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TERMS.

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POETRY.

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

The Bride's Farewell.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Why do I weep, to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend?
The myrtle, yet, oh! call it mine!
The flowers I love to tend?
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh! therefore let me weep.

I leave thee, sister! We have play'd
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er the fount and the bower!
Yes! thou and I, by stream by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more:
Kind sister let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet!
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! On thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changes; yet I go!
Lips that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep—
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother let me weep!

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he!
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His looks are intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.
Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have death,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of thy sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

Tomato Wine.

The Tomato appears to be one of the universality, and approaches man in every shape. Tomato pills—food and physic—was the rage a few years ago, and now we hear of tomato wine—victuals and drink. To make tomato wine, the following recipe is given in the Prairie Farmer:

"To one quart of juice, put a pound of sugar, and clarify it, as for sweetmeats.—The above is very much improved by adding a small proportion of the juice of the compton grape. The subscriber believes this wine far better and much safer for a tonic or other medicinal uses than the wine generally sold as Port Wine, &c., for such purposes. It is peculiarly adapted to some diseases and states of the system, and is particularly recommended for derangements of the liver."

ASSURANCE.—Scene, a corn-field; men with hoes; time, eleven o'clock, A. M.
Enter Squire, the owner of the field.
One of the men speaks; Squire, it's eleven o'clock you know, and we are thirsty, and the Scripture says: "If any man thirst, let him come and drink."
Squire: Aye, but the Scripture also says "Hoc, quod quisque bibit, bibit in seipsum."

From the Ladies' National Magazine. WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"DEAR Earnest, do lay aside your law papers. I declare I shall not suffer you," continued his wife playfully, "to be devoted to anything but myself." Her husband looked up from the huge brief, with the wearied look of one almost worn out by incessant mental labor, but a smile instantly came over his face as he met the eyes of his sweet wife.

"Then you will break your promise, Belle," he said, "for you know I told you, when we married, that the law would be thereafter my mistress, almost as much as yourself."

"So you did. But you are ruining your health by this close application, and as I made no contract for that, you must give up these papers for tonight. You toil too hard; I did not think of this when we married, or I would not have been so selfish," she said with a sigh.

"Nay, nay, Belle," replied her husband, pushing back his chair from the table, and affectionately taking the hand of his wife between both of his, "there is no need to reproach yourself. If I work hard it is because I am ambitious. For your sake I am resolved to win a foremost place at the bar, and with it opulence; but instead of repining at the toil that lies before me, I bless God that you have been the means to force it on me. What would I have been but the idle spendthrift I was fast becoming, if I had remained my uncle's heir and married Helen Weston? It was my love for you, which procuring my disinheritance, made me what I am!"

"Ah, had I but known it in time—had you only told me that you sacrificed fortune for me—"

"You would have refused me. You have said the same a dozen times before, Belle, and I know you too well to doubt your word. It was for that very reason I did not tell you. Had I informed you that my uncle would cut me off without a shilling if I married you, a mistaken pride would have led you to cancel our engagement. And what would have been the consequence? Neither of us would have been happy; for ours was not the love of children, but of adults, an affection founded on a knowledge of each others character and not on boyish and girlish caprice, Whom God has thus joined us together, in spirit, let no man put asunder; and we should have been acting criminally had we broken our plighted troth to gratify the unreasonable and tyrannical whim of my uncle."

"But he was your nearest relative—"

"Granted. But had he been my father, it would have been the same. No one goes further than I do in upholding the rights of parents; and, as a general rule, their commands, even on the subject of marriage, should be implicitly followed. Yet, in this case, there was no possible objection to you except your poverty. Now, as I look at the matter, this was my affair. If I choose to toil hard with you for my wife, instead of living a rich drone as Helen Weston's husband, it was my business and that of no other person whatever. Besides I knew she was not fit for a wife, at least for me; vain, haughty, and ill-tempered, life with her would have been a constant scene of bickering. Nay, do not try to defend her—I know your good-nature would make the best of every one—I will, if it please you, say no more of her; but I thank heaven that you and not Helen is my wife."

"Ah! Earnest, how shall I ever repay you for all you have sacrificed!"

