The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

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POETICAL.

The Old Elm Tree.

BY L. H. DAVIS.

In childhood's happy, happy hours,
Oh, I remember well,
I gathered wild, uncultur'd flowers
O'er many a grassy dell;
And dearly, dearly did I love,
With heart so light and free,
To rest me in that shady grove,
Or 'neath that old Elm Tree.
That old Elm Tree, that old Elm Tree,
That threw its shades around,
It stands no more where it did of yore,
For the woodman cut it down.

Oh, those were dreamy, dreamy days,
My heart shall ne'er forget,
I'll ever think on childhood's plays,
With fondness and regret;
Oh merry, merry, were we when
My brothers played with me,
We'd wander far and rest us then,
Beneath that old Elm Tree.
That Old Elm Tree, &c.!

They're fled, those sunny, sunny scenes,
To me they'll never come,
But still they float along in dreams
Of childhood's happy home,
I scarcely, scarcely now would know
That home so dear to me,
The cottar's axe hath long ago,
Cut down that old Elm Tree.
That Old Elm Tree, &c.

Farewell each fairy, fairy spot,
Which early childhood knew,
Years will bring me many a thought,
And many a dream of you;
And never, never will they fade,
They're stamped on memory,
These times we had when oft we play'd
Around that old Elm Tree.
That Old Elm Tree, &c.

SABBATH READING.

Prayer.

The pearly gate of heaven is prayer—
Yes, 'tis the very entrance there.

The child of flaxen hair and azure eyes, kneels when the day is done, and prays this simple prayer,—"Jesus, make me good." Is he far from heaven? Nay, its bright inhabitants look down with interest deep to see so fair a sight. And should that breath, that just heaved his little bosom, and now presses his ruby lips for exit, be the last, seraphs would bear him home. Another child clasps her burning hands and prays, then exclaims, "I am going to heaven,"—and lo! she enters.—And was not prayer the gate?

I have seen a maiden,—bitter tears had drank the brightness of her eye, and left the cold fixed look of agony in her cold dark orbs. She knelt. Her lips opened with, "My Father—though I claim no earthly father, neither a mother's love nor soothing hand, yet thou art my Father and knowest all my sorrows, and I come to thee. Bless now thy child, and give me grace to bear this deep affliction without a murmur. And when I have fulfilled thy will on earth, receive me where no sorrow is." She rose, and tears of joy were gathering in her eyes, and smiles gleamed on her countenance. That Heavenly Father had unveiled a smiling face, and given a glimpse of heaven through the entrance—prayer.

I have seen the aged man in his devotion.—As his tremulous voice of age, that trembled yet again with feeling, went up, I felt as if his feet were on the threshold of the "better World." O prayer! thou comforter,—soother of all sorrows;—healer of all wounds—gate of heaven—I love thee. And if I might defer to seek my soul's salvation, without one risk, till frosty age with furrowed cheek had come, yet would I not; for many prayers that sweeten now life's bitter cup, were then as naught.

Oh, child of praying parents, dost thine aged father daily pray for thee? Thank God. And dost thy mother, weeping, nightly importune on thy behalf? Rejoice. Or is that mother sleeping in the home of the dead, who gave thee up to God, and sealed that covenant with a daily prayer as long as life be given? Be comforted—nor prize thy birth-right lightly;—for those pure petitions shall aid thy prayer—thy entrance into heaven.

Thoughts of Home.

Home, how sweet the name! What recollections are awakened by it—recollections of all that is near and dear to the heart. It nerves the arm of the soldier, on the field of battle!—One thought of home—of wife and children—of an aged father or mother—a lovely sister—or, it may be, of a gentle being whose young affections are twined around him. One thought of these comes to his mind, and he seeks on the battle-field, honor and renown.

The sailor on the trackless deep, far from land—tossed by tumultous waves, surrounded by dangers that make his manly heart quake—thinks of the loved ones at home, and feels a warm emotion at his heart. And even in his last agony, while breathing a silent prayer, his heart is lingering around the lowly cot of his birth, and he feels a yearning desire to tread once more the paths around the home-stead, and listen again to their kindly greetings!

See the sturdy emigrant as he walks our streets; you would deem him cold and callous to every heart feeling. But whisper to him the magic word, Home, and how quickly the strong man is melted even to tears. That little word has unlocked the fountains of his heart, and memory flies quickly back to "father-land."—He sees, in fancy, the lowly cot, and the group of warm, honest hearts assembled there, and with this tide of tender recollections, comes the thought that he is a stranger now, in a strange land, far from his own green isle.

