The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 37.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat,

ARE POSITIVELY

CURABLE BY INHALATION.

Which conveys the remedies to the cavities in the lungs through the air passages, and coming in direct contact with the disease, neutralizes the abercular matter, allays the cough, causes a free and easy expectoration, heals the lungs, purifies the blood, imparts renewed vitality to the nervous system, giving that tone and energy so indispensable for the restoration of health. To be able to state confidently that Consumption is curable by inhalation. is to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. It is as much under the control of medical treatment as any other formidable disease; ninety out of every hundred cases can be cured in the first stages, and fifty per cent. in the second; but in the third stage it is impossible to save more than five per cent., for the Lungs are so cut up by the disease as to bid defiance to medical skill. Even, however, in the last stages, Inhalation affords extraordinary relief to the suffering attending this fearful scourge which annually destroys ninety-five thousand persons in the United States alone; and a correct calculation shows that of the present population of the earth, eighty millions are destined to fill the Consumptive's graves.

Truly the quiver of death has no arrow so fatal as Consumption. In all ages it has been the great enemy of life, for it spares neither age nor sex, but sweeps off alike the brave, the beautiful, the graceful and the gifted. By the help of that Supreme Being from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, I am enabled to offer to the afflicted a permanent and speedy cure in Consumption. The first cause of tubercles is from impure blood, and the immediate effect produced by their deposition in the lungs is to prevent the free admission of air into the air cells, which causes a weakened vitality through the entire system. Then surely it is more rational to expect greater good from medicines entering the cavities of the lungs than those administered through the stomach; the patient will always find the lungs free and the breathing easy, after Inhaling remedies. Thus, Inhalation is a local remedy, nevertheless it acts constitutionally and with more power and certainty than remedies administered by the stomach. To prove the powerful and direct influence of this mode of administration, chloroform inhaled will entirely destroy sensibility in a few minutes, paralyzing the entire nervous system, so that a limb may be amputated without the slightest pain; inhaling the ordinary burning gas will destroy life in a few hours.

The inhalation of ammonia will rouse the system when fainting or apparently dead. The odor of many of the medicines is perceptible in the skin a few minutes after being inhaled, and may be immediately detected in the blood. A convincing proof of the constitutional effects of inhalation, is the fact that sickness is always produced by breathing foul air—is not this positive evidence that proper remedies, carefully prepared and judiciously administered thro' the lungs should produce the happiest results? During eighteen years' practice, many thousands suffering from diseases of the lungs and throat, have been under my care, and I have effected many remarkable cures, even after the sufferers had been pronounced in the last stages, which fully satisfies me that consumption is no longer a fatal disease. My treatment of consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of tubercles, &c., enables me to distinguish, readily, ihe various forms of disease that simulate consumption, and apply the proper remedies, rdrely being mistaken even in a single case. This familiarity, in connection with certain pathological and microscopic discoveries enables me to relieve the lungs from the effects of contracted chests, to enlarge the chest, purify the blood, impart to it renewed vitality, giving energy and tone to the entire system.

Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States and Canadas by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. But the cure would be more certain if the patient should pay me a visit, which would give me an opportunity to examine the lungs and enable me to prescribe with much greater certainty, and then the cure could be effected without my seeing the patient again.

G. W. GRAHAM, M. D.,
OFFICE, 1131 FILBERT STREET, (Old No. 109.)
Below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
August 5, '857.-1y.

Of all disease; the great, first cause
Springs from neglect of Nature's laws.

SUFFER NOT

When a cure is guaranteed in all stages of

SECRET DISEASES.

Self-Abuse, Nervous Debility, Strictures, Gleets, Gravel, Diabetes, Diseases of the Kidney and Bladder, Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula, Pains in the Bones and Ankles, Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Nose and Eyes, Ulcers upon the Body or Limbs, Cancers, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, St. Vita's Dance, and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Sexual Organs.

Such as Nervous Trembling, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, General Weakness, Dimness of Vision, with peculiar spots appearing before the eyes, Loss of Sight, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Eruptions upon the Face, Pain in the back and head, Female irregularities, and all improper dischargesfrom both sexes. It matters not from what cause the disease originated, however long standing or obstinate the case, *recovery is certain*, and in a shorter time than a permanent cure can be effected by any other treatment, even after the disease has baffled the skill of eminent physicians and resisted all their means of cure. The medicines are pleasant without odor, causing no sickness and free from mercury or balsam. During twenty years of practice, I have rescued from the jaws of Death many thousands, who, in the last stages of the above mentioned diseases had been given up by their physicians to die, which warrants me in promising to the afflicted, who may place themselves under my care, a perfect and most speedy cure. Secret diseases are the greatest enemies to health, as they are the first cause of Consumption, Scrofula and many other diseases, and should be a terror to the human family. As a permanent cure is scarcely ever effected, a majority of the cases falling into the hands of incompetent persons, who not only fail to cure the diseases but ruin the constitution, filling the system with mercury, which with the disease, hastens the sufferer into a rapid Consumption.

