

"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.

My Mother.
BY N. F. WILLIS.
My mother's voice! How often creeps
Its endearing on my lonely hours,
Like hush on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While "wilder pleasures maddly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garmented like a bird,
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting buds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness through the night;
When all was beauty, then I have,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myth on winds of Araby,
Gazed on that evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a beaded knee,
I've found a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternally might be—
To rise in heaven, like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.

The Alpine Cross.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.
Beaught once where Alpine storms
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halted with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled,
Shouted our guide with quivering breath—
"The path is lost! to move is death!

The snow-cliffs seem to frown,
The howling winds come down;
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music 'twas to hear—
"I see the cross! our way is clear!"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood arose;
Firm in the towering avalanche,
It stood to guide the traveller's path,
And point to where the valley lies
Sere beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night
Has passed away from mortal sight;
He reached his home, his native vale,
And died, within his native vale,
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain—
"The Alpine cross I see again!"
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest,
Upon his weeping mother's breast.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Washington's Last Days at Mount Vernon.
We find in the Washington *Intelligencer* an article, of which it says: "We have the pleasure to insert the annual contribution of our venerable and respected friend, Mr. Curtis, of Arlington, from his valuable stock of 'Recollections of the last days at Mount Vernon,' and 'Private Memoirs of Washington.' As time recedes, these memoirs increase in interest, and it is to be regretted that they are not given to the public in an accessible form." We give the article and know that it will be read with avidity by all our readers.

The year 1799 was in its last month; Washington had nearly completed his sixty-eighth year; the country was fast drawing to a close, and with it the great man's life. Yet the "winter" of age had shed its own snows "no kindly" upon him as to mellow without impairing his faculties, both physical and mental, and to give fair promise of additional length of days.

Nor was Washington unmindful of the sure progress of time, and of his liability to call upon the "great beyond" from which no traveller returns. He had for years kept a will by him, and after mature reflection had disposed of his large property as to be satisfactory to himself and to the many who were so fortunate and happy as to share in his testamentary remembrance.

The last days of that period that preceded them in the course of a long and well-spent life, were devoted to constant and useful employment. After the active exercise of the morning, in attention to agriculture and rural affairs, in the evening came the post-box, loaded with letters, papers, and pamphlets. His correspondence, both at home and abroad, was immense; yet was it promptly and fully replied to. No epistolary writings will descend to posterity as models of good taste, as well as displaying superior powers of mind. General Henry Lee once observed to the chief, "We are amazed, sir, at the vast amount of work that you accomplish." Washington replied, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others are asleep."

So punctual a man delighted in always having about him a good time-keeper. In Philadelphia, the first President regularly walked up to his watch-maker's, (Clarke, in Second street,) to compare his watch with his regular one. At Mount Vernon, the active yet always punctual farmer invariably consulted the dial when returning from his morning ride and before entering his house.

The affairs of the household took order from the master's accurate and methodical arrangement of time. Even the fishermen on the river watched for the cook's signal when to pull in shore, so as to deliver his scaly products in time for dinner.

The establishment of Mount Vernon employed a perfect army of servants; yet to each one was assigned certain special duties, and these were required to be strictly performed. Upon the extensive estate there was rigid discipline, without severity. There could be no confusion where all was order; and the affairs of this country seat, a thousand of acres and hundreds of dependants, were conducted with as much ease, method, and regularity as the affairs of an ordinary household.

Mrs. Washington, an accomplished Virginia housewife of the olden time, gave her constant attention to all matters of her domestic household and by her skill and superior management greatly contributed to the comfortable reception and entertainment of the crowds of guests always to be found in the hospitable mansion of Mount Vernon.

Invariably neat and clean in his person, with clothes of the old fashioned cut, but made of the best materials, Washington required less waiting upon than any man of his age and condition in the country. He was always attended in his room to brush his clothes, comb and tie his hair, (become very thin in his last days, worn in the old fashioned queue, and rarely with powder,) and to arrange the materials of his toilet. This toilet he made himself, in the simplest and most expeditious manner, giving the least possible amount of his precious time to anything relating to his person. When rising at four o'clock, he lit his own candles, made up his fire, and went diligently to work, without disturbing the slumbers of his numerous household.

