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.

VOL. 18. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1853. NO. 29.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following yearly rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50
If paid within six months after the time of subscribing,.....1,75
If paid at the end of the year,.....2,00
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POETICAL.

A Prayer for Strength.

Give me thy strength, my Father! I am frail,
And weak, and helpless; unto thee I pray
For strong upholding power, lest by the way,
My footsteps falter and my courage fail.

I need Thy strong assistance—many foes
Are waging warfare with a fearful strife,
While I, devoid of strength:—almost of life—
May not attempt such numbers to oppose.

Give me thy guidance, Father! round my way
So many dangers lie, and hidden snares,
That I am tearful oft, lest, unawares,
My feet into some secret pitfall stray.

The wrong so oft in guise of right appears—
The evil often hidden from my view,
That I am doubtful sometimes what to do—
My brain bewildered and confused by fears.

How oft o'er duty's pathway clouds like night
Spread darkest shadows! and no single ray
Appears to show the better way—
Father, 'tis thou alone can guide aright.

Give me thy grace, my Father, day by day,
As newer trials come, and earthly cares
Increase the burden which my spirit bears—
Thy grace to lighten care and cheer the way.

Give me thy grace when hope's glad ray appears,
Gilding the future with its golden light,
While I, enchanted by the glorious,
Know nought of sorrow or foreboding fears.

Oh! then I need thy grace to guide aright,
Lest, quite bewildered by the brilliant ray,
I tread unheedingly the flow'ry way;
Till duty's safer path be lost to sight.

Give me thy guidance ever on my way
Throughout the chequered path of life;
Thy strength to conquer in the hour of strife,
And all-sufficient grace for every day.

My Old Companions.

BY ELIZA COOK.

My heart yearned, like other hearts,
With all the fervor Youth imparts;
And all the warmth that feeling lends
Has freely cherished 'troops of friends.'
A change has passed o'er them and me,
We are not as we used to be;
My heart, like many another heart,
Sees old companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,
But read them on the cold white stone;
And steps that followed where mine led,
Now on the far-off desert tread;
The world has warped some souls away,
That once were honest as the day;
Some dead—some wandering—some untrue;
O! old companions are but few.

But there are green trees on the hill,
And blue flags sweeping o'er the rill,
And there are daisies peeping out,
And dog-rose blossoms round about,
Ye were my friends "long, long ago,"
The first bright friends I sought to know;
And yet ye come—rove where I will,
My old companions faithful still.

And there are sunbeams, rich and fair,
As cheering as they ever were;
And there are fresh winds playing nigh,
As freely as in time gone by;
The birds come singing as of yore,
The waves yet ripple to the shore;
Howe'er I feel, where'er I range,
These old companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things
That fortune neither takes nor brings;
I'm glad my spirit learnt to prize
The smiling face and sunny skies;
'Twas well I clasped with doating hand
The balmy wild flowers of the land;
For still ye live in friendship sure,
My old companions bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,
The strongest mortal tie may break;
Though warm the lips that love us now,
They may perchance foreswear the vow;
We see pale death and envious hate,
Fling shadows on Life's dial-plate;
Noteing the hours when dark sands glide,
And old companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,
With thick curls bright, or thin locks grey;
We never find the spring bloom meet
Our presence with a smile less sweet.
Oh! I am glad that I learnt to love
The tangled wood and cooing dove;
For these will be, in good or ill,
My old companions, changeless still.

Influence of the Press.

It is a fact, that a newspaper, in the humblest log cabin in the land, is an engine of great utility and good, in forming the manners and strengthening the morals of the rising generation. It is, indeed, the palladium of our liberties, civil and religious; and every man who is the head of a family, should patronize at least one well conducted newspaper. In a family, where there are children, it exerts a vast influence, and the early impressions, (always the more lasting,) imbibed from it, produce results in after-life, little dreamed of at the time by parents. It produces a love of reading, of thought, of inquiry and investigation; and the child who is reared in such a family, will go into the world unshackled by the chains of superstition, bigotry and intolerance. He will stand forth A MAN, as able to instruct, as willing to be instructed; and in him his country will find an able champion, and religion and law, an ardent and sincere supporter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Ambitious Matrons.

