

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. C. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

B E K I N D .

Be kind to thy father—for lo, on his brow
Many traces of sorrow are seen;
O, well may'st thou cherish and comfort him
For loving and kind he hath been; [now,
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.
Be kind to thy mother—for when thou were
young,
Who loved thee so fondly as she?
She caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Remember thy mother—for there will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone
way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.
Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have
death,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn:
The flowers of feeling fall from his birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament richer and brighter by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love,
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
hours,
And blessings thy pathway crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

Ac Gude Turn Deserves Anither.

Ye maunna be proud, although ye be great,
The purest blood is still your brother;
The king may come in the chadger's gate;
Ac gude turn deserves anither.
The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
As hour we bloom, as hour we wither;
Let ilk help ither to climb the brae;
Ac gude turn deserves anither.
The highest among us are unco wee,
Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts together;
Haud na, man, what ye get see free;
Ac gude turn deserves anither.
Life is a weary journey along,
Blythe's the road when we wand w' ither;
Mutual g'ing is mutual gain;
Ac gude turn deserves anither.

Miscellany.

Variety's the very spice of Life.

Dr. Johnson's Pudding.
Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists. Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building.—I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdotes, of which the following may serve as a specimen:
"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relative of mine; and these hard outworn chairs (in which we are now sitting) were years ago filled by the great tourists, traveling like the lion jaokal. Boswell proceeded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the looks of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine log of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with utmost expedition, and particular orders for a nice pudding. "Now," says he, "make the best of all puddings." Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.
"My dear sir," said Boswell, "out of breath with joy good news! I have just been speaking at a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased. "And I hope," said he, "you have bespoken a pudding." "Sir you will have your favorite pudding," replied the other.
Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare a delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen and threw his upper garment on a chair before the

fire; he sat on a hob near a little boy who was attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton.—Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, "My dear Doctor here comes the mutton—what a picture does it to a turn, looks so beautifully brown!" The Doctor tittered. After a short grace Boswell said:
"I suppose I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to? The Doctor replied:
"My dear Bozo, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.
"O dear! this is a great disappointment said Bozo.
"Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.
Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown, too. Oh, sir you would have relished this prime piece of mutton." The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few moments nearly finished the pudding.—The table was cleared and Boswell said:
"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"
The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, who he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poet, by the way, said the Doctor laughed.
"You little, filthy, spivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"
"No! couldn't, sir," said the boy.
"No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell.
"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"
"The Doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, started or quitted; indeed looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt he roared out with the lungs of a leopards:
"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe." "And such," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the mouth of your humble servant."—*Judge loss Reminiscences.*

Case of Somnambulism.
A Pittsburg journal gives the following thrilling account of a case of somnambulism which occurred at the residence of a gentleman near that city:
"Hearing footsteps upon the stairs about midnight, and suspecting burglars might be upon the premises, the gentleman rose from his bed and took down a double-barreled gun, with which in his hand, he proceeded to the door opening into the hall. Reaching the door, he applied his ear to the key-hole and heard what he thought a rustling of garments upon the stairs.—Hastily drawing a chair to the door, he stepped upon it and inserted the gun thro' the transom. Just then the thought occurred to him that it might be his daughter, who some time previously was addicted to walking in her sleep. Passing out into the hall, with the gun still in his hand, to be used in case circumstances warranted it, he found the apartment entirely vacant and, lighting a lamp, he then ascended the stairs. Imagine his surprise and terror on looking out of the chamber windows to see among the branches of a tall tree, which grew there, his daughter, dressed in her night habiliments and seemingly utterly unconscious of her perilous position. Without uttering a word or making a sound calculated to frighten her, he stepped out of the window himself, and, winding one arm tightly about the waist of the sleeping girl, he with great exertion managed to regain the hall with his precious burden. The surprise of the young lady when she awoke and was informed of her perilous adventure can better be imagined than described."

