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TERMS.
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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April 19 1843.—3m.

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Phil'a. April 19, 1843.—6m.

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GENERAL PRODUCE,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants.

Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Rutledge's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as usual to receive and forward goods to all points on the Susquehanna Rivers, via the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.

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February 8, 1843.—6m.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
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MERCHANTS and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is full and extensive, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers, at No. 168 Market street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.

GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.
Pila. Feb. 6, 1843.—6mo.

Job Printing.
NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.
THE MORNING STAR.

BY AUGUSTUS SNOGRASS.

Life's morning has a star as bright
As that which rolls on high,
Just as the young Day's cloud gray light,
Steals softly o'er the sky!

A star of joy—a star of love,
Which fondly, purely beams—
Bright as the scenes where gaily rove
Sweet childhood's golden dreams.

It blushes from the azure walls
Where sleeps the faded night,
But by its smiles of beauty calls
The soul to life and light!

Yet as the busy day rolls on
It flies the burning glare,
And fades before the flaming Sun
Within its realms of air.

Then comes the noisy press of life—
The mixing with the crowd;
The hunt for gold—the woe—the strife—
The conflict long and loud!

But back from these my soul will turn,
And gaze on that dim star,
But I behold it as an urn
Where Pleasure's ashes are!

No more the laugh and song surround,
Nor only friendship's smile;
But they are like the dull, dread sound
Borne from a ruined aisle!

I see but dim and misty forms
Once loving and caressed;
Yet they stretch forth their shadowy arms
To touch my heaving breast.

Then gaze I on that sacred Soul
And gaze on that dim star,
Whose words upon my spirit stole
Like winds in Summer bowers!

Before me stands his mighty shade
And looks with eyes severe
And points, through all the Past arrayed,
Unto each distant year!

He lifts on high his shattered lyre
And melody would bring,
But woe in vain the slumbering fire
Unto his mouldered string.

Not vainly did he touch that lyre
While life flashed in his veins;
E'en now his tones fly wing'd with fire
Along our hills and plains;

And if my song has ever brought
A ray of joy to me,
'Twas that the sacred flame I caught,
My early friend from thee!

And though thy humble grave afar
My knees have never press'd;
Yet thou dost shine, a sacred star,
For ever in my breast!

But oft when Silence still the Earth
And breaths her spell on me,
I dream that thou dost wander forth,
And that I walk with thee!

But on thy brow I see no more
Thy many woes impress'd—
Woes, which like smoke-fangs stung and bore
Thy spirit to its rest!

But earnest, calm—thou movest by—
And on me lay'st thy hand—
I see a blessing in thy eye
Brought from the spirit land.

And oft as thus I walk by thee,
I wander back afar;
And through the mists around me see
The smile of young Life's star.

From the N. Y. Tribune.
Arouse, ye men of Iron Mould.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Arouse! ye men of Iron mould,
Men of the strong and sinewy arm—
Your souls are yet unstained by gold,
Your conscience free from its alarm.

Lift up your heads! why hang them down?
Why fetter the free spirit thus?
Labor is not misfortune's frown—
We live for you, and you for us.

Too long you've grovelled in the dust,
Too long been Pity's willing slaves,
Fearing your noble powers to trust
Beyond their deep and living graves.

God made you men, and men you are,
Then let new fires within you burn.
Awake from thralldom, burst each bar,
And all repelling actions spurn.

Rise in your strength—the iron hands
With which your souls have long been bound,
Will prove but threads in giant hands,
When action with your rights is found!

Shake off your chains! Wealth is not Worth,
And live a freeman, not a clod,
Not dare to let a humble birth
Destroy the eternal gifts of God!

Then rise to being—rise and claim
The boon that Heaven to labor gives,
Though but a smile—the proudest fame
For which Man dies, for which he lives—
No longer kiss the earth, but scorn
Oppression's shafts against her hurl'd.
And rise in power from Virtue born,
For, Atlas-like, ye bear the world!

From Graham's Magazine for August 1843.
Jack Spanker

AND THE MERMAID.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SILENT CHILD," ETC.

It was a warm, still afternoon in Summer, the waters of Portland harbor were as quiet as if never ploughed by keel or tossed by tempest; the idle flag hung to the mast, and sails, half-hoisted to dry, lay in loose heavy folds. Every object was as palpable below as above the water. Old Zeke was seated on the bench under the ferry-house sign, and nothing was more natural than that we school children should gather about him and ask for a story. It was evident Zeke was in a sentimental mood, for his eye wandered far off upon the waters, and he heaved a deep sigh as we approached and claimed his attention. Then he glanced at the little, low window, where Mrs. Stanford was making pastry, a tumbler half filled with flies standing beside her, the top covered with a piece of bread with a hole in the centre.

