

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

21

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 30

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Goods! New Goods!

D. P. GWIN'S CHAPEL STORE.

D. P. Gwin has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Ever brought to Huntingdon, consisting of the most fashionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, such as Black Silks, and Fancy. All Wool de Lains, (all colors) Spring Delains, Challie Delains, Berages, (all colors) Lovell's Cloth, Debaize, Alpaca, Poplins, Printed Berages, Neck ties, Stock, Zephyr, French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Floss, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also, a large lot of Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Amiques, Gimps, Ribbons, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Head & Hair Hoops, Skirt Cord, Silk and Linen handkerchiefs, Neck ties, Stock, Zephyr, French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Floss, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also the best and cheapest assortment of Colored and Plain Jaconet, Mull Muslin, Swiss, Plain, Figured, Skirt Belt; Marcellines for Capes, and a variety of white goods too numerous to mention.

Spring and Thibit Shawls, White Delaine for Capes, Mantillas, &c.

Also, Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, Tweeds, K. Jeans, Muslins, Cotton Drill, Nankeens, Ticks, Table Diapers, Flannels, &c.

Also, a large lot of Bonnets, Flat Hats, &c. **BOOTS AND SHOES,** the largest and cheapest assortment in town.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, WARE, Buckets, Tubs, Baskets, Churns, Butter Bowls, Brooms, Brushes, &c. Carpets, Oil Cloths, Fish and Salt Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, and all goods usually kept in a Grocery Store.

My old customers, and as many new ones as can crowd in are respectfully requested to come and examine my goods.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices.

DAVID P. GWIN.
April 21, 1858.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

FISHER & MCMURRIS
HAVING re-opened the METROPOLITAN formerly known as "SAXTON'S" take pleasure in announcing to their many friends, that they have received a large and well-selected stock of Goods, which they feel confident will satisfy the demands of the public, and will prove unexceptionable in style and quality.

The line of Dress Goods embraces ROBES A QUILLIE IS ORGANDIES, LAWS, PERCALINES, & CHALYS, BERAGES, BRILLIANTS, ALL WOOL, DELAINES, CRAVELLA MOHAIR, DANUBIAN, TAMISE, AND LAVELLA CLOTHS, DEBAZE, JESURES, ALPACAS, FRINGS, GINGHAMS, &c.

We have a fine assortment of Summer Mantillas, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antiques, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gaudies, Hosiery, Ladies' Collars, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Silk, Whalebones for Skirts, Reed Hoops, Brass do., Skirt Cord, &c.

Also—Tickeys, Osnaburg, bleached and unbleached Muslins at all prices, Colored and White Cambrics, Barred and Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawns, Nankeens, & Carlton and many other articles which comprise the line of White and Domestic Goods.

We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Sattinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Linens, Denims and Blue Drills.

HATS, CAPS AND BONNETS, of every variety and style. Also all kinds of **STRAW GOODS.**

A good stock of **GROCERIES, HARD & QUEENSWARE, BOOTS & SHOES,**

Wood and Willow-ware, which will be sold cheap.

We also deal in PLASTER, FISH, SALT, and all kinds of GRAIN, and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequalled by any. We deliver all packages or parcels of Merchandise, FREE OF CHARGE, at the depots of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Railroads.

Come one, come all, and be convinced that the "METROPOLITAN" is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

Apr. 14, '58.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

A New Assortment Just Opened!

And will be sold 30 per cent CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

H. ROMAN respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just opened at his store-room in Market Square—Huntingdon, a splendid new stock of Ready-made

Clothing for Fall and Winter, which he will sell cheaper than the same quality of Goods can be purchased at retail in Philadelphia or any other establishment in the country. Persons wishing to buy Clothing, would do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, Hats, Caps, which will be sold lower than at any other establishment in the country.
Huntingdon, April 1, 1858.

Patent Portable Fence.

