

# 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 Harvest Hymn.

God of the rolling year! to Thee  
Our songs shall rise—whose bounty pours  
In many a goodly gift, with free  
And liberal hand our autumn stores;  
No frostings of our flock we say,  
No soaring clouds of incense raise—  
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay  
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Borne on thy breath, the lap of Spring,  
We heaped with many a blooming flower;  
And smiling Summer joyed to bring  
The sunshine and the gentle shower.  
The Autumn's rich luxuriance now,  
The ripening seed—the bursting shell,  
The golden sheaf, and laden bough,  
The fullness of thy bounty tell.

No miening thron, in princely dome,  
Here wait a titled lord's behest,  
But may a fair and peaceful home  
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;  
No groves of palm our fields adorn—  
No myrtle shades or orange bowers—  
But rustling meads of golden corn,  
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe is thy care the landscape o'er,  
Our flocks and herds securely stray;  
No tyrant master claims our store—  
No ruthless robber rends away,  
No fierce volcano's withering shower—  
No fell simoon with poisonous breath—  
Nor burning sun's with baneful power,  
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee  
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,  
And streams go singing wild and free,  
Beneath a blue and smiling sky  
Where never was a mortal thron,  
Where crowned oppressors never trod,  
Here—at the throne of Heaven alone,  
Shall men in reverence bow to God.

### At Rest.

BY MISS GARRIE LEB.

"'Tis over," said the gentle nurse,  
And smothering back the tresses brown,  
Slowly unclasped the loving arms,  
And laid her lifeless treasure down;  
Her hand across the brow she passed,  
The dark fringed eyelids closer pressed,  
And with a prayerful voice she said,  
"Thank God, the sorrowing child's at rest."

"No smile is on the lip," she said  
"But sorrow has a winning grace,  
A winning softness in the shade,  
It creeps upon the fair sweet face;  
Oh, she was very, very fair,  
And gifted, too," she said, and sighed  
That she should perish thus so young,  
"Come near, I'll tell you why she died."

She was a gentle, loving child,  
A wealthy mother's care and pride,  
But left to a kindred heart,  
When her dear widowed mother died;  
Her's was a richly gifted soul,  
But, oh, so sensitive and shy,  
That few had e'er the grace to read  
The deep thoughts of her soul's eye.

But though reserved with her sweet worth,  
Unknown she could not long remain,  
And to a heart that asked for love,  
She gave an answering love again;  
A changing heart was his, the youth  
Her deathless love was lavished on,  
Not near so gifted nor so true,  
He could not fathom half he'd won.

He knew her heart was all his own,  
And how that heart that asked for love,  
But other forms were bright to him,  
And soon another dearer grew.  
Last eve they told her he was wed,  
And deadly pale her face became;  
I thought the drooping eyes had closed,  
And nearer drew and called her name.

Her dark eyes raised to meet my gaze—  
They had a wildness not their own,  
And greater strength was in the arms  
That were so wildly round me thrown;  
Her voice was sadly, strangely sweet,  
As round my heart it strains she wove;  
"Leave me no more, dear nurse," she said,  
"I've nothing left but you to love."

These were all the words she spoke—  
No tears she wept—no once she sighed—  
But all night long she clung to me,  
And now this early morn she died.  
The nurse smoothed back the glossy curls,  
On the pure brow her lips she pressed,  
And with a weeping voice she said,  
"Thank God the sorrowing heart's at rest."  
Cincinnati, Ohio, 1853.

### The Memory of the Dead.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life.—Alas, how often and how long may those patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.—Dickens.

### From the Boston Transcript.

#### SPEECH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

We learn from the Boston Transcript that at the Municipal Celebration of the Fourth at Boston, the following sentiment was proposed in honor of the Federal Senate:

4. The Senate of the United States.—When ever it (Everett) speaks discord and disunion shall hide their heads.

To this Mr. Everett replied as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I thank you for the toast which has just been given, and for the marked kindness with which it has been received by the company. I deem it a privilege to be present on this occasion. We all, I think, sir, had the good fortune to be present at the Old South Church, felt that it was good to be there. [Cheers.] We felt that it was good to pause a while from the hurry of passing events, and revise our recollections of the times which tried men's souls. I do not know that I have ever attended a celebration conducted in a more interesting manner. The solemn prayers that the God of our fathers would extend his protection to us, the public reading of the great Declaration which has given immortality to the day; the sweet voices in the gallery, giving assurance that the sons and daughters were training up to catch the spirit and imitate the example of the fathers and mothers; this all gave uncommon interest to the exercises. [Much cheering.] It was, also, I own, sir, particularly pleasing to me to listen to our young friend on my right, the orator of the day, who gave us such a treat in his ingenious, manly, and fervid discourse, in which he rose very far above the common places of the occasion, and adorned his great theme with much original and seasonable illustration. It was especially gratifying to me, sir, to witness the brilliant promise he afforded us of adding new lustre to a name on which two generations in this community have accumulated their honors. [Great cheering.]

I believe no one, sir, who has attended this day's exercises, or is now present, will be disposed to concur in the opinion which we sometimes hear expressed, that the interest of the Fourth of July is on the wane; that it is a worn out, old-fashioned affair, which has ceased to have a significance for us. For my own part, I value it in no small degree because it is—I will not say an "old-fashioned," but I will say an ancient and venerable institution; [cheers] because its annual celebration for 70 years has already nourished the patriotic feeling of more than two generations, and amidst the perilous convulsions of States abroad, and the rapid march of events at home, has left us one great theme on which political opinion is united; one happy day on which party strife is at rest.—[Great applause.]

I trust, sir, that the Fourth of July will ever continue to be celebrated as it has been today, understandingly as well as enthusiastically; because it furnishes at once the most instructive and glorious illustration of the Union of the two great principles of stability and progress, on which our Independence was originally founded; on which our prosperity, at the present day, rests as upon its corner-stone; and by whose cordial alliance and joint working alone, the great designs of Providence in reference to our beloved country can be fulfilled.—[Much cheering.]

I am the more desirous, sir, of making this remark on the present occasion with some emphasis, because there is, on the part of many—perhaps of most—persons among us, a disposition to separate these two great principles—to take up one to the neglect of the other—and consequently in effect to do violence to both. As in all party divisions, so in this; we throw ourselves passionately into the cause we have embraced, push its peculiar views beyond proper limits, overlooking all reasonable qualifications, and forget that practical wisdom and plain common sense are generally found about half way between the two extremes. [Cheers.] Accordingly there are and always have been among us, as in all countries were thought and speech are free, men who give themselves up, heart and soul, to the reverence of the past; they can do justice to no wisdom but the wisdom of ages; and if an institution is not time-honored it is very apt by them not to be honored at all. They forget that the tall oak was once an acorn, and that the oldest things had a beginning. [Cheers.] This class of men received a few years ago in England the designation of "conservatives," from their disposition to maintain things just as they are. Recently, in this country, they have been called by the rather unpromising name of "old fogies," the origin and precise import of which are unknown to me. [Cheers and laughter.]

Now, sir, these benighted individuals, straight laced and stiff-necked as they are, err only in pushing a sound principle to extremes; in obeying one law of our social nature to the neglect of another, equally certain and important. The reverence of the past, adherence to what is established, may be carried a great deal too far, but it is not merely an innate feeling of the human heart, but a direct logical consequence of the physical and spiritual constitution which our Creator has given us.—[Cheers.] The sacred tie of family which, reaching backward and forward, binds the generations of men together, and draws out the plaintive music of our being from the solemn alternation of cradle and grave—the black and white keys of life's harpsichord—[sensation]—the magical power of language, which puts spirit in communion with spirit in distant periods and climes; the grand sympathies of country which lead the Greek of the present day to talk of "the victory which we gained over the barbarians at Marathon"—[cheers]—the mystic chamber of race, woven far back in the dark chambers of the past, and which, after the vicissitudes and migrations of centuries, wraps up great nations in its broad mantle.—[Cheers.]—these significant expressions which carry volumes of meaning in a word—Fore-father, Parent, Child, Posterity, Native Land; these all teach us not blindly to worship, but

to honor the past, to study the lessons of experience, to scan the high counsels of man in his great associations, as those counsels have been developed in constitutions, in laws, in maxims, in traditions, in great undoubted principles of right and wrong, which have been sanctioned by the general consent of those who have gone before us; thus tracing in human institutions some faint reflection of that Divine wisdom which fashioned the leaf that unfolded itself six weeks ago in the forest, on the pattern of the leaf which was bathed in the dews of Paradise on the morning of creation. [Enthusiastic cheers.]

