

The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

Editor & Proprietor.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the
blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated,
weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it
permeates the whole body, and may burst out
in disease on any part of it. No organ is free
from its attacks, nor is there one which it may
not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously
caused by mercurial disease, low living, dis-
ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth
and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and,
above all, by the venereal infection. What-
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-
stitution, descending from parents to children
unto the third and fourth generation. It is
said to be the root of the venereal disease, and
will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon
their children.

Its effects commence by deposition from the
blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in
the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed
tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on
the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul cor-
ruption, which renders in the blood, depresses
the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitu-
tions not only suffer from scrofulous com-
plaints, but they have far less power to with-
stand the attacks of other diseases. Conse-
quently, vast numbers perish by disorders
which, although not scrofulous in their nature,
are still rendered fatal by the action of the
system. Most of the consumption which de-
cimates the human family has its origin directly
in this scrofulous contamination; and many
destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain,
and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or
are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous;
their persons are invaded by this lurking in-
fection, and their health is undermined by it.
To cleanse it from the system we must remove
the blood by an alterative medicine, and in-
vigorize it by healthy food and exercise.
Such a medicine we supply in
AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effectual remedy which the medical
skill of our times can devise for this every-
where prevailing and fatal malady. It is com-
bined from the most active remedies that have
been discovered for the expurgation of this foul
disorder from the system, and the removal of its
system from its destructive consequences.
Hence it should be employed for the cure of
not only scrofula, but also those other affec-
tions which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA
AND SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE,
ROSCOLI, OR ERYTHRODERMIA, PUPULES,
DITCHES, BLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER
AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, KINGWORM,
LUPULUM, STYLLITIC AND MERCURIAL DIS-
EASES, DROPPY, DYSPEPSIA, DERMATITIS, AND,
INDEED, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM ITTAR-
TRACED OR LUPULUM BLOOD. The popular belief
in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth,
for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The
particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsapa-
rilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid,
without which sound health is impossible in
contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,
are so composed that disease within the range
of their action can rarely withstand or evade them.
Their penetrating qualities search out and
invigorate every portion of the human organ-
ism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring
its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these
properties, the invalid who is bowed down with
pain or physical debility is astonished to find his
health or energy restored by a remedy at once so
simple and invigorating.
Not only do they cure the every-day complaints
of every body, but also many formidable and
dangerous diseases. The agent below named is
pleased to furnish gratis his American Almanac,
containing certificates of their cures and directions
for their use in the following complaints: Costive-
ness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered
Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pains in and Morbid
Inflamation of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appete-
ite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints,
arising from a low state of the body or obstruction
of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Croup, Cold, Influenza, Hoarseness,
Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Incipient Consump-
tion, and for the relief of Consumptive
Patients in advanced stages of the
disease.
It is the field of its usefulness, and so nu-
merous are the cases of its cures, that almost
every section of country abounds in persons pub-
licly known, who have been restored from alarming
and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its
use. When once tried, its superiority over every
other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape
observation, and where it is not so, it is not to be
doubted that it is no longer hesitate what antidote to employ
the distressing and dangerous affections of the
respiratory organs that are incident to our climate.
It is a far superior remedy than any other, and
many have failed and been discarded, this
has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits
on the afflicted, and cured the lungs by its
pured cures too numerous and too remarkable to
be forgotten.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
JOHN REARD, Agent, Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 10 1859.—ly.

SELECT POETRY.

The Country Lassie.

She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny summer fling,
Her rosy arms around the earth,
And brightest blessings brings;
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.
Far distant from the city
And inland from the sea,
My lassie bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be.
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain bower,
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so fair a flower.
The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace;
The wild rose parted with a blush,
That nestled on her face;
The sunbeams got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be
So modest and so fair.
The early birds have taught her
Their joyous matin song,
And some of their soft innocence,
She's been with them so long.
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

"NICE GIRLS"