Yes, Home, is a sweet name, connected with all the heart holds dear; but to the Christian, it has a higher, holier meaning. He looks forward to a blissful home in heaven, when earthly re-unions have ceased. In the holy Book he reads of that Home—of its beauty—its glory, and his heart throbs with delight as he reads his title to that blest abode.

He reads of the golden streets—of the river of life that flows eternally through that fair land, of the multitude clothed in white robes, who, with crowns upon their heads, and golden harps in their hands, are continually praising God. He reads of the brightness of that home, where there is no night, and of its exemption from all sorrow; for there, all tears are wiped away. All this he reads, and his heart thrills with delight, as he exclaims, "My Home is Heaven."

SELECT TALE.

[A Leaf from the Journal of a Volunteer.]

The Forlorn Hope.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

We were encamped before Monterey. The night was far advanced. Stretched at full length before the camp-fire I was endeavoring to snatch a short repose to prepare me for the assault, which was to take place at day-break.

The attempt was useless; slumber gave me the cold shudder, and I found myself intently observing my captain, who occupied the other side of the fire.

He was sitting on an old box, wrapped in his cloak, and gazing among the smouldering embers with an expression of countenance so intensely mournful that my sympathy was at once irresistably drawn towards him.

His face was of an ashy paleness, contrasting strongly with his jetty hair and eyes. His beard had been suffered to grow for weeks, unchecked by the edge of a razor, and its exuberance increased his haggard look.

Captain Archer was a mystery to the whole regiment. Young, finely formed, endowed by nature with a face of classic beauty, he seemed born to enjoy every happiness, yet a constant melancholy pervaded his every action. He seemed devoured by the remembrance of some never-to-be-forgotten grief; he made no one his companion—studiously avoided all intercourse with his brother officers—seldom spoke, unless it was on duty. The life he led was one of extreme desolation.

Notwithstanding the solitary habits of Archer, he was respected by all his brother officers, for he was brave to rashness on the battle-field and treated all who approached him with gentlemanly courtesy.

Being his first lieutenant, I was slightly exempted from the formal manner he adopted towards others, our duty bringing us in constant contact. I never had intruded upon his sorrow with any inquisitive questioning; he felt and appreciated the delicacy. And though he spoke not his thanks, his eyes expressed them. Having secured his good opinion, I was careful enough to retain it.

Having nothing better to do, I lay with eyes rivetted upon his face, while my imagination ran riot in speculating over his history.

As I gazed, a deep sigh issued from his lips, and aroused him from his abstraction. Our eyes met, he studied my countenance for a moment, as if intent on reading my thoughts.—He seemed satisfied with the scrutiny, for he said immediately, with that constant tinge of melancholy which ever accompanied his voice—

'You are not asleep, Lieutenant George?

'No, Captain.'

'What prevents you from sleeping—anxiety for to-morrow?'

'Possibly that may be one of the causes, I replied.

'A dangerous duty was asigned to our regiment.'

'Might I enquire what it is?'

'Certainly. Do you see yonder tall building looming above the walls of Monterey, through the darkness?'

'You mean the Bishop's Castle?'

'Yes—that is to be our point of attack. We storm it at day-break.

'It is a dangerous undertaking.'

'True, lieutenant, we have the honor of being selected for a 'forlorn hope.' You understand that term; we shall march to almost certain death—we shall find a grave beneath those walls. I shall at last meet the death I have so often sought in vain.'

'Sought, Captain,' I repeated in astonishment, gazing in his face, which wore a look of calm, sad resignation.

'You are surprised that I should wish to die,' he continued, in the same mournful strain. 'It excites your wonder that one so young as I am—for I am only twenty-five—should have grown weary of his life. Ah! my friend, the heart may grow aged in a day, and when such is the case, the young frame that enshrines it cannot reconcile it to the world.

'You have met with some bitter disappointment,' I suggested, which long brooding over has tainted your mind. Banish it from your recollection. Happines is yet within your reach if you will but strive to clasp it.'

'Alas! my friend,' he cried, 'you know not what I have lost. You would fain administer comfort to me, you know not the extent of the wound you would probe. I feel that to-morrow will bring the crisis of my fate. We can neither of us sleep; if you will have patience to listen, I will relate to you the events which have so changed my being, and should you ever return to our native soil, you can tell my friends my story and my fate.

