



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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[The following Song was sung at the Printers' Festival, in Lancaster, in honor of Franklin's birthday.]

PRINTERS' SONG.

AIR—"SPARKLING AND BRIGHT."

Print, comrades, Print, a noble task
Is the one we gaily ply,
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask,
The wonders of earth and sky.
We catch the thought all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain,
And place the stamp of enduring form,
On the Poet's airy strain.

CHORUS.—Then let us sing as we nimbly fling,
The slender letters round;
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

Print, comrades, Print the fairest thought,
Ever limned in Printer's dream,
The fairest form e'er Sculptor wrought,
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power,
Which our own proud art can claim;
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling, &c.

Print, comrades, Print, God hath ordained,
That man by his toil should live;
Then spin the charge, that we dislained,
The labor that God would give!
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall;
But bow before the wise decrees,
In kindness meant for all.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling, &c.

From the Wilkes-Barre Advocate.

THE OLD RAVEN.

TUNE—"Lord Lovel."

A Raven he sat in a Farmer's porch,
Watching with curious eyes,
The farmer's wife as she stood by her oven,
Baking her bread and her pies.
The weather was warm, and she pulled off her cap
And hanging it up on a bush,
She went in the house to rock the cradle,
Her dear little baby to hush.
The raven peeped round him on every side,
And finding no one on the watch,
He flew with the cap to an old oak tree
And hid it away in the crotch:
Then quietly returning again to the porch,
To be thought quite an innocent chap,
He tucked his old head partly under his wing,
Like a hen when she is taking a nap.
When the dame came back and discovered her loss
She felt almost ready to cry,
And declared if the raven had stolen her cap,
The old villain should certainly die:
For though he appeared to be in a nice doze,
Overcome by the heat of the day—
She could not help thinking he knew how that cap
Had so suddenly vanished away.
It was noon and the farmer came in from his plough
To whom his affectionate wife
Said "John you must certainly kill that old bird,
'Or I'll have no more peace of my life.
He kills my young ducks and hides my best spoons
'Worse than any old magpie or crow;
And besides I feel sure he has stolen my cap,
'Which I left here ten minutes ago."
'Well! well!" said the farmer, "if that be the case,
'I will wring the neck off the old sinner.
'But now I am hungry—so come in the house,
'And we'll look for your cap after dinner.
'Then if it's not found, I give you my word,
'That he never shall hide any other—
'For though he has long been a favorite bird,
'He shall die!" without any more bother.
Now whether the bird understood what they said,
I shall neither affirm nor deny;
But while they were dining he bro't back the cap
And dropt it on top of a pie.
Then with a loud croak he soared leagues away,
Far, far over mountain and plain—
Tho' he never before left the farm for a day;
Yet for weeks he returned not again.
The farmer laughed loud when he saw the lost cap,
So snugly laid up on the pie—
And cried to his wife, "sure the wind blew it there
So my raven for this mustn't die!"
The neighbors all thought it a very queer thing,
That the old bird had taken his flight,
But the farmer's wife said, he would never have fled
If he hadn't done something not right.
Though no moral we find in this tale of a bird,
Yet remember, when trying a sinner,
You must never determine to wring off his head,
Until after you've eaten your dinner.

REASON FOR PRAYING.—A little girl about four years of age, being asked:

"Why do you pray to God?"
"Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him," she replied.

"But how do you know he hears you?"
"Putting her hand to her heart she said,
'I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the meek and guileless dove.—When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush, an humble, slender, abject bush: "As if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man."—Feltman.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE END OF HUNGARY.

Nations, like individuals, have their youth, their manhood, and their old age; and so, too, have races of men. We do not know a more striking instance of this truth than is presented in the history of the Hungarians.