In the last days at Mount Vernon, desirous of riding pleasantly, the General procured from the North two horses of the Narragansett breed, celebrated for their docility. They were well to look at and were pleasantly gauged under the saddle, but were sear, and therefore unfit for the service of one who liked to ride quietly on his farm, occasionally dismounting and walking in his fields to inspect his improvements. From one of these horses the General secured his old clothes; and after thanking us for our prompt assistance, observed that he was not hurt, that he had had a very complete tumble, and that it was owing to a cause that no horseman could well avoid or control: that he was only seized in his stirrup, and had not yet gained his saddle when the sear animal sprang from under him. Mentions, all of our aid and economy, and that he was not hurt, and over four miles were to be won ere we could reach our destination. The chief observed, that as our horses had disappeared, it only remained for us to take it on foot, and with many strides led the way. We had proceeded but a short distance on our march, as disappointed cavaliers, when our horses leaped in sight. Happily for us, some of the servants of Mr. Peake, whose plantation was hard by, in returning home from their labor, encountered our flying steeds, captured them, and brought them to us. We were speedily remounted, and soon the lights at Mount Vernon were seen glimmering in the distance.

Upon Washington's first retirement, in 1793, he became convinced of the defective nature of the working animals employed in the agriculture of the Southern States, and set about remedying the evil by the introduction of mules instead of horses, the mules being found to live longer, be less liable to disease, require less food, and in every respect to be in a more serviceable and economical manner in the agricultural labor of the Southern States.

In no portion of Washington's various labors and improvements in agriculture was he so particularly entitled to be hailed as a public benefactor as in the introduction of mules in farming labor, those animals being at this time almost exclusively used for farming purposes in the South.

The general of the Armies of the United States was much aided in the discharge of the duties of commander-in-chief by Col. Lear, his military secretary. After the organization of his last army, in 1798, the general-in-chief entrusted the details of the service more especially to the known ability and long-tried experience of one so well acquainted with the details of service, were made to and orders issued from headquarters, Mount Vernon. The last army of the chief was composed of military materials of the very first order. All of the general officers, and nearly all the field, were composed of revolutionary, including the illustrious names of Hamilton, Pickens, and Washington. Among the officers of the army of service were Howard, Harry Lee, and others, the history of whose martial renown was to be found on the brightest pages of our revolutionary annals; so that had the threatened invasion occurred, we may venture to say that the elite of Europe would have encountered in America an army every way as worthy of the name as any that ever fought on the battle-field.

It pleased providence to permit the beloved Washington to live to witness the fruition of his mighty labors in the cause of his country and mankind; while his success in the calm and honored pursuits of agriculture and rural affairs was attested to his heart, and his name, benign and happy influence upon the last days at Mount Vernon.

The Children of Israel.
A remarkable change, it is said, is in progress among the Jews in almost every country. Multitudes are throwing aside the Mosaic and Talmud, and betaking themselves to the study of Moses and the Prophets. Among the Jews in London there is, at the present time, great demand for copies of the Old Testament. The subject of their restoration to Palestine, and the nature of the promises on which the expectation is founded, are extensively engaging their attention. In examining into these matters, they have obtained considerable assistance from a continental Rabbi, who has lately arrived among them and exhibited a manuscript, in which he has endeavored to prove from Scripture that the time has come when the Jews must set about making preparations for returning to the land of their fathers.

A Beautiful Letter from a Mother to Her Son.

