

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

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HUNTINGDON, Pa., FEBRUARY 26, 1846.

Whole No. 520

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.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

**OFFICES:**  
Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.  
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.  
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.  
Boston—Number 16 State street.



**Diseases of the Lung's and Breast.**  
It has cured thousands upon thousands—of all classes—in cases of the most dangerously consumptive character; and physicians of the greatest eminence throughout our whole country now unhesitatingly recommend it as

**SELDOM KNOWN TO FAIL.**

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
Messrs. SANFORD & PARK—Dear Sirs—With regard to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, for which you are wholesale agents, we have sold, since last October, eighty-two bottles at retail, and have heard from a great portion of them as producing the desired effect.

Several important cases in this vicinity, which came under our personal knowledge have been cured—where other remedies have been tried for years without effect.

In fact, we think it one of the most valuable remedies for consumption of the lungs and all other complaints for which it is recommended; and do think, that the suffering of the afflicted demand that you should give it a general circulation, and make its virtues known. Yours, truly,

**WEAGLY & KNEPPER, Druggists.**  
Wooter, O., May 20, 1843.

[From the Cincinnati Daily Times of May 30th 1843.]

"Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.—We should judge from Messrs. Weagly & Knepper's letter, published this day among our advertisements, that this popular remedy for coughs, lung complaints, and diseases of the breast generally, was really a valuable medicine, and worthy of serious attention from the public. We are informed by the wholesale agents, that they are almost daily receiving similar letters from all parts of the West.

We would advise our readers who are laboring under an affection of the lungs, to make immediate trial of this truly excellent medicine. The most intelligent and respectable families of our city have adopted it as a favorite family medicine; and persons predisposed to consumption who have used it, speak in the highest terms of its efficacy."

Read the following from Dr. Jacob Hoffman, a physician of extensive practice in Huntingdon county:

Dear Sir—I procured one bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, from Thomas Reed, Esq., of this place, and tried it in a case of obstinate Asthma on a child of Paul Schwebel, in which many other remedies had been tried without any relief. The Balsam gave sudden relief, and in my opinion the child is effectually cured by its use. Yours, &c.

**ACOB HOFFMAN, M. D.**  
Dec. 23, 1841.

It is unnecessary to remind all who would get the true article, to inquire particularly for "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," and take nothing else.

Price one dollar per bottle.  
For sale in Cincinnati, by  
**SANFORD & PARK,**  
General Agents.

Also, by Thomas Reed & Son, Huntingdon; Mrs. Mary Orr, Hollidaysburg; Gemmill & Porter, Alexandria.  
Dec. 17, 1845.

**A Card.**

**CLEMENS & BAKER.**  
Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturers of Copal Varnish; also, sole Agents for the Franklin Window Glass Works.

Having been long 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 Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Indigo, Dye Stuffs, Colors, Bronzes, Gold Leaf, Dutch Metal, Camels' Hair Pencils, Paint Brushes, Pallet Knives, &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.

**UMBRELLAS CHEAP**  
**SLEPER & FENNER**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Umbrellas, Parasols & Sun-Shades.**  
NO. 126, MARKET STREET,  
South side, below Fourth, Philadelphia.

Invite the attention of Merchants and Manufacturers to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered

**AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE CASH PRICES.**  
The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest Price for Cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.

**CALVIN BLYTHE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WILL practice in the several Courts of the City and County of Philadelphia.

His office is at No. 35, South Fourth St. between Chestnut and Walnut Streets.  
Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1845.

