



White & Johnson, Publishers & Proprietors.

MAINTIEN LE DROIT.

[\$1.50 per Annum.

WHOLE NO. 181.]

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, AUG. 11, 1870.

[VOLUME 4, NO. 28.

James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HAN-
OVER, Ontario.

Medical Advice gratis.
F. W. PRITCHARD, A. M. M. D.,
formerly Surgeon C. S. Army—
Residence one door South of Jas. Brown's
store, Lower Town, Durham. The doctor
will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE,
each day from 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.

All orders left at Findlay & Shaw's
Drug Store promptly attended to.
F. S.—Pure Vaccine Matter on hand,
so bring along your children and have
them vaccinated.

R. T. Porter, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRAD-
UATE of Victoria College, Toronto.
Office—In Griffin's Building, Durham,
County of Grey. All calls, day or night,
promptly attended to.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—
Office—Over Palgish's store, Upper Town,
Durham, Ont.

THOMAS DIXON,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—
OFFICE—Next door to the Telegraph
Office, Durham. 164 ft.

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c.
Money to Lend from one to ten
years, on easy terms of interest. Farms
for sale.
Durham, 10th June, 1868. 71-ly.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed
Auctioneer for the County of Grey,
Leeds, &c., Valued, Books and Accounts
made up and collected. \$50,000 to
be loaned on good Farm and Town Property at
5 per cent. OFFICE—14 Garafraxa St.,
Durham.

C. McDougall,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER, Durham, Ont. Painting,
Gilding, and Paper Hanging, done in the
most approved style of the art.

William Buchanan,
FROM GLASGOW,
Scotland, Book-
binder, Sullivan Post
Office. Charges mod-
erate. All orders left at the CAROLINE OF
Wales, promptly attended to. 1-ly.

Durham
Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. L. STORRY IS NOW PREPARED
to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Wag-
ons and Sleighs, manufactured from the
best material, at the cheapest possible rates.
All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr.
Carson's store, Lower Town, Durham.

Kerr, Brown & McKenzie,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS, AND
Groceries, and General Wholesale
Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

HUGH ROSE,
General Blacksmith, opposite
Wiley's Boot and Shoe
Store, Lower Town, Durham—
Good workmanship, punctuality and mod-
erate charges are the rules at this Smithy.

IF YOU WANT FURNITURE
go to
SHEWELL'S
Cabinetware and Chair
Factory,
OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL
DURHAM.
SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.

WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY
description can be had as cheap,
and as good as at any other establishment
in the County. All work warranted.
Ware-room, One Door North of the sign
of the big chair.

MRS. WOOD & MRS. E. PERKINS
MILNERS & DRESSMAKERS.
BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY
are prepared to do Millinery and
Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the
patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs.
Perkins is well acquainted with above
branches, and also Straw-work. Finishing
done in good style.
Residence next to R. McKenzie's
large brick store, Lower Village.

George Isaacs,
SADDLER, HAR-
NESS and Trunk
Maker, opposite the
Crown Land Office,
Durham, Ont.
Whips, Spurs, &c.
always on hand.
Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

HOTEL CARDS.

HALF-WAY HOUSE,
RICHARDVILLE, JAMES BELL,
Proprietor. Having leased the
above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J.
Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class ac-
commodation to travellers and the public
generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Ci-
gars always on hand. Superior Stabling and
an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.


CORNISH'S HOTEL,
RICHARDVILLE. This House has re-
cently been refitted and furnished in
first-class style, with a view to the comfort
and accommodation of the travelling public.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest
brands always on hand. Good Stabling and
an attentive hostler. Stages call daily.—
Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR,
Durham. The subscriber is
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of
Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham,
JAMES ELLIOTT, Proprietor.
The subscriber is thankful for past favors
wishes to inform his old friends and the
public generally, that he has again com-
menced business in the above Hotel and
hopes by strict attention to the comfort of
his guests to merit a fair share of public
patronage.
A good Livery in connection.

DENTISTRY.
JAS. B. BELL, SURGEON-DENTIST.—
Office, One door North of
Elliott's Hotel, Upper Village, Durham.