On the person of Charles C. Wellington, formerly of Hamilton, Madison county, N. Y., the young man who committed suicide at Chatham Four Corners, near Hudson, in New York State, the following affectionate and maternal letter was found:

My Dear Boy—Feeling sensible that I must soon leave you, I wish to say a few words, to which I entreat your attention as the last words, the last wishes of your dying mother—a mother who would be glad to live and suffer for your sake, if it was the will of God that she should. In the first place, my dear Charles, love and serve God; make a friend of Him, and He will be better to you than all earthly friends. Never forget to pray to Him; remember that from the time that you were a little one, and could scarcely speak, you have knelt beside your mother and offered up your prayers to Him. You have also read His holy word with her; do not forsake this practice when she is gone, never quit it for a single night and morning; think that your poor dead mother is looking pleased at you if you do this, and looking grieved if you neglect it; above all, think how displeasing it is to your Heavenly Father to be neglected by us, His creatures. He has made and protects us every hour and moment of our lives. But remember, my dear child, that it is not by God and say your prayers is not praying—You must feel what you say; you must remember that God is looking into your heart—remember that He will help them to do so if they ask Him. Therefore, every night endeavor to think what you have done, or said, or thought wrong, and beg Him for the sake of your dear mother, to forgive you, and to help you to do better for the future. Every morning thank Him for all your blessings; beg Him to keep you from sinning against Him through the day, and then all day long endeavor to remember that His eye is upon you, and that He will be grieved if you do wrong—that He wants to save you and make you happy. If he had boys tempt you to do wrong, and temptations tempt you to do wrong, say, "My son, if sinners obey these commandments thou shalt not." Next to God, love and obey your father, my dear boy; he has been a good father to you, and he has always been good to your mother. Strive to be a comfort to him, do everything to oblige him that you can, and if you live always in his love, he will do all for him that you can. Remember that it is well pleasing to your Father in Heaven for you to love and honor your earthly parents.—Be obliging and kind to all, endeavor to make every one love you, obey your teachers, try to improve in your studies that you may grow up an intelligent man; be good to your friends, do not quarrel, do not get into any bad company; try to deny yourself—that is, my dear Charles, try to oblige others even if it puts you to inconvenience on your own account. When you think of the poor heathen children that know not God, and think how much better you are off, strive to save something for them.—When you see any one in need, be ready to help them, and do not be afraid to spend it, but save it to do good with. This is self-denial. When you see a poor creature hungry, and you go without a part of your food to give it to him, that is self-denial. When you are tempted to do a wrong action and do not do it, this is resisting temptation—this is well pleasing to God, who will always help you to resist it if you ask him. I hope you will be useful. I hope you will live for a good purpose. I shall write more about it if I am able. I want to write what I hope might profit you as you grow older; but if I can write no more, endeavor to profit by what I have written, for in childhood, youth, or old age, it cannot hurt, and with the blessing of God it may do you good. Therefore, my dear child, if my life is not spared to finish this, receive it as it is—receive it as the last farewell, the blessing of your dying mother.

C. WELLINGTON.

May God bless and protect my motherless boy, and enable him to become a true Christian.

Coming Home.

Glad would the waters dash on the prow of the gallant vessel. She stands on the deck and the winds woo her ringlets as she looks anxiously for her head land of home.—In thought there are warm kisses on her lips, soft hands on her temples. Many arms press her to a throbbing heart, and one voice greets her, "All right, sir!" said the noble-hearted fellow. "Come home! Full to bursting is her heart, and she seeks the cabin to give her joy vent in blessed tears.

Coming home! The best room is set apart for his chamber. Again and again have loving hands folded away curtains, and shook out the snowy drapery. The vases are filled every day with fresh flowers, and every evening tremble loving voices whisper, "He will be here to-morrow, perhaps." At each meal the table is set with scrupulous care. The newly embroidered slippers, the rich dressing gown, the study cap that he will like so well are all prepared to meet his eye.

That student brother! He could leap the waters, and fly like a bird home. Though he feels the heat of his heart in the pulsing of his arms, and presens his cherry lips to the threshold of memory.

That bronzed sailor loves his home, as an eagle whose wings seek oftentimes the tracks of the air, loves best his mountain eyrie. His treasures are there.

Coming home! Sadly the worn Californian folds his arms and sinks back upon his favored pillow. What to him is his yellow gold! Oh for one smile of kindred! But that may not be. Lightly they tread by his bedside, watch the dim eye, and moisten the parched lips.

A pleasant face bends over him, a rough palm gently pushes back the moist hair, and a smiling voice says, "Come home, my friend, we are in port, you are going home."