But should the disease and the treatment not cause death speedily and the victim marries, the disease is entailed upon the children, who are born with feeble constitutions, and the current of life corrupted by a virus which betrays itself in Scrofula, Tetter, Ulcers, Eruptions, and other affections of the skin. Eyes, Throat and Lungs, entailing upon them a brief existence of suffering and consigning them to an early grave.

Self-abuse is another formidable enemy to health, for nothing else in the dread catalogue of human diseases causes so destructive a drain upon the system, drawing its thousands of victims through a few years of suffering down to an untimely grave. It destroys the Nervous system, rapidly wastes away the energies of life, causes mental derangement, prevents the proper development of the system, disqualifies for marriage, society, business, and all earthly happiness, and leaves the sufferer wrecked in body and mind, predisposed to consumption and a train of evils more to be dreaded than death itself. With the fullest confidence I assure the unfortunate victims of Self-Abuse that a speedy and permanent cure can be effected, and with the abandonment of ruinous practices my patients can be restored to robust, vigorous health.

The afflicted are cautioned against the use of Patent Medicines, for there are so many ingenious snares in the columns of the public prints to catch and rob the unwary sufferers that millions have their constitutions ruined by the vile compounds of quack doctors, or the equally poisonous nostrums vended as "Patent Medicines." I have carefully analyzed many of the so-called Patent Medicines and find that nearly all of them contain Corrosive Sublimate, which is one of the strongest preparations of mercury and a deadly poison, which instead of curing the disease disables the system for life.

Three-fourths of the patent medicines now in use are put up by unprincipled and ignorant persons, who do not understand even the alphabet of materia medica, and are equally as destitute of any knowledge of the human system, having only one object in view, and that to make money regardless of consequences.

Irregularities and all diseases of males and females treated on principles established by twenty years of practice, and sanctioned by thousands of the most remarkable cures. Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States and Canadas, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. Business correspondence strictly confidential. Address

J. SUMMERVILLE, M. D.,
OFFICE, No. 1131 FILBERT ST., (Old No.109.)
Below Twelfth,
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Aug.5,'57.-1y.

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25 WITNESSES;

OR THE

FORGER CONVICTED.

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☞ Furnished Weekly to subscribers only at $1 a year. All letters must be addressed to JOHN S. DYE, BROKER, Publisher & Proprietor, 70 Wall Street, New York.

April 22, 1857.-1y.

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Political.

SPEECH OF HON. DAVID WILMOT.

The American Republican candidate for Governor, addressed a vast audience on last Monday evening, in Philadelphia, at Jayne's new hall Chesnut street.—Long previous to the appearance of the speaker, the floor of the Hall was fully occupied by a multitude, whose impatience could scarcely be checked by the spirited strains of a fine band of music. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and by the time Mr. Wilmot presented himself, the galleries and passage ways were completely crammed with people. Among the sea of upturned faces, we recognized many of those of our most prominent literati and professional men, who are, beyond the arena of politics, and whose presence lent dignity to the occasion.

Mr. Wilmot made his entree, conducted by R. D. Wilkinson, the band playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes."—Hon. Chas. Gilpin President of the meeting, then stepped forward and announced Mr Wilmot's presence, after which Alexander H Freeman and thirteen other gentleman were appointed Vice Presidents, and Mr. Enoch Taylor and a number of other gentlemen Secretaries. Mr. Gilpin then introduced Mr. Wilmot to the audience, as "our chosen standard bearer during the present Gubernatorial contest." Mr. W., amid hearty cheers, then said; I appear before you, fellow citizens, with much diffidence, fully conscious that I cannot meet your expectations, I invoke, therefore, your indulgence and your kindest consideration for the few unpremeditated and unprepared remarks which I shall make to you this evening.

