

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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A Popular Air.

KITTY GLIDE.

Oh! who has not seen Kitty Glide?
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a shy little nook,
By the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill;
Oh! who does not love Kitty Glide?
That sunny-eyed rosy-cheeked lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin,
That looks roguish as sin,
With always a smile as you pass?
Sweet Kitty—dear Kitty—
My own sweet Kitty Glide,
In a shy little nook,
By the babbling brook,
Lives my own sweet Kitty Glide.

With a basket, to put in her fish,
Every morning with line and hook,
This sweet little lass—
Thro' the tall, heavy grass,
Steals along by the clear running brook,
She throws her line into the stream,
And trips it along the brook side.
Oh, how I do wish
That I was a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Glide.
Sweet Kitty—dear Kitty, &c.

How I wish that I was a bee;
I'd not gather honey from flowers,
But would steal a dear slip
From Kitty's sweet lip,
And make my own live in her bowers;
Or, if I was some little bird,
I would not build nests in the air,
But keep close by the side
Of sweet Kitty Glide,
And sleep in her soft silken hair.
Sweet Kitty—dear Kitty, &c.

Select Story.

JOHN TAYLOR; THE TIMON OF THE ROCKWOODS BAR AND PULPIT.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait—a figure tall, lean, sinewy and straight as an arrow; a face pale, bilious and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow broad, soaring massive, scarred with wrinkles, but not from age, for he was scarcely forty; eyes reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbattered champion. He was habited in a suit of new buck skin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder and soon swept around the circle.

They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, turned his head gradually so as to give each laughter a look, his lips curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his tongue protruding through his teeth, literally writhed as a serpent, and ejaculated its sap like poison in a single word:

"Savages!"

No pen can describe the defiant force he threw into that term; no pencil can paint the infernal *furor* of his utterance, altho' it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on S, both at the beginning and end of the word.

The general glare, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; for her's was a style to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enamelled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flesh of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eyes, blue as the heaven of a Southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming as the gentle wafers of a bird's wing in the summer air; in the figure, slight, ethereal, sylph's or seraph's; and, more than all in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like starlight and yet possessing the power of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence" could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner: "Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice as sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and as clear as the song of the skylark:

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell metal:

"May it please your honor I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished Judge "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring, and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those fire-flies of fashion, the profession of whose life, ever is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with an utterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duellist of the South west. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream, as of one in mortal terror, while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of firearms. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sound proceeded, pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in

the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullet, lay the all-dreaded duellist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, "I did it to save my honor!"

As is readily imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of facts, lauded her in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in a revolting partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genius they about equally partitioned their glowing eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twin was then on trial.

As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to the opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

At the proper time, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his place almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so mild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from door to gulleries. At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of composed evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of the client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled heated coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself hurling red thunder bolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest temper of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long, bony forefinger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing for money to hunt down a poor, friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried—"Shame!"

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustration in the case of his client, till one half the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith, at once of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair seemed to stand on end; his nerves shook as with palsy; he tossed his hands wildly toward heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word *hell* embodied the acme and ideal of all horror; it was that wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor woman fainted and was borne away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour.

The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" without leaving the box, and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court-house from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave an appointment: "I will preach in this hall to night at eight o'clock!" He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into conversation.

At eight o'clock the court-house was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence of the bar, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed, misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include everybody but himself; it was a picture of hell, such a Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil. But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility that any human being should ever get there.

Miscellany.

Photographically Reported by R. C. DRETT.
Remarks made by Gov. POLLOCK Before the Pa. State Teachers' Association, at Harrisburg, Dec. 30, 1856.

