# For the Raftsman's Journal.

## A THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR 1858. BY LOGAN.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good for his mercy endureth forever." Ps. 166: 1. We thank thee, O Lord! with the heart and the voice. As long as we live we'll give thanks and rejoice. Thy mercies are great, and forever endure :

As sweet is thy word as thy promise is sure. We thank thee, O Lord! for the gift of thy son; For the cross be endured; for the crown he hath won; For the work he bath finished our bliss to secure; For the heaven he purchased, so holy and pure.

And O! for thy spirit so freely bestowed, We thank thee, we bless thee, our Father and God. Thy spirit with comfort and light shall impart The image of Christ to the contrite in heart.

We thank thee, 0 Lord! for thy favor and love; And every good gift that comes down from above; We thank thee for sunshine, we thank thee for rain, We thank thee for yellow fields waving with grain.

We thank thee for friends and we thank thee for foes; We thank thee for pleasures; we thank thee for woes; We thank thee for hunger; we thank thee for food; We thank thee for making all work for our good. We thank thee for raiment, a shelter, and home,

And all its dear joys that we never need roam; And for thy rich grace, all so boundless and free, Thro' which all thy goodness still binds us to thee. Thou healest the sick, thou dost pardon our sin; Thou keepest us when we go out and come in; When weary and faint thou art ever our stay; And the light of thy face drives our darkness away.

## WHEN GEORGE THIRD WAS KING.

In the second volume-just published-of Mt. Massey's well-planned History of England during the reign of George the Third, there and which we must needs rifle of some of its contents. The judicious critic will say that All this tended to evil. the chapter is not fair, that it tells all the evil of this portion of our good old times, and omits compensating details. Very true-so critic doubtless would be, that he tells of no tells of what our forefathers did as a commu-Massey's account of the early days of George was bound, if possible, to make them cat to ly could match it in the year one thousand mistress of a hall containing no literature betrast is fairly provoked, and it comes strongly drinking songs-the Justice of the Peacr-a in sid of our old doctrine, that bad as society | book of sports and a theological tract or two. | hauled to the pump; sometimes a man came may be now, it has been worse and is becoming better: that our duty is not to deplore the | depended for its supply of literature solely on

church by excess of zeal. But, in the early excess of infidelity. The supple family parson making in Mr. Thackeray's Virginians-belongs to the past of which we speak. Family livings still exist; but they are not given to | bright conservatories did not then exist; even utable dependant of a dissolute patron, to the son of a jobbing attorney in part payment for filled. Of the remainder, a large part were in the hands of gentlemen indeed, but of gentle- | try into London, and, if they did not stay there men who frequented fashionable assemblies, sauntered at watering-places, or haunted the levees of great men. A clergyman who did inally as a preceptor, really as a servile comby their morals, cast discredit on the church. religion which pervaded "good" society. Re- and York put together. ligious observances were openly derided, and no man who dreaded ridicule would venture, in polite company, to show any respect for

State patronage was in the king's hands; and the royal power-even perhaps the Protestant succession-was maintained only by the use or abuse of it. Sir Robert Walpole was the first who systematically carried on the | The theatre, a card-drum, a ball and an occaking's government by means of parliamentary corruption. He troubled himself little-writes | crowd of pleasure-seekers that was flocking ev-Mr. Massey-about any niceties or intricacies of management, but went straight to the point. Mrs. Cornleys's, and the Pantheon, therefore, He bought the member with a place; or, if he only wanted a vote, he bought it with money taken from the secret-service fund. The Duke of Newcastle extended and organised the system so successfully, that by its operation alone, in the absence of every other qualillestion for power, he became, for some years, the dictator of the administration. His plan was to buy up the small constituencies. At to see the world of London, and dignified clerone time he was said to have farmed, in this manner, one third of the House of Commons.

