

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 2, No. 33.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., OCTOBER 1, 1845.

Whole No. 506.

PUBLISHED BY
JAMES CLARK.

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.

REYNOLDS, KERR & ALLISON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
Dealers in Country Produce,
NO. 204 MARKET ST.
(Next door to the Red Lion Hotel.)
PHILADELPHIA.

COUNTRY Merchants and others purchasing Groceries, are invited to call and examine our new and extensive stock, where they will find every article in the Grocery line, at SMALL ADVANCES ABOVE IMPORTATION PRICES.

Being a new house, we are determined not to be undersold by any other establishment in the city.

COUNTRY PRODUCE will be taken in payment for Groceries, and sold to the best possible advantage, free of charge.
Aug. 27, 1845.—2m

Watches, Jewelry

SILVER WARE.

THE subscribers offer an assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches of their own Importation, Silver Spoons, Forks, Tea sets and every article of Silver work of their own manufacture. Also watch chains, Seals and Keys, Fine Gold Breast Pins, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Spectacles, Pencils, Diamond pointed Gold Pens; together with a general assortment of Ladies' jewelry, Plated castors, Cake Baskets, Candle Sticks, Fancy Bags, Purses, Fans, Britannia ware in sets and single pieces; Silver Purse Clasps, Combs, Hair Pins, Fancy head ornaments, &c., &c., for sale at the lowest Cash prices.—Watches Repaired.
J. & W. L. WARD,
No. 106 Chestnut street, opposite the Franklin House,
Philadelphia, August 5, 1845.

Farm For Sale.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale on the premises, on Saturday, the 11th of October next, that valuable tract of land with the improvements, situate in West township, about three quarters of a mile above Mr. John Neff's Mill, on the little Juniata river, containing One Hundred and Fifty-five Acres, with the usual allowance, having thereon erected a large two story log and weather-boarded Farm House, well finished, a bank barn, and other necessary outbuildings. There is an excellent spring of water across the road from the house, and a good well at the door. The land is of the best quality, well watered and well improved, and is within 12 miles of the Juniata Canal. It is supposed that there is a valuable bed of Iron Ore on the above premises. Any person wishing to procure a desirable situation will please call on Mr. Benjamin Brubaker, who will show the property, make known terms, &c.
TOBIAS KAUFFMAN.
Sept. 2, 1845—p.d.

Carpetings, Floor Cloths, &c.,

At the "Cheap Store," No. 41, Strawberry Street, Philadelphia.

WE would call the attention of persons in want of New Carpet, &c., to the fact of our being enabled to sell goods at very low prices, because, in our present location, our rent and other expenses are very light; and we offer for this season an excellent assortment of—

Carpetings,

Beautiful Imperial, Ingrain, and Venetian of every variety. Also,

Floor Oil Cloths,

From 2 to 24 feet wide, cut to fit rooms, halls, &c., and Health Rugs, Table Covers, Floor Baize, Stair Rugs, Mats, &c., wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices.

A supply of low priced carpets, from 31 to 50 cents per yard, always on hand.

ELDRIDGE & BROTHER,

No. 41, Strawberry street, one door above Chestnut st. near Second st. Phila'd.
Sept. 10, 1845.

A Card.

CLEMENS & BAKER.

Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturers of Copal Varnish; also, sole Agents for the Franklin Window Glass Works.

BEHAVING been long engaged in the manufacture of Copal Varnish, as well as other kinds, we are now prepared to offer to purchasers an article which in quality cannot be surpassed in the Union.

Also, receiving weekly, from the above celebrated works, Window Glass of every size.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of White Lead of the most approved brands; together with a large stock of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Indigo, Dye Stuffs, Colognes, Bronzes, Gold Leaf, Dutch Metal, Camels' Hair Pencils, Paint Brushes, Pallet Knives, &c., comprising every article in this line.

All which will be sold at the lowest possible prices; by CLEMENS & BAKER,
No. 187, North 3d st., one door above Wood, Philadelphia.

Sept. 10, 1845.

Hardware! Hardware!!