[The *Boston Journal* translates from the Italian a story pertinent to the times:]—

It is said that when King Alboino reigned in Verona, a great desire came in the heads of the matrons of Verona that they should be admitted to seats in the Senate, and decide with the Senators and the King on the affairs of state.

"And why," said they, "should the men only be reputed worthy of this honor, though ignorant and cowardly—whilst we, although informed and corageous are wholly excluded from it? Well may it be said that, till now, women have been considered as very fools not to have aspired to a participation in the government. But the time has arrived when we should acquire for our sex this glory, and which no generation has granted. Certainly Alboino shall not have a moment's peace till he grant us this privilege, we will so torment him that he shall finally permit us to sit and act with the senators."

With these and similar discourses they excited each other and raised quite a tumult; and then ran in a body to the gates of the palace bawling and screaming at such a rate that Alboino was on the point of having them all hanged, that he might be no more annoyed by them. But they, the more they saw Alboino moved to anger, the more they vociferated.—At length, not knowing what better to do, the king called the queen to pacify them; who, having given audience to some of the matrons she was affected by their pretentions and reasons, and so transported by their loquacity, that indeed it appeared to her great injustice had been done to her sex by not being permitted to the privileges which the matrons now wished to obtain.

Having then dismissedthem, she hastened to the apartment of her husband; whom she no sooner saw approaching than she began to scold and say—Truly, the matrons had a thousand good reasons why they should be permitted to seats in the Senate, and to discuss with the men the affairs of the kingdom.

"And what? We women are considered as so many fools! yet, if we should sit in your councils of state, you would not make so many foolish decisions—for we should make such an uproar against them, that the laws should not be passed till they were just and perfect, that is, APPROVED BY US."

"Oh fools!" exclaimed Alboino at this discourse, walking with great strides across the hall, and stamping violently. "I will have you all shut up in a tower, and there you shall learn to govern from the jailer."

"What tower? what jailer?" screamed the Queen, turning her back upon him, and running away frightened; but in fleeing she repeatedly looked back and exclaimed:—"Yes, we will sit in the senate, or we will turn the seas and the mountains upside down."

Alboino was on the point of giving orders to have all these women bound—when behold Bertoldo entered. He was the buffoon of the court, and nature endowed him with a shrewd genius, and he had often given good advice to his sovereign. As Bertoldo entered he was laughing immoderately; and the king, having asked him what made him laugh so, he said: "I am laughing at those ladies who, seeing your simplicity, grow bold almost to the degree of rendering you foolish. But, if I were you, I would soon make them silent and ashamed."

"And how would you do it?" said the King.

Bertoldo replied: "If you would make use of a little trick I will tell you of, you would in a few hours free yourself of their importunity and foolish ambition, without using violence or shedding blood."

The king requested him to make known to him the little trick—and, if it succeeded in ridding him from this annoyance, he promised him a large reward. Bertoldo then ran directto the market, and bought a little bird and put it in a little box, which he delivered to the king, telling him his design.

Alboino caused the queen to be called; he gave to her the box and directed her to deliver it to the matron, and promise them, on the part of the king, that their request should be granted, if, on the next day, they should return to him the box just as they received it, without having opened it. The queen took the box, and only waited a moment to be alone, that she might gratify her curiosity, by seeing what was in it. But all the matrons returned in a crowd to the door of the palace, before she had time to gratify her own curiosity. She called two of them, and confided to them the little box, with the king's instructions. The two matrons departed, full of joy, saying that the king's injunctions should be implicitly observed. But they had hardly descended the steps, when they stopped a little, looking each other in the face and silily laughing.

'What is it?' said one.

'I should admire to know,' said the other; 'but I dare not open it.'

On reaching their companions, they showed the box with great mystery, explaining the orders of the king. Behold, now, all these ladies knotted together, some on tiptoe, thrusting their heads between each other, to get a peep at the little box, and to touch it and shake it. One said, 'What can it be?'

'Another, 'Oh, what can it be? Let me touch it a little.'

'Oh, softly, it may be an egg, or perhaps a mouse.'

'Do you hear anything move?'

