

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 KITCHEN GIRL.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. CASE.

God bless the generous kitchen girls,
With heart so free and strong;
Sustained by filial love and hope,
Through all their slight and wrong;
With dill-tack wort upon the brow,
Its colors in its hand;
Still turning back with longing hearts
To friends and native land.
They gather up from hour to hour,
From labor day by day,
Their precious hoards of cents and dime
For loved ones far away—
Aye, far away on Erin's Isle,
By tyrants oppressed,
They've left a mother, and at heart,
A sister sore distressed.

Bending 'neath unrequited toil
And bitter poverty,
They see those dear and helpless ones,
And long to set them free;
Month after month, with cheerful hearts
And willing, ready hands,
They work to bring them o'er the sea,
To our more favored land.

And many an aged mother there
Is waiting, hoping still
For "Mary sweet," or "Kitty dear,"
Love's mission to fulfill—
Waiting to bid a long adieu
To Erin's sea-girt shore,
And cross the deep, that they may clasp
The "darling" child once more.

Was Kosuth's love for Hungary
A deeper love than this?
Was there in Meagher's patriot soul
A truer love than this?
And yet this love so pure and deep,
That through all trial burns,
Full many a proud lip coldly jeers,
And jewelled finger averts.

Oh, ye who pass those kitchen girls
With stately step of pride,
Does such deep love, such strength of soul,
In your own hearts abide?
Ye, who oft spend in one short hour,
In flashy giddy maze,
The wealth it takes them months to earn
By weary, toiling days—

Would you toil for a mother thus,
With buoyant heart and free,
If fate should make a "kitchen girl"
Perchance, proud one of thee?
Or would you, with a winning heart,
The roughest drudge become,
That you might give a sister dear
A better, happier home?

Oh lady fair! give heed to those,
The humble ones of earth;
Ye little know how much a word
Of cheer to them is worth.
Oh, pass them not so coldly by,
As if ye were above;
But give to each, as each requires,
Your sympathy and love.

And heed ye all this mighty truth,
Which ages past has told,
That generous hearts and willing hands
More precious are than gold.

INTERESTING LEGEND.

HERNE THE HUNTER.

About the middle of the reign of Richard the Second, there was among the keepers, of the forest a young man named Herne. He was expert beyond his fellows in all matters of woodcraft, and consequently in great favor with the king, who was himself devoted to the chase. Whenever he stayed at Windsor Castle, King Richard would pass his time in hunting, hawking, or shooting with the long-bow; and on all these occasions the young keeper was his constant attendant. But in proportion as he grew in favor with the king, Herne was hated by his comrades, and they concerted together how to ruin him. All their efforts, however, were ineffectual, and rather tended to his advantage than injury. One day, it chanced that the king hunted in the forest with his favorite, the Earl of Oxford, when a great herd of deer was unharmed, and a tremendous chase ensued, the hard leading his pursuers within a few miles of Gungersford, whither the borders of the forest then extended. All the followers of the king, even the earl of Oxford, had by this time dropped off, and the royal huntsman was only attended by Herne, who kept close behind him. At last, the hart, driven to desperation, stood at bay, and gored the king's steed as he came up, in such a manner that it reared and threw its rider. Another instant, and the horse of the infuriated animal would have been plunged into the body of the king, if Herne had not flung himself between the prostrated monarch and his assailant, and received the stroke intended for him—though desperately wounded, the young hunter contrived slightly to rise himself, and plunged his knife into the hart's throat while the king regained his feet. Gazing with concern at his deliverer, King Richard wondered what he could do for him.

"Nothing, sire—nothing," replied Herne, with a groan. "I shall require nothing but a grave from you, for I have received a wound that will speedily bring me to it."
"Not so, I trust good fellow," replied the king in a tone meant to be encouraging though his looks showed that his heart misgave him, "my best leech shall attend you."
"No skill will avail me now," replied Herne, sadly. "A hurt from a hart's horn bringeth to the bier."
"I hope the proverb will not be justified in thy case," rejoined the king; "and I promise thee, if thou dost recover, thou shalt have the post of head keeper of the forest, with twenty nobles a year for wages. If, unhappily, thy forbodings are realized, I will give the same sum to be laid out in masses for thy soul."
"I humbly thank your highness," replied the young man; "and I accept the latter offer, seeing it is the only one likely to profit me."

