

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### THE INVALID.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

She came in Spring, when leaves were green,  
And birds sang blithe in bower and tree,  
A stranger, but her gentle mien  
It was a calm delight to see.

In every motion grace was hers;  
On every feature sweetness dwelt;  
Thoughts soon became her worshippers—  
Affections soon before her knelt.

She bloom'd through all the summer days,  
As sweetly as the fairest flowers,  
And till October's softening haze,  
Came with its still and dreamy hours.

So calm the current of her life,  
So lovely and serene its flow,  
We hardly mark'd the deadly strife  
Disease forever kept below.

But Autumn winds grew wild and chill,  
And pierced her with their icy breath;  
And when the snow on plain and hill  
Lay white, she passed, and slept in death.

Tones only of immortal birth  
Our memory of her voice can stir:  
With things too beautiful for earth  
Alone do we remember her.

She came in Spring, when leaves were green,  
And birds sang blithe in bower and tree,  
And flowers sprang up and bloomed between  
Low branches and the quickening lea.

The greenness of the leaf is gone,  
The beauty of the flower is riven,  
The birds to other climes have flown,  
And there's an angel more in Heaven.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### TALE OF BORDER LIFE.

BY J. HENDERSON, M. D.

It was my lot, in early life, to be thrown into the company of some of the first white settlers of the Valley of the Juniata, and to hear many tales of the "hair-breadth 'scapes," and thrilling incidents, which befell these hardy adventurers in the desultory warfare which they had waged with the aborigines of the soil, who, in their turn, for the wrongs inflicted upon them, sought not justice, when they well knew it was not to be found—but vengeance, uncompromising vengeance.

Whilst I have looked upon the Spring\* which bears an imperishable name, near to which once stood the cabin of Logan, the veritable author of that sublime and simple appeal to the white man—in which the utter desolation of a broken heart is expressed, with a truth and a pathos that have touched the lowest chord in the scale of human woe;—or when the sound of the fall of a mighty oak, in the stillness of the wood, has recalled to mind the mournfully beautiful words of the dying Pashmataha—how have I regretted that so few anecdotes of these noblemen of nature have been preserved, and that many of the most interesting events of Border life, which tradition had imperfectly handed down to the last generation, are destined to fade away from the remembrance of that which is to follow.

The ensuing narrative, in which I give the substance of what I heard related, deserves to be recorded as a rare example of disinterested love and chivalrous generosity, in one of a people, whom, in our youthful days, we were taught to look upon more in the light of savage beasts than rational beings, endowed, like ourselves, with the image and feelings of humanity.

Mr. J. Hall, a revolutionary soldier, and one of the first settlers of Huntingdon county, frequently related the following interesting incidents as having occurred within his own knowledge, and connected with the captivity and escape of a girl of the name of Brotherton, who had been taken prisoner by a predatory band of Seneca Indians, and carried to their settlements on our northern frontier.

Two trappers on the Moshannon were driven from their camp, near the present town of Phillipsburg, by the advancing war party, and flying to the nearest settlement on the Juniata, forwarned the inhabitants of the impending danger. The fearful tidings were carried by runners from house to house and all, save Brotherton and his daughter, sought

the protection of the Blockhouse, at the Standing Stone, (now Huntingdon.) The father being absent at the time, the heroic girl, resisting every entreaty, absolutely refused to leave the house until his return, which was every moment expected.—And the rest of the family consisting of the mother and several younger children, with the gloomy forebodings, were reluctantly compelled to leave her behind. Brotherton did not return that night, and early the next morning, the barking of the dog apprized her that some one was near; and supposing it to be her father, she went out to meet him—was seen, pursued, overtaken by the Indians, who already suspected that their approach had been discovered, from the circumstance that several houses which they had visited bore certain evidence of the hasty flight of their late occupants, and loading themselves with the plunder thus acquired, made a precipitate retreat through the mountains.

They were immediately pursued by all the disposable force at the Standing Stone, which Brotherton arrived in time to join. The party was headed by an old hunter, who, following the trail with the instinct of the bloodhound, came upon the place of their first night's encampment, which was amongst the laurels of Tapey's Mountains. On the following day, in tracing their footsteps over some boggy ground, they remarked with pleasure that the slight shoes of Miss Brotherton, (as they noticed with pain had been worn through on the preceding day,) were now replaced by a substantial pair of moccasins. After this discovery, the leader of the party, a man experienced in the warfare and customs of the Indians, proposed a consultation, and addressing himself to Brotherton, the one of all the party most deeply interested, advised him that on his daughter's account it would be the most prudent to give up the pursuit, as it was now evident that they meant to treat her kindly; that if overtaken, and finding themselves encumbered with the prisoner, they would put her to death rather than that she should fall into their hands. This prudent counsel happily prevailed, and they returned to the settlement.