(George Ogelsby.) (R. F. Kelker.)
R. F. KELKER & CO.,
No. 5, SOUTH FRONT ST., HARRISBURG.

RESPECTFULLY offer to the citizens of Huntingdon, and all the country roundabout—a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE.

Nails, White Lead, Oils, Paints, Window Glass 7 by 9 to 24 by 36, Varnishes, Building Materials, Bar, Round Hoop and Sheet Iron, Cast, Shear, Blister and Spring Steel; Anvils, Vices, Smith Bellows, Iron and Brass Wire, Spelter, Sheet Zinc, Copper, Block Tin and Bar Lead; Elliptic Steel Springs, Saddlery, Coach, Laces and Trimmings; Moss, Curled Hair and Hair Seating, Hogskins and Patent Leather; Lamps of the most approved kind for burning either Sperm Oil or Lard; Sieves for Flour, Grain and Coal; Wire Screen for Windmills; Machine Cards, Mahogany Planks, Boards, Veneers, and Carvings, Also—

Leat Pipe.

of every size weight and calibre. But few persons in the community sufficiently appreciate the value of Lead Pipe, in conducting water from springs at a distance to their dwellings—a convenience unknown but to those who possess it. Any information respecting the same will be cheerfully given.

We offer the above and all other articles in our line, on the most reasonable terms, and hope that when you come to Harrisburg, you may give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell as low as any other house in town.

N. B. Country Merchants will be supplied at a very small advance above city prices.
RUDOLPH F. KELKER & Co.,
—Aug. 27, 1845—4f.

GARD!

DR. J. H. DORSEY.

HAVING removed from Williamsburg to Huntingdon, would inform the community that he designs to continue the practice of medicine, and will be thankful for their patronage. Residence and office formerly occupied by R. Allison, Esq.

N. B. Having been successful in accomplishing the cure of a number of cancers, (for which vouchers can be had if required) he feels confident of success in the most obstinate cases, and should he fail in curing no charge will be made.
Huntingdon, April 23, 1845.

"Circulate the Documents."

PROPOSALS FOR INCREASING THE CIRCULATION OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

It is a fact admitted by every one, that the "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" has been a faithful and efficient aid to the Whig and Antimasonic cause in Huntingdon county. Believing that its influence and usefulness may be made still greater, we issue this short Prospectus for the purpose of increasing and extending its circulation to that end. The paper will continue as heretofore to advocate Whig principles with whatever advantage we may possess, and with the assistance of correspondents in the county and abroad; and whether success or defeat shall follow our efforts, we shall be the last man to fly from our standard, or abate in ardor for the glorious cause in which we have engaged. During this campaign, (and we trust all others) we shall go—heart and pen, hand and vote—for the regular Whig and Antimasonic ticket, the whole ticket, and nothing but the ticket, and urge all others to do likewise.

Although politics shall form a prominent feature of our paper, it shall not be the only one. Its columns shall from time to time, and at all times, be well stored with interesting and useful information to the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Manufacturer, the Merchant, and to all classes of business men in the county. We believe it will be acknowledged that the paper has improved in appearance and in quantity of matter since it has been under our control. We promise to improve it still farther if we get sufficient help in the way of new subscribers, to warrant the undertaking. We hope our friends will be active in obtaining new subscribers—our circulation should and must be increased. Every Whig and Antimason in the county ought to have his county paper, and if here and there one is found too poor, another who is able ought to procure it for him. And it would not by any means hurt our Locofoco friends to subscribe and regularly read our paper. There is now no postage on papers sent within thirty miles of the place of publication, which is a saving of \$2 cents a year to each subscriber.

To the ardent and patriotic young Whigs of Huntingdon county we would appeal at this time to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper. To this class now belongs the duty of bearing aloft the Whig banner. On them the country relies for its redemption from the grasp of Locofocoism. Come up, then, fellow young men, and aid and sustain us in our determination to "FIGHT ON! FIGHT EVER!" in defence of the men and the principles of the great Whig party.