**A CHOICE LOT OF
FRESH MEAT
ALWAYS ON HAND,**
AT THE
"Durham Meat Market."
CHARLES LIMIN.

Certain Preservation of the Sight.

F. H. Edwards,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
SOLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
OUR CELEBRATED
PERFECTED SPECTACLES
AND
EYE GLASSES,
THE LENSES OF WHICH ARE GRIND-
ED BY US, FROM MATERIAL MANUFACTURED
ESPECIALLY FOR OPTIC PURPOSES. IT IS
PURE, HARD & BRILLIANT
and as near ACHROMATIC as can be
produced.
The peculiar form and scientific accuracy
attained by the aid of complicated and
costly machinery, warrants us in asserting
them to be
The Most Perfect Spectacles
EVER MANUFACTURED
THEY ASSIST THE SIGHT MOST
BRILLIANTLY,
CONFERS
EASE & COMFORT
ON THE WEARER,
cause a continuous and abiding
IMPROVEMENT OF THE EYES,
AND
LAST A GREAT MANY YEARS
without requiring to be changed. So they
are the CHEAPEST, as well as the BEST.
LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.,
233 Notre Dame Street, (see signs) **MONTREAL.**
WE EMPLOY NO PEDDLERS.

MONEY TO LOAN.
Great Reduction of Interest.
The undersigned is prepared to effect
Loan in sums of \$200 and upwards on
approved Farm and Village security, for from
two to twenty years, on the most favorable
terms.
Good Mortgages Bought.
D. Jackson, Jr.,
Durham, July 18th, 1870.

D. JACKSON, JR.,
Land Agent, Conveyancer, Commissioner,
and Insurance Agent.
A few good farms for sale.

**WILD AND IMPROVED
Lands for Sale,**
ALSO,
BUILDING LOTS.
MONEY TO LOAN.
THOS. DIXON,
Barrister-at-Law,
Lower Town, Durham.

**JAMES SULLIVAN,
TINSMITH,
GARAFRAXA STREET, DURHAM.**
(TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE BRIDGE.)
EVERY description of Tinware con-
stantly on hand and made to order.
All work is manufactured under my own
superintendence, and none but the very best
stock used. JOBBING done promptly
and in the very best style; at the lowest
living rates. Particular attention paid
to Eave-Ironing. A large stock of
Stove-Pipes, Elbows, T Pipes and Ridge
Plates always on hand, CHEAP FOR
CASH OR TRADE. (76-y.)

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

It was towards eight on the 21st of
September, 1834, a war-brig, which
had been fitted out for the suppression
of smuggling, was lazily creeping along
over the heavy, motionless swells, just
off the coast of Galway; and on her
deck was being enacted a scene of more
than common interest. The day before
she had captured a small boat laden
with contraband articles, together with
an old man and a boy who had charge
of them; and the Captain of the brig,
whose name was Dracont, had ordered
that the old smuggler should be put in
irons. To this indignity the old man
made a stout resistance, and, in the heat
of the moment, he had so far forgot-
ten himself as to strike the Captain a blow
which laid him upon the deck. Such
an insult to an English officer was past
endurance, and in punishment for his
offence the smuggler had been condemn-
ed to die.

A single whip was fove at the Mar-
board foreyard arm, and all hands were
called to witness the execution. The
rope was noosed and slipped over the
culprit's head, and the running end was
rove through a small snatch-block on
the deck. Until this moment not a
word had escaped the lips of the boy.—
He trembled as he beheld the prepara-
tions; and, as the fatal noose was
passed and drawn tight, the color forsook
his cheeks, and he sprang forward and
dropped upon his knees before the in-
censed Captain.

"Mercy, sir—mercy!"
"For whom?" asked the officer, while
a contemptuous sneer rested upon his
lips.

"For that old man whom you are
about to kill."
"He dies, boy!"
"But he is my father, sir!"
"No matter if he were my own father;
that man who strikes an English officer
while in the performance of his
duty, must die!"

"But he was manacled—he was insult-
ed, sir," urged the boy.
"Insulted!" repeated the Captain.—
"Who insulted him?"
"You did, sir," replied the boy, while
his face was flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you
do not get the same treatment," said the
Captain.

