



BY JAS. CLARK.

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A HEART TO LET.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

To be let— To be let at a very desirable rate, A snug little house in a healthy estate, This a bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance, Affection the rent, to be paid in advance, The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone, But the fixtures are not of much value—but soon 'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife Take a lease for the term of her natural life. Then ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget, An excellent bachelor's heart's to be let.

Thrilling Incident.

We copy the following sketch from a late number of the Democratic Review. It is from the pen of Henry Wikoff, Esq., and written with his usual graphic power, and portrays the estimation in which this country is held by the true republicans of France:

Two American families, who were living in Paris in February, 1848, becoming alarmed at the increasing agitation of the capital, determined, only at the last moment, to leave for some quieter neighborhood, and on the very day that the revolution broke out they took their departure, and made all haste by railroad to reach Havre. They had not got more than nine miles from Paris when the train stopped, and they were told by the conductor that the bridge ahead of them was on fire, and that proceeding further was hopeless, and that it was equally impossible for them to run back, for the rails behind them had already been taken up. There was nothing else to be done than get out, and return on foot, at the imminent risk of insult and outrage from an infuriated mob, that already lined both sides of the road, to the extent of thousands. This was a situation alarming enough to fill the stoutest heart with terror, and the effect may be imagined in the present, where there was only one man to protect three or four ladies, with several children, to say nothing of *femmes de chambers*, and small parcels. Their fright was excessive, but escape was out of the question. Nothing could be done but return to Paris, and run the gauntlet that awaited them. They passed along in a drizzling rain, covered with mud and borne down by fatigue. Shouts and imprecations made the air resound around them, for the very earth seemed teemed with armed and savage men. With shrinking hearts they pushed along, dreading every moment to be waylaid, robbed, and perhaps slain, when to their infinite joy they reached Paris, and believed their tribulations over. Hurrying through the Barrier, they struck down the first street that seemed to lead in the direction of their residence, when, of a sudden to their consternation they found themselves hemmed in behind a vast barricade, and in a moment were surrounded and seized by hundreds of fierce and desperate insurgents, disguised in masks, and armed to the teeth, who brandished their weapons, and threatened them with death.

"Ha, ha!" they shouted in furious tones, "you vile aristocrats, you have endeavored to escape—but you are not gone yet. And we'll take care of you now." Their situation was really fearful. Inflamed with drink and passion, these terrible men, further exasperated by the combat in which they were engaged were capable of any excess, even to murder. The unhappy party, seeing themselves cut off from every resource, threw themselves on their knees, and endeavored to move their ruthless captors by supplication and tears. They declared they were no aristocrats—but republicans like themselves—but were of them in principle and in sympathy—they were not English but Americans. At which shouts of bitter derision were returned, accompanied by exclamations and oaths, full of contumely and hate. "You think you'll cheat us that way, do you, by setting up as republicans, and passing yourselves off as Americans.—No, that won't do, as we'll soon convince you." The danger increased every moment, and cries of "a base les Anglais!" "mori les riches," rose on all sides, amid frantic yells and demoniac threats. At this agonizing moment one of the ladies, whose nerves were strong by the imminence of the peril, roused herself to one more heroic effort.

"But what," she said, "if we give you proof my friends, that we belong to you—that we are fellow republicans—that we are not monarchists, but Americans? The proof—the proof!" they roared,

in the hoarse tones of the coming tempest.