SPEECH OF LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, of Ohio--Nineteen Majority--Making the Best of it.
The Dayton Daily Express contains the following portions of a speech delivered by Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, from the balcony of the St. Philip's Hotel, on the occasion of his re-election by nineteen majority. It will be remembered that notice had been served on him that his seat in Congress will be contested:
"I see carried in your procession to-night a transparency, upon which is painted in large figures, 19! Yes, 19 majority! glorious 19! I had rather be elected by 19 majority than 19,000.
"I have received no notice of contest, but I dare them to do it. I told you, when I came home from Washington, that the whole power of this corrupt Administration and the whole power of the South, were to be used to carry this district; and if there is to be a contest, I will expose the whole conspiracy, from the President down—all the frauds and rascalities, all the hundreds and thousands of pipe-laid votes.
"I will go to Washington with my commission as safely lodged in my pocket, as a certain candidate had a certificate that he was, and a certain affidavit that he was not, a member of a certain Order.
"I will spare my opponent, not out of respect for his feelings, for I don't think he has got any, but he has a family, he associates in your city with honorable men, he belongs to an Order whose influence it has been attempted to bring into this contest; he belongs, too, I am sorry to say, to a church standing upon a corner, near to another corner, where he invited me to negotiate a hostile meeting; but if his God can forgive him, I can, and I forgive him!
"I will go to the Thirty fifth Congress—I will meet there the men who repealed the Missouri Compromise—I will look into their snaky eyes—I will stare them in the face—and I will shake in their teeth my commission with the broad seal of Ohio as a representative of the Third District endorsed nineteen majority!
"I will do the voting for the people of this district, and I will do it well, too! I will do the speaking for the people of this district, and I will do it well, too! And if anybody dares infringe upon my constitutional right, and attempts to prevent me from talking and voting upon the slavery question as I please, I will do some fighting, too! I will not say how I will do it, but, like the Quaker, I will pull off my coat, and do my endeavor!
"Well, let my opponent and his friends come to Washington to contest my election. I will go there with my commission signed by your Governor, and I will take my seat upon the floor of the House of Representatives, while my opponent will be compelled to occupy a cold seat outside in the Rotunda. He may possibly, against the rules of the House, squeeze himself into the lobby, but I will occupy the seat, and do the talking and voting. I may possibly, as his friends who accompany him will be his constituents, treat them to some oysters! But, as for my opponent, I would—yes, I would present him with a Congressional knife."

A Good Hint.
The Old Man of the Mountains tells how "the devil catcheth away the good seed."
He does it in a great many ways; but I shall mention only two or three of the most common, perhaps. A very solemn and pugnacious discourse is delivered on the Lord's day. Some are almost persuaded to be Christians; and for the half hour, there is an interesting solemnity in the congregation. The last hymn is sung; the benediction is pronounced. The audience begin to move, but instead of going silently down the aisles, they begin to shake hands, and exchange common-place inquiries and remarks. How do you do? How are you all at home? It is very hot to-day, or, it is very cold. When did you hear from such and such friends? And so the bus continues and increases, as you thread your way into the porch, and there, so many linger and block up the passage and for no other reason in the world than to exchange friendly greetings, or touch upon some topic, as remote as possible from the subject of the sermon just heard. When you get by these you encounter a crowd of both sexes upon the steps radiant with smiles, standing in the way and lingering and talking, as if on purpose to drive away every serious thought from their minds.
It is thus that in a great many congregations, here and there, the wicked one, "cometh and catcheth away the seed that was sown, lest it should take root downward and bear fruit upward."

And, as if to make assurance, doubly sure, instead of walking thoughtfully homeward, meditating on what they have heard from the pulpit, you will hear some of the young people laughing and talking as gaily as if they were returning from a party or Lyceum lecture; and by the time they have turned the corner, every serious thought is gone. The adversary has caught away the good seed.
And it is no better with a great many in the country, who remain during the intermission. They spend the time in frivolous talking, if not jesting; in planning visits, or in discoursing upon the existing secular topics of the day. Thus from Sabbath to Sabbath, the devil, the great enemy of souls, who I believe attends church, catches away the work out of the hearts of thousands in this Christian land. Reader, how is it with thee? Have I been describing thee in the aisles, in the porch, on the steps, on the way home, or in the intermission?

