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## IS IT COME?

The following is the poem that attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and induced him to make a present of £100 to the authoress, Miss Frances Brown—*Edinburgh Ladies' Own*.  
Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile,  
Who looked for the world's long promised day,  
And saw but the strife of Egypt's soil,  
With the desert's sand and the granite grey  
From the pyramid, temple and treasured dead,  
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;  
They tell of the slave and the tyrant's dread—  
Yet there was hope when that day began.  
The Chaldee came with his starry lore,  
That built up Babylon's crown and creed;  
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris shore  
With signs which our sages scarce can read.  
From Ninus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower  
The rule of the old East's empire spread  
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—  
But still, is it come? the watcher said.  
The light of the Persian worshipped flame,  
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;  
And once on the west a sunrise came,  
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true!  
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,  
With human gods and with godlike men;  
No marvel the far-off day seemed near,  
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.  
The Romans conquered and revelled, too,  
Till honor and faith and power were gone;  
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,  
As, wave after wave, the South came on.  
The gown was learning, the sword was law,  
The people served in the oxen's stead;  
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,  
And evermore, is it come? they said.  
Post and Sear that question caught  
Above the din of life's fears and frets;  
It marched with letters, it tolled with thought,  
It roared in schools and creeds which the earth forgot,  
And statesmen trifle and priests deceive,  
And traders barter our world away;  
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
And still, at times, is it come? they say.  
The days of the nations bear no trace  
Of all the sunshine so far forgotten;  
The sun speaks in the teacher's place—  
The age is weary with work and gold;  
And high hopes wither and memories wane—  
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;  
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;  
And this is all that our Watcher said.

## THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.

My readers, there is nothing more delightful than visiting a pretty, bright-eyed woman, on a pretty, starry night. I can tell you, a pretty woman is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* A man in the presence of a lovely lady should graciously thank Providence for His benignity in creating her. The ruler of the universe arranged all those beautiful curls on that pearly neck, all those might be attractive and pleasant unto man. Those rare lips and that snowy brow, and those heavenly eyes, and that swelling bosom were granted to her to render her a suitable partner for us. In our visits to her, then, let us remember it, and bow obedient to the shrine of her beauty.  
Of course, every gentleman more or less frequently visits the ladies. Not to do so argues him unqualified for the balmy atmosphere of a lady's parlor, and unsuited for the sweetest pleasure of this short existence. The man who has no friends among the women is in a sad position. Than to be such a man, I would prefer to be suspended by a hair over the cliffs of Dover, or navigating the Arctic Ocean in a canoe. Even animals are sociable; pigs confabulate, and swine are capable of sustaining a conversation. Elephants visit each other, and alligators enjoy evening entertainments. Horses indeed have an established code of etiquette in their chit-chats. In fact, I once knew a silly beast who associated (by accident purely) with refined horse-company until he imagined himself an excellent riding animal, and full of spirit. The consequence was, he rendered himself ridiculous on all occasions by his intolerable vanity and abominable attempts at the imitation of his superiors.  
If fondness for company is thus true of the lower animals, how much more true of man.—The great question to be considered then, is how to render society and even a single visit pleasant and profitable. In the first place, it is generally conceded that no one should be present at any entertainment, public or private, or visit any fair lady, or in any manner whatsoever protrude himself upon genteel company, who cannot contribute his share to the interest of the occasion. Such a rule excludes boys with shirt-collars three inches high, and skull six inches thick; it demotes dandies, and depopulates the whole tribe of speckle-faced nihilities. It gives decent men a chance, and consigns to their merited oblivion all red-eyed boobies. Such a rule works cogently, and is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* It should be generally adopted in this benighted country. The dominion of boydom would be over; it would breathe its last sigh gently as a sick hen. Misses in their facetious teens would no more snicker and blush even to their eye-brows at the compliments and stupid flatteries of some sentimental, kid-gloved, hook-nosed little gallant. Their flounces and party-bows would infest a ball-room or private parly no more; those satinetts, and jacobets, and bobinets would net no more minnows; I say minnows, for trout don't bite at small baits. They are sensible fish, and know how to appreciate a good thing.  