These feelings, I say, sir, are just and natural. The principles which prompt them lie deep in our nature; it gives birth to the dearest charities of life, and it fortifies some of the sternest virtues. [Cheers.] But these principles and feelings are not the whole of our nature. They are a portion only of those sentiments which belong to us as men, as patriots, as Christians. We do not err when we cherish them, but when we cherish and act on them exclusively, forgetting that there is another class of feelings and principles—different though not antagonistic—which form another side to our wonderfully complicated existence.

This is the side to which an opposite class in the community devotes itself exclusively.—They are the "men of progress," or, as they sometimes call themselves, in imitation of similar designations in most countries of Europe, "Young America." Either from natural ardor of temperament, or the fervid spirit of youth, or impatience caused by constant meditation on the abuses which accumulate in most human concerns in the lapse of time, they get to think that everything, which has existed for a considerable time, is an abuse; that consequently to change is, as a matter of course, to reform—to innovate, of necessity, an improvement.—They do not consider that if this notion is carried too far it becomes suicidal; it condemns their own measures, and justifies the next generation in sweeping away their work as remorselessly as they are disposed to sweep away the work of their predecessors. [Great cheering.]

Now here again, sir, the error is one of exaggeration only. Young America is a very honest fellow—he means well, but like other young folks he is sometimes a little too much in a hurry. [Laughter and cheers.] He needs the curb occasionally, as we old ones perhaps still more frequently need the spur. [Laughter.] There is a principle of progress in the human mind—in all the works of men's hands—in all associations and communities, from the village club to the empire that embraces a quarter of the human race—in all political institutions—in art, literature and science—and most especially in all new countries, where it must, from the nature of the case, be the leading and governing principle. [Great cheers.] Who can compare the modern world, its condition, its arts, its institutions, with the ancient world, and doubt this; the daily newspapers, smoking every morning from a hundred presses, with a strip of hieroglyphics on the side of an obelisk, perplexing the world with its dubious import, and even that found out within the last thirty years—the ocean steamer with the row galley creeping timidly round the shore—the railways in the United States alone, without mentioning those of Europe, with those famous Roman paved roads the Appian and Flaminian paved way, to which the orator alluded—[much cheering.]—which our railways exceed tenfold in extent to say nothing of their superiority in every other respect as a means of communication; the printing press driven by steam, with the scribble's toilet soap, the electric telegraph, with the mail coach, the post horse, the pedestrian courier; and above all, a representative republican confederacy, extending over a continent with the neck of a people, or a stormy Grecian democracy, subsisting its citizens by public largess, all labor servile, ostracising its good men, insulting and oppressing its allies, and renouncing its own values within the circuit of the city walls to which it was confined—who, I say, can make this comparison, and doubt that the principle of Progress is as deeply seated in our nature as the principle of conservatism, and that true practical wisdom and high national policy reside in due mixture and joint action of the two.

Now, sir, this was the wisdom of the men of '76. This is the lesson of the Fourth of July; this the oracle which speaks to us from the shrines of this consecrated hall. [Great cheering.] If we study the writings of the men of that day, we find that they treated the cause of civil liberty not only as one of justice and right, of sentiment and feeling, but also as one of history and tradition, of charters and laws.—[Cheers.] They not only looked to the future, but explored the past. They built wisely and skillfully in such sort, that after times might extend the stately front of the temple of freedom, and enlarge its spacious courts, and pile its stories, arch above arch, gallery above gallery, to the heavens. [Great cheers.] But they dug the foundations deep down to the eternal rock—the town, the school, the church—these were the four corner-stones on which they reared the edifice. [Enthusiastic cheers.]

