

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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TERMS:

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POETICAL.

[FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.]

Given up to Sadness.

Winds of the summer twilight hour!
Whence came your tone's mysterious power?
Ye bear no griefs o'er which to pine,
Nor yet a heart to melt as mine;
Yet oh sweet winds that breathe your tone
Like sighs o'er some heart broken one—
Ye whispering zephyrs wandering free
That mourn so sweetly—mourn for me!

And you, ye waves with murmurs sweet,
Soft sighing as ye kiss my feet,
How like to mine your troubled breast,
That heaves and sighs and knows no rest!
I list your melancholy swell,
That with my sad heart suits so well—
Oh murmuring waters, wild and free,
That sigh so sweetly—sigh for me!

And you ye gentle dews that fall,
As twilight drops her dusky pall—
Ye trembling dew gems—tears of even
That seek to bring a balm from Heaven,
Say—weep ye for the sad one's sake
Who bears a heart that's fit to break!
Then dews of twilight—falling free
That weep so softly—weep for me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Horrible Cannibalism.

Emigration to California.

A letter dated 24th March last at lower Puebla, states that the writer arrived at the first settlement in California on the 14th of October, after a very long and tiresome journey. Very soon after their arrival in California, hearing of the revolution, and that the American colors were raised, these emigrants enlisted as volunteers in a regiment formed under Col. Fremont, with the promise of twenty-five dollars per month—sergeants thirty-five. He speaks favorably of the country over which he has passed, and says that if he were now back in Missouri with his family, and with his present knowledge of the country, he would not hesitate to move there.

The charms of the country must be very great to counterbalance the difficulties which the emigrants encounter in getting there, and of which he gives some account in the letter. He went out with Moran and Boon, who changed their mind on the route, and went to Oregon. Gov. Boggs reached California about the same time Quivy did, after much difficulty, having lost his cattle. A party of emigrants who went out, or started, with Col. Russell, suffered almost incredible hardships in the mountain, last winter, having been prevented from crossing them by the snow.

This company was composed of twenty-three wagons, and left Indian Creek on the 13th day of May, 1846. About the 24th of February last, five women and two men arrived at Capt. Johnson's, the first house of the California settlements, entirely naked, and their feet frost-bitten. They stated that their company had arrived at Trukey's Lake, on the east side of the mountains, and found the snow so deep that they could not travel.—Fearing starvation, sixteen of the strongest (eleven males and five females) agreed to start for the settlement on foot. After wandering about a number of days, bewildered, their provision gave out. Long hunger made it necessary to cast lots who should be sacrificed to make food for the rest, but at this time the weaker began to die, which rendered the taking of life unnecessary. As they died, the company went into camp and made meat of the dead bodies of their companions. Nine of the men died, and seven were eaten. One of the men was carried to Johnson's on the back of an Indian.

From this statement it would seem that the women endured the hardships better than the men, as none of them died. The company left behind numbered sixty souls, ten of them men, the others women and children. They were in camp about one hundred miles from Johnson's. Revolting as it may seem, it is stated that one of the women was obliged to eat part of the dead bodies of her father and brother, and another saw her husband's heart cooked. It ought to be a very fine country to justify an exposure to such sufferings and horrors. —St. Louis Rep. of July 20th.

Mr. Frampton's Introduction to a Royal Tiger.

When I was a young shaver, having lived in the world some twenty years or so, I was engaged as a sort of supernumerary clerk in the house of Wilson and Brown at Calcutta; and having no one else who could be so easily spared, they determined to despatch me on a business negotiation to one of the native princes, about eight hundred miles up the country. I travelled with a party of the dragoons, commanded by a Capt. Slingsby, a man about five years older than myself, and as good a fellow as ever lived. Well, some how or other he took a great fancy to me, and nothing would do but that I should accompany him in all his sporting expeditions—for I should tell you that he was a thorough sportsman—and I believe, entertained some strange notion that he should be able to make one of me. One unfortunate morning, he came into my tent, and woke me out of a sound sleep which I had fallen into, after being kept awake half the night by the most diabolical howls and screams that ever were heard out of Bedlam, expecting every minute to see some of their performers step in to sup, not with, but upon me.

"Come, Frampton, wake up, man," cried Slingsby, "here's glorious news."