I came not before you this afternoon for the purpose of making a speech—not to be listened to, but myself to listen and learn. And what place more appropriate than in the State Association of Teachers? In the presence of my teachers I should use no other eloquence than that of silence—but a word or two, on the present occasion may not be inappropriate. It affords me no ordinary gratification, then, to meet an Association of this character; an Association whose objects and purposes are the advancement of knowledge, the improvement of our schools, and the improvement of that most important part of every school, the teacher. I have on many occasions, privately and publicly, individually and officially, announced myself the firm, unflinching friend of education in all its departments and varieties.—Education or myself—for those I esteem dearer than myself—education for you—education for all, to whom the God of the Universe hath given a heart to feel an intellect to understand. I have never been the advocate of the system which encourages ignorance and fosters error, but on the contrary the enemy of both. It is only by intellectual culture, by filling the mind full of that higher knowledge that wells up from the pure fountain of Eternal truth, that we make the man and the citizen. You are here—and I rejoice that you are here—for the purpose of encouraging the advent of knowledge, and of aiding in the improvement of the system that will accomplish these results—what we need in Pennsylvania is a higher grade of schools; we need the teacher to accomplish this purpose. We must have him. Although our State is rich—al though our hills and valleys abound in every thing that constitutes us a rich State; yet we have a more valuable treasure far, in the minds and intellect of our people. It is to develop this wealth that you are here to-day. The first object of this association will be to devise ways and means, by which our school may be improved—Much, very much, yet remains to be done. The progress of the past few years has been gratifying, and as an evidence of the interest felt on this subject by the people, or at least a large portion of them, this Association stands prominent, as a demonstration of the fact that there is a desire to improve, and advance, not to stand still.—The great want of the State, so far as educational interest is concerned, we all understand to be competent teachers. This want must be supplied, and your Association have taken the right direction, to accomplish this object. How are teachers to be furnished and provided? They do not spring up spontaneously. Although the Creator of the earth has given us minds, yet this thing called knowledge comes not by intuition; in His providence he has devised ways and means by which this mental storehouse must be furnished, and it is by these agents, man is elevated and reformed. We need competent teachers. I understand, this morning that the question was before you in reference to encouragement from the State; I am happy to learn that a resolution passed almost unanimously, favorable to the asking of the State for aid. I am here this afternoon as an individual, and affirm only that which is known to all of you, that County Institutes, as a means whereby to furnish and provide the teacher, are much needed in our system, and the subject is one which recommends itself most strongly to the favor of every man who regards

this system and who has its welfare at heart. We have, in the little county of Lancaster, an ample school, a County Institute, that I hope yet may arouse the attention of Pennsylvania and every friend of education, to imitate so noble an example. You may boast of your broad acres in Lancaster county—your stalwart men and pretty girls, your intelligence and wealth; but to-day there is not a prouder monument to the enterprise of Lancaster county Institute at Millersville; and just so long as mind and intellect, with the far reaching energies are superior to the things of earth, just so long will our schools colleges, county institutes, and every means for the advancement of education be regarded as higher and greater importance. Should the State forbid to aid County Institutes? I say unhesitatingly, that the State is under a solemn obligation to contribute to the support of County Institutes, and every means whereby to promote the cause of education within its bounds.