The terms of the paper are the same as heretofore: \$2 00 if paid within the first six months—\$2 50 if not paid until the end of the year.
JAMES CLARK.
HUNTINGDON September 8, 1845.

Estate of JOHN STEWART late of Jackson township, Huntingdon county, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said deceased have been granted to the subscriber. All persons therefore indebted to the estate of said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to
JOHN STEWART, Ex'r.
Jackson tp., Aug. 15, 1845.

POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

Thoughts Suggested during the last days of Summer.

BY MRS. H. W. GROSVENOR.

Thou'rt passing, glorious Summer!
Thou'rt bidding earth farewell!
Thy last breath floateth on the plain,
And on the flowing dell.

We hear thy parting echo,
In zephyrs murmuring low,
In whispers of thy folded leaves,
And fountain's gentle flow.

We see thy bright hues fading
From off the crimsoned West,
From rosy skies at morning's hour,
And earth's broad glowing breast.

Oh, Summer! vast the changes
Thy varied hours have brought;
Alike mid beauty and decay,
Thy pathway has been wrought.

Thy skies have all been sunshine,
Thy landscapes one of bloom;
Then cold dark clouds have floated on,
And reborn the scene in gloom.

Bright hopes and fondly cherished
Have dawned upon our way;
Then we have marked a blighting breath,
And seen them fade away.

And some, Oh! glorious Summer,
Who greeted thee with song,
Whose smiles were sunlight in their homes,
And in the festal throng—

Have faded in their morning,
E'er thy bright skies grew dim;
Have tuned in life's sweet opening hour,
Thy spirit's parting hymn.

Of mingled grief and gladness,
Summer, thy hours have been;
Tinged both with sunlight and with shade,
Hath been each chequered scene.

E'en thus through all life's pathway,
Varied the skies must be;
Sometimes illumed with light and hope,
Then dark with misery.

For strength to drink the goblet,
To drain the bitterest drop,
That lurks beneath the sparkling hue
Whose colors tinge the cup—

For strength to meet our portion,
Alike of good or ill,
To bear the burden of our lot,
With trusting spirits still,—

For this in faith and patience,
On Summer's fleeting day,
This boon from an Almighty hand,
With humble hearts we pray.

From the Temperance Record Extra.

Confession of John B. Gough.

Boston, Saturday, 4 o'clock, P. M.

We hasten to lay before our numerous readers the confession of John B. Gough, made at Roxbury before a committee of the Washingtonians.

Mr. Gough appeared before the committee at the hour appointed. His appearance was much as heretofore, with the exception of a fallen and softened expression of countenance, which became him on so peculiar an occasion. Having been requested to speak, he gave utterance to the following confession, which was pronounced in a firm and manly, but modest tone:

Beloved Brethren—To me this occasion seems so extraordinary—it is so different from what I, and you too, had any reason to expect, a few days ago—that you must bear with me if my manner and matter should appear rather confused. Indeed (said the speaker, much affected and leaning against the wall.) *I am not well!*

[No language could convey to the reader an idea of the tone in which these last words were uttered, nor of the thrilling effect that they had upon his auditors.]

I say NOT WELL—I speak not of physical illness; but it is here—Oh! my God! it is here—(he laid his hand upon his heart) who shall say what a day may bring forth! Ah! dearly have I learned to appreciate the sacred injunction of the invincible Paul—"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!" I have, indeed, preached to others, and have myself become a castaway! If man never forgives me—for I have no right to expect forgiveness from man—I, in my present low estate do still hear a voice from Calvary. I hear those blessed tones of mercy—"My grace is sufficient for thee!" (Here the eloquent speaker covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears.)

Who says that my disgrace is a disgrace to the glorious cause of temperance? Who says that my unworthy apostasy—no, no, I will not use that word. Who says that my temptation and my weakness entail dishonor upon the great cause of which I have been so unworthy an advocate? Let such, if any there be, compare the loss and the gain. Let them call up the hosts of redeemed men and women; let them summon the wives and children who, in every town, by the sea-side and by the woods, in city and country, bless God every morning that they rise, and every evening that they lie down, for the glorious pledge—that pledge which snatched a father and a husband from the arms of ruin—that drove back the rushing wave from their dwellings—that raised the fallen man from the miry pit, and placed his feet upon a rock. Would they compare my single fault with all this redemption? Who looks at the sun to see one spot upon his disc, and then swears there is no day-

light because that glorious orb contains a few obstructions upon its surface?