The beau of the time of Anne and of the Hanover succession was painted and perfumed like a woman. He took a woman's time over his toilet, wore silks, brocades, lace, embroidery, and jewels. He seldom stirred abroad on foot except for a turn in the Mall; and, if he had only to cross the street from his lodging woman to enter the garden. He closed the the river. The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing to a tavern, he was conveyed in a chair. His time, away from home, was spent in gallantry and gaming. He read plays, novels, lampoons | invasion of their privileges, tore down the barand tracts in ridicule of religion, and condemned educated men as prigs and pedants. The men of fashion who were men of wit, however high their ambition, usually looked low for their pleasure. When vindictive enemies sought for whatever charges could discredit Sir Robert Walpole, not a voice urged against the minister the grossness of his conversation and the periodical debaucheries of Houghton, which were to the whole country ed club of the most fashionable ladies and genmatters of talk, but not of censure. They be- tlemen; the ladles balloting for the gentlelonged to the life of the day. Of three men who were leading ministers during the early part of the reign of George the Third, two, Lord Sandwich and Sir Francis Dashwood the one successively Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty, the other Chancellor of the Exchequer-were the most notoriously profligate men of the day. They were the founders of the Franciscan Club, which, in the ruins of Medmenham Abbey, scoffed at the sacred things of hearth and altar.

In those days ministers of state held daily levees, at which bishops and priests, jobbing Marriages of convenience were then the rule. and vanquished the members of parliament, mayers who had Parents concluded them between each other merica and England.

boroughs to sell, agents, pamphleteers, coffee- (as business contracts, and upon women this flocking about the man who possessed power and patronage, deserting him as he lost influence, ever in search of notice from the man in whose courts it seemed to them most profitable to be time-servers and sycophants. mansion of the Duke of Newcastle in Lincoln's Inn Fields was the most extensive mart of patronage ever opened in this country, and it was thronged with clients. When this duke fell, atter a dictatorship of fifteen years, the king himself assumed the keeping of the great source of corruption; his Majesty's own levees were thrown open, and the saloons of ministers were thronged no more.

We have referred to the gaming and we return to that. It was the great vice of England during a large part of the eighteenth century. Cards, dice, and betting engaged people of all ranks and ages-learned or unlearned-man or woman. Whist required too much thought, the gambler also could not intoxicate himself with it rapidly enough. Brag, crimp, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, Ico, spadille could be played quickly without brains. The ordinary stakes were high. At one of the proprietary clubs. White's, Brookes's, Boodle's -- instituted to evade the statue against gaming-houses, the lowest stake was fifty pounds, and it was a common thing for a gentleman to lose or win ten thousand pounds in an evening. Sometimes a whole fortune was lost at a sitting. Every fashionable assembly was a gaming house. Large balls and routs had not yet come into vogue. A ball seldom consisted of more than ten or twelve couples. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all the guests, and even when there was dancing, cards formed the principal part is a chapter upon English manners in the of the entertainment. Ladies often contractyoung days of that king which brings together | ed debts of honor to fine gentlemen larger very cleverly a good many interesting details, than they could pay, larger than they could venture to confess to a father or a husband.

Few women were well taught. In town, levity was the fashion. In the days of Queen Anne, the daughter of a country gentleman be it. The author's reply to the judicious was bred as a cook; and, that she might do her duty as a hostess, often received lessons exceptional misdeeds or short-comings: he from a carving-master. If she married in the country, she might get a husband with the nity. A terrible picture of our own day might graces of a publican who would press friends be drawn from the criminal reports, and if Mr. | to drink away their reasons as urgently as she the Third came from such sources, we certain- absolute repletion. She probably became the eight hundred and fifty-eight. But the con- youd a cookery-book, and a filthy book of

The country town, if not of the first class, past, but to apply all energy to the securing of the occasional visits of a hawker or a travel-Great scandal is caused now-a-days in the The state of the roads during a great part of the year made visiting impossible. Agriculdays of George the Third, scandal arose from ture was still represented by patches of culti- of his immediate predecessors. For evvation, seen at intervals between the swamps with his bottle and his pack of cards-the Rev. | and wastes that formed the pervading charac-Mr. Sampson, whose acquaintance we are now | ter of the landscape. Next country villas with trim lawns, and well-kept walks, shrubberies furnished from all regions of earth, and secure bread to the family fool, to the disrep- a common flower garden was not a usual appendage to the house of a gentleman qualified to be king of the shire. The house, though service done, or to clients found in the worst substantial was rarely clean, and had, under company. The greater proportion of the liv- its window not the jessamine and roses, but ings were, in the time of which we speak, thus the stable and the kennel. No wonder that people who had means flocked out of the coun-