It was intimated that we might injure the system by asking for legislative aid. Injure what system? The system of Common Schools? Just as soon might you expect a demand of that kind to injure the Solar System, as the Common School System of Pennsylvania. Ask—you never receive without asking. You have a right to ask, to demand, from the Commonwealth that the intellectual wealth of her people be protected and secured in this way.—When the cause of education is to be advanced, when its interests are to be promoted, do not come into our legislative halls in any other attitude than as men, erect, in all the dignity in which you were created by Almighty God. Afraid to demand your rights? Oh, no! Ignorance, Error, Superstition, shivering in their mouldy shroud may stand at the door and urge you back, but fear not—onward, upward, ask and you shall receive. Our Legislators are not men of that material, to reject the application of the intelligence of Pennsylvania. They know the influence of the school. They understand it. They can be made to feel it, and the only limit I would assign would be the ability of the State or Commonwealth to aid Institutions of this character. We need Normal Schools in addition to County Institutes. It is our privilege and our duty to demand from the Legislature the establishment of State Normal Schools. We require State aid in order to accomplish this, we must have it, we will have it. Prejudice and Ignorance must yet totter and fall. Intelligence must triumph. If those principles are not correct, then I have studied the book of Nature and of God without effect. Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good by fearing to demand it. I regret to have heard, on more than one occasion, an opposition to the Common School System of Pennsylvania, made by those who are connected with our higher institutions of learning, colleges and seminaries, as if the State and the individual could not go together in the prominent cause of education. In the advancement of knowledge there is no rivalry; whether the individual or the State may superintend the system, you are but one, and the cause is one. There is no system so favorable to the establishment of private schools or colleges as the common school system of Pennsylvania. It will open wide the door, and institute a desire for more learning. I am very much of a progressive, and hope the day will come when the common school system of Pennsylvania will be so perfect that no private seminary or college will be found in the land—when the streams of knowledge shall flow free as the air, and the child of poverty as well as the child of affluence, may come together and drink of the streaming fountain. That would indeed be the millennium of knowledge, and who would suffer? Professors of colleges and private institutions? They would be the most benefited—this would enable them to step from the private school into the public. Where are teachers test paid? In those districts where the common school has been rejected year in and year out, and never adopted with the consent of the people? Where they regard the teacher as worth just as much money as the man that drives their pigs to market? No. It is in those districts where men are educated, that the price of teaching has been elevated. The result would be a demand for every member of our colleges; each one would feel that he was but a part of a magnificent, yet harmonious system. Private enterprise may control one department, the State the other, all could then move on in perfect harmony around one grand centre, having in view one grand object. Are we to have any retrograde movement in the cause of education?—are we to go back or forward? You are here to-day to

move forward the car, not to stop its progress. If anything is to be crushed, let it be ignorance; we do not want truth thrown down and trampled. There must be no retrograde movement in Pennsylvania on this topic. It may be unpopular. They may vote it down. Although I very much doubt whether the best opponent to this system could be brought up to the polls to cast his vote against it, without a blush of shame, that his ballot in the box would destroy the system forever. In the Providence of God let it be so ordered that Ignorance will have to stand back abashed at Intelligence, whether they meet at the polls or in the school room. There must be no retrograde movement in this important matter. Whether the State or the individual be engaged in it the cause is one, the interest must be one. Let your motto be "Excelsior"—higher yet. There is no pinnacle in this great temple of knowledge. There is a boundary to everything else—the Material Universe has its limits, but knowledge knows no bound, no limit in time—none throughout the ceaseless ages of Eternity. Your progress must be up, and onward, and the higher you aim the more elevated your flight. No retrograde movement in this important matter, in the system that Pennsylvania has adopted, if there be a change, it must be for the better not for the worse. As an individual, I am prepared to day, if the system fails, to fall with it; but I apprehend no such calamity. Prejudice and Ignorance may hurl their objections and bid defiance, but the triumph of Truth and Knowledge is as certain and secure as is the existence of Him who made us all.

While I advocate knowledge and its progress; education in all its departments, and the development of the mind's higher and mightier powers, there is one book I am glad to know, is not found wanting in the schools of Pennsylvania as a text book. As a history, it is without a rival; as a poem, it has no superior; as a book of ethics, it is unsurpassed by any work on the subject ever written; as a teacher of morality and religion, it defies the created universe of God to produce its equal. Need I name the book to which I refer? Good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I rejoice to-day that you have an open Bible, and an open Bible. Let this book adorn every bench and every desk within the walls of every school within this Commonwealth. When the day comes that you find the Bible a closed book, that day will witness the doom and the destruction of the entire system. There is no security but in its principles—no strength but in the arm of Him who penned its glorious truths.

THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic foot, (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the panther, the wild dog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot; under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for short distances, its speed is truly marvellous, perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not infrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adanson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not infrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—Anderson's Africa.

The Origin of Pianos.

The piano-forte, that favorite parlor instrument, now considered an almost indispensable article in every family that can purchase it, was invented by J. C. Schroeder, of Dresden in 1717; the square piano was first made by Frederica, an organ builder of Saxony, about 1758. Pianofortes were made in London by M. Zumpie, a German, in 1766. The manufacture of this instrument was commenced in this country since the opening of the present century.