Such a rule, if adopted, would accomplish another great desideratum in all goodly society. It would destroy with a keen and withering frost those rare exotics which silently bloom in their quiet simplicity. I refer to indeed species wall-flowers. Now they are indeed placid plants, quite content to waste their sweetness upon the desert air, but they always

need some other soil than the one they at the time occupy. In fact, to speak the literal truth, women or men stuck up against a wall, with an awful smile of affected contentment, puckering their lips, are fearful to look at. To be thrown within the sphere of their influence is not a good thing—it's a devilish bad thing—*malum ovum!* Methinks it is like a visit from Boreas, or a search after Sir John Franklin—quite cold and uncomfortable. It robs a man of his hilarity, divests him of his conviviality, and deposits upon his countenance an awful expression of stupidity. May HEAVEN have mercy upon all who may hereafter in a gay saloon be thus afflicted, and alleviate their calamity, as far as the circumstances of the case will permit—which is small—devilish small. Unto wall-flowers themselves, of whatever age or sex, Abdallah would politely but positively and pungently suggest a course of conduct: My dear, remain at home, and, folding your arms quietly, gaze at the family clock. It's a good thing, for it keeps time—*bonum ovum!*—and will serve to occupy your rather vacant understandings. There you may snooze the long, long hours away in uninterrupted felicity, and no one can molest you or make you afraid. *Bonum ovum!*  
To enjoy a visit where only one lady will be visible in the parlor, one must eschew all companions, and call alone. However congenial and friendly two men may be out of the lady's society, in it they insensibly become rivals, and one of them must temporarily yield his claims. They smirk at each other, and endeavor to look the agreeable, but human nature is human nature, and one of the rascals is chuckling at his triumph all the time. A man is not a rock, or an old oak-stump; he cannot look at a beautiful woman showering favors upon another man, and displaying her preference for him by the loving gaze of her dark orbs, and not become a little excited. In fact, to be in company with a lovely woman, who smiles upon your companion, and is indifferent to you, is not a good thing—it is a bad thing—*malum ovum!* But calling alone, one has a free sweep, fine sloop, and full scope. If the visitor be poetical and affects the muses, the moon, the stars, and all troubadour zephyrs are quite at his service. The sun, too, is obedient, and the various Roman gods will come at his call. Homer and Horace are on hand, and he can rhapsodize on blind John Milton and the old English poets. He can sympathize with the sorrows of Burns, or depict with magnificent effect the unholy death of poor Edgar Poe. To be brief, he can very easily make a fool of himself, or on the contrary, if he be capable, confer infinite pleasure upon the fair lady. If he be a political gentleman, he can unbury the often-exhumed Napoleon, or that huge tyrant Caesar; he can belabor Arnold and eulogize Washington; he can spread himself upon the American eagle, and wave the banner of the Union in the halls of the Montezumas. If he be sentimental, there is the history of Mary, Queen of the Scots, rich in its details and entirely new, or the still more affecting tragedy of Barbara Allen, who murdered in cold blood a gallant youth yelped Jenny Groves, Esq., A. M. The clerk may interest the lady with a discourse upon calico and Brussels lace, or may complacently allude to "our commercial emporium." The lawyer may expatiate upon the importance of his last case, the physician upon his last patient, and the poor devil of a school-teacher upon the flogging last administered to some hopeful scion of aristocracy. In fine, to visit a lady alone, removes all fetters, banishes all unnecessary restraint, and renders one decidedly comfortable. To do so is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!*  
In visiting, one frequently encounters sarcastic young ladies. On such occasions the gentleman should obsequiously bow to their superior wisdom and wit. It is not a supposable ease that a man of twenty-five or thirty could have more experience or real sense than a young lady of seventeen, wise in her juvenescence, and sapient in her remarks. Such an idea would be an absurdity—*malum ovum!* Consequently all sagacious Misses should neglect no opportunity of attacking all dignified gentlemen with antique *bon-mots* and conceited good things. All gentlemen should waive their dignity and spare the lady's feelings by the appearance of surpassing humility and absolute awe.  