A Word to Boys.
We cannot forbear to give the following capital extract from a late speech by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at the Bishop's Stratford High School. After speaking of the English soldiers at the battle of Alma he said:
"They did not hear the roar of the cannon, to whose very jaws they marched with unflinching tread; they only heard the whisper of their hearts, 'And if we do our duty this day, what will they say of us in England?' Ay, and when a boy sets down resolutely to his desk, puts aside all idle pleasures, faces every tedious obstacle firmly bent on all honorable distinction, it is the same elevating sentiment which whispers to him, 'And if I succeed, what will they say of me at school?' or a dearer motive still, 'What will they say of me at home?' Boys, when I look at your young faces, I could fancy myself a boy once more; I go back to the day when I, too, tried for prizes, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. As was I fond of play as any of you, and, in this summer weather, I fear my head might have been more full of cricket than of Terrence or Homer; but still I can remember that, whether at work or play, I had always a deep, tho' a quiet determination, that, sooner or later, I would be somebody or do something. That determination continues with me to this day; it keeps one hope of my boyhood fresh, when other hopes have long since faded away. And now that we separate let it be that hope upon both sides—on my side upon yours—that, before we die, we will do something to serve our country, that may make us prouder of each other, and, if we fail there, that at least we will never willfully and consciously do anything to make us ashamed of each other."

Jenny Lind and the Students.
In a certain German town there was a tremendous *furor* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a company of students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown Jenny's bed chamber, and rushing up stairs into the room, tore up the sheets and wore them as decorations. An hour or two afterwards, a bald old gentleman, of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table-d'hote*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and terrified whenever a student approached. At last he said, in a low voice, to some gentleman near him at the table, "You are English, I observe. Most extraordinary people, these German students; raving mad." "Oh! no," said somebody, "only excitable, but very good fellows, and sensible." "By heavens! sir," returned the old gentleman, much discomposed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a walk this morning and while I was gone they burst into my bed-room, took the sheets and are now parading through town in all directions with bits of them in their button holes."

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!—The Petersburg (Va.) Dispatch says that a mournful occurrence, illustrative of the folly of fashion, occurred in one of our Southern cities a few days since. As a lady, clad in the extreme of the latest Parisian style, was promenading a public street, she had occasion to stop a moment beside a broken gas pipe which some workmen were engaged in repairing, and before she was aware of the mischief that was transpiring, the skirts of her dress were inflated, and she was lifted from her feet, and tossed like a meteor, heavenward! In five minutes she was beyond the reach of telescopic vision.

A minister who upholds slavery, is a hypocrite and a fool.

From the New Orleans Bulletin of Oct. 20 An Incident.
Passing through the Arcade saloon, we noticed at one of the auction stands a negro girl up for sale, and deeply interested in what was going on. Curiosity led us to pause and inquire the cause of the apparent excitement. The bids were going on in a very spirited manner and generally at an advance of only 5 dollars at a bid, and at every bid the eyes of the crowd would quickly turn in the direction where the bid proceeded, the interest and the excitement being, in the meanwhile, upon the increase. The girl, a bright, intelligent mulattress, about fourteen years old, was evidently not indifferent to what was transpiring. There was no moisture in her eyes, but they assumed an expression which indicated that she felt some anxiety in regard to the result of the sale, which is not generally the case. As the bids reached near a thousand dollars, the excitement became intense, and as that figure was called, a spontaneous hiss was heard from one end of the room to the other, followed by a vehement shout of "Turn him out!" "Turn him out!"—A rush was made for the door, the hammer had fallen and the girl also in the arms of her mother, who had become her purchaser!
The explanation of it all was that the woman been freed by her owner, and had earned money enough to buy her child, the mulattress in question, and being a very valuable servant several persons were anxious to obtain her, but all of them, with one exception, had pledged the mother that they would not bid against her, and they honorably kept their faith. It was the conduct of this one, who was bidding against the mother, which so excited and exasperated the crowd on the occasion.—The man made good his escape; fortunately so for him, we think, as we heard sundry expressions about "jynching," etc., as the crowd came back to talk over the scene, the mother was so much affected by the joy of having succeeded in retaining possession of her child, that she swooned away and was carried out of the saloon. We may add that the sale was a succession sale, and was not designed to be anything more than nominal, and nobody intended that the mother should be deprived of her child.

