

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

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Hardware! Hardware!
(George Ogelsky.) (R. F. Kelker.)
R. F. KELKER & CO.,
No. 5, SOUTH FRONT ST., HARRISBURG.
RESPECTFULLY offer 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, Tin and Bar Lead; Elliptic Steel Springs, Saddle, Coach Laces, and Trimmings; Moss, Curled Hair and Hair Seating, Hugskins and Patent Leather; Lamps of the most approved kind for burning either Sperm Oil or Lard, Sieves for Flour, Grain and Coal; Wire Screen for Windmills; Machine Cards, Mahogany Planks, Boards, Veneers, and Carriages. 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 above city prices.
RUDOLPH F. KELKER & CO.
Aug. 27, 1845—td.

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 23, 1845.

THE SUREST, THE BEST, AND 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 experience teaches 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 Allegheny st., 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 16 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.

WILLIAMSON
Having removed to Huntingdon county, has re-commenced the practice of Law in the Borough of Huntingdon, where he will carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care. He will be found at all times by those who may call upon him, at his office with Isaac Fisher, Esq., adjoining the store of Thos. Read & Son, near the Diamond.
Huntingdon, April 30, 1845.

POETRY.

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

From the St. Louis Evening Gazette.
TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which
Sheltered you and me.
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green,
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-
Footed boys at play,
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just
Twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered
Some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our
Pen-knives had defaced.
Put the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro—
It's music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old
Game, beneath that same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—'twas
Played the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with
Knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—there
Twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still;
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom—the
Stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now,
Where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—
Full twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beach,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we
Could almost reach—
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear
Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I have changed,
Since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and
You did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the
Bark; 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died
Twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but
Tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those
Early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard, and took
Some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some
Twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some
Sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting
You and me.
And when our time has come, Tom, and
We are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played,
Just twenty years ago.

THEODORE.
On Prayer.
Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our temper: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled or discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb over the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud singings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministraries here below; so is the prayer of a good man.

Prayers are but the body of the bird; desires are its angel's wings.
O! isn't the following rich! Loafers do read it.
Peter Snout was invited out,
Heigho, fiddle de dee,
He had but ox's snoring, and he made rout,
For his wife that morning had washed it out,
While snoring in his bed lay he.

A Thrilling Scene.

Permit me to illustrate my views of temperate drinking, by relating substantially a thrilling scene which occurred in a town in a neighboring State, while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decide informally, whether neighbors should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vending Alcoholic poisons.

No one arose to continue the discussion, and the president of the meeting was about to put the question, when all at once there arose from the corner of the room a miserable female. She was thinly clad and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch she called upon all to look upon her—"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true.—All practice, all experience declares its truth. All drinking of Alcoholic poison as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know that I was once the mistress of the best farm in this town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best—the most devoted husbands. You all know I had five noble-hearted industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard, all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe, excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the priest, deacon and doctor, "for authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin, I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my sons; I begged, I prayed, but the odds were greatly against me. The priest said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys, was a creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay the rum bills—sold them the poison; and the physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, (there were no Washingtonians then) and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again—you probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run. I dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your Poor House—to warn you all—to warn you, deacon!—to warn you false teacher of God's word!—and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God; I shall meet you there, ye false guides, and be a swift witness against you all!"

The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the priest, deacon and physician hung their heads—the president of the meeting put the questions, shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be sold as a beverage? No! People of the United States, friends of humanity every where, what would have been your verdict, had you all been there also?

This picture may be thought to be overdrawn, but could the history of families be told in this city, in all of our towns and villages, or in our hamlets, tens of thousands of cases equally striking might be recorded here.—*Albany Argus.*

From the Pittsburgh American.
The New Orleans papers detail a singular scene as occurring in Supreme Court room of that State on the 5th inst. Judges Martin, Bullard, Morphy and Simon had taken their seats and upon the appearance of the chief Judge, (Rice Garland) who was about to take his seat, Judge Martin, with a loud voice and quick manner, exclaimed "the Court is adjourned." It seems that rumours had been for some days in circulation, apparently well founded, of some transaction, highly injurious to Judge Garland—of his having committed forgery. Judge G. addressed the audience after this announcement, assuring them of his innocence—that he had heard of the report against him and had been endeavoring to trace it to its source and had left all the papers in connection with it in the hands of Judge Morgan and S. S. Prentiss Esq.