**Jewelry! Jewelry! Jewelry!**

JUST received, stock of the most magnificent Jewelry ever came up the Pike. Consisting of GOLD PATENT LEVERS, Ladies' GOLD ANCHOR LEVERS, full jeweled, SILVER PATENT LEVERS, double and single cased, SILVER ANCHOR LEVERS, full jeweled, double and single cased ENGLISH WATCHES, Imitation Levers, QUARTZ and FRENCH WATCHES, &c. &c. Also

**Gold Fob Chains, and Seats.**  
of the most fashionable patterns. Gold Pencils, Spectacles, Guard Chains, Key's, Bracelets set with topaz, Medallions, Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Breast Pins, set with topaz, amethyst, &c. &c. Miniature Cases, Silk Purces, Coral Beads, Pocket Books, Musical Boxes, Mathematical Instruments, Silver Spectacles, Table Spoons, Tea and Salt Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Lowndes patent Silver Pencils, Razors of the finest quality, HENRY CLAY penknives, a superior article, Steel Pens, Spy Glasses, Hair Brushes, &c. &c. 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.

**WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.**

Tax subscriber respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he is prepared to manufacture cloths, sattinets, flannels, blankets, carpeting, &c., at the well known establishment, formerly occupied by Jeremiah Whitehead, situated in the town of Williamsburg, Huntingdon co. Pa. His machinery will be in good order, and having none but good workmen in his employ, he will assure all who may favor him with their custom that their orders will be executed in a satisfactory style on the shortest notice.

**TERMS:**  
He will card wool into rolls at the low price of 64 cents per pound; card and spin 12 cuts per pound, 16 cents per pound; manufacture white flannel from Becc, 5 1/2 cents per yard; manufacture brown flannel from Becc, 40 cents per yard; he will find sattinett warp and manufacture sattinets of all dark colors at 45 cents per yard; cloths 1/2 wide, 50 cents per yard; common broad cloth, \$1 25 per yard; bla ticks, \$3 per pair; plain gingham carpet, 50 cents per yard; he will card, spin, double and twist stocking yarn at 20 cents per pound; coloring carpet, coverlet and stocking yarn, from 15 to 21 cents per pound.

**Country Falling.**  
Cloths of all dark colors, 22 cents per yard; flannels, 82 cents per yard; blankets, 7 cents per yard; home dye flannels, 64 cents per yard; home dye cloths, 16 cents per yard.

Arrangements have been made at the following places, where cloths and wool will be taken and returned every two weeks.

At the house of John Nail, Hartsock Valley; Jacob McGahan, M'Connellstown; J. Luttrekin's store, Coffee Run; John Givins's store, Leonard Weaver, Jacob Cypress and Matthew Garner, Woodcock Valley; Gemmel & Porter's store, Alexandria; Walter Graham's store, Canoe Valley; Dyson's Mill, Shilling Valley; Davis Brook's Mill, Blair township; James Candron's store, Frankstown; Geo. Steiner's store, Water street; James Saxton's store, Huntingdon.

Persons wishing to exchange wool for manufactured stuff, can be accommodated.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for wool.

**WILLIAM BUCHANAN,**  
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.—W.

**POETRY.**

From the Ohio State Journal.  
**MY BOY.**

I have a little bright haired boy,  
With eyes of blue-bell hue,  
And cheeks as velvet and fresh  
As roses bathed with dew,  
His lips as fragrant seem to mine,  
As strawberries in May;  
And with a lisping voice he sings,  
Hurra hurra for CLAY.

Three summers only hath he seen,  
And when I hear his voice,  
So full of melody and glee,  
It makes my heart rejoice.  
He sings full many a merry tune  
And old familiar way,  
But 'mong them all he loves the best,  
'To sing hurra for CLAY!

One said to him, "Don't sing that song,  
My boy; 'tis quite too late,  
Hurra for Polk and Dallas now,  
For Clay is out of date."  
The boy looked up perplexed and sad,  
As if he meant to say,  
He's no on, and I may sing for him,  
Hurra hurra for CLAY.

Yes, child; he is as worthy now  
As in his palmiest days,  
When voices joined the shout and song  
That now forget to raise;  
Those voices will be heard again,  
And join some other lay  
As loud, as long, as bold and free  
As when they sang for CLAY.

But I will teach thee, darling boy,  
If I am spared by fate,  
That noble deeds and daring truth  
Are never out of date;  
And teach thy infant lips to sing—  
The world say what it may—  
Another, and as great a name,  
The name of CASSIUS CLAY.