Every eye was bent on her—every upraised arm refrained; a breathless pause ensued. At this revolutionary period in France, scarce a family resident there but had deemed it prudent to provide themselves with an American flag, and in hurrying away from Paris, by a mere chance, the lady in question stripped the banner from its staff, and rolled it up in a package she carried with her. In the desperate hope that it might now possibly stand her instead, she unfolded and raised it aloft. On one of its white stripes was written in large red letters, *Les Etats Unis d'Amérique—the United States of America*. The display of the national ensign, proving beyond question the origin of their prisoners, had a perfectly magical effect on the powder begrimed mob around them. Off flew hats, caps, cheers rent the air: "Vive les Américains!" "Vive le dra eau de la liberté!"—long live the Americans—long live the flag of liberty—was shouted from countless seized throats. The wildest enthusiasm reigned on these tumultuous, but gallant men. They entreated a thousand pardons for their unthinking violence, and in their frenzy fell on their knees, kissed the hands of the ladies, and would but for their earnest remonstrances, have carried them home in triumph.—As it was they detailed a formidable guard, and followed the American flag, which was mounted on a lance, they escorted, amid every token of respect and homage, the grateful objects of their democratic sympathies, back again to their longed for residence.

Nothing could more happily confirm all my speculations on the reality of French affection to America, which is found to be sure only amongst the masses, since the upper classes are naturally devoted to aristocratic privileges, and seek alliance with any thing but democratic communities. To confirm in every particular the thrilling facts I have related, I would be happy to give in full, the names of the parties in question, whose respectability would be a sufficient guarantee; but as they consisted chiefly of ladies, I feel a certain hesitation in taking such a liberty. I will merely state that I received these particulars from the 'heroine of the flag' herself, Mrs. J. R. H., of the Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Flower in the Desert.

HERE is a beautiful incident, related by an officer at Matamoras in a letter to a friend in Providence, which reminds us that "In the desert there still is a fountain, In the wide waste there still is a tree, And a bird in the solitude singing."

Our army were marching into Matamoras and the officer writes; "Under a tree, just on the river bank, and at the point were the bustle and throng of the passage were the greatest, a family of Mexicans had taken shelter, who had recrossed to our side the day before, and had not had time to move their homes. There were some six or eight children of various ages; one of these beautiful black-eyed graceful creature, of five or six years. I saw her while tumult and toil of all description rang around, while arms were flashing, cannon rolling, men hurrying to and fro, horses dashing at a wild speed, the air filled with shouts and oaths, and all was as if quiet and peace were banished from earth, half sitting half lying upon the knotty knoll, her head resting upon a white pet dove, and one little arm thrown around the bird as if to protect it from harm. What a lesson is taught here! What a picture for the painter and poet! See innocence personified in that sweet child! See Peace represented in that beautiful dove! How they stand out, bright, glorious figures in that scene where War, with its array of banners and marshaled men, and gaudily dressed officers on comparisoned horses, fresh from the battle-field, their hearts filled with the swelling, thoughts of the victory they have won and all glowing with the ambitious desires that became heroes that they have shown themselves to be—how the sweet child and the beautiful dove shine with the light, that if from in that scene, when war fills up and darkens all the back ground.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT DEBTS.—An undertaker in New York, not long since being unable to collect some old debts, after calling and sending in vain took out his horse and drove up to the dwelling of a creditor. Much surprise was expressed by the family, who, on hearing that the horse would remain until the money was paid, speedily handed over the cash. He repeated the operation with all his creditors, and before night the debts were all paid.

Universal Education.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Universal Education! Grand, inspiring idea! And shall there come a time when the delver in the mine and the rice swamp, and the orphans of the prodigal and the felon, the very offsprings of shame; shall be truly, systematically educated! Glorious consummation! twilight of the millenium!—Who will not labor and court sacrifices, and suffer reproach, if he may hasten by even so much as a day, its blessed coming! Who will not take courage from the contemplation of what the last century has seen accomplished, if not in absolute results, yet in preparing the approaches in removing impediments, in correcting and expanding the public comprehension of the work to be done, and the feasibility of doing it. Whatever of evil and suffering the future may have in store for us, though the earth be destined yet to be plowed by the sword, and fertilized by human gore, until rank growths of the deadliest weeds shall overshadow it, stifling into premature decay every plant most conducive to health or to fragrance—the time shall surely come when true and universal education shall dispel the dense of night of ignorance and superstition that now enshrouds the vast majority of the human race; shall banish evil and wretchedness almost wholly from earth, by removing or unmasking the multiform temptations to wrong doings; shall put an end to robbery, hatred, oppression and war, by diffusing widely and thoroughly a living consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind and the sure blessedness, as well as righteousness of doing ever as we would have others do to us. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Such is the promise which enables us to see the end of the dizzy whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has long sinned and suffered. On wise and systematic training, based on the widest knowledge, the truest morality, and tending ever to universal good, as the only assurance of special or personal well-being, rests the great hope of the terrestrial renovation and elevation of man.

