

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 2, No. 41.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., OCTOBER 29, 1845.

Whole No. 509

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

REYNOLDS, KERR & ALLISON
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
Dealers in Country Produce,
NO. 204 MARKET ST.
(Next door to the Hotel.)
PHILADELPHIA.

COUNTRY Merchants and others purchasing Groceries, are invited to call and examine our new and extensive stock, where they will find every article in the Grocery line, at SMALL ADVANCES ABOVE IMPORTATION PRICES.
Being a new house, we are determined not to be undersold by any other establishment in the city.
COUNTRY Produce will be taken in payment for Groceries, and sold to the best possible advantage. No charge.
Aug. 27, 1845—3m

Watches, Jewelry
AND
SILVER WARE.
THE subscribers offer an assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches of their own Importation, Silver Spoons, Forks, Teaspoons, and every article of Silver work of their own manufacture. Also watch chains, S. & W. Keys, Fine Gold Breast Pins, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spectacles, Pencils, Diamond pointed Gold Pens; together with a general assortment of Ladies' Jewelry, Plat'd Castors, Cake Baskets, C. & L. Sticks, Fancy Bags, Purses, Fans, Buttoned ware in sets and single pieces; Silver Pure Clasp, Combs Hair Pins, Fancy head ornaments, &c., &c., sold at the lowest Cash prices.—Watches repaired.
J & W. L. WARD
No. 106 Chestnut street, opposite the Franklin House.
Philadelphia, August 5, 1845.

Orphan's Court Sale.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Huntingdon county, there will be exposed to sale or public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on **Friday the 31st day of October next**, at 11 o'clock in the afternoon, a certain sugar plantation and tract of land, situated in Springfield township, Huntingdon county, bounded by lands of Geo. Taylor, on the east, Mr. Cremer on the south, Elisha S. Green on the west, and Wm. Taylor on the north, containing 136 acres, more or less, with the improvements late the estate of Jacob Baker, Sr., late of said township, dec'd.
TERMS OF SALE.—One half the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of sale, and the residue within one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.
By the Court, JOHN REED, Clerk.
Attendance will be given by the undersigned.
JACOB BAKER, Adm'r.
JOHN BAKER, Adm'r.
For any information enquire of David Blair, Atty for the estate.
September 24, 1845.

Carpetings, Floor Cloths, &c.
At the "Cheap Store," No. 41, Strawberry Street, Philadelphia.

WE would call the attention of persons in want of New Carpet, &c., to the fact of our being enabled to sell goods at very low prices, because, in our present location, our rent and other expenses are very light; and we offer for this season an excellent assortment of

Carpetings,
Beautiful Improved Grain, and Venetian of every variety.
Floor Oil Cloths,
From 2 to 24 ft wide, cut, in 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 22 ft long, in all colors, Floor Mats, Star Rds, Mats, &c., wholesale or retail, at the low prices.
A supply of low priced carpets, from 31 to 50 cents per yard, always on hand.
ELDRIDGE & BROTHER,
No. 41, Strawberry street, one door above Chestnut st., near Second st., Philad'a.
Sept. 10, 1845.

A Card.
CLEMENS & BAKER.
Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturers of Copal Varnish, also, sole Agents for the Franklin Window Glass Works.
We have in our warehouse engaged in the manufacture of Copal Varnish, as well as other kinds, we are now prepared to offer to purchasers an article which in quality cannot be surpassed in the Union.
Also, receiving weekly, from the above celebrated works, Window Glass of every size.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of White Lead of the most approved brands, together with a large stock of Dyes, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Indigo, &c. Stuffs, Colours, Brims, S. Gold Leaf, Dutch Metal, Camell Oil, Hair Pencils, Paint Brushes, Pallet Knives, &c., &c., comprising every article in this line.
All which will be sold at the lowest possible prices, by CLEMENS & BAKER,
No. 187, North 3d st., one door above Wood, Philadelphia.
Sept. 10, 1845.

