are you going to be driven on by the party god pell-mell to consummate this darling scheme of an interested few, inattentive to your own welfare. Look before you leap, let you plunge into the dark. Think before you act, lest you involve yourselves in inextricable difficulties. Let not the crafty and interested "trammel up the consequence" of the measure. Ask what is to be gained in the event. Will division, suppose it effected, remove or even diminish taxation in the least? How is it possible? A Court add the same number of county officers will have to be maintained in each section; and State taxes paid as usual. The inevitable result will be an increase of our present oppressive burdens. There will be more taxes and fewer people to pay them. And on whom are these to be assessed? Not on the professional man, for his peculiar situation exempts him—nor on the capitalist, since he can readily transfer them to those whom poverty has placed in his power. The laboring community must ultimately, as ever, bear the incumbrances. And shall they unconsciously lead themselves with more grievous manacles!

But they tell us that there is too much law business in the county to be transacted by one Court, and hence justice is delayed. Give us another tribunal, it will be more prompt and better administered. This is all a vain chimera. Our judiciary system itself is rotten to the core, and it is worse than folly to think to improve it by its extension. The experience of more than fifty years has demonstrated its insufficiency to answer the ends of justice and equity. It must be reformed—nay rather annihilated, and a wiser one formed. An increase of County Courts cannot amend it. It can effect it no more than create new arenas for law intrigue and chicanery; and increase the host of men, in the community, who live by entrapping their fellow citizens in the snares of law, which the

crafty of centuries have invented. Let the number of Courts rather be diminished, and justice-courts instituted, as in some of our sister States, if our Constitution permits; and if not, let it be amended, to decide the majority of cases immediately, when the evidence is clear and definite, instead of postponing them from court to court till it grows vague and doubtful. Let the immutable principles of right and wrong, almost universally comprehended, and not the false maxims and unjust decisions of our barbarous forefathers, be law. For it is most absurd for an enlightened age to regard the offspring of intellectual darkness as the canon of justice. We should discard and not cling to the errors of the past. As long as these are appealed to as the infallible guides of courts, just so long will justice necessarily be delayed and injustice in the end too often successful.

Division cannot generally enhance the value of real estate, or improve the markets. If taxes are increased or even remain the same, the value of property will vary but little. Our markets change with those of our great Commercial markets and hence cannot be sensibly altered by creating more County-towns.

Where then will be the advantage of that measure? Who is to be benefited by it? Perhaps, the owners of lots and houses in the new shire-town may be enriched. Public meetings and Courts may add to the yearly income of the tavern keeper or rum-seller—the merchants custom—and the practice of the lawyer and doctor. But will the toiling thousands, who labor in the fields, woods mines and workshops in the heat of summer and the inclemency of winter, have their condition improved in the least? By no means. No such generous design was intended by its divisors. Office-seekers and money-grubbers are too solicitous for their own interest to be concerned about those, who make havoc of their bones and sinews in subjugating the hills and vales to cultivation—in extracting the rich treasures of nature from the bowels of the earth—and afterwards rendering them subservient to the wants of man.

The time has arrived when those, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, should manfully refuse to be ridden rough-shod by a pampered few; and trample on schemes concocted for local instead of general prosperity. If the majority of the citizens of "Old Huntingdon" desire its division let them say so at the ballot-box,—for it is the mouth-piece of the people. We ask no favors from the people of Hollidaysburg, and its vicinity, but we demand that our right of suffrage, bought by the blood of the Revolution and consecrated by more than half a century of its uninterrupted exercise, shall be untrammeled. Under present circumstances we are denied that privilege. And we are reduced to the unpleasant alternative, either to be absent from the polls, or vote for men, whose principles of State and national policy are synonymous with our own, yet pledged to support a measure directly, as we firmly believe, at variance with our own interest and the good of the community in general. We only ask division men to rally around their own standard, and we will stand by ours, for we are tired of fighting under mongrel colors.