If we look only at one part of their work—if we see them poring over musty parchments by the midnight lamp—citing the year books against writs of assistance—disputing themselves hoarse about this phrase in the charter of Charles I., and that section in a statute of Edward III., we should be disposed to class them with the most bigoted conservatives that ever threw a drag chain round the limbs of a young and ardent people. [Cheers.] But gracious Heavens! look at them again, when the triumph sounds the hour of resistance; survey the other aspect of their work. [Great cheering.] See these undaunted patriots in their obscure caucus gathering, in their town meetings, in their provincial assemblies, in their Continental Congress, breathing defiance to the British Parliament and the British throne;

march with their raw militia to the conflict with the trained veterans of the Seven Years' War; witness then a group of colonies extemporized into a confederacy, entering with a calm self-possession into an alliance with the oldest monarchy of Europe; and occupying as they did, a narrow belt of territory along the coast, thinly peopled, partially cleared—hemmed in by the native savage, by the Alleghenies, by the Ohio and the lakes—behold them, dilating with the grandeur of the position, radiant in the prospective glories of their career—[much cheering]—casting abroad the germs of future independent States, destined, and at no distant day, not merely to cover the face of the thirteen British colonies, but to spread over the territories of France and Spain on this continent—over Florida and Louisiana—over New Mexico and California—beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains—to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, the Arctic and the Torrid zones, in one great network of confederate Republica Government. Contemplate this and you will acknowledge the men of Seventy-six to have been the boldest men of progress that the world has ever seen. [Enthusiastic cheering.]

These are the men whom the Fourth of July invites us to respect and imitate—the James Otises and the Warrens, the Franklins and the Adamases, the Patrick Henrys and the Jeffersons, and him whom I may not name in the plural number, brightest of the bright and purest of the pure—Washington himself. [Rapturous cheers.] But let us be sure to imitate them, (or to strive to do so,) in all their great principles, in both parts of their noble and comprehensive policy. [Applause.] Let us reverence them as they revered their predecessors—not seeking to build up the future on the ruins of all that had gone before, nor yet to bind down the living, breathing, burning present to the mouldering relics of the dead past.—[Cheers.]—but deducing the rule of a bold and glorious progress from the records of a wise and sagacious experience. [Great applause.]

I am trespassing unconsciously, sir, upon the time of the company. ["Go on!" "Go on!"] But I will, by your leave, add one further reflection. We live at an eventful, in my judgment, as that of Seventy-six, though in a different way. We have no foreign yoke to throw off; but in the discharge of the duty devolved upon us by Providence, we have to carry the republican independence which our fathers achieved, with all the organized institutions of an enlightened community, institutions of religion, law, education, charity, art, and all the thousand graces of the highest culture, beyond the Missouri, beyond the Sierra Nevada; perhaps in time around the circuit of the Antilles; perhaps to the Archipelagoes of the Central Pacific. [Great cheering.] The pioneers are on the way; who can tell how fast they will travel? Who that compares the North America of 1753, but a century ago, and numbering but a little over a million of souls of European origin; or still more, the North America of 1753, when there was certainly not a fifth part of this number; who that compares this with the North America of 1853—its thirty-two millions of European origin, and its thirty-one States, will venture to assign limits to our growth—will dare to compute the time-table of our railway progress; or lift so much as a corner of the curtain that hides the crowded events of the coming century? [Great cheering.] This only can plainly see—the Old World is rocking to its foundations, from the Gulf of Finland to the Yellow Sea, everything is shaken.

The spirit of the age has gone forth to hold the great review, and the kings of the earth are moved to meet him at his coming. [Cheers.] The band which holds the great powers of Europe together in one political league, is strained to its utmost tension. The catastrophe may for a while be staved off; but to all appearance they are hurrying to the verge of one of those conflicts which, like those of Pharsalia and Actium, affect the condition of States for twelve centuries. [Sensation.] The Turkish Empire, encamped but for four centuries on the frontiers of Europe, and the Chinese Monarchy, contemporary with David and Solomon, are alike crumbling. While these events are passing in the Old World, the tide of emigration, which has no parallel in history, is pouring westward across the Atlantic, and eastward across the Pacific, to our shores. The real political vitality of the world seems moving to the new hemisphere, whose condition and fortunes it devolves upon us and our children to mould and regulate. [Great cheering.]