Nay, what is my own case in connection with the great temperance cause? What is a fly upon the mill wheel? What is a drop in the ocean?

Have I, indeed, given evidence of my sincerity? Oh, let those who think so—if accustomed to the intoxicating cup—let them try but for one year—for one month—or for one week, to conquer the insatiable thirst that consumes their being—they will learn how much sincerity is required to abstain, for a short time, from the seductive bowl!

Beloved Brethren! I could not say less, but I must proceed with my narrative. You are already aware—and thanks to the interperate editors, the public are pretty generally aware, of the situation in which I was found. It is necessary that I give a detailed account of the facts. I could well wish to be spared this duty; but, like the Spartan boy, I must nerve myself to endure, though the fire eat into my heart.

In the city of New York there is a little edifice, at the corner of Centre and Reade streets, of unique construction, being made up principally of gas lights. Here I repaired to get a glass of soda water with a friend who had invited me, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, as I believe he was guilty of any evil intention. The soda was drawn for me; but the man had no syrup in his shop, and used Lucina Cordial as a substitute.

Such was the peculiar effect of this cordial upon me, that I lost the use of my reasoning faculties to a great degree; my old appetite for ardent spirits revived in me as if some infernal demon had been permitted to lash the unresisting helm of my judgment—thrown away the compass—and then let loose all the winds of heaven upon my pilotless bark. As I walked down Centre street, I felt the most intense desire for women and wine. As I passed the taverns and bar-rooms, I could scarcely resist the inclination to rush in and satisfy my craving appetite.

In passing Lothian's corner I met a young woman, an acquaintance of some years' standing, who was trying her shoe. Being dark, I accidentally touched her elbow in passing. She then recognized me and called me by name; I stopped, and after a moment's conversation, she requested me to call with her and see a fallen sister, whom she was desirous of rescuing from the abyss of ruin.

As it is a part of my mission to redeem the lost, and to raise the fallen, I gladly consented, although myself standing on the very precipice that overhung the vortex. I entered with her, a house in Walker street, where I found an elderly lady and the sister of my female companion. After a tedious conversation, a feeling hardly to be described in words, came over me—the burning, raging appetite for liquors. The little which was found in the house only added to the flame. I gave money to a young woman, and procured more, and here my memory fails. What happened afterwards, I can no more tell than the maniac who struggles with his chain in the asylum for maniacs. From that moment all is chaos.

My example, more than words, bids "him that standeth, take heed lest he fall."

I hope to be again in the field. I hope to stand before the public with all my wounds and bruises upon me—a monument of the deeds of rum—a monument of the mercy of God! I hope to do more than I have ever yet done—to wrest the sceptre from King Alcohol, and trample in the dust the mighty foe from which I am delivered.

PATRICK HENRY.—Some very interesting reminiscences of this great orator are given in Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia, a work recently published, and likely to be of a good deal of interest not only to the people of the Old Dominion, but to the citizens of other States. In this work occurs this passage, stating Henry's opinion on an important point of our Constitution:

"He was opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution because he thought it gave too much power to the General Government; and in conversation with the father of a late venerable Senator from Prince Edward he remarked with emphasis:—"The President of the United States will always come in at the head of a party. He will be supported in all his acts by a party. You do not now think much of the patronage of the President; but the day is coming when it will be tremendous, and from this power the country may sooner or later fall."