To extricate ourselves from this difficulty, and afford an opportunity, for a clear and unbiased expression of the peoples will we have risen in rebellion to our party tickets. And we call upon you, Fellow Citizens, for once to bury the party hatchet—to fling away the petty animosity, engendered by a conflict of political opinions, and act in concert for your welfare. The division of your county is a matter of vital importance now; and other questions are of minor consideration. On this let your votes be pro and con. And which ever way it may be decided let the minority quietly submit to the majority for that is the spirit of republicanism.

A Citizen of Franklin Township.

A QUIETUS FOR CROSS BABIES.—By this we do not mean knocking their brains out against the bed post, nor any thing of the sort. Nor do we mean giving them pargoric, Daffy's elixir, Dally's carminative, black drop, or any poison. The only requisite to quiet the squalling, quessing, miserable little wretch of a baby, is that it shall possess a nose. In the midst of its screaming, press your finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of that useful organ, and in less than two minutes it will be asleep. The eastern paper from whence this important discovery is derived, says in one minute, but we allow two, to prevent any disappointment.

Not many years ago, a pair of miserable lead horses, that looked as though the next gust of wind would take them into the air, and who were already waiting to have their *understanding* secured by a few nails, attracted the attention of a wag, while passing by a blacksmith's shop. The fellow paused a moment, and examined these objects of anatomy, then stepped into the shop. "Do you build horses sir?" "Build horses!" exclaimed the astonished son of Vulcan, taking off his paper cap and lengthening down his round good-natured face—"build horses sir! what do you mean?" "Why," replied the wag, "I saw a couple of frames standing at the door, and I thought I'd just enquire."

A SLAVE'S ANSWER.—A fugitive from slavery was asked if he was not well fed and clothed?—Yes. Was his master kind to him? Yes. Was he over-worked? No. Then go back to your master, you were better off than you are in freedom. "Gentlemen," he replied, "the place I left, with all its advantages, is open to any of you that want to fill it."

French Military Glory.

Our neighbors seem more than half ashamed of the last exploit of their African heroes. If the story of the Kabyles of Dahra, smoked in their caves like bees in a hive, open their eyes to the real character of warlike glory, it will be a blessing for themselves and humanity at large. There is much in the modern history of France to palliate the national craze for feats of arms. The proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick in the early period of the Revolution justified an intense burst of national indignation; and the repeated triumphs of armies composed almost exclusively of private soldiers and raw levies commanded for the most part by impromptu officers, over the veterans of all Europe commanded by the most experienced generals of Germany and Italy aided by the renegade generals of France, were indicated by stimulents. The aggressions of the Empire—not always unprovoked—were the natural consequence of such a state of mind; and the reverses of the Peninsula and Russia, the defeat at Leipsic, and the invasion and conquest of France, were less calculated to disgust a high spirited people with war than to inspire them with yearnings to reassert their lost ascendancy. At the bottom of French aggressions their lurks this chivalrous spirit—they fight for honor, not for hatred or plunder. But the indulgence of a sentiment, however specious, at the expense of the peace and happiness of unoffending neighbors, is a crime. No neighboring nation seeks to injure France; no neighboring nation presumes or affects to look down upon France. French complaints of English aggressions are desperate attempts at self-delusion, to efface their compunctious visitings before troubling the peace of the world to efface the recollection of Waterloo. We read of heroes cursed of the intemperate thirst for military glory by walking over a deserted battle field. The grottoes of Dahra, with their thousand corpses, babes at the mother's breasts among the number—writhe and contorted into every variety of agonized expression—the unclean birds pouncing into the recesses of the caverns and bearing off the goblets of roasted human flesh—will haunt the dreams of the Parisian yelpers for war, and be to them what the day after the battle has before now been to the young and thoughtless warrior.—*London Spectator.*