carried London tashions home. In the early days of George the Third there were still to be found country gentlemen of not chase the fox, was commonly a hunter for | the old type; but, commonly, the country lady preferment; and, with that view, would accom- had received some polish in the metropolis, pany the young heir on the grand tour, nom- and took her daughters for the like benefit to spend a winter in London or a season at B th, panion. Or he would write pamphlets and par- after the veame home from the boarding school. agraphs for his employer, give his clerical in- London had grown, and roads into it had finence in his own parish at elections, even be- thriven, so that, about a hundred years ago, come the distributor of bribes. Such men ob- a writer had to speak with wonder of the new burn Road [now Oxford Street] as covering All this lay at the root of that indifference to an area larger than the cities of Bristol, Exeter,

Up to the middle of the last century, gaming remained the fashionable entertainment; it a pursuit too serious for mixed society .-Other diversions were invented, and numerous places of amusement opened in London and the suburbs. The fashionable dinner bour was three or four. The evening began at seven. sional masquerade, no longer sufficed for the ery year into London. Ranelagh, Vauxhall, became fashionable places of resort.

Ranelagh supplied, at Chelsea, spacious as sembly-rooms with a fine band. The large area of the building was thronged as a promenade, made soniewhat select by the price of admission. There were boxes opening to the garden for those who desired more strictly select society. To Ranelagh, visitors repaired assemblies, saw nothing objectionable in its rotunda. Vauxhall, from the time of Queen Anne to an advanced period of the reign of George the Third, was a fashionable sink of infamy. The lessee, in seventeen sixty-four made an attempt to check the wickedness that made it seandalous if not unsafe for any decent schedule walks and lit up the recesses; but and blowing above water, caught hold of the the young gentlemen of fashion, resenting this tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the riers and put out the new lights. At Almack's people of quality assembled for high play. In Soho Square, Mrs. Cornelys kept a house of an exclusive character, but of questionable reputation. Masquerades and operas -approached through guinea tickets-were the ostensible amusements, assignations, the real business of the establishment. Worst of all was an assembly called the Coterie, a mix- ty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but men, and the gentlemen for the ladies.

Mr. Massey tells us that "unless we are to discredit the concurrent testimony of the pulpit, the press, the stage, the records of courts world. It is nothing more nor less than a of justice, private letters and tradition-which has hardly ceased to be recent-it is manifest that the depravity of manners in this country from the accession of the House of Hanover to the end, at least, of the first ten years of George the Third, was not excelled in the decline of the Roman empire, or in the decay of

the old French monarchy." Marriages of convenience were then the rule.

house politicians were accustomed to attend, practice was most oppressive. The power of a father in the disposal of his daughter was, as a general rule, absolute. Young people sought escape from under this oppression by clandestine matches, and these were multiplied by the uncertain state of the marriage law. We pass over the frightful abuses to which way was made by a custom that declared every marriage valid that was performed any where between persons of any age and under any circumstances, if it was solemnised by an ordained minister of the Protestant and Roman church with the consent of the contracting parties. This rule begot Fleet-parsons, and gave, it was said, the revenue of a bishopric to Keith's chapel in May Fair. Three thousand couples were married in one year at that chapel. Its advertisements appeared in the newspaper almost daily, and, through the year seventeen hundred and fifty, this atrocious puff was prefixed to them in the Public Advertiser: "We are informed that Mrs. Keith's corpse was removed from her busband's house in May Fair, the middle of October last, to an apothecary's in South Audley Street, where she lies in a room hung with mourning, and is to continue there until Mr. Keith can attend her tuneral."