Little is known of the proceedings afterwards, except the instances related by Miss B. of their extreme vigilance and caution, to baffle pursuit, and avoid surprise. Such as when ascending a mountain, if a stone was moved, they would turn round and replace it; and in the stillness of the night, when a noise was heard, as of some one treading upon a dead stick, their pipes were instantly laid aside, and their fires put out, and not a word was spoken until it was light enough to resume their noiseless march.

Our heroine is represented to have possessed much rustic beauty, and attractiveness of manner, and although she had scarcely reached the full bloom of womanhood, previous to her captivity, more than one aspirant to her hand, had already paid his homage to her charms.

After remaining upwards of a year in the family of a chief, as an adopted daughter, Oron, a distinguished young warrior, became deeply enamored of her, and with every demonstration of the most ardent affection, offered her marriage.

His suit was mildly but firmly rejected. Some time afterwards he sought and obtained a private interview, at which he told her he had plainly discovered that the white dove, (a name by which he was pleased to call her) loved the hills and the valleys of her own clear stream; better than the lakes and plains of the red man—and that she was pining at heart after the friends she had left behind her.—That however much the rejection of his suit had grieved him, to be the daily witness of her unhappiness distressed him still more. And that his object in seeking the present interview, was to propose a scheme for her deliverance.

After enjoining upon her the utmost caution, that nothing in her conduct or demeanor might lead to a suspicion of her intended flight, he appointed to meet her at a well known spot, a few miles from the village, on the midnight of a certain day. And to laid suspicion to rest, a few days previous to the appointed time, he intimated an intention (a not unusual occurrence) of taking a hunting expedition of several weeks duration.

Faithful in his engagement, the young chief, provided with everything required for such an undertaking, set out with his interesting charge, on the way to her long regretted home. Nor did he relax, night or day, in the most unremitting attention to her comfort or convenience, throughout this long and dreary journey.

At night fall after kindling her fire, he spread her couch of forest leaves with the softest ponds of the fern, over which, upon the rude forks which his tomahawk supplied him, he erected a canopy of hemlock boughs, to protect her from the chilly dews of the night. A dressed bear skin and blanket afforded her all the additional comfort required after the fatigues of the day, to ensure her a night's repose both profound and refreshing. When these simple preparations for the night were completed, he partook with her of the frugal repast which his knapsack or his rifle had furnished him, and then with the true delicacy of the most refined feeling, he retired to take the short repose which nature required, at a respectful distance.

It was near the close of September, on the last day of their weary march, that the warrior and the maiden stood upon the summit of a ridge which overlooked the cottage of her parents, the blue smoke from which could be seen now curling upwards amidst the trees. Spread abroad before their eyes was a scene rich in picturesque and quiet beauty. The last rays of the setting sun were resting upon the summits of the hills, whilst the deep valleys between were darkening in the shadows of

evening. The soft low murmurings which rose upon the breeze were sent up by the beautiful Juniata, glimpses of which could be seen, as it flashed in light, through various openings between the hills, until it was lost to sight in the dark defiles of the distant mountains. Pointing to the residence of her parents, the Indian thus addressed the fair captive:

"Oran can go no farther! The friends of the white dove are still the mortal foes of the red man: She now stands amidst her native hills, and looks down upon the scenes of her childhood. Oran would not have an unwilling bride: he has therefore brought her here, that she may make her final choice in sight of the wigwams of her people.—Will she return with him to be the happy mistress of his heart and home, or send him forth a lone wanderer into the wilderness?" Pointing to the setting sun, he continued:—"See! the Great Spirit of Light will soon hide his face behind the mountains, and the earth will be dark and sad; but tomorrow he will look again from the East, and all that live will rejoice in his beams. So, if the white dove will hide her face, Oran's heart will be dark and sorrowful, and if she return not, the sun will again shine—but never more for him."

He then sat down and covered his face with his hands.

Deeply impressed with gratitude for such disinterested love and generosity, in which there was perhaps mingled somewhat of a more tender sentiment, the maiden hastened between the most conflicting emotions, which at one time inclined her to return with him, when the thoughts of her parents and the deep distress at the indelible disgrace of such a connexion, first caused her to falter in her choice, and finally to resolve on bidding adieu to her generous lover.

