

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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HUNTINGDON, Pa., APRIL 9, 1845.

Whole No. 481.

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.

LIST OF JURORS FOR APRIL TERM, 1845.

GRAND JURORS.
Allison John, Farmer, Henderson Township.
Bouslogh John, Merchant, Blair.
Bridenbaugh Philip, Farmer, Tyrone.
Bingham Emanuel, Carpenter, Blair.
Campbell Robert, Merchant, Antes.
Cummins William, Farmer, Barre.
Caldwell William, Tanner, Tyrone.
Galbraith Ephraim, Justice of the Peace, Blair.
Gwin James, Surveyor, Antes.
Hileman Philip, Farmer, Frankstown.
Hewit Peter, Gentleman, Blair.
Irvin Joseph, Farmer, Frankstown.
James John, Gentleman, Blair.
Kelly George, Farmer, Dublin.
Lowe John, Inkeeper, Blair.
Miller Henry, Farmer, Henderson.
McCune Seth R. do. Frankstown.
McCracken James do. West.
McNamara Thomas, Manager, Allegheny.
McCoy Samuel, Sawyer, Henderson.
Renner Jacob, Carpenter, West.
Robeson David, Farmer, Allegheny.
Stains Aaron, do. Cromwell.
Taylor Matthew, do. Dublin.

TRAVELER JURORS—FIRST WEEK.
Anspaugh Jacob, Farmer, Barre Township.
Bucher Conrad, Gentleman, Porter.
Boggs Samuel, Farmer, Henderson.
Beck Christian, do. Snyder.
Conrad James, do. Blair.
Clayton William, do. Tell.
Cowan George, do. Allegheny.
Galdwell Samuel, Ironmaster, Franklin.
Cheny Gilbert, Farmer, Barre.
Condon James, Merchant, Frankstown.
Dean Samuel, Farmer, Woodbury.
Dean William, do. Hopewell.
Donnelly Thomas, do. Morris.
Fleming Daniel, do. Walker.
Fussner Frederick, do. Huston.
Gorley John, Grocer, Blair.
Green Charles, Farmer, est.
Gehrett Jacob, Constable, Springfield.
Hays William, Farmer, Barre.
Hay John, Y. Blacksmith, Franklin.
Hoover David, Farmer, Huston.
Hamilton, Paren, T., Carpenter.
Hite James, Farmer, Henderson.
Harnish John, do. Frankstown.
Kratzer John, Ironmaster, Snyder.
Lowry Lazarus, Farmer, Allegheny.
Lane James, Jr. do. Henderson.
Love James, Merchant, Barre.
Moore William, do. Porter.
Moore Perry, Farmer, Morris.
Miller Charles, H., Farmer, Henderson.
McWilliams Jonathan, Farmer, Franklin.
Neff Isaac, Miller, West.

TRAVELER JURORS—SECOND WEEK.
Beck William, H., Farmer, Frankstown Tp.
Bender Thomas, Carpenter, Woodbury.
Clapper Henry, (of D.) Farmer, Frankstown.
Davis George, do. Morris.
Dell Levi, do. Union.
Etnre David, Inkeeper, Cromwell.
Yeckler Jacob, Farmer, Henderson.
Greenland Hiram, Saddler, Cass.
Gibboney Daniel, C. Fuller, Allegheny.
Hollman George, Blacksmith, West.
Hamer Collins, Farmer, Porter.
Hefner Peter, do. Walker.
Horton George, W., Blacksmith, Frankstown.
Hileman William, Farmer, Morris.
Jonathan John, do. Barre.
Kelly Michael, Mechanist, Blair.
Kennedy Alexander, Farmer, Dublin.
Lightner Henry, do. West.
Leas, George, Merchant, Shirley.
Moore David, H., Gentleman, Blair.
Miller George, Farmer, Antes.
Martin John, R. Cordwainer, Blair.
Neff Daniel, Farmer, Porter.
Pagental Emanuel, do. Hopewell.
Patterson, do. Cromwell.
Pratt Thomas, Tinner, Blair.
Smith John, (of Hugh) Farmer, Barre.
Smith Thomas, do. Frankstown.
Simpson John, do. Henderson.
Stewart Daniel, Jr. do. Frankstown.
Smelker Thomas, A. do. Shirley.
Stone Conrad, do. Hopewell.
Stonebaker John, H. do. Franklin.
Swope Caleb, Constable, Cass.
Wilson George, Carpenter, Barre.
Weaver George, Carpenter Blair.

