The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

VOLUME XIV.--NUMBER 11. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1862. TERMS.--$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE
POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McClarney, Proprietor.
$1 00 PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made.

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion,	50
1 " " 3 "	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months,	2 50
1 " six "	4 00
1 " nine "	5 50
1 " one year,	6 00
1 Column six months,	20 00
1 " " "	10 00
1 " " "	7 00
1 " per year,	40 00
1 " " "	20 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
Business Cards, 8 lines or less, per year	5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

***All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

***Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. & A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
SAMUEL HAYES, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S & E. A JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

L. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKLAND, Pa., (formerly Cushingville.) Office in his *Store* building.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

ANDREW SANBERG & BRO'S.
TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegany river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17,'61

H. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order in good style, on short notice.

"THE UNION"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
Philadelphia.
UPTON S. NEWCOMER, Proprietor.
This Hotel is central, convenient by Passenger cars to all parts of the city, and in every particular adapted to the wants of the business public.
Terms $1 50 per day.

UNION HOTEL,
COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.,
A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11,1861

MOTHER.

Mother, thou art sorely tired?
Weary with thy weight of care?
Wond'ring whether God has given
Heavier burdens than thy share?

Mother do the little ones.
Clinging round thee night and day,
Sometimes tire and trouble thee,
By their loving, fondling way?

Mother, do they laugh and shout,
Noise of hammer, drum and fife,
Countless little wants and whims,
Weary and annoy thy life?

Mother, has thy little child,
Watching every look and word,
Ever see thy patience fail thee?
Ever words too hasty heard?

Mother, thou thyself be gone,
Lives each look, each word for aye;
Every impress thou dost make,
Is for immortality.

Mother, noble is thy work!
Never dare repine again—
God, not man, appoints thy share—
Joyfully respond, Amen.

SPEECH OF

Hon. S. B. ELLIOTT,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATINES,

On the Senate Resolution instructing our Senators in Congress to vote for the expulsion of the Traitor, Jesse D. Bright.

I did not intend to occupy any portion of the time of the House until I heard this energetic, earnest, vigorous defence in these Halls, of an arch traitor. I had made up my mind, to sit quietly during this debate, as I have heretofore, during the session of this winter, but, sir, I can do it no longer, when such doctrines are proclaimed as we have just listened to. What a spectacle have we presented here! A member rises in his place, and in his place upon this floor defends a man who has recommended a "reliable friend" to "His Excellency, the President of the Confederate"—a man, sir, who has treason in his heart. For if ever a man had treason in his heart, I believe that man is Jesse D. Bright. Aye, here, upon the floor of the House of Representatives of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, loyal as she is to the Union, we find such a man defended and extolled beyond all moderation of praise! Who is it that thus extols Jesse D. Bright? A gentleman who comes in here and boasts of a thing of which as a member of this House of Representatives, he should be ashamed—*that a halter was hung at his door* by his people because of his political opinions. Sir, I do not wonder at it. It was a fit condemnation. I have, lying up in my table, the very resolutions passed by the convention that nominated that gentleman and his colleague. I will read those resolutions, for they are very brief. I take them from the *Elk Advocate*.

The following are the resolutions referred to, and which, on the objection of Mr. Duffield, were not read to the House:

In pursuance of a resolution passed at the Democratic convention held at Ridgeway, August 1860, the Representative Comerees of the counties of Clearfield, Jefferson, Elk and M'Kean, met at St. Mary's on Thursday August 15 for the purpose of nominating suitable persons to represent this district in the Legislature.

The convention was organized by selecting Geo. Weis, Esq., President, and J. B. Oviatt, and Lever Fogal, Secretaries.

The committee on resolutions, through their chairman, Dr. J. T. Boyer, reported the following which were unanimously adopted by the convention:

Resolved, That we are in favor of a speedy settlement of the present difficulties by compromise.

Resolved, That when one section of our country shall have been subjugated by the other, we have already become the slaves of a military despotism

Resolved, That the small patriot band of Senators and Representatives, in the last extra session of Congress, who dared to maintain the integrity of the constitution under the menaces of expulsion and imprisonment, are entitled to the gratitude of every American citizen; and impartial history will award them an enviable distinction

Resolved, That the persistent determination of the majority of the members of the late extra session of Congress to frown down every measure that had for its object the peaceful adjustment of our national difficulties, indicates a fanatical mania that would have much better become the crusaders of centuries gone by, than the representatives of a free, intelligent, and christian people of the nineteenth century.