Oran received the announcement of her final decision in silence—nor did he again speak: she saw that he tried to speak, but could not. After pressing her hand to his throbbing heart, and pointing to the earth and to the heavens, he disappeared in the shades of the forest, and she never saw him more. Miss Brotherton never could relate this—the closing scene of her adventures—without shedding many tears.

Some years afterwards, when commissioners were appointed by the State authorities to hold a treaty with the hostile tribes of the Six Nations for the ransom of prisoners, the father of Miss Brotherton, who felt grateful for the kindness of the generous Indian, and wishing to return him a suitable recompense, ordered a rifle to be made, in the construction and ornamenting of which, no expense was to be spared, and as Mr. Hale observed, it was just the kind of trinket an Indian would glory in the possession of.

The rifle was sent out as a present from the young woman, with a friendly message to her quondam lover, to the effect that she would ever remember, to the most heartfelt gratitude, his generous devotion, and pray to the Great Spirit, who was the common parent of both the white and the red races, for his prosperity and happiness; and that if they were never to see each other again in this world, she trusted they would meet once more in those delightful abodes provided for the good of all nations and colors in the world to come. But ah! how did she grieve to hear, that after his return from the Juniata, he appeared not as he was wont to do, but seemed gloomy and dejected, and soon afterwards fell, covered with wounds, in a reckless assault upon a camp of the Hurons, with whom his people were at war.

\* Near Brown's Mills, Mifflin County, Pa. † The Indian name (by interpretation) of the Juniata.

§ No one not personally conversant with the first settlers, can conceive of the horror and disgust with which such a connection was looked upon.

A BEAUTY.—A correspondent of the N. York Tribune, writing from Texas, gives the following interesting items in the history of one of the Texas Senators:

An amusing anecdote of Houston has been told me by a man, who in his own person witnessed the truth of it. While Houston was with the Cherokee Indians at the time that he abandoned his wife, and turned his back, as he said, upon civilization, he was married to a daughter of one of the Chiefs of the Nation. In his sullen pride he discarded the robes of civilized life, and covered his nakedness with skins and blankets. He visited the trading houses with the Indians, and refused to hold any intercourse with the whites, except through an interpreter. When addressed in his native language, he would grunt out some Indian guttural, with as much grave simplicity as an Indian himself; and then he would sit wrapped in a buffalo rug, and hold long conversations through an interpreter. In one of his visits to the trading houses, he like the other Indians, drank too deeply of the fire-water. While under the influence of liquor, he committed an offence, which seriously offended his spouse. The consequence was a blow-up in the morning, and this child of the woods revenged upon him the wrongs of her white predecessor, who waited his return in the sad silence of her deserted home. Houston then left Askansas, and moved to the Red Lands of Texas, and there associated himself with another branch of the same nation. From among these, he took unto himself another wife, in the enjoyment of whose charms he forgot his recent sorrows and misfortunes. At the breaking out of the war he emerged from his semi-barbarous state to head the armies of Texas.

## The Dead Letter Office.

The Washington correspondent of the Portland Argus furnishes the following interesting description of the operations of that branch of the General Post Office Department to which are transmitted all the uncalled for letters remaining in the various Post Offices throughout the Union:

Among the places which I have visited, is the Dead Letter Office, in the Post Office Department. It is certainly an interesting part of that building. You will be surprised at some facts I learned there. The business of the dead letter office alone employs four clerks all the time. One opens the bundles containing the letters sent to Washington, from the several post offices, after they have been advertised and no owner found for them. He passes the letters over to two other clerks, who open them all, to see if they contain any thing valuable. If they do not, they are thrown on to a pile on the floor.—No time is allowed to read them, as that would be impossible, without a great addition of help. The number of dead letters returned to the General Post Office is astonishingly large. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is fourteen hundred thousand, and under the cheap postage system is increasing! Hence it requires swift hands to open so large a number, without stepping to read a word. Any one who is so silly as to write a mass of nonsense to an imaginary person, supposing it will be ultimately read by some one, may save himself the trouble hereafter. He may depend upon it, not a word will be likely to be read of the letter, unless he encloses something valuable in it; and that would be paying too dear for so small a whistle. At the end of each quarter, the letters that have been opened having accumulated to a large mass, and having been in the meantime stowed into bags, are carried out on the plains, and there consumed in a bonfire. The huge bags make five or six cart loads each quarter.