With this, he put his horn to his lips and winding the dead moat feebly, fell back senseless. Much moved the king rode off for succor; and blowing a lusty call on his bugle, with twenty nobles a year for wages, was presently joined by the Earl of Oxford and some of his followers, among whom were the keepers. They all hastened with the king to the spot, where the body was lying stretched out beside that of the hart.
"It is almost a pity his soul cannot pass away thus," said the king, gazing compassionately at him; "for he will only revive to anguish and speedy death."
Your highness is right," replied the chief keeper, Osmond Crooke, kneeling beside him, and half drawing his hunting knife; "it were better to put him out of his misery."
"What! slay the man who has just saved my own life!" cried the king. "I will consent to no such infamous deed. I would give a large reward to any who could cure him."

As the words were uttered, a tall, dark man, in a strange garb, and mounted on a black, wild looking steed, whom no one had hitherto observed, sprang to the ground, and advanced towards the king.
"I take your offer, sire," said the personage, in a harsh voice. "I will cure him."
"Who art thou, fellow?" demanded King Richard, doubtfully.
"I am a forester," replied the tall man; "but I understand somewhat of chirurgery and leech-craft, and I'll be sworn I'll cure the king." "Thou hast or I am mistaken, made free use with some of my venison."

"Make good thy words, fellow!" replied the king, after a pause; "and thou shalt not only be amply rewarded, but shall have a free pardon for any offence thou mayst have committed!"
"Enough!" replied Urswick; and taking a large, keen edged hunting-knife from his girdle, he cut off the head of the hart close to the point where the neck joins the skull, and then laid it open from the extremity of the under lip to the neck. "This must be bound on the head of the wounded man," said he.

The keepers stared in astonishment.—But the king commanded that the strange order should be obeyed. Upon which the bleeding skull was fastened upon the head of the keeper with leather thongs.
"I will answer for his perfect cure in a month's time!" said Urswick to the king, "but I shall require to watch over him myself till all danger is at an end! I pray your highness to command these keepers to transport him to my hut."
"You hear what he says knaves!" cried the king; "do his bidding, and carefully, or you shall answer to me with your lives."

Accordingly a litter was formed with branches of trees, and on this the body of Herne, with the hart's head still bound to it, was conveyed by the keepers to Urswick's hut, situated in the wildest part of Bagshot Heath. After placing the body upon a bed of dried fern, the keepers were about to depart when Osmond observed to the forester:
"Thou art Arnold Sheafe, who was outlawed for deer stealing?"
"It matters not whom I am since I have the king's pardon," replied the other laughing disdainfully. "My name is Philip Urswick!"
"Thou hast yet to earn thy pardon," said Osmond.

"Leave that to me," replied Urswick; "there is no more fear that thou wilt lose thy post as chief-keeper, which the king has promised to Herne, than that I shall fail."
"Would the deer had killed him outright," growled Osmond; and the savage wish was echoed by the other keepers.
"I see you all hate him bitterly," said Urswick. "What will ye give me for revenge?"
"We have little to give, save a fat buck on occasions," replied Osmond; "and in all likelihood, thou canst help thyself to venison."
"Will you swear to grant the first request I make to you, provided it shall be in your power," demanded Urswick.
"Readily!" replied Urswick. "I must keep faith with the king. Herne will recover, but he will lose all his skill as an archer—all his craft as a hunter."
"If thou canst accomplish this, thou art the best hunter," cried Osmond, trembling.

"Fiend or not," replied Urswick, with a triumphant laugh, "ye have made a compact with me, and fulfil it! Now begone; I must attend to the wounded man."
And the keepers full of secret misgivings departed.

At the time promised, Herne attached by Urswick, presented himself to the King. He looked thin and pale, but all danger was past. King Richard gave the forester a purse of nobles, and added a silver bu-

gle to the gift. He then appointed Herne his chief keeper, and ordered him to be lodged in his castle. About a week after, accompanied the King on a hunting expedition to the forest, and they had scarcely entered it, when his horse started and threw him. Such an accident had never happened to him, for he was an excellent horseman; and he rose greatly discomfited, while the keepers eyed each other askance. Soon after this a buck was started, and though Herne was bravely mounted on a black steed, bestowed on him on account of its swiftness by the king, he was the last in the chase.
"Thou art out of practice," said the King laughing, as he came up.
"I know not what ails me," replied Herne, gloomily.
"It cannot be thy steed's fault," said the King; "for he is usually as fleet as the wind. But I will give thee an opportunity of gaining credit in another way. Thou seest your buck. He cannot be seventy yards off; and I have seen you hit the mark at twice the distance. Bring him down."
Herne raised his crossbow, and let fly the bolt; but it missed its mark and the buck startled by the noise, dashed down the brake uninjured. The King's brow grew dark. Herne uttered an exclamation of rage and despair, and the keepers congratulated each other in secret.