J. Hearsley Henderson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Huntingdon Pa.
Office on Main street, one door West of William Morris' Store.
Huntingdon, June 12, 1844.

BLANK BONDS to Constables for Stay of Execution, under the new law, just acted, and for sale, at this office.

POETRY.

"To chase the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

An Exquisite Poem.

The following Poem was written by a pupil of the Utica Female Academy—a girl of sixteen! It is justly characterized by N. P. Willis, as 'wonderfully original and beautiful.'

WATER.

Where does the water spring, glad some and bright,
Here in the leafy grove,
Bubbling in life and love;
Born of the sunning, up leaping to light,
Waked in its pebbly bed,
When the still shadows fled,
Gushing, o'erflowing, down tumbling, for flight.

Where does the water flow? where glides the rill?
Now 'neath the forest shade,
Then in the grassy glade,
Dancing as freely as child of the hill:
Bright cascades leaping,
Silver brooks creeping,
Wearing the mountains and turning the mill.

Where does the water dwell, powerful and grand?
Here where the ocean foam,
Breaks in its rock-ribbed home,
Dashing, land-lashing, up-bounding, wrath-spurred;
Anot sweetly sleeping,
Soft dimples o'ercreeping,
Like a babe on its mother's breast, soothed by her hand.

Where smiles the dew-dry night shadows woo?
Where the young flow'rets dip,
Leaving each perfumed lip,
Close in the rose's heart, loving and true,
Poised on an emerald shaft,
When never sunbeam laughed,
Deep in the dingle, the beautiful dew.

Where glows the water pledge, given of old?
'Tis dropped down from God's throne
Where the shower is gone,
A chain of pure gems, linked with purple and gold;
In Eden hues blushing,
With infinity gushing,
A line from the Book of Life, its lore half untold.

The bright bow of promise, the signet of power,
The crown of the sky,
The pathway on high,
Whence angels bend to us when darksome clouds lower,
Breathing so silently,
Truthfully and kindly—
Oh! their wings for a shield, in the wreath-bearing hour!

Then will love the threads lacing our beautiful world,
Tangling the sun-beams,
Laughing in glorious gleams;
The wavelets all dimpled, and spray-tresses curled;
The tear on the flower's breast,
The gem on the ocean's crest,
And the ladder of angels, by rain-drops imperied!
BLANCHE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANNY; OR, THE VEILED STRAW COTTAGE.

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

CHAPTER I.—THE WILL.

Exactly seventy-seven years ago, Justice Gorman, Mr. Wilcox, the village attorney, and Mr. Niles, the village schoolmaster, besides many more of the village worthies, met in the large old-fashioned hall of the ancient mansion house that stood half a mile from the village, for the purpose of reading the last will and testament of the deceased owner of the said mansion house.

He had bequeathed his entire property consisting of a large amount of gold and plate, the spacious mansion and an extensive plantation attached to it, to Harry Lincoln, his nephew and namesake—with the proviso that he, Harry the younger, must make his home three months of each year, longer if he chose, in the mansion house, for the purpose of overseeing the plantation, or not fulfilling the injunctions, he would forfeit the aforesaid mansion house and the board acres thereunto attached.

At the time the will was opened, the heir was on his way from Cambridge, having been hastily summoned thence to attend his uncle in his sudden and last illness. Seventy-seven years ago, the most rapid mode of travelling was but a snail's pace compared to the wings of steam that hurry us through the air at this present day. So that, when Harry Lincoln arrived in Virginia, at the mansion house, he found his good old uncle had departed from this world, leaving his nephew heir to his vast wealth.

Behold him then, at the age of twenty-one, his collegiate studies completed, a hair-brained, thoughtless, good-hearted fellow, fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, wifeless, with a fine person and a fine estate, and with no trouble to disturb his mind save the death of his good, old, indulgent uncle, who had brought him up from a boy.

