



# Huntingdon



# Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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### From the New York Tribune. THE AMERICAN FLAG IN 1850.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"We regard the American Banner as already  
covered."—From a Fiction Newspaper.

It is not severed! No! as soon  
The sister stars by tempest-wracked  
Shall be divided in their sky—  
And darkle into chaos back!  
No! there it floats, with every hue  
Undim'd, as when it first unfurled  
Against the storm, and proudly threw  
Defiance to the Tyrant's world;  
And still the awful Bird that wheels  
Amid the tempest wildly swelling,  
And calmly bears the thunder-peals  
Within his storm-god's misty dwelling,  
Aye, still he guards from traitor-foot,  
The glories of that stranded sheet,  
And bears it in his guardian hand  
Replenish'd over Freedom's Land!

Climb of the Valiant and the Tried!  
Where MARION fought and WARREN died:  
Where MONMOUTH still to GULFORD calls,  
And Valor walks through VERNON'S halls;  
While Honor muses in the gloom  
And glory of the Hero's tomb,  
Or chants that grand old lay she made  
Accordant with the dark-blue seas,  
That murmur wild where Freedom laid  
Her lion-souled MILITIADES:  
Land of the Forest and the Glen!  
Thou hardy nurse of hardy Men!  
Land of the Mountain and the Lake!  
Of Rivers rolled from sea to sea,  
In that broad grandeur fit to make  
The symbols of Eternity:  
O, fairest Clime! O, dearest Land!  
Who shall thy banded children sever?  
God of our Fathers! O, dearest Land!  
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—  
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in hand—  
And swear, "the Union lives Forever!"

Then float, float on thon banner, bright  
With glory from the olden fight!  
Yes! stainless standard of the brave,  
Thy wreath of stars will deck the wave  
Where Honor once her Lawrence rolled  
To quiet in thy spangled fold:  
Still, shining banner of the free,  
The shackled Nations turn to thee,  
And when at home thy shadow falls  
Along the Armory's trophied walls,  
The ancient Trumpets long for breath—  
The dinted sabres fiercely start  
To vengeance, from each clanging sheath,  
As if they sought some Traitor's heart!

O, sacred banner of the brave!  
O, standard of a thousand ships!  
O, guardian of the Patriot's grave!  
Come, let us press thee to our lips!  
There is a trembling of the rocks—  
NEW ENGLAND feels the Patriot-shock—  
There is a trembling of the rocks—  
The West, the mighty West awakes;  
There is a noise amid the pines—  
The white magnolias whiter bloom,  
Upon the South new glories shine,  
And see the heave of PINCKNEY'S tomb!

Behold! the troubled air is dark  
With martial ghosts—the hills are bright  
With bands of living men, and hark!  
Their voices come in mingled light—  
The Right shall live while Faction dies—  
The Traitors draw a fleeting breath,  
But Patriots drink from God's own eyes  
The light of Truth that conquers Death!  
Then fairest Flag! then dearest Land!  
Who shall thy banded children sever?  
God of our Fathers! here we stand  
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—  
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in hand,  
And swear, "the Union lives Forever!"

WHAT we call good sense in the conduct of life,  
consists chiefly in that temper of mind that en-  
ables its possessor to view at all times, with per-  
fect coolness and accuracy all the various cir-  
cumstances of his situation, so that each of them may  
produce its due impression on him, without any  
exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits.  
But to a man of ill regulated imagination, external  
circumstances only serve as hints to excite his  
thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in  
general far less reference to his real situation,  
than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives  
himself to be placed; in consequence of which,  
while he appears to himself to be acting with the  
most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may fre-  
quently exhibit to others all the appearances of  
folly.

A NEW VEGETABLE.—"Pa, do canons grow?"  
"No, you simpleton, but why do you ask that?"  
"Because the papers say as how the French  
have planted some in Rome."  
"Well, come to think of it, somy, canons  
will sometimes shoot if they are planted; and I  
have heard of them yielding grape," he added  
with a smile of satisfaction, as he fumbled his  
pockets for a cent, to reward the boy for being the  
innocent occasion of such a wise observation.