I expressed my willingness to listen and Archer proceeded at once:

'I am a native of Boston; my profession is that of a lawyer, yet I had no necessity to practice it, for I was left an orphan at twenty, with an ample fortune.

I did not fall into that course of dissipation common to young men when left their own master at an early age. Reared in the path of honor and integrity by a wise father, I remembered and treasured his counsels long after the lips that had uttered them were crumbling into dust.

The old lawyer, under whom I studied, had a niece; she was the heiress of a fine estate, which was unjustly held from her by a male relative. Her uncle had given her a home, and instituted a suit to recover her property.

Delia Hallet was seventeen when I first beheld her, and I thought her the loveliest of her sex. I will not attempt to describe the charms which made me her slave, suffice to say I loved her with my whole being.

I sought every opportunity of securing her society, and our acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy; my love was told and accepted.—Delia promised to be my wife on condition, and that was if she gained her law-suit, as her fortune would then nearly equal my own.

I endeavored in vain to combat this resolution. She was firm against all my entreaties; she acknowledged her love for me, but in the same breath told me I should never call her mine, so long as she remained a beggar.

I left her with the determination to exert all my energies in her cause. I would prove myself worthy of her, I thought, by winning her. Animated by this idea, I at once offered my services to her guardian; they were joyfully accepted. We labored together. The trial day came—the case was severely contested—the result gave us the most decided victory. I bore the news of our success to Delia.

'I have no thanks to speak,' she said, laying her hand in mine; this is your reward.

The wedding day was fixed. With joy I awaited the approach of this eventful period.—Time passed slowly to my eager anticipation. The eve of the day came. I was sitting in my office, when a servant brought me the alarming intelligence that Delia had disappeared, no one knew whither. At the same time he placed in my hand a note addessed to me, in her well known hand-writing.

I tore it open with trembling hands. It contained these few words, which since then have been engraved indelibly on my heart.

'*Edward*—Forgive me for having so long deceived you. I am about to elope with him who alone possesses my heart. Pardon her whom you have so often called your DELIA.

I sat in my chair in a state of stupor, with the fatal paper firmly clenched in my hand, while the moments passed unheeded. Heaven only knows how long I should have remained thus if I had not been disturbed by the entrance of her guardian.

He noticed my distraction at once and inquired the cause. I gave him the letter silently. I could not speak, my heart was in my throat, and choaked my utterance. Could I have wept, I should be relieved.

He read the note, as he did so, the greatest astonishment was depicted on his face. When he had finished, he exclaimed

'It is impossible! she never would have acted thus.'

'Is it not her hand-writing? I gasped.

He scrutinzed the note, word for word and his countenance fell as he replied—

'It is very like it.'

'You cannot deny it.'

'The resemblance is very great, yet let us not be too hasty, Edward. I will hasten home and ascertain the truth,' he said, as he prepared to depart, 'wait until I return.'

He was gone. I had no intention of waiting his return. The demon of despair was in my soul, and I could not bear to look on familiar things. I wrote a line to my tutor, leaving my property to his charge, and gathering up what money I had in the office, I hurried away.

That afternoon I took the cars for New-York. On my arrival there, I found the city filled with volunteers for the army in Mexico. I joined them and obtained a captain's commission.

I have little more to tell. Since then, I have led a soldier's life. I have courted death in many a fray, and escaped without a wound.—I cannot drive the image of her whom I so fondly loved, and who so basely deceived me, from my mind. She has been the cause of the everlasting grief that consumes me. Something tells me that to-morrow my heart will be at rest.

He ceased speaking, wrapped his cloak closer about him, and laid down to sleep. I reflected over his singular story, but before I could come to any definite conclusion, slumber surprised me.

Day was just breaking as I awoke from my short nap. I had been dreaming. I thought I had discovered the runaway Delia—restored her to the arms of the distracted Archer, and was receiving his grateful thanks, when as I opened my eyes I discovered a young lad shaking me by the shoulder.

I sprang to my feet asked him what he wanted. He was an effeminate looking little fellow, with curly brown hair, and the prettiest blue eys I ever saw. His smooth forehead looked care-worn, and there was an expression of deep sorrow upon his youthful face.

'Where is Captain Archer?' he said, in answer to my interrogation.

'Yonder,' I replied, pointing with my sword towards the 'forlorn hope,' which was forming for the attack.