"What is it?" said I—"have they found another hamper of ale among the baggage!"

"Ale nonsense," was the reply. "A shikkarree (native hunter) has just come into camp to say, that a young bullock was carried off yesterday, and is lying half eaten in the jungle about a mile from this place; so at last, my boy, I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to a real live tiger."

"Thank ye," said I, "you're very kind, but if at all inconvenient to you this morning, you can put it off; another day will do quite as well for me—I'm not in the least hurry."

It was of no use, however; all I got for my pains was a poke in the ribs, and an injunction to lose no time in getting ready. Before we had done breakfast, the great man of the neighborhood, Rajah somebody or other, made his appearance on his elephant attended by a train of tawny, who were to undertake the agreeable duty of beating. Not being considered fit to take care of myself—a melancholy fact of which I was too conscious—it was decreed that Slingsby and I should occupy the same howdah. Accordingly at the time appointed, we mounted our elephant and having a formidable array of guns handed up to us, we started.

As my companion, and indeed every one else concerned in the matter, evidently considered it completely as a party of the utmost pleasure, and seemed to be prepared to enjoy themselves, I endeavored to persuade myself that I did so too; and, consoled by the reflection that, if the tiger had positively eaten half a bullock yesterday afternoon, it could never be worth his while to scale our elephant, and run the risk of being shot, for the sake of devouring me, I felt rather bold than otherwise. After proceeding for some distance through the jungle, and rousing, as it appeared to me, every beast that had come out of Noah's Ark, except a tiger, our elephant, who had hitherto conducted himself in a very quiet and gentlemanly manner, suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times—a sure sign, as the mahout informed us, that a tiger was somewhat close at hand.

"Now, Frampton," cried my companion, cocking his double-barrel, "look out!"

"For squalls," returned I, finishing the sentence for him. "Pray, is there any particular part they like to be shot in?—whereabouts shall I aim?"

"Wherever you can," replied Slingsby, "be ready, there he is, by Jupiter," and as he spoke, the long grass about a hundred yards in front of us was gently agitated, and I caught a glimpse of what appeared a yellow black streak moving swiftly away in an opposite direction—"Tally ho!" shouted Slingsby, saluting the tiger with both barrels. An angry roar proved that the shot had taken effect, and in another moment, a large tiger, lashing his side with his tail, and his eyes glaring with rage, came bounding towards us.

"Now what's to be done?" exclaimed I—"if you had but let him alone, he was going away as quietly as possible."

Slingsby's reply was a smile, and seizing another gun he fired again. On receiving this shot this tiger stopped for a moment, and then, with a tremendous bound, sprang towards us, alighting at the foot of a small tree not a yard from the elephant's head.

"That last shot crippled him," said my companion, "or we should have had the pleasure of his nearer acquaintance

—now for the coup de grace, fire away!" and as he spoke he leaned forward to take deliberate aim, when suddenly the front of the howdah gave way, and to my horror, Slingsby was precipitated over the elephant's head, into, as it seemed to me, the very jaws of the tiger. A fierce growl, and a suppressed cry of agony, proved that the monster had seized his prey, and I had completely given my friend up for lost, when the elephant, although greatly alarmed, being urged on by the mahout, took a step forward and twisting his trunk round the top of the young tree, bent it down across the loins of the tiger, thus forcing the tortured animal to quit his hold, and affording Slingsby an opportunity of crawling beyond the reach of its teeth and claws. Forgetting my own fears in the imminence of my friend's danger, I only waited till I could get a shot at the tiger without running the risk of hurting Slingsby, and then fired both barrels at its head, and was lucky enough to wound it mortally. The other sportsmen coming up at this moment, the brute received his quietus, but poor Slingsby's arm was broken where the tiger had seized it with his teeth, and his chest was severely lacerated by its claws, nor did he entirely recover the shock for many months. And this was my first introduction to a royal tiger, Sir. I saw many of them afterwards, during the time I spent in India, but I can't say I ever had much liking for their society—umph!