Widow's Three Hundred Dollars.

The following is the report of a case decided at the recent term of the Supreme Court in Pittsburg, which is of a very great interest. The decision settles the law in a matter of frequent occurrence:

SUPREME COURT IN BANC.

The widow of a decedent is entitled to three hundred dollars out of the proceeds of the sale of his real estate, in preference of a judgment creditor in whose favor the husband waived the benefit of the Exemption Act of 1849.

Sarah Smith took out letters of Administration on the estate of her deceased husband, James Smith, who died Sept. 15th, 1854. In her administration account she charged herself with the proceeds of a lot of ground, sold by her under an order of Orphan's Court and retained credit for the sum of three hundred dollars claimed by her as a widow, by virtue of the act of April 14, 1851. Joseph Spencer held a judgment against James Smith, the decedent, entered Jan. 24, 1854, on a bond with warrant of Attorney, waiving the benefit of the Exemption Act of 1849. Joseph Spencer accordingly filed exemptions to the administration account, and contended that the widow was not entitled to retain \$300 as against him. The Court below, McClure, P. J., decided differently, and Mr. Spencer appealed.

The case was argued by Mellan and Negley, for appellant, and by Hasbrouck, for appellee.

Lowrie, J.—We think that the learned President of the Orphan's Court decided this cause rightly. The act of 1851, allowing a widow to take property to the amount of \$300 out of her deceased husband's estate, is plainly a restriction on the remedies heretofore existing in favor of creditors. It is therefore a restriction or qualification on any lines acquired by operations of law against her estate after the passage of the act.

It is supposed that his waiver of any right of exemption alters the case; but we do not think so. His waiver of a privilege granted by law to himself cannot effect a right granted to another. It puts the creditor in the same position which he would have occupied if the husband had no exemption to be waived. And surely this provision in favor of the widow might have been enacted and enforced, even if there had been no exemption at all in favor of the debtor himself. The creditor might have divested his whole estate in his life time, but not having done so, the prospective provision in favor of the widow comes into operation and restricts his remedy so far as to prevent it from interfering with the right granted to her.

Decree affirmed at the costs of the appellant and record remitted.

Virtue of Reading and Writing.

If reading and writing came by nature, as Dogberry says, what a blessing it would be for mankind in general. These simple arts, which are so common in some of our States, have produced the most remarkable political results as shown in the last election. The greatest number of readers and writers turned out the greatest number of Republican voters. But the effect of reading and writing was nowhere so remarkably exhibited as in Illinois. In that portion of the State called Egypt, which voted squarely for Buchanan, these accomplishments are very rare. Sangamon county, for instance, which gave a majority of 2,024 for the Cincinnati platform, according to the census contains 2,024 adults, that can neither read nor write; while in Winnebago county, which gave a majority of 3,200 for Fremont, there are nine adults who cannot read and write.

"Crow, I want to ax you a conundrum." "Well, Julius succeed; I see open for the question." "Can you tell me why de art of self defence am like a ribber in low tide?" "No, Julius, I does not see no similarity in de two subjects, so darfor I ghuvs it up." "Well I'll tell you. It's simply because it develops demuscles! You are de most ignorant nigger I neber seed in all my life."—"Yah yah! I know all de time what dat was, I didn't want to say nuffin! Jis ax me again and see if I can't tell you."

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop. A bad wound heals; a bad name kills. A bitter jest is the poison of friendship. A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A blithe heart makes a blooming visage. A burden which one chooses is not felt. A careless watch invites a vigilant foe. A clean glove often hides a dirty hand. A clear conscience finds no accusation. A cracked bell is never sound. A fool's heart is ever dancing on his lips. A friend is never known till needed. A gift long waited for is sold, not given. A good maxim is never out of season. A good life keeps off wrinkles."

"A gentleman in this place sent out campaign Sentinel to his brother in Illinois.—We mailed it Weekly. His brother writes, that after the election was over the postmaster handed him the whole lot.—Achtobles (O.) Sentinel, 27th.