

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. IX, No. 23.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., JUNE 19, 1844.

Whole No. 139.

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. CREMER,

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50. No subscription received for 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.

WET SONGS.

Clear the way for Harry Clay.

TUNE—What has caused this great commotion.

What has caused this agitation,
Tation, tation, our foes betray,
It is the ball a rolling on,
To clear the way for Harry Clay,
For with him we can beat any man,
Man of the Van Buren clan,
For with him we can beat any man.

Mechanics cry out for protection,
Tation, tation, and bless the day
That set the ball a rolling on,
To clear the way for Harry Clay,
To clear the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

The merchants say there'll be no money,
Money, money, their debts to pay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

The farmers say there'll be no market,
Market, market, for cattle or hay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

From all professions comes the cry,
Cry, cry, speed the day,
When this good ball that's rolling on,
Shall clear the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

The great, the small, the short, the tall,
Tall, tall, shall heave away
To keep this ball a rolling on,
And clear the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

Let honest locos stand on under,
Under, under, without delay,
Join in with us to roll the ball,
That clears the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

We see the ladies on us smiling,
Smiling, smiling, in their sweet way,
One word from them would be enough,
For Polk or Clay to clear the way—
We know they'll give that word for Clay,
For with him, &c.

We've spread our banner to the breeze,
Breeze, breeze, and it shall stay
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

Come all ye true hearted patriots rally,
Rally, rally, your strength display,
Doubt not the ball that's rolling on,
Shall clear the way for Harry Clay,
Shall clear the way for Harry Clay,
For with him, &c.

Harry and Home Protection.
TUNE—Rosalie the Bow.

Come all ye hold lands of '40,
Who rallied round Tippecanoe,
And give us your hearts and your voices,
For Harry the noble and true.

Come show the whole world that our spirit
Is up again, "sustain and sure,"
And push right ahead for our Harry,
Great Harry—the honest and pure.

Come forth, one and all, to the battle,
Determined the country to save;
And strike for the Farmer of Ashland,
For Harry, the great and the brave.

A leader is he who ne'er failed us,
So now we will give him our best;
Then shout for the friend of Home Labor,
The patriot, Hal of the West.

For Protection he ever has struggled—
His coat you will find it home-made;
He goes dead against the starvation
That comes with one sided free trade.

So for home, and home's friend let's hurra,
And never give over the fight,
Till the corporal's guard and the Locos,
Are put to inglorious flight.

We're engaged for the war, and well 'go it'
You needn't believe we'll back out!
For the flag of bold Harry is flying,
And 'Harry and Home,' we will about!

For Harry's the name we delight in—
O'er mountain and plain let it flow;
For as true as you live, if we falter,
To ruin we surely must go.

The young gentlemen of New Orleans are about to hold an 'indignation' meeting to repudiate the use of sun shades—the grievance being that the ladies, the handsome ones in particular, use them in such a way as to completely hide their faces when walking the streets.

For home consumption, as the incendiary said, ven they asked him what he was put in prison for?

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAJOR JONES AND MR. CLAY.

To our mind there is about as much fun in the following letter addressed to the editor of the 'Southern Miscellany' as in any thing we have read for many a day. Four readers laugh as heartily as we did over the Major's report of his experience, the state of their health will be decidedly improved. The author of Maj. Jones' letter is one of the richest humorists of the day.—N. O. Tropic.

LETTER FROM MAJOR JONES.

PINEVILLE, April 3, 1844.

To Col. Hanleiter:—

DEAR SIR—If the world was to come a second now, if all creation was to burst up, as old Miller wants it to, and the whigs and lokyfoys was all to be fried up into one eternal stew, I would not die without one consolation, as the old woman said—I've seed and shuk hands with Mr. Clay! But I suppose you would like to hear about it, especially as he didn't come to your town.

Well the fact is, I was in a perfect switv ever sense Mr. Clay arriv in Georgia for fear I moughtn't git a chance to see him. Mary was't well enough to go with me and all of 'em was 'posed to my leavin home. But Mary's a right clever gal after all and after I reasoned the pint with her, and swaded her a little, she gin her consent, providin I would promise to go in strate down to Augusty, and come rite back, without gwine to no partys or balls or any sich doins. I don't know wether she was more fraid of my morals or charms of them Augusty galls, but she was more monstrous particular about my mixeu with 'em much. Be that as it mought, she has't got nothin to fear from them or any other galls—though 'tween you and me, ther is some monstrous gally looking creatures in Augusty.