A SNAKE STORY.—The Leesburg, Va., Chronicle relates the following:

"Mr. Shaffer, a worthy citizen of Leesburg, was last week severely bitten on the hand by a copper-head snake.—The local inflammatory symptoms were almost instantaneous; but Mr. S. fortunately had a companion with him who was conversant with the usual remedies. The first of these used was the rattle-snake weed, which he chewed and applied to the wound. The second was a poison, applied according to custom, under the conviction that one poison will neutralize another, viz: Whiskey.—Though Mr. S. is a perfectly temperate man, totally unaccustomed to the use of this article, he drank a quart of it without experiencing any intoxicating effects. Mr. S. was then placed under the care of Dr. Cross, and we are pleased to add has been entirely exempt from all general inflammatory symptoms."

PROVOKING.—A weary traveller was made very angry a few days since by a wag on one of the Champlain canal packets. He reached a station a moment after the packet started; whereupon, with valise in hand, he chased the boat half a mile, the thermometer at 96. As he neared the boat, the wag inquired of him "If he wished to get a-board?" "To be sure I do," was the reply. "Well, then, just stop where you are and take one off the fence."

One of the best replies ever made to a challenge was that made by Hicks when he was challenged by Horn Tooke. "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present high sheriff of London, it may happen that I may shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it, that you shall have no grounds to complain of my endeavors to serve you."

PLOUGHING WITH ELEPHANTS.—It is stated that in Ceylon elephants are employed in ploughing rice fields, and in preparing new grounds for cultivation of coffee, pepper, &c. One of these animals well trained, it is said, will do the work of twenty oxen; consequently, more labor is performed in a given time, and the period is hastened for putting in the crops. The price of an elephant in Ceylon varies from \$50 to \$75.

A dentist was lately making a speech, in one of the interior counties, when a wag in the crowd interrupted him with "What do you ask for pulling a tooth, doctor?"

"I will pull your tooth for a shilling, and your nose for half the money," replied the speaker.

AN EDITOR IN A BAD BOX.—The editor of the Pine Knot established his paper in a town without inhabitants, and has continued to publish it without subscribers or readers. He is sans every thing, conducting of a public journal. But what will not Yankee perseverance accomplish!—The following is from his last number:

"This is our 4th number, and as yet we have not received the first exchange paper from any quarter. We are getting, like an old maid of our acquaintance, Miss Silvia Sowersby, to have a very poor opinion of the mails; and for the same reason, doubtless, that 'they never come where we are.'"

Wonders of Creation.

The Fixed Stars.

When we cast our eyes upwards, and view those brilliant orbs, those silent monitors and emblems of eternity, that have, through countless ages, retained their original position with respect to our globe and to each other, and thence called fixed stars, we are lost in the contemplation of the immensity of the creative power.

Educated, as we are, with an ambition that "would scale high heaven," and intellects almost superhuman, and with powers that compel the very elements to become subservient to the purposes of man; yet, the Great Being has reserved to himself alone the knowledge of these orbs, and placed them at such distances, as incitements to that restless spirit of inquiry so inherent in man's nature, and by such investigations to lead him to himself, for "an undevout astronomer is mad."

Hence, we find that the earliest records of time speak of them, and efforts have, in all ages, been made to acquire a knowledge of their properties, objects, and distances. What advances may have been made by the Chaldeans, the Hindus, and other Eastern nations, in making these discoveries, we have but few reliable accounts; but towers and other erections, used for astronomical purposes, are still extant to test their desire for information. The improvements in astronomical instruments, especially the telescope; the vast advances in mathematics; the reasoning by analogy, and an improved mode of education, have enabled us in modern days to approximate as near the truth as the difficulty of the subject will admit.

All planets which belong to our system, their distances, magnitudes, motions, and relative densities have been accurately calculated; but of the Fixed Stars, one only has, as yet, been ascertained. The orbit of the earth on the line on which it moves in its revolution round the sun is 190 millions of miles in diameter, taking this as a point, it is inferred by the best astronomical calculations that the distance of Sirius, supposed to be the nearest fixed star to the earth, cannot be less than 20,000,000,000,000 miles, and as the best method of forming an idea of its diameter, is, to compare it with some other moving body by which it may be measured, we take light as a means. So light moves at the rate of 20,000 miles in a minute, and would take three years for its passage from the nearest fixed star to the earth, nor should we see any object were it to be suddenly placed in the heavens at an equal distance, until the expiration of that time, or until it touched the retina of the eye; and by a parity of reasoning, should the same object be struck from existence, the moment the sight reached us, we should continue to see it until the expiration of the same time, viz: three years.