The Magyars were originally an Asiatic tribe, and from a branch of the Finnic race, as is proved by their physical characteristics, not less than by their language. They first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the ninth century. Their career, until the fury of the onset was spent, was one of incessant victory. Armed with bows and arrows, and mounted on fleet horses, they were invincible by any force that Europe could muster. They swept up the Danube like a destroying whirlwind, until their territories extended from far below Belgrade to far above Vienna, so that not only was it now Hungary, but vast territories contiguous to it, owned their sway. From this central seat of power, they soon spread their ravages on every side. They invaded Italy and thundered at the gates of Rome; they even carried their war-cry into the heart of France. For nearly two centuries, the Magyars were to Western Europe what the Turks subsequently became, a race as hated as they were feared, a nation of warriors whom nothing could oppose.

But the horsemen whom the feudal chivalry of France and Germany could not resist, Christianity finally subdued. The first Magyars were heathens. They hated the Franks as men of a hostile race, but they hated them worse as believers in a different religion. When, however, holy missionaries, disregarding the perils that would environ them in the midst of savage heathens, penetrated into Hungary and preached in the tumultuous camps of the wild conquerors the peaceful doctrines of the Gospel, a mighty change took place. The whole nation was, as it were, converted in a day. A single generation saw the Hungarians transformed from Pagans into Christians. With this great change, came more peaceful habits.—The Magyars no longer warred on Western Europe with religious fanaticism as before, but rather sought to be on terms of amity with them and to imitate the arts of peace. Gradually returning, therefore, within the boundaries of their central kingdom, they confined themselves to the great plains of Hungary and to the contiguous territories. Their princes began to intermarry with the princes of Western Europe; the people assumed more or less of the habits of civilization, and Hungary became, by the sanction of a neighboring potentate, an acknowledged Christian kingdom.

Thus has passed the first period of the Magyar race, that of its fiery, impetuous and colossal youth. About A. D. 1000, it entered on the second term of its existence. A robust, yet tempered manhood was its destiny for five hundred years succeeding. During this epoch it was the great bulwark of Europe against Saracen and Turkish invasion. Occasionally, indeed, the Hungarians warred on their Christian brethren; and more than once they allied themselves for a period, and in self-defence, to the Ottoman hordes; but, in the main, they were true to the cause of Christian Europe, and the chief instruments in repelling the assaults of Moslem fanaticism. Like a mighty breakwater, thrown forward to meet the first fury of the tempest, they withstood, for centuries, the war of the advancing surges and the dash of the angry tide. Their gallantry in the field, was only equalled by their sturdy independence at home. Inheriting from their ancestors a sort of rude constitutional monarchy, under which the people elected all the minor officers of the State, they maintained these privileges when absoluteism reigned everywhere else on the continent, and when England alone shared with Hungary the benefits of real liberty.

From the fatal edict, by which the diet invited the house of Hapsburg to occupy the vacant throne, dates the decline of the once mighty Magyars. Since that period, their territories have been narrowed almost constantly. The aim of the Austrian monarch had been to destroy the national feelings, and strip the people of their ancestral rights; and this base scheme has been persisted in, regardless of the heroic sacrifices made by the Hungarians, on frequent occasions, to save the Empire. In a measure, the treacherous plot has succeeded. The Delilah that the Magyars took in has shorn them secretly of their strength, and has, in our day, delivered them over to the hatred of the autocrat, the true Philistine of Europe. Their national independence has sunk into a mere shadow since the last fatal war. Kossuth and a few other sanguine patriots may still hope for the resurrection of this gallant people; but we fear their doom, like that of the noble Poles, is sealed, and that the time of their extinction approaches. Their old age is at hand, if not already come. In a century or two, at the utmost, they will probably be lost sight of, in surrounding population. Such is the fate of nations.

The London Times calls President Fillmore "a Linen Draper's Shopman." The sneer may do in England, where they are taught to believe that distinction and "blood" are synonymous terms, but here in America, it will be considered the proudest boast our President can make that he who was once "a linen draper's shopman," has been able to raise himself to the proudest position on this broad earth—the Chief Magistrate of a country whose territory covers a hemisphere and whose people are all of the "blood royal."

The Philadelphia Locofocos are quarrelling about their delegates to the Harrisburg Convention for nominating candidates for Supreme Judges. They have appointed two sets.