Again Herne went forth to hunt with the king and his foresters made him the laughing stock of the party. Richard at length dismissed him with these words:
"Take repose for a week, then thou shalt have a further trial. If thou dost not then succeed, I must perforce discharge thee from thy post."
Instead of returning to the castle, Herne rode off wildly into the forest, where he remained till eventide. He then returned with ghastly looks and a strange appearance—having the links of a rusty chain which he had plucked from a gibbet, hanging upon his left arm, and the hart's antlered skull fixed upon his head. His whole demeanor showed that he was crazed. After committing great extravagancies, he burst from all restraint, and disappeared among the trees of the forest. An hour after this, a man found him suspended by a rope from the branch of an oak tree, (now known as HERNE'S OAK.) Despair had driven him to the dreadful deed. Instead of cutting him down the man ran to the castle, to relate what he had witnessed; and the keepers, satisfied that their revenge was now fully accomplished, hastened to the tree. But the body was gone; and what proclaimed it had been there, the rope was hanging from the branch.—Search was made in all parts, but without effect.

One night a terrible thunder storm occurred, and during its continuance the oak on which Herne had hanged himself was blasted by the lightning.
Osmond was immediately reinstated in his post as chief keeper; but he had little time for rejoicing, for he found that the same spell that had bound Herne, had fallen upon him. His arrows went wide of the mark, his bounds lost their scent, and his falcons would not be lured back. Half frantic, he feigned illness, and left Roger Barefoot to take his place. But the same ill luck befel Barefoot, and he returned in awful plight, without a single head of game. Four others being equally unfortunate, the whole of them resolved to consult Urswick, who, they doubted not, could remove the spell. Accordingly they went to Bagshot Heath, and related their story to him. When they had done he said—
"The curse of Herne's blood is upon you, and can only be removed in one way. As you return to the castle, go to the tree on which he destroyed himself, and you may learn how to act."

It was midnight, and pitchy dark, as they came up to the fatal oak. All at once a blue flame appeared, flitted thrice around the tree, and then remained stationary, its light falling upon a figure in a wild garb, with a rusty chain hanging from his left arm; and an antlered helm on its head. They knew it to be Herne, and instantly fell down before him, while a burst of terrible laughter sounded on their ears. Without heeding them further, the spirit darted around the tree, rattling its chains and uttering appalling imprecations. It then stopped, and turning to the terrified beholders, bade them in a hollow voice, bring hounds and horses, as for the chase, on the following night, and vanished.—They obeyed the spirit's command; when Herne called to Osmond to bring him his hounds. In an instant the mysterious being vaulted on his back and cried—
"To the forest—to the forest!"
With this he dashed forward and the whole party hounds and men, hurried after him. They had ridden at a furious pace for several miles over the Great Park where Herne halted before a huge beech tree, when he dismounted, and pronounced certain mystic words.

"Welcome, Herne!" he cried, "welcome lord of the forest! And you, his comrades, welcome too. The time has come for the fulfillment of your promise to me.—I require you to form a band for Herne the hunter, and to serve him as a leader."
Not daring to refuse a compliance, the keepers took a fearful oath to obey him. As soon as it was uttered, Urswick vanished, as he came, in a flash of fire. Herne now blew a blast on his horn, rode swiftly on, and a stag being unharmed, the chase commenced. Many a fat buck was hunted and slaughtered that night, and an hour before daybreak, Herne commanded them to lay out of the finest at the foot of the seathed oak in the Home park. Night after night they thus went forth, thinning the herds of deer, and committing other ravages and depredations.

At last the King getting intelligence of

these strange doings, was determined to ascertain the truth of the statement. He therefore ordered the keepers to attend him one night in an expedition to the forest. Much alarmed, Osmond endeavored, by representing the risk he would incur, to dissuade him from the enterprise; but he would not be deterred, and the keepers now gave themselves up for lost.

When the king and his attendants came to the oak, the figure of Herne, mounted on a black steed, was discovered beneath it. Deep fear fell on the beholders, but chiefly upon the guilty keepers, at the sight. The king, however, pressed forward and cried—
"Why dost thou disturb the quietude of the night, accursed spirit?"
"Because I desired vengeance!" replied Herne. "I was brought to my present woful condition by Osmond and his comrades."
"But you died by your own hand, did you not?" demanded the king.
"Yes," replied Herne, "and I was driven to the deed by an infernal spell laid on me by the malice of the wretches I have denounced. Hang them upon this tree, and I will trouble these woods no longer while thou reignest!"
The king looked around at the keepers. They all remained obdurate, except Barefoot, who, falling on his knees, confessed his guilt, and accused the others.
"It is enough!" cried the king to Herne; "they shall all suffer for their offence."
Upon this a flash of fire enveloped the spirit and horse, and he vanished.