He dearly loved his uncle, the elder Harry Lincoln; or, 'the old Harry,' as the village blacksmith's envious sister often called him and a kinder hearted old gentleman, a more benevolent, or one more worthy to be loved, never existed. Peace to his ashes!

CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERY.

The young master of the mansion house had now been three weeks within his dreary and desolate walls—dreary and desolate, because he missed the hearty tones of his kind old uncle; because he had just left a set of merry fellows at college, and because it was in that season of the year when mist above, and mud below, and cold between, existed to almost any extent.

read, and walked and rode, but all would not keep off the blue imps that hovered around him whispering their doleful words in his ear.

Harry had seen pass by the mansion house, in the morning, going towards the village, and in the evening coming from the village, a figure that interested him in no small degree.

For the last few days he had regularly stationed himself, just after breakfast and before tea, at the great lull window, to watch the coming and going of the fair *inconnu*.

Who could she be? She had the prettiest foot and ankle he ever saw. The most fashionable ball-room belle might have envied her walk, so gracefully and with such an air *distingue* did she carry herself. A dark-green travelling dress, that fitted without compressing her lithe waist, showed a form way and well-rounded. Who could she be? Her whole appearance indicated that she was no common girl. Who could she be? Harry had never been able to catch even one glimpse of her pretty face—pretty he felt it must be, for a close straw cottage and a thick green veil served effectually to conceal it. Who she was, was a mystery he could not solve.

Harry was in his usual seat by the window, watching for the return of the mysterious lady of the veil. A book was in his hand, but he was in deep thought, gazing from out the window upon the varied and many formed mud puddles that beaded the way-side.

'By Jupiter!' exclaimed he, 'there she comes. I wish she would look this way. Out upon the man that first invented those bonnets and green veils!—How perfectly graceful all her movements are. Who can she be? There is an indescribable something about her, that excites my interest in spite of myself. There, the turn in the road has hid her from my eyes. I will find out her name and abode—by Jove, I will! and, if she is worth the trouble, I'll fall desperately in love with her. I have nothing else under the sun to do.'

Harry threw the book from him to the other side of the room, and springing to the bell, gave it such a pull as caused the appearance almost instantly of an ebony pliz through the open door.

'Ees hea, massa.'
'Send some one to mend the bell-rope, Sarjo.'
'Ees massa,' grinned the black. 'Any ting moa, massa?'

'Sarjo, there is a young—a lady goes past here every day, you have seen her?'

'Ees massa,' again grinned the woolly pate.
'Do you know her name?'

'Ees, massa.'
'What a deuce of a girl it is,' and that was all he said; how much more he thought his biographer does not tell. He must have thought, for it is certain he did not sleep—at least, not until his usual time for retiring into the land of dreams.

'The next day came—as next days are in the habit of doing.

Harry rose, thought of Fanny—after dreaming about her all night—breakfasted, took his station in one of the deep windows of the drawing room to watch for Fanny. Fanny did not come. An hour passed, still no Fanny.

Harry concluded she had gone by while he was at breakfast. He began to feel sad and low-spirited: he left the window—paced up and down the room with rapid strides.

'How tiresome it is,' exclaimed he, 'to have nothing to do—to be forever alone. I'll shoot myself—I will, by Jove; it will be variety. No I won't; I'll wait until afternoon, and go and see Fanny. But will she receive me? I'll make the trial at all events.'

Harry again gazed earnestly out the window, then sat down to the piano. He played fragments of fifty different airs; all sounded discordant to his ears. He left the piano in disgust, and threw himself into the open arms of the great chair, to dream of Fanny.

CHAPTER III.—THE INTERVIEW.

A short distance from the turn in the road before alluded to, stood the old woman's cottage. It was built upon Harry Lincoln's plantation. The old woman had rented it of his uncle many years before, had duly paid the rent for the few first years; after that she remained in it by right of possession, no rent collector ever coming to dispute her right.

Harry soon reached the cottage; a girl was sitting in one of the windows, reading.