To my mind, there is nothing in all the
world half so beautiful, half so delightful
or half so lovable as a 'nice girl.' I don't
mean a pretty girl, or a dashing girl, or an
elegant girl, but a 'nice girl,' one of those
lively, good tempered, good hearted sweet
faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic crea-
tures whom we meet in the sphere of Home
diffusing around the domestic hearth the
influence of her goodness, like the essence
of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a 'nice girl,' is
not the languishing beauty who dawdles
on a sofa and talks of a last new novel or
the last new opera; or the great giraffe-
looking girl, who creates an effect by
sweeping majestically through a drawing
room. The 'nice girl' does not even dawdle
well, or play well, and she does not know
a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with
a fan. She never languishes; she is too
active for that; she is not given to novel-
reading for she is always too busy. And
as to the opera, when she goes there she
does not think it necessary to show her
bare shoulders, but sets generally away in
the back part of the box, unheeded and
unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that
we discover the 'nice girl.' It is at
'Home.' Who is it that rises first in the
morning and gets the breakfast ready be-
fore the family comes down? Who is it
that makes papa's toast and carries up ma-
ma's tea and puts buttons on the boy's
shirts, and waters the flowers, and chiel-
ens, and makes everything bright and com-
fortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa
beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant crea-
ture? By no means. It is the 'nice girl.'
Her unaided toilet has been performed in
the shortest possible space of time; yet
how charmingly her hair is done, how sim-
ply elegant is her silk dress and plain white
collar. What hearty kisses she distrib-
utes unasked, among the members of the
family. She does not present her cheek,
or her brow, like the 'fine girl,' but takes
the initiative herself, and kisses the boys
one after another, with an audible 'smack'
which says aloud, 'I love you ever so
much.' If I ever coveted anything in my
life it is one of those kisses from that 'nice
girl.' She is quite at home in all the do-
mestic duties. She troubles no one to
'help the kettle.'

Breakfast over, she dives down into the
kitchen to see about dinner! and all day
long she is running up and down stairs, al-
ways doing, and always cheerful and light-
hearted. And she never ceases to be ac-
tive and useful until the day is gone, when
she will polka with the boys, and sing old
songs, and play old tunes to her father for
hours together, and never tire. She is a
perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When
illness comes, it is she that attends with
unwearying patience the sick chamber,—
There is no risk, no amount of fatigue that
she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she
will not make. She is all love, all devo-
tion. I have often thought that it would
be happiness to be ill, to be watched by
such loving eyes and tended by such fair
hands.

One of the most strongly marked charac-
teristics of a 'nice girl,' is tidiness and
simplicity of dress. She is invariably as-
sociated in my mind with a high frock, a
plain collar, and the neatest of neck rib-
bons; bound with the most modest little
brooch in the world. I never knew a
'nice girl' yet, who displayed a profusion

of rings and bracelets, or who wore low
dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I
imagine a 'nice girl' with curls; but this
may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that 'coax-
ers,'—those funny little curls which it has
been the fashion to gum upon the cheek
with bandoline—are totally inconsistent
with the character of a 'nice girl.' And
if any one whom I have been disposed to
regard as a 'nice girl' were to appear with
her bonnet stuck on the back of her head
I would cease to believe in her from that
moment. The only degree of latitude
which I feel disposed to allow to my beau-
tiful idea—should it be in this case *belle ideal*
—is kid boots with brass holes. There is
a nameless charm about tidy feet which,
I believe, the whole world recognizes.—
I maintain that a neatly booted foot, and
a well shaped ankle, in conjunction with
a clean white petticoat, and a tight stock-
ing, will nearly make amends for a squint.
Young men is it not so? Yes—you con-
fess it.