London streets, in the early days of George Third, were infested with bold thieves, who did not scruple to stop carriages after dark in the public thoroughfares. Drunken men were constantly to be met; no well dressed gentleman could walk without receiving insult and injury; a walk a mile out of town could not be taken, even in daytime, without some risk of being waylaid. In the streets the narrow footway, until seventeen hundred and sixtyone, seperated from the carriage road only by a line of disconnected stakes and posts, set at wide intervals, was frequently blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, or obstructions placed there for the direct purpose of annoyance. Carmen and hackney coachmen considered it good sport to splash clean people from head to foot. If a terrified woman or bewildered stranger slipped into the kennel, there were shouts of triumph and delight. In the roadway the confusion was yet greater. There being no regulations for traffic, dead locks and stoppages arose. Loud altercations were then swollen by the chorus about carriages of cripples and beggars, and if there were ladies in a family-coach, some street vocalist was likely to begin a filthy song, of which the refrain would be taken up by numerous bystanders. Mohs were common; foreigners were habitually insulted, sometimes a pickpocket was by, shricking under the lash at the cart tail. Such is the account given by Mr. Massey on his faith as a historian, of the condition from which we have surely worked some little way upward since the first years of the reign of George the Third, and in the lite-time ery statement in it there is plenty of authority. It is not a complete picture of those times, but it is a picture of that part of them which is now dead, and we have copied it for

## Buck wheat as Food.

the pleasurable contemplation of any one who

is at all zealous for a revival of old habits.

M. Isidore Pierre has recently been making some investigations on buckwheat, from which we condense the following interesting results: Buckwheat cakes are equal to pure white bread as regards the phosphates or bone-making material, and nitrogenous principles which they contain, and are superior to bread in fatty matters. The general yield of buckwheat when cooked is about three times the weight of the flour used, showing that such flour will retain forty to forty-one per cent of water. Between different batches of ground buckwheat there is a great dissimilarity of composition-one batch containing nearly seven times as much nitrogen, twenty-five times the amount of phosphates, and a hundred and fifteen times as much fatty matter, as another. The bran is tained stalls, deaneries and bishopries; and, town lately sprung up from Piccadilly to Ty- the richest portion of the buckwheat, but cannot be digested by weak stomachs. The finest qualities of buckwheat flour, and the white mill dust especially, are very suitable for children and persons in delicate health, while the coarser varieties require a stronger stomach but the high play of the clubs then made of and much exercise for their perfect digestion.

LARGE GAME IN INDIANA COUNTY, PA.-The Indiana Register, of a recent date, says :- On Tuesday last, a bear was tracked in a cornfield at Taylorsville, and immediately chase was given, about a dozen men with a number of dogs enjoying the sport. The bear was run about three miles, to near the farm of Samuel Rice, Esq., where he was treed, and after receiving five balls, was brought to the ground. He weighed 350 pounds undressed, the skin from the point of his nose to the end of the tail, was 7 feet 6 inches, and 5 feet 6 inches between the front paws when the legs were stretched out. When brought into the village, Bruin was dressed and a part of the carcass roasted, and, of course, finished out by the citizens. The animal's skin was stuffed and exhibited at our County Fair, where it atgymen who did not venture into other public tracted great attention. On Friday, October 1st, a very large wild cat was killed in the same vicinity by the same party.

No TIME FOR SWAPPING .- A Hoosier was traveling down the Ohio, in a steamer, with a mare and a two year old colt, when by a sudden careen of the beat, all three were tilted into natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore; but the freighted colt swam to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Phree booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "its mighto a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."

A contest is now in progress in Paris which attracts the attention of the whole civilized game of chess. The contestants are Mr. Paul Morphy, an American youth of twenty-two years, and Monsieur Harwitz, a Frenchman, who, up, to the advent of Morphy, was reputed to be the first of living chess-players. The contest is not yet decided. The successful player is to win the first seven games. We may remark that Morphy has already met and vanquished the best chess-players of A-

#### THAT AWFUL UGLY HOSS: OR SAM VARNEY'S VENTURE

Sam Varney was a Green Mountain Boy. He had worked as a hired man on different farms, and had laid up some money. He had frequently been employed in bringing loads of produce to the Boston market, and had made sales quite satisfactory to his employers. On several occasions he had made little specula-

tions of his own which were quite profitable. On one of his visits to Boston, Sam had fallen in with a sailor, who was a native of the same town where he himself was born, and they had a great deal of conversation. One of the interesting facts which Sam learned from his townsman was, that sailors were occasionally permitted to take out a small renfure, as it was called, of their own, a little package of goods, a barrel of mackerel, or something of that sort, which would not take up much room in the vessel. This they sold; and brought home the proceeds in the produce of the country they visited.

