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.

Answer to "A Health to my Brother."

BY WM. R. SMITH, OF WISCONSIN.

Yea, brother, quaff the gen'rous bowl,
Though tears have mingled with the wine;
Our pledge—let each congenial soul
Respond—"Thy joys, thy griefs, are mine!"

Our sun of youth rose brightly gleaming,
And promised flowers in every path;
How soon, aroused from blissful dreaming,
We struggled with the whirlwind's wrath?

Now, in the world alone, my brother,
Two scions of one parent tree,
Soon shall the earth, our common mother,
Reclaim her own, and set us free!

Religion teaches souls immortal
To bear submissive worldly pain;
For, soaring up to heaven's portal,
The pure in bliss shall live again.

Then let us bear our griefs awhile—
No cause exists to shed a tear,
When we look backward with a smile,
And forward gaze without a fear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pauper-Dead of Naples.

A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following account of a visit to the place where the pauper-dead of Naples are buried:

About two miles from the city, in a large square place, enclosed by a high wall, there are 365 cistern-shaped vaults, or pits, with an aperture on top, about three feet square. These cisterns are twenty or twenty-five feet deep by twelve or fifteen in diameter, with the opening covered by a heavy stone, and tightly cemented. One of these are removed by a portable lever every day in the year, to receive the dead of that day, and then closed again for a year. They begin to deposit the bodies about six o'clock in the evening, and end at ten. When I got there about ten or twelve people had already been thrown in; they were lying promiscuously as they chanced to fall, with head, body and limbs in every possible attitude, across, over, and under each other. An old priest, two or three attendants, and a few idle spectators of the common sort, were loitering about.

Shortly after my arrival a box was brought in, containing the body of a child, four or five years old; its hand held a bunch of flowers, and a rose was in its mouth. The priest mumbled a short prayer, sprinkled it with holy water, and turned away; a man then took the little fellow by the neck and heels, and pitched him in as he would a stick of wood. Seeing the flowers that fell from its little hand, he picked them up and threw them after him. His head struck the curb as it went in, and it fell whirling to the bottom. In a few minutes more a man was brought to the mouth of the pit, the priest again prayed and sprinkled, the attendants took him up by the head and legs, and down he went also.

Then followed another child like the first, and I was about leaving the ground, when a fourth subject entered. The lid was thrown back, and in it was the body of a young and rather handsome female. She was apparently about twenty, and had evidently died of some short illness. Her arms and face were round and full, and she appeared more asleep than dead. The prayers and holy water were again in requisition. The attendants took her roughly up, and tossed her in. I immediately stepped to the mouth of the vault and looked down; her limbs, and those of the dead below she had disturbed by her fall, were still in motion. Her head was slowly turning, and her hair, which was long, black and luxuriant, was settling in thick clusters across a very white and naked body lying near her. For a moment the whole horrid mass seemed instinct with life, and crawling on the bottom of its loathsome charnel-house. I had seen enough; sick and disgusted, I turned away, and moralizing on the difference between such an interment and a peaceful one in our own beautiful cemetery at Spring Grove, I mounted my volante and returned to Naples, meeting on my road some half a dozen boxes, great and small, containing more victims for that insatiable maw that opens its mouth, but once a year to be gorged with its dreadful banquet.

The bodies thus interred are generally from the hospital, and the sight can be witnessed by any one three hundred and sixty-five times a year. Before the pit is closed, quicklime is thrown in, and nothing but bones are left when it is again opened.

☞ As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors on the safe side. Thus we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, and too humble; but we often repent of being too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

Female Barbers.

The New York Sunday Atlas tells the following somewhat amusing story of the new field to which female labor is now being directed:—

Miss Caroline E. Putnum, of the city of Salem, Massachusetts, has anounced to the public, that she has adopted the profession of a barber, and will take the beard off of gentlemen's chins, at the rate of six cents the mug. Miss Julia Beverly, advertises in the Providence Journal, that she will practice as a medicine man and surgeon; and, cure the cholera, or chop off a leg at rates the most accommodating.

