



Written for the *Huntingdon Journal*.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY OSCEOLA.

Ye sons of valiant sires!
Come haste to tune your lyres.
For the song of liberty;
'Tis our country's natal day,
Therefore let the choral lay,
Swell forth loud and free.

Let your memory's incense burn,
Round the gallant warrior's urn,
With deep and flowing bowls,
Come pledge the honored dead;
Heaven's choicest boons be shed
On their immortal souls.

In Liberty's high cause
Did they strive for equal laws,
And gave the mighty stroke,
That unfurled our stripes and stars—
Concluded all their wars,
And the chords that held them, broke.

Then ye sons of valiant sires,
Haste—haste to tune your lyres,
With happy hearts elate,
And while the earth doth turn,
And freedom's fires doth burn,
May our God save the State.

Huntingdon, July, 1851.

My Girlhood's Home.

BY EMILY GERTRUDE MACALLIFF.

Bring back the days, the sunny hours,
Of girlhood's thoughtless glees;
The placid stream, the opening flowers—
Oh bring them back to me.

The noontide walks, the hallowed eve,
The loved, the lost—that brow
On which love sat like sun's leave—
Oh bring them back to me now.

Where is my home—my girlhood's home,
Of sweetness? Has it fled?
Alas! 'tis gone; the joyous tone
Of its lived cadence dead.

Bring me the happy scenes, which there
Passed like a summer's dream
The soft'ning tints of memory,
Ere sorrow o'er me came.

Oh! let me dream I see it still,
With bird and sun and flower;
'Twill serve to soothe a treasured will
In this sad, trying hour.

Home of my youth—farewell, farewell!
Once I did hail your glees:
Painful as is the bosom's swell—
Oh bring it still to me.

Once—All the Time.

You asked me, love, how many times
I think of you a day?
I frankly answer only once,
And mean just what I say.

You seem perplexed, and somewhat hurt,
But wait and hear the rhyme;
Pray, how can one do more than once
What one does all the time?

Obedience, Diligence and Truth.

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son she had early endeavored to teach him three things: *obedience, diligence and truth.* No better advice can be given by any parents. Teach your children to obey.—Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character. Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a safe-guard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing; innocent recreation is an employment and the child may learn early to be useful. As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood.—Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception!

How to Extinguish Schism.

Surely there is no better way to stop the rising of new sects and schisms than to reform abuses; to proceed mildly, and not with sanguinary persecutions; and rather to take of the principal authors, by winning and advancing them, than to enrage them by violence and bitterness.—*Bacon.*

Humility is the shading which gives lustre to excellence. The actor who applauded his own performance would run a risk of being laughed at or hissed by the audience.

THE INQUIRING MIND.—A Mrs. Potts, a neighbor of the editor of the Boston Post, has an inquiring mind; she wishes to know why the newspapers never tell about the Pope's *coax*, as well as his *bulls*.

An English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict:—"Guilty, with some little doubts as to whether he is the man."

Slander may assail reputation, but fortunately character is beyond its reach.

Woman's Rights Convention.

At a recent convention of women at Akron, O., one of the speakers contended, and with truth, that man does not excel woman in love, sensibility, pleasure in doing good, and appreciation of all beautiful things in nature and morals. Upon this the Richmond Republican very justly remarks:—

"We concede that morally man is far inferior to woman. In every country and in every age, he is more vicious in almost every way than the gentle sex. Woman has far more purity, humanity, gentleness, sobriety, honesty, than man. Murderers, drunkards, robbers, criminals of every grade, are generally found among the lords of creation. Thus far we will go. But here we must pause, and ask *why* such is the fact? It may partly be ascribed perhaps to difference of organization, but principally to the fact that women are differently educated from man, that from childhood they are ever brought up amid the sacred shades of home, and under the clear sunlight of a mother's eye; that when girls, they are not thrown into contact with evil society and corrupting example; that in after or early life, HOME is the great centre of their happiness and their influence. Yet these female reformers of Ohio, by destroying existing distinctions, and causing women to herd with men in political and professional pursuits, would annihilate the very system to which woman is indebted for her moral superiority."