On his return home, Sam meditated pro-foundly on this subject; and finally concluded to make a voyage to the West Indies, and take a venture with him. The next question was what this venture should be. He had nothing on hand at the time but a small horse; which he had won in a raffle, and had not yet been able to dispose of. He was not a very beautiful horse. On the contrary, he was generally pronounced by the neighbors "an awful ugly boss." His neck was too short: his head was too long. His body was lean and scraggy. His mane was rough and refractory, and persisted in standing up too much in spite of trimming and grooming, and his tail looked like a mop. But Sam had ridden him repeatedly, and found that he was

capable of great speed in running.

The sailor had told Sam that whole cargoes of horses were frequently sent from Connecticut to the West Indies, and disposed of at a large profit. So he determined that his horse should be his venture. Accordingly he mounted him, rode down to Boston, put him into a stable and went in search of his sailor friend. He soon found him, and communicated his plan. His acquaintance, Tom Standish by name, was afraid he would not be able to carry it out; but promised to lend all the assistance in his power. He had just shipped in a vessel bound for Jamaica, and more hands were wanted. He introduced him to the captain, who made no objection to shipping him as a green hand. When the question of the venture came up, there was difficulty. He had no accommodation for a horse on board the brig. Sam offered to put him on deck and take care of him. This would be inconvenient and would interfere with his duty. Determined to carry his point, Sam offered pay freight, cash down, before sailing; and the captain, rather amused at his pertinacity, and curious to see how the venture would succeed, agreed to the proposal. So the horse was shipped, and the vessel sailed.

Sam was the butt of the sailors during the whole passage out. There was no end to their jeers at the appearance of the little horse. Their nautical jokes on him were inexhaustible, and Sam Varney's venture was considered the most desperate and ridiculous speculation that had ever been attempted.

But Sam was perfectly imperturbable. He answered all their railleries good-naturedly, and told them "they had better wait and see the upshot. He had never made a bad speculation yet, and he guessed he knew what he was about. The hoss was not a very handsome hoss, but he was a very good one. He guessed be could sell him."

At length the brig arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, and Sam soon had his horse landed and stabled. When he came to offer him for sale, nobody seemed inclined to buy. The horse was decidedly too ugly for a saddle or gig horse; and the very draymen turned up their noses at him. Presently the races came on, and everybody was hurrying out of town to the raceground.

Sam mounted his horse and rade out with the rest. He looked on with much interest at the first race. He observed that the horses were not remarkable for their speed. There appeared to be no thorough-bred blood-horses among them; and he concluded that the races had been got up by the planters from their love of sport, without having any real racehorses on the island. He believed that his little horse could beat them all; and he determined at all hazards to give him a trial. So he went to the maragers and offered to enter him for the next race.

Sam's proposition was received with shouts of laughter. It was considered a capital joke. But Sam told them it was no joke. He was perfectly serious. He wanted to run his horse against the whole field, and was ready to bet on him. He was accordingly entered, and instantly heavy odds were offered against him. Two to one, five to one, and, finally, one planter offered twenty to one.

On hearing this offer, Sam said he would take it. It was necessary to produce the amount of his bet. He was in the dress of a common sailor, and his antagonist said that he was not going to be trifled with, the stakes must be deposited with managers. How much would be bet? "Five hundred dollars," replied Sam. "Well, down with your dust," said the planter. Whereupon Sam took off a leather belt which he had round his waist, under his clothes, and counted out five hundred dollars in doubloons. The planter's check was pronounced satisfactory, and received by the managers. Many other bets were made by different persons, with heavy odds against

Sam's horse. When Sam rode up to the starting place lustly down the current, with his owner still there were shouts of laughter at his appearhanging fast. "Let go the colt and hang on ance, and the most unsparing censures of his presumption in entering on the race. Sam paid no attention to this, but started with the rest; and it soon became apparent that he was not such a fool as they took him to be. He was among the foremost in two minutes; and at the end of the race, "that awful ugly hoss" was pronounced clearly and unequivocally the victor.