Sir, it is a grand, let me say a solemn thought, well calculated to still the passions of the day, and to elevate us above the paltry strife of parties. [Applause.] It teaches us that we are called to the highest, and I do verily believe the most momentous trust that ever devolved upon one generation of men. Let us meet it with a corresponding temper and purpose, with the wisdom of a well instructed experience; with the foresight and preparation of a glorious future; not on the narrow platform of party policy and temporary expediency but in the broad and comprehensive spirit of seventy-six. [Great and long continued cheering.]

### Eloquence Expounded.

During an address delivered by a young orator, in a debating society, the speaker attempted to describe the beauties of nature, and touching upon the scenes of a thunder storm he had witnessed once upon a time, his fountain of eloquence could no longer withhold itself, and he broke forth in the following strain:—"Why, I tell you, Mr. President, the roaring of the thunder was heard far and wide, and reminded those who heard of it of the clattering of the hoofs of so many wild horses crossing a bridge over a creek where the little fishes was seen skipping about from puddle to puddle—and the lightning's flashed and flashed, every now and then the whole heavens looked as though it was lighted up with tallow candles, and them all snuffed!"

### Importance of Parental Duties.

Every parent ought to remember that his children are committed to him, and that all their interests are put into their hands, and that to train them up to virtue and usefulness, to habits of filial and reverential love and obedience and of fraternal beneficence, is ordinarily the chief duty required of him, and the chief good which he can ever accomplish. If he neglects this duty, he ought not to expect that it will ever be accomplished. It requires well directed and persevering effort, and therefore neither chance nor those destitute of the fountain of persevering effort, a parent's love, can be expected to perform it. If he fail in his duty to his children no one will ever supply his deficiencies. Generally, where parents neglect their duties, the children are lords of themselves—"that heritage of woe;" they become the associates of evil companions, the victims of unbridled passions, the slaves of unrestrained and low propensities, the sources of annoyance and unhappiness in families and neighborhoods. Such are some of the sad consequences of the neglect of parental duties.

Parents should also remember that childhood is the seed-time for all good, the season when every desirable impression is most easily made; the time when almost all that can be done for a child is to be done. They should remember that the encouragement is very great. For experience abundantly proves that well-governed children are almost always well behaved men. The mother of Washington had learned this lesson from experience. When informed of one of the many worthy deeds of her son, she remarked that it was not any more than she was well prepared to expect, "for," said she, "George was always a good boy."

### A Model Husband.

Governor Morris, in his will, make a short time before his death, after settling on his wife a liberal allowance, says: "And in case my wife should marry, give her six thousand dollars more to defray the increased expenditure which may attend that connection."

Now had that been my husband, I would not have married again if it had almost killed me to live single. Dear, generous old soul! Providing for his wife's little wants that way, after he was gone! It makes my eyes as red as a rabbit's to think of it.

No! I had worn black to the tip of my nose and kept guard over his dear old ashes the rest of my mortal pilgrimage. He should have had a fancy tombstone all carved over with cherubim and seraphim. I'd have tied a piece of black crape on the pump handle, and—"six thousand dollars" and a new husband!—An awful temptation for a lone female; but then the dear deceased old man! Oh, I would not have done it; at least, I don't think I would.—[Hope nobody would ask me, at any rate!]

What do you suppose possessed the old gentleman to be so ungenerously disinclined? It makes me suspicious. It's my opinion on second thought, that he was a judge of female nature. Thought if he gave her leave to perpetrate matrimony, she wouldn't want to. Shrewd old fogie! I'd have put that "six thousand dollars" in my pocket, and Governor Morris, No. 2, in my affection quicker than a flash of chain lightning! I'd have obeyed his last "will and testament" to the letter. I'd have been as happy as a humming bird in a lily-cup, drowsy with honey dew—see if I wouldn't!

### Funny Fern.

### To Make a Wife Unhappy.

We apprehend that there are many husbands who will read the following with a blush:

See your wife as seldom as possible. If she is warm hearted and cheerful in temper, or if after days or weeks of absence she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coolly upon her and answer with monosyllables. If she force her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gap in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have anything to do to make her happy—but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all that woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults, (which without doubt she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them. By such a course you will not fail to make an unhappy wife, and if you have children, they will not fail to be inoculated with the example, which they will show in their respect to their parents.