There is considerable force as well as truth in the Republican's comments. Woman, it is conceded, has finer traits of character, and undoubtedly more refinement and sensibility than man; but this is much more apparent in civilized than in savage nations—is made manifest, in fact, in proportion to the civilization that has been brought to bear upon it. In absolute barbarism the distinction in favor of woman does not exist. In half civilized countries, she attains to no higher position than that of equality with man, for which the convention in Ohio has contended. Our fair friends should travel a little in some portions of the European Continent, where women are as athletes as men, and stand side by side with them in labor and toil, and they would then learn something of the truth suggested by the Republican.

The fact is, that were the demands of the Woman's Rights Convention acceded to, the fair sex would be immeasurably the sufferers, and would gradually approach that very point of mere equality with the sterner sex, from which the benign influence of a universally diffused Christianity has elevated them. The very super-refinement, the tender sensibility, and other most admirable and endearing qualities, which clothe them with such wonderful interest and esteem in the eyes of men, they owe to the fact that they are secluded from those harsher influences of our door life—of conflict with the world—of jostling with the unfeeling crowd in the struggle of life, or fame, or wealth—and are enabled to give full play and unchecked indulgence to the softer and more lovely emotions.

Once break down this barrier—withdraw woman from the exclusive operation of home influences and the purer motives which now sway her, and her station in society will not only not be ameliorated—it will be sadly changed for the worse. If, instead of calmly relying upon her husband for protection, the supply of her wants, and those of her children, and giving in return grateful heed to the affairs of his, and therefore her household, winning for herself and him the affection of their children, and supplying him by her affectionate confidence and cheerful welcome with an impelling motive to labor and to virtue—if, instead of this, she foregoes the sweet cares of mother and wife, and commingles in the selfish struggles of the world on the same footing with the sterner sex, assuredly the charm which now surrounds her will be gradually dissolved, and she will come to be regarded as a competitor, and not as the bosom friend, whose sympathies cannot be invaded by any elating of purpose or of interests.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Locusts.

"When they come up from the earth—always about daylight or a little before—they immediately climb the first object they meet with, a tree, a bush, or stake, any thing two or three feet. They then lay hold of the bark, fixing themselves firmly by their claws, and commence working themselves out of their old shell, which is done by rupturing it on the back between the shoulders, and drawing themselves out. As soon as they get fairly out they seize hold of the old shell with their claws, raise themselves, and begin to expand their wings. Their bodies and wings at this time are exceedingly delicate, white and moist; but a few minutes' exposure to the air dries and hardens them, so that by the time the sun is fairly risen they are perfect and can fly. The wings, before sloughing, are beautifully folded up, and it is a beautiful sight to see them unfolded, and in a few minutes changed from the most soft and delicate tissue to the firm and rigid wing of the perfect insect. If it be wet or very cloudy, they are apt to perish in the operation of sloughing and drying. It would be curious to imagine the nature of that instinct which prompts this insect to the effort to burst the barriers of its outer covering for the attainment of a new state of existence—still more to imagine the joy and delight with which it must enter upon its aerial life, so different from the dull, hard, half-torpid existence which it passed under ground during the previous seventeen years. The imaginative Greeks typified by this species of transition, the change which takes place with man, when the soul, passing from its earthly existence, enters upon a spiritual life and realizes the glories and splendors of a happy immortality.

Biography of a Tree.

A French journal, giving an account of the horticultural exposition in Paris, publishes the following biography of the most venerable plant in France, an orange tree at the palace of Versailles, known formerly under the denomination of the Grand Constable:

"Leonore de Castille, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre, having eat a *bigarade*, a sour and bitter kind of diminutive orange, which no one, certainly in these days, would wish to put to his lips, found it so good (there is no disputing tastes!) that she planted in a pot, in 1421, the five pips which this fruit contained. As the orange tree was not then common in Navarre, and as, moreover, the hand by which these seeds had been confided to the earth was not that of an ordinary gardener, the five young trees became the object of particular care. They were not separated, but were cultivated at Pampeluna, then the capital of the kingdom of Navarre, until 1499.