In visiting, conversation should be sustained, though pauses are often agreeable. Some men imagine they must pour forth a stream of words, otherwise they will be pronounced dull and uninteresting. Sensible women do not so think. On the contrary, they rather like pauses. Thus they have opportunity for reflection, and time to analyze their own emotions and the remarks of their visitors. Such pauses, however, must not be rendered stupid. A calm *negligé* air should be visible in the faces of all present, and whoever resumes the conversation should do it with grace and elegance. I have known fools to attempt it, and they made a poor thing of it—a devilish poor thing—*malum ovum!*  
In calling upon a bride, ceremony must be observed. If the visitor calls alone, he must not omit presenting his card in a proper manner. If there be several visitors, the bride must be honored with the card of each. Some little suggestions, too, should be made to the servant about the delivery of the cards. He

should be instructed to approach the bride differentially, handing her the cards one by one, and making his salaam, or bow, with the delivery of each. As soon as the visitors enter they should seat themselves with mathematical precision, and permit a stately pause to ensue. In the interesting interim the gentlemen might ruminate on matrimony, and the charms of a honey-moon. After suitable silence, the oldest and most voluble gentleman present should disturb the stillness with sapient observations on wedlock, and particularly on her marriage. He should conclude his discourse with something jocular, at which his companions should simultaneously snicker.—A graceful calmness being thus obtained, the conversation may become general, and the weather especially may be discussed. After an interesting hour thus spent, they can appropriately retire with suitable obeisances and complacent chuckles. To call on a bride in this manner is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* There is nothing ridiculous or ceremonious or silly in such a proceeding, and it is well calculated to win the bride's favor, if she should be an intellectual lady.—Especially will the matter of the cards conciliate her. It is an enormous insult to call upon a lady without a card. In some of the States it is a penitentiary offence. Dr. Samuel Johnson, were he alive, could not be permitted to eschew the card custom. We might indulge the ponderous lexicographer in many of his whims; but we would bind him to the laws of etiquette. The old horse might kick, but we would curb him in. Edward Pinker, however, and Henry Clay, I have been informed, ventured to call upon some of the lady-acquaintances without cards, and sufficed, I was told, in consequence of the enormity, no diminution whatever of political renown or legal reputation. My informant, however, was a great liar, and I did not credit him. It certainly must have been a lie—*malum ovum!*  
Upon the introduction of a stranger great attention should be bestowed. In the first place, the name of the lady and her own, should be pronounced by the introducer in very low tones, so that neither of them can possibly hear the name given. This will produce a magnificent awkwardness, highly entertaining when the stranger addresses a remark to the lady.  
It is customary with us, but nevertheless wrong, for strangers to be introduced by their gentlemen acquaintances. One of the parents, or some one of the lady's relations is the proper person to bestow an introduction upon a stranger. Then the ceremony becomes pleasant to him, and he feels at once recognized by authority as an estimable acquaintance. But custom has established a pell-mell introduction in this progressive republic. So we must make the best of it as it is, and although we oppose, we must assert it to be a good thing—*bonum ovum!* As soon as our friend makes the acquaintance, through our instrumentality, of the fair lady, we should at once rest content with our efforts, and throw the gentleman on his own responsibility. If he blushes, and is still as the blessed calmness of a summer eve, let him thus remain. If he become restless and perturbed, by no means throw out any invidious remark calculated to soothe his disunspirited. Offer no suggestion, ask no question, but let him repose in his enviable position, careful meanwhile that a placid smile floats upon our lips, beautiful as the silvery cloud upon October's ruddy sky. *Bonum ovum!*  
Engrossing the conversation is a vice so rare in this country that it is scarcely necessary to rebuke it. Occasionally, however, innocent young gentlemen, out of sheer condescension to the elder and more unattractive visitors, (when the parlor is full,) play the regal in discourse. They place upon their juvenile shoulders the burden of rendering every body comfortable and calm.  