There cannot be a more glorious object in crea-  
tion than a human being replete with benevolence,  
meditating in what manner he may render himself  
most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most  
good to his creatures.

Good works are an evidence of Christian Faith,  
and not vice versa.

### The Closing Year.

It is a melancholy task to reckon with the de-  
parted year. To trace back the curious threads  
of affection through its many-colored woof, and  
knit anw its broken places—to number the miss-  
ing objects of interest the dead and the neglect-  
ed—to sum up the broken resolutions, the defer-  
red hopes, the dissolved phantoms of anticipation,  
and the many wanderings from the leading star of  
duty—this is indeed a melancholy task, but, with-  
al, a profitable, and, it may sometimes be, a pleas-  
ant and a soothing one. It is wonderful in what  
short courses the objects of this world move.—  
They are like arrows feebly shot. A year—a  
brief year, is full of things dwindled and finished  
and forgotten. Nothing keeps evenly on. What  
is there in the running calendar of the year that  
has departed, which has kept its place and its  
magnitude? Here and there an aspirant for fame  
still stretches after his cluding shadow—here and  
there an enthusiast still clings to his golden dream  
—here and there (and alas! how rarely) a  
friend keeps his truth, and a lover his fervor—but  
how many more, that were as ambitious, as enthu-  
siastic, as loving as these, when this year begun,  
are now sluggish, and cold, and false? You may  
keep a record of life, and as surely as it is human,  
it will be a fragmented and disjointed history,  
crowded with unaccountableness and change.—  
There is nothing constant. The links of life are  
forever breaking, but we rush on still. A fellow  
traveler drops from our side into the grave—a  
guiding star of hope vanishes from the sky—a  
creature of our affection, a child or an idol, is  
snatched from us—perhaps nothing with which we  
began the race is left to us, and yet we do not  
halt. "Onward—still onward!" is the eternal  
cry, and as the past recedes, the broken ties are  
forgotten, and the present and future occupy us  
alone.

There are bright chapters in the past, however.  
If our lot is capricious and broken, it is also  
new and various. One friend has grown cool,  
but we have won another. One chance was less  
fortunate than we expected, but another was bet-  
ter. We have encountered one man's prejudices,  
but, in so doing, we have unexpectedly flattered  
the partialities of his neighbor. We have ne-  
glected a recorded duty, but a deed of charity,  
done upon impulse, has brought up the balance.—  
In an equable temper of mind, memory, to a man  
of ordinary goodness of heart, is pleasant com-  
pany. A careless rhymist, whose heart is better  
than his head, says:

"I would not escape from memory's land,  
For all the eye can view;  
For there's dearer dust in memory's land,  
Than the ore of rich Peru.  
I clasp the fetter by memory twined,  
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind."

It was a good thought suggested by an ingeni-  
ous friend of mine, to make one's will annually,  
and remember all whom we love in it in the de-  
gree of their deservings. I have acted upon the  
hint since and truly it is keeping a calendar of  
one's life. I have little to bequeath indeed—a  
manuscript or two, some half dozen pictures, and  
a score or two of much-tumbled and choice au-  
thors—but, slight as these poor mementoes are, it  
is pleasant to rate their difference, and write against  
them the names of our friends, as we should wish  
them left if we knew we were presently to die.—  
It would be a satisfying thought in sickness, that  
one's friends would have a memorial to suggest us  
when we were gone—that they would know that  
we wished to be remembered by them among the  
first. And it is pleasant, too, when alive to  
change the order of appropriation with the ever-  
varying evidences of affection. It is a relief to  
vexation and mortified pride to erase the name of  
one unworthy or false, and it is delightful, as an-  
other gets nearer to your heart, with the gradual  
and sure test of intimacy, to prefer him in your  
secret register.

If I should live to be old, I doubt not it will  
be a pleasant thing to look over these little testa-  
ments. It is difficult now, with their kind offices  
and pleasant faces ever about one, to realize the  
changes of feeling between the first and the last—  
more difficult still to imagine, against any of those  
familiar names, the significant asterisk which  
marks the dead—yet if the common chances of  
human truth, and the still more desperate changes  
of human life, continue—it is melancholy to think  
what a miracle it would be if even half this list,  
brief and youthful as it is, should be, twenty years  
hence, living and unchanged.