"At that epoch, Catherine, sister of Gaston de Foix, and wife of John III., King of Navarre, sent as a present to Ann of Brittany, wife of the King of France, Louis XII., a box containing five orange trees, as a rare and precious object, at the same time indicating their origin.

"That box, with its trees, afterward became the property of the Constable de Bourbon, who conveyed it to his chateau of Chantelle, in Bourbonnais, the chateau from which he marched into Italy in 1523, to take up arms against France. In consequence of this treason his estate was confiscated, and the duchies of Bourbonnais and Chatelet, which formed the appanage of the Constable, were re-united in 1531 to the Crown of France. At that time Francis I., caused this orange tree to be taken from Chantelle to adorn his manor at Fontainebleau, and in the inventory of the confiscated property of the Constable, figures in a particular article, *an orange tree, with five branches, from Pampeluna.* This tree was catalogued at Fontainebleau under the grand Constable.

"When Louis XIV. purchased Versailles and planted the magnificent orangery, which is still so much admired, he collected the finest from the other royal residences. The Grand Constable was brought here in 1684, and they added to this name that of the great Bourbon, a designation which it has continued to bear to the present day. But another remarkable fact is, that in 1784 the grand constable was confided to the care of a gardener named Lemoine, and from that year it was cultivated by Lemoine, who succeeded from father to son until 1833, when the last of the name having no male child, retired from the post. This last Lemoine died at Versailles in 1846.—Here, then, is a tree 430 years old, which during 150 years of its existence has been tended by the same family."

Mind Your Own Business.

What a pity that this is no more attended to; how many less troubles and difficulties there would be if people would pay more attention to this oft repeated advice, frequently given free gratis for nothing. By not observing this maxim, mankind are continually engaged in endless broils. Mind your own business, is a sentiment that should be engraven on the heart of every human being—should be a principle to which one should firmly adhere through life—then would no man's hand be lifted against his fellow. It is with sorrow for the human family that we perceive the noblest passions exerted upon those objects which in their nature are trivial, and productive of no good.—

What matter is it to you whether your neighbor's daughter wears a lace collar that cost twelve dollars, or one that cost half that sum; whether she wears prunella or morocco shoes; whether she has three flosses on her frock, or one, or none at all? Mind your own business. In walking the street, you are met by one of that genus that the world calls a busy-body—a looker through the key hole a pryer into family secrets—one whose chief occupation and greatest delight consists in making all around him miserably he familiarly takes your arm, (if you do not give it to him he will surely take it), draws you aside to some place where you will be unobserved, and whispers in your ear, "Have you heard the news?" and without waiting for an answer, tells you that Mrs. A. had told Mr. S. that that which Mrs. A. had said about Mr. H., was not that which Mr. L. had said he said; and tells you that he got this piece of information from a person who had seen a man, who once knew *de cousin*, who wore a pair of pantaloons that belonged to the coachman of Mrs. F.'s most intimate friend's wife's sister. Your informant then quickly leaves you, to pour into some other ear this most extraordinary news, fearing that it might, like eggs, "spoil in the keeping." There are some persons, it would seem, who live upon curiosity—it is their breakfast, dinner and supper and the very acme of their happiness is to know every thing that is going on in doors and out.— This desire is not confined to one sex alone—it affects both; but it is more characteristic of woman than man. How many of the former there are with whom we can find no fault, save they do love to gossip! Some there are who, without bonnet or shawl, will just step over to some friend's (it may be hail, rain, or storm, it matters not to them,) ostensibly to inquire of Mrs. B. the price per pound of the last caddy of tea she got, but in reality, to find out whether or not, the handsome Dr. W. is paying attentions to Mrs. B.'s accomplished daughter, for she had heard that he was not in good odor there. Such ones are always on the alert, with mouth wide open to gulph down, to feed the cravings of that insatiable appetite; and, in fact, the more they hear and see, the more they wish. Their appetite it appears will never be satisfied—and, like poor Oliver Twist, it asks for more.