Sometimes in these their very commendable and insinuating efforts, they rush up against a snag, in the shape of some intellectual gentleman, and, being vital, they are, of course, slightly injured. It should be suggested to very youthful gentlemen, that it requires brain to elicit and retain the pleased attention of miscellaneous companies. Brinsley Sheridan had decided talent in that way, and posterity reckons Thomas Jefferson an elegant conversationalist. But my very young friends, they were matured men of remarkable mental calibre. Their contemporaries were delighted with their marvellous wit and most princely humor; but, odds fish! your conspicuous vanity without genius to support and regulate it, your abominable presumption without wit to authorize it, and your awful ignorance without an idea to illumine it, render very poor indeed your claims to present consideration or future glory. My young friends, be wise, and divest yourselves of superfluous agreeableness. Acknowledge your errors to yourselves, abandon them forthwith, and commit yourselves to the guidance of a beneficent humility. It will be a good thing—devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!*  
Ladies are frequently highly entertained by visitors of unusual dignity and remarkable gravity. The sacred presence of such gentlemen gives an unusual balminess to the atmosphere of the parlor. Their demeanor, moreover, begets a corresponding solemnity upon the part of all present. One can thus conveniently ruminate upon the delightful themes of grave-yards, coffins, corpses, and the inex-

orable monster—Death. To suggest such topics of such a general interest at such a time is a good thing—*bonum ovum!*  
If one be particularly interested in any young lady present in general company, American etiquette explicitly demands that one should give unequivocal demonstrations of the fact. The lover must cling, like the clam to a rock, unto the side of his beloved. If the young lady flinches, and intimates in any manner her annoyance, he must not be abashed. Faint heart never won fair lady, and it is exceedingly sensible to woo her in the presence of others. *Bonum ovum!*  
Ladies should always make the proper distinction in regard to their visitors. The hopeful scion of the aristocracy of wealth should be treated with more deference than the intellectual poor gentleman. However elegant and agreeable the latter may be, to the former must be accorded all the glory of the visit.—He has been nurtured in affluence and bred to luxury; and though noble thoughts have never petitioned for entrance within his cranium, he must be placed on the eminence of superiority. This, etiquette peremptorily urges and custom sanctions. Intellect becomes ignominious when compared to gold; for the last hath carriages, and carpets, and curtains of exquisite device, and ladies love them all.—All hail to men of pecuniary resources! Let the poor devil take all poor folks who are at the same time intellectual and proud. To be a poor visitor is not a good thing—it is a devilish bad thing—*malum ovum!*  
**INCREASE OF ROMANISM.**  
Archbishop Hughes recently delivered a lecture before the Young Catholic Friends' Society, in Baltimore, a digest of which we find in the *New Bedford Mercury*. According to this prelate, people have indulged in speculations upon the power and endurance of the Catholic Church in the United States, this church never having been, before the Declaration of Independence, connected with any government, except as its favorite or its foe. The Archbishop derives the Catholics in the U. States from three sources—the primitive stock of the Maryland colony, immigration and conversion. In the year 1785, John Carroll, a Jesuit, was appointed by the Holy See as the Superior of the clergy in this country. In Maryland, at that date, there were between sixteen and twenty thousand Catholics; in Pennsylvania eight thousand; in New York there were two hundred. "These," he says, "are the three sources from which, as I will name them, the native, hereditary and American Catholics are to be derived." At this date, 1785, there were four Catholic churches in the States, but no Catholic schools, colleges, hospitals or orphan asylums. From subsequent accessions of territory, the Archbishop does not consider that we have gained many original Catholics. Next comes immigration, and this, according to the lecturer, has been too highly rated. Up to the year 1825, the immigration from the British Empire amounts to a little over 800,000, but the tide of Catholic immigrants did not set in towards this country till after the close of the revolutionary war, and a great part of this even was Protestant, that is, the north country people, who settled in New Jersey and Western Pennsylvania. From the year 1825 to the year 1850, a period of twenty-five years, there arrived from Great Britain and Ireland, 1,458,225 immigrants, and from the year 1850 to 1856, in the city of New York alone 1,319,236 immigrants, and in all from these countries, since 1790, we may call the immigration about 3,250,000. For the last fifteen years, the Archbishop considers that four-fifths of the immigration has been Catholic, and that one of three of the immigrants die soon after their arrival, as they are especially exposed to the accidents of life, to sickness, hardship of every kind, and toilsome poverty. Hundreds of thousands of the descendants of the Catholic immigrants, have fallen away from their religion, but it is equally true that they hardly added anything to any other denomination of Christians.  