The following anecdote is given concerning one of his most important legal arguments:

"In the British debt case, of which Wirt gives a full account, Mr. Henry made great preparation.—He shut himself in his office for three days, during which he did not see his family, his food being handed by a servant through the office door. The Countess of Huntingdon, then in this country, was among the auditors, and remarked, after hearing the arguments of the several speakers, 'that if every one of them had spoken in Westminster Hall, they would have been honored with a peerage.' This case, says Wirt, was discussed with so much learning, argument, and eloquence as to have placed the bar of Virginia, in the estimation of the Federal judges, (if the reports of the day may be accredited,) above all others in the United States. Mr. Henry on this occasion had a diamond ring on his finger, and while he was speaking the Countess exclaimed to the judge, (Fredell) who had never before heard him, 'The diamond is blazing!' 'Gracious God,' replied he, 'he is an orator indeed. In this cause he injured his voice so that it never recovered its original power.'

From the Washington Bee.

How He Won Her.

We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line, should study well the grand secret. Our friend who furnished the sketch says he sees no reason why it should not be true.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appointed time the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a down-cast look and sighed when he gazed upon the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage. I have as yet, neither refused nor accepted any one of you. I now desire that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it."

A answered as follows—"If you marry me you shall live in a splendid house, have servants and carriages at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of fashionable life. I am rich."

B spoke next—"My rival has said very truly that he is rich, and he offers you a strong inducement; but I am of noble descent. My grandfather was a duke, and although not wealthy, I am of a family with whom an alliance would be thought an honor by the wealthiest heiress in the land."

C stated his claims thus—"I am a politician, and have now a reputation that older persons have envied. Next year I shall run for Congress, and I have no doubt of success. By marrying me, your name will be handed down to posterity."

D twisted his mustache, with an air of an exquisite, and said—"Angelic creature!—Pon my soul I think you have already made up your mind in my favor. You know how demurely I'm admired. Who is the most fashionable dresser in town? Who rides the finest horses? Who frequents the most fashionable places? Who is a better judge of the opera! Rumor says D—but 'pon honor I'm too modest to insist on it."

When it came to E's time to speak there was a pause. All eyes were turned towards him. Poor fellow! he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the beauty, "what say you, Mr. E?"

"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to the gentleman. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statement, no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor!"

"Go on."

"I am not of noble family!"

"Go on, sir."

"I am unknown to the world!"

"No matter—proceed."

"I have neither the taste nor the means to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that, what next?"

"Nothing, only I love you, and take a newspaper."

At this Messrs. A B C and D burst out into a loud laugh, and exclaimed in one voice—so do we!

"I love you to distraction!—I take four papers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence," said the lady. "In one month you shall have my answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each in succession the lady thus answered:

"Riches are not productive of happiness."

"Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations." "Fame is fleeting." And "he that has but the garb of a gentleman is to be pitied."

"I have taken the trouble to find out the names of the newspapers to which you all subscribe, and I have ascertained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, have paid the printer! Now, gentlemen, this is dishonour. I cannot think of marrying a man who could be guilty of a dishonest act. I have learned that Mr. E. not only subscribes for a paper, but pays the printer! Therefore, I say, he is the man. I give him my hand with the full conviction that he is one who is every way calculated to make me happy."

Need we extend our narrative? The disappointed gentlemen disappeared quite suddenly; and the lucky suitor was united to the object of his devotion; and, in a few years, by his honesty and industry, became, not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and was esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, he paid the printer! Is there no moral in this?

A "DEAF" JUROR.—In the Nisi Prius Court at Bridgewater, lately, a juror appeared in the witness-box, and claimed exemption on the ground of deafness. Mr. Baron Platt, in a very subdued tone of voice, interrogated the deaf "un"—How long have you been deaf? inquired the Judge. The juror unhesitatingly answered, "Two years." The juror, in a much less audible tone, "How was your deafness caused?"—Juror, (without evincing the least difficulty in hearing,) "I caught a severe cold." Judge, in a voice almost reduced to a whisper, "Don't you think your deafness is cured?" "No my lord," answered the unsuspecting juror.—"Oh, you'll do very well, sir," replied his Lordship, amidst roars of laughter.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE QUAKER.—A