And when thou com'st to be a man,  
Oh! may my gouden be,  
To see thee firm and fearless stand  
The friend of Liberty,  
The champion of the poor oppress'd,  
Owning no tyrant's sway,  
E'er struggling for thy country's weal  
As true as CASSIUS CLAY.

From the Boston Courier.  
**The Two Wind-Mills.**

A FABLE—BY G. S. GOODRICH.

Two neighbors living on a hill,  
Had each—side by side—a mill.  
The one was Jones—a thrifty sight—  
Whose mill in every wind went right.  
The storm and tempest vainly spent  
Their rage upon it—round it went!  
E'en when the summer breeze was light,  
The whirling sails performed their flight;  
And hence a village saying rose—  
"As sure as Jones's mill it goes."

Not so with neighbor Smith's—close by,  
Full half the time it would not ply—  
Save, only, when the wind was west,  
Still as a post it stood at rest.  
By every tempest it was battered,  
By every thunder-gust 'twas shattered.  
Through many a rent the rain did filter,  
And fair or foul, 'twas out of kilter,  
And thus the saying came at last—  
"Smith's mill was made for those that fast."

Now who can read this riddle right?  
Two mills are standing on a height—  
One whirling brisk what'er the weather—  
The other idle, weeks together!

Come, gentle reader, lend thine ear,  
And thou the simple truth shalt hear:  
And mark, for here the moral runs—  
Smith held to faith, but not to works—  
While Jones believed in both—and so,  
By faith and practice made it go!  
Smith prayed, and straight he sent in his bill,  
And gumbled much when'er he found  
That wheels ungreased would not go round.  
Not so with Jones, for though as prayerful,  
To grease his wheels he'er was careful;  
And he'd with ready stich each rent,  
That ruthless time or tempest sent.  
And thus, by works, his faith expressed;  
Good neighbor Jones by Heaven was blest.

**A LONG SWIM.**—The Sandwich Island Friend of October 1, 1845, narrates a feat in swimming, that surpasses any achieved in that line ever done by either Franklin or Byron. The Friend says:—"On the 28th of September, Stephen Dresser, who belongs to Portland, Maine, was taken on board the whale ship New Bedford, in the harbor of Honolulu. He reports that on the evening of the 26th, he jumped overboard from the "London Packet," having taken from the captain's boat his life-preserver. On Saturday morning he could just discern the loom of the mountains of Oahu. After swimming all day, at the firing of the nine o'clock gun he was abreast of the two men of war, in the outer harbor—after getting upon the reef he tried to walk, but the surf and waves dashed him along, and at the time of being picked up was nearly insensible—having been in the water thirty or more hours! He reports that he left the "London Packet" on account of ill-usage, and that the crew were disorderly."

**TAX COST OF FASHION.**—It is said that five hundred millions of dollars are spent annually in the United States, for such articles of dress as are subject to the fluctuations of fashion. Of this sum it is computed that 16 millions are spent for hats, probably about 20 millions for caps and bonnets, and for other articles of dress not less than 400 millions. The precise amount expended for busies, &c., had not been ascertained at the last accounts.

**A GOOD STORY.**

We take the following capital story from the last number of that sprightly journal—the Concordia Intelligencer:

While Mr. Clay and the crowd of friends who had accompanied him to the landing at Natchez, to show respect to his departure on Saturday last, were waiting on the bank until the beautiful "Princess" prepared to receive her distinguished guest, all of a sudden, their conversation was interrupted by the loud, free, and seemingly fearless voice of some one breaking his way through the outer crust of the party.

"What is he? What is he? which is old Glorious!"

The language and the style and the vehemence of the speaker, who was a tall, powerful and healthy looking countryman, and who was hewing a passage for himself to the centre of the crowd, as he spoke drew all eyes towards him. As well as others Colonel —, who was close along side of Mr. Clay at the time, was instantly tickled with the man's countenance, as he usually is with the appearance of any thing from which sport may be extracted.

