

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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Select Poetry.

SLANDER.

'Tis wondrous strange, and yet 'tis true
That some folks take delight
The deeds of other men to view,
As if their own were right.
And if a piece of news comes out;
They'll eagerly pursue it;
Than hand the charming dish about,
And add a little to it.
Each fault they'll try to magnify,
And seeming to becan
The mote within a brother's eye,
Are blinded to their own.
And if a brother chance to stray,
Or fortune on him frown;
Tho' humbled in the dust he lay,
The text is 'keep him down.'
They'll preach up penance with a sigh,
To cure, or nothing can—
Sufferings are good, I'll not deny,
But not when sent by man.
Each worthy deed is now forgot,
As if not worth retaining;
But oh! let failings fill the pot,
And slander sucks the draining.
Unto the dregs she draws it out,
Delighted with her labors,
Then bears the charming swill about
To treat her thirsty neighbors.
'Neath friendship's mask she often lurks,
And smiling fawns around you;
Conceals, she more securely works,
And kisses but to wound you.
Detested pest of social joys,
Thou spoiler of life's pleasures;
Like Samson's foxes would destroy
What's more than all our treasures.

Humorous Sketches.

How Sut Lovensgood Exploded.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SODA POWDERS
Sut related the story thus:—"George, did you ever see Sicily Burns? Her dad lives at the Ratil Snak Springs, nigh to the Georgy line!"
"Yes, a very handsome girl."
"Handsomer! that word don't kiver the case; it sounds like callin' good whiskey still-house ten miles off, an' hit a rainin', and yer flask only half full. She shows among women like a sunflower as compared to dog fennel an' smart weed an' jimsen. But that ain't no use tryin' to describe her. Couldn't crawl thru a whiskey barrel with both heads stove out, if it wur hit study for her, an' good foot bolt at that. She weighs just two hundred and twenty-six pounds, and stands sixteen hands high. She never got in an arm cheer in her life, an' you can lock the top hoop of a churn ur a big dog collar round her waist. I've seen her jump over the top of a split-bottom cheer, and never show her ankils or ketch her dress into it. She kerried devil enuf about her to fill a four hoss waggin bed, with a skin as white as the inside of a frog stool, cheeks an' lips as red as a perch's gills in dogwood blossom time; an' such a smile! Oh, I be tratted if it is eny use talkin'. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Sout himself, or kill mam, not to speak of dad, ef she jest hinted that she wanted such a thing dun."
"Well, to tell it at, she wur a gal all over, from the pint of her toe nails to the longest har on the highest knob or her head—gal all the time, everywhere—and that ov the excitinest kind. Ov course I leanded up to her as close as I dar tu, an' in spite of long legs, appetite fur whiskey, my short scrape, and dad's actin hoss, she sorter leaned to me, an I was beginnin to think I wur jist the greatest and comfortablist man on yearth, not exceptin Old Buck or Brigham Young, with all his raddil culdered, wrinkled women, cradels full of babies, an his Big Salt Lake thrown in—"
"Well, wur day a cussed, deceivin, palverin, stunkin Yankee peddler, all jack-knife and jaw, cum to ole man Burnses, with a load ov apple parins, caliker, ribbins, jewsharps, and s-o-d-a-p-o-w-d-e-r-s. Now mind, I'd never hern tellow that truck afore, an I be'd turned if I don't want it to be the last—was nor rifle powder—was nor perkussion—three times as smart, and huris was, heap wus. Durn him. Durn all Yankee peddlers, and durn their principls and practis. I say. I wish I had all the soda powder they ever made in his cussed paunch, and a slow match fixed to him, and I had a chunk of fire, the feller what found a piece ov him big enuf to feed a cockroach ought to be King ov the Sultan's harem a thousand years for his luck. They aint human, no how. The mint at Philadelphia thar heaven; they think thar God eats half dimes fur breakfast, hashes the leavins fur dinner, an swallows a cent an dried appll for supper, sets on a stampin machine fur a throne, sleeps on a crib full of half dollars, and measures

men like money, by count. They haint one ov them got a soul but what cud dance a jig in a cabbage seed, an leave room fur the fiddler.