"By saying nothing of it. Why, my dear, I have sacrificed nothing for you. On the contrary, all I have of fame or fortune, I owe to you. When I first won your love I was an idle man of fashion, the heir expectant of thousands a year; I spent my time at the theatre, the billiard rooms or the racetrack. Without being actually deprived I was fast becoming so. It is true I had no taste for low dissipation, but I was idle, and time hanging heavily on my hands, I sought amusement any and everywhere. Believe me, the path of a rich young man is set thick with temptation. I was already acquiring a passion for play, when chance threw me in the circle where you moved. It was a passing whim, I then thought, that led me to pay a visit to your country town, but I now believe it was a direct interference on the part of Providence, who will not suffer a sparrow to fall without taking account of it. I saw you and loved. At first my gay companions tried to laugh me out of my passion; but every day showed me more and more of your amiability, modesty and correct principles. You know the rest. I chose wisely in abandoning a fortune that would have made me a sloth, and might have been my ruin."

"But it pains me when I see you toiling thus.—You will injure your health by over-application.—Let us be contented with less."

"Calm your fears, dearest. My health sustains no injury, and it is only for the past week that my application has been so severe. This mass of papers belongs to a very complicated and important case which I was anxious to master, for it will be the reputation of any one man thoroughly to understand it, and I consider myself fortunate in being retained. It shows that my fame is extending and that I am no longer a drone in society, but an honored and useful citizen. We should all do some good; we owe it to our fellow creatures; and I feel far happier since I have been able, by means of my profession to redress injuries and right the wronged. I know you sometimes think I overwork myself, and that I do it for your sake; but it is not wholly so: I toil now from a sense of duty, and enjoy a supreme pleasure in doing so. I have done

enough, however, for to-night—I think I thoroughly comprehend the case—so we will lay aside the papers. But next week I shall expect you to be very proud of me, for I intend to win this, my first great case, in the teeth of the opinion expressed by our oldest lawyers: and if I do so, it will restore an estate to a widow and her children, who have been defrauded of it by a miserly old man, who does not hesitate to say he has the letter of the will in his favor, and cares nothing for its spirit. But we shall see. If I win this cause, my fortune will be assured, and then you need have no more fears, as I see you now have."

Earnest Ormond had told his own story so well that we have nothing to add to it. Three years had now elapsed since his union with Isabel Rowe, and during that short period he had risen to considerable eminence in his profession, surprising his friends by the facility with which the idle man of fashion had been transformed into the studious and business-like lawyer. But there had been a fund of lateff energy hidden under the gay exterior of Earnest, and when his uncle disinherited him, he applied himself at once to the study of the law, supporting himself out of a small legacy to which he was entitled in his own right. Early and late he was at his books; and, when the time came for his examination, he was admitted to the bar with the highest honors. His energetic application to his laborious profession soon brought him clients—gifted with great natural talents, which hitherto had been allowed to rust from disuse, he speedily became distinguished for eloquence: suits of importance began to find their way to him; and at length, by the advice of one of the oldest and most sagacious members of the bar, who had been applied to but could not undertake it in consequence of other business, he was entrusted with a case, considered well nigh desperate, but one involving an immense amount of property, and entailing all the best feelings of the heart in its favor. It was this case to which he had alluded in the foregoing conversation with his wife.

"Well, Ormond, do you think you will be able to do anything to-day?" said one of the opposing lawyers rather sneeringly, when he came into court.

"You might as well own the weakness of your case and save us the trouble of pleading."

"Point heart never won fair lady," retorted Earnest, and bowing to the court, he said, "if your honor please, I will go on."

He had not spoken for more than half an hour, before the triumphant looks of the opposing party became changed to those of alarm; for, to the astonishment of all, he boldly asserted that the case which they so relied on as a precedent, was itself bad law, and contradicted in a dozen instances in the books. He proceeded to enforce this assertion with such an array of authority, and to enlarge on the absurdity of the precedent with such cogency of reason, that glances of consternation began to be exchanged between the lawyers for the defendant and notes were hurriedly written and sent off for books which were wanted for the purpose of examination. The judge, who had shook his head when Earnest announced his position, now began to be all attention, and seemed profoundly struck by the force of what the pleader said. The news of the impression that Earnest was making soon spread abroad: the lawyers hurried in from their offices and from the other courts, and the space both inside and outside the bar became speedily crowded. The subject was one well calculated also for the display of natural eloquence, and Earnest, in inveighing against the harshness of the pretended rule of law, by which a widow and her children were reduced to beggary, in contradiction of the plain meaning of the will, drew tears from many an eye. He sat down amid murmurs of applause.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, turning to the opposite side, "what have you to say? I confess I think the case is sited to the bottom and that we have been all wrong. Unless you can overturn Mr. Ormond's authorities I shall instruct the jury to give a verdict in his favor. He knows more law than all of us put together."