'Oh, well indeed, yes this is truly worshy of a king! to order ladies not to open a little box, not worth two cents! And he thinks, perhaps, that we are so silly, that, opening it, we shall not know how to shut it again! and do you not see that this is a banter? Come, let us see it a little.'

'Oh, no, no,' said she who held it—but at the same time she raised the cover a little.

'Eh! what are you afraid of?' said another—give it to me, and you shall see how I will do it; I am the oldest, and most used to find out mysteries—give it to me, I will open the cover very gently—and if I see anything move I will quickly shut it again.'

Meanwhile she who held it opened the cover entirely, when out flew the bird! The matrons stood like so many fools. After a short silence—'Well,' said one of the boldest, 'is there anything here to trouble us? Here was a little bird, and it has flown away; it will not be difficult to buy another and carry it to Alboino, in the same little box.

At this all the matrons skipped for joy; but then there was one who resumed a serious and melancholy countenance.

'Alas!' said she, 'and who saw what kind of bird it was? and if we carry back to the king another, then, indeed, he will have reason to punish us. It is better, since we have been so foolish, to confess our error and implore his pardon.'

There being, however, different opinions, it was concluded to postpone the decisions, to the next day; when, being assembled, and after a long discussion, they adopted the best course—a thing very rare among the ladies of that time.

They went then to the palace and presented themselves to the queen—related to her the sad event of the escape of the bird, beseeching her to intercede with the king for their pardon.

The queen was very much displeased to find her hopes of a seat in the senate thus at an end; and, without reflecting that she herself, if she had time, would have first opened the box, she began to scold them and reproach them for their curiosity. The wretched women wept, scratched their faces, and tore out their hair in great despair. But the queen, who had a good heart, gave up their anger, and consoled them; and then she went with them to the king to entreat for their pardon. The queen preceded them, with the little empty box in her hand, the matrons following, two by two, holding each other by the hand, with downcast eyes and mortified hearts.

When the king saw the empty box, it was with difficulty that he refrained from laughing; but, preserving his dignity, he, on the contrary, broke forth in complaint and upbraiding.

The queen by degrees, pacified him, and obtained the pardon of the matrons, who were so mortified that they never more dared to speak of the senate, or of the government. For two days the trick of Bertolno was lauded; but after that no one dared to speak of it.

Beautiful Thoughts.

God has sent some angels into the world whose office it is to refresh the sorrows of the poor, and, and to lighten the eys of the disconsolate. And what greater pleasure can we have than that of bringing joy to our brother; that the tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents and make the weary soul listen for light and ease; and when he perceives there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little begin to melt into showers and refreshment—this is glory to thy voice and employment fit for the brightest angel. So I see the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north, and the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy and run in useful channels, and the flies do rise from little graves in the walls; and dance a little while in the air, to tell that joy is witnin, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her redeemer. So is the heart of a man, under the discourse of wise comfort; he kreaks from the despair of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and He blesses thee; and he feels his life returning.

Affection.

We sometimes meet with men who think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship and value sympathy and affection would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery; than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart! Cherish then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing and inspiring emotions of filial, parental; fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God; everybody and every one that is lovely. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions, and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.—And remember that without God's blessing you cannot truly prosper. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and He will direct thy paths.

☞ Mix ignorance with sudden wealth, and we produce a chucklehead whose insolence will be equal to a hundred pounds to a square inch.

A Custom Worth Imitating.

It is a custom, among certain tribes in Siberia, that, when a woman is married, she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands. To this feast all the relatives and friends, both of her own family and of that of the groom, are invited. If the viands are well cooked, her credit as a good housewife is established. But if the dishes are badly prepared, she is disgraced in that capacity forever. The result is that a Siberian wife is generally a good housekeeper, whatever else she may be, and thus is competent, beyond her sex generally, for the practical duties of life.

We are accustomed to call the Siberians semi-barbarous, and incapable of furnishing an example in anything to a people so civilized as ourselves. But we might imitate their custom to considerable advantage. Since the days of our grand-mothers, the education of American females, considered in a practical view, has greatly deteriorated. In their time girls were instructed to become good housewives. Now they are brought up to chatter French or study the fashions. Sixty years ago the aim of a young woman was to fit herself to be a good wife. At the present day young ladies think only how to catch a husband.