Mr. DUFFIELD. I rise to a question of order Have these resolutions anything to do with the question before this House?

Mr. SPEAKER. They are not properly in order.

Mr. ELLIOTT. I withdraw, then, my proposition to read them and will simply state that the resolutions are almost as full of treason as the letter of Jesse D. Bright.

Mr. Speaker, I deprecate as much as any gentleman upon this floor, the lugging in of a political question here at this juncture. It has not been done by those who act with me politically. I am a party man, it is true, in ordinary times, but in this question I am determined to lay aside all party. I have not thought of party. Had Mr. Bright been a member of the Republican party, I should have voted just as readily for his expulsion as I do now. I do not take into consideration that he is a member of the Democratic party I have discarded all politics in this question; and I hope to God I may ever discard them when questions like this are at issue. I say I deprecate any such political issues; and I was glad to hear the "constitutionall" gentleman from Bedford, (Mr. CRESSWELL,) say that he deprecated such questions, as I was also glad to hear the gentleman from Cambria, (Mr. Pershing,) make a similar declaration. Though a member of a political party, I wish it understood that in this matter I discard all parties, and all political preferences. It is a question of treason or loyalty to this government.

We have before us here two propositions: One of them is a plain, concise resolution. I will read it:

"*Resolved*, That our Senators from this State, be, and they are here hereby instructed to vote for the immediate expulsion of the said Jesse D. Bright from his seat in the United States Senate."

That is a very plain and concise proposition. The other, which it is proposed to substitute for it, is ambiguous and uncertain in its terms. Now, I hold the case to stand thus: if the treason of Jesse D. Bright is open to question, is not plain and apparent, then this amendment ought to pass; if it is not questionable—if it is plain, open and apparent to all, then the more pointed the terms that we use in denuciation of his treason the better.

Let us examine for a single moment the evidence of his treason that we have before us. Allow me again to refer to the letter which has been already several times read. It begins: "*My Dear Sir*" Had it been a formal letter between Jesse D. Bright and Jefferson Davis, it would have been "Sir" Had it been a tolerably familiar letter, it would have been "Dear Sir." But it is almost an affectionate letter, expressing on its very face deep and tender regard for Jeff. Davis—"*My* Dear Sir!" But what else do we find? "Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance *my* friend Thomas B. Lincoln, of Texas" Jefferson Davis and Jesse D. Bright were friends; so were Jesse D Bright and Thomas B. Lincoln; it was a mutual friendship between them. And, mark you, do you suppose that Jesse D Bright being a friend of Jefferson Davis, would have introduced to him any other than a man who believed as Jefferson Davis believed? Of course not. But let us read the letter further: "He visits your capital *mainly* to dispose of." &c. He certainly, according to Jesse D. Bright's idea of the matter, had more than *one* object in view. The great object, perhaps, is disclosed further on in the letter.

"He visits your capital mainly to dispose of what he regards as a great improvement in *fire arms*." Fire arms! The very thing of all on the earth which the loyal people of this Union wished to prevent falling into the hands of Jefferson Davis. The plotters of the rebellion had stolen our arms and ammunition through the instrumentality of the traitor, Floyd. Through his treachery valuable arms had been removed from the arsenals where they could be of service to the government in an emergency, and had been taken down south to be used by rebels and traitors in battleing against the sacred constitution of our country, and yet, notwithstanding all this, Jesse D. Bright, with the facts before him, recommends this man to Jefferson Davis as having "a great improvement in fire-arms," which of course Davis would stand in need of, as Bright well knew. But, as I have said, there was more than one object in view. One object was he fire-arms; but there was something else which he had failed to disclose to us.

But what does Jesse D. Bright acknowledge in that letter? He says—"He visits *your capital*"—thus acknowledging that Jefferson Davis was the head of an existing government—admitting, in fact, the independence of a *de facto* government of the confederate states.