'Tis Hard.

When a mother loses her first-born, it reminds us of a little 'bad' torn rudely from the parent stem. The flower drops its beautiful head, and bedews with its newly gathered crystals the stricken one. Oh! what agony rushes forth with every exclamation, as the mother gently parts from the cold, pale, forlorn, the clustering curls; as she presses those sweet lips, lying with marble in whiteness, and marks the yet unmarked oval of the cheek. After she has heard each clod fall with a dull, heavy sound upon the dear one's narrow bosom, and find a dismal echo in her heart, how dreary seems the home, which was enlivened but a few short days before by her first-born's prattle. Turn where she will, some little thing reminds her, oh, how forcibly, of the lost one. In that hour of anguish, very sweet is the consolation of religion. If she is a Christian mother, her knee is bent in prayer to Him, who doeth every thing well; and as her heart is gradually unburdened of its heavy load, she feels less the stings of anguish, and more the peace of mind, which He alone can bestow. Mother, in thy hour of affliction, fly unto the Saviour.

To Our Delinquent Subscribers.

The following from the Liverpool Mail discloses an important fact, and no person can deny that this new test of willingness of debtors to pay is based upon common sense:

"We were not aware until recently that the books of newspaper publishers are consulted to quite a large extent by people in business to ascertain the pecuniary standing of persons. Debts for newspapers become due once a year, and persons who pay up regularly once a year for their papers are considered as prompt men, and worthy of confidence. We had a person come into our office, the other day, and ask:

"Do you send the paper now to Mr.—?"
"We replied that we did."
"Well," said the man, "he owes me £5, and I can't get it; I don't think he's good."

We looked secretly at his account, and found him paid up. "We then replied to the inquirer:—"That man is good. Your debt is safe. He may have forgotten it, or something else may have prevented his paying, but he is good." The man's eyes brightened. Said he, "I have written to several printers, and could not find where he took a paper. I thought of you and said I would come here," said he again, after a pause. "This is the way to find out whether people are good.—We ascertain what papers they take, and contrive some way to peep into their accounts. Men who are good are sure to pay for their newspapers; and if they do not pay for these, we don't think them good." We were forcibly struck by the idea.

"Well," said he, "I will send my bill by the post."
In a few days the person came in again. Said he, "I sent up my bill."

"Well, did he pay you?"
"Yes, sir," and opening his hand he showed us the draft. "There," said he, "give me a printer's book after all, to tell whether a man's good, they're a complete thermometer; we always know a man to be bad if he don't pay the printer."

The Early Dead.

I knew a gentle girl whose eye was bright with the light of her kind heart, and whose lips were wreathed with the smile of happiness. The flowers of spring are fair, but she was as fair as they. Kind friends rejoiced in the sunlight of her presence, and her voice like some sweet bird of melody, filled the ear with untold delight. Yet while the sun of hope shone with beauty, she was called to depart from this world of sorrow, where she had spent so many hours of pleasure and of pain. She had gone like some transient cloud, which a rude blast has swept over, and it had gone forever. Friends who had delighted in her prosperity in life, now looked on that cold form still beautiful in death, for the last time. She was borne to the grave and laid in the narrow house where all must one day be laid. A plain headstone alone marked the grave in which slumbered what was once the beautiful form of a gentle girl.
And who would not thus die? Who would remain in the cold world, till disappointment had blasted all their hopes? Surely the fate of the Early Dead is a blessed one. They have gone to the haven of eternal rest, where disappointment and sorrow can never enter, and the rude hand of time can make no impression. It is a sad thing for young persons to think of death, to think that they must give up all their pleasures and enjoyments of this world; not thinking what pleasures there are in the next, or what unalloyed happiness is in reserve for the pure beyond the grave.

A Little "Out."