'Do you see there?' said he. We all followed the direction of his eyes, and rested ours upon the fatal fly-trap.

'That accordin' to my way of thinkin', is a picture of the sea. Every shaver with free limbs and a bold heart is drawn' to it, and ten to one his first cruise is his last one. For, somehow, an old salt aint no man at all, but a kind of part of the ship; and he can't be washed off into Davy's locker unless the ship goes too. But 'tis the young ones that aint got the right cut of the job that get washed overboard. But as I was sayin', they will go to sea, just as them as flies crawl into that tumbler, and so fall off, flounder about for a little while, and then it's all over with 'em. But that's all nat'ral-like, for some how I dont see how a right down tar could sleep in one of them graves, (and he pointed toward the church-yard,) with the arth and stones crowded over him, and people walkin' about and tellin' all sorts o' yarns right within hail of him—Oh, 'tis hard to think upon; and he breathed heavily, giving his duck trousers an uneasy hitch.

'But, now, 'tis nothin' to be drowned in comparison. No boxin' up, no cold arth crowdin' down, but the free water all about, and the wind pipin', and sailors hallin' one another and singin' the 'Bay o' Biscay,' which accordin' to my notion, is one of the greatest songs sung, always exceptin' the 'Constitution and Gulliver.' But, as I was sayin', it must do a sailor's bones good to hear such things about them. They'd be kind o' oneasy on the land, and miss the roll they'd always been used to.'

Here Zeke arose from his seat and paced back and forth upon the small patch of green, as if suffering from some painful emotion. At length he stopped before our little group, and fixing a tremendous quid within one jaw, he said very solemnly, as one who had become nearly desperate—

'I tell you what, children, 'tis not no fault o' mine that I'm kneeled up here like a useless old hulk; I never wanted such moorings, I can tell you. Why it does seem as if the sea would n't take me in; I've been shipwrecked something like twenty times, off and on. I've been on short allowance nigh about as many times as there's ropes in a ship, till I was about the leanest dog you ever see; I've been washed overboard, have been taken by privateers, have been scuttled, capsize'd, and, somehow, I've always got off. There's the good ship Morgianny, I loved the wheel o' that ship as if it had been my own child, and every cable, rib and spar in her—How prettily she'd answer to her helm! how sort o' nice she'd come round to the wind; no yawing, no creaking, but sary like and easy, just as little Kate used to turn her head one side and sail to the leeward, when I told her I shouldn't object to tryin' the flavor of them lips of hers. Well, the Morgianny went down one night in about one of the ugliest gales I ever weathered; and the poor thing creaked and moaned just as if it could feel for poor Zeke that couldnt get with her. Well, she threw up a spar, and I clung to it for twenty four hours, and then a ship picked me up, but not till I had chopped off a piece from one end to make a tobacco box.'

Here he took a wooden box from his pocket and held it up before us. It was curiously carved with nautical devices, exhibiting no small skill in the graver. Anchors, cables, hearts and ships were everywhere intermingled.

'That's all my work. I took comfort in doin' it, for 'twas all I could do to show any respect for the poor Morgianny, and little Kate into the bargain.'

'Won't you tell us about Kate?' I whispered, drawing quite near him.

'Not now, child, not now,' and he drew his hand, red hand across his eyes. We were all hushed.

'Well, well, you see I wasn't to go down with the Morgianny, much as I loved her, so here I am kneeled up like a great lubberly land turtle that's lost his reckoning. But come, that's nothin' here nor there. I'll tell you the story of Jack Spanker and the Mermaid, which was, take it for all in all, about the strangest story I ever heard tell. Jack was a real sailor, and would tell about the toughest yarns of any sailor, I ever heard. Many's the time I've heard him tell this story over in the long watches, slow and earnest as if every word was true as the four gospels.