The old man heard this appeal of his
son, and as the last words dropped from
the lips of his captor, he raised his head
and while a look of the utmost defiance
passed over his features, he exclaimed,
"Ask no favors, Robert, Old John
Kintock can die as well now as any
time; let them do their worst!"

Then turning to Captain Dracont, he
changed his tone for one of deep sub-
mission, "Do what you please with me,
sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has
done no wrong. I am ready for your
sentence, and the sooner you finish it
the better."

"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the
Captain. "Jaw hold, every man of you,
and stand by to run the villain up!"

In obedience to this order the men
ranged themselves along the deck, and
each one laid hold of the rope. Robert
Kintock looked first at his father, then
he ran his eyes along the line of men
who were to be his executioners. But
not one sympathizing or pitying look
could be traced. Their faces were all
hard and cold, and they all seemed
anxious to consummate their murderous
work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a
tear started from his trembling lid, "is
there not one, even, who can pity?"
"Up with him!" shouted the Captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands,
and the next moment his father was
swinging at the yard-arm. He heard
the passing rope and the creaking block,
and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt
by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a
simple prayer escaped his lips. Then
another low, murmuring sound came up
from his bosom; it was none of those who
stood around knew its import. It was
a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from
the gang-board into the water, a vivid
flash of lightning streamed through the
heavens, and in another instant the
dead artillery of nature sent forth a
roar so long and loud that the men
actually placed their hands to their ears
to shut out its deafening power. Robert
Kintock started at the sound, and what
had caused dread in others' bosoms, sent
a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh, revenge! revenge!" he muttered
to himself, as he cast his eyes over the
foam-crested waves, which had already
risen beneath the power of the sudden
storm.

"Light, ho!" shouted a man forward;
and the next moment, all eyes were di-
rected to a bright light which had sud-
denly flashed up among the distant
rocks.

The wind had now reached its height,
and with its giant power it set the ill-
fated brig directly upon the surf-bound
shore of rocks and reefs; and every face,
save one, was blanched with fear. In
vain did they try to lay the brig to the
wind, not a sail would hold for an in-
stant, until, at length the men managed
to get up a fore and storm-stay-sail;
and then the brig stood for a short time
bravely up against the heaving sea.—
But it was evident that, even should she
succeed in keeping to the wind, she must
eventually be driven ashore, and with
at least as much consideration, and
acknowledge them entitled to as much
money as wet nurses. The meaning of
this, it was, as we are about to strike
for greenbacks; so much for every baby
born. No greenbacks, no more sons and
daughters. No greenbacks, no more
population, no more boys to carry on
the great enterprises of the age. The
scale of prices for material duties are as
follows: Girl babies, \$100; boy babies,
\$200; twin babies, \$300; twins, (both
boys), \$400; triplets, \$600; triplets,
(all boys), \$1,000. Terms—C.O.D.—
No credit beyond first child, the motto
being, "Pay up, or dry up." Husbands
who desire to transmit their names to
posterity will please notice and take a
new start!

Well done Susan; what's next.
"Chalk Your Bobbins."

Every one knows that old Sir Robert
Peel, father of the late Prime Minister
of England and grandfather of the pre-
sent Baronet, made his money by cotton
spinning. In the early part of his
career his business was not remarkably
extensive, but suddenly he made a
tremendous start, and soon distinguished
himself as one of the richest men in
his country. He grew immensely rich, as
we all know, but he did not all know
the lucky accident to which he was in-
debted for all his enormous wealth.

In the early days of cotton-spinning
machinery a great deal of trouble used
to be caused by filaments of cotton ad-
hering to the bobbins or tapes, which
then formed portions of looms. These
filaments accumulating, soon clogged
the wheels and other parts of the ma-
chinery, and rendered it necessary that
they should be cleared; which involved
frequent stoppages and much loss of
time.