I say again, there is nothing in the world
half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good,
as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flow-
er in the path of life. There are other
far more stately, far more gorgeous; but
these we merely admire as we go by. It
is where the daisy grows that we lie down
to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I
admire—may, that is too cold a word—I
love the 'nice girl.' Under every condi-
tion, every aspect, save one—that one is
the condition of matrimony. When I
hear that one of the 'nice girls' of my ac-
quaintance is about to be married—about
to be monopolized by some beast with
whiskers, and an ugly sister to be brides-
maid, I become faint and sick at heart.
Where 'nice girls' dwell it should be
written up as on gates of choice gardens
'Do not pick the flowers!' Oh it is hor-
rid, horrid, to see that spruce gentleman
come in and take her away in a corner
for the rest of the evening. I may not
walk with her now; I may not catch her
at hand man's ball; I may not sit by her
and turn over the leaves as she sings
'Auld Robin Gray,' even though it were
Christmas time, I may not any more kiss
her under the mistletoe; I may not even
look at her! There is that horrid, spruce
man with whiskers, glowering at me as if
he would eat me. I sigh as the remem-
brance comes over me of the many 'nice
girls' who has thus been torn, ruthlessly
torn from me by spruce, and I am sure
we should get on much better without them.
I cannot bear to think of a 'nice girl'
getting married. I cannot contemplate
with patience what she is about to become.
What is she about to become? She is
about to become the slave of a man. In-
less than a year her figure will be eternally
spoiled. In less than a year she will wear
sloppy dresses and wrappers of a morning.
She will leave off garters, and her stockings
will hang loose. She will lose the
bloom in her cheek, and the merry twinkle
in her eye. She will have a baby. I
say I cannot contemplate this spectacle
with patience. I once visited one who
had been a 'nice girl,' a year or two after
her marriage. The figure which she pre-
sented shocked me. I could of cried
with vexation; and I am sure if her hus-
band had come in, I should have kicked
him. I have resolved never to go through
such an ordeal again. When 'nice girl'
marries now, I am done with her forever.

You may wonder why since I am such
an admirer of 'nice girls,' I have never
made one my own—why, in fact, I have
never married one. I have loved, admired,
and adored them too much for that. I
could no more marry a 'nice girl,' than I
could willfully trample down a bed of flow-
ers. I have all my life considered it, and
still do consider it, a crime little short
of sacrilege to marry a 'nice girl.' Who
but a savage would deface a beautiful
sculpture? Who but a wretch would
stand with his back to the fire, and monop-
oly all the heat? To the man who at-
tempts to marry a 'nice girl,' I say as
Diogenes to Alexander, 'Get the out of
my sun!'

Marry a 'nice girl'! Never! I know
what it would be. No more is a hero to
his *vallet de chambre*, and no husband, I
am sure, is a fire fellow in his wife's eyes
after she has mended his socks. On the
other hand, I am certain there must be hor-
rid disenchantment about a skimp flannel
petticoat and a cotten night cap with
'frills.'

No; let the 'nice girls' alone. Let her
be the life and sunshine of 'Home' for-
ever. Let as many hearts pine away and
die with the rest. But change not Miss
into Mrs. I rob not her of her girliness
and simplicity; pollute not the gushing

fountain of her love, which flows for all
and fall like dew upon the world. Let
her be a 'nice girl' forever; for such as she
never grow old, or lose e power to charm.
If you must marry, may the deity—the
clever girl—the dashing girl—any kind of
girl you like, but leave, oh leave me,
the 'nice girl.' For hence, I will live a
bachelor to the end of y days; and when
I die, desire nothing better than to have
such a one to watch ovens and close my
eyes.

A Chapter on abies.

BY A CHILDLESS MOTHER.

"A baby in the house is a well-spring
of pleasure." Then je houses of our
ambitious little village, just be well wa-
tered, for such a crop, abies as we show
this seasons has rarely been exhibited
since Barnum's famous harvest, a few
years since. Indeed, or excessive efforts
and improvements in the direction, led one
amateur judge to observe, in the classic
language of Young America, that "if we
were a one-horse, we were certainly not
a one-baby concern."

Our district has ever been elaborated for
its choice flowers and elegant bouquets.
Several gentlemen have proved that our
blackberries and pears are likely to be-
come as renowned as our (me-honored
pippin, and now we may add with truth,
that our babies are as 'plenty as black-
berries,' and quite as worthy of notice. We
have large babies and small babies; light
babies and dark babies; quiet babies and
noisy babies; boy babies and girl babies—
all sorts of babies, excepting babies and
cross babies—fortunately all our babies are
good and handsome!