Sam coolly received his doubloons back again, and put them in his belt, together with the planter's check for ten thousand dollars, which was afterward duly honored. He offered to bet on another race, but there

were no takers. For this, however, he was compensated by the most liberal offers for his horse. Five hundred dollars, a thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand, were bid for him. This last figure being the highest, Sam accepted it. On his return to the brig, Sam learned that

no one of the crew but himself had been at

the races. As soon as he came on board the usual bantering began. "Well, Sam," said the cook, "how about that venture?"

"I guess it will do," replied Sam. "Is that awful ugly horse sold yet?" said

the second mate. "Shouldn't wonder if he was," said Sam.

"You don't say so. How much did he fetch?" said the second mate. "Guess," replied Sam.

"Twenty dollars," "More than that. Guess again."

"Fifty." "More than that. Guess again."

"A hundred." "A great deal more than that. You don't know much about Varmount hosses. Guess

again." "Two hundred:" "Oh, it's no use your guessing. That awful ugly hoss brought two thousand dollars, besides the ten thousand I won on him at the

races. So you fellows had better shut up and say no more about Sam Varney's venture." And they did shut up. Sam, on the passage home, was treated with marked respect. The worst that was said of him among the sailors, was, "Cute fellow that Sam. His eye teeth is

Sam went to sea no more. He bought a farm in the Green Mountain State, married a rosy-cheeked Green Mountain girl, and had many sons and daughters.

BATTLE WITH INDIANS .- Intelligence reached St. Louis a few days since of a desperate battle between the U. S. troops and Camanche Indians, near the Wichitta village, in which, on the part of the whites, Lieut. Van Camp and four men were killed, while there was also one man missing and ten wounded, including a Major Van Horn, severely. The enemy had forty killed and a considerable number wounded. Advices from Fort Kearney to the 2d inst., report that Major Crossman, Captain Newton, and Lieut. Bryan, of the engineer corps, and Lieut. Villezpegel, of the 2d Dragoons, had reached that place on the 26th ult. They report the gold excitement as still very high, though the actual results of the operations were not so cheering as the accounts would seem to warrant.

STOP THAT BOY !- A cigar in his mouth, a swaggar in his walk, impudence in his face, a care for-nothiogness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the Mayor of the town. Stop him; he is too fast! He don't know his speed; stop him, ere tobacco shatters his nerves, ere whiskey makes a beast of him, ere his pride ruins his character. ere the "lounger masters the man," good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion; the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproach of themselves.

"Susan stand up and let me see what you have learned. What does c-h-a-i-r spell ?" "I don't know, marm." "Why, you ignorant critter! What do you

always sit on ?" "Oh, marm, I don't like to tell." "What on earth is the matter with the galtell what is it ?"?

"I don't like to tell-it was Bill Crass' knee, but he never kissed me but twice ?"

"Airthquake and apple-sarse!" exclaimed he school-mistress, and she fainted. ADMIRABLE USE OF A MAGNET .- A smith, in Brighton, England, while forging a piece of iron, felt something strike his eye, and subsemently feeling great pain, he went to Dr. King

in Palace street, who discovered that a piece of iron had embedded itself in the ball of the eve. After vainly endeavoring to extract it in the usual way, Dr. King thought of a powerful magnet which he had. He applied it to the eye, and was rejoiced at finding the piece of iron instantly removed.

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!-The work of decapitation has begun at the custom house. Yesterday Mr. W. A. Eagie, inspector, was dismissed. He lived in Delaware county, and voted the regular Lecompton ticket, but he was acquainted with John Hickman. The sad fact was sufficient to mark him as an object of vengeance. "J. B." will not permit his officers to even speak to anybody in favor of Lecompton. Alas! for the republic .- Philadelphia Dispatch.

THE PLOW .- It is not known when or where he who invested the plow was born, when or where he died, or was buried; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, education, &c., have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

The Harrisburg Patriot and Union seems to be considerably flurried because Col. Forney walked the streets of Harrisburg in the company of certain members of the People's party. The Union is hard to please, yet it cannot be expected that the Col. will shape his course to please his Lecompton opponents, and exchange the countenance of the people for the old suspicions of the Buchanan men.