"Hilloo, my old stud!" (sing out the Colonel as the man approached) "what do you want to enter yourself for?"

"What is he?" anxiously cried the stranger, looking around him.

"Who?" enquired the Colonel.

"Who—the Devil!" (pushing the Colonel aside) "who should it be? why, the old boss himself, I mean."

At this instant he faced and at once recognized Mr. Clay whom he had never seen before. Starting back suddenly, and recovering from a momentary embarrassment, he exclaimed, "By the holla, it is—yes, snipes and turkies! it is old Harry himself!" then rushing forward, almost frantic with joy, and seizing hold of him with both hands, he drew him around after him some half a dozen times, jumping stamping, singing and hallooing as he wildly scattered the circle of friends near them "dear the track" for both him and "old Kentucky." This whirling salutation was done and over in a twinkling. As soon as it was over, without giving the individual about whom he was so enthused, time to breathe, the stranger went on—

"I thought the last pop ud a fair ye bow, but by the powers of mud, ef ye had another fair game of Polter to play I'd believe ye'd take the pot yet. Ye'd a took it last time, ef ye'd only not shewed yer hand. But, sink politics. Well, ye see, I know, as there's nothin but you can tell something about; all but waz thin an about that ye know nothin."

Here he made a halt to catch breath, and Mr. Clay, who was both amazed and amused with his new friend, contented himself with smiling.

"That's wan thing I say ye don't know nothing about: (he continued) an that us swappers across thar in Louisiana is a longways ahead of your boys up in Kentucky in some things, an we're fast ketchin up w' ye in others. An wan thing is sure that swamp hogs is now ahead of all ether hogs, d— take the odds how ye drive the animal; an thar's a par of the primest hogs that ever was fatened that I've raised ever in the swamp yunder; an ef ye'll only say ye'll take them and put them on yer great old farm I've heard so much of up in Kaintuck—I'm parfully satisfied. It's all I ask; jesty if ye'll take the critters along, that's what I want to be at."

Mr. Clay, still smiling, nodded assent.

"Enough said, old stand by," screamed out the swapper, who was so overjoyed with Mr. Clay's acceptance of his present as almost to shake his arms off, "enough said, Mr. Clay; the hogs'll travel. Thy yorn by the first boat and ye never seed nuthin so prime in the hog line, I promise ye; far-well, God bless ye. Look out for the hogs; (making his way out of the crowd) the rail grit, sir—genuine swamp scrougers, but they'll speak for themselves when ye get them along. God bless ye again—"m off."

By the time he had got through with all this, he had waded his way out of the crowd that had been going upon him for some time. In an instant more he was on his horse and away.

Mr. Clay and his friends laughed heartily at the idea of his hogs speaking for themselves, but the earnestness and warmth of friendship shown by the stranger brought a kindly glow over the hearts of all present.

And well it might. That man's manner and conversation, rough, unrestrained and defiant though they seemed, no one could help seeing, were the manifestations of an honest, guileless, wholesome and disinterested friend of the great man the sight of whom had so overjoyed him. He had all his life viewed Mr. Clay with the same feelings of wild enthusiasm that so many thousands entertained for Gen. Jackson during his lifetime. He had staked and lost

"his pile on old Kentucky," and would do it again, a thousand times, if the occasion oered. He had allowed himself to believe that Mr. Clay was "the greatest man alive;" and when he found himself for the first time in his presence his joy and excitement fairly overthrew him and he could have laid his life down on the spot, with a feeling of triumph. How refreshing must the contemplation of such feelings and conduct be to the mind of a public man when he places it in contrast with the course of the polished flatterer seek after place—of the heartless sycophant who measures out his declarations of friendship by

his prospects of reward, and worships the man only as the representative of the darling office, which a turn of the political tide may place in his bestowal.