'That must be Fanny!' exclaimed Harry. 'She is beautiful by Jove, she is: just the style of beauty I always admired. She does not see me. I can almost read what she is reading, in her expressive face. 'Faint heart never won a fair lady,' so I'll introduce myself to the pretty Fanny.'

Harry's rap at the door was answered by the girl he had seen at the window. He took a hasty survey of the apartment. No one else was in the room with her; his eye fell upon a table where lay the little straw bonnet and veil. He felt assured.

'My name is Lincoln—Harry Lincoln,' said he. 'Yours, I believe, is Miss Fanny Stubbs. Am I right?'

The young lady smiled, bit her lips to prevent a laugh outright.

'That is the name I answer to,' replied she. 'They then fell into an easy, merry uttering of each other's thoughts. Their conversation ran upon the Stamp Act Parliament had just passed; how the colonies would probably receive it. They talked of George the Third, and of the Georges that had preceded him; of the great earthquake that had taken place ten years before; of the French war, the republic of Venice, and of republics in general. Fanny proved herself a staunch anti-royalist, and, by her playful eloquence, more than converted Harry over to her own way of thinking, he inly vowing never to kneel to a shrine more despotic than bright woman's, with beauty such as Fanny's for a crown.

much refinement, so much ease and grace of manner in a country school-mistress.

'She is a gay, witty little piece of mechanism,' thought he; 'a little too much for me, and I was always considered an exceedingly clever fellow.'

'May I see what you were reading Miss Stubbs?' said he, after they had exhausted an animated discussion upon the manifold delights of a country life particularly in the winter season.

'Certainly; but do not call me Fanny,' replied she, laughing. Fanny had a peculiar laugh. Her head tossed itself back with its myriad of sunny brown curls, and from out her rosy, dimpled mouth, proceeded the merriest, prettiest, ha! ha! in the world.

'What! the *Divina Commedia*! and in the original!' said Harry, as he opened the book she handed him. 'Are you an admirer of Dante, Fanny?'

'To distraction,' replied the girl. Harry hardly knew whether she was in earnest or not.

'Which part do you like best?'

'The *Paradiso*.'

Dante, shone a brilliant meteor in the dark ages. He was a most fervent, passionate writer. The *Divine Comedy* is a most noble poem, intense and earnest. Do you read him much, Fanny?'

'Yes, when I have nothing better to entertain me.'

'What better would you have?' said Harry, looking surprised.

'That which I now have,' responded she, with an arch glance.

'Pray, what is that?' asked the young man, looking still more surprised.

'Your agreeable conversation.'

'How shall I understand you, Miss Stubbs?' There was some pique in Harry's tone, and an accent not slight on the euphonious name Stubbs.

'Just as you please, Mr. Lincoln,' replied the girl, coldly.

'Good evening, Miss Stubbs.'

'What, not going—so soon?' asked she, affecting indifference.

'Going! Certainly.'

'Good evening, sir.'

'As soon as he was gone, Fanny burst into a merry laugh. 'How ridiculous,' said she, and she laughed again. 'When I said just what I thought, too,' and she laughed on. 'Yes, I really did like this conversation. He puts me so much in mind of—'

The girl fell into a fit of musing.

At home, and in the room he had left three hours before, Harry gave himself a sullen throw in 'the old arm chair,' that had stood in that same corner as long ago as the elder Harry could remember—how much longer no one knew.

'What a deuce of a girl it is,' and that was all he said; how much more he thought his biographer does not tell. He must have thought, for it is certain he did not sleep—at least, not until his usual time for retiring into the land of dreams.

'The next day came—as next days are in the habit of doing.

Harry rose, thought of Fanny—after dreaming about her all night—breakfasted, took his station in one of the deep windows of the drawing room to watch for Fanny. Fanny did not come. An hour passed, still no Fanny.

Harry concluded she had gone by while he was at breakfast. He began to feel sad and low-spirited: he left the window—paced up and down the room with rapid strides.

Fanny listened eagerly, and now and then, as he went on, a silent tear trickled down her cheek.

'When Harry arose and looked around, Fanny's eyes were still moist; but the same bright, careless smile was dimpling her pretty mouth that had so charmed him from the first.