In the first place then, there should be between us a full, frank and perfect understanding. I appear before you as a total stranger. There is not one among ten thousand of the citizens of this great metropolis with whom I have the honor of a personal acquaintance. And, as such stranger, it would be impertinent in me to ask or expect that you should award me your votes. I myself candidly confess I have no claims upon you. But, fellow citizens, I stand before you this evening as the representative of certain fixed and deeply cherished principles which are regarded as essential to the welfare of the country and of each individual among us. If therefore, I can prove the veriety of this position, if I can show to you that such truly is the case, then I have a right to present myself to you for your suffrage and support in the present contest. For then, fellow citizens in standing by me, and you stand by yourselves; you preserve your own interests and the interests of your children. And I here assert plainly before you that I ask no man's support—no man's vote—unless he believes that in sustaining me he sustains his own best and highest interests.

We are told by most of the people of the Democratic party, by its press universally, by its politicians and statesmen everywhere, that we have no right to discuss the slavery question. The friends of my antagonists in this canvass maintain the same ground, and assume the same right of deciding upon the great question, and after a time, perhaps they will extend their requirements still further, and dictate to us what books we must read and what we must reject. (Applause.)—But this ground is false and unjust, not based either upon reason or upon right.—No question should be shut out from discussion nor from agitation, and especially so when it is a question upon the correct solution of which such important interests depend. Upon this particular subject—the question of human slavery—it is impossible to stop discussion. (Immense applause.) Man, so long as he is man, will resist oppression when he is its victim; and his indignation will be alike enkindled when he beholds his fellow subjected to the same indignities. We read of a vain and presumptuous prince who in his regal arrogance assumed the power to beat back the heaving of surf of ocean from the shore. The task taken upon themselves by those who attempt to arrest the discussion of slavery will be as [illegible] King Canute. (Applause.)

This, fellow citizens, is no abstract question. It lays at the foundation of morals and virtue. It is an eminently practical question—a question that each one of us is called upon to solve—a question that bears alike onerously upon us all. It is a question of immense importance whether this fair domain shall be controlled by those who would suppress the right of speech or not. Isn't that a practical question? It is a question between two systems of labor. Whether labor shall be creditable, laudable, honorable; or whether it shall bear the brand of disgrace of servitude, and of dishonor. Isn't that a practical question? (Cries of "Yes!—yes!")

But there is a question of even higher importance than this: a question of civilization or barbarism. Whether civilization shall carry the beautiful standrd of America over the teeming plains of the wide West, or whether it shall sink into degredation and a semi-civilized condition akin to barbarism. Whether a civilization of law and justice—a civilization of free speech, a free press and free labor, shall prevail in the fertile west, or whether the bowie knife and revolver shall reign supreme over the fair country; whether great questions of human right shall be calmly and with dignity discussed upon the floor of Congress, or whether Congresional issues are to be determined by the bludgeon. (Prolonged applause.)

Are not these practical questions? (cries of yes! yes! while per contra, a number of persons in the galleries and at the back of the audience below left the Hall) Then let me proceed to a practical discussion of the matter. But first I take the opportunity to repel the slanders vomited out against me by a venal and prostituted press of this city—for I tell you that this slavery poisons all who come within its influence—the organ of the Democracy here, which has abandoned every semblance of truth, justice and rectitude, a press which has parted with every particle of whatever tone and character was imparted to it by its earlier managers. [a voice "that's so" and hearty applause.]

God forgive them, I say, for the continued mendacity towards me [the managers of the paper referred to] and for their perversion of all that is right into all that is wrong Everywhere the press is venal—paid for advocating the cause of slavery. That particular press calls me a man wedded to impracticable and abstract ideas, is incessantly aspersing me as a man advocating and proposing measures utterly incapable of being applied to practice.—They call me an abolitionist—a radical; having but a single idea, and that idea unconstitutional abolition of slavery.

This is a gross slander, and I here publicly challenge any one to indicate a single act in my career, which testifies to any such assumption. There is a respectable volume of my speeches and political papers in print, let any one examine it who chooses, and if he find any ground for such an assertion, I am willing to retire from this canvass. I, fellow citizens, am a practical States Rights man.

I hold that we have no power under Congress to meddle with slavery where it already exists in the States. That we have no more right to attack slavery than Virginia has to attack our common schools. That slavery is under the control of local State law, but in the Territories the case is widely different. There we have as good a right to dictate as they have. The Territories are the common inheritance of the country, and in determining the character of the government we have as much right to our opinion and free action as they.

And now allow me to say something about the Wilmot proviso. [Cheers.]