The festivities of this part of the year always  
seemed to me mistimed and revolting. I know  
not what color the reflections of others take, but  
to me it is simply the feeling of escape—the re-  
leased breath of fear after a period of suspense  
and danger. Accident, misery, death, have been  
about us in their invisible shapes, and while one  
is tortured with pain, and another reduced to  
wretchedness, and another struck into the grave  
beside us, we know not why or how, we are still  
living and prosperous. It is next to a miracle we  
are so. We have been on the edge of chasms  
continually. Our feet have tottered, our bosoms  
have been grazed by the thick shafts of disease—  
had our eyes been spirit-keen we should have  
been dumb with fear at our peril. If every tenth  
substance were a deadly arrow—if the earth were  
full of invisible abysses—if poisons were sown  
thickly in the air, life would hardly be more in-  
secure. We can stand upon our threshold and  
see it. The vigorous are stricken down by an in-  
visible hand—the active and busy suddenly disap-  
pear—death is caught in the breath of the night-  
wind, in the dropping of the dew. There is no  
place of moment in which that horrible phantom  
is not gliding among us. It is natural at such  
periods of escape to rejoice fervently and from the

heart; but I know not, if others look upon death  
with the same irrepressible horror that I do, how  
their joy can be so thoughtlessly trifling. It  
seems to me matter for deep and almost fearful  
congratulation. It should be expressed in reli-  
gious places and with the solemn voice of wor-  
ship; and when the period has thus been marked,  
it should be speedily forgotten lest its cloud be-  
come depressing. I am an advocate for all the  
gayety that the spirits will bear. I would reserve  
no particle of the treasure of happiness. The  
world is dull enough at best. But do not mis-  
take its temper. Do not press into the service of  
gay pleasure the thrilling solemnities of life. I  
think anything which reminds me of death, sol-  
emn: any time, when our escape from it is thrust  
irresistably upon the mind a solemn time: and  
such is the season of the new year. It should be  
occupied by serious thoughts. It is the time to  
recount with one's heart—to renew and form res-  
olutions—to forgive and reconcile and redeem.

### Dangerous Fellow at Large.

There is a dangerous fellow somewhere Down  
East, or somewhere else, who ought not to be al-  
lowed to run at large. He threatens to play the  
very deceal and break things all in consequence of  
a faithless gal, who has broken her troth with him,  
and married some one else. If he should put his  
threats into execution, the Lord have mercy on  
us. Hear him:—

"I'll grasp the loud thunder,  
And with lightning I'll play,  
I'll rend the earth asunder,  
And kick it away!"

Now, that's attempting considerable for one  
man; however, if he is willing to assume the re-  
sponsibility, and pay damages, why let him smash  
away, we're not afraid. He next says:—

"The rainbow I'll straddle,  
And ride to the moon;  
On the ocean I'll paddle,  
In the bowl of a spoon."

Well, that won't hurt nobody. Go ahead, old  
feller; we like to encourage a laudible spirit of  
adventure:—

"I'll set fire to the fountain,  
And swallow up the rill;  
I'll eat up the mountain,  
And be hungry still."

Good gracious! what a destructive and voracious  
animal he is! Is there no way to appease his  
wrath and stay his stomach? Must we suffer  
this, just because his gal gave him the mitten, and  
took a notion to another? No, never. Down  
with him we say, if he continues to conduct him-  
self in this extravagant way.

"The rain shall fall upward,  
The smoke shall tumble down,  
I'll dye the grass purple  
And paint the sky brown."

Hear that! A pretty world this would be  
then! We might as well live in an old boot,  
with a dirty sole for the earth beneath and brown  
upper leather for the heavens above.

"The sun I'll put out,  
With the whirlwind I'll play,  
Turn day into night,  
And sleep it away."