Agricultural.
"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Salt for Horses.
This will perhaps cause some to laugh as undoubtedly all farmers feed salt to their horses, but I know it to be the custom among a great many farmers and horse owners in my neighborhood, who never feed salt to their horses more than once or twice a week, and then they throw a handful to each horse which he will greedily devour on account of his being almost starved for salt, and it must necessarily follow that for the next half day or so he suffers greatly from thirst; at least such is the fact in some cases. Now to avoid all this, I will give a few practical hints which I have followed for some time, and find my horses hardly ever refuse a feed, and are always well and hearty. I have a small box placed upon one side of my feeding room, with a lid fastened to it, in which I keep a constant supply of salt, which will be found much more convenient than to have the salt in the house or some out-of-the-way place, which is often the reason of neglecting to salt horses regularly. I give my horses salt every time I feed them, but I do not throw a handful on. I mix about a teaspoonful with each horse's feed while I continue to give the same kind of feed, and when it becomes necessary or convenient to change the kind of feed I then apply a little more for the first and second time, as I think it a sure preventative of the cholera, &c.—One of my neighbors recently lost a mare in this way; he having occasion to change feed, and not adding salt, the horse became costive, which disease very often proves fatal to that most noble animal. When he related to me the supposed cause of the disease, I remarked that I thought if he had applied some salt it might have prevented it; he readily confirmed my opinion, and also remarked that he applied a handful of salt at the second feed, but it was then too late, for the horse would eat no more. I have also frequently mixed an equal quantity of clean wood ashes with my salt, and think it very good for horses.

The above rule will also hold good for other animals, such as cattle and sheep, as well as for the horse. If this should meet the eyes of some who have not yet follow-

ed the above rule, I would say to all such, try it, and make yourselves satisfied, as it will cost no more than it does to salt once or twice a week. This being my first attempt to write for the public press, I will now close. More anon. A YOUNG FARMER—Berlin, Somerset County, Pa.

Queer Bits.
A SERMON.
FROM A DISCIPLE OF THE HARD OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.
The following very pathetic sermon was actually preached by a Hard Shell somewhere near the mountains of Georgia, which we give verbatim et literatim. His text was this:
"He that is not for us is against us, and he that gathereth it not with us scattereth a board."
After having read this text, he proceeded thus:
This passage of scripture, my dear brethren, which I have just read, is from holy writ. It is in spensible truth that he who is not for us is against us. We can find no better imblamatick proof of this, my brethren, than just to look round and see who is not with us. I see them here, my brethren, to da. That sets the soft handed Presbyterians, and here the self-commisshuned Baptists, and yander the back slidden Methodists. What are they, brethren? All—all a fine one another; besides they're all linked and twisted and connivin together, tryin to upset us, but thanks my deer brethren, they're not got us yet. No, deer brethren, they're not yet afeel. Let em rip with they're hell fire faith and hiskoled relygun. Let em fling their wooden thunder bolts at us! We're the primatives. Yes, my brethren, we, Hard Shells as they call us, heve stood the shock of their fry slang as long—as long as the iron wheel of time continues to role on in a—
"The mother was so much affected by the joy of having succeeded in retaining possession of her child, that she swooned away and was carried out of the saloon. We may add that the sale was a succession sale, and was not designed to be anything more than nominal, and nobody intended that the mother should be deprived of her child."

Mark, my deer brethren, the latter claws—scratches a board. I understand by this my deer brethren, that he that is not with us does not gether untew ower flock, neither lays hold ov the pik ax and diggs thar may be abundant harvest gathered unto the Lord. Yes, them demagoges, snekin and hulkin about like an old red fox in a hen house, tryin to win the eefeshuns of a shankhi chicken, thar will be dumed to scratch a board through all eternity.
Yes, my deer brethren, methinks I see that tender fingered Presbitarian, who was called off der eternally a fue yers ago, scratching a board; and methinks I see upon his rite a bac slider, scratching his board; and upon his left the pore missionary Baptist, who had been sent tew kollidge and got a fine edecashun, he tew is scratching a board, and will have to scratch and scratch thru all eternity.
And thar's that pore sinner, he never saut the salvation of his sole. Methinks I see him unguelled in the sulphuric of an orful hell, thar he is a weepin, walin, mashing his teeth, and scratching a board.
O, sinner, tern, why don't yer tern? Now is the time; for when yer stan befor the judgment bar yer will here that orful dame pronounced against yer, "Depart, yca kussed intew the dimal pyt, and scratch a board." And thar you will haft tew scratch and scratch harder than ever a gra hound scratched a rebbet from his den.
Bat, ah mi dicing friend, ah, it will not be a safe pine board you will haft tew scratch, ah. No, no, ah; it will be a ruff, snarly, cross-graned tuff oke board, ah.—Yes, yes, ah, it will be a clabb bord ov nois and splinters, ah, which you will haft tew scratch and scratch from everlastin tew everlastin, ah, untel the foundashuns ov brimston is burnt out, ah, and his flams ar quinned, ah, and the waults are kooled, ah, and untel the blast ov an endless eternety freezes you as stiff as pokurs, ah.—Amen.