A New and Beautiful Poem.

BY JAMES NACK.

The following is a poem of singular beauty. The very flow of the rhythm answers Milton's description of music. The "Little Friend," whoever she may be, is to be envied her privilege of being a ministering angel to one of the best of hearts and most gifted of minds, and she will not lose her reward; for, as Miss Landon remarks, "A poet's love is immortality;" and a poem like this is of itself sufficient to insure it to the subject that inspired it.

WHY DO I LOVE HER SO.

A weary life is mine at best—
Few pleasures mine that others share—
And oft by lonely thoughts oppress'd;
It seems that I might well despair;
But when my "Little Friend" I see,
A pleasant thing is life to me

To know that she is at my side,
To hold her little hand in mine,
To watch her eyes that fondly shine,
Her cherub face, that brightens up
With love's intelligence divine—
With this my soul is satisfied,
And drains a pure, refreshing cup

Of calm and quiet happiness:
In sweet content I then repose
From sorrow's pangs, and passion's throes,
Without a wish save not to stir
From one whose very look can bless!
Some wonder what I find in her
My heart so strongly to impress—
A clever child, they must confess,
But nothing more, for all they see,
Than other children of her age,
Who scarce one thought of mine engage.

Whence cometh, then, the witchery
That sways me in her sweet control?
They know her not—and none of earth
Save I may ever know her worth;
For we have spoken soul to soul,
And met in spirit face to face,
When all her mind's immortal grace,
Love, truth and goodness, shone revealed
In beauty from the world concealed,
'Twas in an hour of bitter pain,
When the long agony of years
Was crowded in a moment's space—
When friends seemed false, and love was vain—
And the wrong heart and burning brain
Could only find relief in tears—
For I despair'd of earthly good—
She came—I scarce know whence or how—
A light and glory round her brow:
Sublimely beautiful she stood;
For all of earth had left her face,
And all of heaven I then might trace,
Her look sustained my heart, and cheer'd;
Her words my wounded spirit heal'd;
The child, the mortal, disappeared,
And God's own angel stood reveal'd!
Then did we soul with soul combine—
So, I am hers, and she is mine—
Forever hers! forever mine!
Forth in the world I see her go,
A common child to common eyes—
To mine, a star of Paradise,
Unearthly, beautiful, divine!
No wonder that I love her so!

Discovery in Surgery.

Among the scientific critics in Berlin, according to the correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, there has been some interest lately in a newly claimed discovery of the application of chlorine to cure cases of pain. The difficulty in the use of chloroform, thus far—and a difficulty far more felt in Europe than America—has been the danger of suffocation, or of otherwise injuring the body by such a total stoppage of some of its functions. This new application claims the merit of escaping the danger. According to this account, the fluid, (some 10 or 20 drops,) is dropped on the part affected, or on a lint bandage slightly moistened with water, and then applied, and all bound up in oil, and a linen band. After from two to ten minutes the part becomes insensible, and the pain is no longer felt, whether it be from rheumatic nervous, or other disorders. After a time it returns again, but usually weaker, and with several applications it is often entirely relieved. The discoverer's name is Aran, and he has already presented a memorial on the subject to the Academy of Paris.

Directions for Gathering Sumac.

If gathered from 10th June to 1st of July, a second crop can be collected the same season from new leaves that will be formed.

The best and most desirable mode of gathering is to strip from the main stem or stalk the leaf-bearing branch with the leaves on. The stock of Sumac will die after being cut for several years. New sprouts will generally force up from the roots, but stripping is the best and safest for yearly gathering.

When this year's growth is cut off it must be threshed, or beaten up, and the coarse stems raked out. The leaves are good until they commence getting red, say 15th September. Do not gather the seeds.

Dry in the sun, but always secure it from the rain or wet. When cured, put it into an airy and dry place.