There is no doubt if he cuts the caper, the sun  
will feel as much put out about it as we shall. We  
leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are  
to be trifled with or not. And as for his turning  
day into night, and sleeping it away, we would  
just as soon he would do that as not, that is if he  
can. But hear him again:—

"I'll flog the young earthquake,  
The weather I'll be-physics,  
Volcanoes I'll strangle,  
Or choke them with phthisic."

Oh, ho! for shame now. He dare not clinch  
with the old earthquake, and so he threatens to  
flog a new one, and that of the neuter gender.  
Oh you outrageous fellow, why don't you take one  
of your size? And then he says:—

"The moon I will smother,  
With nightmare and woe,  
For sport, at each other  
The stars I will throw."

Serve them right—they have no business to be  
out when they ought to be in bed.

"The rocks shall be preachers,  
The trees do the singing,  
The clouds shall be teachers,  
And the comets go spreeing."

Well, that's all right enough, except getting the  
comets on a spree—we don't like that pretty much.  
Our hero concludes as follows:—

"I'll tie up the winds  
In a bundle together,  
And tickle their ribs  
With a monstrous feather."

Oh, cracky! now he's done it. We did not  
think it in the gizzard of any man to do half so  
much. Really we think that such a desperate  
fellow ought to be caught and put in jail for half  
a week, and safely guarded by one flea, two mus-  
quitoes, and a bed-bug.

STATE'S EVIDENCE.—A drunken lawyer on  
going into church, was observed by the minister,  
who addressed him thus:

"I will bear witness against you at the day of  
judgment."  
The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gra-  
vity, replied:

"I have practiced twenty-five years at the bar,  
and always found the greatest reward the first to  
turn State's evidence."

PASSIONS are winds to urge us o'er the wave;  
REASON is the rudder, to direct and to save.

### From the Syracuse Transcript. WINTER.

BY E. A. C.

"Oh when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind!  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!"—TOM HOOD.

WINTER, that venerable and distinguished visi-  
tor, ever so mindful of the sons of men, is with us  
once more. Like a worthy maiden aunt, he has  
always so planned his affairs, as to pay us a good-  
long visit at least once a year. But from some un-  
accountable freak of nature, the Old Fellow recent-  
ly has taken to travelling incog., for we were not  
even warned of his approach, until we found him  
in our threshold. He has not, as usual, been usher-  
ed in under a canopy of dark portentous clouds,  
for the sun has shown as brightly, and the moon  
looked as lovely, as in May.

I remember years ago in childhood, how differ-  
ent was his coming. The thunder of his chariot  
wheels were heard in the distance. Stormy Bor-  
cas heralded his approach.

The dark and glowing sky seemed to indicate  
that a war of elements was near at hand. As he  
drew near, and his furious steeds joined to his tri-  
umphal car, with his retinue of attendants sent out  
from the caves of Eolus, became visible, so great  
was the consternation and alarm, that both man  
and beast sought covert, and even the face of na-  
ture turned pale through fright.

But when fear had subsided, the veteran was  
greeted with a hearty welcome, for he always  
brought with him so many resources for enjoyment  
that we hail him with delight.

The husbandman, mindful of his coming, had  
toiled and sweat through the long summer months,  
and his labor having been crowned with abundant  
success, he was content to pass the winter in ease  
and enjoyment. His barns and cribs were well  
filled, and his cellar was teeming with plenty. A  
supply of the choicest fruits and nuts were care-  
fully laid by in anticipation of cracking times. When  
the morning came, little John and Mary were  
packed off to school; Mary clad in a good homespun  
frook, and Johnny rejoicing in his first boots, and  
new coat and gilt buttons, the pockets of which  
were crammed with apples for himself and the  
"masters." He darts along, drawing his sled on  
which are his basket, books, skates and little Mary  
and is soon at the door of the school house. After  
wiping the snow off his boots, on which depends  
his admission among the larger boys, with his pocket  
handkerchief he enters. Every eye is fastened  
alternately on him and the boots. He meets the  
gaze with the eye of one having triumphed, and  
then casting a disdainful look upon the little "uns"  
in front, he proudly walks up the aisle and takes  
his seat back.