Hardware! Hardware!!
(George Ogelsby.) (R. F. Kelker.)
R. F. KELKER & CO.,
No. 5, SOUTH FRONT ST., HARRISBURG.
RESPECTFULLY offers to the citizens of Huntingdon, and all the country roundabout—a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE,
Nails, White Lead, Oils, Paints, Window Glass 7 by 9 to 24 by 36 Varnishes, Building Materials, Bar, Round Hoop and Sheet Iron; Cast, Shear, Blister and Spring Steel; Anvils, Vices, Smith Bellows, Iron and Brass Wire, Spelter, Sheet Zinc, Copper, Block Tin and Bar Lead; Electric Steel Springs, Saddlery, Coach Laces and Trimmings; Mess, Carved Hair and Hair Sealing, Hagskins and Patent Leather; Lamps of the most approved kind for burning either Sperm Oil or Lard, Stoves for Flour, Grain and Coal; Wire Screen for Windmills; Machine Carcass, Mahogany Planks, Boards, Veneers, and Carvings. Also—

Lead Pipe
of every size, weight and calibre. But few persons in the community sufficiently appreciate the value of Lead Pipe, in conducting water from springs at a distance to their dwellings—a convenience unknown but to those who possess it. Any information respecting the same will be cheerfully given.
We offer the above and all other articles in our line, on the most reasonable terms, and hope that when you come to Harrisburg, you may give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell as low as any other house in town.

N. B. Country Merchants will be supplied at a very small advance over city prices.
RUDOLPH F. KELKER & Co.
Aug. 27, 1845—tf.

GARD!
DR. J. H. DORSEY,
HAVING removed from Williamsburg to Huntingdon, would inform the community that he designs to continue the practice of medicine, and will be thankful for their patronage. Residence and office formerly occupied by R. Allison, Esq.
N. B. Having been successful in accomplishing the cure of a number of cancers, (for which vouchers can be had if required) he feels confident of success in the most obstinate cases, and should he fail in curing no charge will be made.
Huntingdon, April 27, 1845.

Estate of WILLIAM ELDER,
late of Huntingdon, dec'd.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration De bono non upon the said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims or demands against the same are requested to make them known without delay, and all persons indebted to make immediate payment to DAVID SNARE, Administrator.
Huntingdon, Sept. 2, 1845.

THE ONLY REMEDY.
All the newspapers are full of patent remedies for coughs, colds, consumption and various other diseases which flesh is heir to, proceeding from wet feet; but all experienced teachers that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," and, having the means of furnishing the former article on short notice, therefore

Charles S. Black
respectfully informs the good citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, and the public generally, that he still continues the

Boot and Shoe-making
business, at his old stand in All-gleny street, one door west of William Stewart's Store, in the borough of Huntingdon, where he has lately received a large assortment of new and fashionable lasts, on which he guarantees to finish his work not only according to the latest styles, but in a workmanlike manner, and according to order.
He employs none but the best and most experienced workmen, and by strict attention to business and punctuality in promises, he hopes to deserve and receive a liberal share of custom.
WANTED—An APPRENTICE to the above business—a boy of 15 or 17 years of age will be preferred, and find a good situation if application be made soon.
CHARLES S. BLACK,
Huntingdon, April 23, 1845.

Now is the Time.
The subscriber hereby notifies all persons indebted to him for subscription to the Huntingdon Journal, and for jobbing, advertising, &c., that he desires them to pay up as soon as they find it convenient to themselves to do so, if not sooner. All who pay subscriptions during or before the next November Court will be charged but \$2 00 a year—and those who delay beyond that time will be compelled to pay according to the terms of the paper \$2 50 a year. The undersigned published the Journal 3 years and 6 months, ending the 1st of July last, so that those who received the paper all the while, and paid nothing yet, are required to pay \$7 00 if paid before the termination of the November Court, or \$8 75 if delayed beyond that period, and those who have paid part will be charged the balance in the same proportion.
THEO. H. CREMER,
September 10, 1845.

A. W. BENEDICT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—HUNTINGDON, Pa. (Office at his old residence in Main street, a few doors West of the Court House.) A. W. B. will attend to any business entrusted to him in the several courts of Huntingdon and adjoining counties. April 30, 1845—tf.