The film falls from the sick man's eye.—Home, is it near? Can he be most there? A thrill sends the blood circulating through his limbs—what! Shall he see those clear eyes before the night of darkness settles down forever! Will his babes hold him in the future, about his arms and press his cherry lips to his forehead? What wonder if now vigor gathers in that manly chest? He feels strength in every nerve, strength to reach home—strength to bear the overwhelming joy of meeting those dear ones.

Coming home. The very words are rapturous. They bear import of everything sweet and holy in the domestic life—of home, of friends, of the seal of heaven, for the angels say of the dying saint, "He is coming home."

There is an editor—a confirmed old bachelor—who declines accepting a piece of wedding cake when he publishes a marriage. He says it looks like counterpoising matrimony.

A Sailor's Dying Mother.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonizing and believing prayers, who had been visiting on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affectionate meeting, "You are near part mother," said the hardly looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance."

"Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and shall soon, very soon I shall be landed."

"Oh that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more." "You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother, but now God is dealing very graciously with you, by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you a calm at the end of your voyage."

"God has always dealt graciously with me, my son; but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer."

"Another" replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am so glad that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it."

She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion, and at last taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, "Oh, thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long-lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, 'Now let me depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

Bayard Taylor.
This young man is fast making himself a solid and brilliant reputation as a traveler and writer. He is now in Asia, on his way to penetrate into the inner provinces of Japan. The following beautiful and touching incident in his life is not generally known. It is copied from a geographical sketch of him by R. J. Stoddard. Taylor was born at Kennet's Square, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of January, 1825, and is now only 28 years of age. After speaking of his tour to California, his biographer says:

On his return to the United States, Taylor resolved to look and write in the Territory of California, where he remained till the summer of '51. But in the meantime, a change came over the spirit of his dream; the "friend" of his early poems, the "Lillian" of his *Rhymes of Travel*, died. Years before they had betrothed themselves in sincerity and truth, and it was their only wish to be married. Then he saw the endearing names of wife and husband, two of the sweetest and most holy words ever uttered on earth. For years the marriage was deferred, perhaps, says Dr. Griswold, in an affectionate allusion to the circumstances, for the poet to make his way through the world; and when he came back from his travels, there was perceived a great change for the better in his health, and all that could be done for her was of no avail; and the suggestion came, the doubt, and finally the terrible conviction that she had the consumption and was dying. He watched her, suffering day by day, and when hope was quite dead, that he might make little journeys with her, and administer to her gently, as none could but one whose light came from his own married life; while her sun was setting, he placed his hand in hers, that he might go down with her into the night. There are not many such marriages; there were never any holier since the father of mankind looked up into the face of his mother. She lived a few days, a few weeks, and then he never mentioned that there had been any such events in his life. Could the sanctity of private life be exposed to the public eye, his grief and manliness on the occasion, would shed a new lustre upon his character; but why allude to those things? It is the old, sad story; the beloved have been dying, and the bereaved have been weeping, for them, ever since time began.—*Old State Inq.*

Noble Heroism.

Among the many intrepid persons who rendered noble service to the sufferers in the dreadful catastrophe at Norway, we are compelled to mention the name of Mr. Brock Carrroll, in particular. This gentleman was about leaving the wharf at Norway, to go on a shooting excursion, when this accident occurred. Immediately on seeing the cars go into the draw, he sprang into the water, and swam to a boat, which he quickly unmoored, and rowed to the nearest car, which was partially visible above the water; and dashing through the waves, he reached the boat, and was the first to land. He then went to the cabin, and found the noble-hearted fellow; "All right, sir," said the noble-hearted fellow; "I don't want you to insult me, though!"—and, seizing an axe, he pushed again for the wreck, and with lusty blows and superhuman exertions soon made a huge hole in the car's side, and resumed as many as the boat would hold, when he was forced to return reluctantly to the shore with his freight of lives. "All right, sir," said the noble-hearted fellow, "I don't want you to insult me, though!"—and, seizing an axe, he pushed again for the wreck, and with lusty blows and superhuman exertions soon made a huge hole in the car's side, and resumed as many as the boat would hold, when he was forced to return reluctantly to the shore with his freight of lives. "All right, sir," said the noble-hearted fellow, "I don't want you to insult me, though!"—and, seizing an axe, he pushed again for the wreck, and with lusty blows and superhuman exertions soon made a huge hole in the car's side, and resumed as many as the boat would hold, when he was forced to return reluctantly to the shore with his freight of lives.