A Political Lottery.
Mr. Eppros—Several months since, I prepared an article for the *Boston Transcript*, entitled "A Literary and Political Lottery," in which the conduct of various noted individuals was portrayed by quotations from Shakspeare. These quotations were written on separate slips of paper, and deposited in a hat,—the names were written on other slips, and deposited in another hat, and we then drew out, first a name and then an illustration. How far chance or fate determined the result, the reader may decide for himself.
I have just taken another turn at this "wheel of fortune," and the following is the result:
Yours, truly,
G. Q. C.

MILLARD FILLMORE.
"What's this? To the Pope?"
"Nay, then, farewell—
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness
And from that full median of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."
JAMES BUCHANAN.
"Sir, he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation,
The inheritance of it, and out the equal
From all remainders, and a perpetual succession of it for a place."
JOHN C. FARMOR.
"If I should tell thee o'er this day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds but I'll report it.
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrill,
I'll be an admirer; where ladies shall be bright
And gladly quack'd here more."
DAVID R. ATCHISON.
"He has everything which an honest man should have;
He has not what an honest man should have,
He has nothing."
ELIABUR BROOKS.
"He will be with such verbiage, that you would think truth were a fool."
STRIMPELLOW.
"He hath outlived villainy so far that the very reeds him."
N. P. BAKER.
"He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion."
STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.
"So when this thief, the traitor
Shall see us rising in our throes, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, trembling with an aim."
ANSON BURLINGAME.
"You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't."
PRESTON S. BROOKS.
"He excels his brother for a coward yet his brother is accounted one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; many in coming on he has the cramp."
WINFIELD SCOTT.
"Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish; not fierce and terrible,
Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverish and did tremble."
LEWIS CASE.
"I have liv'd long enough, my way of life
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."
JOHN W. GRARY.
"O, bit man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy eye—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep."
WILLIAM L. MARCY.
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault worse by the excuse.
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd."
JEFFERSON DAVIS.
"A soldier:
Full of strange oaths, and boarded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel."
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
"If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
Our necessary actions, in fear
To cope malicious censurers."
JAMES GORDON BENNETT.
"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing more
than any man in all Venice." His reasons are
two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff,
you shall seek all day ere you find them
and after you have them they are not worth
the search."
ISAIAH RYNDERS.
"Our business is not unknown to the Senate,
they have had an inkling this fortnight,
what we intend to do, which now we'll show
you deeds. They say poor suitors have strong
breaths, they shall know, we have strong arms
too."
CHARLES SUMNER.
"Be it he
Hath borne his faculties so long, he is so far
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."
HENRY A. WIEL.
"Sir you seem a sober, ancient gentleman
but your words show you a madman."
THOMAS H. BENTON.
"I am left out for no motion remains
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office."
EDWARD EVERETT.
"I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the
blind
To hear him speak; matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs
chiefly
Upon him as he passed."
DAN'L S. DICKINSON.
"At sign, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen from the holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."
FRANKLIN PIERCE.
"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in nine ages
Have left me naked to mine enemies."
JOHN W. FORNEY.
"Why he is the Prince's jester, a very dull
fool, only his gift is in devising impossible
slanders; none but libertines delight in him;
and the commendation is not in his wit but in
his villainy."
"If all mankind are brethren—
"Flesh of one flesh, bone of one bone,"
why do we not practice more kindly feelings
towards each other.