As we poor childless wives meekly go
from house to house, we learn that each
new baby that is presented for our inspec-
tion is heavier, prettier, more forward and
more excellent than any other mother's
baby. "Mrs Slouch's baby is a nice little
creature, but so small!" "Mrs Slim's
baby is a cunning fellow, but what a head!"
"The Tumble Bug's babies are always
pretty, and the new one has such a stray
'foot-starry' eye." Mrs Finner's baby
is a darling little girl; but did you see its
nose?" Whereas this baby—that is, the
baby we are holding in our awkward, un-
accustomed arms—is just the dearest, love-
liest, cunningest little creature that ever
was born! We stifle down a rebellious sigh
as we think of our own quiet home, where
cradle cares and cradle joys never intrude;
where no gentle baby breathings ever
freight the air with sweet anxieties, where
no baby's soft murmur of satisfied content
or helpless complaining is ever to break
the unnatural still of childless home. We
look on this mother's baby, and our yearn-
ing becomes a prayer of faith to know that
"God doeth all things well!"

What a fine thing it is that each mother
thinks so well of her baby. We cannot
help smiling at this over admiration which
sees no defect in the little bit "bundle of
pink flesh" and white cambric. We listen,
as the pretty lady, duly arrayed in an elegant
dishabille, recounts the peculiar ex-
cellencies of her new treasure, and we can
see nothing more beautiful and interesting
than a smile of perfect content, with which
as the nurse hands out the baby, the con-
valescent turns back the blanket, and dis-
closes the little face and tiny arms. What
if the mother's eyes were not so enchan-
ted; what would become of all the unlove-
ly babies? What would be the fate of those
unsightly little monsters that are born in
this troublesome world? It is a delightful
weakness, this inordinate affection—we
will not degrade it by the name of instinct,
but allow it the noble one of affectionate
judgement. The generality of mankind
may take comfort in the thought that,
however unloved and unappreciated they
may have been' each one, was for time, at
least, and to one person, the most attrac-
tive, the most interesting and the most im-
portant of the human race. Beautiful
manifestation of a glorious nature is this
instinct of maternal love! From the high-
est to the lowest order of creation fervently
may we bless God for such a transcen-
dent gift. No elevation of rank, no deg-
radation of sin, can extinguish the spark,
and though it be perverted or exagger-
ated, still there is ever in its partiality, pa-
tience, self-denial and self-forgetfulness, a
holly beauty that must compel respect.

We have heard of cool things; but
never anything cooler than the following:
The landlord of a hotel in a western town
called a boarder to him one day, and said:
"Look here, I want you to pay your bill,
and you must. I've asked you often
enough, and you don't leave my house till
you pay for it." "Good," said his lodger,
"just put that in writing, make a regular
agreement of it, and I'll stay with you as
long as you live."

Ossawatimie Brown.

Was a soldier in the war of 1812, and
fought at Plattsburg.

It is understood that U. S. Attorney Ould
of Washington, and other federal officers,
were here yesterday; and it is supposed
they came hither for the purpose of ar-
resting Fred Douglas, for his alleged par-
ticipation in the organized scheme against
the Slaveholding States of which the Har-
per's Ferry insurrection was but one of
the appointed results. Such being the
prevailing impression, we have taken a
little pains to inquire whether Fred is like-
ly to be caught; or whether he has placed
himself beyond the jurisdiction of the offi-
cers supposed to be in quest of him. We
are told that he is "safe;" or in other words,
that he is already outside of the United
States. This information may be true and
it may not be. But it is likely to be true
since it is so easy a matter to go from
Rochester to Canada, either by Buffalo or
Niagara, or by other routes. However,
we do not pretend to be accurately posted,
and we would not have the U. S. rely
upon our information so implicitly as to
modify their operation in the least.

A "Noble Animal" for Sale.