The old school house by the way side, surround-  
ed by snow built palaces, methinks I see it as of  
yore, with the well beaten play ground and the  
fields adjoining cut up with innumerable paths, em-  
blems of joy and merriment. Would that I could  
again join in those mimic battles there fought, in  
which snow balls supplied the place of bullets, even  
though I should come off among the wounded.

Then those skirmishes with buxom, rosy lasses,  
in which, from an innate courtesy, we always come  
off second best with our faces well rubbed with  
snow. This only made us more so, and we consid-  
ered ourselves tolerably fortunate, if the impression  
of their natts were not left on our cheeks.

A sleigh ride was no plus ultra in the way of en-  
joyment. The tipping over, if not attended with  
any serious accident, was glorious, and furnished  
careful mothers with gossip for weeks. But here  
memory is becoming too prolific. 'Twere useless  
to dwell further upon what are deemed the trifling  
events of youth and childhood. In short, the happy  
hours of youth are only equalled by the sorrow-  
ful ones of age.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot des-  
troy,  
And which come in the night-time of sorrow and  
care,

To bring back the features that joy used to wear."

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his  
daughter: "Be sure, my dear, that you never  
marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest  
man in the world is one that has money, and no-  
thing else."

### Preaching to the Point.

Passing along one Wednesday night—for even-  
ing at the South is our afternoon—in Montgomery,  
Alabama, I stepped into the Presbyterian lecture  
room, where a slave was preaching:

"My Brethren," says he, "God bless your souls,  
'ligion is like de Alabama river. In spring comes  
fresh, an' bring in all de ole logs, slabs an' stick,  
dat hab ben lyin' on de bank, an' carryin' dem  
down in de current. Bymeby de water go down  
—den a log cotche here on dis island, den a slab  
gis cotche on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes  
—and dare dey lie, with 'rin' and dry'n' till comes  
'noder fresh. Jus' so dare come 'vival of 'ligion  
—dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backslider bro't  
back, an' all de folk seem comin' up, an' mighty  
good times. But, brehren, God bless your souls; hme-  
by 'vival's gone—den dis ole sinner is struck on  
his ole sin, den dat ole backslider is cotched where  
he was afore, on jus' such a rock; den one arter  
'noder dat had got 'noder lies all long de shore,  
an' dare dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belayed bred-  
ren, God bless your souls, deep in de current."  
I thought his illustrations beautiful enough for  
a more elegant dress, and too true, alas! of oth-  
ers than his own race.—Christian Herald.

### Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-  
tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessi-  
ties of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the  
sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then  
to presume that our children are not to do the same?  
If they be, as now and then one will be, endow-  
ed with extraordinary powers of mind, those extraor-  
dinary powers may have an opportunity of devel-  
oping themselves; and if they never have that op-  
portunity, the harm is not very great to us or to  
them. Nor does it hence follow that the descen-  
dants of laborers are always to be laborers. The  
path upward is steep and long, to be sure. Indus-  
try, care, skill, excellence, in the parent, lay the  
foundation of a rise, and, by and by, the descen-  
dants of the present laborer become gentlemen.—  
This is the natural progress. It is by attempting  
to reach the top at a single leap, that so much mis-  
ery is produced in the world. Society may aid in  
making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bring-  
ing children up to labor with steadiness, with care  
and with skill; to show them how to do as many  
useful things as possible; to do them all in the  
best manner; to set them an example in industry,  
sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all  
these habitual to them, so that they never shall be  
liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always  
see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus  
to remove from them the temptation to get at the  
goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and  
to keep from their minds all inducements to hypo-  
cisy and deceit.

### Toleratation.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according  
to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he  
espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff  
weary with age and travail, coming towards him,  
who was a hundred years of age. He received  
him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caus-  
ed him to sit down; but observing that the old man  
eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on  
his meat, he asked him why he did not worship  
the God of heaven. The old man told him, that  
he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no  
other God. At which answer Abraham grew so  
zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of  
his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the  
night, and an unguarded condition. When the old  
man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked  
him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust  
him away because he did not worship thee. God  
answered him, I have suffered him these hundred  
years, although he dishonored me; and couldst  
not thou endure him one night?—Bishop Taylor.