**The Patient Shop-keeper.**

Many years ago, there lived in Chester, Penna., an old gentleman who kept a dry goods store, and was remarkable for his mild disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbors who was somewhat a wag, bet five dollars that he could ruffle the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store and asked to see some cloths suitable for a coat. One piece was shown him and then another; a third and fourth were handed from the shelves; this was too coarse, that was too fine, one was of too dark a color, another too light; still the Diogenes continued placid as new milk, and no sooner did his customer start an objection to a particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until every piece in the shop was unfolded to his view. The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious customer, when the latter, appearing to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last; this is just the thing; I'll take a cent's worth of this pattern," at the same time laying the money plump on the counter before him, to show that he was prompt to pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manner, and then, laying the cent on the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample sensors, he cut it fairly round to the size of the coin, and wrapped it carefully up in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted anything in his line again.

**John Quincy Adams.**

A Glasgow, (Scotland) paper, contains the following noble tribute to this veteran Statesman:—"Wherever and whenever fraud has framed a mine to subvert the pillar of the Constitution, or power has meditated a blow against the people, or against a citizen, or against an exile, or against the slave—against anything in the shape of free society, or against anything in the shape of a man, John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, has been eye-watching the design with eagle eye, and in the moment of the attempted perpetration of the crime, the conspirators fell—the intended victim rose free and safe—and the deliverer, unrewarded and unthanked, sets himself again on his endless watch over the cause of freedom and humanity."

**Anecdote of Daniel Webster.**

The Transcript copies from the London Sun, a pleasant sketch of Daniel Webster, which concludes with the following amusing anecdote:—"This distinguished man, just before Lafayette's last visit to America, formed one in a fishing-party in Massachusetts Bay. He had been selected to deliver the welcoming speech to the Frenchman on his approaching visit, and during his occupation of hauling up codfish and tautog, he was observed to be very abstracted. It appeared afterwards that he must have been studying that part of his speech in which he afterwards addressed Lafayette, for a gentleman who was fishing next him observed him pulling in his line, hand over hand, with some difficulty, as if a large fish was hooked, yet without exhibiting any satisfaction on his face at having captured a prize. At length the fish was seen approaching the surface and gleaming through the green waters, like a lively bladder of quicksilver; still Webster's face gave no smiling welcome; but as the fish came to the surface, he burst out with "Venerable man! the representatives of the two hemispheres, welcome to our shores," and down flopped the "monster cod," on the deck!"

**SELLING A DAUGHTER.**—A letter dated Damascus, October 10, says, "A man was found the other day in the public market offering his daughter for sale. Being a Christian, he was sent to the Patriarch by Mr. Mish, the English diplomat, who presented it. His story was a simple one: 'I'm a weaver; on account of the cheap English goods my trade has been put a stop to. I have a wife, a mother and seven children to support. When I sold every thing we had, I tried to beg, but no one would give—I could get no other work. We have had no bread for the last three days. I thought of selling one of my children to keep the others from starving. I was offered 500 piasters (\$5) for this girl, and I would have sold her had it not been for Mr. Mish, who sent me here."

**EXERCISES IN GRAMMAR.**—A country schoolmaster out west summoned his grammar class to parse the sentence—"There is a bull-frog snoring in the pond." "Jemmy," said the pedagogue, with a brow as severe as that of Jupiter Tonans, "Jemmy, parse the word bullfrog." "Bullfrog is a noun—but here Jemmy stuck fast. "What kind of noun?" demanded the knight of the rattan. "A bloody-noun, sir," innocently replied the juvenile grammarian.

**PURE DUTCH.**—"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub."—"Can't do it; all the hoops are off; besides, I never had one, because I wash in a barrel." That reminds us of the Dutchman. "I comes home, and I finds my wife wide open, and to door fast asleep. I finds my neighbor's poonkins proke into my hog patch, and picks up a hog, and I preaks it open every rail's pack in de field, and they run to der tufel, as if de fence was behint 'em."