A man in Wisconsin has a horse which
he wishes to sell. If the animal actually
possesses all the desirable qualities set
forth in the owner's advertisement, he
must be worth more than King Richard
offered for a horse on a trying occasion.—
Here is an extract from the advertisement:
"Thou canst trust thy labor to him, be-
cause his strength is great.
"Thou canst bind him with his hand in
the furrow; he will harrow the valleys
after thee.
His strength is terrible in which he re-
joiceth.
The glory of his nostrils is his pride;
his neck is clothed with thunder.
He paweth in the valley, and waxeth
proud in his speed.
He mocketh at fear, neither turneth he
his back from the hobboblins,
Le, now he moveth, his tail like a cedar;
his bones are like strong pieces of brass,
yes, like bars of iron.
He eateth grass like an ox, he hold
his drink upon a river and trusteth that he
can draw up Jordan in his mouth.
Who can open the door of his face?
yet thou canst approach him with a bridel.
His teeth are terrible round about.
I will not conceal his parts, nor his
power, nor his comely portions.
"He is gentle, he is kind,
And his tail sticks out behind."
And I want to sell him for something I
can pay my debts with.

A Fine Party.

People poured in. The room began to
swarm. There was a warm odor of kid
gloves, scented bags and hosirotrope. There
was an One hundred gentleman said,
"How warm it is!" One hundred ladies
of the highest fashion answered "Very."
Fifty young men, who all wore coats, col-
lars and waistcoats that seemed to have
been made in the lump, and all after the
same pattern, stood speechless about the
rooms, wondering what under the heavens
to do with their hands. Fifty older mar-
ried men, who had solved that problem,
folded their hands behind their backs, and
beamed vaguely about, nodding their
heads wherever they recognized any other
head, and saying "Good evening," and
then, and after a little more beaming,
"How are yer?" Waiters, pushing about
with trays covered with little glasses of
lemonade and port-sangaree, which of-
fered favorable openings to the unemployed
young men and the married gentlemen,
who crowded along with a glass in each
hand, frightening all the ladies and beg-
ging everybody's pardon.—"Trumps,"
G. W. Curtis.

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The fol-
lowing callouy actually took place at an
eastern post office:
Pat.—"I say, Mr. Postoffice, is there a
letter for me?"
P. M.—"Who are you my good sir?"
Pat.—"It's myself, that's who I am!"
P. M.—"Well, what's your name?"
Pat.—"An' what do ye want wid the
name? isn't it on the letter?"
P. M.—"So that I can find the letter if
there is one."
Pat.—"Well, Mary Burns, thin if ye
must have it."
P. M.—"No sir—there is none for
Mary Burns."
Pat.—"Is there no way to git in there
but through this pane of glass?"
P. M.—"No sir."

Pat.—"It's well for ye there isn't.—I'd
tache ye bitter manners than to insist on a
gentleman's name; but ye didn't git it after
all—so I'm even wid ye, divil a bit is my
name Burns!"

The Two Headed Girl.

The Frankfort (Ky.) *Yeoman*, of Tues-
day, says of this most singular creature,
now on exhibition there:—"Mad"lle Chris-
tina Milly is now in her ninth year, and
possesses the extraordinary appendages of
two fine heads, four arms, and four feet,
all concentrated in one perfect body. She
has two pretty intelligent faces, denoting
vivacity of life and genuine mirthfulness.
She sings sweetly many of the most popu-
lar songs and ballads of the day, and can
converse with two persons at the same
time upon one or different subjects. The
movements of the body are easy and quick,
enabling her to dance, walk or run with
as much style and rapidity as any child of
her age. Not the least deformity will be
found in limb; body or features.

Power of the Human Eye.

Herr Driesbach, the famous lion tamer,
was at a hotel; and one night, a powerful
and savage drunken man was terrifying
every person in the bar-room. Herr Dries-
bach volunteered to 'get an eye on him and fix
him,' and crowding himself in front of
the inebriate rody, he fastened his terri-
ble eye on him. The fellow stooped over
towards the tamer, putting his hands on
his knees, and returned the gaze as well
as he could in his then confused state.
The tamer, thought things were working,
and intimated as much by a nod of his
head to the crowd, when the subject as-
sumed in a calm dispassionate manner, what
are you looking at? 'Never you mind,'
said the tamer, throwing all the power he
could muster into his eyes; but the sub-
ject did mind, for with a startling whoop
he dealt Driesbach a tremendous blow
under the left ear, which sent him through
a glass door into the next room, where he
came to a sudden stop against a hard
partition.