Indian Compositors.—His fingers are small, and he picks up his type from the case with a rapidly trying astonishment. I have never seen it equalled in an English printing office. But his day's work over, (and he will get it done sometimes in three hours,) he is the most indolent and comfortable creature in existence. He is never out of debt, and never without a dun at his heels; but he invariably disputes all claims upon him, and never pays till he does so by some court. I required ten of these compositors, and engaged them at exactly double the rate of pay they receive in Calcutta. "Look at the distance," they would say; "to be so far from your families, to whom you must send money, sir!" The compositors said they would require five distributors. In India a compositor never distributes his own matter. He would consider it beneath his dignity. Besides, it seems to soothe his feelings to have some one under him—a human being at his elbow, to whom he may look for help, and with whom he may bully with impunity, and strike if it pleased him. These native distributors do not know a single word of English; many cannot tell you the names of the letters; but they will fill a case as speedily and as accurately as any European.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

A Happy World.

This is a happy world, who says to the contrary is a fool or something worse. There is everything to make us happy. The land, sea, and sky contribute to our enjoyment. The man who has a good heart sees pleasure where a bad person beholds nothing but gloom. The secret then in being happy and enjoying this glorious world is to possess a virtuous heart.—Who is the most cheerful and contented man in your neighborhood? The man who is the most honored and possesses the greatest riches? No—it is he who has nothing but a kind and good heart. Nothing ruffles his temper or disturbs his repose. The morning sky, the evening cloud, rolling waters, the blooming landscape, the teeming forests, the fields of snow, give him pleasure; others never dream of it. It is his whose mind is "brought from nature up to nature's God," and every day that he lives, he is contented and happy as it is possible for man to be.

MEN NEEDED.—A good rain just now.

Hints on Cleanliness.

The following facts, taken from Dr. Alcott's new work, entitled "Lectures on Life and Health," exhibiting in a manner somewhat striking the necessity of ventilating and cleaning cellars, wells, &c., and we place the article in this department of our paper as likely to have better effect than any other.

"In the early part of my career as a medical practitioner, I was called to the house of a wealthy farmer, whose numerous family had been alarmed by the sudden appearance in their midst of a severe disease, of the typhoid dysentery character. I found the family in great trouble, indeed the whole neighborhood greatly agitated and distressed.

"On examination for local causes of what seemed to be a local disease—it was the month of September—I found the cellar and all the premises in a condition that led little room for doubt. The cellar had not been cleaned that year, if indeed in two or three years. It was full, so to speak, of half putrid cabbage and rotting leaves, decayed potatoes, and apples, and cider, remnants of animal substances—some of them quite putrescent—and stinky shelves and bins. The house, well, vault, and I had almost said the barn and barn yard, were in a sort of concavity or basin; and their filthy contents, when put in a liquid state by the rains or otherwise, appeared likely to have intercommunication. Besides this, the well was close to the well, the water of which was low.

"The premises were cleaned and ventilated; the sick—what had not died—were taken care of and no longer permitted to inhale carbureted and sulphureted hydrogen gas; the alarm ceased; the rest of the patients, except one, recovered, and no more disease prevailed among them, as far as I could learn, for many years."

Utah Territory.

The *Deseret News* gives us some insight into the progress of the settlements in the Mormon region. From this source we learn that Palmyra contains one hundred families, the first house having been built in September last.—It is surrounded by a fine farming region, and has good water facilities. Springville has more than one hundred and thirty families, besides a grist mill and a saw mill, a brass band, and a school for teaching the French and German languages. Provo is a large town, and much crowded. Many new buildings are in progress; German and French schools are taught, and a dramatic association is in operation. A bridge across the stream at Provo, to replace one swept away by a spring flood, is in progress, besides a flouring mill; and a company is turning the Crover river into its old channel, to prevent overflows. The town of Cedar, in Iron county, contains seventy men, about half being employed by the Deseret Iron Company. This place has a dam and water course, several furnaces, and a casting house. The town of Harmony, in the same county, has an iron foundry in rapid progress. Parowan, also in Iron county, is extensively engaged both in the lumber and iron trades. They have iron works there. Several other settlements in the iron region are named, all apparently quite flourishing.