J. SEWELL STEWART,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTINGDON, Pa.
Office in Main street, three doors west of Mr. Buoy's Jewellers establishment.
February 14, 1846—tf.

Jewelry! Jewelry!! Jewelry!!!

JUST received, a stock of the most magnificent Jewelry ever brought to this city. Consisting of Gold PATENT LEVERS, Ladies' GOLD ANCHOR LEVERS, full jewelled SILVER PATENT LEVERS, and single cased SILVER ANCHOR LEVERS, full jewelled, double and single cased ENGLISH WATCHES, Imitation Levers, QUARTER and FRENCH WATCHES &c. &c. Also—

Gold Tob Chains, and Seals,
of the most fashionable patterns. Gold Pencils, Spectacles, Guard Chains, Keys, Bracelets set with topaz, Malachite, Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Brooch Pins, set with topaz, amethyst &c. &c. Miniature Cases, Silk Boxes, Coral Beads, Pocket Books, Musical Boxes, Mathematical Instruments, Silver Spectacles, Table Spoons, Tea and Salt Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Low down patent Silver Pencils, Razors of the finest quality, HENRY CLAY penknives, a superior article, Steel Pens, Spy Glasses, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Plating Points, &c. &c. All the above articles will be sold cheaper than ever heretofore.

Clock and Watch repairing done as usual, very cheap for cash.
A large assortment of eight day and thirty hour Clocks will be sold very cheap.
All watches sold will be warranted for one year, and a written guarantee given, that if not found equal to warranty it will (during that period) be put in order without expense, or if injured, may be exchanged for any other watch of equal value. The warranty considered void, should the watch, with which it is given, be put into the hands of another watch maker.
D. BUOY,
Huntingdon, April 10, 1844.

Executors' Notice.
Estate of CONRAD FLECK, (late of Tyrone Twp., Huntingdon county dec'd.)
NOTICE is hereby given, that letters testamentary upon the last will of said dec'd have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement to
DAVID FLECK, Jr. & JACOB FLECK, Jr. Executors
September 20, 1845—6c.

Administrators' Notice.
Estate of GEORGE RUDY (late of Jackson Twp.) Huntingdon county, dec'd.
LETTERS of administration on the said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them properly authenticated for settlement to
HENRY RUDY, Adm'r.
Jackson Twp., S. pt. 17, 1845—6c.

Orphan's Court Sale.
In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court the following described Real Estate, will be exposed at Public Sale, on the premises, late the residence of Burton DeForest, dec'd, in God township Huntingdon County, **On Thursday the 30th day of October next.**
The one undivided half part of four adjoining tracts of Land, one surveyed in the name of William Hooper—one in the name of James Miller—one in the name of John Miller—and one in the name of James Rankin, containing
Sixteen Hundred and Seven Acres, and Sixty four Perches and allowance be the same more or less, adjoining lands of Jacob Banet, David Long, the heirs of John Taylor, and John Leary and others there being thereon two small separate improvements—and thereon erected a Log House two and a half stories high, partly finished—a Cabin House—large Log Barn—about sixty acres cleared—there is also a few Apple orchards, and a fine Water Power for a Mill or other Machinery—a vein of excellent Bituminous coal, which has been opened and partially worked—the same. The Public Road leading from James Entenkin's to Springfield township, runs through the same.
Terms of Sale.—To be one half Cash on the confirmation of the Sale, and the residue within one year thereafter, to be secured by bonds and Mortgage of the purchaser. By the Court.
JOHN REED, Clerk.
ISAAC C. TAYLOR,
Adm'r of Burton DeForest, dec'd.
September 17, 1845—ts.

One Cent Reward.
RAN away from the subscriber about the last of August, an indented servant girl, named Sarah Mullolland, she is but fifteen years of age, has a sallow, ill-looking countenance. She had on when she went away a new dark calico dress, pink bonnet, light blue boots, and to her with her own clothing. All persons are hereby forbidden harboring her as they will be prosecuted, should they be discovered. Any person returning said Sarah, to the subscriber, on the Warm Spring Road, 34 miles from Huntingdon, shall receive the above reward but change will be paid.
ELIZABETH HERGESHEIMER,
Sept. 24, 1845—3c.