Dr. Darwin was of the opinion that if a deaf person dreamed of hearing, the internal parts, essential to the function, were unimpaired. The same remark, say Dr. Smith, of Boston, is applicable to the blind. I have invariably found that the incurably deaf, as well as the incurably blind, never dream of hearing or seeing.

Visit to a Tooth Factory.

Under this head the Boston Christian Register gives the following description of the process of manufacturing these useful anaesthetic agents:—Pure crystallized quartz is calcined by a moderate heat. When taken from the fire is thrown immediately into cold water, which breaks the rocks into numberless pieces. The large pieces are then broken into smaller ones, and the whole, when reduced to a proper size, put into a mill which is itself made of quartz. The mill is turned by steam power. Here the pieces of calcined quartz are ground into a powder, very much after the fashion of grinding Indian corn into meal.—Next, a variety of spar, which is free from all impurities, is ground up in like manner into fine powder. Artificial teeth are composed of two parts, called the body and the enamel. The body of the tooth is made first; the enamel is added last. The next step is to mix together nearly equal parts, by weight, of the powdered spar and quartz. This mixture is again ground to greater fineness. Certain metallic oxides are now added to it for the purpose of producing an appropriate color, and water and clay to make it plastic and give it consistency. This mixture resembles soft paste. The paste when thus prepared is transferred to the hands of females, of whom we saw no less than fifteen filling their moulds with it, or otherwise working upon it. After the paste has been moulded into proper shape, two small platinum rivets are inserted near the base of each tooth for the purpose of fastening it (by the dentist) to a plate in the mouth. They are now transferred to a furnace, where they are "cured" as it is technically called, that is, half baked or hardened. The teeth are now ready to receive enamel, which is done by women; it consists of spar and quartz, which has been ground, pulverised, and reduced to the state of a soft paste or semi-liquid. In this state it is easily spread over the half baked body of the tooth, by means of a delicate brush. When this is accomplished, but one more step is necessary. The teeth must be subjected to intense heat for the purpose of thoroughly baking them. They are put into an oven lined with platinum, heated by a furnace in which the necessary heat is obtained. The baking process is superintended by a man, who occasionally removes a tooth to ascertain if those within have sufficiently baked. This is indicated by the appearance of the tooth. When they are done, the teeth are removed and placed in jars or boxes ready for use. An experiment which we saw made, tested to our satisfaction the hardness of these artificial teeth. We saw one of them taken indiscriminately from a jar full, and driven without breaking into a pine board, till it was even with the surface of the wood.

Old Age.

Speak carefully of its infirmities and how reverentially to its gray hairs. There is something sacred in years. Nothing hardly so exasperates as to hear the light or harsh words spoken to the white haired sojourner whose form is bending under the weight of years. The man or woman should be shunned and pointed at who will treat age disrespectfully, laugh at its unsteady step, old fashioned habits, or manner of speech. The reckless youth, who treats lightly the aged, forgets that time will wither his rounded form and chill the blood in his veins. Look at the old woman who steps unsteady, her form bended somewhat, her hands bony and her sunken cheek cut with furrows. The buxom Miss sneers at her. The ill bred children laugh and titter as she stumbles. The rosy young man listens with mock gravity to her confounding chat, and turns away to mimic the unfashionable speech of the "old granny." Shame!

We scorn and detest you while our heart clings more sacredly around the tenement where the mind of other days yet lingers with its years of experience—its griefs and sorrows unorgotten, and its hope of a spring of bliss, where its youth is eternal. Bless you, old woman! The tremulous voice has a tone of wisdom. Your friendship and your respect are worth more than the applauses of the world. There is truth in the heart.

The old were once young. Remember this.—The savages respect old age. If spared by time, the strongest of us will have to lean upon the arm of others. We love an old man or woman. Our seat is always ready; for their weary forms. We venerate gray hairs. We love to look into their faded eyes, where the fire of youth has faded out, and the milder beams of years look out upon the that shoreless sea, whose waves are hearing them to their rest. Thank God that there are old people in the world. Peace be with them, and may they ever command veneration and respect.