Horace Walpole tells the following queer story of an absent-minded parson, which is good as anything in La Bruyere:

A clergyman at Oxford, who was very nervous and absent-minded, going to read prayers at St. Mary's, heard a showman in the High Street, who had an exhibition of wild beasts, repeat very often, "Walk in without loss of time. All alive! alive, ho!" The sounds struck the absent man, and ran in his head so much, that when he began to read the service, and came to the words in the first verse, "And doeth that which is lawful and right he shall save his soul alive;" he cried out with a louder voice, "Shall save his soul alive! All alive! alive ho!" to the astonishment of the congregation.

THE STAGE.—Horace Greeley says that the stage is a bygone affair—that the newspaper, the lyceum and the public meeting have supplanted it. It is now no longer a power, a former of opinions, or a ruler of the multitude.

Col. Ethan Allen.

This brave, and somewhat eccentric officer, of the American Revolution, was born in Roxbury, Ct., in 1739. He early emigrated to Vermont.—On receiving the news of the battle of Lexington, he enlisted all his energies on the side of his country. His first exploit was the capture of Ticonderoga, May 10th, 1775. The expedition against this post was exceedingly bold in its design, and successful in its execution. At the head of only eighty-three men he entered the fort at night, took the sentry prisoner, and with a drawn sword, made his way to the apartments of the commanding officer, and demanded the surrender of the fort.

"By what authority do you demand it?" exclaimed captain De La Place, starting from his slumber.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen.

This was authority too high to be resisted and the fort was instantly surrendered, with the munitions of war.

Col. Allen was taken prisoner in an expedition against the Canadians, while attempting to capture Montreal, in connection with Col. Brown.

He was loaded with chains and sent to England, where he was imprisoned a short time, and at length taken back to his country and exchanged for Col. Campbell, a British officer, who had been taken prisoner by the Americans. He died at Colchester, Vt., Feb. 12th, 1789.

An instance is related of Ethan Allen, that is said to have occurred while he was on his way to England. While closely confined to his room, he discovered one day that a small pin or wire that fastened one of his hand-cuffs was broken. Extricating the pieces with his teeth, he was enabled so to loosen the bolt that it also was soon withdrawn, and one hand was set at liberty; he then proceeded to release the other and was successful. This having been accomplished, he was not long in liberating his feet. Fearing, however, lest the captain should discover his situation, and contract the "force of his freedom," he carefully replaced the bolts and pins before the arrival of his keeper.—In a short time it became a fine recreation for the Col. to take off and put on his chains at pleasure. One day the captain wishing to afford some merriment to the crew, commanded Allen to be brought upon deck. Hoping to frighten him, the Captain said:

"There is a probability that the ship will founder—If so, what will become of us, especially you, Mr. Allen, a rebel against the king?"

"Why," said Allen, "that would be very much like our dinner hour."

"How so?" said the captain, now reflecting that Allen was only allowed to come on deck while he himself went down into his cabin to dine.

"Well, you see," answered Allen, "I'd be on my way up just as you would be going below."

"The captain was not at all pleased with this reply and commenced a regular tirade of abuse against the American people.

"In a short time," said the captain, "all the rebels will be in the same situation as yourself." This was too much for Allen, and he determined to apply his newly acquired dexterity in unloosing his fetters to some purpose. Quickly raising his hands to his mouth, he apparently snapped asunder the pins and bolts and hurling his hand-cuffs and fetters overboard—seized the astonished captain by the collar, and threw him headlong upon the deck, then turning to the affrighted crew, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"If I am insulted again during the voyage, I'll sink the ship and swim ashore."

This exploit so terrified the captain and crew, that Allen was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased the remainder of the passage.

Question for Debating Societies.