The rights of Hunt's Patent Portable or Permanent Fence and Gate Post, for Lots, Farms and Townships, can be secured for a small sum by calling on the Agent at Huntingdon. Go and see the model at once. It is decidedly the best Fence ever used. No Farmer should be without it. Call on us who would be benefited and examine it for yourselves.

HENRY CORNPROST, Agent for Huntingdon County.

GREAT STORM!

New Drug and Grocery Store.

M'MANIGL, SMITH & CO., Hill St., 5 doors west of the Court House, Huntingdon. Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Spits, Turpentine, Fluid, Alcohol, Wine and Brandy of the Best article for medicinal uses, Concentrated Lye for making Soap, Glass, Putty, Patent Medicines also Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Sugar, Molasses, Vinegar, Fish, Salt, Flour, Crackers, Nuts, Candies, Figs, Raisins, Tobacco, Cigars, Syrups of all kinds for summer drinks in a word everything usually kept in a Drug or Grocery Store, those who wish pure and Genuine articles will do well by giving us a call.

May 19, '58—1y.

SPRING SHAWLS and Mantillas of every style at the METROPOLITAN.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50
If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1.75
If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00
And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.

1. All subscriptions are continued until otherwise ordered, and no paper will be discontinued, until arrangements are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

2. Returned numbers are never received by us. All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and never accomplish the purpose of the sender.

3. Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions, must stop arrears, and send a written or verbal order to that effect, to the office of publication in Huntingdon.

4. Giving notice to a postmaster is neither a legal or a proper notice.

5. After one or more numbers of a new year have been forwarded, a new year has commenced, and the paper will not be discontinued until arrangements are paid. See No. 1.

The Courts have decided that refusing to take a new paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

1 insertion, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do., 5 do., 6 do., 7 do., 8 do., 9 do., 10 do., 11 do., 12 do., 13 do., 14 do., 15 do., 16 do., 17 do., 18 do., 19 do., 20 do., 21 do., 22 do., 23 do., 24 do., 25 do., 26 do., 27 do., 28 do., 29 do., 30 do., 31 do., 32 do., 33 do., 34 do., 35 do., 36 do., 37 do., 38 do., 39 do., 40 do., 41 do., 42 do., 43 do., 44 do., 45 do., 46 do., 47 do., 48 do., 49 do., 50 do.

Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00.

Advertising and Job Work.

We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the Journal has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens.

We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county; and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

Select Poetry.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

BY RALPH BOYD.

The world for sale—Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me free from earth's bondage free?

'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring;
The World at auction here to day!

It is a glorious thing to see;
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be;
For sale! It shall be mine no more.

Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going! I must sell!
Who bids? Who'll buy the Splendid Tear!

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold,
Who bids? But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;
Who'll buy the very heaps of Care?

And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goolly landscape all may trace;
Hill, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain;
Who'll buy himself a Burial Place!

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart!
I know its power, alas, too well!
'Tis going! Love and I must part!

Must part! What can I more with Love?
All over the enchanter's reign!
Who'll buy the plumeless dying dove,
An hour of Bliss—an age of Pain!

And Friendship—rarest gem of earth,
(Whose'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
Who bids for friendship—as it is!

'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go!

Ambition, Fashion, Show and Pride—
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my heart to bow.

Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,
And still its aching throbs to bear;
How broken, that was once so strong;
How heavy, once so free from care.

No more for me life's fitful dream;
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My burk requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.

By Death, stern Sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left—
MY FAITH, MY BIBLE, AND MY GOD!

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others and never thinks of reforming himself.

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 10.—AMBITION.

"Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and harning to be great:
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They moan, they shine, evaporate and fall!"
[Dr. Johnson's Works.]

The soul of man is slow in its resolution, and still more languid in the execution of its plans. Our passions, therefore, are given to rouse it into action, and to unite vigor in the exercise of its faculties. Important ends, we may reasonably suppose, our Heavenly Father has in view in placing such a means of earthly power in our control in such appropriate and varied forms. Not the least of all our passions or inward proclivities is that sub-division called Ambition—a principle ever bold, fearless, and persevering, which when rightly used leads to honor, wealth and fame, but if wrongly guided sinks man deeper and deeper in the gulf of sin.