'Can I speak with him?' he inquired.

Before I could answer, the word was given to advance.

'After the battle,' I cried, as I hurried forward to take my place in the advancing column.

'That will be too late!' I heard him scream as I hurried away.

* * * * * *

The assault was over. The remnant of the 'forlorn hope' was gathered around a table in the castle of the Bishop, which was covered with flasks of generous wine. Archer and myself were the only officers surviving. By my side stood the boy, who had scaled the walls after me, and passed through the iron hail storm of war unscathed. Archer and myself had fought side by side, and the courageous little fellow had closely followed our footsteps.

The boy was gazing intently upon Archer's face as if desirous of attracting his attention.—Supposing he wished to be praised for his bravery, I turned to Archer and said—

'Captain Archer, you have not yet noticed our young volunteer.'

My words aroused him from the revery into which he had fallen; he raised his eyes and looked towards the lad. The moment their eyes met, he sprang wildly to his feet, exclaiming—

'Delia!'

'Edward!' was the reply, and they were locked in each others arms. He did not pause to question her truth—he asked for no explanation. All was forgotten in the joy of the reunion.

I was made acquainted with all afterwards. The mystery was easily solved. The note had been forged by the relative who had lost the law suit, and he had abducted Delia and conveyed her to a country house to give color to the fabrication. He did this to revenge himself for the loss of the property.

Delia succeeded in making her escape, and returned home. Her guardian informed her of the departure of Archer and the cause. She determined to follow him and convince him of her truth. She made her preparation secretly, and left home in male attire.

In New Yook she discovered that Archer had joined the army in Mexico. Nothing daunted at the length of the journey, she secured a passage and sailed the next day. After many perils and hard-ships, her devotion was rewarded by finding Archer at Monterey.

Archer had prophecied rightly when he said, 'his heart would be at rest' that day. That face, which had so long been a stranger to a smile, became radiant with them. Determined not to be deprived of his bride a second time, as soon as his duty would permit, he summoned in a priest, and I, acting the part of a father, placed the hand of Delia within his own, and gave him a jewel of a wife.

She bore her husband company throughout the remainder of the campaign, and when the war was over, returned with him to Boston.

The relative who made himself so busy in concocting villany, had evaded punishment by flight.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Archer and his wife, they were enjoying the happiness they so richly deserve. May it never know abatement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dollar.

JACQUE.

Before me lies a silver dollar, which bears upon its reverse the pillard shield of haughty Spain. Years ago in the dark caves of Potosi the swarthy Aztec delved from the unwilling earth the glittering ore, which was never more to be his own; and smelted, purified and stamped with the insignia of tyranny, it has gone forth from age to age, and from generation to generation, an entailed curse or a bequeathed blessings.

The lean and shrivelled miser has toiled for it penny by penny; for he has wronged the widow and the fatherless, and spoiled the happy home of the virtuous; and to possess it he has denied himself even the necessaries of life; and pinched by hunger and want, he has hugged it to his dying bosom, and relinquished it only when the icy hand of death has opened his clutched fingers. And then what it cost the old man a long life-time of weary toil and want to accumulate, was quickly scattered to profligate heirs, who in their turn, were bringing upon themselves the curse of the miser's ill-gotten wealth.

For this poor bit of ringing metal has the seamstress in her dismal garret,

"With eye-lids heavy and red,
And fingers weary and worn,"

stitched on for dear life; and when the miserable dollar had passed through her toil-worn fingers, it was but to be squandered from the snowy hand of beauty in the marts of fashionable trade. Rich, dry old men of business—solid and substantial men of Boston have fingered it lovingly, as if its mellow ring were music to their ears; and then again, it has nestled in the hand of innocent children, and been treasured up among its hoard of precious things—gazed at day by day, teaching the little one to learn too soon, alas! to love the "root of all evil."

Within this shining circle have centred all the ends and aims of the sordid man of the world; who found, when too late, that his mighty dollar could not

"Minister to the Mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,"

or give the soul a passport to that realm beyond the earth, beyond the skies.

The chubby school-boy, with his growing avarice, has hoarded up the dollar in his little pocket book, against the fourth of July jollification; and then how gladly has it gone to the vender of apple tarts and ginger beer, or gunpowder and fire crackers, though diverse and terrible, during the long, long months of waiting, were the temptations to violate its unbroken repose.