Jack had a Christian mother, who taught him the truth, and made him promise never to swear to the day of his death. 'Tis came mighty hard upon Jack, for he was up to all kind of fun, and had a free easy way of speaking. I don't know how he managed it, for swearing is as nat'ral to a sailor as

grog or salt water; and, somehow I never felt anywise oneasy about it, considering it a part of the profession, a kind of education that a tar can't do without, and meaning jest nothing more than that he is wide awake, and knows which way the wind sets, and in case of a flaw, it serves to cool off with, for when the blast is once blown out there's nothing more to be said about it. Well, Jack always told the story in the same words, and though it did sound sort of uncreditable at first, yet we got to believing it, cause we'd got used to hearing it. That mermaid must have been a putty nice gal, and as to Jack, he was about the trimmest splice I ever see; pot to tall, for that's awkward aboard ship, nor yet short, and when he walked he brought his foot down square, and moved just as the ship did, as if he'd grown up out of her. Then he'd regularly swab of brown curly hair, a dimple in each cheek, and one in the chin. He laughed with his eyes and mouth too, and had teeth as white and even as a shark. Then, you should a heard him roar out the songs, some of them his own making too. He had a sweetheart named Nelly Spaulding, and 'twas surprising the way he used to praise her. Venus, and Diana, and Neptin's wife herself, was jest nothing at all 'long side of her. I don't believe Jack ever cared to look at any other gal, and couldn't a loved any thing else, saving his mother, the ship, or a mermaid. When he was out on the yards splicing a rope, or reefing a sail, you'd hear his voice clear as a trumpet, singing as if nothing was to pay. He used to make up songs about the mermaids that set us all laughing.

'O, mermaids, is it cold and wet
A down beneath the sea?
It seems to me that rather chill
Must Davy's locker be.'

Old Zeke sang the foregoing with a comical mixture of sentiment and jovial reminiscence, bringing out the words full and round in true nautical style. We all gave a shout, and begged for more.

'No, no, I was only showing how Jack did it, but then you know he was young and handsome; and had a voice to be heard a mile. Well, you see, 'twas these same songs that had like to bin the ruin of poor Jack. Had Old Nick come in any other shape he couldn't have made any thing out of Jack, but how was he to know he'd covered his cloven foot and black legness in the shape of a pretty mermaid? 'Twas n't in his log that such a thing could be.

'Well, the winds had been light, and every little while there came a dead calm. We hadn't much to do but tell long yarns, sing songs, and other fair weather work not worth telling. Jack had bin two hours out on the gib-boom, doing something he might have done in half the time, and we'd been laughing at his songs, and then forget all about him; so I must tell the story just as he told it to me.'

'I'd been singing,' said Jack.

'My mermaid's eyes are diamonds bright,
Her cheek like the blushing shell,
And were it not for Nelly's self
I might have loved her well.'

When I heard an amazing soft-like sound, right under me, and I stopped working to see what it meant. I heard a little voice singing

'I have come from under the sea,
For thy voice beneath it rung,
And I would see the sailor boy
That had so sweet a tongue.'

'That you shall, said I, looking over into the water, and I must say, I don't object looking at you. But never mind singing I only sing myself on very particular occasions.

'With that I heard a kind o' tickling, and my faith, I never did see jest such a pair of eyes. They wa'n't black, nor blue, nor green, nor—I can't tell what, but they was wonderful bright, and went through and through that sort of a thing that always has a skewer or arrow run through it.

'I won't deny, says, I you're a nice looking gal, but what colors do you sail under, how do you hail? I've no notion being fooled by any heathenish critter, bred a Christian as I've been.

'You should a seen her laugh. You may call me what pleases you best. Won't you give me a name Jack?

'No, faith, I mean to do that for Nelly. Howsomever, I do n't object to call you Nelly jest one voyage.

'The critter laughed agin, and I don't know how it was, she did look like Nelly Spaulding. I rubbed my eyes over and over agin, but there she was growing more and more like her every minit. After awhile, says I,

'Don't you find your berth down there rather cold and wet?

'O, no, in the least. We breathe the water as you do air. I wish you would come and see the way we live under the water.'

'Get thee behind me Satan,' said I, remembering mother. No, no, I've no notion drowning myself. You must try that trick upon the marines.'

'And I went to work, taking no notice of all her singing. But 'twas no use, I couldn't help looking down agin, and there she was, looking more like Nelly than she did before. Faith, says I, I do n't see how it 'tis you contrive to look so much like Nelly Spaulding.

'Do I?' says she, 'well I dare say I do, though Nelly is called the prettiest girl along shore.'

'You may well say that, says I, and none of your fish-dressing 'yster kind of critters neither, for you must know I had n't hardly got over her asking me to take a trip to Davy's locker. I hadn't well nigh got the words out of my mouth, before there the critter was a sitting on the jib-boom, right before me, and two of the funniest feet just peeping from under her

petticoats. I jest took my fore-finger and touched her little white arm same as I used to do to the dough when my mother's back was turned. And sure enough 'twas soft and warm, and nothing like clam or fish about it. But she didn't mean to stay, for she jumped down agin, laughing in great fun—Then the mate called out, 'Jack, aint you done that jib yet?'