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to the subscriber for medical attendance rendered themselves and their families, are hereby requested to please come and settle their accounts by this time and the thirtieth day of October next, as after that time he intends to leave all unsettled accounts in the hands of the proper officer for collection.
J. B. LUDEN,
Huntingdon, July 10, 1845.

POETRY.

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

Thoughts of Heaven.
No sickness there—
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shinking from the midnight air,
No dread of Summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.
Care has no home,
In all the realms of ceaseless prayer and song!
Its billows break away and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng:

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wallings blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender flower fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame:
No moon is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!

Let us depart
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up thou striken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

From the New York Mirror.
To a Wooded Lady.
A fair cloud skirted the sky,
Just tinged with a golden hue,
And a bright little star, like an Angel's eye,
Seemed modestly gleaming through.

And I gazed with unceasing delight,
The scene was lovely and new—
The cloud was so fair and so mellow the light
Of the star that was beaming through!

There were other bright watchers around,
That were shining more brilliantly far,
But my gaze was unconsciously bound
To the cloud, and the cloud-contained star!

Thus modestly proffers a spell
That no language can ever define,
Yet I feel it, and know it full well,
In those soft, trembling glances of thine.

Unlike the bold gazing of Pride,
Thine eye has an holier light,
Like nothing I know of beside
The star on the brow of the night!

The Heiress.
A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen haired little girl, used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child and commonly reported to be rich. Often and often I sat for a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my bosom. Such was Eliza Huntly, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognise her face, but my friend who was by my side pulled my elbow. "Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived to ether in Walnut street?" I did remember it was herself.

She used to be fond he said, of treating her little circle of friends with romances—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life; under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some, she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity, however, the current, and as we generally believed, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number not a few serious courtiers.
She did not wait long before a young gentleman, on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little; but they were sitting in a room

light parlor; and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference; but that there was one matter which should be understood before, by giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise.

"Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not, for the world, have you labor under a mistake on that point. I am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. "Eighteen hundred dollars!" he repeated, in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; "yes, ma'am," said he, awkwardly, "I did understand you were worth a good deal more; but—"

"No sir," she replied, "no excuse nor apologies; think about what I have told you; you are embarrassed now; answer me another time," and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went the next day to her guardian to inquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too, came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her estate; but applying the same crucible to the lava he offered, she found the like result. He too, left her—and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches, she thought that she discovered more of the timid diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. He did not check his hopes—and in process of time, he too, made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent: "It is to virtue, worth and beauty," said he, "that I pay my court—not to fortune. In you I will obtain what is worth more than gold."

She was most disagreeably disappointed. They were married, and the union was solemnized; she made him master of herself.

"I am, indeed, worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him; "but I never said how much more; and I hope never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel at this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

It is actually so—but still her husband often tells her that in her he possesses a far nobler fortune.—
The Review.

AUTUMN.
The seasons, revolving their annual round, once more bring in those "melancholy days," denominated by the poet "the saddest of the year." They are so: and the inquiry naturally arises, why is it that occasions those pensive and often gloomy feelings that pervade the thinking mind at this season of the year? In the true lover of nature, the cause may readily be traced to a sympathizing heart. He who has watched her from the first blooming of her springtime flowers, through the blossoming of her summer roses; who caught a glimpse of her earliest budding plant, and observed through all its periods, the putting forth of the luxuriant forest-tree; who has beheld, with the purest delight, her thousand varied charms, and listened with transport to the delicious warblings of her woodland songsters;—why should he not feel sad when all nature seems hastening to decay.