Suppose five men owned a piece of land, having a portion of it set apart for pasture in common, but each having a piece reserved for his own use to till. One man owned a horse, another a dog, another a flock of geese, another two goats, and another had his piece of land in meadow.—The goats yoked together were trespassing on the meadow. The horse was standing on the common adjoining the meadow, at the foot of a high bank on top of which were the goats. The dog was sitting on the road. The flock of geese were passing by with the gander at their head, and in order to drive away the dog, to make room for his flock, hissed at him. The dog, mistaking it for a human voice ran at the goats, who being frightened, fled, and as they leaped off the bank, jumped one on each side of the horse standing below, and there hung by the yoke. The horse taking fright, ran away with the goats on his back into a pond of water, and drowned both himself and the goats. The owner of the horse sued the owner of the goats for riding his horse into the pond of water; the owner of the goats sued the owner of the dog for frightening his goats; and the owner of the dog sued the owner of the geese; the owner of the geese sued the owner of the horse for drowning his goats; and the owner of the meadow sued the owner of the goats for trespass. Who of the persons are entitled to a verdict?

Portrait of a Cow.

We laughed "economically" a few days since, when an emerald, who had advertised a lost cow, entered the office in a rage, complaining his advertisement was incorrect. We called for it, when he drew from his pocket a paper, and pointed to the cut of a cow. "D'y'ee think that looks like my cow?" Where's the horse shoe mark on her hind leg, and who put them short horns on my cow, when its long horns she's got?—Bad luck to the man that saved them horns!" It was no easy matter to convince our Irish patron that the cut was meant for the likeness of the cow race in general, and not of his lost favorite.—Cleveland Herald.

Young Lawyers.

A young lawyer being asked if he practised speech-making much, replied:

"I am at it every morning. Immediately on leaping out of my bed, I convert my chamber into the court. I stick that old portrait of father's before the glass, and there's the judge staring me full in the face. On my right I establish a row of boots—these are the gentlemen of the jury; on my left is the empanel or witness box, while on the chairs before me are seated a lot of my learned friends.

"Well, I conceive the case opened. It's an action for anything—say for breach of promise—and then I begin. If I'm for the plaintiff, of course I pile up the pathetic; if for the defendant I reduce the thing to a mere bagatelle. For the plaintiff, I describe in tones and strains which bring tears into the eyes of the row of boots—I meant the intelligent men of the jury—how fondly, how passionately she loved the recreant, base and black-hearted defendant. If for him, I transfer her affection to his pocket, and undertake to show that she never loved him at all. And I'm as likely to be right in the one case as the other, for how can I tell whether she loved him or not.

"In a case of this kind, however, give me the plaintiff. I see a tear starting in every eye I hear the ladies sighing and sobbing all around me; while the intelligent men of the jury are blowing their noses with unexampled violence, lest it should be thought that they could shed a tear.—I behold the judge working his facial muscles up, his mouth into all sorts of shapes, as if from the depths of his emotion he would say, 'I'll tell you what it is, I can't stand this much longer.'

Wanted, an honest, industrious Boy.

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveyed to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious congregations, for a pastor; parents, for a teacher of their children; and the people, for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsfolk will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend, families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him for a beau, and finally for a husband.

An honest industrious boy! Just think of it, boys; will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you honest? You may be capable—are you industrious? You may be well-dressed, and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both "honest and industrious?" You may apply for a "good situation"—are you sure that your friends, teachers, and acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? Oh, how would you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the words "can't employ you."—Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious; must work an labor—then will your "calling and election" for places of profit and trust be made sure.

The Boy the Father of the Man.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doing, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessing from his Heavenly parent.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

Wealth of Pennsylvania.

The following item, taken from the Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia Ledger, will give an idea of the wealth of our State:

Would you believe that the mineral wealth of Schuylkill county, Pa., so far as explored, according to the official census returns, is larger than California? But it is even so. The amount of tonnage at the usual rate per ton of coal actually exceeds per annum the gold dug in California, and brought to the markets of the world!

In no class shall we find a greater exuberance of fancy or more exaggerated ideas in regard to wealth and luxury than in the thoroughbred loafer. A few days ago a couple of individuals of this genus being seated in a sunny nook, near a wharf, at which a California bound vessel was lying, their conversation naturally ran upon gold—as neither of the twain was the possessor of a single red cent—and they amused themselves by wishing for the precious metal.

"Bill," said one to the other, "I'll tell yer jest how much gold I wish I had, and I'd be satisfied."