[The speaker then occupied some time in a history of the measure, with which our readers are of course familiar.] That proviso, gentlemen has now grown into reason, and I should be almost afraid to be tried upon such a charge, even in your own city. For, under the charge of constructive treason, it is made of anything. Treason is the aiding and assisting the enemy of one's country in time of war but in Lancaster and in Kansas they can make treason out of anything.

When the proviso was brought up in Congress, Douglass, of Illinois, and McClernand of Illinois, were the only two men of the North, who did not vote for it. In the Senate, the day preceding the adjournment, this bill was brought up. The hour of adjournment was fixed for 12. A. M., and at half past 11 John Davis, of Massachusetts, rose to speak against it.—He continued speaking until the hour of adjournment, and defeated the bill. And when the hour of adjournment arrived fellow citizens, Gen. Cass stepped up to Mr. Davis, and told him that he had been the instrument of defeating the most important bill before the Senate. Such gentlemen, was Gen. Cass!

All the politicians of Pennsylvania voted, and every man upon the floor of the House was instructed to vote against the extension of slavery. In the Senate, Mr Bigler recorded his sentiments for all coming time, by voting in the affirmative, and called the ayes and nays to verify the fact. The Democratic party since that day has changed. Gen. Cass became the candidate for the Presidency, and seeing the sentiment of the South felt it necessary either to modify his position or to forgo any help from the South.

He weighed the chances and preferred the former, and let me here say that that man will be a rarity who after twenty years of political life, will refuse to change his opinions, provided, forsooth, the chance of again read the constitution. He read it, I say, and then got up a convenient dodge for the developement of squatter sovereignty according to the mode shown in his Nicholson letter. This was the partuition of that idea—popular sovereignty. Now I am a poor man, but I will put up $100, and pay it too, to any man who will show me that squatter sovereignty was ever heard of until that Nicholson letter was made public. Even by the South this was denounced as a humbug—even by the South It received no countenance at the hands of their politicians—they, even, preferred the proviso.

In the history of this proviso fellow citizens, you will read the decline of the Democratic party, but who has abandoned that party, they or I? We were together at that time, where are they now? I will read you a speech delivered by Mr. Broadhead, which will find in the Congressional Globe, Feb. 9th, 1847. It was delivered before the treaty with Mexico was made and the subsequently acquired territory came into our possession. He says. "If a bill of that kind were before the House I would vote for the exclusion of slavery from such territory."

After a while the territory was acquired when Mr. B. said the proviso was unnecessary; it (the territory) would be free why, therefore heap restriction. The third dodge was that the proviso was unconstitutional, and this was what might have been expected. I bow to the decision of the Court, when they say Dred Scott is a slave, though I do not believe it, yet let him be a slave; but there is no tribunal under heaven to which I submit my judgment and conscience. How are we to judge? Do not our Courts back down from their decisions? Why it is a common custom to revise the decisions of our Supreme Court every five years!

We regret that we are unable to print the remainder of the gentleman's very eloquent speech. We have full notes, but must terminate here. The remainder of the remarks consisted of an affecting exposition of slavery as it now exists, and of the views entertained towards it by such patriots as Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, and the Masons of Virginia. The gentleman sat down amid the heartiest applause.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.—Bishop Otey, of Tennesse, is not opposed to the cultivation of innocent amusement. His pleasant disposition is illustrated by the following remark of his:

"Thirty years ago I came to Tennessee with my wife, my fiddle and a horse and sulkey. My horse and sulkey are long since gone, but my wife and fiddle remain as good as new!"

☞ A paper giving an account of Toulouse, France, says:—"It is a large town, containing sixty thousands inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany which runs thus:—"Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, *with most of their gable ends to the street!*"

A Popular Air.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

'Twas just one year ago to-day
That I remember well,
I walked out by my Nelly's side,
A story for to tell;
'Twas of a poor old darkey slave,
Who toiled for many a year;
But now she's dead, and in her grave,
No master does she fear.
That poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that she is free;
Disturb her not but let her rest,
Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked awhile
Out in the open field,
And as we walked, she paused awhile
And to his grave did steal;
She knelt down by that little mound,
And softly whispered there—
"Oh! Father dear, come take thy child!"
And wiped away a tear.
That poor old slave has gone to rest, &c.

But since that time how things have changed,
Poor Nelly that was my bride,
Now she is dead and in her grave,
Close to the old slave's side;
And oftimes when I roam the fields,
The meadows far and wide,
I wish I were but in my grave,
Close by my darling's side.
Now these dear ones are all at rest,
We know that they are free;
Disturb them not but let them rest
Way down in Tennessee.