He has seen the sweet primrose and daisy disappear, and the last rose of Summer, nipped by the biting frost, rapidly fading before him, and the gay notes of the feathered tribe, which were wont to arouse him at early dawn, or cheer his steps at sunset hour, dying gradually away, as one by one these charming minstrels hasten afar to southern climes, soon to greet his ear no more. Still he seeks from time to time the endeared retreats of nature, and standing on some eminence whence he may survey the surrounding prospect, he beholds the fields naked and desolate, the forests stripped of their green foliage, and every thing around wearing a sickly, death-like hue. Meanwhile he hears no sound, perchance, save the autumnal winds, as they moan through the deserted halls of nature, plainly breathing a dirge for the dying year. A feeling of sadness then comes over him, and deeply meditating, he turns away to weep.

But to him, and to all, there is another cause for melancholy reflections at this time. Contemplating the constant and rapid changes of the seasons, we are led to consider that our periods of existence are swiftly passing, that the autumn of our days will quickly speed by, when the winter of age coming on, we shall soon be nipped by the chilly blasts of Death, and take our final slumber in his cold embrace.

As we see the vegetable kingdom—that lately appeared in all its richness and beauty, decorating the earth, and yielding plentiful sustenance for the flocks and herds of the field—now drooping and perishing, the thought is suggested that
"So flourish and fade majestic man;" while at the same time, the language of the beautiful poet of the "Seasons," admonishingly addresses itself to us:

"Pass some few years,
Thy flowery spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn, fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene!"

The profit on the sales of old iron, the indignation of a hen, and the interest on a printer's money, are no great shakes.

Good Looking.

A book, recently published, contains a specific for making homely girls look handsome, and handsome girls look still handsomer. We quote a portion, for the benefit of our lady readers, young and old:—

"Her-sonne is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls! was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus, which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather around you.—Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace—which passeth show, rests over it, softening and melting its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.—Hold up your heads, girls! I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which you otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a Northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained woman of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Segoe, as they sang their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." O! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvass, speculate as we may on its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all! The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

Young Men help Yourselves.
"Providence," we are told, "helps them who help themselves." A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart. Passing on through life, you will find many a stream that will cross your path but don't set down and mourn. If you can't wade across, throw in stones to stand upon, or bring in a dead tree from the forest and you will soon be safe on the other side. To-day you are opposed to your project.—Don't stop—don't go back—meet the opposer—persevere and you will conquer.—Providence will assist you. You failed in business—come out from under the load-stool of despondency and try it again. If you don't help yourself and persevere you will do nothing, and be punished at by every pauper and beggar with crutches that passes along. Your friends have died—bury them—but don't linger in the church-yard mourning because they are gone and going. Up with you—wipe off your tears and go to work and be happy—'tis the only way.

In fine, help yourselves in all places—at all times, and Providence will assist you, smile on you, and make life a scene of active enjoyment and real pleasure.

An Infidel's End.
Mirabeau, like all the leading names of France for the last century, was an Infidel; it was the melancholy fancy of the time, and considered essential to the reputation of all who pretended to philosophy. There was but little in the religion of the laic to rebuke the evil spirit—and its name was legion. His last effort, when his speech failed him, was a request on his tablets—"Death is but a sleep," and to write for some opium to extinguish his life and pains together. Still, even in this fatal insensibility to all that constitutes the greatness of the dying mind, and of those illustrious hopes and feelings which to Christians throw their light across the grave, the sinking man of genius showed some of that brilliancy which had once given him such distinction among his countrymen. "Take away from my sight," said he, "all those funeral looking things. Why should man be surrounded by the grave before it is time? Give me flowers, let me have essences, arrange my dress. Let me hear music, and let me close mine eyes in harmony."—But this passed away with the return of pain, and he once more asked for opium to end the struggle. The physician, to quiet his mind, gave him some water in a cup, telling him that it was opium.—He swallowed it, dropped back upon his pillow, and was dead.—*Mirror of Christian Evidence.*

Several friends were conversing a few evenings since, when the clock struck eleven. "It is time," said one, "that honest men were a bed." "That may be," said another, "but you need not be in any hurry on that account."

A lady looking at the review, was asked if she was partial to military training, to which she replied, she liked exceedingly the officers' school.