The New Orleans papers do not seem to favor the supposition of Judge Garland's innocence, but all condemn the conduct of the other Judges in thus condemning an associate in high and important trusts, unheard and untried—and upon mere rumour. They should have first lodged, they say, their complaint with the Attorney General.

From the Cayenne of the 11th we learn that examination was had the day previous before Judges Maurian and Collens of the Parish Court. The guilt of Garland was made manifest. He had used the signature of John McDonough, attached to some complimentary note from that gentleman, after extracting what preceded it by some chemical process and substituted a note for \$6000, which he sold. Garland has since attempted to commit suicide. A writ has been issued against him for forgery. We believe he was in Congress from Louisiana in 1830.

Lydia Jane Pierson and Thaddeus Stevens.

Among the new publications of the day is a volume of Poems from the pen of LYDIA JANE PIERSON, entitled "Forest Leaves." The lady resides on a beautiful farm, situate in the midst of a dense forest, in one of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. From her secluded retreat she sends forth her sweet warblings with a truthfulness to the scenes around her, and to the emotions of the human heart, that cannot fail to delight all who take pleasure in the reminiscences of rural scenery of by-gone years. Mrs. Pierson has been distinguished, for some years, as a contributor to various magazines throughout the United States, and it is gratifying to perceive that Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, and other judges of literature, speak of her new publication in terms of high commendation.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Mirror, in alluding to this volume of Poems and their author, says:—
"There is an interesting story connected with this lady; and as it shows the manner in which she was provided with a home, it may be useful to some of your poetical friends to put them in the way of following in the footsteps of the fortunate authoress. A number of years ago when the best talents of Pennsylvania were called into requisition to establish a system of Common Schools for the general education of the people, Thaddeus Stevens, a distinguished lawyer of the State, made a masterly speech in the Legislature in favor of education. Judge Ellis Lewis, who is, you know, distinguished for his learning and ability as a Jurist, was at the time President of several Literary institutions, and was also zealously engaged in promoting the cause of education by delivering literary and scientific lectures. About this time a powerful production in Poetry, in favor of education made its appearance, and gave a new impetus to the cause. Judge Lewis made immediate inquiry concerning the lady's situation in life, and ascertained that she had been at one time in good circumstances, but owing to a long illness of her husband, and a sad train of misfortunes, the fair authoress, with a large family, was without a home, and in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment. It is said that he met Mr. Stevens then a rich bachelor, in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, and suggested the propriety of raising something for the relief of so much talent and worth. With that true benevolence for which Mr. S. is distinguished, he authorized the Judge to purchase a suitable farm, such as the lady herself might select, and without any limit with respect to the price, to draw upon him for the amount. The lady was overwhelmed with astonishment when she received a letter from Judge Lewis, who was only known to her by reputation, apprising her of his commission. She, however, made the selection, and the Judge made the purchase, drew on Mr. Stevens for the purchase money, and forwarded to Mrs. Pierson the deed drawn, of course in the best legal form, to Thaddeus Stevens in trust for the separate use of Lydia Jane Pierson and her heirs and assigns forever. It is but justice to all parties to add that Mrs. Pierson was an entire stranger to Judge Lewis and Mr. Stevens. Neither had ever seen her. It is from this woodland retreat of her own selection that she sends forth her "Forest Leaves" to delight the hearts of all, and particularly those who see nothing around them but monotonous lines of brick and mortar. May every good poet have the like good luck. All who wish to learn how to write such poetry as touches the pockets as well as the hearts of its readers will do well to purchase a copy of Mrs. Pierson's "Forest Leaves."