The great desideratum was to find
out some plan of preventing this clog-
ging by the cotton; and Sir Robert, or
Mr. Peel, as he was then called, spent
vast sums in experiments. He employ-
ed some of the ablest mechanicians in
the kingdom, among them James Watt,
who suggested various corrections; but
spite of all they could do the inconveni-
ence remained, the cotton would adhere
to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to
be insurmountable.

Of course these delays seriously af-
fected the wages of the operatives, who
on Saturdays generally came short in
proportion to the stoppages during the
previous days. It was noticed, however,
that one man always drew his full pay,
his work was always accomplished—in
fact his loom never had to stop, while
every other in the factory was idle. Mr.
Peel was informed of this, and knew
there must be a secret somewhere. It
was important that it should be discover-
ed if possible.

The man was watched, but all to no
purpose; his fellow workmen tried to
"pump" him, but they couldn't; at last
Mr. Peel sent for the man into his
private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man—un-
able to read or write, little better in-
deed than a mere animal. He entered
the "presence" pulling his forelock, and
shuffling on the ground with his great
clumsy, wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the
overlooker, tells me that your bobbins
are always clean; is that so?"
"Yes, master, 'is be?"
"Well, Dick, how do you manage;
have you any objections to let me know?"
"Why, Master Pill, 'is be a soart o' a
sacred loike, 'is see, and if I told 'is
others'd know's moch as oi; replied
Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I'll give you some-
thing if you'll tell me—and if you can
make all the factory work as smoothly
as yours!"
"Every one's them, Master Pill!"
"Well, what shall I give you? Name
your price, Dick; and let me have your
secret?"
Dick grinned, scratched, and shook
his great head, and shuffled for a few
minutes, while Mr. Peel awaited his re-
ply. The cotton lord thought his ser-
vant would probably ask a hundred
pounds or so, which he would most wil-
lingly have given him. Presently Dick
said—
"Well, Master Pill, I'll tellee all
about it if you'll give me—a quart of
beer a day as long as I'm in the mills;
you'll save that ten."

Woman's Rights.

Miss Susan B. Anthony gets credit
for saying and writing many queer
things. Among the latest is the follow-
ing "warning to husbands."

"The great want of women at present
is money—money for their personal
wants and money to carry out their
plans. I propose that they shall earn,
that they honorably consider to work for
money as for board, and I demand for
them equal pay for equal work. I de-
mand that the bearing and rearing of
children, the most exacting employments,
and envolving the most terrible risks,
shall be the best paid work in the world,
and husbands shall treat their wives
with at least as much consideration, and
acknowledge them entitled to as much
money as wet nurses. The meaning of
this, it is, that wives are about to strike
for greenbacks; so much for every baby
born. No greenbacks, no more sons and
daughters. No greenbacks, no more
population, no more boys to carry on
the great enterprises of the age. The
scale of prices for material duties are as
follows: Girl babies, \$100; boy babies,
\$200; twin babies, \$300; twins, (both
boys), \$400; triplets, \$600; triplets,
(all boys), \$1,000. Terms—C.O.D.—
No credit beyond first child, the motto
being, "Pay up, or dry up." Husbands
who desire to transmit their names to
posterity will please notice and take a
new start!

Well done Susan; what's next.
"Chalk Your Bobbins."

Every one knows that old Sir Robert
Peel, father of the late Prime Minister
of England and grandfather of the pre-
sent Baronet, made his money by cotton
spinning. In the early part of his
career his business was not remarkably
extensive, but suddenly he made a
tremendous start, and soon distinguished
himself as one of the richest men in
his country. He grew immensely rich, as
we all know, but he did not all know
the lucky accident to which he was in-
debted for all his enormous wealth.

In the early days of cotton-spinning
machinery a great deal of trouble used
to be caused by filaments of cotton ad-
hering to the bobbins or tapes, which
then formed portions of looms. These
filaments accumulating, soon clogged
the wheels and other parts of the ma-
chinery, and rendered it necessary that
they should be cleared; which involved
frequent stoppages and much loss of
time.

The great desideratum was to find
out some plan of preventing this clog-
ging by the cotton; and Sir Robert, or
Mr. Peel, as he was then called, spent
vast sums in experiments. He employ-
ed some of the ablest mechanicians in
the kingdom, among them James Watt,
who suggested various corrections; but
spite of all they could do the inconveni-
ence remained, the cotton would adhere
to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to
be insurmountable.