Not the warrior, then, nor the statesman, nor yet the master worker, as such but the teacher, in our day leads the van guard of humanity. Whether in the seminary or by the way-side, by uttered word or printed page, our true king is not he who best directs the seige or sets his squadrons in the fields, or heads the charge—but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of whom he is shall be wiser, purer, nobler for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work, of which he was an humble instrument, to its grander and loftier consummation. Oh, far above the conquerer of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and bayonet, is he whose tearless victories redder no river and whiter no plain; but he who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empires not of the wretched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered and planted, and peopled with beneficent activity and enduring joy! The mathematician who, in his humble study undisturbed as yet by the footsteps of monarchs and their ministers, demonstrates the existence of a planet, before unsuspected by astronomy and unobserved by the telescope, the author who from his humble garret, sends forth the scroll which will constrain thousands upon thousands to laugh or weep at his will; who topples down a venerable fraud by an allegory, or crushes down a dynasty by an epigram, he shall live and reign over a still increasing dominion, when the pasteboard kings, whose steps are counted in court circulars, and timed by stupid buzzes, shall have long since mouldered and been forgotten. To build out into chaos and drear vacuity; to render some corner of the primal darkness radiant with the presence of an idea; to supplant ignorance by knowledge, and sin by virtue; such is the mission of our age, worthy to enkindle the ambition of the loftiest, yet proffering opportunity and reward to the most lowly. To the work of universal enlightenment be our lives henceforth contracted, until the black clouds of impending evil are irradiated and dispersed by the full effulgence of the divinely predicted day when "All shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest," and when wrong and woe shall vanish forever from the presence of universal knowledge, purity and bliss.

A Western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack exclaimed, "Dog my cats if you han't been takin' a little rye, old hoss!"

Two Ways to Tell a Story.

We hope there are many of the readers of our paper who have had practical evidence that a little kindness, however homopathic the dose may be, goes five times as far towards making those around you happy, as cargoes of sour answers or surly rebukes. There are two very distinct ways of telling the same story. Some men will make hosts of friends, while others will find it impossible to discover one. Bluntness and frankness may do very well at times, but as a general thing it is prudent to study effects as well as causes. Jones may say to Smith:

"Smith are you going to pay that note to day?" "No I shan't: don't suit me, and I shan't do it." "Then by thunder I'll see if you don't!" says enraged Jones. A lawyer gets a case, a squabble follows, and they both pay dearly for a lesson in civility. How different Brown would fix it!

"Smith, what is the state of your finances this morning; do you feel as though you could let me have that \$50 to-day?"

"Well, no, I can't," says Smith, "I'm very short; can't you wait on me a few days, it would be an accommodation?" "Well," says Brown, "let it stand; do something for me as soon as you can, will you, Smith?"

"Certainly I will." They part—friends and brothers. "Go away with that noise!" says some bullet-headed fellow to the poor itinerant organist and his monkey.—The poor fellow goes away, mortified and soured against his species! how differently the good heart, the peace maker does it—