This type of Yankee ambition—the Almighty Dollar—has been the price of that patriotism which political sham patriots buy and sell in the market place—the successful bait and tempted virtue and the reward of crime. Benevolence had converted the heathen with it, and stinginess has rewarded the preserver of his life with the same identical coin.

One day it has been dropped into the foul till of the low groggery, and the next day it has gone on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, along with some thousand casks of New England rum, and it only returned to buy the soul of a curb stone broken into the contribution box, and the next day it was sold at six per cent. on State street; and after crossing the Atlantic, and flourishing among titled puppets of the Court of St. James, it returned to purchase the complete works of William Shakspeare, and then bribed an independent editor of the modern Athens to hold his tongue.

But it would be in vain to attempt to follow this erratic coin in its wanderings up and down the earth, doing good one day, and upsetting it the next; but, oh! friend of humanity, add not another to its manifold sins, but use it as not abusing it; and when it shall leave your hand, send it forth upon a good mission.

Almighty Dollar! go forth upon your way. Pull down and build up; destroy and repair; comfort and succour; and wound, but your progress around the world shall wear you smoother, and one day you too shall fall to the fate of our humanity, and shall die!

Joaquin, the Mexican Robber.

The San Francisco Herald gives a romantic account of Joaquin, the Mexican robber. He recently stopped on the Salinas Plains, and the owner of the house asking him, in the course of the conversation, if he had heard of Joaquin, the person addressed, put his hand to his heart, and with grave politeness and penetrating glance, replied—

"Sir, I am that Joaquin, and no man takes me alive, or comes within one hundred yards of me, with these good weapons."

Without any further ceremony, and perfectly unexcited, the robber went on to relate the reason of his conduct in his late career; he had been oppressed, robbed, and persecuted by the Americans in the placers; had lost $40,000 been driven from a piece of land, which he was working with an American companion; had been insulted and grossly maltreated without justice; had been flogged—and he was determined to be revenged for his wrongs, four-fold. He had robbed many, killed many, and more should suffer in the same way. He appeared then to grow very serious, and become excited.

"I was once a great admirer of the Americans, and thought them the most generous, noble, and liberal people in the world, from having seen so many of them in my own country and here, who were men of the most generous and honorable principles, to whom tyranny and injustice were as hateful as the rule of Gachupins to the Mexicans. I hated the insecurity and revolutions of Mexico, and came here, thinking to end my days in California, in peace, as a citizen of the United States. With an American friend, I took up a piece of land not far from Stockton, and was getting a fine little farm under way, when I was annoyed, insulted and injured to such a degree, by my neighbors, that I could not live in peace. I then went in the placers, and was getting on very well, when I was driven from my hold by some of my lawless neighbors. I was in trade and business there, and was wronged and cheated by every one I trusted. At every turn I took, I lost, or was swindled and robbed, and that too, by the very men for whom I had the greatest friendship and admiration. I saw them daily commit acts of the most outrageous and lawless injustice or of cunning and mean duplicity, hateful to every honorable mind. I then said to myself, I will avenge my wrongs, and take the law in my own hands—those who have injured me I'll slay, and those who have not, I'll rob—my track shall leave a trail of blood, and he that seeks me shall bite the dust, or I will die in the struggle. I will get my money back some way or other, and I at least will not submit unrevenging to outrage."

Joaquin said that hearing a large reward was offered for his head or his living body, he rode into Stockton, disguised, walked leisurely around, with his scrape thrown over his shoulders, reading the different hand bills posted up about town. Coming to one of these in a public thoroughfare, where $5,000 was offered for his capture, he wrote in pencil underneath: "I will give $10,000 myself—Joaquin"—and leisurely rode out of the town.

Persevere.

How many young men in our land are wishing and sighing to be great, who nevertheless, will pass away buried in obscurity? And the reason is a simple one and soon told. They fail in perseverance. There are two principles, which if we possess, we may succeed in any undertaking. They are industry and perseverance. Do you live secluded from the world, and wish to rise in the estimation and command their admiration? Set your brains to studying and reflecting, and you may scatter your influence over the world. But you must persist.