"Well, Sicily she bought a tin box of the sody from him; and hid it away from her folks, a savin it for me. I happened to pass next day, and ov course I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter. She wur mighty luvin to me—put wun arm round my neck, an tother wun what the circingle goes roun a hoss, tuk the inturn on me with her left foot, and giu me a kiss. She says, 'Sutty, love, I've got somethin fur ye, a new sensashun'—an I believe it, for I begun to feel it already. My toes felt like little miners wur a nibbin at em—a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizzard with a turkey hen after him in settin time, and my heart felt hot and on-satisfied like, an then I'd a cut ole Soul's throat, ef she'd hinted at needisity fur sich an operashun.

Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers ov the sody inter a big tumbler, and about the same number of white wuns inter tother tumbler, an put ni onto a pint of water on both of em an stirred em both up with a case knife, lookin as solemn as a ole jackass in a snow storm when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wun while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at a wild run—tasted salsy like, I thot it war a part of the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all ov the cussed eternal sensashun wur to cum, and it warn't long at it, hoss, you'd believe me. Then she giu me tuther tumbler, an I sent it after the fust, race hoss fashun.

"In about wun moment and a half I thot, I'd swallered a thrashin machin in full blast, ur a couple ov bull dogs, and they had sot inter fin. I seed that I wur cotched again—same family dispersion to make cussed fools ov themselves every chance—so I broke for my hoss. I stole a look back and thar Sicily lay on the back in the porch, a screemin with laffin, her heels up in the air, a kickin ov them together like she wur a tryn to kick her slippers off. But I had no time to look, and thar wur a road of foam from the hoss. The hoss wur a road of foam from the hoss. I popped, an a hiss, an a bill, like a tub of hot soap suds. I had gathered a cherry tree limb as I run, and I lit astraddle ov my hoss, a whippin an a kickin like mad. 'This, with the scarey noises I made, (fur I war a whistlin, an a hiss, an a sputterin, ovher nose and eyes, like a steam engine) sot him a rearin and cavortin, like he was skeered out ov his senses. Well, he went. The foam rolled, and the ole black hoss flew. He jist mizzled—skared ni tu death, and so wur I. So we agreed on the pint ov the greatest distance in the smallest time.

I aimed for Doctor Goodman's at the Hiwassee Copper Mine, to get somethin tu stop the explosion in my inards. I met a seroutt rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an a hat full ov ball biskits. As I cum a tarin along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my peculiar situwashun at that time, I jist tolled along. He tuck a skeer as I cum ni onto him, his faith gin out, an he doged hoss, saddlebags an overcoat inter a thickiet jist like you've seed a terkil take water of ten a log, when a tarin big steamboat cum along. As he passed ole man Burn's, Sicily hailed him, and axed him if he'd seen enybody in a hurry gwine uv the road.—"The poor man thought perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv ole Boelzebub himself, or the komit, he didn't exactly know which, but takin all things togher an the short time he had for preparashun, he thot me a crazy long-legged shaking Quaker, a fleeing from the wrath tu come, on a black and white spotted hoss, a whippin ov him with a big brush, an he had a white beard that cum from nigh unto his eyes to the pummil of the saddil, an then forked and went to his knees an then sumtimes draped in bunches as a big as a crowd like a rushin of mity waters, and he were mity exercised about it enyhow. Well, I guess he wur, and so wus his aft hoss, and wur ole blackey, wust exercised ov all ov em were I myself.—"Now George, all this beard an spots on the hoss, and steam, an fire, an snow, an wire tails, is oudacious humbug. It all cum ovher my inards, droppin out ov my mouth, without eny vomitin ur effurt, and ef it hadn't I'd a busted into more pieces than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Lovengoods are all confounded fools, an dad aint the wust ov em."

Douglass Jerrold's witticisms!—
About on a par with our old assafraz peddlers.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. COOMBS.