### The Printer's Commandments.

I. Thou shalt love the printer—for he is the standard of the country.

II. Thou shalt subscribe to his paper—for he laboreth much to obtain the news, of which ye may not remain ignorant.

III. Thou shalt pay him for his paper—for he laboreth hard to give you the news in due season.

IV. Thou shalt advertise—that he may be able to give ye the paper.

V. Thou shalt not visit him, regardless of his office rules—deranging the papers.

VI. Thou shalt not touch anything that will give the printer trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.

VII. Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the Composer—for he will hold thee blameful.

VIII. Thou shalt not seek the news before it is printed—for he will give it to you in due time.

IX. Thou shalt ask him but few questions of things in the office—from it thou shalt tell nothing.

X. Thou shalt not send abusive and threatening letters to the editor.

XI. The world is a hive that affords both sweets and poisons, with many empty combs.

### A Discovery in Egyptian Antiquities.

Dr. Thomas; in his travels in Egypt, lately published, says: "We saw little else worthy of note until we arrived at the scene of the exploration carried on by the French Government, under the superintendence of Monsieur M—. The avenue of sphinxes was not to be seen, as these in ages had been again covered (not deeply) with sand" in order as I understood, to prevent their being stolen until it should be convenient to convey them to Paris. We saw but two of the 140 which had been found, but those were sufficient to form a satisfactory idea of the whole number, since they are similar, as we were informed, in all essential respects. This partial disappointment, however, was far more than compensated by the opportunity we enjoyed of witnessing the results of another discovery, by far the most remarkable that has been made in Egypt, for many years past. Without the last six weeks or two months, Monsieur M— has opened an immense subterranean hall, or rather series of halls or passages communicating with each other, designed as a place of sepulchre. One passage is above 600 yards in length. It is however, not more than 12 or 15 yards in breadth, and perhaps 10 or 12 in height.

The roof or ceiling of these, perhaps, is formed of the natural rock, but the whole was originally encased with an archway of smooth stones. A large part of these have now fallen from the effects of time, or from some intentional violence offered by man. The latter is in all probability the true cause of the dilapidation. On one each, but not opposite to each other, vast niches or recesses, probably about twenty-five feet long and fifteen wide, the length being at right angles to the passage which they join—containing huge sarcophagi of granite designed apparently by the Egyptians as tombs for sacred bulls. Each sarcophagus consists of a single stone about fifteen feet long, nine feet in width, and the same in height, exclusive of the cover, which is also of granite, and from 2½ to 3 feet in thickness. The sides are rather more than a foot thick. These sarcophagi resemble in fact great stone chests.—Externally they are finely polished and inscribed with hieroglyphics. About 30 of these tombs have already been discovered; but what is very remarkable, no nunny or body of any kind has been found in them.

It is probable that they might have been designated as honorary sculptures or cenotaphs of Apis. It is scarcely possible that the bodies could have been so completely removed by the Persians—who no doubt visited and desecrated these tombs—that no trace or fragment of them should have been discovered. Upon the covers of most of them, were heaped a great number of stones. This according to M. M—, was the Persian mode of expressing contempt to what they wished to dishonor or profane. From this and other circumstances, he concludes that these sepulchral chambers were visited by the army of Cambyses.—They do not, however, appear to have mutilated, in any instance, the sarcophagi themselves, these being in a state of admirable preservation. M. M— told me that more than 50 feet of sand had accumulated over the entrance to these subterranean halls.—Pp. 59, 60, 61 and 62.

### Study of History.

We have sometimes thought that the study of history was not sufficiently cultivated in our schools and academies. Indeed a student seldom, unless incidentally acquires a more definite idea of history than he glean from the classics; and a youth whose studies are confined to the different branches of English letters, generally leaves school with vague and unconnected notions of ancient or modern history.

The advantages which are derived from the study of history are immense—but they do not seem to be properly appreciated. History has been emphatically termed "the looking glass of the world." It reflects all the actions of mankind and brings to our view the act of distant and receding ages. It gives us a prospect of human affairs—it shows us the tumults, changes, wars and convulsions of empires—the politics, religion, virtues, and vices of individuals and nations—it furnishes us with patterns to imitate and examples to deter.