'Aye, aye, mostly, but there's been a confounded mermaid here plaguin' me. Then the men all laughed, as if they thought it a good joke, but I knew it was earnest. But what's the use trying to teach poor ignorant critters what won't believe what a man tells them he has seen with his own eyes?'

Here Old Zeke gave a decided yawn and arose from the bench. 'O, is that all! is there no more? what became of Jack?' we all cried out.

'No, there's enough more, but that will do for today. I can't stop to tell you how poor Jack did rayly go down with that mermaid, for the yarn was always a putty long one.

CHAPTER II.
'The water roll'd, the water swell'd,
This short suspense is o'er,
Half drew she him, half dropp'd he in,
And sunk to rise no more.'

A real mermaid story—a live mermaid—and that from the lips of one who had the story only second-hand—one who had seen and heard the man who had seen the mermaid. Old Zeke became invested with a strange mysterious awe—an ancient mariner, speaking words of solemn and deep import. Did he not have the story from the very lips of Jack?—from Jack, who had put his finger upon the mermaid's arm, even as he would have pinched it into a real doughnut. The next day we were all standing beside him, with hushed breath, awaiting his revelations.

'One night after this,' continued old Zeke, 'giving the story in the words of Jack, I was standing at the wheel, lookin' at the long wake of silver the moon left upon the water, and then up at the stars for they had a cunning sort of twinkle that made me think of Nelly's eyes. Hap'nin' to cast my eyes jest under the lee, I see somethin' leap out of the water two or three times—some flounderin' porpoise, says I, or one of them flyin'-fish. Then there was a little spout of water risin' up and showerin' down, and lookin' like a heap of all kinds of pearls and precious stones. I rubbed my eyes and looked agin, and there right before me, laughing out of the corners of her eyes, stood that mermaid.

'I held out my hand, encouraging like, and says I, now, gal, come along side, for you see I can't leave the wheel without losing three pints, which would bring the captain up in no time. Faith you're so like Nelly, that I can't help it, says I, and I gave her a kiss, as natural as if I'd known her a long cruise.

'I wish Jack you'd go down and see how nice we live under the water,' says she, 'you'd never miss Nelly Spaulding.'

'Nelly would miss me though, I'm thinking, and 'tisn't hardly fair for one gal to try and cut another out. Besides, I'm plaguery suspicious that if you once get me down there, you'd be for turning me into a great lubberly whale, to be harpooned sometime or other, and then Jack Spanker will be used for fire to light the bannacke. No, no, gal, you don't catch me that way, and tamed my back square round, and looked as savage as a shark.

'After a while I jest tipp'd a little over my shoulder, and sure enough, there she stood with the great tears a droppin' out of her eyes, and falling in a considerable puddle on the deck. Now the jig is always up with a tar when a woman cries. Avast, there, Nelly, says I, let me wipe this dripping with this splice of a sail hanging to your flapper, and I said some pretty nice things to stop her crying. Did you ever see an apple when a boy drives it into a puddle of water, how it goes down and then comes smilin' up agin?—well the mermaid look'd something so when she looked coaxingly into my face.

'Jack,' says she, 'let one of my men hold the wheel there, I want you to see something over the side of the ship.'

'I chuck' her under the chin; your men, Nelly, I should like to see one. Presently a little old man, that look'd as if he'd been drying since the time of that old sailor, Noah, pop'd over the taffrail; as much as to say, here's your man, sir.

'Can you box the compass, grey beard?' says I.

'Aye, aye, sir, says he taking the helm.

'Steady, now, steady says I, and mind, none of your cantrips, or I'll knock you into foul weather in less than no time.

'We looked over into the water, and the mermaid began to sing.

'Mist of earth away, away—
Veil of waters, deep and blue,
Open to the moonlight ray,
Bring our palaces to view.'

'Presently, the dim outline of things began to appear; and then the pavement of a world beneath the waters, inlaid with gems and gold and silver, and walls of crystal and gates of emerald, towers of pearl, and bowers of coral.

'That's a nice country of your, says I, only a leetle too dazzle-like, and nothing like potatoes and inyons growing.

'The mermaid laugh'd; and then I saw some steps of ivory, and long walks with flowers on both sides, and all sorts of fruit and green things growing, and every thing amazingly clean, and not a speck like dust anywhere. Then I heard folks talking, and singing old songs, and some of them I knew. Presently, long come Bill Marlin, with a mermaid tucked under his right flapper. Now, we'd lost Bill overboard on our last voyage, and a whole soul'd sailor he was.