By the census of 1850 there were in the United States 19,553,965 white inhabitants, of whom 2,240,535 were of foreign birth. With the exception of 950,000, which was the number of Irish according to the census, the remainder of those of foreign birth came from Sweden, Norway, the German States, Great Britain, &c., mostly Protestants according to the lecturer. By the closest examination, and arranging the results according to the best ascertained authority within reach, it follows as an approximate calculation that at the present day there are in the United States, say, eleven hundred thousand (1,100,000) Catholics born in foreign lands; over eight hundred thousand Irish and three hundred thousand Germans, because of the German immigration there are two Protestants for one Catholic. Now, we find according to the Catholic Almanac for 1856, that the Catholic population of the United States is 2,397,500, eleven hundred thousand foreign born Catholics, and the balance, twelve hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred, must be of the primitive stock or have been acquired. Conversion, then, must be taken as one of the chief means to which we may attribute the increase of the Catholic Church. We have already given the total Catholic population; the number of priests in 1785 was 23; now there are 1761 priests; at

that time there was no archbishop or bishop; now there are seven of the former, and thirty-five of the latter; from four churches there are now 1910 churches, and 895 stations for worship; also 37 seminaries to train up youth, 24 colleges, and 120 female academies. Such are the last estimates, given briefly, of one of the most noted Catholic dignitaries in the country; he looks on the prospect of the Catholic Church as good; it will increase by the medium of native born Catholics in this country; immigration will probably diminish, but the principles of their fathers will be continued in their children. The lecturer then cites the little republic of San Marino as an instance of a republic which, though it is Catholic, has yet retained its independence for a period of 1400 years, and closes with the remark, "it should be that the Catholic religion desires no more light than she possesses; no more liberty and laws, by which this country has made such astonishing progress, leaving religion to take care of its own concerns—every denomination managing its affairs in its own way." If the archbishop would induce his followers to live up to this golden rule, let "religion take care of its own concerns," and not interfere with other affairs not concerning it, especially those of politics, we might all get on comfortably. But the precepts of the expectant Cardinal differ from his practice, and therein consists all the difficulty.  
**USE OF A NOSE.**—A good story is told of Mozart, at the time he was pupil of Haydn. The latter challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the bait, and a fashionable supper was to be the forfeit. Every thing being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying:  
"There is a piece of music, sir, which you cannot play, and I can; you are to give the first trial."  
Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once, he exclaimed:  
"How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."  
Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped.—Running along the simple passages he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart as every body is aware, was favored, or at least endowed with an extremely long nose, which, in modern dialect, stuck out about a foot. Reaching the difficult passage he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key, which nobody could play.  
Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music, which he had never before discovered.  
**A PARSON LOOKING FOR SHEEP.**—A preacher was travelling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin, where an old lady received him very kindly. After setting provisions before him, she began to question him: "Stranger, where might you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky."  
"Wall stranger, hope no offence, but what might you be a do'in way up here?" "Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of Israel."  
John, John, shouted the old lady, come rite here this mornin; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby county, Kentucky, a hunting stock, and I'll jest bet my Gizard that tangled haired old black ram, that's bin in our lot all last week is one of his'n."  