The opposing attorneys attempted to make a defence, but they spoke, all the while, with a consciousness that they were in the wrong. As the judge said, Earnest had sited the whole matter to the bottom. The result was a charge from the bench in his favor, and a verdict from the jury who did not leave the box.

So distinguished a triumph exceeded anything which had occurred in the memory of the bar, and at once elevated Ormond to the front rank of his profession. Before he left the court-house, he had been retained as consulting counsel in a dozen cases of importance. From the congratulations of his friends he broke loose as soon as possible and hurried home. His wife was waiting for him in their little parlor, eager to hear the result, yet almost dreading to ask it, for she had not her husband's confidence of success.

"I have won. Give me joy, Belle. Did I not say I would succeed?"

The wife flung herself into his arms, and burst into glad tears of joy.

"Nay, weeping," said Earnest, "but I see they are tears of joy," he continued, as his wife smiled up into his face. And then, as the cheers of the crowd, who had followed him in triumph home, broke on his ears, he added, "see what you have made of me! I shall almost begin to think I am a great man."

"Ah! Earnest—you know I have not made you this."

"But you have, dearest. You it was that woke me from my spell of indolence—the necessity of

struggling to provide you a home worthy of you, first taught me my own abilities—and without your love to cheer me, in hours of depression caused by hard study, I might have given out long ago. But the goal is now won. Dear Belle, your sex little knows the influence it exerts. It has saved many a man beside me, even though he has not had such an angel of a wife."

Earnest fulfilled the promise he held out in his first great case, and rose to be the leading attorney of his native city, a member of Congress, a senator, a judge, and an ambassador abroad. But he never ceased, whenever the conversation diverged on his early struggles, to turn to his wife with a loving smile, and say that all he had, of fame or fortune, he owed to her influence.

Mr. Webster's Remarks on Oregon, The Tariff, and Home Politics.

The Whigs of Boston had a grand meeting on Friday, 7th inst., Mr. Webster, as was expected, made a speech, of which the Boston Courier gives an abstract as follows:

I think, gentlemen, that there can be no mistake as to where we are. This is Faneuil Hall—filled as it was wont to be in the time of our fathers—filled as we have seen it in our day—filled as we hope to see it by our children, with men met together to consult upon the measures to be pursued for the benefit and to protect the best interest of our common country. He had not been willing to decline the invitation of the committee to address his fellow citizens on this occasion. This was truly a crisis. He alluded to the fact that year after year, for the last eighteen or twenty years, there had been some object of importance—some general topic of great interest, respecting the internal policy of the government—agitating the public mind to make a crisis, and he would now say a few words on the present posture of affairs. He referred to the immediate election which was to take place, and remarked that if there was any well founded objection to the present Executive of this State, it had failed to reach his ears.

One most prominent duty of the general government was to manage the foreign relations of the country, and the proper management of them was, in a peculiar manner, of the utmost importance at the present moment. But there was one subject exciting interest now, of a nature so delicate and important to the peace and happiness of the country, that it was not easy to speak of it in a public assembly, and it was necessary to treat it with great care and discretion.

The preservation of peace on honorable terms was at all times an object highly desirable, but between two countries intimately connected, between two great commercial countries, peace should never be lightly nor carelessly disturbed. He would say a word or two on a subject which within a few days had created considerable alarm. He alluded to Oregon. He asked, what is this question! How does it stand? It was not necessary to go into a history of its discovery, and the rights of the different parties of claimants. It was enough to say that the proper settlement of its boundaries had been in dispute for nearly 40 years. There was now considerable alarm as to what measures on one side or the other, the United States or Great Britain might take, and as to the consequences which might ensue.

The settlement of the claim to Oregon had always been and still was a matter to be settled by negotiation. By a convention between the two countries there had been a joint occupancy, first to 1818; then it was renewed for ten years, and then again indefinitely, each party agreeing to give notice to the other when the arrangement should cease. That notice has never yet been given by either party, and the subject of the settlement is still open to both, according to a treaty stipulation. Mr. Webster wished to speak very cautiously, and hoped that the utmost care would be taken that he should not be misunderstood. He would say, what all knew, that this is a subject for negotiation, for discussion, for amicable settlement—it always has been so. In this spirit, the government of this country has several times, in 1818, 1824, and 1826 proposed a line of division for a compromise, for discussion, &c.