Although a veteran of the war of 1812, and one of its bravest, General Coombs still retains the sprightliness of youth; his head is erect, his back straight as a pine tree, his eye as bright as a game-cock's and his laugh as cheerful as the carol of a bird in nesting time. All these qualities are, doubtless, owing to an internal well spring of wit and humor, as certain to keep the outer man fresh and verdurous as the spray of a fountain will keep its borders in perpetual bloom. One day the general was traveling in a stage coach with one of those unhappy philosophers who bestow more attention upon the lumps on their skulls than on the linings thereof yelped phrenologists. Of course, everybody in the stage was thoroughly bored by this professor until the general drew him into an unlucky ambush. "Sir," said Leslie, "I used to be of the opinion that this science was neither correct nor founded upon proper grounds, although I had never given the subject the attention I now find it merits; but I am convinced, from the very able discourse you have given us, that your theory is a just one, and of no little consequence when we need to make an estimate of the characters and dispositions of men. But although I had no great faith in it, yet I was sometimes struck with a resemblance in its leading features to a science with which I am familiar, and by which I am in a great measure, guided in my intercourse with strangers."

"I presume," interrupted the professor, with a smile of self-satisfaction "you allude to physiognomy?"
"No sir," replied the general, "my science is dogology."

"Dogology!" echoed the professor, aghast.

"Dogology" said the general, with a winning smile. "I can always tell, sir by the appearance of a dog, what kind of a man his master is."

"Sir replied the phrenologist, drawing himself up stiffly, "I see your intention is to cast ridicule upon my science."
"Pard n me," said the general with a most amiable expression of countenance. "I will convince you to the contrary. At the next town, where we stop for dinner, and which I have never visited before, I will tell you from the dogs in the street what kind of men their owners are. And if I fail to do so, I will forfeit the drinks for the whole stage load of passengers."

"Oh, yes! that you readily make a fanciful theory, I am convinced, and draw an imaginary character for that of the master of every dog, I have tolerably good reasons for believing; but how am I to tell whether you are correct? I am a stranger here as well as yourself," said the wary professor.

"We will leave the decision to the landlord of the tavern where we stop.—He must know every person in the place replied the general."

"Agreed," said the phrenologist, winking at the other passengers, and regaining his self satisfied air; "I agree to that, and will forfeit drinks if the landlord's account tallies with your descriptions."

On arriving at the tavern, dinner was speedily discussed, the passengers being anxious to enjoy the exhibition of this novel science. The general beckoned the landlord out of the bar-room. This drew all the idlers with him, so that with them and the passengers there was a tolerably large group in front of the tavern, and of course this attracted other persons to see what was going on; so that by the time the landlord was made acquainted with his duties as arbiter, quite a respectable audience was collected—in numbers at least.

"The owner of that dog," said the general, as a fine pointer, with a steel chain collar round his neck, passed, "is a gentleman of education and property.—He lives well, dresses well; has a fine house, (the best house in town, quoth the landlord) enjoys himself rationally, is fond of society, a sportsman, [that's he] generally popular on good terms with his neighbors. How is that landlord?"

"True as a die," said the landlord; "the very man."

Just then a little wiry Scotch terrier darted from under a garden gate opposite and rushed up the street after a flock of chickens. "The owner of that dog," said the general, "is a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. A sly rogue always about some mischief; he is a spoiled child, perhaps the only one; he and the dog are constant companions, and neither are happy unless engaged in some scrape; and the neighborhood is no doubt troubled all the time with their pranks."
"By jolly said the landlord, "there's

something in this here dogology. That boy is just such a boy as you say he is stranger."

"The owner of that dog," continued the general, as a pug-nosed bull-dog with great wrinkles on his cheeks, short belligerent ears, heavy thick eyes broad chest bandy fore-legs, and tail that looked as if it had been gnawed off, made its appearance, "is an uneducated man. In disposition, he is suspicious and obstinate; very wrong-headed; not likely to have many friends—if any, men, like himself, not apt to take much interest in public affairs, close in his dealings, and not given to talk much."