Aspect of Death in Childhood.

Few things appear so very beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks sublimely simple and confiding amidst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, the mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored in its sublimest and purest image—no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspection, no care for the morrow, ever darkened that little face. Death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing harsh or cruel in its victory. The yearnings of love indeed cannot be stifled, for the prattles and smile, and the little world of thoughts that were so delightful are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear the lonely voyager—for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its All-wise Father. Of such we know is the kingdom of Heaven.

Kossuth and his Family.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Sultan, Captain Joy, arrived at Southampton June 5th. She brought ship letter bags from Constantinople, Smyrna, Malta, and Gibraltar.—Among her passengers were the distinguished Hungarian Lieutenant General Loizer Messaros, 49 other Hungarian officers, and 40 Hungarian soldiers. M. Francois Isallosy, Kossuth's secretary, was a passenger on board the Sultan from Constantinople to Malta, but he was left at the latter place in consequence of his being in ill health.

Messaros took leave of Kossuth at Kutayah, on the 5th of May last. The great Magyar was then in bodily health, but much broken in spirit, owing to his long captivity. He has again been promised his liberty in September next, by the Turkish government; but faith has so repeatedly been broken with him through the machinations of Austria and Russia, that there is no certainty when he will be suffered to go at large. Kossuth's wife and child were with him, and about 25 Hungarians, who are still prisoners in Kutayah. There are now remaining prisoners in the Turkish dominions, about 40 Hungarians. Messaros is a tall hand-some man, bald-headed, with an immense beard. As soon as he landed from the Sultan, he waited on the Mayor of Southampton, to ask if any assistance could be rendered in this country to his compatriots, some of whom were destitute. He stated to the Mayor that they had been treated with the utmost kindness by the captain, officers and crew of the Sultan.

He spoke English pretty well. He had learned it, he said in his youth, for the purpose of studying English literature, and never thought then he should want it for the purpose for which he was then employing it. The Mayor offered to place him and the principal Hungarian officers at one of the chief hotels at his own expense, and to see that assistance was rendered to the rest of his companions. Messaros, however, respectfully declined the former offer, and said he would prefer remaining with the Hungarians. He had sufficient to provide for himself; all he begged was some temporary assistance for those of his companions who were destitute.

After his interview with the Mayor, he hurried down to the docks to acquaint the Hungarians that he had been successful. The Mayor sent immediately a telegraphic message to Lord Dudley Stuart to announce the arrival of the refugees, and instructed the town clerk to write to Sir George Grey to inquire if the government could render any assistance to the Hungarians and facilitate their transit to America, where they were distributed also. The superintendent of police was instructed to go by his worship to allow each refugee assistance, to enable him to get temporary bed and board in the town.

The Mocking-Bird.

During the time of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal, nor man can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, until obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is more particularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake.—Whenever the insidious approaches of the reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously clading its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape, but the intrepid defender of its young redoubles its exertions, and, unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All his pretended powers of fascination avail him nothing against this noble bird. As the strength of the snake begins to flag the mocking-bird seizes it, and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with its wings; and returns to the nest of its young, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours forth a torrent of song in token of victory.

Little Thorns.

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which defies the battle axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn through the journey of life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

Ex-President Pedraza, of Mexico.

Ex-President Pedraza, of Mexico, who died in that country three weeks ago, was denied a public burial place, because he refused, when he was about to die, to confess to a priest, and told him he had no faith in the Divine authority of priests to forgive sins. The Mexican Congress refused to give him a grave in consecrated ground by a vote of 45 to 40. The English Minister has offered to allow him to be buried in the English burying ground temporarily; as he was not a member of the English Church, it is said they will not allow him to remain there permanently. The Americans are about to have a cemetery near the city of Mexico, and the American Minister will, without doubt, offer a place in it for the remains of Senor Pedraza. It has produced great excitement among all classes, and the course of the priests is generally condemned.

When boys love the Bible, obey their parents, and are attentive to their business, you need not fear to trust them when they become men.