Turkey Proverbs.

A small storm often makes a great noise.—A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying 'honey.' If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf, and dumb. Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not the Lord will. Who fears God need not fear man. If thy toe be as small as a great fincer him as large as an elephant. A man who wags most are the ofttest cheated. They who weep for every one will soon have lost his eyesight. More is learned from conversation than from books. A friend is of more worth than a kinsman. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse.—Not to do the will of others is his fortune. He bought the soap on credit. Death is a black camel that kneels before every man's door.

Words sometimes carry an immense influence with them. The noble lines uttered by "Richelieu" will nerve many a young heart to deeds of desperate daring.

"Richelieu—Young man, be blithe! for note me from the hour I put on my buckles, I think your guardian star reigns fortune on you!"
Francis—"If I fall?"
Richelieu—"Fall—fall? In the bright lexicon of youth, which reserves for a glorious manhood, there is no such word as—FALL!"
This thought has often been felt before, but never so vividly as when he saw the noble man listen to its delivery by the old Cardinal, without finding a momentum given to its courage that will keep him in energy for a lifetime.—Another fine sentiment is uttered by Richelieu in the succeeding act—"The husband of a woman should be a man, and not a money-chest," a sentiment that will stand up between Nature and Nature's law after the hand that penned it is cold in death.

Extraordinary.
"Ah! Mr. C., when did you return from Rockaway?"
"Just arrived, sir."
"Any news?"
"None of any great importance—caught a shark to-day."
"And how long was it?"
"Twenty-five feet, sir."
"How much did it weigh?"
"Eleven tons and a half."
By this time the listeners crowded close around C., but to smile was to be seen upon his countenance, or anything else to denote that he was telling aught but the truth.

"By the way, Major," continued C., "I had forgot to tell you we had found the New York Brass Band."
"You didn't, did you?"
"Yes; you recollect when I came up last week I told you they took their instruments with them, and went out in a sail boat. The boat was seen to capsize, and they were supposed to be lost, but when we opened the shark to-day, we found them all alive and hearty, their liquor bottle empty, and the bagster sitting near the gills playing, 'come rest in this bosom.'"

Paddy attending a "Broadbrim" convention for the first time, was most astonished and puzzled withal, at the manner of worship. Having been told that the "brethren" spoke even as they wrote, he was very busy watching the proceedings with increasing disgust, for their "haythen way of worship," till one young Quaker arose and commenced solemnly—

"Brethren, I have married!"
"The devil ye hev!" interrupted Pat.
The Quaker sat down in confusion, but the Spirit moving Pat no further, the young man mustered courage and broke ground again:—"Brethren I have married a daughter of the Lord."
"The devil ye hev that?" said Pat, "but it'll be a long while before iver ye'll see your father-in-law!"

Two sons of Erin were moralizing over the last election:
"Bad news Pat," says Mike.
"Faith and you're right there," responded Pat, "if he was alive now?" ejaculated Mike.
"Be gone," replied Pat, "he'd say he was glad he was dead!"
"Funnibolt, the philosopher, derides the idea of magnetic talismans, and advises those who have consulted him on the subject to try their chaff upon some younger bird."

Horticultural Taste.

The Prairie Farmer has an excellent editorial on the cultivation of the taste for horticulture, and its effect on the character and the home. We extract a few sentences:

"The country is the true home of beauty, and horticulture is the free school of taste, in which all of our readers may become apt pupils, if they choose, and gratified and useful professors if they will it, and help to create as much beauty in their spare hours, as the wealthy citizen can purchase with the gains of years, to decorate his brick and mortar palace, in the metropolis.