We never could preceive, why it was, that women should not practice the arts incident to the leaders of the pill box fraternity. Cobbett, many years ago, wrote a very able chapter on the expediency of introducing the female world to the practice of obstetrics and contended that, that part of the profession should be confined exclusively to the fair sex. We agreed with him, and therefore hope that Miss Beverly will obtain a large practice. If woman is capable of the duties of a nurse—and who is so able and interesting as she is in that capacity?—why should she not launch out, and become a full-blooded doctor?

Miss Caroline E. Putnam, of Salem, is not the first female in the world who has taken up the trade of a barber. Some ten years ago Madame Josephine d'Courcey, the pretty, aye, beautiful wife of a French barber, who had a shop in Chambers street, then called the Granite buildings, and now known as the Irving House, found herself a widow, with three or four children to support. The husband had omitted to leave her any money or rather means, when he died. The children were to be taken care of, and Madame d'Courcey was not disposed to neglect them. She at once resolved to keep up the shop, and enact the part of barber. Her determination was made known and applauded. Every man of gallantry said she was right; and every man who was disposed to indulge in the luxury of a shave, called at her establishment. In less than a month, she had four times as many customers as she could attend to. She therefore called in the aid of *Josef du Boys*, an aged knight of the razor.—Josef was a good shaver, but, nobody wanted him about their chins, whilst there was the least possible chance of calling the skill of Madama d'Courcey into action. And, often would they wait for hours, for an opportunity to place their faces under the presure of her fair hands.

One bright and beautiful day in the month of June an aged citizen of the West End, a man of some five or six hundred thousand dollars, and a widower at that, was seen toddling down Broadway. On reaching the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, a placard arrested his attention. Though the letters were large, they were badly printed, and the old gentleman found it difficult to read them. "Hey dey! what does all this mean?" he said as he vainly attempted to decipher the placard—"what does all this amount to?" And then he took out his specs, carefully wiped them, and was enabled to ascertain, that Madame Josephine d'Courcey would shave gentlemen!

"Upon my word!" ejaculated the old fellow, "I believe I did not shave to-day. I ought to be shaved—I always shave daily," and he passed his hand across his chin, and was satisfied that he *did* require shaving. Into the shop he poped; and found it empty.

"Young woman," said he, as he entered, "do you shave gentlemen?"

"*We* monsieur!" was the modest reply, and the old chap was welcomed to the chair. He took it; threw his head back—was lathered in a twinkling—shaved in no time!

After the opperation was concluded, the venerable citizen was *champooned*, and powdered and looked for all the world like a regenerated sinner.

"My dear child," said he, to Madame Josephine, "it appears to me this business is not the one that you ought to follow. It exposes you, my child, to danger and temptation.—Would you like to marry?" Madame Josephine blushed, as none but a French woman can and nodded an affirmative. The next day the shop was closed—two weeks afterwards, the papers announced the marriage of the Hon. James H——d to Madame Josephine d'Courcey. The happy pair made a tour to Niagara and Saratoga—the next winter went to Italy and South France; returned happy and contented; and are now living in splendor, in one of the fashionable avenues up town. We hope Miss Caroline E. Putnam, may be equally fortunate.

Improvement in Lime Burning.

There is a line kiln in operation in Lehigh county of novel construction, which possesses such decided advantages over every other kind of a kiln, as to promise an entire revolution in the lime burning business. It is thus described: The kild is lined with fire brick and is 31 feet high with a hopper on the top capable of holding a large quantity of stone, which keeps falling down into the kiln as fast as lime is drawn out below. It will burn on an average, 300 bushels of lime per day. Wood is used in buring, and three or four pieces of ordinary hickory or oak wood will last half an hour. Two cords of wood will burn between 200 and 300 bushels of the best lime. The lime is drawn off every twelve hours.

☞ Miss Lucy Stone, one of the 'strong minded,' made a speech in New York the other day about the sexes, and said:

'Poor, weak woman. She has always been weak—has it not been so from the beginning? Did she not first yield to temptation?