### Christ and Mahomet.

Go to your natural religion; lay before her Ma-  
homet and his disciples arrayed in armor and in  
blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thou-  
sands who fell by his victorious sword; show her  
the cities which he set in flames, the countries  
which he ravaged and destroyed and the miserable  
distress of all the inhabitants of the earth.

When she has viewed him in this scene carry  
her into his retirements—show her the prophet's  
chamber—his concubines and wives—let her see  
his adultery, and hear him allege Revelation and  
his divine commission to justify his lust and op-  
pression. When she is tired of this prospect, then  
show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek,  
going good to all the sons of men; patiently in-  
structing both the ignorant and perverse; let her  
see him in his privacy; let her follow him to the  
mountain and hear his supplications to God; carry  
her to his table to see his poor fare and hear  
his heavenly discourses; let her see him injured  
but not provoked; let her attend him to the tri-  
bunals, and consider the patience with which he  
endured the scolds and reproaches of his enemies;

Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the  
agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his  
persecutors, "Father forgive them, for they know  
not what they do."—When natural religion has  
seen both, ask which is the prophet of God? But  
her answer we have already had. When she  
saw part of this scene through the eyes of the  
Centurion, who attended at the Cross, by him she  
spoke and said, "Truly this man was the son of  
God."

### Advertising.

Allow me to say a few words on the subject of  
advertising, because I think there is a false deli-  
cacy among some people on this matter. In my  
opinion, advertising is a legitimate means of mak-  
ing known the wants and wishes of both buyers  
and sellers—whether they be an estate worth half  
a million of money, or for a pair of "Mechi's best  
razors." It is merely making an extension of your  
shop front in the newspapers, whether the  
articles be sent there or in the windows, in both  
cases its qualities remain to be tested. It never  
can answer to advertise a bad article. By adver-  
tising a good one, you extend your connection,  
which might otherwise be limited by the number  
and class of people who happened to pass your  
door, and their connection.

[Mechi's Principles to insure success in Trade.]

ANECDOTE OF VAN DYCK.—Van Dyck was  
the pupil of Rubens, and being fond of a joke,  
was in the habit of indulging himself sometimes  
at the expense of his master. One day when  
Rubens had finished painting for the day, he  
left his slippers, as usual, by the side of his easel,  
on the floor. Van Dyck, when he entered the  
studio, noticed the slippers, and, taking advan-  
tage of his master's absence, removed them and  
substituted an exact fac simile in the shape of a  
painting! On the return of Rubens, he endeavored  
to push his pedal extremities into the slippers; but  
what was his surprise on finding the slippers were  
not what! He could hardly credit his own senses, till  
he stooped over and examined more closely the  
beautiful substitute of his pupil. His admiration  
of the pupil's skill was only equalled by the joy  
of Van Dyck.—Traveler.

### A Trifling Mistake.

Some weeks ago, we had occasion to journey a  
short distance in New Hampshire, by stage, after  
leaving the railroad terminus. It chanced that  
Bill P—, a well-known wag and punster of that  
region, was one of the "outsiders," on the way up.  
Bill is not a bad man, by any manner of means,  
but it is also well known that he will "partake, or  
indulge," at times, and especially when traveling.  
On this occasion he enjoyed the companionship of  
a mysterious black bottle, to which he turned his  
countenance so frequently, en route, that he even  
acknowledged himself, finally, a "leetle over the  
bay?" (The night horse, by the way, was a bay one,  
and Bill sat on the left side of the box.)

We were proceeding quietly along, listening to  
Bill's jokes and drolleries, when on a sudden, the  
coach came in contact, with a huge stone in the  
rut. Bill lost his equilibrium, and tumbled heels  
over head across the dasher, striking heavily upon  
the sod.

Bill arose to his feet, got the gravel from his  
nose and ears, and commenced berating the driver  
for his carelessness in upsetting the coach, and thus  
endangering the lives of the passengers.