Miscellany.

THE LATE DAVID S. McKIM.

[As everything relating to McKim is of interest, the following article addressed to the Philadelphia Bulletin, will aid in throwing light on his conduct before his execution.]

Messrs Editors:—The grave has closed over McKim, and his soul has winged its flight to that dread tribunal where the secrets of the heart are known—where lies and deception avail not. Far be it from me to say or do anything to harrow up the feelings of the respectable relatives of the deceased, regardless of the odium they may throw on me. Neither have I any thirst for notoriety; but, actuated by a sole desire to have justice done to the witnesses who were maligned and traduced by the culprit but a few minutes before he appeared before the bar of the Almighty, I have concluded to make a statement such as, I hope, will remove any doubt as to the guilt of McKim, if any such doubt may have been raised by the solemn asservations of a dying man.

Shortly after the arrest of McKim, on the day he was expected to arrive at Hollidaysburg, I called upon the Deputy Sheriff, John McClure, Esq., and made a proposition to him to go into partnership and publish a life, trial and confession of the murderer, if the latter could be had. Mr. McClure expressed a willingness to enter into such an arrangement, and I gave him the necessary instructions how to proceed.

The week before the trial was to take place, McClure called upon me and stated that the McKim matter was fixed, and that he promised a confession, in case of conviction, for $50, which sum he wanted to enable him to fee another lawyer. A day or two after we went to his cell and there talked the matter over. McKim stated that he had received a remittance and paid his lawyers, and had use only for $25; that if we would advance him this sum, in case of a conviction, he would furnish us with a confession; and, if acquitted, he would refund the money.—With this understanding we left. The conversation, of course, was confidential, but I informed A. F. Osterloh and O. A. Traugh before the trial, and Wm. A. Stokes, Esq., one of the counsel for the Commonwealth, immediately after the trial, of the arrangement we had made.

On the first day of court I told McClure to pay McKim the money, and I would reimburse him the week following—to which he agreed. As he never called upon me for the money, I was at a loss to know whether McKim refused to take it, or had taken it and returned it again, but his speech in the court house, before sentence was passed staggered my belief that he ever would make a confession of any kind. I took an early opportunity to communicate my suspicions to Mr. McClure, but he informed me that McKim still told him that it was "all right." On the strength of this, I even wrote to H. B Ashmead for the estimated cost of 10,000 pamphlets. Two weeks later, McClure could get no satisfaction out of him. He declared his innocence of the crime most vehemently to the very man whom he promised a confession!

It will thus be seen that he *had a confession to make*. The reason why he did not make it is evident. Subsequent events prove that he had made up his mind to cheat the gallows by either escaping from prison or committing suicide, and under this hallucination he labored up to the day on which he was executed.

But if there is any other evidence wanting not elicited at the trial, look at his incongruous statements. To his counsel he stated, that on the morning Norcross was murdered, he got off the cars about fifteen miles west of Altoona, in order to meet a friend, leaving Norcross in charge of a man named Robison. To his spiritual advisers he said, that he got off at the first station west of Altoona, thinking it was Altoona, and expecting Norcross to follow. When this discrepancy of these statements was pointed out to him he had nothing to say.

A visitor asked him whether, when he left Gallitzin for Altoona, he took the railroad or the country road. He immediately answered "the country road." Now the fact is that no road leads to Altoona but the railroad. He might have reached Altoona by going down Sugar Run to Allegheny Furnace, but that is a road no stranger could find in daylight, much less at two or three o'clock in the morning.—No man would venture through the tunnel at night, and it would keep a stranger busy to find his way over tunnel hill.—Once on the other side, no person but one exceedingly well acquainted with the country could find the Romington road; and even if found, one who did not know the path and footlogs, would soon lose it, for at places the waggon track is directly in the bed of the rivulet.

During the trial, McKim told one of the Illinois witnesses that the first time he saw Attix in Dubuque, he looked upon him as a man who would swear another's life away, and yet on the gallows he declared most emphatically that he never saw Attix until he saw him in the Court House of Blair county!

Another case in point, and I am done. His bitterest invectives were against Mr. Fleck, who testified to McKim's taking breakfast at his house on the morning of the murder. This McKim denied and gave an accurate description of Kearney's house as the place where he breakfasted. It may be that Fleck was mistaken, and yet it is not at all unlikely that he was at both places. The evidence only went to establish the murder's presence in Altoona, and yet in almost the same breath with which he denounced Fleck, he twice acknowledged being in Altoona on the morning of the tragedy!