Of course these delays seriously af-
fected the wages of the operatives, who
on Saturdays generally came short in
proportion to the stoppages during the
previous days. It was noticed, however,
that one man always drew his full pay,
his work was always accomplished—in
fact his loom never had to stop, while
every other in the factory was idle. Mr.
Peel was informed of this, and knew
there must be a secret somewhere. It
was important that it should be discover-
ed if possible.

The man was watched, but all to no
purpose; his fellow workmen tried to
"pump" him, but they couldn't; at last
Mr. Peel sent for the man into his
private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man—un-
able to read or write, little better in-
deed than a mere animal. He entered
the "presence" pulling his forelock, and
shuffling on the ground with his great
clumsy, wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the
overlooker, tells me that your bobbins
are always clean; is that so?"
"Yes, master, 'is be?"
"Well, Dick, how do you manage;
have you any objections to let me know?"
"Why, Master Pill, 'is be a soart o' a
sacred loike, 'is see, and if I told 'is
others'd know's moch as oi; replied
Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I'll give you some-
thing if you'll tell me—and if you can
make all the factory work as smoothly
as yours!"
"Every one's them, Master Pill!"
"Well, what shall I give you? Name
your price, Dick; and let me have your
secret?"
Dick grinned, scratched, and shook
his great head, and shuffled for a few
minutes, while Mr. Peel awaited his re-
ply. The cotton lord thought his ser-
vant would probably ask a hundred
pounds or so, which he would most wil-
lingly have given him. Presently Dick
said—
"Well, Master Pill, I'll tellee all
about it if you'll give me—a quart of
beer a day as long as I'm in the mills;
you'll save that ten."

Mr. Peel rather thought he should,
and quickly agreed to the terms.

"You shall have it, Dick—and half a
gallon every Sunday in the bargain."
"Well, then," said Dick, first looking
cautiously round to see that no one was
near, "this it be;" and putting his lips
close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered:
"Chalk your bobbins!"

That indeed was the great secret.—
Dick had been in the habit of furtively
chalking his bobbins, which simple con-
trivance had effectually prevented the
adherence of the cotton. As the bobbins
were white, the chalking had escap-
ed detection.

Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and
saw through the affair at a glance. He
at once patented the invention, had
"chalking machinery" contrived, and
soon took the lead in the cotton spin-
ning department. This was the founda-
tion of his princely fortune. It is but
right to add that he pensioned off Dick
handsomely.

The Mitrailleuse.

The much-talked of mitrailleuse or
"hail-thrower," which is to mow down
the Prussians in the coming struggle, is
receiving a good deal of attention in
England. In the House of Commons
on July 14th, Lord Buxton Cecil asked
the Secretary of War whether, with
the view of its introduction into the
English service, any steps had been
taken by the Government to ascertain
the effect of the engine of war called the
mitrailleuse, which had been adopted and
highly approved by the French military
authorities. Mr. Cardwell said that
two mitrailleuses had been purchased;
one from America called the Gatling,
and the other from Belgium, called the
Montigny. The latter consists of 37
barrels and carriage, and is similar in
principle to the "infernal machine" of
which the French have now several bat-
teries in the field. The Gatling gun
of the Prussians partakes more of the
character of artillery, the barrels be-
ing only ten in number, of larger cali-
bre, constructed to throw 1-inch shot or
shell.

The following is the Allocation de-
livered by the Pope on the occasion of
the promulgation of the Infallibility
dogma:—"The activity of the Sover-
eign Pontiff has been great, but it does
not destroy, it builds. It does not op-
press, it sustains, and it often defends
the rights of our brethren—that is the
rights of the Bishops, and of some who
have not voted with us. Let them feel
that they have voted in error; and let
them remember that the Lord is not
error; let them remember that a few
years ago they thought as we do. Have
they then two consciences? Heaven
forbid! We pray then that God, who
alone makes miracles, will illumine
their hearts and minds, that they may
return to the bosom of their Father,
that is, to the Sovereign Pontiff, the un-
worthy Vicar of Christ, and war with
us against the enemies of the Church.—
Let it so be that we may say with St.
Augustine—'Lord, you have given us
admirable light and now we see.' May
Heaven bless you all!"