Long Speeches.
There is truth in not poetry in the following from the Richmond Whig. It, or something like it should be framed and hung up in every Legislative Hall, and Court House and pulpit in the Union. The great sin of all most all American speakers is their desire to hear themselves talk—or the belief that their long speeches made up for every deficiency in matter and manner. Many of them string out a three day's speech when every thing necessary to their case could have been much better said in less than as many hours:

"From mensuration, it is certain that Demosthenes never spoke longer than about three quarters of an hour. Cicero's orations, any one of them, can be delivered in even less time. Mirabeau condensed his thunders in a space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The great men of the Long Parliament, and Commonwealth, Lord Somers, even Lord Bolingbroke, the most diffuse of British orators, prior to the trial of Warren Hastings, Walpole, the elder Pitt, and the elder Fox, were brief and powerfully condensed—in other words, they were satisfied to present powerful thoughts, in a few simple (and the simplest) words, instead of pouring out words, as pews are poured out of a boot—*voet preterea, nihil.* Theirs was the eloquence of reasons, of profound sense, high knowledge, and lofty thought—not ragged and disjointed declamation.

"The taste of this country in public speaking is most injurious to the public interests. The Courts are stopped from doing the business of the people, by the horrible garrulity of the Bar—legislation is sorely impeded by it.

"Let us hope, for the sake of Virginia, that in view of the immense business it has to do, if it do the people justice, the Legislature will go to work seriously before Xmas; that done, and long speeches abolished, the Public Work can be completed, arduous as it is, before the "Starvation" bill as it is called, can come into play."

The Potato Disease.

The disease with which the potatoes are visited this year, not only in England but in many other countries of Europe, threatens serious consequences to the poor, for whom the potato, rather than bread constitute the "staff of life." In many parts of England potatoes make up two meals of the laboring man's day. The Burwick (England) Warden says, "we believe that we shall be doing a real service by communicating to the farmer and community generally a mode of cure, or rather a prevention, which has come under our notice, and which has been applied with the greatest success. We are indebted for the experiment to Mr. Wm. Gale, builder, of Burbage, in Wiltshire, a county in which the potato is positively the poor man's chief food, and in which, this season, the root has signally failed. The medicine employed by Mr. Gale is quick lime. Mr. Gale placed three packs of sound potatoes in a box, the centre of which he filled with several other potatoes in a diseased and decaying condition. The sound ones lying to the right of the decaying ones he sprinkled over very carefully with lime. The sound potatoes lying to the left, he left untouched. Furthermore, he took a diseased potato and placed a sound one on each side of it.—As before, he sprinkled the potato on the right with lime, upon the other he put nothing. The result in the two cases was the same. The potato sprinkled with lime came out one month after the experiment perfectly sound, while those on the left, without lime were in a state of decay. This plain remedy is as cheap as it is simple. One gallon of lime will cure a sack of potatoes.

ANOTHER CASE.—A gentleman lately returned from town to the eastward, informs us that the following process, pursued by J. J. Marshall, Esq., of Guysboro, in dealing with the crop the present season, which turned out partially infected, had proved altogether successful. The potatoes were spread to the depth of three or four feet, over the surface of a barn floor, and covered with light dry earth to the depth of several inches. In the course of a few days, indications of dampness appeared on the surface, which was immediately sprinkled with quick lime, in a day or two the earth was again perfectly dry, the sweating of the vegetable had ceased, and when moved had every indication of soundness. The process is simple, and worth a trial.

TO KEEP HENS LAYING THROUGH THE WINTER, they must have warm quarters, and be fed to considerable extent with animal food; and then in order to fatten fowls quickly, they should be well supplied with charcoal broken into small pieces; they will become fat if shut up and fed on this substance alone.

THE OWNERS OF HORSES may find it useful to know that, to cure "scours," dissolve a piece of opium of the size of a chestnut in a pint of brandy, and pour it down from a bottle at once. It is said always to effect a final cure.—*N. Y. News.*

A man, killing hogs, became vexed, and venting his spleen, wished they were in hell. "Oh, dear me, mother, what can he mean?" exclaimed a little girl who heard him. "Mean! I suppose the awful wretch wants his provisions sent on beforehand."

A Dead Subscriber.
A subscriber for years, being sad in arrears
Still neglected his bill for to pay,
To the editor said, "Unless I am dead,
I shall pay you on Christmas-day."

The time flew by and the debtor was shy,
But the editor thought what he said;
In his paper next week the truth he did speak,
And announced his subscriber as dead!