PRESENT FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO ETON COLLEGE.—The folio volume presented by His Majesty the King of Prussia to Eton College, a short time since, was exhibited to the Provost's distinguished visitors on Monday last, while they were assembled in the library previously to the grand banquet in the hall of the college. This curious work, which is in large folio, and beautifully printed on vellum, containing 156 pages, is magnificently bound in purple velvet, inlaid with massive ornaments of solid gold and of curious and elaborate workmanship. This royal present to the college authorities is described in the letter which accompanied it from His Excellency the Prussian Minister as being "one of the only two copies on vellum of the edition of the 'Niebelungen' in great folio struck off as a monument of typography at the centenary festival of Gutenberg's invention in one hundred copies only. The two on vellum were struck off for the King and Queen of Prussia." The copy intended for the King of Prussia was presented by His Majesty to Eton College, and the other copy has been placed in the royal library at the Palace of Berlin. The following is a translation of the German inscription on the first leaf of the book, in the handwriting of the Prussian Sovereign:—"To Eton School—The guardian of the hope of the rising generation, the promoter of all that is good and noble, the preserver of old Saxon intellect, this hero poem of the German people, and memorial of the jubilee of a German invention, is presented, in memory of his visit in January, 1842, and in gratitude for his affectionate reception, by Frederick William, King of Prussia. Berlin, June 18, 1844.

Several years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly. Several young ladies were in debate, going over the list—he is Lord viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c. "My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieut. N., "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah," exclaimed they eagerly, "what is that?" "He is *Barren of Intellect*," was the reply.

Judge Richardson, in going the western Circuit, had a great stone thrown at him, which, as he happened to stoop at the moment, passed clear over his head. "You see," he said to his friends who congratulated him on his escape, "you see, if I had been an upright judge, I had been slain."

"HERE, fellow, hold this horse!" "Does he kick?" "Kick! no! take hold of him." "Does he bite?" "Bite! no! take hold of the bridle, I say." "Does he take two to hold him?" "No!" "Then hold him yourself."

A SIMPLE Hibernian tar, a great favorite with Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock: "God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor any man ever killed me; God bless the world and the British Navy."

Use thyself to this thought: If I have but enough for myself and family; I am steward only for myself. If I have more, I am but a steward of that abundance for others.—*Dr. Fuller.*

Love by Telegraph.

The telegraph, it is said, is used, at the present time, for the consummation of quite an extraordinary business transaction. A gentleman of this city, as the story runs, and a beautiful heiress in Baltimore, whom he likes better than himself, not caring to have their *sentiments* tumbled about in the mail and post office, have substituted one letter of the alphabet, as expressed by the telegraph, for another—wholly different from Morse's—which is unintelligible, not only to the rest of the world, but to the superintendents themselves. Their messages are handed in at the telegraph office, where the superintendent plays the automaton over them; and, at the opposite end, he carefully folds the long strips of paper, on which all the various letters have been accurately impressed by the telegraph machine, and sends them to the party to whom they are addressed. Thus they talk to each other any day, any hour of the day they choose. The other day one of these curious *love letters* fell into "old Papa's" hands, intended for his daughter. The old man is very hostile to the *amercation* which he has a suspicion his daughter is bent on forming. He put on his spectacles and scrutinized the mysterious budget. Then he took them off, wiped them, and examined it again. It was all Greek to him.

"Jule," said he, "what's all this about?" "That! Pa? O, that's only some paper from the telegraph office." "Yes," said he, "I know it from the telegraph office, but what are all these marks upon it?" "Those are made, you know," she replied, "as the paper passes through the machine." "They are," said he, very significantly. "Well, what do they mean?" "Ia! now, Pa," said she, "you must think I can read Chinese;"—and she absolutely laughed the old gentleman out of countenance. "I should just like to know," he continued, "what this reads, and I will step to the telegraph office, and get them to translate it." "Do, father," said the dutiful daughter, "and please ask them why they send so much of it to me." "They send it to you, do they?" said he, "Yes, yes!"—and he did enquire, and tried in vain to find it out, the secret was as safe as silver in an iron safe. This may be the first private alphabet which has been devised for to carry on a speculation in secret, but it will not be the last.—*Washington Bee.*

Washington Loved his Mother.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Frederickburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a tettering disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her. "The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—Here the matron interrupted him. "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign to you; go my son; and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow, on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction and discipline, had prepared him to reach the utmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of 85, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

Remember this story, little children. Washington, you know was a great man. I shall never expect to see any little boy become a great man who does not love his mother.