"There is no more ornament in the house or out of it, so cheap and so tasteful as healthy plants and flowers; and you will find no persons of sense admiring your Geranium or Fuchsia, where one will notice your rich curtains and tall mirrors. And out of doors, the eye that would never be attracted by glaring paint, cornice, or column, will be instantly arrested by the living Arabesque of a native Creeper, or the unobtrusive outline of an American tree.

"Do you not admire that simple little cottage with its graceful trees from out the native woods, the vines making beautiful, while they conceal the rough outbuilding; the little 'front yard,' or more fitting lawn, gemmed with shrubbery and sparkling with flowers; with neat walks, with a tinge of velvet turf, or natural ones over it, all in keeping and all suited to the means of the tasteful owner? If you have been able to lift the veil that hides the life within, have you not found rest and comfort and true happiness there, and are not the inmates really deserving of what they enjoy?"

"And how much, in time and money, has all this cost? Perhaps less than a tithing of what your rich neighbor has expended to rear that great pile of boards and shingles, or more ambitious mounting of bricks and mortar, with a countenance as blank as an idiot's, and as barren of beauty as a lumber-yard or a brick-kiln, and not a thing except weeds in the grounds, or 'points on the walls, either greener or brighter than the man who can deem this huge abomination the ne plus ultra of architectural taste.

"Ten to one who build that dwelling, if a farmer, is one of those who 'would rather have a hill of potatoes than a rose bush,' and would sooner raise a snoring cur than plant a beautiful tree.

The Baffled Lawyer.

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court, in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country by the sobriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon "Crazy Pat" being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicane, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a "point," but he was successively annoyed to find that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to the oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired slyly.
"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"
"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"
"Romantic or not, sir, it wouldn't be a bad idea if the Parliament would give it to yourself, and I have me to choose another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court room, and the presiding judge, peevish over his spectacles to the attorney, as much as to say—"You have your match now."
"And what did you say your trade was?" continues the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look on his witness.
"I'm a tanner, sir."
"A tanner, eh?"
"And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox hide?"
"Well, sir, since it comes to be very important for ye to know it myself, I'll just tell ye—that's entirely owing to circumstances intricate."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"
"An ass? No, sir, but if you'll just step down the lane after the court, he jabsers I'll give ye physical demonstration that I end tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three minutes."
This unexpected sharp reply, of the witness, brought forth roars of laughter, in which the bench heartily joined; finally the barrister, flushed to the eyes, hastily informed Crazy Pat that he was no longer required.—*Dutchman.*

Extraordinary.

"Ah! Mr. C., when did you return from Rockaway?"
"Just arrived, sir."
"Any news?"
"None of any great importance—caught a shark to-day."
"And how long was it?"
"Twenty-five feet, sir."
"How much did it weigh?"
"Eleven tons and a half."
By this time the listeners crowded close around C., but to smile was to be seen upon his countenance, or anything else to denote that he was telling aught but the truth.

"By the way, Major," continued C., "I had forgot to tell you we had found the New York Brass Band."
"You didn't, did you?"
"Yes; you recollect when I came up last week I told you they took their instruments with them, and went out in a sail boat. The boat was seen to capsize, and they were supposed to be lost, but when we opened the shark to-day, we found them all alive and hearty, their liquor bottle empty, and the bagster sitting near the gills playing, 'come rest in this bosom.'"

AGRICULTURAL.

Poultry—Most Profitable Kind to Keep.

The question then naturally arises, which is the most profitable breed to keep? The answer must be, that which produces the greatest number of eggs at the smallest cost. I believe from experience, it must be the pencilled Hamburg. I think, if an accurate account were kept of the number of eggs laid by one of these birds, and against it were put the cost of keeping it, it would be found I am correct. The objection may be raised, the eggs are small; I think if the weight of eggs produced in the year were put against the food consumed, it would startle the observer by its cheapness.—It has often struck me as wonderful, that those who supply markets with eggs should neglect this valuable little bird as they do. They are cheap to buy, cost little to keep, and are marvellous layers. Nature seems to have produced them on purpose; they never set; and their productive powers require no stimulation. Of course, to insure eggs throughout the winter, care must be taken to save early pullets in the previous spring, as none but young birds will lay them.