We are not opposed to cultivating the female intellect, or to adorning woman with accomplishments. We repudiate the idea that she is merely the slave of man. Her destiny is higher, nobler, more divine. She was designed, by the Great Author of all, to be the *help-mate* of man, in the full meaning of that good old Saxon term. It is her mission to share his sorrows, to participate in his joys, to cheer him in his moments of depression, to be his confident, his counsellor, his best earthly friend. That she may be competent for all this, she should have a wise head as well as a loving heart. If her intellect is uncultivated, she may become a pretty plaything for a while, but nothing more; and when her youthful loveliness has departed, her influence is gone irrevocably.—All the women of history, even the most beautiful, who have exercised power, have owed their success to the intellect. A handsome fool, married to a man of ability, can scarcely escape being despised. But even an ordinary face, if united to sweetness, sense, and a cultivated mind, not only wins esteem, but retains it to the close of life. A wife, in a word, can never be truly the companion of a refined husband, unless her intellect is improved also.—And if there were more such companions for men, there would be fewer brutes among the male sex.

But woman should nevertheless remember that a wife has many duties to fulfil, and that to cultivate the mind alone is not preparing for their future lot. As men must learn a trade, acquire a profession, or fit themselves to earn a livelihood in some other way, so should women render themselves competent for the position of a housewife, in case they should be called to fill it. And as it is no excuse for a husband, who neglects his business, or refuses to master its unpleasant details, that he is a capital Greek scholar, a critic in the fine arts, or a capital amateur musician, so it is no palliation for a wife, who is ignorant of household affairs, or scorns to supervise them, that she can sing like a Sontag, dress herself to look like a princess, or even do as much good among the poor as a dozen Lady Bountifuls. For it is never a sufficient plea, in behalf of either man or woman, that, if they avoid their immediate duties, they perform superogatory ones. Those who enter into the married relation, solemnly undertake, first of all, to fulfil the duties of this state: and it is as criminal, therefore, in a wife to neglect her house, as it is in a husband to neglect his business.

Fortune sometimes, we know, places a woman above the need of personal labor. But, even in this case, a knowledge of housewifery is necessary, if not to supervise the servants, at least to be ready for the always possible contingency of poverty. The health of a woman, moreover, is all the better for having some manual occupation to occupy a portion of her time. Many a fine lady, who now suffers from dyspepsia, hysteria, or other disorders common among rich females, would find benefit in exchanging her crotchet work, her novel reading, and her fashionable calls, for a few hours hearty exercise daily. Many a wealthy husband or father would oftener eat at home, and care less for frequenting the club, if his wife or daughter was accustomed, as their grandmothers were, to prepare for him, with her own hands, some delicate and favorite dish.

But the majority of women cannot afford to delegate their household duties to servants.—That so many do it, whose husbands are still comparatively poor, is one of the social evils of the age, especially in great cities. While, therefore, every female ought to cultivate her mind, and even learn as many accomplishments as possible, she should remember that a knowledge of housewifery should attend these acquisitions, if she expects to fulfil her duties in life. The Siberian custom might be introduced here without injury.—*Public Ledger.*

Singular Lakes.

The Crateur Lakes, in the town of Manlius, Onondagua co., N. Y., are curiosities, and are supposed to be of volcanic origin. They are by the inhabitants about there called the 'Green Lakes.' One of them is on the top of a hill and is in the form of a tin cup. The banks are 200 feet high, and the water 400 feet deep. The water appears of a deep green, but when taken up in a glass it is perfectly clear and transparent. Trees and limbs which fall into the water soon become encrusted, with a bright green substance, which on being exposed to the air becomes hard. The timber decays and leaves the incrustation in the shape of hollow tubes. Wood saturated with the water and burned, emits a strong odor of sulphur. A farmer, who resides near, once heard a great rush of water, and looking round saw the lake rising over the banks. He was alarmed, and fled with his team; but the water soon receded to its usual level.

"No God."

"This day a year," said Frank Atley, "I shall be a happy man."