"Ambition first sprang from your blest abodes,
The fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in their breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls 'tis true, but peep out once an age
Dull, sullen prisoners in the body's cage,
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years:
Like Eastern kings a laz, state they keep
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep."
[Pope.]

We can easily believe that in ancient times, it was necessary that barbarous nations should be conquered, and civilized—that the arts and sciences should be brought forth, fostered and improved, and that the knowledge possessed should be transmitted in volumes to us. Mere virtue, then, without the impelling principle of which I speak, is too inactive to effect this end; but the love of fame, like the beams of a noontide sun upon a torpid animal, gives vigor to great endowments, and oft engages men, contrary to their so-called natural inclinations in a course of honorable, useful conduct. But Fame being a high pinnacle of the Temple of Honor few rightly attain its summit, and yet the passion of its aspirants is untiring and universal. Thousands have not the talent to command general admiration. Thousands by too high hopes lose their aim, and fall back into obscurity. And still greater number are betrayed into views which lessen their reputation, and they destroy their idols as fast as they are built up by their imagination. A secret tumult is raised in the breast and an ultimatum sought for which in reality is too empty to satisfy them. Different objects may allay other desires, but an increasing love of fame, produces only a pleasure which excites new projects in the mind, and urges the weary body to attempt their accomplishment. But, as Ambition is ever subject to disappointment, so the laurels of a well earned reputation are exposed to the shrivelling blast of detraction. An illustrious character draws a multitude of eyes upon him, all disposed to inspect with the keenest eyes, and inspect, if possible, in a disadvantageous light, even the smallest errors. Heroes, statesmen, sages, and divines have all been scanned and shown forth in a malicious spirit and even our own beloved Washington, was for a long time the butt for the shaft of envy—Happy is he who deaf to the strife of tongues, enjoys in peace the plaudits of his Maker. The most laudable Ambition then, is to be wise "auto salvation," and man's greatest wisdom is to be good. Every virtue requires a proper place, time and opportunity for exercise. Some of our virtues may only be seen in the pro-petuous hour, poverty obscures some, but God will reward us for all. Many thro' pride ruin their fellow men by extravagance. All honors, and monuments here Time will destroy, but a good name lives to Eternity. Turn then, O men of Ambition, thy strivings into this channel. If yours here of life is limited, fill it with merit, or if you move in elevated state, seek still the applause of your God. Then shall all honor that most flattering, happy answer of your Saviour, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." St. Matthew, 25th chap. 21 at v.

EDUCATOR.

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well—ah my yes, rather so," replied the latter, "about half the year the water is up to the second window."

INDIAN WAR.—There is a strong probability that a long and bloody war will follow the Indian outrages on our North western frontier. The recent defeat of Col. Steptoe will serve to encourage the hostile tribes. The Indians appear to be in an excited state throughout the whole of our western frontier, from Minnesota to Arizona.

Select Miscellany.

"If I Were a Man."

Don't I wish that I were a man!—
Wouldn't I see the beaver hatted population
An example of brilliant perfection.—
Wouldn't I make myself generally agreeable
to all the ladies, and talk to 'em as if
they had souls above bonnets! What a
glorious man I should make!

I wouldn't stand on the hotel steps and puff clouds of villainous tobacco smoke into the eyes of all the pretty girls that go past spit on the pavements to spoil their little shoes and injure their tempers.

I wouldn't set my huge heels down on trains of their silken dresses, to tear 'em half off; and I think I'm not quite sure, but I think—I'd knock down the first brute who dared complain of the circumference of their garments!

And when they come into a car or omnibus, I wouldn't stick my nose into a newspaper, or look abstractedly out of the window, nor get up grumbling, "Always the way with women! Not a bit of it! I'd spring up like a patent India rubber ball all and if the old bachelor on the right hand side, and the spruce clerk on the left hand side didn't compress themselves into the smallest possible space, 'o make room for the crinolines, I'd knock the reason why!