"By thunder," said the landlord, you've got him again. The owner of that dog is a Dutch butcher. He don't talk, for he can't speak English good; he don't take no interest in public affairs, 'ca use he cant vote; and he's obstinate as a mule, as I know for he always gets more pounds of meat on his bill than there is in his weight and he won't take of a cent neither."

"That dog," said General Leslie, elevating his voice, for he was very much elated with his success so far, as he saw a capital specimen of the bull terrier coming up the road—a union of ferocity and of cunning—heavy headed, lank bodied, broad-breasted, eyes like coals of fire, ears and tail cropped for rough-and-tumble fighting—"that dog gentlemen, is owned by a man who is probably the worst man in this town, if not in the State of Kentucky. He is destitute of honor and principle, and would not hesitate to take the life of any man for the sake of a few dollars."

Here he was interrupted by a voice in the crowd:

"Look here stranger, you're making a little too free with my character, by Gard! That dog does belong to me!" and the speaker pushed his way through the crowd, and confronted the dogology.

"My friend," said the general, calmly, pushing back the hair from his forehead "I want to ask you a question, where did you get that dog?"

"Then," said the general, "I have lost the drinks. I was only betting on dogology, and said he to the phrenologist, 'I want you to feel the bumps of this gentleman. And I hope the rest of the crowd will join me in a drink to old Kentucky.' Any person who has seen the great west, will know how cheerfully this last sentiment was approved by the crowd generally.

Speculator and Capitalist.

We translate for our columns, a bit that will fit other latitudes than that of Paris—a 'good thing' of a Parisian *gamin*, (urchin loafer boy.) It is lively, energetic, characteristic, and was effective.

Two gentlemen were chatting on the Boulevard. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project; the other dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience sake.

Near these two passed a couple of youngsters of ten or twelve years. They were looking in at a tobacco shop close by and one cries out to the other:

"Buy the pipe! I'd like to smoke a *sou's* worth."

"Ah! as luck will have it I haven't the *syu*."

"Hold on! I've got two *sous*."

"That's the ticket just the thing—one for the pipe, and one for the tobacco."

"Oh, yes! But what am I to do?"

"You! Oh! you shall be a stockholder; you can spit!"

It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pocket, and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the two *gamins*, and turned down the street.—*Carrington's Commissionaire.*

A DISPUTED QUESTION.—An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle.

Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John who was standing by:

"John, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss?"

"Why no, dad, the hoss kicked you!"

"Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. Taint me, John, for I'm here!"

The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken and exposed to variety of turns, to prevent it becoming hard.

Original Poetry.

THE LOST.

The lost I oh, what are they?—the dead?
Alas! there is a grave,
To which the many lost have fled
We might yet would not save.
Lost time, which never more can be;
Lost joys whose sun hath set;
Lost friends, whose tomb is Memory,
Whose memory is Regret.
How like a church-yard is the heart,
By buried relics crossed;
The dead are but a tithes, a part
Of what the heart hath lost.
The dead have an immortal dower,
O'er which the soul may muse;
But oh, the Lost! there's not an hour
We live yet nothing lose!
Ah, me! the mystery of fate,
The sorrow and the thrall;
How quick we learn to estimate
What we can ne'er recall!
Lost hope, that like an arkless dove,
Hath fled this world of care;
Lost peace, lost happiness, lost love,
Dispersed like things of air.
You perish that shines from earth so far,
Finds yet some earthly trace,
How many a loved and lofty star,
Hath perished from its face.
Oh! stars of Heaven, and can ye fall,
Can ye by storms be tossed?
Alas for hope! alas for all!
We loved, and we have lost!
E'en Nature for her wounds deplores,
Earth for her cities gone;
Ocean for empires, and for shores
O'er which her tides sweep on.
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor man escapes,
Nor elements, nor clime,
All bow before that Hand which shapes
The mysteries of Time.

Select Miscellany.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF CRIME.