By studying history, a man may grow wise at the expense of the studies of other men.—He may thus visit, without travelling, all the habitable parts of the globe. He may converse with the sages of the olden time. He may revel at Babylon with Alexander the Great, or sip black broth at Laedemon with the pupils of Lycurgus. He may accompany Atilla the scourge of mankind, on his devastating routes, or look upon Peter of Russia, while devising plans to improve the condition of his barbarous subjects. He may go forth with Columbus to discover a new world—or join Napoleon and his numerous hosts; in attempting to enslave kingdoms. In a word, familiar acquaintance with history will give a man a certain knowledge of mankind which every one should possess. It is an important branch in education, which should not be overlooked. It will excite to virtue and deter from vice. It will multiply and enlarge a person's ideas, and stimulate to noble deeds.—Boston Journal.

### To take Ink out of Linen.

Printer's and clerk's wives, will learn with pleasure, that to take a piece of tallow, melt it and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow, the linen may be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good action, nor excuse when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

### The Country.

If you are weary of the world—if life has gone with you so that you look upon it as a tedious and hackneyed story—if you have labored long and are yet surrounded by want—if poverty has cut down the best feelings of your soul—if you have hoped and been disappointed—if you have trusted and been betrayed—if some being around whom your very heart-strings were woven has been but yesterday returned to the dark earth—go forth from the rude noise of busy men to the quiet and winning loveliness of a country scene. Look out of some dell in the midst of a lonely forest where the green bank, scented with a few wild flowers, slopes down to a running stream, that sometimes dashes through a compressed channel, that sometimes dashes through a lovely lake. The bending willow shall overhang its surface, and few rocks jut their mossy points here and there into the rippling water.

When you lie down upon the cool grass, the birds will alight near you and warble their sweet notes, and trim their beautiful feathers, with a confidence which you would deem it sacrilege to betray. Above your head, through the openings in the branches, pieces of blue sky will gleam upon you with clouds sailing silently, and if it be towards evening, and the red sun is going down to his golden couch, his crimson rays will stream through the trees, and fall upon some venerable oak, or the leaves of a grove, or the side of a high rock, or bosom of a glassy stream, lending them all a beauty like that of a fairy land.

Before you have numbered half of these simple and common things in nature's history, though there has been tempests of wild and gloomy resolutions in your mind, it will pass away unconsciously; you will be inspired with a resignation to the will of Providence, singularly opposite to your former recklessness and filled with a softness of grief dearer than the lightest flush of pleasure.

### Good Taste.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shop women and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern it may be, if it be ugly, or a recent shape, if it be awkward. Whatever fashion dictates, she follows her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, but which as often are brought from the nearest town and made up by her own hand. Not that her costume is rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety, but she either calivens you with a spirited contrast or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap or tinsel of trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cords. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all inner borders and headings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashion or material. The second simply consists in knowing the three unities of her dress—her own station—her own age, and her own points—and no woman dresses well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by costume will not be disappointed by the wearer. She may not be handsome or accomplished; but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible—a complete lady."

### Enchanted Mountain.

They have strange things in Texas, as well as wicked doings. The following account of a great natural curiosity in that country, is from the Texas Telegraph:

"This singular mountain, or hill, is situated on the head waters of the Salles—a small tributary of the Colorado, about 80 miles from Bastrop, in the north-westerly direction. It is about three hundred feet high, and appears to be an enormous oval rock, partly imbedded in the earth. When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with such a dazzling radiance, that the beholder who views it even from a distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the rising sun. The ascent of the hill is so very gradual that persons can easily walk up to the top; but the rock is so smooth and slippery that those who make the attempt are compelled to wear moccasins and stockings instead of shoes. This fact, together with the name of the place, Holy Mountain, remind the visitant very forcibly of the command made to Moses at Mt. Horeb, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.' The Camanches regard this hill with religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest borders of the tribe, to perform their Paynim rites upon its summit."

### A Dandy Answered.

An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table, on board of one of our Eastern steamers, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair oil and cologne, who was "demming" the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan who sat by his side, dressed in homespun.

Turning to his "vulgar" friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger, and said:  
"Butter, sah!"  
"I see it is!" coolly replied Jonathan.  
"Butter, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.  
"I know it—very good—a first rate article," provokingly reiterated homespun.  
"Butter, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite in still louder tones, pointing with "slow, unmoving fingers," like a sc