Learning, riches, honor are yours if you will get to work in earnest and never suffer your steps to flag. Drop by drop the ocean may be drained. Grain after grain the mountain may be levelled. So a little knowledge acquired every day soon swells to a vast amount. The difficulty is not so great by far as you imagine. What others can do, why may not you? The trouble is, you see the knowledge others possess, and you wish to get all at once. You cannot do this, therefore you are discouraged. You forget that the road to wisdom is up hill—that all who are there travelled it step by step; and if you would get there you must do it in the same manner. There are thorns in the way which will tax your patience, but every one you pass makes the next seem less frightful and difficult. Then do not go with your head bowed down murmuring and complaining of your poverty, your circumstances, or you don't know what. But if you have any energy, and perseverance, which is the brightest jewel, you will surmount to last obstacle. Constant effort *will* succeed. How many are toiling, sweating, bleeding for gold, who if they had made the same exertions to obtain knowledge, might sit with Franklin.—*Independence.*

A Mother's Soliloquy.

"*'Tis mine!* Bound to me by a tie that death itself cannot sever. That little heart shall never thrill with pleasure, or throb with pain, without a quick response from mine. I am the centre of its little world; its very life depends on my faithful care. It is my sweet duty to deck those dimpled limbs, to poise that tiny trembling foot; yet stay! My duty ends not here! A soul looks forth from those blue eyes! An undying spirit, that shall plume its wing for a ceaseless flight, guided by my erring hand.

The hot blood of anger may not poison the fount whence it draws its life; or the hasty words escape my lips, in that pure presence.—Wayward, passionate, impulsive; "how shall I approach it" but with a hush upon my spirit and a silent prayer!

Oh, careless sentinel! slumber not at thy post over its trusting innocence!

Oh, reckless "sower of the seed," let not "the tares" spring up!

Oh, *unskilful helmsman!* how shalt thou pilot that little bark o'er life's tempestuous sea, safely to the eternal shore!

"'Tis *ours!*"

A *father* bends proudly over that little cradle!

A *father's* love! how strong! how true!—But oh! not so tender as *hers*, whose heart that babe hath lain beneath!

Fit me for the holy trust, Good Shepherd, or fold it *early* to thy loving bosom!

FANNY FERN.

A Slight Mistake.

Not long after Mr. Ballou's settlement in Boston, he received a pressing invitation to visit the Island of Nantucket. The inconvenience of communication between the island and the main land was considerable, but he consented, and passed some ten days there, preaching every successive day and evening to large and interested audiences, creating a very earnest movement in the matter of religion. On his return, arriving at New Bedford, he took the stage coach for Boston, and in it found but one other person. Scarcely had the journey commenced, when his fellow-passenger opened the conversation by saying:—

"You are just from the island, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, they say old Ballou is over there, preaching his heresy. Did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him," was the calm reply.

"Well he's a rough old fellow. I don't like him."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Ballou.

"Because he preaches that all men will be saved and go to heaven in their sins, and no man in his sense can believe that."

"But, sir, did you ever hear him preach?"

'No; I hope not," said the man.

"Then you may be misinformed as to what he does preach," said Mr. Ballou, mildly.—"Now I think he would say, if he were here, that he did not believe nor preach as you have represented."

"But what does he believe, then?" said the stranger, somewhat earnestly.

"I think he would say that sinners are to be saved *from* their sins, not *in* their sins. Christ came to save the world from sin, not in sin; and furthromore we are told in the Scriptures that "he that is dead is free from sin," and he that is freed from sin must surely be holy, and consequently happy."

"Sir, if I may be so bold," said the stranger, after looking for a moment somewhat critically, "where do you live when at home?"

"I live in Boston, sir."

"Whose church do you attend?"

"Mr. Ballou's church, sir."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Ballou," he replied, pleasantly.

The man was confounded. He stammered forth some excuse; but though he listened to Mr. Ballou's kindly-meant remarks with the utmost attention, yet he was evidently very ill at ease, and watching his opportunity, left the stage at the next stopping-place.—*Life of Hosea Ballou.*

Something for the Girls.

Men who are worth having, want women for their wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with Cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are good in their places; and so are ribbons, frills and tinsel, but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a blanket of the latter. And awful as the matter may seem to you, both dinners and blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course, good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Render yourself worthy of catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or managing brothers to help you to find a market.

☞ Marriage is the strickest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, no confidence without integrity.—*Johnston.*

☞ When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when made a duty, nothing is more easy.

☞ When a Tennessee girl is kissed, she exclaims: "Now put that right back where you took it from?"

Dialogue in a Court of Justice.