**A NICE BEFELLOW.**—Wall, stranger, said a backwoodsman to a man whom the landlord of the hotel both were stopping at, had detailed to sleep with him—Wall, stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least, but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see I am an old trapper, and generally dream of shootin' and scalpin' Injuns. Where I stopped night afore last they charged me five dollars extra, cause I happened to whittle up the headboard in the night. But you can come, stranger, if you like—I feel kinder peaceable now.  
**CONSUMPTION.**—Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent physician says:  
"If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except in rainy weather or mid-winter; then I would sleep in an unplastered log house. He says that consumptives want air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—plenty of meat and bread. "Physic has no nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you."

## NOT ASHAMED OF RELIGION.

In one of Hannah More's fascinating letters, contained in her *Memoirs*, she gives her sister an account of an interview she had recently held with the Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, on the subject of Mohammedanism.—Pointing to some nobleman in the room, the ambassador said, "I do not know how these lords do, but I am not ashamed to own that I retire five times a day to offer prayer and oblation." How this fact may strike the reader it is not for the writer to know; but he felt on reading it half ashamed of some Christians whom he has known to conceal their character when they ought to have avowed it, and wholly ashamed of himself that he has been so much like them.  
Why should I be so? Why should it happen that we should sometimes in early morning enjoy sweet communion with Christ in the closet or at the family altar, and before night feel unwilling that persons of the world, with whom we have casually come into contact, should know that we profess to be Christians? Is it, indeed, true that we can ever hesitate to believe in the infinite excellence of Christ, or to set a proper estimate on the blessings we have received from him? It was not so always. There was a period when we first discovered the preciousness of Jesus and his mercy, when we at once aimed  
"To tell to sinners round,  
That a dear Savior we had found."  
Were not these happy days, and did we not feel we had a blessed employment? And now that we have received his favors for many months, or even for many years, why hesitate to avow his cause, or to make known the riches of his mercy? Would it not be well to return to our former feelings and practice, for assuredly it was better for us then than now. Christian zeal should increase the nearer we advance to heaven, instead of declining. Let us not, dear reader, be ashamed of Christ, lest he be ashamed of us.—*Watchman and Ez.*  
**I HAVE NO TIME TO READ.**—The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recesses of all his philosophy, and explore the untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal, and a world trembling before him, with kings in his ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones, with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended by the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Caesar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual conversation. Every man has time; if he is careful to improve it as well as he might, he can reap a three-fold reward.—Let mechanics make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They can, if they will, hold in their hands the destinies of our Republic; they are numerous, respectable and powerful; and they have only to make the effort and we see them qualified to frame laws for the nation.  
A few days since, says an exchange, a lovely little child of four summers was buried in this town. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman plucked up by the roots a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it with him to the grave. After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman holding up the plant in his hand said:—  
"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower which I plucked from the garden we have just left. By taking it from its parent home, it has withered; but I here plant it in the head of this grave and it will soon revive and flourish. So with the little flower we have just planted in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has withered, but it is transplanted into the garden of immortality, where it will revive and flourish in immortality, glory and beauty."  
**PROGRESS OF THE AGE.**—A schoolboy, about ten years of age, approaches the master with a bold front and self-confident air, and the following dialogue ensued.  
Boy—May I be dismissed, sir?  
Mr. Birch, scowling—What reason have you for making the request Thomas?  
Boy—I want to take out my woman a sleighing, sir.  
Mr. Birch—Take your seat!  
**TRIED MEN.**—In reply to another paper, which recommends that the candidates for office should be men of "tried integrity," the Albany Knickerbocker says—"This is being done in this country. One of the candidates for the Assembly has been "tried" four times three times for swindling and once for bigamy. There is every prospect that we shall have some tried men in our Common Council ere long."  
"Society, what are wages here?" "Don't know." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Tight as a brick."  
The *Lewistown Gazette* says the sleighing party (thermometers, in that hailwick, are down to freeze and squeeze all the time.