"My man, your music is pleasant, but it disturbs us now; there are a few pennies, play for some others further on your way." The organist goes along, smiling at the man who has ordered him off. There is five times the force in kind words and generosity, than there is in morose sulkiness and arbitrary measures. We cannot live long nor happy among our species, without the aid of kindness and generosity. It is not necessary to knock a man down to convince him he is in error or hold a knife at his breast to assure him his life is in your power. Politeness and civility are rare jewels; they render twofold good, blessing him that giveth and him that receiveth. It is quite astonishing, when we calculate the entire safety and splendored per centage it yields—that so few invest in that capital stock—good humor and kindness.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Unclad Horseman.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Widowers should look out for breakers.—Absalom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particulest men, perhaps, that ever lived though some people said, that when his wife was alive he used to dress as a common field hand and didn't use to take any pains with himself at all. Everbody knows how he spruced up about six weeks after Mrs. Nipper died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday; but they didn't have no confidence in his religion and used to say he only went to church to show his new suit of mourning and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the wimmin, it aint to be supposed that he stood any chance of getting another Mrs. Nippers near home, and whether he was as bad to his first wife as they said he was, or not, one thing is certain he had to look abroad for some one to fill her place. Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about ten miles from his plantation.—Nancy Parker was rich, and though she wasn't very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nipper's church, and filled his eye exactly; so he set in courtin' her with all his might. Ten miles was a good long ride, and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs. Parker's plantation every Sunday morning to go to church with the family, take dinner with them, and ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that is, to advance the prospect of his happiness on this earth and the world to come at the same time, without losing any of his week day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil a gentleman's dry goods, and make him and his horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers didn't mind the fatigue as much as his horse; but in a matter of such as he had in hand it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself

before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a band-box. This was a happy expedient, and nobody but a widower lover would think of it. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of chinkapin bushes and there make his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had arrived at his dressin' ground. It was an important occasion. Every thing was promisn', and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was no doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man; and he was reckonin' over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his horse makin' his accustomed change of dress.

He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, and was browsn' about, making up his last night's scanty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kickin' and stompin' at such flies as was feedin' on him in return.

"I'll fix the business, this time," ses Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a pint this time," ses he, and he untied his handkerchief with his clean clothes, and he spread them on his saddle-bow. "Wo, Ball," ses he—"I've just got to say the word, and—wo!" ses he to his horse, what was kickin' and rearin' and rearin' about. "Wo! you cussed old fool!"—and the business is settled just like fallin' off a log.

He was drawin' his shirt over his head when Ball gave a sudden spring that like to made him lose his balance. "Wo ses he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves Ball was wheelin' and kickin' like rat at something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all, on the ground. "Blast yer infernal pictur—wo now!" ses Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins. But before he could git hold of 'em Ball was off like a streak of lightnin', with a whole swarm of yellow jackets around his tail.

Mr. Nippers caught hold of the main and tried to stop the horse, but it was no use. Away went the infuriated Ball, and takin the road he was used to travelin', another moment brung him to the house. The gate was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck holle-in. "Stop him! hornets!" as loud as he could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went round the house scatterin' the ducks and chickens, and terrifyin' the little niggers out of their senses. The noise brung the wimmen to the door.

"Don't look, Miss Nancy! hornets! Wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, spent with breath, he went dashin out of the gate again, with the dogs still after him, and his hosre's tail switchin' in every direction like a young hurricane.—Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she fainted at the awful sight, (1) while his fast recedin' voice, cryin' "Hornets! stop him! hornets!" still rung in her ears.

How Uncle Bill "did a Landlord."

There lived some years since in a thriving Connecticut river village of New Hampshire, a lively little old man of sixty years, who was familiarly called "Uncle Bill."

He was poor, fond of a drink, and when short of change, always ready with some cunning expedient to procure one. One hot summer's day the old man came puffing and sweating into the porch of the village tavern, where sat Mr. B., the landlord, whom he thus addressed: "Like to lost every thing in your garden, landlrod; jest as I come along I see half a dozen cows in there, but I drove 'em out before they done much damage."

"Much obliged to you for your trouble," said Mr. B., "won't you take a drink?"

"Don't care if I do take a cooler; made me rather warm runnin' after the tar-nal critters."

The old man took his liquor, and after loading his short pipe, sat down to take a smoke. He puffed away in silence a long time, chuckling occasionally with a self-satisfied air—probably at the funny forms assumed by his smoke wreaths.