SEVERAL months since, the Bank of New Brunswick was broken into and over \$70,000 stolen from its vaults. The details of this audacious robbery have already been published, and after being traced for a long time, and through many places, its perpetrators have at last been captured, and are now awaiting trial before the Court of Assizes in Nova Scotia.—They are three in number, and their names are Phil Stanley, Jack Rand and B. Smith. These three men apparently are none of your small, vulgar rascals. They display the trophies of no less than sixteen memorable achievements, of which each of them boasts; and whether they exaggerate the importance and recklessness of these from a love of boasting, we will not stop to inquire.

The leader of this 'rio is Phil Stanley, alias Phil Sandford, who prides himself upon being one of the most artful villains in Christendom. He was born in England, and is over 32 years old. His manner is affable and quiet, yet he is a very devil in hardihood and gifted with unparalleled success. He has the eye of a lynx, the subtlety of a cat, the quick decision of a consummate general, and a force of execution which sets all obstacles at defiance.

He first became known on this continent in the city of Buffalo, where in a single night he committed three burglaries. He was arrested for the crime tried, convicted and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Unfortunately, his sentence was soon after commuted, and true to his instincts, he hastened to deserve another.

This fellow is aristocratic in his trade. He entertains a hearty contempt for small rascalities, and aspires to great projects and achievements. Scarcely had he got out of prison, when he planned a grand enterprise against the Milton Bank of Dorchester; and one fine morning that institution missed \$22,000. Having succeeded in this great project, he carried on his operations in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo and Springfield; sometimes alone, sometimes with his associates. But in Buffalo the bird was caged a second time; the Grand Jury found a true bill of indictment, and he was sentenced to the Auburn State Prison, for another period of nine years and nine months.

In the meantime, Phil had married the widow of a Jew, who kept an obscure hotel in the city of Albany. When he found himself a second time under the restraint of iron bars and heavy locks, he set his genius to work to devise the means of recovering his liberty. He drew up a petition to the Governor of the State for his pardon signed by all the employees of the prison, and having counterfeited the signature of the Judge, sent it to Governor Seymour. His excellency was ensnared by the trick; he promptly sent on an order for his release, and in a few days Phil found himself outside the prison walls. The fraud was afterwards discovered, and officers were despatched to find the criminal, and after a long and fruitless search, they listened to the proposals of his wife, who agreed to discover his whereabouts upon certain conditions. The bargain being consummated, Phil got off with two years and six months confinement. This inadequate punishment only whetted his instincts, and gave him new faith in his lucky star; and he soon after robbed the Windham county Bank of \$23,000. He next turned his thoughts upon Canada, and so went to Montreal, where he committed many robberies with impunity—among others one of a thousand dollars from the Grand Trunk Railroad. A police officer, getting a clue to his proceedings, tracked him to Buffalo where he succeeded in capturing him. He was locked up two or three months, and then let off for want of sufficient evidence.

After getting rid of this annoyance thus fortunately, he went to New York, where his wife was then living. Scarcely had he stepped out of the cars when this adorable creature demanded a fur mantilla—Could he refuse such a request to a loving angel, who had turned aside the poisoned arrows of justice aimed at his devoted head. The thing was not to be thought of, though Phil had the funds, he assured he was not the man to spoil his dignity by pilfering so petty a thing. To relieve himself of the embarrassment, he signaled the night of his visit to the metropolis by breaking in a store and stealing a quantity of furs which he thought could not fail of satisfying the most extravagant wishes of his beloved. But unfortunately for him, he had not obtained the article ready made; he had only taken the raw materials; and although the skins were magnificent, his wife upbraided him in no general terms for his oversight. "They must do," said Phil; "they must be made up." They were accordingly sent to a furrier, where as luck would have it, they were seen and recognized by the lawful owner, and Phil was arrested when he called for the article.