The letters containing any thing valuable, or in fact any matter enclosed, are passed over to a fourth clerk, who occupies a separate room for the purpose, and there are canvassed by this gentleman. It is very interesting to examine the heterogeneous materials of this room, that have been extracted from letters, and accumulating for years. Here you see the singular matters that are sometimes transported through the post office. The amount of moneys that at various times has been found in letters, is very large. When any thing of value, as money, drafts, &c., is found, the rule is, to return it to the post office whence it came, and the postmaster of that office must advertise it, or use any other means best calculated to find the owner. If all his efforts fail, he returns it to the General Office, and it is labelled and filed away. Sometimes as much as \$300 are found in a week, in dead letters! I think within this month several hundreds have been found. An iron chest is kept for the purpose of these deposits. In looking over the files in that chest, I was astonished at the amount of money there, and the large sums contained in some of the letters.—Some single letters containing \$50, \$40, \$10, and down to \$1. One letter contained a £10 note—very likely the property of some poor emigrant, (intended for his wife or children,) who had made a mistake in sending it, and no owner could be found.

Among this money is a good deal of counterfeit. The letters are all labelled, not only with the sums, but also whether containing counterfeit or good money. There were many had small bills scattered through the piles. In one case there was a bad half eagle—in another were two letters, each containing \$500 counterfeit money! It was on some New York bank new, and very nicely done—and was, doubtless, the remittance of one counterfeit to another—who had been in the meantime apprehended, or was suspicious he was watched, and hence had been too cunning to call for the wicked deposit of his confederate. In the strong box, there was a box of change, of all kinds, and a large string of rings of various fancies and values, taken from the dead letters. Many a love token of this modest kind enveloped in a letter couched in most homely words, and intended in mind of the writer for the dearest girl in the universe, had, instead of reaching its interesting destination, brought up in the dead letter office, passed through the hands of these cold, grey-haired clerks, who never stopped to read the tender effusion that cost so much racking of the heart-strings—and the delicate pledge of affection had been tossed into the iron chest, instead of encircling the taper finger of "the love" for whom it was purchased.

But passing out of the chest, the matters that meet your eye on the shelves and in the cases are equally interesting. Here are books, and ribbons, and gloves, and hose, and a thousand other things. I saw one specimen of a most splendid ribbon, of several yards, that seemed very much out of place here—when it was intended to adorn the bonnet of some lady. A package lay near that had not been opened. It was from England. The postage was \$8 63. It had been refused at the office where sent, because of enormous postage, and sent to the dead office in due course of time. Now, said the Superintendent, I will show you what valueless things are sent through the mails, in comparison to their expense. I do not know what is in it, but we will see. So he opened it, and behold, it contained about a yard of coarse cloth, like crash, worth perhaps a shilling, which had been sent to some dry goods house in this country, as a specimen of the manufacture of the article, by some factory in England. Of course, the postage being thirty times its value, it was refused by those to whom it was directed. I saw two night caps that were taken

from a letter only a few days since. If the poor fellow to whom they were sent does not sleep in a night cap until he gets these, his head will be cold. It is impossible for the Department to attend to finding owners for the comparatively valueless things that are received; as night caps, ribbons, garters, stockings, stays, bustles, &c., &c., and they are therefore thrown into the receptacle of "things lost to earth," and a pretty "kettle of fish" there is in that receptacle, you may depend.

In the cases, arranged and labelled for the purpose, are the legal documents found in letters.—These are numerous, and run back for a long term of years. They are most carefully preserved. The beneficial policy of this preservation has been often illustrated, and most strikingly so, only the other day. A gentleman in a distant state wrote to the superintendent that some seven or eight years ago a large package of the most valuable papers had been lost through the post office. They involved the right to a large estate. If he could not find them he would be irretrievably ruined, and begged him to search in the department for them. He did so. He told me that the first case he came to, under a pile of other papers, he saw a large package, answering the description. He took it out, and it was the very papers wanted. They had slept there quietly for years. The postage was about ten dollars—and they had originally, by some mistake, failed of their rightful owner. The package had been carefully preserved and the owner was peculiarly saved.

## Marrying in Fun.

The Legislature of New York has refused to annul the marriage of Miss Lillie, who, it will be recollected, stood up and was married during a sleighing frolic. It is hard, but just. A ceremony of such importance is not a fit subject for mockery.—As she married at haste, she must repent at leisure.