**Double Assassination.**

On the night of the 22nd of December, the wife of Shadrack Nichols, his daughter, aged eight years, and a son of four years old, residing on Hickory Ridge, a short distance from Helena, Arkansas, were murdered while Mr. Nichols was on a hunting expedition. Suspicion fell on Nelson, a yellow boy belonging to Mr. Bowman, who is a near neighbor to Mr. Nichols. The boy was brought to town and lodged in jail, where he confessed his guilt.

The Helena Journal says that the boy watched till the family were asleep and then killed Mrs. Nichols, breaking her skull with a board, and afterward killed the two children because they awoke. There were still two children in the house, one about eight years old, a daughter of J. Sebastian, Esq., and niece to the lady murdered, and the other a little son of Mr. Nichols. The fiend then passed his hand over the faces of these two, to see if they were awake. The boy was still asleep, and he supposed the little girl was also, as she moved not, but in this he was mistaken, as the little girl had the courage and the presence of mind enough to lay perfectly still, watch her opportunity and slip from the bed and escape to her father's house, which was not very far and give the alarm. Before any one reached the house, however, the assassin had fled.

Put the most hellish part remains to be told.—This incarnate hell-hound ravished the lady after breaking her skull!

The people of Hickory Ridge, on hearing all the facts became furious. The cry of burn the murderer ran from one to the other. They armed themselves with gun and knife, came to town last Saturday, coolly and deliberately broke open the jail door, knocked off the chains of the prisoner, and with rope round his neck, compelled him to run along a side of the horses to the scene of murder—a distance of about twenty miles. They formed a court, called a jury, went through a trial, and found the murderer guilty. He was to be burned!

The next day, (Sunday), they chained him to a tree, had the wood round him so as to roast him by degrees, and had kindled the fire. But this was too terrible a death for the spectators to witness even on that bloody field. The cry arose to hang him; and he too joined the cry! They did hang him to the gate post—there he lay covered with the same bloody stains which he committed the awful deed.

**A MODERN NEWTON.**—A debating society met in Michigan had lately submitted for discussion the subject "does the world go round or does it not?" The chairman remarked that he did not propose it because there was any doubt on the subject, but to "fetch out" the orators. After the first speaker had occupied about ten minutes in the discussion, he sat down and was succeeded by one of the "lights" of the town who delivered himself thus:—

"If the world was round, it wouldn't be regular and even as it is. After you'd travelled a little ways, you'd begin to slide, and slide, and bimby you'd tumble off at the edge if you didn't catch a hold on something to hold on by. And then they talk of sailing round the world! Why if the world was round, and went round as they say it did, the capt'ing'd have nothing to do, but tie his ship to a tree and it'd go round of itself! My opponent has asked 'If the world does not go round how does the sun get round to the right place again?' I answer, for a very plain reason, it's so dark you can't see it."

"Time!" said the chairman, and the young man sat down, and it was several minutes before he recovered from the sudden shock his imagination had experienced—like some of the orators in Congress, who, at the expiration of the hour, are frequently lost in the obfuscation of their own ideas.

**A SAFE FOR SUB TREASURY.**—We have been at a loss to conceive what kind of safe would in reality be safe for the projected Sub Treasury against thieves and depredators. Blowing off locks with gun powder is the latest fashion, but the Rothschilds of France have invented a wonderful piece of mechanism to prevent any removal of their deposits, which we shall be under the necessity of adopting for our United States Treasury. If a person attempts the lock, or tampers with it in the slightest degree, an iron hand and arm is thrust out from the door, clenches the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same instant a bell is struck in a room over head, occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is required in the room below. Should this watchman not get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the iron arm in fifteen minutes time, then a blunderbuss is discharged into the body of the trespasser. Thus he is mercifully allowed 15 minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. It is told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers and the watchman came to his release only two minutes before the blunderbuss would have been discharged.

It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue to delight in the company and conversation of good men, and where these cannot be had, it is better to keep no company at all.

A wag of an apothecary at Washington, on being applied to for an emetic for a member of Congress, sent him a phial labelled "Compound extract of an Oregon speech."

Why does a miller wear a white hat? Do you give it up? To cover his head to be sure.