'Ah! yes; Eve could conquer Adam—poor elf!
But to conquer woman—it took Satan himself.'

[Laughter and applause.]

That woman ought to have a husband who could sing to her—

"Oh, rock the cradle Lucy!"

She'd soon get better then! That's all that ails her!

Playing the Piano, and how it is Done.

The other evening, we were at a party of a friend of ours, and among the lot was a gay Miss who had just returned from boarding-school, when, after many solicitations and apologies, she seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below them. She now put off the right to a brisk canter upon the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued in a like manner. The right turned and repeated its movement; but the left out run it this time, hopped over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left, on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for a short space, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as we thought fairly vanquished, but we were in error in that, Jack Randolph cautions us, it had only "fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted up two back keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake-charming beyond dispute.—The left rushed toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roar down the bass keys; continued its assaults, sometimes by a zigzag movement, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its strong hold, proved ineffectual; it came up close to its adversary and expired. Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano made during the conflict.—Certain it is that no one can describe them, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended; Miss Jane moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once.

"One song, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Smith, "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame Piggisquaski is so fond of." Miss Jane looked pitiful at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Jane; accordingly she squared herself for a song. She brought her hands into a capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other; then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and left responding bass very loudly.

The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change upon the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Jane; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and it appeared to us as interpreters between the right and left. Things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. Ross. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side, a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistable demonstrations that Jane's music had made him feel good all over. We resolved from this contemplation of Mr. Ross' transport, to see whether we could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Jane made a fly-catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row, at the same instant she fetched a long dunghill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many keys with the left. This came over Ross like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo briers. Our nerves had not recovered until Miss Jane repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague fit; but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction.—She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed it, she scraped it. Her neck veins swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved: she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl, when we took the St, Vitus' dance and rushed out of the room. "Goodness!" said a bystander, "if this be her singing, what must be her crying."

Isms.

A very natural division of mankind is that which contemplates them in two classes—those who think for themselves, and those who have their thinking done by others; dead or living. With the former class the paramount consideration is,—"What is *right?*" With the latter, the first inquiry, 'What do the majority, or the great, or the pious, or the fashionable think about it? How did our fathers regard it?—What will Mrs. Grundy say?' This latter, and the most numerous class can hardly be said to think at all. They adopt the opinion of their neighbors or titular superiors and the prejudices of their forefathers, and to go through life with very little mind of their own, and very little consciousness of the need of any. Thinking at second hand, and in the wake of the majority, is respectable, politic, and safe; while the independent, original thinker is sure to provoke hostility and encounter obloquy. It is easier running in the established ruts than across them, even though the road is worn worse and worse by the former course; it is easier to assent and acquiesce than to demur and differ. Many a man has gone through life respected, popular and well fed, on the strength of his faculty of agreeing with everybody, and never avowing an unpopular opinion. And truly, if the life were not more than meat—if its chief ends were wealth, station, and luxury—then the smooth and plausible gentlemen who assent to whatever is popular, without inquiring or caring whether it is essentially true or false, are the Solomons of their generation.

[*H. Greely.*

Story of a Humorist.

Well, I have seen your friend, and find him to be exactly what you described him as being—a humorist. He seems to have imparted much of character to everything around him. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second his whims and his very furniture is, for the most part adapted to the same purpose.—This put me upon my guard, and there was hardly any thing in the room that I did not touch with apprehension. No trick, however, was practised upon me; and as I found subsequently, that I was indebted for such indulgence to one which was reserved for me at night, and which was such as perhaps all my English phegm would not have enabled me to bear with patience. I escaped, however, being put to the proof, by the merest accident—the arrival of a poor Irish surveyor, who was thought a fitter subject for the often repeated experiment.

The Irishman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to every thing to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. The potations ware suspended not until, and only while, the cloth way laying for supper, during and after which they were resumed with renovated energy.—Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house.