A Chicago clergyman has preached
a sermon against dancing, in which he
says:—"Its effect is to squander money,
cultivate loose and questionable ac-
quaintances, demoralize the youth of
both sexes, until they are led astray and
forever ruined. Dancing hardens the
heart and enervates the mind—unfits
for the duties of life, and taps the foun-
tains of paternal and maternal affection: It
does not improve the mind. On the
contrary the most proficient in this ac-
complishment are the most devoid of
brains."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Evening
Journal records an amusing mistake of
a jeweller in Hamilton, who went to
sleep on Sunday afternoon and woke up
shortly after seven, and being under the
impression that it was Monday morning
took down his shutters and commenced
working. As people were passing to
Church at the time it excited some lit-
tle surprise, and a hotel keeper living
opposite went over and spoke to him
and finally persuaded him that it
really was Sunday.

A small darkey of Montgomery, Ala.,
sent out to pick berries the other day,
buttoned himself up closely in the rem-
nant of a Yankee military overcoat.—
When he returned his mother accosted
him thus: "What you wear dat thick
overcoat for such a hot day as this?"
"Beats, mammy, said the loyal boy,
de Yankees does it." "You're a little
fool," said the indignant old mammy, "do
you 'posse de Yankees got as much
sense as we 'Mericans has?"

The Emperor Napoleon's favorite
saddle-horse is a black mare, named
Marengo. The saddle on her is made
expressly in accordance with the phys-
ical infirmities of the Emperor.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

What is almost as well known as the
postmaster's knock? The innkeeper's
tap.

Scorn everything which injures, in
the least degree, another's character.

Better to be upright with poverty
than unprincipled with plenty.

Those who never retract, love them-
selves better than the truth.

The swearer's mouth is blackened by
the soot of the bottomless pit.

A man may have much of the world,
and yet not be much of a man.

Those who tell you of other's faults,
will make themselves as free to others
of your own.

If you begin by apologizing for what
cannot be defended, you will end by
defending what cannot be apologized
for.

The discovery of what is true, and
the practice of that which is good, are
the two most important objects of philo-
sophy.

Prudence is that virtue by which we
discern what is proper to be done under
the various circumstances of time and
place.

There are three companions with
whom a man should always keep on
good terms,—his wife, his stomach, and
his conscience.

In Queen Victoria's crown there are
1,362 brilliant diamonds, 1,272 rose
diamonds and 147 table diamonds, 1
large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds,
4 small rubies, and 277 pearls—a total
of 2,286 precious stones.

There is hidden thunder in the stores
of heaven, ready to burst with burning
wrath, and blast the man, who owes his
greatness to the ruin of his neighbor.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between
sunrise and sunset, two golden hours,
each set with sixty diamond minutes.—
No reward is offered for they are gone
forever.

Honor is a pair of gloves, which a
worldly man puts on when he goes out
to hide the color of his hands, and pulls
off when he is alone, to get at his object
more conveniently.

Eloquence.—The power to translate
a truth into a language perfectly intelli-
gible to the person to whom you speak.
All poetry and prose must be written in
the language of the people.

True religion is a time-piece, which a
man of sense puts in his pocket when he
is in the street, and draws out and lays
upon his desk when he comes in, to di-
rect him in his private business.

An Irishman being a little muddled,
was asked what was his religious belief.
"It's my religious belief ye'd be asking
about? It's the same as Widdy Brady,
an' she believes I'll never pay her—
an' faith that's my belief too."

A blacksmith having been slandered
was advised to apply to the courts for
redress. He replied with true wisdom,
"I shall sue nobody for slander; I
can go into my shop and work out a
better character in six months than I
could get in a court-house in a year."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The western papers are getting tired
of religious exhortations from condemn-
ed murderers and other peculiar people.

"Uncasy lies the head that wears a
crown." A head would be very un-
comfortable without one.