And then, when I get married (for to what end was I created, if not to pay the milliner's bills of some blessed little bit of woman-kind?) wouldn't I make a model husband. Do you suppose I should bother her sweet life out of her, by grumbling because a paltry button had dropped off a shirt collar, or a string off a dickey? Do you think I'd explode like a camphine lamp, every time I found a rip in my glove? I'd like to see myself stooping to any such littleness.

I wouldn't consult the almanac every time she bought a new bonnet, to see just how many weeks she had worn the old one; and I wouldn't snarl like a cross tigger cat whenever the coffee happened to be cold or the breakfast raw, just as if I wanted her to abuse herself in dust and ashes; and burn up her rosy little face before the kitchen fire, while I sat with my heels on the table, reading the paper in the next room. I wouldn't use profane language when she asked me to button up her sweet little garter boots, or fasten her gloves, or even to carry her parcels down Broadway, on a rainy day—which last I consider to be an infallible test of patience and meekness.

I wouldn't gorge myself with wine and oysters and cigars at a fashionable downtown restaurant, while my wife dined at home on cold mutton, and then look as black as an over-charged thundercloud, when the grocer's "little bill" came in; I wouldn't expend a small fortune in diamond shirt-studs, extravagant broadcloth and fancy canes, and then mutter about "hard times," when she ventured to ask me for a half dollar to buy cheek for the baby's aprons.

And I rather think I'd go shopping with her, too, when she hinted to that effect instead of inventing excuses about Smith Brown, or the club,—aye, and pay her bills, too, without screwing up my mouth as if I had the cramp in my face! And if she looked into a shop window and admired a thirty dollar collar, I'd walk straight in and buy it for her, instead of feigning to be absorbed in the signs opposite, and "forgetting to her" what she said.

When I came home at night, I wouldn't make a bear of myself, behind the evening paper and answer savagely, when she timidly asked what I was reading, "women can't understand politics!" No, indeed! I would read her all the anecdotes, play with the children, pull the busby's ears, and tell her how becoming her new silk was. That's the way to keep the woman good natured, take my word for it, and what prettier sight is there in all the world than a good humored woman?

Mind I don't ask the incorrigible old bachelors first because it isn't any of their business and second because they're not judges of the article. But put the question to any sensible fellow between the ages of eighteen and twenty eight, and see what he'll say!

I'd make a point of always asking my wife's advice before I went to vote, and doing just as she said about it—then I'd be sure to be always right. And if any bachelor friend of mine had the impudence to ask me to an oyster supper, without including my wife in the invitation, do you suppose I'd go? Ask my mother-in-law about that.

I wouldn't go evening parties, and flirt desperately with other ladies, and talk about my poor, dear wife, whose ill health

precluded her enjoyment of society, when I knew very well that she was sitting at home alone with the cat, and crying her eyes out over one of my ragged old coats.

Good gracious! what a wide field for improvement there is among the benighted sons of Adam! It puts me completely out of breath to think of all the reform I'd make. Oh? if I were only a man.

Mind what you say before Children.

It is always well to avoid saying everything that is improper; but it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault, (children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear, they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth."

See that boys eyes glisten when you are speaking of a neighbor in a language you would not wish to be repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed great pleasure from his calls. One day, just after she had remarked to him, as usual, her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room.—The gentleman took him on his knee and asked,

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"
"No, sir," replied the boy.
"Why not, my little man?"
"Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

Here the mother became crimson, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied—
"Because, she said yesterday she wished that old boy wouldn't call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the remark—
"Another little child looked sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied,
"I wanted to see if you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say you had, frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests who it was that lived next door to him, and when he heard his name, inquired if he was not a fool.

"No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?"
"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day you were next door to a fool; and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

Names of the Months.

The names of the months were given by the Romans.