It was not so with this Irish guest, who was by this time much further advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than *half seas over*.

In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine, lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemad coeval with the building. I say seemed; for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Irishmen, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him good night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.

When the door was closed, I was for the first time made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly through the four posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Irishmen was the signal for touching the spring, and he was now at the proper attitude.

The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar, cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where the poor Irishman slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Irish gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!"

At this moment we heard him fall and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Irishman's voice could be heard roaring out, in the highest dialect of his country, for assistance.

At length, two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their first sleep. The found him sprawling on the floor.

Bed Clothes.

Three-fourths of the bed covering of our people consists of what are miscalled comfortables, viz: two calico cloths, with glazed cotton wadding laid between and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth while it allows escape to the rest.—Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analagous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste, and lack of morning appetite, betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and, "my dear, this is execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much of the rosy health of poor children is due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents; and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber.

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets.—The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearest in health. "Comfortables" are unhealthy and uncomfortable. Cotton, if it could be made equally porous and kept so, we should prefer it to wool. The same for daily underclothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath exit, and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired. So shall you have pleasant dreams at night, and in the morning, cheerful rising, sweet breath and good appetite. These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a house full of bright rosy cheeked memorials of rich and fruitful affection.

THE HIBERNIAN AHEAD.—*Mr. Jones.*—That's a fine horse you're leading Patrick. He carries his head well.

Pat.—That's thrue. An' its a grand thail he carries behind him.

Jones.—Behind him! Don't everything that carries a tail, carry it behind?

Pat.—No, your honor.

Jones.—No? what don't?

Pat.—A *cint*, sure, carries its thail on one side, and its head on 'tother.

☞ The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap, has injured his voice trying to sing the stave of a molasses cask.

Don't Speak to Her.

"Don't speak to her!" There was a bitter sneer upon the girl's face as she and her companion turned away from the poorer dressed schoolmate.

No little Miss, don't speak to the poor girl. *Your* father swindled poor people, and made a large property out of their hard earnings. He was a low bred vagabond when a young man, and universally despised, but is now one of the "upper ten." At heart he is as base and low as he ever was. But he deals in stocks, and robs by shaving bonds and mortgages. He is a monied man. He is rich. He is your father, Miss, and would not like it were you to place yourself on a level with honorable poor people. *Don't speak to her.*

The girl is plainly clad and has no tippet around her neck or costly playthings. She has a humble home, and a poor mother. Her father was ruined by one who now rolls in wealth, and died a stricken man. His fine house—the early home of the poor man—was sold at a sacrifice, and purchased by the man who ruined him.—Her mother, the once beautiful and accomplished belle and noble woman takes in washing. What a vulgar woman? How low it is to work for a living! Who could associate or have any thing to do with them?

Don't speak to her. Her sweet face is pale and sad, and her dress is coarse and plainly made. Just look at her pantalettes even—nothing but common needle-work! Not as fine as yours by a good deal. Her shoes, too, are common calf-skin, while yours are beautiful gaiters. Why can't the vulgar thing dress as well as you do, and why can't her sad-hearted mother have a fine house and ride to church in a carriage? What business have folks to be poor? How exceedingly vulgar it is to work for a living.

Don't speak to her! She ain't fit for your company—she don't dress well enough. No matter if she does hear cutting words. Poor children have no feeling. It's your privilege to say what you are pleased to about such kind of folks. There is a tear in her mild blue eye and a quick flush on her pale cheek, and as she passes the group with their hoops, she draws her checkered bonnet tightly around her face, and steals away with many a bitter sob. Her young heart is learning its first sorrow. She will know that heart or conduct have no claim upon the respect of the fashionable world. Her mother washes for bread; and she is a poor girl. There are many sobs and clouds for her in the future—many a cutting word and stinging sneer. Her woman's heart will need all its bravery. She may triumph in the stern and trying struggle, or she may give way and go down to worse than a grave. Her soul was full of the pure and the noble in all that is womanly, but they crushed her with an iron heel, and she was lost.