A cannon ball, moving at the rate of twenty miles a minute, would take 1,800,000 years in traversing the same distance. Sound, which moves at the rate of 13 miles a minute, or 1142 feet in a second, would be 2,700,000 years in passing from the star to the earth. So that, were it possible, the inhabitants of the earth could see the light, hear the sound, and receive the cannon ball discharged at the distance above stated, it would take three years to see the light, 1,800,000 years to receive the ball and 2,700,000 years to hear the discharge. With a knowledge of these phenomena we cannot be surprised at the schoolmaster, who, upon receiving any new scholar, placed him at once to the study of astronomy; and did the pupil evince an apathy or indifference to the subject, he immediately dismissed him, justly reasoning that the mind that could not embrace so sublime a study, was incapable of appreciating of attaining eminence in any.

Such, indeed, is its sublimity, that it is astonishing one mind can be found so grovelling, as not only to treat, but to look, with indifference upon the nightly orbs that revolve above his head, those lamps that light us to the HOME of the Eternal, and point to us the path to that celestial spot which throws into dim distance the whole collected light of the millions upon millions of suns that are but the penumbra of its Glory.—Saturday Gleaner.

Here lies Buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the State of Virginia, of Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.

BE ACTIVE.—The body was made for use. Every part of it is made for activity. But any thing made for use, will suffer injury to lie still. The human body, especially, if suffered to remain inactive, becomes useless.—Activity strengthens the parts. If you would have more strength, you must use what you have, and it will increase. The right use of your members, also, must be learned by practice. Much practice is necessary, for instance, to train the fingers to the various uses in which they are to be employed, so as, (to use a homely phrase,) to make them handy. The body, likewise, needs good exercise, to keep it in a healthy state. The various parts of its machinery have a great work to do, every day, in turning your food into blood, and send it a great many thousand times, in a vast number of little streams, to every part of the body. But this machinery will not work, if the body is all the time inactive. It requires motion, to give it power. There is nothing, therefore, so bad for it as laziness. It is like a dead calm to the windmill, which stop all its machinery.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have. Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves.

Sweet olive oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattle-snake. Apply it externally and internally.

Jefferson's House, Death, Grave and Monument.

On the summit that command this enchanting view, the mansion was built by Jefferson when he had wealth to lavish on his cultivated tastes. The house is a hundred feet long, and of peculiar form and proportions—you enter a wide lofty hall that was once adorned with the works of art which he had selected with a master's skill in the high places of earth; then you pass on to the spacious dining-room with polished inlaid floor—then to his library and study, and parlors—ascend this flight of stairs, not wide enough for more than one to walk up at a time, and you find the chamber where he died on the 4th of July, 1826. The bed was in a recess, the ends of which sustained two cross pieces, and on these was thrown the mattress on which he laid himself to die! It was the gloomiest place, that dead room—that I was ever in: there was the strangest gathering of thoughts, crowding on each other, and each claiming to be the true emotion for the hour and spot. I thought of liberty and revolutions; of human greatness and glory; of philosophy, and religion, and infidelity, and hereafter: of the soul of a mighty man struggling with the fetters of flesh, and rushing away from them into the darkness of an untried future, into the presence of the Infinite, in whom the wisdom of men and of angels is lost as a drop that falls on the ocean: before whom the soul of the unholly shrinks away and finds the rags of human glory and the fig leaves of philosophy to be no covering when the eye of the Holy One searches the spirit; such thoughts as these pressed on me as I stood in the chamber whence the soul of Jefferson fled, to judgment. The mansion, now owned by Captain Levy, is falling into decay: it was sold and all the furniture, for his creditors, Jefferson having died insolvent: and almost the only relic left of the man whose name is identified with his country's history, as a devoted patriot, and a distinguished President, is a bust of Voltaire, which stands here as a sort of tutelary divinity of this deserted and dilapidated house.

As you descend the mountain, you pass an enclosure without a gate, that contains the grave of Jefferson; and a more neglected, wretched burial-place you will seek in vain. If Campbell's "last man" had been buried here, he could not have been less cared for.

The wife of Jefferson, "torn from him by death" ten years after their early marriage, lies here.