As the wind lifted his brown curls from a brow of perfect moulding, I thought I never looked upon a prouder, brighter, more beaming face.

"I have seen Paris and my future wife," he added, laughingly; "two eras from which one may fairly date his existence. One year from to-night, I promise to show you as fine a house and as beautiful a bride, as any other man in this fair country."

"God willing!"

Frank Atley turned with a toss of his head, and bent his flashing eye on the pale speaker.

"*Myself willing,*" he exclaimed, with angry emphasis.—"*I know no God!*"

There was a look of almost mortal anguish in that white face as the young brother turned from the little group. He heard Frank's impious wager with his gay friend, that if he failed to appear on the very night designated, in high health, and with his young Parisian wife, he was to forfeit fifty thousand dollars!

Alas! poor Atley, the model of every thing in man generous, heroic and princely, had returned from his European tour—an atheist.

"*I know no God!*"

Night after night I woke up with that frightful sentence ringing in my ears. The sneer that darkened Atley's handsome face with the stormy hate of a fiend, seemed to float palpably before me in the darkness,

* * * * * * *

"A note of invitation to Frank Atley's bridal, I shall go!"

Vari-colored lights blazed along the avenue fronting the princely mansion, and through the old trees whose branches the south wind stirred not, rang strains of inspiring melody.

The bride was more lovely than Frank had painted her. Her robes were almost royal in their shining and costly beauty. A rich veil fell half way from her tresses of gold. The orange wreath, braided with jewels, gave a beautiful lustre to hur white, happy brow. But when she looked up with such childish confidence into those deep loving eyes—trusting so wholly in the man who "*knew no God,*" horror thrilled all my veins.

"Won my wager," exclaimed Frnk, exultingly, when the guests were departing. "You might as well transfix lightning, as tie my mind down to those old orthodox notions.—Here you see I am in my own house—yonder is my wife. My *will* would have it so, and I tell you there is no God *but* will. Come over and help me drink my first bottle in a social way. Bring Mary, and we'll compete brides. English and French beauties are quite dissimilar, you know." Bidding his friend good bye, Frank vanished.

I heard his merry laugh, as I left, mingling with the thrilling strains of Von Weber's last waltz.

* * * * * * *

I was about retiring, when the startling cry of "fire!" broke the stillness of the night.

I sprang to the window. The whole heavens were kindled into a flame. On, on rolled the red light, till every object seemed dyed in blood. For a while it hung with a quivering glow, as if its heated wings were tired—then faded and sunk with fitful flashes into gloom again.

In the morning, almost before daylight, I received the sad intelligence that Frank Atley's new mansion was a heap of burning cinders—and, more horrible than all, his wife had perished in the flames, and he himself was a raving maniac.

No consolation for the bereaved husband—no penitence for his awful boast—no altar had he; no star of mercy to lead him out of the cloud.

Oh! it is a fearful thing to "know no God."

The Gutta-Percha.

The word *gutta* is the Malayan name for gum, and *percha* is the Malayan name of the forest tree which produces it.

The shapeless lumps in which it is imported are reduced to a pulp by various methods, and this pulp is moulded or pressed into such shapes as shall fit it for the various purposes to which it is to be applied—as rods, tubes, blocks, sheets, &c. In its usual condition it is brown color, and resembles very tough leather. Its surface is capable of great smoothness and hardness, so as to bear paint, gilding, japaning, bronzing, &c.

Among the many articles made of gutta-percha are the following: soles for boots and shoes, tubes for various purposes, water pipes, lath and wheel bands, reins and harness, whips, whip thongs, fishing lines, nets, and floats, embossed work in every variety, printing types, mouldings, picture frames, cups, cases, flasks, inkstands, firemen's hats, all sorts of trays, various garments, baskets, watch stands, medals, and medallions.

Like many other useful substances and inventions, gutta-percha seems to have had two discoverers about the same time. The one was Mr. Thomas Lobb, who visited the East Indies on a botanical mission, in the year 1842 or '43. The other was Dr. Montgomerie, a Surgeon of Singapore, on the Malay peninsula. He observed one day, in the hand of a native woodsman, a parang, or wood-chopper, the handle of which was composed of a singular looking substance. This excited his curiosity. I questioned the workman, says the doctor, "in whose possession I saw it, and heard that the material of which it was framed could be moulded into any form by dipping it into boiling water until it was heated through, when it became plastic as clay, regaining, when cold, its original hardness and rigidity."