"Well," said the individual appealed to, "go ahead—I'll see if you've got the liberal ideas of a gentleman."

"Well, Bill, I wish I had so much gold, that 'twould take a 74 gun ship, loaded down with needles so deep that if you put in another needle she'd sink—and all these needles to be wore out makin' lags to hold my pile."

Bill threw his crownless hat upon the pavement with indignation, and exclaimed, "Damn it, why don't you wish for some thing when you undertake it! I wish that I had so much that yours wouldn't pay the interest of mine for the time you could hold a red hot knitting needle in yer ear."—Yankee Blade.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.—Col. Preble tells us of an instance of sharp shooting which is not ashamed to look one in the face. He states that one of the "frank and file" under his command once discharged six shots at a barrel rolling down a long hill, he being at the bottom of the hill. Upon the barrel reaching the bottom of the hill, it was examined, and no mark of a bullet was discovered upon it, whereupon his comrades began to ridicule him. He however, very coolly desired them to shake the barrel, by doing which they found that the bullets were inside—the whole six having entered the bung hole, at which point he had aimed.

The social feelings have not been unaptly compared to a dark heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken and expire; but, placed together, they glow with a ruddy and intense heat.

TEA AND COFFEE.—One of the most remarkable facts in the diet of mankind, is the enormous consumption of tea and coffee. Upwards of 800,000,000 pounds of these articles are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world.

Let it be impressed on your minds—let it be instilled into your children—that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Civil, Political and Religious rights.—Junius.

THE ROYAL STANDARD of England is thirty feet long and eighteen feet deep. It is of strongly wrought fine silk, and was manufactured by Mr. Mills, at a cost of £200.

YANKEE YOUNG LADIES who go out West as schoolmistresses, are not of much use. Instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.

AS EDITOR in the Western part of New York is in a bad fix. He dunned a subscriber for his subscription, which he refused to pay, and threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper. A bad fix, truly.

FIGHTING is to an Irishman what a thundergust is to nature. It may knock things about for a season, but it never fails to purify the neighborhood of ill feeling, and bring about a sun-shiny calm that is as soothing to the combatants as a shower is to June.

AWFUL LEAP AND MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Friday afternoon, at about 3 o'clock, the carriage attached to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, was crossing Market Street Bridge for the purpose of exercising the patients. A young lady (Miss Myers), sprang out of the carriage, and with one leap cleared the railing, and descended into the water, a distance of about thirty-one feet. She floated for a few moments, and was rescued by a man in a boat (whose name we were unable to learn.) Her escape from death was considered miraculous.

Death of Robert M. Bard, Esq.

We regret to learn from the Harrisburg Telegraph, that this gentleman died at his residence in Chambersburg, on Tuesday last. He was a distinguished member of the Bar, ranking amongst the first in his profession. He was the Whig candidate for Congress at the late election in that district, and was sick during the canvass, and from which illness he never fully recovered. He died in the prime and vigor of life, with every promise of wealth and distinction, and will be lamented by all who knew him.

Affecting Incident.

A startling incident, connected with the misery which follows in the train of King Alcohol, occurred in Rev. Mr. Johnson's Second Methodist Church, at this borough, on Sunday evening last. While the collection was being taken up, a man whose personal appearance evidently denoted a shattered constitution, and consequent misery and suffering, threw into the basket a small paper carefully rolled up, which on subsequent examination was found to contain a half dime, the last remnant of a wasted patrimony; for on the paper was written, "This is the last of four thousand dollars left me by my father—Run and its Effects!" Who the poor fellow was, or from whence he came, is not known, for he was a stranger, and evidently a wanderer upon the face of the earth.—This case, painful and mortifying though it be, is by no means a solitary one, but tells a tale which will apply with equal propriety to thousands of others who have been brought under the dominion of, and been ultimately ruined by the Ruin Fiend.—Pottsville Emporium.

"Every one look out for himself!" as the jackass said when he danced among the chickens.