'Thank you,' said she: 'it puts me in mind of—'

Fanny hesitated and blushed; she turned to the piano to hide her blushes. 'What a delightful toned instrument this is,' exclaimed she; running her little dimpled hands over its chords. 'It recalls old memories, when—'

'I can remember any thing I used to know? It has been some time since I have touched a piano.

Harry replied that nothing could afford him more pleasure than to hear her.

She commenced with a wild, plaintive prelude, and as she proceeded, recollections of the past came to her; she seemed to play her heart out, as though it felt the poetry of music. She played as capriciously as a butterfly roves from flower to flower—by turns lively and sad.

Lincoln stood entranced; he forgot she was a village school mistress, and that her name was Stubbs. He only saw in the bright creature before him the first being he had ever loved.

She sang at his request. One with so much heart could not help singing well. Her voice was full of tenderness; she sang as feelingly as she played.

'You are a wonderful creature, Fanny,' said Lincoln, when her song was ended. 'Fanny, give up your school and come and teach me. Teach me how to love you as you deserve to be loved. Fanny, I love you. Will you be mine! What! silent and smiling? You may laugh but, Fanny, believe me, I am in earnest. I do love you, sincerely. Still silent! You are a strange girl, Fanny. Shall I get down upon my knees and offer you my heart and hand, as they did in times of old? If this is but the second time I have seen you, and if my love seem sudden, believe me it is none the less sincere. Speak, Fanny—dearest Fanny.'

CHAPTER THE LAST—THE MIST CLEARED AWAY.

Just as Fanny opened her pretty little mouth, full of smiles, to speak, Sarjo opened the drawing-room door to announce to his 'massa Harry' that a 'young gonnam' wished to see him.

Sarjo threw the great door wide open, and, at the same instant entered Mr. Richard Sinclair, one of Harry's college friends.

Harry welcomed his friend warmly, but he could not help wishing he had delayed his arrival for an hour or so.

'As soon as I had received your last doleful letter,' said the new comer, returning Harry's shake with compound interest, I resolved to come here instead of going home, although I have not been there for two years, and have not heard a word from there for at least half that time. Your letter was of so deep a blue, that it made me melancholy for full five minutes. I left Cambridge immediately, and started off post haste to see you for fear you would shoot or drown yourself in your solitary prison. So here I am. What! Fanny!' exclaimed he, for the first time perceiving Harry's companion.

'None other, my dear Richard,' returned Fanny. 'A mutual and warm embrace followed. Harry's eyes began to grow green, he heartily wished his friend back at Cambridge, or any where but where he was; and was on the point of inviting him to mortal combat, when Sinclair turned from Fanny to him.

'Why have you never told me you were acquainted with my sister? And Fanny,' continued Sinclair, 'how came you here? Why did you leave home—and when? I am in a maze? Pray explain.'

'Your sister!' uttered Harry considerably relieved. 'Why I am here is a long story—but I may as well tell it now.'

The trio seated themselves on the great velvet-cushioned sofa, and Fanny thus commenced, Harry meantime gazing into her bright eyes.

'You know, Mr. Lincoln, that your chum, Dick Sinclair, had an only sister in Charleston, South Carolina, and that he and this sister were orphans; but you did not know, until a few moments ago that I, *Miss Stubbs*, Fanny gave a droll expressive glance—was his sister. I used to hear my brother speak of you, and all his letters were full of your praises; that will account, in part, to you why I treated you so like an old friend. Papa died when we were young children, appointing Mr. Laellas, an old friend of his, our guardian. The property was divided equally between us, but in such a way that neither of us could command a penny of it until we arrived at the age of twenty-one. So was it nominated in the will.

'Who came with you, Fanny, from Charleston?—and when and why?'

'Have patience my brother, you shall know all in good time. I merely wish to say a few words explanatory to Mr. Lincoln. My brother having arrived at the desirable age of freedom, has come in full possession of his share. Is it not so, Dick? I am still at the mercy of Mr. Laellas, to receive as many or as few pounds as he chooses to give me.—My brother, being a great favorite with him, always received an ample allowance. So did I, until now—and now he will not let me have a shilling.

'How, happens that, sister?'