Dr. Montgomerie further ascertained that the substance, like caoutchouc, exuded from a forest tree, and having procured specimens in various stages of preparation, transmitted them to the Society of Arts in London. They were there subjected to close and testing examination; and at length the gold medal of the Society was awarded to the doctor, as for a very valuable discovery. Scientific men speedily perceived a few of the great capabilities of gutta-percha, and a demand for it commenced, which has now reached to many hundreds of tons in a year!

☞ Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and make the weighed down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

Dying—Dead—and Buried.

Dying! where the rustle of brocade breaks the solemn silence. Where pendants of flashing crystals wave their warm lustre over the ghastly face. Where couches of satin line the wall, and the amber-sunlight plays upon gold and purple and fine linen.

Dead! And the funeral light falls over the shining rose-wood and satin lining of the costly coffin. In all the splendor of sable drapery, the rich man sleeps—robed in the latest fashion from Death's royal court. And pride—wealth—fame—beauty—lay their garlands of cypress on the silver plating. And the solemn crowd keeps swaying from the door to the coffin, from the coffin to the door. Friends look at his cosfly furniture and sigh, "poor man, this made death hard." And there is no lack of mourners.

Buried! Through the solemn aisles, and vaulted roof, the funeral anthem dies in wailing whispers. The surpliced priest,—the chief mourners in their stately carriages—the long procession of titles and honors—the pompous pall-bearers—the haughty plumes—and proud folds of waving velvet—all have passed to the place of monuments. The new tomb receives its silent tenant—the widow returns to her wealthy home where sighing condolence measure its grief, and steps softly through the shaded rooms.

Buried! And the solemn moon reads on his white tomb-stone, how good and great he was—what charities he gave—what churches he founded—what temples he reared. But no widow, no orphaned child drops on that golden epitaph the warm tear of gratitude.

Dying! Where every inhalation drinks poison. Where horrid pestilence clutches the mouldy straw. Where little children herd with brutes—and the mother cannot moisten the lips of her starving child. Even as we write, the miserable outcast dies.

Dead!—with arms out-flung, and head lying on the filthy floor.

They wrap the poor carcase in a sheet, and hustle him into a box of pine. The starving baby moans the death requiem—the haggard children sob a little and turn away to hunt offal with the swine. And nobody mourns, though he that sleeps is a man and a brother.

Buried!—by careless hands in a Potter's field. A cart jolts cruelly over the stones.—The woman with her babe, a meagre couple of want's own rearing—they are the only followers. Moveless they gaze at the blank space of sky above, and the rank growth of weeds that struggle out of the crusted earth. A broken stone festering in a heap of rotten leaves—a crooked tree with worms at its roots—foul bones strewn here and there—these mark the last resting-place of the poor beggar for whom nobody cares.

Lo! the veil is rent—and yonder the full glory of heaven. See! in that light passing the light of the sun, stands the outcast. Born to poverty, baptism and crime, bled to infamy—nobody cared for his soul. He never knelt in robes of innocence, folding his dimple hands at a mother's knee. He never heard the language of the stars, or 'looked through nature up to Nature's God." Shall then his soul be lost?

No! for the drops of salvation fall even upon the highway—the flowers of God's mercy bloom along the hedges where the Christ-child planted the seeds with his own sinless hand.

He is *up there*—ye who scorned him, so that ye deemed him unfit for mercy. Whom ye could not *pity*, an infinite God so *loved* that he has taken him into his fold. And you, earth's finer dust, if you can ever wade through your riches, your learning, your honors, your worldly wisdom, your Pharisee-alms-giving, and your self-righteousness, to heaven, you will see there him whom you despised, washed him of his impurity in the blood of that Holy One who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

A Capital Incident.