Mr. Webster alluded to the discussion which took place in the British Parliament, on the reception of President Polk's message on this subject, the reports of which he had read with intense interest; and he must say that the remarks of the British minister on that occasion were such as were proper, and made in a temper becoming a large-minded, liberal statesman. He was disposed to adopt the words of the English minister on that occasion, who said that England had rights that ought to be and must be respected. He (Mr. Webster) would say that this country had rights which ought to be, which should be, and which must be respected. He would not express an opinion as to the manner in which this could be settled, but he had no doubt it could be settled honorably and securely to the rights of all parties.

Mr. Webster alluded to the situation of the country of Oregon, which was three thousand miles from the United States and twice as many from England; that in the course of a few years, probably within the knowledge of many now present, it would be settled by fifty to a hundred thousand people, mostly from this country, and a great many from Great Britain—all, at any rate, Anglo-Saxons. The period, then, is not far distant when from the shores of Western America, we should see springing up a great Pacific republican nation.

which would not consent to acknowledge allegiance either to this country or to England, that this great republic would probably adopt all the great principles which we have inherited from our fathers. He would not undertake to say where it would be located, whether on the Columbia river, or further south, but that a great and independent nation would arise on the shores of the Pacific, and at a period not so remote as many persons might suppose, he was confident. He deprecated, then, all stormy defiance on our side, as well as all reference on the other to the great maritime power of England, both of which promised only all the horrors of war, against which the spirit of the age was altogether opposed.

The settlement of the different claims of the two countries then, should be a matter of free and fair and amicable arrangement, the line of division should be drawn so that we should go along side by side in a straight line to the Pacific, not only to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but over the Rocky Mountains. He would give no opinion as to what that line should be, but the United States had repeatedly, in 1818, in 1824 and in 1826 proposed the 49th degree of latitude, and this offer on our part was an admission that it was a subject to negotiate about, and not a matter entirely free from difficulty.

Mr. Webster asked who was the man in either country who was ready to bring about a war on this question until he was ready to show that all other means of settlement had been tried in vain? Whoever he might be, whether President or English Premier, he could not, without he was able to show that all other means had been tried and failed, plunge the two countries into war and hold his shabby position an hour afterwards. Whoever should thus light up the flames of war would kindle a conflagration that would extend over the whole globe; he must look out for it, and expect to be consumed in a conflagration of public opinion. He deprecated any alarm on this subject, and alluded to the excitement which had been kindled at the south, and regretted the cause of it; it should be considered and discussed in a cool and calm manner.

He said that much of the speculation on this subject was but the exhibition of a great deal of patriotism on a small scale, and that all such would tend to unsettle business; that threats and anticipations of war produce half as much mischief as war itself. What we want is a settled peace. All speculations having for their object the rupture of our peaceful relations were leading to consequences which no man could control. He would adopt the motto of a former President of the United States, and ask for nothing but what is right, while he would submit to nothing that was wrong, and he would not make any particular parade of patriotism for the sake of effect.

Mr. Webster then alluded to the Tariff, an attempt to repeal or alter which, it is supposed, will be made at the coming session of Congress. How far it would succeed he could not tell, but he asked what we in Massachusetts could expect to gain by any change in the law of 1842. He considered the great question to be, is the laboring man well off, are wages high, are the people in a good condition. We have been referred by the locofoco party to the great manufacturing places of Lowell, and Springfield, and Dover, but he would remark that if the tariff should be destroyed, these places and the rich manufacturers would not suffer the most; it was the shop manufacturer, the makers of boots, and hats, and clothes, &c., who would suffer, and if the tariff of 1842 should be destroyed, not one of those who now lived by their labors on the bench or at the anvil, could exist a twelve month.

He referred to the popular fallacy of an *ad valorem* duty being better and more equal than a specific duty, and said that from the time of Washington down to the present day, all our tariffs had resulted in an average *ad valorem* duty of 34 per cent, and that according to the sliding horizontal scale of free trade, so much boasted of, so often spoken of in England, it had been demonstrated that to this day the tariff of England produced an average *ad valorem* duty of 49 per cent. It was idle then to talk of an *ad valorem* duty of 20 per cent.

Mr. Webster alluded to the separate organization of the Liberty and the Native American parties. The former had voted against us at the last election, and by adhering to Mr. Birney, had elected Mr. Polk, and secured the annexation of Texas, which they professed to deprecate. The latter were none of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; he asked what they expected to accomplish; they cannot elect their members of Congress, and he asked if they wanted to accomplish any thing that he had not striven to accomplish, if they would go further than he in the cherished object of protecting America, and native American rights, within the limits of the Constitution. (Some one in the crowd, said, Good Native, Daniel.) Mr. Webster said, I think I am. I will go as far as the farthest in the cause.