A granite obelisk, battered much by democratic pilgrims, but without name or epitaph, is doubtless the monument of Jefferson. It was here placed by his executor, and the pannel on which was to be inscribed the epitaph which he wrote for himself, has never been inserted in the stone. I was told that it is lying with iron gates designed for the enclosure, on the banks of the river where they were landed, and that no man has troubled himself to see that they ever reached their destination.

I mention these facts that those who would honor the memory of the Apostle of Democracy may stir themselves to pay respect to his ashes, and those who do not respect his name and his principles, may see how both are esteemed in the region of his home and his tomb.

By a late Virginia paper it appears that the epitaph was inscribed on a marble tablet which is preserved in the solitary mansion.

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Sweet olive oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattle-snake. Apply it externally and internally.

The New York Evening Post says, that during the late visit of the President at that city, while he was at the Institution for the Blind, one of the pupils recited a "Welcome to the President," in twelve stanzas, of which the Post remembers only the following:

The name of Andrew Jackson
Will ne'er forgotten be,
The loved, the lost, thy kindred star,
That rose on Tennessee.

Hark! one united burst of joy,
By heart and tongue is woke,
One chorus rends the listening air,
Hurrah! for James K. Polk!

We are authorized to say, says the Springfield Gazette, that the following elegant stanza supplies one of the missing numbers:

Hurrah! for that most brilliant stroke,
Great Santa Anna's "PASS,"
Which filled our enemies with joy,
And proved Jim Polk an—uncommonly smart man!

LOGIC.—In my youth, I too, entertained some illusions, but I soon recovered from them. The great orators that rule the assemblies by the brilliancy of their eloquence, are, in general, men of the most mediocre political talents. They should not be opposed in their own way; for they have always more noisy words at command than you have. Their eloquence should be opposed by a serious logical argument.—Their strength lies in vagueness. They should be brought back to the reality of facts. Practical arguments destroy such men. In the councils there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I had. I always defeated them by this simple argument, "two and two make four."—Napoleon.

COMPLIMENT TO GEN. SCOTT.—A Loco-foco correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, in speaking of the difficulty between Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist, thus compliments the hero of Cerro Gordo: "Gen. Scott may insist a little on PUNCTILLO; but Gen. Scott is a very great captain—it is our modest opinion that he has not now, as a vigorous and scientific general, his equal in the world—and justice requires us to acknowledge that all the hopes and prospects of peace, as far as they were truly founded on fact, were the result of his valor and the great and skillful management which he exhibited in his intercourse with the clergy and people.

SMOKED MUTTON.—The editor of the Tennessee Farmer declares his preference for the voice over the bovine of the swinish race.—He says on his knowledge of physiology, which none will dispute, that a pound of lean, tender mutton can be procured for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork; and that it is infinitely healthier, in summer, especially; and that those who feed on it become more muscular, and can do more work on it, with more ease to themselves. He knows of nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams.

A Massachusetts volunteer, writing to his friends in Newburyport, gives the following illustration of the horrors of war:

"One of the most horrible sights I ever saw, was when we passed through the dead men's road, as it is called where the train was cut off last spring just before the battle of Buena Vista. There were men's bones, rotten carcasses of men, cattle and horses, strewn thickly around, with here and there an arm, skull, &c., with nothing to protect them but the deadly stench arising from them."

SMILES.—Smiles are paradoxical things. Let any one call to his recollection half-a-dozen of the most stupid people whom he knows, and he will find that it is a constant smile which completes the insipidity of their faces. Let him number up the most intellectual and powerful-minded among his acquaintances, and he will admit that it is the smile that indicates the finer faculties of the soul.

SIGNS AND FIRMS.—Wait & Ketchum is the appropriate name of a firm in New York, which makes patent medicines on a large scale.

Call & Settle have a tailoring establishment in Meadville. We presume they give short credits.

Neal & Pray is a business firm at Portland, Maine. It is superfluous to add that they belong to orthodox churches.

Luke Sharp is in the retail business at Cincinnati. As might be expected from the name, he is always wide awake whenever money is to be made.—Cist's Advertiser.

"Come dwell with me!" as the shark said when he swallowed the sailor.

"Never let the grass grow under your feet!" as the man said when the bailiffs were pursuing him.