The Williamsburg Times relates an incident narrated by Dr. Whiting in one of his lectures in that city, in which he stated that in one of the eastern cities, he was visited by a lady who was in the greatest distress of mind from a circumstance which she learned upon consulting a spiritual knocker. 'He told me,' said she, 'that my liver had fallen below my diaphram.'

'Indeed,' said the doctor, preserving a grave countenance, 'Did he say how far down it had fallen?'

'Yes, about four inches.'

'Did he think you could ever get it up again?'

'He did not give me much encouragement,' replied the lady, 'but what is your opinion of it, Doctor?' she inquired.

"Well, ma'am, it has got down pretty low but so long as there is life there's hope—nothing like trying. Perhaps if you come and hear my next lecture, and learn where the liver is, you will be able to suggest some way yourself of getting it up.'

The lady did attend the lecture, and took a seat in front. The doctor commenced his discourse by stating that the diaphram was on top of the liver, and that it was therefore impossible for the liver to fall below the diaphram.—The lady hearing this dropped her eyes, and never took a front seat again. This incident was narrated to illustrate the importance of khowing something of the physical construction of our bodies, and to show that spiritual knockers were sometimes mistaken.

The Doctor, when lecturing at the Brooklyn Institute had described the manner in which persons destroy their stomachs, and produce indigestion and dyspepsia. A gentleman sits down to his dinner, and partakes of a multitude of dishes, each seemingly prepared for the purpose of coaxing the stomach to accept more than it can digest. Being completely loaded, it sets to work to agitate the heap, and put it through the process of digestion. The gentleman starts from home, and sees some seductive looking apples on a stand, which he thinks he should like to eat—He purchases a few, and commences to gulp them down. 'Halloa!' says the stomach, looking up in alarm, 'what are you about up there? I have more work than I can attend to already.' However, remonstrance is in vain and, with a gripe or two, the stomach goes to work as before. The gentleman next meets with a friend; a glass of wine, a brandy smash, or some other liquid compound is gulped down, aided by some tobacco fumes. Supplies are lowered into the stomach like bales of cotton into the hold of a Mississippi steamer, until the organ, wearied and overburdened gives up in disgust, and leaves the mass to indigestion and dyspepsia, and its train of accompanying evils. Thus the harmony of the system is destroyed, which might have been prevented by a little prudence and self-denial.

☞ How many fond mothers and frugal housewifes keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion, or for some "big bug" or other, until both are sour. This seems to us marvelously poor economy.

HABIT.—A cradle in which even the conscience is rocked to sleep. It is only the first crime that causes pain. A cheat becomes a thief as naturally as the pollywog becomes a bull-frog, or the rich man's son a night brawler.

AGRICULTURAL.

To Clean Chess out of Seed Wheat.

We commend the following to every wheat-grower who believes that wheat will turn to chess. The simple fact that the writer (and many others have done the same thing,) has eradicated chess from his farm, is sufficient to show the fallacy of the popular belief that "chess is only degenerated wheat." We have given great attention to this matter for more than twenty years, and we have never been able to find an instance of the conversion of wheat to chess; and the result of these investigations has convinced us that no such instance of transmutation ever did occur. We have often alluded to it, because we believe the point one of *great practical importance;* for so long as a man believes in the doctrine of transmutation, he will not take the pains necessary to extirpate chess from his grounds.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have thought of sending you something like the following, for the last twenty years and over, but always put it off. To clean all the chess out, take the riddles out of the fanning-mill, leaving the screen in—take off the rod that shakes the riddles and screen; pour the wheat slowly into the hopper with a basket or a half-bushel; turn the mill a little quicker than for ordinary cleaning, and every grain of chess will be blown out, unless where three chess seeds stick together, which is sometimes the case with the top seeds.

If every farmer will clean his seed wheat in this way, it will never turn to chess after the land is once clear of it; but the difficulty will be to get the farmer to try it. It is too simple to be believed. I have seen some men who stand high as agriculturists, whom I could not make believe it until I went to their barns and showed them that it could be done, and that effectually. This fact itself is worth much to wheat farmers, if they will only try it. Two men will clean from 10 to 15 bushels per hour. If the wheat is light, say weighing from 50 to 55 lbs. per bushel, considerable wheat will blow away with the chess; but with such wheat as we raise here, weighing from 60 to 64 lbs. per bushel, little if any of the wheat will be blown out. In some cases it is better to raise the hind end of the fanning mill about two inches from the floor: more wind can be given, and not blow away the wheat. Every man that tries this will find it answers, and every reader of your paper should tell his neighbor that don't read.