So it has often happened, philosophically remarked poor Phil, upon his way to the Tombs; "these cursed baubles of women have often ruined great men." But he did not content himself merely with giving utterance to the maxims of wisdom; but while on his way to that venerable penal institution he slipped from the officers' outstripped them in the race, escaped from the city, fled to Michigan, robbed the State Bank of \$11,000, went to Connecticut and plundered several jewelry stores in that State, robbed an Indiana exchange agent of a considerable sum, plundered several of the principal shops, and joined Jack Rand and Bell Smith.

The trio next attempted to rob an oil company. By means of false keys, the rascals got into the company's safe, but to their chagrin found the coffers empty.—For two or three nights they continued the experiment, but still found no money. Enraged with his ill-success, Phil resolved not to have all this trouble for nothing. Having fully examined the company's books, and acquainted himself with their method of doing business, he forged their name, and personating one of their employees, got it discounted and left the city. When the note became due, the unfortunate employee whose name he had assumed, was tried for forgery and sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

Thence the confederates went to Quebec. Their exploits in that city having alarmed the people and waked up the vigilance of the officers, they left for Nova Scotia.

A few weeks after their arrival there, the Bank robbery of \$75,000 was committed. In this stupendous affair, Phil employed all his devilish genius. His manner of proceeding is sometimes slow, but always sure. With a bit of wax he took an impression of the outside door lock, and from this model they constructed a key. Another night the robbers entered the building, and took impressions of the locks of the drawers and vaults, and made other keys as before; and were now sure of success. It is asserted that Phil has often devoted six months' study to the plan of an enterprise, and when it promised largely has not scrupled to spend \$2,000 in maturing it.

He possesses great powers of strategy and invention. At Auburn he made a key for securing the gates, and gave it to the jailor, who sold the secret to a house in New York. They got it patented, and have realized large profits from its sale.

Ordinarily, Phil managed an affair and let his confederates execute it. But in Nova Scotia, he departed from this prudent custom, and to this negligence he owes his detection.

Jack Rand, one of his accomplices, was

born in New Hampshire, where he exercised the trade of a locksmith. He began his career of crime with the theft of \$500 for which he suffered two years imprisonment.

After the expiration of his term, he figured in the robbery of the Portsmouth Bank, and received, as his share of the spoils, \$70,000. He sent a part of it to his father, who being found with some of it in his possession, was arrested for the crime. Jack not altogether forgetful of the obligations of a son, confessed himself the guilty party to the police. He was imprisoned, and his father set at liberty; but the rascal made his escape in about 4 months. At Concord he was arrested for larceny. He got out again; and in New Jersey this modern Jack Sheppard, committed a heavy wharf robbery. They caught and imprisoned him, and for the third time he broke jail. He was, however, recaptured in Philadelphia, and sent back to New Jersey,—where he was acquitted in some unexplained manner.

Disgusted with the States, he went to Canada with Stanley, and the two traveled up and down the St. Lawrence; steamboats, expresses, &c., were the theatre of their operations. One time they attempted to steal a box containing \$500,000 in gold dust, but failed, Phil was arrested for the attempt, but was discharged for want of competent evidence.

The last of this diabolical trio is Bell Smith, whom we may regard as the servant, or rather the slave of the other two. He does the most dangerous and servile work, and receives the least pay.

Proverbial Philosophy.

A LA TUPPER.

An umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou. Therefore be not proud.

Yet confidence may be misplaced, as when thou goest out in thine patent leather boots, simply because the pavement before thine own door has dried.

The girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

Educate thy children lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school with no vacations.

How good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

A traveler journeying wisely, may learn much. Yet much may also be learned by him who stays at home.

I do not say to the "Marry, for it will exalt thee," yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say, "Marry come up."

Cold things are used to cure fever, yet the over-coolness of a friend's act will throw thee into heat.

We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Lady bird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

He who holds his tongue, will have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over garrulous.

The weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind; but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

If thy heart is in the Highlands, it is not here.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

Talk to thyself, and insist upon a reply but not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee in a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

Love the moon, for she shines in the night, to give us light in the dark; whereas the sun shines in the day time, when there is plenty of light, and his assistance is not wanted. Such is the difference between real and false charity.

Solomon knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few others.—Punch.