But to proceed—the galls had my Sunday fixins all done up and ready for me by Monday mornin, and I sot out for Augusty bright and early. A' first I was monstrous fraid I mought loose my way, but fore I got in fifty miles of the city all I had to do was just to foller the crowd. It seemed like the whole country was movin to one point—all gwine to see Mr. Clay. I arriv in the city about noon on Tuesday, and such a sight I never expect to see agin. Men and wimin, galls and boys, niggers and all, was dressed up within an inch of their lives, and running through the streets in a most orderly way. Mr. Clay. Banners was flyin, horses was rearin, carriages was wirin, niggers hollerin and children squalin in every direction. My horse was worse scared than I was, and what upon yearth to do with him I didn't know. I couldn't see no swingin signs and one house looked jest as much like a tavern as the rest. The only chance was to inquire—so I axed the first good looking man I seed where the tavern was.

See he, 'what hours do you want to stop at?'

'The tavern,' ses I.

'Well,' ses he, 'ther's several taverns, but I recon they're all full by this time—you had better put your horse in the Livery Stable and look for a house afterwards.'

'Enny way,' ses I, 'so I can get a chance to see Mr. Clay.'

The man pointed me to a stable whar I left my horse, and the next thing I done was to ax when Mr. Clay would be in town.

The gentleman pulled out his watch, and ses he, 'Mr. Clay will be in the city in about three quarters of an hour.'

'Well,' ses I, 'mister, do tell me where I can see him.'

'He is to be received at the city Hall,' ses he, 'pintin down to a thunderin grate big buildin with a woman on the top holdin a new fashioned pair of stilidays in her hands—he will be conducted rite that as soon as he rives in town.'

'Thank you, sir,' ses I, and away I split for the City Hall.

When I got thar, may be thar wa'n't a crowd of people on the benches, and all in the lot, and on the fences and every whar, as far as I could see. I was bent on gettin a good place, so I could see and hear—so I crowded in among 'em till I got rite up to a tree in front of the portico whar they said Mr. Clay was gwine to stand. The crowd looked monstrous anxious, jest like they were dreadfull hungry and was waitin for their dinners.—The sun was monstrous hot, and the galls begun to get terrible tired holdin their parasols over their faces, and kep all the time axin the gentlemen what time it was.

Bimeby, whow-o-o, went the cannon—'oh! he's comin!' ses the galls—'hurrah!' shouted the men.

Then such a rumpus!—the cannon kep firin away as fast as it could—the people shouted—the wimin talked—the children squalled, and the crowd came rushing into the yard like a mill tail. People on foot and on horses, and in carriages and stages, and all sorts of ways, till they raised such a dust that I could hardly see the liberty pole not more fifty yards off. The people all got on the seats with their feet, and every body's neck was stretched out to see Mr. Clay. Bimeby, sure enough, here he came in an open carriage, with his hat off, smilin and bowin to the people. Then ther was a shout that almost made my heart jump out of my mouth, and lots of people looked like they was gwine to cry for joy, when they saw the glorious old 'HARRY OF THE WEST' walk up the steps of the porch with the same bold strate up and down manly stride, which carried him through his long and glorious public life.

The committee was all around him with ther bly ribbons in their button holes, and looked like they thought it was 'glory enough for one day' to wait on such a chief. They tuck him into the house to give him a chance to get a little breath and to brush the dust off his clothes, and then they bring him out on the steps to receive the welcome of the people. Col. Cumming made a speech to him which was jest the very thing. He didn't put nothin in it that didn't sound well to say to a man's face, and pinte out ther effect upon the prosperity of the country, in such a way as to leave no doubt upon his mind as to the opinion entertained of his course by the people of Georgia.

I kep my eyes on the old feller while he was bowin under the compliments and praises that was heaped upon him in that speech, and watched the faces of the people, covered with smiles and beamin with gratitude and love to the man whose life had been spent in their service, and I couldn't help but think what a hominable shame it is that such a fame and popularity as his can never be gained til a man gets so old he can't enjoy it. What a pity it is that Statesmen can't adopt the cash system, like the noos-papers, and git ther pay in advance, fore they git so old they haint got no use for it. But that's the way grate men must give 'emselvs hart and soul to ther country, to be cussed and persecuted by their enemies all ther lives, only to have justice don 'em in the evenin of ther days, or when they're in ther graves. I'd rather live on the plantation with Mary, and take care of my children and raise pigs and chickens than be the biggest public man the sun ever shone upon.