Don't speak to poor girls—they have no business to be poor—it is so vulgar.

Gentlemanly Accomplishments.

SWEAR! Out upon such common attainment. So do the lowest and meanest that swim in the sinks of drunkenness and vice. There is not a ruffian who cannot boast of the same accomplishment. Every reeking den of devilry has its proficients. The most degraded of humanity can swear as roundly as you. Hark! you hear it on the highway. In every spot where tipplers congregate, the oath is part of every breath. At night it comes with fearful distinctness from the dram-shop. And yet you are as proud of your foul mouthed weakness, as though the vilest of earth could not boast of the same.

CHEW TOBACCO! A loathsome spitting machine, eh? Beautiful and interesting apparatus, truly. A self-spitting squirt-gun, to eject the filthiest compound in existence! A lama on two legs, bespattering all within your reach, without provocation even. And because you eat tobacco and sip out the juice with mock dignity, you are a gentleman. Ho! ho! the race of fools is not yet extinct. Why, you slavering beast, it is no rare accomplishment to eat tobacco. You can't make your mouth fouler than the old vagabond who spends a shilling he has begged for rum, or a pound of plug.—He can act as filthy as you can. Can't you believe it? See him spit once. Mark the dark lines from each corner of his mouth, and the noisome stains on his shirt bosom. Rare accomplishment, indeed, for a gentleman.

DRINK CHAMPAIGNE! Ha! ha! Dear sir! the whole land is filled with such suckers. The raggedest, wiry-headed, red-nosed, bleared-eyed old bloat in Christendom can get as rich, and as foolish, and as drunk, as you can. And what's the difference? From the actions, a looker on could not determine what liquor the two had got drunk on. The one sleeps in the gutter, the other in his room. There is a difference in the quality of coats, but none in the drunkenness. The common sorts can get as "owly" on common whiskey, as you can on pure champaigne. You drink with respectable tipplers and drunkards—he with those who have graduated in the common whiskey cellar.

You are a gentleman, are you? Why are you? And so that makes a gentleman. Your whole aim in life is to adorn your person in a fashionable suit of clothes, and practice a most unnatural gait and whirl before the glass. A fine suit of clothes, sir, cannot give a man a heart. You wear a moustache or imperial!—so does a goat. A face may be covered with hair, and no brains in the head. Bear's grease and a fashionable twirl, are all your dependence.—*Fanny Fern.*

The Farmer's Bank.

Vault—mother earth.

Exchanges—the transplanting of the nursery and garden.

Deposits—Happiness, sobriety and manly independence.

Assets—Shining fields, waving with a golden harvest.

Liabilities—Indebted to God alone, who sends the sunshine and the rain.

Dividends—Health, wealth, and honest patriotic hearts.

Bread and Butter.

Bread and butter is a theme, however homely, on which a a volume might be written. Although the appetite may tire of other things, on this substantial ground it makes a stand. It must be trained to the liking of far-fetched cookery, while the taste acquired at so much pains, departs suddenly. Civilized men enjoy one kind of food, and cannibals another.—Some are very simple in their habits, and like the boy Cyrus, at the courtly table of his grand-father, wonder at the multitude of dishes. But no man, Christian or heathen, ever quarrels with his bread and butter. It is acceptable the year round, and the taste for it is universal, and never palls. You cannot eat it to surfeit or ever return to it with disgust. If it is of a bad quality, that does not destroy your affection. You blame the baker but stick to the bread. *Good* bread and butter in the summer time are peculiarly delicious, the very staff of life. When the flour is of the finest wheat, when the yeast is of a buoyant nature, and the loaf, with its crust properly baked, has the whiteness of snow and lightness of a sponge; when the butter has the flavor of fresh grass and the color of new minted gold, eat to your heart's content, and desire nothing else. When you have come in at the noon-tide hour, wearied with your expedition to the mountain top, your walk in the woods, your sail on the lake, or your botanizing in the meadows; when you have labored faithfully in the garden, rooting out the weeds from the cucumbers and green peas, the sweet corn and cauliflowers, which are to grace your table, contracting a sharp appetite from the smell of the mould; when you have returned with woodcock from the swamp, or have been "a fishing;" and then the golden butter and fresh bread are set before you, garnished perhaps with a well dressed lettuce, or a few short-top scarlet radishes, even crackling and brittle as glass, well may you disdain the aid of cooks; for it is a feast which an anchorite might not refuse, and which an epicure might envy.—*Knickerbocker.*

Rest for the Righteous.