I have not raised a wine-glassful of chess in more than twenty years. Before that I had lots of it, and was sure wheat turned chess.

A very extensive wheat raiser has agreed to come this fall, and make a part of one of my fields grow chess without sowing it, for which I have agreed to give him the remainder of my crop. He may destroy the wheat, but he can not make chess of it. JOHN JOHNSTON, *Near Geneva, May* 30, 1853.—*The Country Gentleman.*

The Black Knot of the Plum.

Many causes have been assigned for the disease in question, none of which, so far as my information extends, are satisfactory. Some have supposed it to be occasioned by diseased sap, or vegetable ulcer, some, with more plausibility, assert it is the result of poison infused by the minute sting of an insect. But none of these entertaining the latter opinion have described the kind of insect, or its characteristics; and it is therefore fair to assume that their belief rests upon conjectures alone. The latter opinion, however, with the exception of the minuteness of the sting, is correct. It will be permitted me to say, that I believe myself to be the first in determining the fact, and in ascertaining, certainly, the habits and character of the insect. I will therefore proceed as briefly as may be, and without regard to possible charges of egotism, for asserting in opposition to many scientific men on the subject, what I know beyond a doubt to be the origin of the excrescence, or tumor, and to describe the insect which causes it, its habits, and the best method of guarding against its attacks and increase.

The insect here referred to belongs, I believe to the Hemenoptera class, and is about an inch in length; color, pale yellow; has four wings, and hind legs resembling those of the grass-hopper, which seem designed for similar use; and, although furnished with wings, it uses them only, so far as I have discovered, to call its mates. This it effects by shrill notes thro'gh the medium of vibrations, created by a rapid motion of them, and which affords the means of tracing it. The abdomen of the female is much larger than that of the male, in the extremity of which is concealed a sting of about a quarter of an inch in length, with which it pierces any shrub or limb selected as a receptacle for its eggs—often numbering a dozen or more, which are deposited with some acid poison in seperate cells, longitudinally. From these eggs the larvæ are hatched—changed to the pupæ, or chrysalis state, and emerge during the ensuing June.

The excresence does not appear until after the escape of the insects, the swelling of which is caused by the circulation of the sap being arrested in its natural course by the poison infused, which flows round the punctured parts, extravasates, and gradually forms the tumor. On dissecting one of these tumors, a grub may sometimes be found, but it does not cause the excrescence. Any one may satisfy himself of the truth of the foregoing remarks by observing the appearance of the insect during the months of August and September, when it may be found making its deposits; these, on being completed, are varnished over with a water-proof substance, presenting a dark, glazed appearance, by which it may be known, and on carefully splitting a stang limb in the direction of the performations early in June, the insect may be found in the larvæ state.—*Horticulturist.*

Growing Trees from Cuttings.

A French gentleman, named Delacroix, has discovered a new mode of propagating trees from cuttings, which has proved successful for pears, apples, plums, apricots, &c., as well as for roses and other plants that are tenacious of life. This method is to bend the cutting in the form of a bow, and to put it into the ground at the two extremities, leaving only the middle part exposed, and on a level with the surface of the ground. There must at that point be a good bud or shoot. All other parts being protected by the earth from drying, give vigor to the bud, which is soon transformed into leaves, by which, in its turn, it draws from the atmosphere the carbon necessary to the formation of the roots. The method of planting is to form two ridges, and placing the cutting across the furrow between, cover the ends with earth.—Press it upon them, and water freely. The cuttings should be of last year's growth.

A GOOD FEEDER.—Isaac Landis, a Lancaster (Pa.) farmer, recently sold forty head of fat cattle to a Philadelphia butcher, at $115 per head, amounting in all to $4,600.

☞ Don't forget to give your stock salt at least twice a week, with their green feed. Also, see that they are regularly watered.