THE FATE OF KINGS.—In looking over the records of the Roman Empire, from the reign of Severus to that of Claudius H., a period of sixty years, we discover fourteen Caesars had reigned in succession, every one of whom was murdered. Of the nineteen that preceded Severus, ten met with violent deaths; and of the twenty-six that followed Claudius to the division of the empire, a period of little more than a hundred years, all died either by suicide, poison or assassination. There were sixty four Emperors after Julius Caesar, forty-five of whom were monsters of crime and iniquity. What a comment upon the dangers of possessing undue power! What a lesson to ambition!

THE CORSET.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, Dr. Pierquin read a paper in favor of the corset as an article which should be worn by females. He ridiculed medical men for attributing consumption and various other diseases to this cause, and declares that the inferiority of the muscles in that part of the female frame requires the aid of this outer case. Dr. P. must have some interest in a corset making establishment.

MODESTY.—"But, my dear Miss," said our friend L. the other day, while arguing with a beautiful young lady, not a month over thirty-three years of age. "But, my dear Miss, let me expose to you the naked idea." "No you shant—no you shant," interrupted the charming creature with vivacity, at the same time covering her face with her hands,—"nor I wont look at it if you do! Naked!" she shrieked with a hysteric gesture, "Naked!" she said, and taking fresh fright at the word, she uttered a wild shriek and fell to the floor.

The Dutch have this good proverb—that theis never enrich, alms never impoverish, nor prayers hinder any work.

The following is taken from the late foreign news, received by the Acadia.

THE CORN LAWS AND PEACE.

Willmer & Smith's Liverpool Times thus argues:
In the event of the repeal of the Corn-laws, Indian corn would, doubtless, form an important article of export from America. It only requires to be known. Indeed, it is hardly possible to conceive a stronger barrier against war—a more powerful incentive to peace—than the destruction of all legislative enactments for curtailing the commerce of friendly countries. The planters of the Southern States desire peace with England, because they cannot afford to sacrifice a trade involving two millions of bales of cotton annually. The farmer of the Western States would be equally desirous to let the statesman instead of the soldier settle the dispute about Oregon, provided our laws enabled him to send his produce to so excellent a market as Great Britain. Commerce is always the soother of angry passions—the oil upon the troubled waters of contending factions. It is upon this ground that, irrespective of his war propensities, a large party of this country wish well to Mr. Peck. They dislike his pugnacity, but they are partial to the President, because he is a free trader, and is desirous of reducing the tariff from "protection" or prohibition to revenue. A compromise on the Oregon question—giving, on the part of England, a large slice of territory in exchange for a liberal American tariff—has been put forth by some of the New York papers, and cordially responded to by several of the most influential organs of opinion in this country. Such a mode of settling the dispute would be worthy of two of the most powerful nations in existence. We notice it here, not so much from a hope that the stubbornness of statesmen will carry out the suggestion, as because it indicates a desire on the part of those who create and govern public opinion in this country, to seize upon any course at all practicable by which the dispute with the United States could be amicably put to rest.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—An exchange paper says:
We have often been diverted at a tale of old times in New England—short to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The woman's father was rich, the young man poor but respectable.—The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it; and the daughter dare not disobey—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—"a state of sighs and tears," which women oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee choosest, and whom thee pleasest."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to stir his mind again. Not a bit of it. She clopped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street; and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable, and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly to him, and took both his hands in her's; "John," said she, "father says that I may have thee."

Could she have told him the news in less words? Was there any occasion for more?

PARENTAL NONSENSE.—Why do fathers and mothers, in speaking to their children imitate their infantine manner instead of addressing them in the proper language? A bachelor, bagman as he was driving one day, came to a woman carrying a child who asked in a polite manner a ride. The bagman agreed to do so on the condition that no nonsense should be talked by her to her child. The woman comfortably seated, in her happiness forgot the contract, and thus addressed her little one: "Georgie porgie, ye are gettin' a fine ride piddle." The bagman pulled up his horse and said, "Good woman, you will be so good as to step out of my gig and give Georgie porgie a walkie palkie."

SOMEbody thinks that fruit first began to wear "when the first apple damned the pair."

If thou invitest any to thy house, shew thyself sweet and kind, and with a clear face. It's a sin against hospitality to open thy doors and shut thy countenance.

If thou suspectest thy adversary hath a plot against thee, let thy first care be to inject a delay to it, that thou hast time to search into it, to disperse or defeat it more effectually.