The attorney in the case attempted to invalidate the testimony of the witness, by declaring him to be too ignorant to be a competent one; said he to the Judge, I can convince your honor of the incompetency of the witness in a very few moments; he has been reared in the country, he has never been out of sight of his father's barn, never saw a school house, and your honor permitting, I will propound a few questions and upon his answers your honor can decide.

The judge assenting, he turned to the witness and asked—"Who made you?"

Witness—"I don't know, reckon it was Moses."

Attorney—"There! your honor, to the satisfaction of yourself and jury, I have proved the witness a *non compos mentis*, totally unqualified to decide upon the serious nature of his oath."

Witness—"Now, Mr. Lawyer, may I ask you one question, I've answered yours."

Attorney—"A thousand, Sir, a thousand, if you please."

Witness—"Who made you?"

Attorney—"Why, I don't know, reckon it was Aaron."

Witness, turning to the jury—"Well, now, I have read in the good book that Aaron made a calf, but I did'nt know the darned fool got here!"

The court was convulsed with laughter.

Scene in a School Room.

"Fuss class'n jografee!

Scholars—"Yeth'm."

Master—"Tommus, what's the biggest river in Ameraky?"

"The Tombigbee, zur—Ike, he keeps pinchin' me."

"He pinched me fust, and I pinched him back again."

"Take your seat—fust class in parsin!"

"Yeth'm."

"A-r-k *ark*, a-n-s *arkans*, ass-s *Arkansas*."

"Pronounce it Arkansaw—but Tommus, you ain't spellin', you're parsin, child."

"O, yeth'm. Harkansaw is a noun, objective case, indicative mood, comparative degree, third person, and motive to scissors."

"You hav'nt said what gender, Tommus."

"Feminine gender."

"Why?"

"Cos its——"

"Next."

"Cos its a she-male."

"*Dunno, zur.*"

"Come, David, you know."

"Yeth'm—why cos its got Miss Souri on the norf, Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs. Sippi on the east, and ever so many she-males on the west."

"Very well, David, you may go to the head—you're a rising genius, and'll make a man before your mother."

"Yeth'm."

VERY RICH.—The 'Spiritual Harbinger,' a paper printed in Rochester, N. Y., and advocating the spiritual rapping mania has the following:

"In the twelfth hour, the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord of God, the Holy procedure, shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illumination. Then shall the Creation, in effulgence above the divine seraphimal, arise into the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolving galaxy of supreme created Beautitudes."

After copying the above paragraph, the Cayuga Chief responds as follows:

"Then shall blockheads in the Jackassical dome of disclosive procedure, above the all-fired great leatherfungus of Peter Nipninny-go, the Gooseberry Grinder, rise into the dome of this disclosure, until coequal and co-extensive and conglomerated lumuxes, in one comprehensive mux, shall assimilate into nothing and revolve like a bob-tailed pussey-cat after the space where the tail was! Can the 'Harbinger' understand our spiritual manifestations?"

HOUSE ANTS.—The best way to get rid of ants is to set a quantity of cracked walnuts or shell barks on plates, and put them in the closet and places where the ants 'most do congregate.' They are very fond of these, and will collect on them in myriads. When they have collected on them, make a general 'auto-da-fe,' by turning nuts and ants together into the fire, and then replenish the plates with fresh nuts. After they have become so much thinned off as to cease collecting on the plates, powder some gum camphor, and put it into the holes and crevices, whereupon the remnants of them will speedily vamose. It may help the process of getting them to assemble on the shell-barks, to remove all edibles out of their way for the time.

Accepting a Tract.

One of the city colporteurs in Cincinnati, some time ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor benighted ones about town, met with an amusing incident. Coming to an isolated building, of humble pretensions, on the common, he opened the door without the ceremony of knocking, saying,

"Will you accept a tract of the Holy Land?" meaning the four pages of letter-press he had in his hand. The man of the house instantly replied,

"Yes, be jabers, a whole section if you give a good title. But I'd like to know if there be much prairie or ague there to bother a poor divil."

☞ REMEMBER, that every loathsome inmate of Penitentiaries and State Prisons, was once a gentle, inoffensive and prattling child; and every criminal who has expiated his crimes upon the gallows, was once pressed to a mother's breast, and drew from her bosom his life-giving nourishment. Bad moral training, wrong influences, and debasing examples do their work, and transform endearing offsprings to ferocious men, who shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt, and the monstrous audacity of their crimes. Yet how seldom has one of these direful transformations been effected without the aid of strong drink!