When Col. Cumming was done, Mr. Clay answered his speech. He spoke about an hour and a half, and I recon you mought have heard a grass-hopper sneez in any part of the yard—the people was so quiet. Every eye was lookin at him, and every ear and mouth was open to drink in his word. It would take the whole 'Miscellany' to hold his speech, but it's impossible for me to tell you what he sed. But whar's the use of my tryin to describe Mr. Clay's speech? Every body knows the sun ain't to be beat for brightness when it shines, and every body knows that Henry Clay as an orator is jest as much a simmon over common men as the sun is over the little stars that twinkle in the heavens.

Bless you, Colonel, he pleases every body—lokyfoys and all—and I don't believe that ther was a person in that yard, with sense enough to understand and honesty enough to acknowledge the man who did't hear him go over his political life, and give his opinions, and his reasons, on all the important political subjects now before the country—go home satisfied that he was the greatest, honestest and best patriot in the country.

After the speech Mr. Clay went to his lodgin, and I tuk a stroll through the city to try to find a tavern. Broad street, as they call it, was full of people all talkin 'bout Mr. Clay—every one was a praisin him, and talkin 'bout his speech. I made out to git in the Globe Hotel, and put my name on the book at the bar. In a few minutes a feller came up to me and ses he,

'I presume this is Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville?'

'Yes,' ses I, 'that's my name.'

'My name is Peleg,' ses he, holdin out his hand, 'I am glad to see you, Major,' ses he. 'How is your family and the baby?'

'All well, I thank you, sir,' ses I.—'The same to you.' But I s'pose he had no family, he didn't say nothin. Bimeby in comes some more fellers, and Mr. Peleg introduced 'em all to me; and such another lot of Pelegs I never heard of before—they're more plenty in Augusty than the Thompson's is in Madison. There was John Peleg, and Samuel Peleg, and James Peleg, and Peter Peleg, and Seth Peleg, and the Lord only knows how many, nearly every other man I got 'quainted with was a Peleg.

After supper, I went down to the Bloody Six hundred Club meeting, at the City Hall. I tell you what now, Colonel, them's a nest of Coons for you. I don't believe Augusty 'll fall into the hands of the lokyfoys agin so long as ther's one Bloody Six Hundred left. Ther's spunk and activity enough among 'em to supply the whole state. They're the same fellers that raised the very stones of Augusty in mutiny in 1840, and the treachery of old Tyler haint had no more effect on them than a black frost on an ingion bed. We had two first rate speeches from Mr. Toombs and Mr. Stephens. You know Mr. Stephens has had the terrible misfortune to take rather different views of the Constitutional law from Mr. Stiles and the other lokyfoky representatives of Whig Georgia in Congress. He touched on that subject in his speech. He told the Bloody Six Hundreds that he had attempted to defend the Constitution of the country, and ax'd 'em if they would stand by him and sustain him in such a course! and I reckon if the pious Mr. Stiles could have heard the response that burst from the lips of every man in the room, he would begin to think it was time to save his prayers for himself, and let Mr. Stephens' conscience take care of itself.

The next day I looked about through the town; and the fact is, Augusty is a right smart chance of a city. But I think the people that first sot it out was rather large between the eyes, and made most too big calculations of its growth. The streets is monstrous wide, and the houses is drilled along the sides of 'em, at considerable distance apart, except in some parts of Broad street wher the soil seems to be a little better and the buildings grow tolerably thick. I haint got room in this letter to tell you half the wonders I seed, and in fact I was so much

tuck up with Mr. Clay that I didn't take much notice of any thing else.

At noon I went to the Masonic Hall and was introduced to Mr. Clay. When I gin him my hand ses I 'Mr. Clay, I'm monstrous glad to see you in Georgia, sir. I hope your thrivin,' ses I.

'Thank you Major,' says he, 'thank you sir—how is your baby?'

'Right plet, I thank you,' says I, 'and the most surprisenest chill in Georgia—he's a perfect coon, says I.'