January, the first month, was so called from Janus, an ancient king of Italy, who was deified after his death, and is derived from the Latin word Januarius. February is derived from the Latin word Februus, to purify; hence Februarius, for in this month the ancient Romans offered up expiatory sacrifices for the purification of the people. March, the third month, anciently the first month, is derived from the word Mars the God of war. April is so called from the Latin Aprilis, that is, opening; because in this month the vegetable world opens and buds forth. May is derived from the Latin word Majores, so called by Romulus in respect toward the Senators; hence Maius or May. June is from the Latin word Junius, the youngest of the people. July is derived from the Latin word Julius, and was so named in honor of Julius Cesar. August was so called in honor of the Emperor Augustus. September, the ninth month, from the Latin word Septem, or seven, being the seventh month from March. October, the tenth month, from the Latin word Octo, the eighth; hence October. November, from the Latin word Novem, nine; being the ninth month from March. December, the twelfth month, from the Latin decem; so called because it was the tenth from March, which was anciently the beginning of the year.

BUCKS COUNTY.—A young man named Healy, residing in Falsington, Bucks county, Pa. was almost immediately killed, a day or two since, by a mowing machine, which he was operating. It appears that something had got wrong with the knives in attempting to fix which, Mr. Healy sat down in front of them. The machine was in gear, at the time, and something occurring which started the horses, the unfortunate was literally cut to pieces in an instant. Both of his legs were cut off above the knees.

PRESIDENTIAL HAIR.—In the Patent Office at Washington, there are many objects of interest connected with the government, and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity, when in Washington in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples, or small locks of hair taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass.

Here is, in fact a part and parcel of what once constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past. The hair of Washington is of a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance. That of John Adams is nearly the same color, though a little coarser. The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth, Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color, the hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark. The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President except Pierce, whose hair had undergone no change in color. The hair of John Quincy Adams is some what peculiar, being coarse, and of yellowish gray color. The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero. The hair of Van Buren is white in appearance. The hair of General Jackson is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black. The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown. The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white, with a slight admixture of brown. The hair of Millard Fillmore, is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white. The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop. The hair of James Buchanan is perfectly white silken.

Webster's Reports.

One evening, not many years ago, while the Supreme Court was holding its session in Somerset county, some of the legal brethren were warning their legs before a blazing fire in a rural tavern; and conversing upon various matters pertaining to the profession. One of them, who had to travel with some great thought, broke out by asking if any of his brethren could relieve him from his trouble.

"I wish," said he, "to commence an action against a boy who was caught stealing apples. I find no case of the kind in any of the Reports, and I am at a loss for a precedent."

The landlord overheard the question and informed the veridant that he knew a case just to point.

"Ah! said Bacon, 'in whose Report shall I find it?'"

"In Webster's," said the landlord very gravely.

"Webster's Reports? Well, now you speak of it, I think I do remember some thing like it there. Do you know the volume?"

"Yes, I do; I have a copy in the house if you would like to see it."

"I would be greatly obliged to you for it, as I have left mine at home."

The landlord stepped out, and soon returned with Webster's Spelling Book, and turning to the story—"An old man found a rude boy on one of his trees stealing apples—passed the book to his friend, who threw it into the fire, in the midst of roar and laughter, and speedily made his disappearance."

A Smart Boy.

Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, had a boy about six years old, who was anything but a fool. The Doctor had placed him under the care of one of the students, with a charge that he should not go out without permission from his tutor.

"May I go out?" at length inquired our hero.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"A few minutes pause followed.

"May I go out?" again inquired the boy.

"No," was again the response.

The miniature edition of the Doctor slowly rose from his seat, took up his cap, and pushed for the door.

"Stop," said the tutor, "do you know what no means?"

"Yes," said Charley, "it is a particle of a negation, and two of them coming together are equivalent to an affirmative."

His wit was his passport.

One of our finest writers says that the nightly dues come down upon us like blessings! How very differently the daily dues come down in these hard times.

Men are frequently like tea—their real strength and goodness not being properly drawn out, until they have been a short time in hot water.

What constitutes Patriotism?—A small article which holds about a pint, that lawyers take to warm them up on the jacket.