Getting up at last to go, he said, "Did not tell you, landlrod, how the cows got into the garden?"

"No," said Mr. B., "how was it?"

"Why, I took down the bars, and drove 'em in myself!" And the old fellow stumped off, leaving the nettled Mr. B. to the laugh of the bystanders.—Yankee Blade.

Selection of Seeds.

The winter is a favorable time for farmers to look around them, and procure, or look up new, and improved varieties of seed, roots, scions, &c., for future use. In this way, one may, in a very short time, greatly increase the income of his farm, for no fact in vegetable physiology is more strongly and incontrovertably established, than that seeds, planted or cultivated during a series of many years, will depreciate, or in farming technology 'run out.' I am not, neither is any one capable of determining, accurately, by what strange influences this result is effected or brought about; but frequent experience has convinced me that seeds and vegetables brought from a distance, invariably succeed much better than those that have become familiarized to the soil; and that consequently, a change every three or four years, at furthest, even of the same varieties, is invariably judicious, and productive of the best results.

In the spring of 1838, I had a variety of early potatoes, which had so nearly 'run out,' that I had, notwithstanding my desire to continue their cultivation, concluded to throw them by. A friend, however, to whom I had presented some of them a few years antecedently, and whose residence was some eight or ten miles off, chanced to come along, and suggested the propriety of an exchange. To this proposition I willingly acceded, and the result was a most beautiful crop with both. The same takes place with corn, beans, wheat, rye, oats, barley, pumpkins, and indeed most vegetables. Even a change from one description of soil to another, on the same farm, is productive of this favorable result. In the selection of seed, a farmer cannot be too circumspect, as he is perpetually liable to be deceived and led into error by spurious appearances. The 'humbugging' system is at present the order of the day, and if we suffer ourselves to be deluded and carried about by every wind of doctrine, our profits from farming will be limited indeed.

It is always a good plan, when by any means, we have succeeded in obtaining a valuable variety, to endeavor to preserve and propagate its deserving qualities. This may be easily accomplished by selecting, every autumn, the best and most perfectly developed specimens of the crop. In this way, by the exercise of care and skill in cultivating, we may in a few years, bring it to almost any degree of excellence desired. Every farmer must have noticed that in every kind of crop there are some individuals which are earlier matured than others. These ought invariably to be selected to propagate from. Whatever may be the character or nature of the crop, this principle systematically adopted and practiced, will, in the end, produce the best results. The same holds good in relation to farm stock. To select the best, most symmetrical, and most valuable animals for the market or the shambles, is necessarily to degenerate and stultify the breed, whereas a contrary course will, in a short period produce an improvement, which it is not possible in any other way to produce. No judicious and intelligent breeder will ever be unmindful of this important principle, for by attention to its dictates, we shall assuredly be gainers in the end.—If we have become dissatisfied with any particular kind of seed, or, by injudicious management, have so far depreciated it that its yield, when carefully cultivated, scarcely remunerates us for the labor and expense we bestow upon it, now is the time to supply its place by a more valuable article, and one that will better reward our toils.

A farm stocked with the best animals, and producing the most valuable fruits, grains and vegetables to be found in this country, and cultivated on the most enlightened, successful and scientific principles, would be an object of wonder worth contemplating. In some period of that futurity, which to this people is so rich in glorious promises, such objects will be common of, this the past is eloquent in promises, the present a pledge that these promises shall ultimately be fulfilled. AGRICOLA.

DISGRACEFUL IGNORANCE.—It is stated that out of the 135,845 marriages solemnized in England during 1848, no less than 104,308 of the parties—viz: 42,429 men, and 62,879 women, signed the marriage Register with a mark; or, in other words, nearly one-third of the men and one-half of the women could not write.

"Mother," said Jemima Spry to her venerable maternal relative, "Sam Flint wants to come courting me to night."

"Well, you jade, what did you tell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come; I wanted to see how the fool would act."