☞ "Bill, what did you jine the Mexican war for?"

"For glory."

"Did you get it?"

"I rather think I did—two crutches and a wooden leg."

AGRICULTURAL.

A Hint to Farmers.

The Maine Farmer gives the following pertinent paragraphs on the importance of the proper care of stock:

We may send to England for Durham cows, and to Spain or Saxony for the choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye, but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding they will most assuredly deteriorate and eventually become as worthless and unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that now haunt our rich but neglected pasture lands. We remember an anecdote in point, and will relate it by way of illustration. A farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasturage, upon taking her to his own inferior pastures, found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she was accustomed to give.—He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he had bargained for, or in other words, that she was 'cracked up to be.'

'Why,' said the seller, 'I sold you my cow; but did not sell you my pasture too.'

The above, which we cut from an exchange, reminds us of the reply which a shrewd old farmer, whom we knew many years ago, made to one of his neighbors.—The latter had obtained some pigs of a man residing some miles off, and who, because intelligent, was always very successful in his farming operations, particularly surpassing his neighbors in raising pork.—Shortly after, meeting the old gentleman referred to, he says,

'Well, Mr. Sweetzer, I am going to beat you in raising hogs this year; I have got some of J. M———'s breed.'

'A-a-h,' drawled out the old man, 'you had better get the breed of his hog trough.'

Crows vs. Corn.

As Indian corn is the most important crop to most farmers, so it is the most exposed to the depredations of fowls and insects, some of which are ready to prey upon it in every stage of its growth, from planting to harvest. My present purpose is to give a little of my experience in the treatment of birds. At some future time I may have something to say about insects.

After wearying my patience in putting up windmills, strips of chestnut bark, and bright pieces of tin, and exhausting my ingenuity in making rag men and such other images as I thought would be frightful to them, I found that my labors had been spent to no purpose. At the same time, some of my neighbors, less scrupulous of the death penalty, watched their fields with loaded guns, destroying many a beautiful songster who had never seen a kernel of corn. In this dilemma, my attention was called to the following recipe for tarring corn, and I have never known it to fail:—To 4 quarts of boiling water, put 4 table-spoonsful of tar; stir well; and pour over half a bushel of corn, or as much as can be wet with it. When the corn is all wet, sprinkle over ashes or dry sand, to prevent the kernels from adhering to each other, and it is ready to use.

To Prevent Fruit Stealing.

The following method, recommended by an intelligent fruit grower, is worth the attention of all who own trees in a thriving neighborhood:—

"I have formerly suffered and been much annoyed by having my fruit stolen—particulsrly my choice, early fruit. A remedy which I have prayed for several years, but which is not original with me, I have found entirely satisfactory, and can recommend it to all culturists, as cheap, safe and sure. A few applications in each season will correct the worst neighborhood. The remedy is this: Procure from some druggist an ounce of tartar emetic; dissolve a small quantity in warm water; then select some choice specimens of fruit on the trees you wish to protect, and dip the fruit into the preparation; marking the fruit in some way that you will know it. A person after once trying fruit prepared in this manner seldom, if ever, has a relish for more, in fact, it gives him a sort of loathing at even the sight of the tree, so that he will never approach it a second time, with a view of stealing your fruit. This remedy is simple, and easy of application, and sure of producing the effect desired, and is appliable alike to all fruits, whether large or small.

The Richest Mine.

The manures applied to the soil of England amount to $300,000,000; being more than the value of its whole foreign commerce; yet the grateful soil yields back with interest all that is thus lavished upon it. And so it would do here, if we would only trust the soil with any of our capital. But this we rarely do. A farmer who has made any money, spends it not in his business, but in some other occupation.—He buys more land when he ought to buy more manure; or he puts out his money in some joint stock company, to convert sunshine into moonshine. Rely upon it, our richest mine is the barn-yard, and whatever temptations stocks or shares may offer, the best investment for a farmer is live stock and plow-shares.

Cure for Bots in Horses.

A correspondent of the 'Albany Cultivator' some years since, gave the following recipe, as an effectual and immediate remedy for bots in horses:

Half pint of Vinegar,
Do., " Gin,
Do., " Soft Soap,
Do., " Molasses,

well shaken together and poured down while foaming.

☞ To feed an ox to 1,200 lbs. weight, usually takes five years; while the same amount of poultry can be made ready for the table in about three months, and at less than half the cost in food.