'Ship ahoy, says I, how do you like your berth? and before he could speak, and I never could tell how, but there I was down alongside. I looked up, but there was the ship right over head, with her canvass all set, and now and then a fish darding past and two or three piratical sharks ready for everything that fell overboard. I pinched my arm to see if 'twas flesh and blood, and hallooed and ran about to see if I was dreaming; but the truth was, I was under the sea, and no mistake. How the little mermen and the mermaids laughed.

'Do you think your man will steer the ship right, says I?

'O yes, he'll be here directly to give the reckoning.'

'In that case, says I, it's time for me to go up again she wouldn't go well without a helmsman.

'But you don't mean to leave me, Jack,' says the mermaid, putting her face close to mine.

'To be sure I do; did you think I was goin' to forsake Nelly Spaulding for a fish-woman?

'Mermaids are just like other women; you abuse their beauty and they are right up about it, and that too when they're no better looking than a jury-mast. The mermaid's eyes looked lightning. She stood a minit, looking fire out of her eyes, and then she burst out a crying. Just then down came little grey beard, and I saw the ship going ahead as if a light breeze had just took her sails. I was in a terrible fix—there was a gal crying tears by the quart, the ship about to leave me, and I down schooling about Davy Joak's locker. I looked at the mermaid and began to feel wrathly.

'Now, says I, you've got me into this botheration, gal, and you must get me out of it. I've no notion staying down here up you see, so you may as well contrive to get me up, or I shall kick up such a rumpus down here that Davy Jones will be glad to get me out of his kingdom.

'Then I see how the poor thing was a crying, and I felt kind of bad. Nelly, says I, you're a nice gal for them what like such a nice gal, but you don't have Jack Spanker jest yet. Howsomever should I ever get adrift, I should be glad to have you pick me up. Davy Jones' locker aint so bad after all.

'Ship ahoy says I, throw us a rope, I say.

'They got me on board, where everything was just as I left it. They all said I must have got to sleep, and retired overboard, but I knew better.

OUR OPINION.—Young ladies miss a figure, when they blush and make a dozen or more apologies to their male acquaintances, who happen to find them at the wash tub, with a check apron on, and their sleeves rolled up. Cobbett fell in love with his wife when in this interesting condition—and no woman was of more use to a man. Real men—men of sterling principle—are always pleased to see their female acquaintances at work. They never blush, never apologize, if found in your house-porn attire, stirring coffee, washing the hearth, or rinsing clothes. It should be your pride and glory to labor, for industrious habits are certainly the best recommendation you can bring to worthy young men who are seeking wives. Those who would sneer at these habits, you may depend upon it, will make poor companions, for they are miserable tools and consummate blockheads.—N. Y. News.

A Gentleman Farmer.

It is worse than idle for any man to expect to better his condition in a pecuniary point of view by turning gentleman farmer. If a person have a fortune already, he may lay out pleasure grounds, fence in parks, make experiments in crops, try crosses in breeds of cattle, set out trees for shade scenery, and thus gratify his taste, and possibly make some discovery for others to benefit by; but in his own case he will lose money; probably he expects it. What would any one think of a gentleman warrior or gentleman poet? that is a man who should hire all his fighting done or all his verses made. If success only crowds individual personal exertion in all other matters, how is it that in this alone, in the primitive occupation of mankind, men expect it, without putting their hand to the plough and girding themselves for the labor? It is a common remark among the husbandmen that he who works with his hands gets double the amount of work out of them compared with him who only gives his orders and waits until they are accomplished. The general must lead his troops victory; he must endanger his own life if he would infuse bravery into the hearts of his soldiers; and this principle is not inapplicable to the boss of the farm.—Selected.

Laziness.—A lady, in her letter from Madras says, that in India 'every creature seems eaten up with laziness; even my horse pretends he is too fine to touch off his own flies with his own long tail, but turns round his head to order the horse-peeper to wipe them off for him.' The people of India, and even the horses, must be the essence of gentility, since the so hearily dislike work. We have some of the same breed in this country, whom we could see transported to India without regret. Laziness is bad enough in the aged, but in the young it is intolerable. A lazy young man or woman will be sure to scratch a poor old head, if they do not die from *cauti* in their youth.

Many our greatest men have of sprung from the humblest origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars nearest heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulant to mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune be the security for her final smiles.

A fellow out west has been manufacturing wooden gundstones.