Now mark the time at which this letter was written. It was written on the first of March. Long before that the Star of the West had been fired into when it attempted to provision a beleagured fortress belonging to this government—when Major Anderson, with less than a hundred men, had been housed up there in Sumter, and the traitors had forbidden him communication with his own government and his own people. I say that when an unarmed vessel—harmless in the face of the world, had attempted then and there to provision that beleagured fort, the rebels had opened fire upon her. Furthermore, Jesse D Bright knew at that time that there were seven States that declared themselves out of the Union—that had announced their determination to make war upon this government. Aye, notwithstanding all this, Jesse D. Bright writes a letter and recommends to Jefferson Davis a man ready to furnish him with those very things, as I remarked before, which we did not want him to have—a man who would assist in giving to that arch-traitor and his minions, the means of murdering our loyal citizens.

Mr Bright says: "I recommend him to your *favorable* consideration." Well, no doubt if Mr. Lincoln had succeeded in reaching the capital of the "confederate states," he would have been a very acceptable visitor. He recommends him as "a gentleman of the *first respectability*." No doubt he was one of the F. F. V's—one of the first families! This was a great consideration, for the aristocracy that has taken so large a part in this rebellion—an aristocracy, borne up as it is, upon false systems of government. It was important that he should be a gentleman of the "first respectability;" that he should be no "mud-sill," no "greasy mechanic," but a very respectable gentleman, besides being "reliable in every respect" He says, in effect—"Jefferson Davis, you can confide to him anything of your treason, just as you have confided it to me. He is your and my mutual friend; understand him to be such. He is a very respectable gentleman, and withal, is reliable in every respect. You may disclose to him all your ideas of treason—all your plans, all your plots. He is reliable, and you can trust him."

Then, to conclude the matter—to cap the climax—to make it doubly sure, he addresses this letter to "His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, *President, &c.*" President of what? Of rebels, of traitors, of men who had taken up arms against the government. No, sir; "President of the *Confederate States of America*." It is enough. Mr. Speaker, for a man to address a letter that way, no matter what its contents—for a man sitting in his place as a United States Senator to address, thus, one who stood at the head of a rebellious government, a wicked and iniquitous government, founded for the purpose of breaking down this Union and our sacred Constitution. I say for a man to address a letter in that way is enough to convict him at once of treason.

Now, as I remarked before, if this is a plain case, then the plain proposition brought in from the Senate, and the one which I read, is the one to be adopted; and if I have, with my weak argument and my feeble powers, shown anything clearly, I believe it is that treason lurks in every sentence of that letter from Jesse D. Bright to Jefferson Davis This is a letter written by a United States Senator, who has since declared (for it is patent to all that he has done nothing for which he is sorry—nothing which he would not do over again)—who has since declared no regret for so doing; exhibits no remorse of conscience or confession of guilt, but stands up in the Senate bold and defiant, and says "gentleman, I will do it again if I have the chance!" And here to-night I say these halls have been desecrated by having the name of Jesse D. Bright spoken of with commendation.

In conclusion, allow me to say one word in regard to the question of perjury and trial by jury, which has been so often referred to here in this debate. I do not understand, Mr. Speaker, that the United States Senate in acting upon this question, is in the position of a court determining a judicial question. It is not, as I understand, provided in the constitution that they shall sit as a judicial body in the expulsion of a member. An act might subject a member to expulsion which would not subject him to a judicial trial. Then why talk of this as a judicial question only.

Now, it has been urged that a Senator would be guilty of perjury if he should obey instructions that were contrary to his own opinions. If gentleman believe in the right of representation—if they believe that members are sent to a legislative body to express the wishes of their constituents, they must concede the right of instruction on the part of this Legislature to our Senators in Congress. In this affair a member may consider that his constituents are wrong in desiring certain legislation yet does he commit perjury in obeying their express wishes to secure such legislation? I do not understand it so. There have been some minor questions, since I have been a member of this body, on which I have believed differently from the mass of my constituents; yet I never believed that their wishes, when clearly expressed, would be disregarded by their representatives here. I never have nor never will disregard them. My constituents are intelligent and know their interests as well as I do. To express their wish is that for which I was sent here. This obedience of the representative to the will of his constituents is the principle of our republican government—the will of the majority expressed through their representatives. So it is with our Senators in Congress It is not their personal wish or will that is to prevail, but the will of their constituents. Though Mr. Cowan may have expressed an opinion as to the innocence of Jesse D. Bright, yet he is not the gentleman to make light of the wishes of this body.