'That's the right stock Major,' says he, 'give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and tell her I hope—' but before Mr. Clay could get it out somebody tuck me by the coat-tail, and says he, 'give way, Major,' and the first thing I knowed I was crowded away into tother end of the room by the fellers that was trying to get at Mr. Clay. Bimeby they got a ring around him, and then every body had a fair showin. Lokyfoys and all came up and shook the old man's hand in good hearty fashion, and I don't believe ther was a man left in the room that didn't like the old coon better than he did when he went in. Ther's something about him that draws one to him and that makes one feel perfectly familiar although we feel that we are in the presence of a great man. He's monstrous ugly, if you go to sifferin out his features as you would common people—but for all that, he's the best looking man I ever saw. His mouth is like an overseer's wages, extendin from one year's end to tother, but when he speaks you wouldn't have it any smaller if you could. It seems like nature made it so a purpose to give free vent to the patriotic emotions of his noble genius—his broad forehead looks like the front view of the Temple of Wisdom, and all his features bespeak him the noblest work of God—an honest man!

The next morning I was gettin ready to go home when one of the managers bring me a ticket to the Ball. What to do I didn't know. I didn't want to be impedit to the gentlemen, who invited me, and I didn't want to make a fuss at home; and I know'd if I went to a ball Mary would pout about it for a week. But the Pelegs swaded me, and being it was a particular occasion, and I wasn't gwine to dance, I termind to go.

Well, I staid till Thursday night, and 'bout nine o'clock I went to the ball room. When I went in, I couldn't help feelin a sort of queere. Every thing was bright—the room was so blazin light and every body was dressed up in a most orderly way. My eyes felt as big as saucers, and the sight of 'em on my face couldn't shut my mouth, and my hands were never so much in my way before in my life. I felt monstrous awkward, and the room was so full that I couldn't turn round 'thout trampin on somebody's toes.

Mr. Clay was in the midst of 'em, promenadin as they called it, shakin hands and talkin to the galls. Every now and then some of the managers would call for a cotillon, then the niggers would strike up the music and the whole crowd seemed to be dancin at once. Then they would say 'gentlemen, take partners for a promenade,' then they would all walk about and talk to one another, jest as if they was perfectly at home, and it was moor'n I could do to keep out of the way of the galls, I didn't know any of 'em, and I was sort o' fraid of 'em—not because I thought they was any prettier than Mary, (for the fact is, I didn't see any that was as handsome as she is) but they was dressed so fine. Notwithstandin every thing went on without confusion, ther was a good deal of bustle in the room. Some of the galls had moor'n ther share, which made 'em take considerable more room than was necessary when they was dancin. I was standin lookin at 'em, when one of the Pelegs came up to me, and ses he,

'Major, can you tell me why bustles is like a popular novel?'

I considered a little and ses, 'I don't know 'thout it is 'cause they're very interesting.'

'Oh, no,' ses he, 'it's 'cause they're fiction founded on fact!'

Away went Peleg, and fust thing I knowed every body was lookin at me for laughin so loud. I straightened up my countenances as well as I could and went to tother end of the room.

'Bout 'leven o'clock the music struck up a march and all of 'em begun to go up stairs. I axed Mr. Peleg if the show was over.

'Oh no,' ses he, 'they're jest gwine to feed the animals. Take my arm Major, ses he, 'and allow me to show you to the supper room.'

'Thank you,' ses I, and we went with the crowd till we got up stairs, whar one of the managers was standin.

'Ladies walk in—gentlemen walk back,' ses he. 'Walk in, Major—the invited guests will sup at the first table with the ladies.'

Well, I went. Ther was Mr. Clay and five or six other gentlemen, with 'bout three hundred ladies standin round the tables eaten. I tell you what, that supper room banged enny thing I ever seed in all my born days before, I never thought ther was so many good things to eat in the world. If you believe me, ther was no end to 'em. Ther was all kinds of substantial, such as hog meat, turkeys, chickens, ducks, birds, oysters, and all kinds of cakes and jellies and pickles and preserves, great big sugar houses, and cake houses that would take a regiment of soldiers to destroy 'em in a month. I lost my appetite jest looking at the wimmint eat, but I drunk a cup of mighty good coffee, and eat a few mouthfuls jest for appearance sake, and after gitin a piece of cake for Mary and some candy for the baby, from the lady Globe, I went to the nigger whar took care of the hats, got my hat and went

back to the hotel. The next morning cut for home.