SIMPLICITY.—The more I see of the world, the more I am satisfied that simplicity is inseparably the companion of true greatness. I never yet knew a truly great man—a man that overtopped his fellow-men—who did not possess a certain playful almost infantile simplicity. True greatness never struts or stiffs, or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part like other men, in the common amusements and business of mankind. It is not afraid of being undervalued for its humility.—*Paulding.*

From the Pittsburg American.

Cure for a Foundered Horse.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal says, that if a horse is foundered over night; he may be cured in three hours if it is attended to in the morning. Take a pint of hog's lard and heat it boiling hot, and after cleaning his hoof well, taking off his shoe; put his foot in the lard, and with a spoon apply it to all parts of the hoof, as near the hair as possible. This he says, he has tried for more than fifty years, and never knew it to fail. The application should be on the foot of each foundered limb.

As the founder is a high fever, pervading the blood throughout the whole body to the tips of the hair on his mane, the hogs fat in which the foot is to be boiled can effect but a partial cure. A more effective, more rational and certain one is by immediate and copious bleeding at the mouth. If stiffness continues, apply the lancet to the neck and limbs. We have had a badly foundered horse, until he healed, and rode him on our way next morning.

They will talk to you of water founder and feed founder, who know nothing of the disease. The horse is always foundered before he gets either—the water only striking it more directly into the limbs. It is the fever arising from suffering that produces founder—either from over work—want of water or food—or possibly by an excess of the latter, which a horse never takes when well, having too much sense to eat like a glutton. The true way to avoid foundering a horse is, when riding him on a journey, to feed him over night with what he will eat—in the morning to give him water by all means before you have ridden three miles—and this if you have to leave the main road to a farm house and draw it from the well. When brought from the stable, the horse is cool and will drink but little—in the first two miles ride he becomes warmed and with it arises a desire to drink—this, if denied, soon produces suffering, and if the horse has ever been so before, he will be foundered again before reaching the fifth mile. If more hardy he will stand it a few miles further; but if watered as here directed, he is safe from founder all that day. Many horses are foundered and others greatly injured from a disregard of these rules. It is the want of water, not the application of it, that founders—the latter only exhibits the disease more quickly, which then settles in the extremities, the feet; but copious and timely bleeding will carry it off before fastening there.

A Monster Serpent.

The Sea Serpent is no longer a doubtful character. The monster bones found by Dr. Koch some months ago in Alabama, have been put in order for exhibition, at the Apollo in Broadway. They are arranged just as they were found imbedded and petrified in the chalk and limestone. They are all in a remarkable state of preservation, and some of them almost as perfect as if but just taken from the animal. The spinal bones, as now arranged, measure one hundred and fourteen feet in length, and the animal must have measured at least one hundred and twenty-five feet. Thirty-two of the ribs, apparently about half the whole number, have been recovered in a good state, and prove that this enormous snake must have measured twenty-five feet in circumference. Although found on far in land, the monster no doubt belonged to the deep, and was thrown out of his element, to die where he was found, by some convulsion of the earth. A scientific gentleman who came in and examined the teeth and bones, said the animal was evidently a *catfish*, and far from being mature in its growth. In his day, however, he would have fully sustained all that has been said of the sea serpent off our Atlantic coast.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A lady brought a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him upon its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the Springs would be useful?

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the Springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy the better!" "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?" "Upon my word, it's the best remedy I know of." "What Springs would you recommend, Doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water!"

The Heart.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous,—yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous thronged—the desolate,
The seat of love, the fair of hate—
Self-strung and self-defied!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the human heart.

A person, being arrested for a large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often professed a great friendship for him, to beg he would bail him. "The other sent back a note, to the effect that he had promised never to be bail for any body." "I will tell you, however, what you may do," added he; "you may get somebody else, if you can."

A countryman sowing his ground; two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him in an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."