In concluding I will merely say again, that above all things to be deplored in this discussion, is to treat it as a question of politics, a question of party. I suppose the gentleman, (Mr. Zeigler,) meant to affirm that because the party to which he belongs had been able to destroy this government, they would be able to build another, yet I think him greatly mistaken. I say I deplore such party questions and I hope they may never be brought up again at a crisis like this, and I also hope that Jesse D. Bright, a co-conspirator of Jefferson Davis, shall not again be spoken of in praise and commendation in these halls, nor that a gentleman shall ever again be found standing upon this floor, speaking words of comfort or consolation to traitors, whether in the United States Senate or elsewhere. I believe from the evidence that Jesse D Bright is a traitor at heart, and I trust in God that we here shall express our emphatic condemnation of him and his kind, and that he will be expelled from the Senate of the United States.

A man who marries a rich wife must expect occasionally to have it in his teeth. We have heard a report, however, which we think must have silenced such thrusts. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune, was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. "My horse," said the wife; "my money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing, "and your money bought me."

Suspicion is the palsy of the heart; fear is a chain of ice upon the tongue.—Half words are worse than silence, and either is death to conversation. A man, to be genuine, to be himself, must believe and be believed; must trust and be trusted The scowl of a doubt quenches the charm of conversation as quickly as the shadow of a hawk does the song of a bird."

Oliver Wendall Holmes calls a kiss a limpid consonant. He should have added that it usually follows a vowal, however consonant it may be to the feelings

---

Corn which is seven cents per bushel, is burnt for fuel in Logan county, Illinois. It bears the name "Lazyman's Timber," because it doesn't require to be sawed and split

---

The boys too young to go to war in a Western town, have formed themselves into a corps of "Sawbuck Rangers," and will saw the wood for the wives of volunteers, all winter.

A Dublin journal observes that a handbill announcing a political meeting in that city, states, with boundless liberality, that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

What an amount of American History our grandchildren will have to read and study. It is quite a consolation to think we were before the additional brain tax will be imposed.

A story is told of a person asking another one whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What? lend him money? You might lend him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

Why is a palm tree like chronology?—Because it furnishes dates.

A Romance of the War.

On a fine morning in the lovely month of December, as the sun rose above the misty tops of the mountains that line the Potomac, a young officer might have been seen emerging from his tent in the camp of the Eleventh Pontoons

But it was no common tent.

It had cross halls, a piazza, a wine cellar, and a stove with a rifled stove pipe, to make the smoke shoot straight.

Nor was this young officer a common young officer.

Scarcely forty-three, he had already won the proudest laurels of the gory field, and a black eye attested the blind fury of his valor. In cold weather he was always to be found where the fire was hottest. He was arrayed in a blue uniform, brass mounted, and wore yellow gloves, a red coat, scarlet trowsers, a green cap and a chaw of tobacco in either cheek.—His loins were girded up for battle; fire sat upon his lip; death upon his sword; his neck was clothed with thunder, and his breath smelled of onions.

His father had been an Indian, and his mother a Dutchman, but as both had petitioned the Legislature to allow them to become natives of the M. E. Church, he claimed to be a Portuguese of the *sang azur*, and his name was Senhor Don Rantanquero de Boom jing jing. He was seven feet high in his socks; weight, two hundred and eighty pounds, Troy weight—he weighed more in Albany—and had a good common school education.

His manners were polished, some; he had suffered a good deal with the rheumatism, and knew Dr Watt's Juvenile Poems by heart. In battle he was awful He wielded a Scottish claymore longer than himself, and a brace of double back action revolvers presented him by the celebrated Gun Maker of Moscow.

Thus much for our hero.

"Glorianna—beautiful Glorianna!" murmured he; "maiden of the blue hair and curly teeth how I have dreamed of thee, this night!"

He turned, and saw a slave in crimson velvet approaching.

"Ho, minion!" he exclaimed, "bring shaving water, and order breakfast."

All through the watches of the purple night, while the lillies lay, immobile as as planets, on the sheeny bosom of the tidal waves, and the odor fainting tom-tom sang exhuberant to the sleepy, juice laden creamfruits of the white magnolia.

But no, Miss Prescott has a copyright on all such sort of thing

All night, let me say, then, quite plainly, while Don Rantanquero dreamed of his lovely Glorianna, she sat in her bower on Pennsylvania Avenue, and gazed afar out over the murky shades of Washington, to where the lurid camp fires of the brave Eleventh Pontoons hurled back in angry glare upon the heavens. As day broke, she could see by the dawn's early light the Star Spangled Banner that was so proudly hailed at the last beaming of the twilight; although during the night the red glare of the rocket and bombs bursting in air, had given proof that the flag was still there

"Long may it wave."—*Aldrich.*

"Oh, Rantanquero!—oh, my love!" cried the maiden, rubbing her left ear, "How long must we dwell in loneliness apart?"