Drab-coated gentleman from Rhode Island once applied to Mr. Webster to come on a certain day and plead a case for him, inquiring what would be the amount of the fee. "Why," says Daniel, "I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I think \$1000 will be about right for my fee in this case."—The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but did not betray the least emotion. "Friend Webster," says he, "that's a great deal of money; but I may have more causes to plead. Suppose I give thee \$1000, will thou try the others likewise?" "Yes," says Daniel, "as I have to attend court, I will plead in the others, if you desire, without charging an extra fee." So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Meantime the Quaker had applied to all the folks who had suits in the Court, and had got some four or five suitors to pay him from \$200 to \$300 each for the services of the great Daniel. "What," said the statesman, when he heard of it, "do you suppose I am to be let out by you, like a horse to hire?" "Friend Daniel," replied the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine." Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this, and considering himself firmly pinned, he went good humoredly to work and pleaded them all. So the Quaker made \$200 by the operation.

REPOSING IN HOPE.—The tranquility of a mind

gradually reposing in the dearest hopes of a better world, is an enjoyment that cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It is not easy sufficiently to value the peaceful close of a busy life, provided that repose is founded on the right views of Christian hopes, looking beyond the grave; the mist of doubt and perplexities dissipated in the meridian splendor of the gospel truth; the storms of life softening into silence; the delirium of pleasure and the dreams of dissipation fled; and the freed mind resigned to the dictates of reason; the wounds of conscience healed by the balm of eternal love; the heart lacerated by the loss of those once so dear to us, patiently waiting in full expectation of re-union nevermore to be broken; every angry passion hushed into peace; the evils of life sunk into resignation to the Divine will; the fervent desire of the re-possessing soul; approaching to the verge of never-ending enjoyments, and the whole soul reposing on the bosom of a Saviour's love.

CONSCRIPTS AND SLAVES.—Mr. Walsh, in one

of his recent letters from Paris says, that Versailles is now the rendezvous of many hundreds of the present year's contingent of conscripts. These groups he adds have always fixed my attention, so many of them seeming mere boys—all raw, rustic, or clownish in the extreme degree. The condition of the peasantry and the classes on whom the conscription chiefly preys, in this department of Seine and Oise, is far better than that of a number of the other departments.

"I have, (adds the writer) within the fortnight past, seen files of conscripts—a hundred and fifty or more together—arriving in their crude state, whose attire, gait, whole aspect and march, were at least as wretched as those of any gang of negroes whom I ever beheld under any circumstances in the United States; and I was familiar with six of the slave States. In a singularly short time these levies are wonderfully metamorphosed; their changes of person and dress, and their drilling, serve to amuse infinitely the older soldiers of this large garrison. The recruit becomes in his first twelve-month easy in his uniform and exercises, and quite a military beau, and laughs in his turn at the clodhoppers and tatter-demolitions of the next year.

THE POOR.—Willis has visited a poor house

in England and we extract a part of his observation upon what he saw:

In another room we found ten or twelve very old women, who were too decrepit for work of any kind. But they had laps left! And in each one's lap lay a baby! The old knaves were trotting with the new born of pauper mothers, and but for its dreadful uniformity—each old trunk grafted with a bud and trunk and buds dressed and swathed in the poor house uniform, this room full of life's helpless extremities would have seemed happiest of all. They cuddled up their druling charges as we approached the benches on which they sat, and chirruped their toothless "tup! tup! tup!" as if each was proud of her charge. One of the old women complained bitterly of not being allowed to have a pinch of snuff. The reason why, we became the others would want it too, or demand an equivalent, paupers being cared for by system.—The unhappy and improvident creature had educated a superfluous want!

The sick rooms were marked with the same

painful nakedness. Old people, disposed to die, economically tucked up in rows against the wall, with no room to come near them except the one nurse to a dozen, form a dreadful series. Really there should be some things sacred from classification. The fifth act of dramas, like whole human lives, should not pass like the shelving of utensils that are one degree short of worthless. I stood looking for a minute or two at an old man whose only reply to 'well how are you now?' was a hopeless lifting and dropping of the eyelids, and I wondered whether a life was worth having, that had such possible termination in its dark lottery.