In a school, when the scholars were parsing, the word waif occurred in the sentence. The youngest, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow-puzzled over the word for a few minutes and then, as a bright idea struck him, he burst out with, "I can conjugate it. "Positive waif ; comparative, waifer; Superlative, sealing-

Gray, of the Cleveland Plaindealer, one of the decapitated anti Lecompton postmasters, fell behind his ticket in his recent race for Congress in Ohio. He consoles himself by the reflection that -it appears to be a prevailing complaint among democratic candidates for Congress this year."

A waggish friend says if your wife is everlastingly complaining of being sick just let her see you kissing the hired girl and an instant cure will be effected. He has tried the experiment, and the result was that he has never had to pay a cent for "help" since.

A good action is never thrown away, and perhaps that is the reason we find so few of them.

## APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

Some time since, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, we alluded to the famous apostrophe to water which John B. Gough, the eloquent lecturer on temperance, has repeated to electrified thousands in America and England. Mr. Gough never informed an audience that bo was not the author of that apostropise, and for years has enjoyed the undisputed credit of it. We stated that it originated with Paul Denton, an itinerant of the Methodist church in Texas, and that it was delivered at a barbacue which Denton had prepared, and to which he invited the rangers. It had been years since we'read the incident, and we are delighted to find it in an exchange, credited to a Texas paper. We feel sure our readers will be equalig delighted with its perusal.

The smoking viands were arranged on the tables by scores of slaves, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as the blast of a trumpet in battle, "Stay, gentlemen and ladies, till the giver of the barbecue asks

God's blessing!" Every heart started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all alike were struck by his remarkable appearance. He was almost a giant in stature, though scarcely thirty years of age. His hair, dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets; his eyes, black as midnight, beamed like stars over a face pale as Parian marble, calm, passionless, spiritual and wearing a singular, indefinable expression. The beterogenous crowd, hunters, gamblers and homicides, gazed in mute astonishment. The missionary prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the Throne of Grace. It was the cry of a naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and the water of heavenly lite.

He ceased, and not till then did I become conscious of weeping. I looked around thro' my tears, and saw hundreds of faces wet as

"Now, my friends," said the missionary, partake of God's gift at the table, and then ome and sit down and listne to His gospel." It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness in which these simple words were uttered, that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly, was maddened by the evidence of the preacher's wonderful power. Colonel Watt Forman exclaimed in a sneer-

"Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You not only promised us a good barbacue,

but better liquor. Where is the liquor ?" "There !" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There," he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet. "There is the liquor which God, the eternal. brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glades and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and downdown in the deep valle; s where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the tall niountain tops, where the naked granite. glitters like gold in the sun, where the stormcloud broods and the thunder tones crash, and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there he brews it, that beverage of life, healthgiving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels -spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white ganze around the mid-night moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, the zeraph's zone of the sky, whose wood is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refrac-

exchange it for the demon's drink-alcohol !! A short like the roar of a tempest answered "No." Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are deaf to the divine voice of eloquence, for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were in the hollow of his hand, and the popular feeling ran in a current so freesistible that even the duelist, Watt Forman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting. The camp-meeting continued, and a revival attended it such as never before or since was

ion. Still always it is beautiful-that blessed

life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink;

its foam brings not madness and murder; no

blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and

starving orphans weep not burning tears in its

clear depths; no drunkard's shricking ghost

from the grave curses it in words of eternal

Speak out, my friends, would you

THE OLDEST POSTMASTER .- The Snow Hill, Md., Shield, claims that Mr. Lemuel Showell, Sen., postmaster at St. Martins, in that county, is the oldest postmaster in the United States-Mr. Showell was appointed to the office under the democratic administration of President Jefferson, in 1809, forty eight years ago. He is still hale and hearty.

witnessed in Texas.

An editor up in Minnesota says that he was never happy but once in his life, and that was on a warm summer's day when he lay in the laps of two blooming maidens, being fanned by a third, and kissed by all three. What an inconsiderate chap he must be. Who ever heard of an editor allowing girls to kiss him?

A countryman, who witnessed a lady lifting up her dress, exclaimed, upon beholding the numerous tiers of hoops that encircled her petticoat in the shape of crinoline, "Well, may I be danged, if she arn't got a five-barred gate wrapped round her."

A chap out west who had been afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says that he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected.

Gold is universally worshipped, without a single temple, and by all classes without a sin-Out .. Self beresen alon o