But it is useless to pursue this subject further. His career in Reading, Pottsville and Long Pond proves that he was an unmitigated liar, and there was not a single person who listened to his long and loud pretentions of innocence, but what knew that all the statements he made were lies, malignant and black as hell itself.

If those who have read the tone and energy with which it was delivered, and then given on the trial, and what I have above written, the conclusion must have forced itself upon their minds that no such an extraordinary criminal ever expiated crime upon the gallows in this or any other country.

I consulted Mr. McClure in regard to this statement, and he is willing to certify to the entire truth of what I have stated, if necessary. U. J. JONES.

Hollidaysburg, August 25, 1857.

A Deaf Man's Appreciation of Eloquence.

Somebody relates an anecdote of a deaf man's being present on an occasion when an eloquent South Carolina orator was speaking, and after many efforts to catch something of what was said, exclaimed at last:

'Who is that speaking?'

'William C. Preston,' was the reply, in a loud tone.

'Who did you say?' persisted the unfortunate would-be listener.

'Well, well,' returned the querist. 'I can't hear a word he or you are saying, but, great Jericho! don't he make the motions splendid.'

This anecdote reminds us of a scene that took place in a New England court, many years ago, when Prentiss Mellen, (afterwards Chief Justice of Maine,) was practicing at the bar. He was counsel for the plaintiff in a case, in which the defendant, who was present at the trial, was "as deaf as Ailsa crag."

As the counsel warmed in his argumen, and was "making the motions splendid," the defendant who knew that he was the theme of all this impassioned eloquence, made many efforts to hear what was going on. This lasted some time, the lawyer getting more and more earnest and demonstrative, and the unfortunate party getting nearer and nearer to the speaker, holding his hand to his ear, in assiduous but abortive efforts to catch a word or two of the phillipic.

At last his patience failed him, and utterly forgetting all considerations of time, place and propriety, he burst out as follows:

'I can't hear a work of what you're saying Squire Mellins, *but I swear you lie!*'

A Crushing Exposure.

A speech maker, in the western part of the State of Virginia, during a Presidential canvass, has given us the following anecdote. He was holding forth upon the merits of General Harrison, and especially upon his courage, tact, and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man—who was probably a schoolmaster in those parts—arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly, "Mister, Mister! I want to ax you a question." To this the orator assented, and the man went on as follows: "We are told, fellow citizens, that Gineral Harrison is a mighty great gineral; but I say he's one of the meanest sort of ginerals. We are told here to-night, that he defended himself with great bravery at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that, on that occasion, he was guilty of the *Small Tail Movement*, and I challenge the orator here present to deny it!" The speaker declared his utter ignorance of what the intruder meant by 'Small Tail Movement.' 'I'll tell you,' said the man, 'I've got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States,' holding up the book, 'and I'll read what it says: "At this critical moment, Gen, Harrison executed a *novel* movement!' Does the gentleman deny that?' 'No, go on.' 'Well he executed a *novel* movement. Now, here is Johnson's Dictionary,' taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up, and here it says: "Novel—*a small tale!*"—And this was the kind of movement Gen. Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no soger, and don't know much of milentary ticktacks—but this I do say, a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a *Small Tail Movement*, is not fit to be President of the United States, and he shan't get my vote!'

The relater of the anecdote says that it was quite impossible for him to overcome the effect of this speech and we are left to conclude that the vote of that vicinity was given to Van Buren.—*Recollections of a Lifetime. By S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley.*

How the Devil Lost.

The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line:

'A young man who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to supplied on this for eternity all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded, the devil gave the money, and was at last to have the [illegible] young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away; the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely; lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his "pile" of gold. He became a fillibuster, and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usurl rates of interest for all the money he could borrow; but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed; the devil counted the time; only two years that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, "dead broke," at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

How he Lost His Hair.

A Norfolk paper tells the following story:

Uri Osgood and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics in Grundy county last fall, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day, when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan, and said:

'I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that it is a very small one; and if it should swell it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan got very red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent asked if he should say what he thought of him:

'Say on,' said Uri.

'Well, I think you haven't one in your head and never had. There's one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off; but it's never got in and never will.'

Uri was silent.

☞ Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

☞ "What is whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the gallows!" was the reply.

☞ 'How is it,' said a man to his neighbor, 'that our parson, the laziest man living, can preach such long sermons?'

'Why,' said his neighbor, 'he is too lazy to stop.'