"Wor'n'thunder yer doin'?" said Bill. "You  
mis'able saw ('ic) sawney! a knock ('ic) knock-  
in' people's brains out'n this way!"

The driver informed him that the stage had not  
been overturned at all, and the passengers assured  
Bill that Jehu was right.

Our good natured friend approached the vehicle  
again, and remounted slowly to his former seat out-  
side.

"Didn't upset, if you say?"

"Not at all," replied the driver.

"Well, ('ic) if I'd a know'd that," said Bill "I  
wouln't 'a' got off!"

"What are you writing there, my boy?" asked  
a fond parent the other day, of his hopeful son  
and heir, a shaver of ten years.

"My competition, thir."

"What is the subject?"

"International law, thir," replied the youthful  
Crocius. "But really, I shall be unable to con-  
centrate my ideath, and give them relation, if I  
am contently interrupted in thith manner by ir-  
relevant inquirers."

Mrs. Partington on Politics.

"I don't blame people for complaining about the  
extravagance and costiveness of government,"  
said Mrs. Partington, as she was reading an ardent  
appeal to the people in a political news paper—she  
always took an interest in politics after Paul was  
selected one year as candidate for Inspector. "I  
don't blame 'em a mite. Here they are going to  
canvass the State. Gracious me! as if the  
airth wasn't good enough for 'em to walk on. I  
wonder why they didn't have ile cloth or kidminis-  
ter and done with it." "And I heard, aunt yester-  
day," said Ike, "that some of 'em were going  
to scour the country to get voters." "Well," con-  
tinued she, that would be better than throwing  
dust in the people's eyes, that Paul used to tell  
about. Canvassing the State, indeed!" She fell  
into an abstraction upon the schemes of politicians  
and took seven pinches of snuff in rapid succession  
to aid her deliberation.—Puffinder.

There is no saying shocks me so much as  
that which I hear very often, "that a man does  
not know how to pass his time." It would have  
been but ill spoken by Methusala in the nine hun-  
dred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—Cowley.

A modern moralist says—"Idleness and  
fashionable clothes destroy more young men than  
any other causes."

JENNY LIND IN TEARS.—The Washington Re-  
public states the following incident in connection  
with the fair Swede's departure from that city:

"When the boat was about to start, Mr. Reside  
approach her to take leave. She gave him her  
hand, uttering a kind "Good-bye," and then she  
said—"Oh, I have been so honored by the people  
of your beautiful city, by the great and good men  
of your nation, that"—Jenny said "that," but she  
said no more, for Jenny's voice—that most beau-  
tiful of all voices—had failed her for once, and Jen-  
ny was weeping like a very child; and it was thus  
that Jenny left us. We do not envy her the great  
gift she possesses, but he will be greatly envied  
who shall ever possess herself!"

### Steamboat Disasters.

The Steamer Knoxville exploded her boilers at  
New Orleans on the 17th ult., killing several of  
her crew, and wounding ten or twelve others. She  
had four boilers, all of which exploded. The boat  
was a perfect wreck, and several other boats along  
side were greatly shattered by the explosion.

ANOTHER.—On the day following the explosion  
of the above vessel at New Orleans, the steamer  
South America was burned, and a number of lives  
lost. She was on her way down the Mississippi,  
and had about two hundred passengers on board,  
including one hundred and five U. S. troops from  
Newport Barracks. The boat was run ashore, and  
the passengers and crew had no other means of es-  
cape but by the yawl boat.

The cabin passengers, thirty-two in number, were  
all saved, with the exception of Mrs. Logan, the  
engineer's wife.

Seventeen of the U. S. recruits, and several of  
the crew also lost their lives, making twenty-five  
lives lost in all. A terrible disaster.

SCOTT MEETING.—A large and enthusiastic  
meeting of the friends of General Winfield Scott  
assembled at Harrisburg on Saturday last, and or-  
ganized by the appointment of Captain John P.  
Rutherford as President. Major Saunders opened  
the meeting with a very eloquent address, in which  
he forcibly urged the nomination of General