I found 'em all well home, and Mary ses, bein as it was Mr. Clay's Ball, and I didn't dance with any of the galls, and 'specially as I brought home a new frock for her and a pretty one for the baby, she wouldn't be mad with me for goin. No more from your friend till death.

JOS. JONES.

My First and Last Love Affair.

BY WILLIAM BURNS.

I believe the admission general that no boy passes his nineteenth year without having experienced at least one tender and eternal (of course) passion, and that very few girls get fairly through their sixteenth year seatless of a romantic love. The tender sentiment is peculiar to the teens, and is something like the mumps and the measles—it comes only once in a life-time.

Just as I was entering the last half of my nineteenth year, (it matters not how long ago that was) and beginning to think of whiskers, tobacco and other modern evidences of manhood, I fell most desperately in love. I knew at the time that it was the maddest thing in the world to voluntarily yield myself up to a passion, which is very cleverly caricatured by French cooks, when they put a live fowl before a slow fire and roast it gradually, for the purpose of swelling the heart; but show me a youth who listens to reason—if he has any—when his head, heart and other faculties are in a broil of tenderness, devotion and romance, and I will confess that I was a greater fool than the majority of my sex and age.

The 'course of my love' ran smoothly enough for some time—but this did not deceive me—I knew I should get to the rapids and whirlpools too soon for my own comfort. I was like the drunken Indian in the canoe above the Falls of Niagara—I just took long draughts of delicious nectar, and allowed the little shallop of my fate to take its own way, and make the best bargain it could with the treacherous waves. My gentle resignation, however, did not make my sufferings the lighter; the crisis came—I stood on the edge of the precipice—I looked pitifully around for help—I shrieked in the most pathetic and romantic tones—but it wouldn't do, over I went into the maddening flood. I felt for an instant it was all up with me—and then ther was a blank.

When I awoke again I found myself in bed—very weak and very wretched. The doctor told me I had a rheumatic fever, and that it had stepped in instead. What a cold bath to romance! I who was dying of broken heart to be labelled rheumatic—I hated the man from the moment and swore to be revenged, and I kept my oath—his bill is unrecipited yet.

My young readers—and I am writing now especially to them—will know what the foregoing means, without further explanation; but least some sour, crabbed old maid, or fussy old bachelor should accuse me of putting nonsense in type, I will just add in plain terms, that after a most tender season of love, which commenced in the warm months and lasted till the cold, I was very politely informed by a very polite mother, that I was a wild rascal, an unprincipled libertine, and that she looked upon my attentions to her daughter with displeasure.—Here was a damper! I a rake! who had never dared to read certain chapters in the old testament for fear of knowing more than a modest young man should! I a libertine who had never looked in a lady's face without blushing! The charge astonished me—the virtuous Surface, with less reason, was not more indignant—but astonishment and indignation did no good—both ended, as I said before, in rheumatism.

When I recovered, a most devoted friend of the parties handed me a pretty three cornered note, the seal of which, white wax, of course, represented two hearts very barbarously run through with an ugly looking skewer. (It (the note, not the skewer) was from my own one, and was full of tender terms—'broken hearts,' 'crushed affections,' 'blighted hopes,' 'poignant regrets,' 'unyielding love,' &c. &c. &c.; every body knows how these strong expressions are sprinkled in. The P. S. put new life in me. It ran thus—

'Love laughs at locksmiths. Come to my window that looks into the little garden, at 10 o'clock to night. In sealing the lock look out for the broken glass that is embedded on the top, and don't forget to put a beef-steak in your packets to pacify the dog with if he should attack you. He is very ferocious, and Ma had his teeth filed yesterday.'

I was in raptures. What did I care for the wall! I would eat through it glass and all—and as for the dog, with his filed teeth, why my account at the butcher's should answer for the faithfulness with which that job had been performed.

Ten o'clock came and I was off at the rendezvous. The wall I got over at the expense of a rent in my coat and a slight scratch on my person—I cared for neither. Holding three or four huge slices of beef in my hand, for I did not half like the prospect of an encounter with the dog, I threaded the narrow walks and gained the designated spot beneath the window. The night was very dark—but two bright eyes shining from the casement, told me all that I was anxious to learn. How I managed to clamber up to the window, and enter it of no particular importance. I did get up and in, and found myself in her arms, or she found herself in mine—I forget which—it was all the same though.