He said that every vote thrown on Monday next, for any other than the whig candidates, would deprive the whigs of so much power to accomplish the wishes and objects of the native Americans; that every man should vote conscientiously, and that although every one had a right to vote as he pleased, he has no right, more than a juror who gives a verdict on his oath, to vote contrary to what he knew to be for the support of true principles.

He concluded by exhorting every one to go to the polls on Monday next and vote the whig ticket; to lay aside every other occupation, until that duty was accomplished, that after that day, when the

question should be asked from Rhode Island to Georgia, and to Wisconsin, how does Massachusetts stand, we may be able to answer proudly, look at her, and see how she stands.

Another Great Fire.

Sag Harbor in Ruins!—One hundred houses, two hotels, and the Bank burned!—By the Long Island train of last evening, we have information of a most disastrous fire at Sag Harbor, equal in extent, in comparison with the size of the town, to the fire at Pittsburg, Quebec, or the New York conflagration. Mr. Tucker, the conductor of the Long Island road, who obtained all the information practicable in the confusion, states that the fire broke out on Tuesday night about 9 o'clock, at which time the wind was blowing a gale.—The fire originated in a wooden building, and soon extended to more than one hundred houses, (one account says one hundred and seventy) which were entirely consumed. Among the buildings burned was the Suffolk Co. Bank, and both of the hotels. The loss in buildings is variously stated at \$100,000 a \$150,000, while the loss in merchandise cannot yet be estimated, but must be very large. The portion burned was the best business part of the town, and has cast a shade over its prospects that will not, we fear, soon be removed. Among the greatest sufferers we hear the names of Messrs. Huntley & Mulford, so extensively known in the whaling trade, in New York. We do not hear that any oil was burnt, or that any damage was done to the shipping, of which, however, there was fortunately but few sail in port. So great a calamity has not visited a small town in a long time, nor one that will cause more distress to its mercantile citizens. The train of to-night will bring the particulars, which will be looked for with much interest, as the property is insured here, and the business of Sag Harbor more closely connected with this city than elsewhere.—N. Y. Express.

A Happy Excident.

A friend once told me, that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harassed for the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if, in the course of the day, any occasion led him to his bed-chamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless hours he had passed upon it.—In this case it was recommended to him to endeavor to fix his thoughts on something, at the same time vast and simple—such as the wide expanse of the ocean, or the cloudless vault of heaven—that the little hurried and disturbing images that flitted before his mind, might be charmed away, or hushed to rest by the calming influences of one absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man at the time, this advice suggested to his mind, that if an object at once vast and simple was to be selected, no one could serve his purpose so well as that of God. He resolved to make the trial, and think of Him. The result exceeded his most sanguine hopes; in thinking of God he fell asleep. Night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful; so much so, that he used to long for the usual time of retiring, that he might fall asleep, as he termed it, in God. What began as a mere physical operation, grew, by imperceptible degrees, into a gracious influence. The same God who was his repose by night, was in all his thoughts by day.

From the U. S. Gazette.

Camp at Corpus Christi.

We have the following letter from a medical gentleman of the army, which does not seem to indicate much sickness:

My Dear Sir:—Cast your eye over the map and you will see our present location on the Bay of Aransas. Under orders to report at the headquarters of General Taylor for duty with the Army of Occupation, I left Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., on the 12th of August last, and on the 24th embarked at New York on board the ship Pacific with a detachment of flying artillery, and after a voyage of twenty-five days landed upon the Isle of St. Joseph, in Aransas Bay, and in ten days thereafter, repaired here, and was assigned to duty with the 2d Regt. U. S. Dragoons, as senior medical officer of that corps.

We are here encamped on a plain of some five miles in extent—the shelly margin of the bay. Some three miles of canvas make up our camp, which is the largest pitched, of regular troops, since I have been in the service. The ground is favorable—the bay shore on the east and a ridge of hills west; but we are badly off for fresh water, and wood is not plenty. No movement is contemplated, and warlike operations not expected. Indeed, Mexico is in no situation to proceed against us; and I believe Texas will be annexed with the Rio Grande as a boundary west of the United States. The country is not populous hereabouts, and the few inhabitants are a low order of Spanish Mexicans, living pastorally with immense flocks and herds. Truly such droves of cattle and horses I have never before seen. The latter varied in price before the Army arrived from one to five dollars, but now the price is enhanced to from five to twenty! Every body rides at such a rate!

"Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Do you indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"
"Yes, my love."
"When was it, husband?"
"When I married you my dear!"