This is after death. "They do rest from their labors." Their heaven is to be preceded by labor here below—labor in the service and cause of Christ. There the weary are at rest. The faithful enter into the joy of their Lord.

But we see large numbers of whom it could be said with no sort of propriety, that death would cause them to rest from their labors.—They are in the vine-yard but they do not work. Death would not bring them to the novelty of rest, for they have that now. They fetch up in reference to anything they were doing before for Christ when they entered the church, or soon after. And if Heaven is rest from labor, verily they have a good deal of Heaven this side of the pearly gates. They could not well have more of rest from painful toil and effort beyond these gates.

Paul rested; labor made him weary. He had not a moment's rest on earth, after he espoused the cause of Christ. He did not want any rest till his work was done. Then the intensity of his devotion to labor, would make the rest of heaven more precious.

But some want rest here as well as there.—They can rest where the work is to be done, and in the place of it. And they have it—and will have it. But how to get it in both worlds, it seems somewhat difficult to see. The people of God will have their rest when their work is done, when wearied with their work they drop into the grave. Rest belongs to them, because they have labored. And all the sweeter it will be for the ardor and earnestness of their labors. How they who have their rest here—and who cannot rest from rest—can find it there, we wait to learn.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Two in Heaven.

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers, only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the hearth and at the board—their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest, no sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven!" Earth less attractive.—Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. "Still, small" voices, ever whispering, Come! to the world-weary spirit.

"Two in heaven!"

Mother of angels! Walk softly!—holy eyes watch thy footsteps!—cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee!"—*Fern Leaves.*

WHEN DOES EDUCATION COMMENCE.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble forbearence; with handsful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with bird's nests admired, but not touched; with humming bees and glass bee-hives with pleasant walks in shady lanes and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the Source of all good—to God himself.

Reflection.

The Past—where is it? It has fled.
The Future? It may never come.
Our friends departed? With the dead.
Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.
What earth's joys? The dews of morn.
Its honors? Ocean's wreathing foam.
Where's peace? In trials meekly borne,
And joy? In heaven, the Christian's home.

☞ "Vat you make here?" hastily inquired a dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed very clamorously.

"Oh, not much, just courting a little—dat's all."

"Oho, dat's all, ho! py tam I thought you was vighting."

To Make Pure White Soap.

Take soda in crystals, and put it into a barrel with a layer above of quick-lime, and pour warm water upon it, suffering the liquor to leach out in the same manner that ashes are leached out in the woods for making crude potash. This liquor should be filtered through straw, so as to have it pure and clear. Its specific gravity should be 1,040 in the hydrometer. To every gallon of this lye, 11 lbs. of melted suet or white tallow should be added, and it should be kept boiling gently, in a clean kettle, for four hours. It should then be completely saponified, which can easily be tested by immersing a flat knife in it. When completely saponified, it will shake on the spatula. The fire should then be drawn from the furnace, and a handful of salt dissolved in cold water thrown in. This is to cool the soap and to separate it from the water. It can then be run off into frames, and when cool cut it into proper cakes. This is good soap, and is well adapted for making into toilet and other soaps.

[*Scientific American.*

Preservation of Grapes.