'That is the funny part of it. About a year ago, Mr. Laellas took it into his head that I would make him a nice wife. I was then sixteen, he being only sixty.'

Fanny threw back her head, and laughed for a long time at the oddity of the thing. Her mirth being concluded, she went on with her story.

'I always had liked my guardian, but could not

think of marrying him. I told him so, in a very respectful manner, but he would not take 'no' for an answer. You know Dick, how persevering and immovable he is when his mind is once made. He kept teasing me, until I avoided his presence in every possible way I could. At last he became so importunate, I left his house and went to my aunt's. There I was still tormented in every way. He sent me threatening notes, and intruded himself upon me every opportunity. His presence became so disagreeable to me, I refrained from going into the street, and would not see him when he called. He then told me in a note I should not have another sixpence until I became his wife. I knew he would keep his word, as the event proved. He was determined I should marry him, but more from his having said I should than for any love he bore me. I saw in a Richmond paper, that that time, an advertisement stating that Mr. Niles, teacher of a village school fifteen miles from Richmond, wished an assistant to superintend the female department of his school.—A marvellous independent feeling arose within me, so I left Charleston without saying a word to any one, and arrived in Richmond six weeks ago, wrote from there to Mr. Niles. He called upon me; liked me well enough to try me. Since then I have been teaching in his school.'

'A strange, wild plan, sister mine. Why did you not write to me?'

'I wanted to see how it would seem to earn my own living, and I did not wish to stay any longer in Charleston.'

'I am glad it is no worse,' said Harry. 'You must give up your foolish idea of school keeping, and be my companion to the old country. I am going in a few weeks.'

'I object to that plan in toto,' said Harry. 'I, too, am going on a voyage, and wish a companion. But my voyage is the voyage of life, it will be a very, very short one, if I do not have Fanny to accompany me. What say you, Fanny?'

'Yes, Fanny, what do you say?' asked her brother, laughing.

'I will do as you both think best,' meekly responded Fanny, with a roguish smile in the corner of her downcast eye.

And so they were married—Fanny Sinclair and Harry Lincoln.

So Something.

The following excellent advice, which we copy from the Boston Transcript, is recommended to the attentive perusal of every young man who desires to 'be something.' We hope all will read it and profit by it.

It is the duty of every one to take some part as an actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think they can vegetate as it were without being anything in particular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he should 'act well his part.' He must be something. He has a work to perform which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then to die, without having done anything for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans that every one should have a trade. No christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by hard labor and frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life like an automaton? He has nothing to perform as a citizen of the world! Does he owe nothing to his country as an inhabitant? A man who does nothing is a mere epithet. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world, and when he dies, he has not finished the work which was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honor upon their head. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. BE SOMETHING! Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted.

See that young man; no matter what are his circumstances, if he has no particular business he will never accomplish much. Perhaps he has a father abundantly able to support him. Perhaps that father has labored hard to obtain a competence which is sufficient for his son to live in idleness. Can you go abroad to the world with any degree of self complacency, squandering away the money which your fathers have earned by hard labor? No! No one who has the proper feelings of a citizen, who wishes to be ranked among the useful members of society, would live such a life. BE SOMETHING! Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects, but, those riches may fly away, or other hopes may be blighted, and if you have no place of your own, in such a case, then to one you find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you ere you are aware of it, and having no profession, you find yourself in any thing but an enviable situation. It is therefore important that you should BE SOMETHING. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

BE SOMETHING. Pursue that vocation for which you are fitted by nature; pursue it faithfully and diligently. You have a part to act, and the honor in performing that part depends upon yourself. It is sickening to one to see a parcel of idle boys hanging round a father spending the money which he has earned by his industry without attempting to do anything for themselves. BE SOMETHING should be their motto. Every one is capable of learning some 'art, trade or mystery,' and can earn a competence for himself. He should learn to depend upon himself. He should learn to depend upon any profession or without any employment, are illy qualified for good members of society. And we regret to say it is too often the case that it is the parent's fault that they are thus brought up. They should be taught to BE SOMETHING; to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity; to act well their part, and they will reap the honor which therein lies.

They who talk degradingly of women have not sufficient taste to relish their excellencies, or purity enough to court their acquaintance.