The facts of the case are simply these, and they should operate as a caution to all in future not to practice such jests on a very serious subject. The parties were on a sleighing frolic with several friends, and in going out a marriage was proposed between the two parties in a jocose manner when they arrived at the public house, but the lady was cautioned, that if she stood up to be married it would hold good in law, and she replied, "why of course." A Justice of the Peace was called in, and informed that his judicial services were required, but finding all the parties were so full of mirth and glee, he admonished sobriety becoming the occasion, and they promised to behave more decorously.—The parties thereupon got up again on the floor, and Mr. Hall said to Miss Lillie—"are you willing to get married?" she said "yes." They stood on the floor, and Mr. Diamond and Miss Robbins stood up with them. The justice said to the whole company, "if I marry you, there is no undoing I think." He then asked Miss Lillie the following question: "Miss Lillie, are you willing to get married?"—"Perfectly willing," she answered. He then said to Mr. Hall, "are you willing to join in matrimony?" Mr. Hall hung his head and did not answer. The question being again repeated, he replied, "yes, sir." The justice then, after again asking Miss Lillie the question before propounded to her and receiving the same answer, pronounced them man and wife. Mr. Hall, the gentleman married, asked for a certificate, and Miss Lillie said she thought she was entitled also to one, which were made out, the marriage regularly published in the papers, and the justice received six dollars for his trouble. The parties, on arriving at home, separated, and the next morning Mr. Hall called on Miss Lillie, and she desired him to get her out of the scrape, as she was assured they could not live happily together. The Senate Committee, on hearing the facts, unanimously reported against the bill:—so the lady must be content to stay married.—N. Y. Sun.

## Result of the "Marriage in Fun."

The Albany citizen, of Monday, says the matter has been finally settled as follows:

"Miss Lillie and Mr. Hall, whose application for divorce has occupied much of the time of the Legislature, were married last evening, in the South Pearl street Baptist Church."

LOVE.—The following beautiful sentiments are from the pen of Harriet Martineau, a maiden lady, verging, it is believed, on her third score of years. Whether she has experienced the feeling so eloquently and beautifully described, we know not, but we have rarely met with so delightful a picture as she has drawn. A contemporary truly remarks that "her sentiments are pure and hearty, and to realize them in their fulness is like revelling among the roses of life." "Their needs no other proof," she says, "that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. The statesman is the leader of a nation; the warrior is the grace of an age; the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover—where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he soon will be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell—wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on—unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of his eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.—True love continues and will continue to send up its homage amidst the meditations of every evening, and the busy hum of noon and the songs of morning stars.

## My Uncle, the Parson—or the effect of Red Pepper.

The Knickerbocker contains a capital story, by John Waters, of which the following is the conclusion:

At the dinner table our "parson" takes a bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely asperity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talamon was irresistibly excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was grateful and appetizing, "Pray, sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the Parson, "but I must apprise you that this is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, that I received from a friend in the tropics," and, said he, handing it to him, "a very few grains will go a great way."

A half desirous glance at the size of my uncle and then at his own portly figure, seemed to intimate that he thought the caution very little worthy of notice by a man of his cubicular inches. He rapped the bottle on the side as he had seen the parson loosen the grains of his fiery stimulant, applied it in the same way, but without the same caution, to his gravy, and used it freely with his meat.

The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance, but he recited manfully the first intimations of his internal assault; he hummed stoutly and repeatedly to maintain his ground, his face then became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened, he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight, spread abroad his arms like Sampson groping for the remaining pillars of the temple of Gaza, and rose in agony of distress and pain, unimagined by him in his dreams before. His first note was that of a brimled bull in his own cattle yard at home. The word *red* does no justice whatever to the sound.

Fortunately he did not cough! My uncle concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavored to say, "Will that put it out?" and made for a large jug that had been replenished, he raised it boldly to his lips, and took a draught, that had its contents been more gentle, might for its length, breadth and depth and height, have won from Bacchus, the whole conquest of the Indies.

"Jedediah!" said he, as soon as he could articulate, "for the lan's sake does my mouth blaze?"

"No," said the other, with imperturbable coolness, "but it smokes consumedly, Hiram, I tell you."

Another jar of water seemed to reassure him of his safety against internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and with them his entire self possession, he strode in front of my uncle, and accosted him:

"Do you know mister, that I took you for a parson?"

"I am, indeed," said my uncle, an humble member of the cloth."

"O you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this here way, carrying hell-fire in your breeches?"

## A CHEERFUL HEART.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the shining of the sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their time if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing they see is gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious that what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the fear of the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, and buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We travel often in a hard uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with great comfort and reach the end of our journey in peace.

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee."

A NEW RAIL ROAD.—"Ship-ahoy! Where are you from?" "From the sky," replied the skipper who was hailed. "How did you come from there?" "I greased the seat of my trousers and slid down on a rainbow."

To cure your love for one girl, just fall in love with another. Its only antidote. For one affection draws another out—as lesser pains are by the gout.