THE GRAVE OF DAVID HUME, the skeptic
is in Edinburgh. A correspondent says:
"It is a circular stone building; over its
iron grated door there is inscribed his
name with the dates of his birth and death.
No doubt, like Voltaire, he flattered him-
self that he had given the death-blow to
Christianity. But behold, there on the
wall of his tomb, those were flesh of his
flesh and bone of his bone, bear testimony
to the fallacy of his expectation. On its
outside, and immediately above the name
of Hume himself, there is a tablet contain-
ing an inscription, by a David Hume, to
his wife Jan Alder, dated 1817, closing
with these words, 'Behold I come quickly.
Thanks be to God, who giveth us the vic-
tory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" Al-
so, in the interior, there is another tablet,
sacred to the memory of David Hume,
one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and
his two sons, dated in 1848, the whole sur-
mounted by these encouraging words, 'I
am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

When a Wisconsin girl is kissed
she looks surprised and says:—How
could you? To which swain replies—I
will give me great pleasure to show you,
and proceeds to give her a duplicate.

The smallest song in the world:

We three
Brothers be
In one cause;
Bill puffin,
Tom snuffin,
And I chawin.

Squaring Time.—The word time,
when artificially transposed, or metagram-
matized, forms the following words—meti,
item; and if the afore-named and its an-
agrams be placed in a quadric position,
they will form what may be termed an an-
agrammatical palindrom:

T I M E
I T E M
E M I T
M E T I

The different transpositions of the word
time are all Latin as well as English, and
may be read forward, backward down and
up.

A fellow was arrested for stealing
ducks, and after a description of them, the
counsel for the prisoner said:
"Why they cannot be of such a rare
breed, for I have some of them in my own
yard."

"Very likely," said the complainant; "I
have lost a good many lately."

"Wall," said a soft headed brother Jon-
athan, the other day, "Sukey has gin me
the sack, by gravy, I've lost her."

"Lost her? how!" inquired the sympa-
tizing Beeswing.
"I laid flattery on her so thick that the
critter got so proud she wouldn't speak
to me."

Doctor.—"John, did Mrs. Green get the
medicine I ordered?"
Clerk.—"I guess so for I saw a crape on
the door this morning."

PROPOSAL.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm;
But I love—thee.
The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom;
But I kiss—thee.
The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lilly's bride 'o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the
earth;
Shall I wed thee?
BAYARD TAYLOR.

A Remarkable Family.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Citizen*
furnishes the editor of that paper with the
following account of a remarkable family,
residing at present in Bourbon county, Ky
The old gentleman is a native of Mary-
land, and in his 70th year:

	feet	inches.	pounds.
Father,	6	4	200
Mother,	6	4	286
Thomas,	6	4	230
James,	6	6	215
Sarah,	6	6	165
John,	6	11	286
Mary,	6	2	150
Elijah,	6	2	210
Matthew	6	6	220
Eli,	6	6	197
Daughter,	6	8	160

Total—70 height, weight 2298
The family are all living, except the
youngest daughter. All are wealthy and
of the first families of Kentucky.

Where was John Rogers burnt to
death? said a teacher to one of his pupils
in a commanding voice.
He couldn't tell.
"The next."

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the
foot of the class.
"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua
knows he may tell."

"In the fire," said Joshua, looking very
solemn and wise.
This was the last question.

Out West, the law gives damages
for apparent breach of promise. The
beholders, however, observe the difficulty
by having their cards labeled, "Good for
this call only."

It is said that a Yankee baby will
crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it,
invent an improvement, and apply for a
patent before he is six months old.

Sambo, what man dat has a trade
is the biggest liar? Why de shoemaker,
because he neber makes de work when he
promises.

A woman was fined \$10 with costs
at Memphis, Tenn., for disturbing a church
by laughing, and refusing to stop her mer-
riment.

The most tender hearted man we
ever heard of was a shoemaker, who al-
ways shut his eyes and whistled when
he run his awl into a sole.

A lady out West is charged with
'putting on airs,' because she refused to go
to a ball bare footed.

'I shall soon leave,' as the oak
said to the pine in the Spring. 'You'll be
green if you do,' was the reply.