We find the following translation of an article in a German paper, in the *Agricultor*, which contains an account of the preservation of grapes in Russia: A traveller who lived at St. Petersburg during the winter season states that he ate there the freshest and most beautiful grapes he had ever seen. To preserve them they should be cut before being enterely ripe. Do not handle the berries; reject all damaged ones, then lay the grapes in a large stone jar holding about thirty gallons. The mouth should be narrow so that the grapes will not touch each other. Fill the spaces between them with millet. Cover closely with a stone cover well fitted and cemented. Over this paste a thick paper, and let it be hermetically sealed so an entirely to exclude the air. In this air-tight jar the grapes ripen fully, and acquire a flavor seldom attained by any other method, and are preserved for two years in the best condition.

How To Make Manure.

The Massachusetts Agricultural Society's Report gives the following statement from a farmer of Hampshire County, of that State:

Immediately after planting in the spring, and after I have used what manure I want, I commence my compost heap for the next season.—Into a convenient place, which with me is a hollow in the angle of a bank-wall on the south end of my buildings, I deposit first a load of horse manure. Over this I usually spread the scrapings of my wood yard, especially in May, and all other substances that will make manure that I find about my buildings; such as the rakings of the yard, old leaves, &c., making in all another small load. Over this I add a load of loam; then over the whole I spread about a bushels of ashes. For the next three or four weeks this heap recieves from the wash-room all the soap-suds and washing-water, and from the house all the slops and washings of the kitchen, sweepings, &c., being kept continually moist. In about four weeks after the first deposit, I add another load of horse manure, more loam, and sand from the washing of road drains, spread over all a layer of wood ashes, occasionally adding more during the next four weeks. This heap, for the succeeding four weeks, recieves as before, all the fertilizing substances that accumulate in the wash-room and kitchen. This process is continued during the summer and fall until snow covers the ground; then I call my heap finished, only as it continues to recieve during the winter, washings, slops, &c.

I claim for this manure the following advantages:—First, it is cheap. Horse manure *alone*, is a miserable fertilizer; and this excepting the wood ashes, is the only substance of any value that enters into the composition.—Combined in the way stated, it helps to form a valuable manure. Again, as a matter of cleanliness and convenience, this compost heap is of great advantage—How often do we see about farm houses and farm yards, accumulations of substances, rendering the premises filthy and unsightly. The compost heap receives all these otherwise useless accumulations.

Good Nature.

Good nature is a gem which shines brightly where ever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influence? Don't let matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross and crabbed. If a friend has injured you, if you want employment and can't get it, or can't get your honest dues, or the fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruits of many years' hard toil, or your faults magnified, or enimies have traduced, or friends decieved, never mind; don't get mad with anybody; don't abuse the world or any of its creatures; keep good natured and our word for it, all things will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the hearts of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers the fragrance of which ascends to Heaven. The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its way, but buzzes on, selecting the sweets where he can find them; and quietly passing where they are not. We have said considerable of late upon this subject in the columns of the Flag, but we can do our readers no greater service than to inculcate such a spirit. Cheerfulness is the amulet we would have you wear, it keeps up daylight in the mind, filling it with steady and perpetual serenity.—*Flag of our Union.*

A LOVER'S OBEDIENCE.—Beautiful, gorgeous was the sunset sky. The last notes of the summer birds fell upon the ear as they retired to their resting place in the great forest, and everything whispered of love as I stood with my love in a beautiful garden regaled by the odor of a thousand flowers. Gently I drew my arms around her delicate waist, and was about to impress a kiss upon her lips, when she looked me saucily in the eyes, and with a smile upon her countenance, she said, 'Don't,' and I dont'ed.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC MAN.—Hon. Arthur Livermore, formerly Cheif Justice of New Hampshire, died at Campton, on Friday last, aged 87. The deceased, the third son of Hon. Samuel Livermore, was born at Londonderry, July 26, 1776; was upon the bench of the Supreme Court from 1799 to 1816; a representative in Congress the first four and the last two years of Monroe's administration, and from that time till 1833 upon the bench of the Common Pleas.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

☞ The man who put a sixpence in the contribution plate when he had a three cent piece in his pocket, left in the south western train on learning that Barnum was after him.