This occurring at the moment when our hero uttered his loved one's name, was a remarkable coincidence, and was frequently referred to for several years afterward by those who were curious in such matters.

The door of the bower was suddenly and angerly thrust open and a young man entered.

"What in thunder are you calling that feller your 'love' for?" said this young man.

He was a disagreeable person, who, being rich, was to marry Glorianna. She didn't want him for a husband, but her father was obdurate. He was a tough cuss.

"Avaunt, base villian!" cried Glorianna; "I loath thee. By heaven I swear it! Unhand me! Death before dishonor! Ha, ha!"

"Who's a techen of yer?" asked the rich villian, whose name was Peter.

At this moment the sullen roar of the distant cannon was heard, some miles off

"Go," exclaimed the maiden; "Your country calls! Who but a poltroon would linger when the deep voiced cannon speaks? Why tarry here in ease and luxury?"

"I don't know," replied Peter; "I don't care much about this war."

The peerless beauty cast up him a gaze of withering scorn that made his hair sizzle, and blistered his noze a little.

"Don't get riled," said he.

"Go, then, and win a name in the field of blood and glory."

"Not any."

"Leave me!"

"Not till you promise to forget your foolish passion for Don Rantanquero."

"Desecrate not that name with your sordid breath!" cried Glorianna, and her eyes flashed so that a neighboring rooster thought it was sunrise, and began to crow.

"I will have his blood!" roared Peter.

Glorianna wept. She wept a good deal.

Peter drew a jewel hilted poignard from the bosom of his dressing gown, and brandishing it in the air.

"Ere one hour has elapsed," said he, "this weapon shall drink at the fountain of his heart!"

The reader will observe that this young man used imperfect language. The reason was that he was uneducated. He was born of poor but honest parents, and had made his fortune by writing for religious papers.

He started to leave the room, but Glorianna clung to him.

"Stay—stay," she sobbed; "take not so dear, so noble a life."

"I'll bet you in the eye," remarked he, "ef you don't let go o' me."

She sank in a swoon and a corner.

Half an hour later, Peter stood in the tent of Senhor Don Rantanquero de Boom jing jing. That mighty warrior lay on a sofa asleep. The brandy he had taken at breakfast was a little too much for him

With stealthy movement, Peter drew near and raising his glittering dirk high in the air, down it came with unerring aim and frightful force.

Let us draw a veil over this sad scene.

HOPE.—Hope is a wonderful gift of God, and one of the most powerful principles in the human mind. It is the grand support of all mankind in tribulation; it is the main-spring of action throughout the earth; nothing like hope inspires courage in difficulties and dangers; and what but hope can wipe away tears, and cheer the sorrowful heart? Hope for better things in time to come, is the support of all sufferers in the world; it is also the life and vigor of all adventurerers. We shall find inscribed on the prison-door, on the merchant's vessel, on the warrior's banner, on the pilgrim's staff, and on the pillow of the dying. It animates the lawyer at the bar the preacher in the pulpit, the parent at the head of his family, and the starving poor, while passing through the dreary winter. We plough in hope, we sow in hope, we reap in hope; we live in hope, and we die in hope. Fill the heart with hope, and you fill it with life and light, with vigor and exertion. Banish hope from the earth, you fill it in a moment full of darkness and despair. Where hope lives, man looks forward, and strives to rise to happiness and glory.

If we die to day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly tomorrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories.—Is he dead? is the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can exclaim, "I remember him."

SLANDER.—Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast of so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so foul a foe. It is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable It is as fatal as the sting of the most deadly asp—murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

A Store was broken open one night, but strange to say nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," countinued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked so high they couldn't afford to take them."

An old lady walked into the office of a Judge of Probate in Massachusetts once upon a time, and asked:

"Are you the Judge of Reprobates?"

"I am the Judge of Probate."

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady, "you see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

A writer in an English paper is very indignant that "the ladies are always drunk last" at convivial gatherings.—What would the writer expect! They are certainly the last we should like to see drunk.

☞Subscribe for the JOURNAL.