'My own love' (a pretty appellation isn't it?) was in raptures, and so was I; she wept and I sung to her—

'Oh why is the girl of my soul still in tears,' (do I quote correctly) until she wiped her eyes and began to talk. 'Then I know she had regained her composure, for I have always observed that a woman never talks when she is excited—it is a yell or a smile and either is not very pleasant.'

We laid great plans that night. Elopement, hasty marriage, prayer for Ma's pardon—every thing was fixed upon. In the small hours of the morning I prepared to leave. I approached the window and looked out—it was unusually dark. Ther is an especial proverb against jumping in the dark, but I did not think of it at that moment—no one's life.

The farewell kiss was burning on my lips, the soft adieu ringing in my ears, as I took the jump. Powers above! what a transition! I found myself immersed to the lips in—in—a hog-head of warm meat slush—a compound which, however good for fattening hogs, is not exactly calculated for a hot bath. How it got there, or how I got into it, I had no time to ascertain, for the loud laying of the dog called my attention to a new danger. The beef I held in my hand, as I leaped from the window fell into the hog-head, and I now contrived to draw it out of the meal, with the hope of silencing the dog ere I attempted to extricate myself from the unpleasant position in which I was placed. But dogs though they like beef very well are not particularly fond of Indian meal—hot—as I soon found to my cost.

The enemy came on with a fierce yell—as I held out the beef, a sudden flood of light exposed to me, and two or three grinning servants and a host of 'family friends,' the ridiculous scene which I was figuring. I attempted to rise and explain, as Mr. Wise did some time ago in Congress; but the dog decided that I was out of order, and compelled me to duck my head quite under, to avoid his spring. I arose but to hear peals of laughter, and dodge again in the same way the vile animal, who continued to leap over me with the agility of a cat and the ferocity of a tiger. I thought my time had come, and was about to resign myself to my fate with as much dignity as it was possible for me to exhibit in a hog-head, when my persecutor relented and called the dog off. I was then taken out, scraped and allowed to depart—but the story of my mishap became known and I was greeted with laughs of derision at every corner.

Against this, however, I bore up bravely, till I was informed that the fair one, for whom I had encountered all these perils, had played me false by marrying her cousin. 'Then I solemnly swore never agin to marry any more—' and she, and this ended my first and last love affair.

TO ANNA.

Dear Anna thout'r my guiding star—
Thy ray a silver thread,
Which does connect us, and by which
Still towards thee I am led.

But Anna, are we to remain
Thus far apart forever?
Well, if I cannot nearer come,
Shine on some other feller.

The following brilliant picture, which we find in the Richmond Enquirer, may not be considered an unit addenda to D's soul melting fusion:

A fair young girl leaning pensively on the casement, gazing with thoughtful brow, upon the scene below, the bloom of fifteen summers that her soft cheek, the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round lips, the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tender fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her as her most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas, has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes, it must be so; but hush! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eye brightens—her lips part—she speaks—listen: 'Jim, you nasty fool! quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell ma!'

FASHION IN SPELLING.—Why mother, almost every word in John's letter is spellt wrong. You'd not have me marry such a man, surely? 'La! child, I suppose that's the way they spell in the place wher he lives. Ther are different fashions in spelling as well as in other things.'

A GRAMMATICAL SERVANT.—A young woman, on meeting a former fellow servant was asked how she liked her new place. 'Very well.' 'Then you've nothing to complain of.' 'Nothing, only my master and mistress talks such wery bad grammar.'

Dr. Franklin, recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her from a lurch, giving as his reason that when ther are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness.

VERY LIKELY.—The Richmond Star declares 'Death's door' to be the mouth of a whiskey bottle. Many a poor devil finds his way out of the world through that opening.

Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul, like the sunshine into the rosebud, slowly but surely expanding its beauty and vigor.

Patent industry accomplishes wonders. A little done daily makes much in a year.

A wood-chopper is always a polite man,—when he wants wood, he goes and axes for it.

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed 'Boy Wanted.' Next morning he found a handbox on his door step, with this inscription: 'How will this one answer?' On opening it, he found a nice, fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.