The king kept his word. Osmond and his comrades were all hanged upon the seathed tree; nor was Herne seen again in the forest while Richard sat upon the throne; but he reappeared with a new band at the commencement of the rule of Henry IV., and hunted the deer at night. His hand was destroyed but he defied all attempts at capture.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Saturday Night.

We have read nothing happier or more beautifully expressed, for a long time, says the Ohio State Journal, than the following from the local column of the Sandusky Register. There is poetry and true genial feeling in it:
Saturday night! How the heart of the weary man rejoices, as with his week's wages in his pocket, he hies him home to gather his little ones around him and draw consolation from his hearth stone for his many hard hours he had toiled to win his pittance. Saturday night. How the poor woman sighs for very relief as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest; and though her rewards have been small, yet is she content to live on, for even men heart builds up in the future, a home where 'tis always Saturday eve! How the careworn man of business relaxes his brow and closing his shop saunters deliberately around to gather up a little gossip ere he goes quickly home to take a good rest! How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright-eyed maiden is in waiting, and this Saturday night shall be a blessed time for him—there will be low words spoken by the garden gate, and there will be pressure of hands—perhaps of lips—blessed Saturday night! To all, kind heaven has given a little heaven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions, and Saturday night alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night! and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrance of its many holy hours now gone into the far Past—memories which every Saturday eve but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.

Almost Finished.

That young man you see with the soap-locks, cutting such a splashing, dashing figure, with the cigar in his mouth, which ever and anon he draws out to give free vent to volly of oaths, or a broad-side of spit, is pretty near finished. Taken altogether he is rather a remarkable personage. He has perhaps one idea above an oyster in his head, has one cigar in his mouth, and one cent in his pocket to buy another, and one hard-working, industrious mother, and father to work for him—and he puts them through on the fast line, and keeps their noses to the grindstone constantly—and all this that he may loaf; and smoke cigars, and be pestiferous nuisance generally.

If parents desire to become the slave of their children's follies—just let them pursue the course some of them are pursuing—-that is, let their boys run helter skelter, when and where they please, give them nothing to do, and learn them that they were not made for servants—but to be served. They will learn it very soon—and then the parents will have the balance of their lives to learn the nature of the mistake they made in training their children.

The slave who is raised to labor, and injured to toil, is not half so miserable as those who are filled with the notion that other people are made for their use, and the world owes them a living without working for it, when they discover that the unthankful world will not submit longer to feed such a drone; and they are compelled to go to work—a thing for which they fancy they were not intended, and for which they think they are too good. The slave who performs his daily task under the lash is happy, compared with such an one.

Go on, young man, smoke cigars and swear, and loaf, and drink whiskey, you are pretty near finished, and when you are finished, you will be an interesting sight.

Every seed cannot but bring forth its own kind and no other. Note it well, for that which is sown here, can only be found hereafter; and as the true fall (the state of the internal life in you) so it will be, or ever remain.

A Half Married Yankee.

During one of my rambles down Royal street a few days ago, my attention was attracted by a very beautiful young lady, dressed in the height of fashion, coming up on the opposite side. While her attention was directed to some object in the street, she came in contact with a fine, tall, good looking Yankee, who stood about six feet two inches in his boots. In order to give her the right of way, he stepped obliquely to the right, to let her pass; in doing so, her left foot caught that of his, and threw her down in the gutter, where the mud and water was about six inches deep.

The six footer then set about relieving the young lady from the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed. After rolling her out of the gutter, he raised her upon her feet, when he ventured to say to her, "My dear Miss, have you injured yourself by the fall you had?" to which she replied, with a half smile, "no sir." He then took out his white pocket handkerchief, with which he endeavored to wipe off some of the mud and water from her dress and pretty face and hands.

When the usual apologies had been made on both sides for the present mishap, the Yankee picked up her parasol, and a small bundle which had partially been broken open by the fall, containing sundry articles, and laid them down on the sidewalk, after which he expressed a wish to get a carriage and to see her home to her parents, as she might have a long distance to go.

The lady stated to him that she lived in Custom-house near Rampart street, and would accept of his kind offer. The carriage was sent for, and when it arrived the young lady was placed in it, and the Yankee, after having got her consent, took a seat by her side, to see her home. During the ride to her residence, he inquired of her if she had a father and mother. She replied that she had a mother only. He next asked her if she had any brothers and sisters. She replied that she was not aware of it if she had, and that her father was very rich when he came to this city about ten years ago.

Says the Yankee, "Might I ask you, Miss, how rich was your father at the time of his death?"
"He has been dead about six months, and just before he died, he was saying to my mother, he was worth in cash \$70,000."
She here interrupted the conversation by informing him that she was at home. The driver was requested to dismount from his seat, and ring the bell. The summons brought the servant to the door, when the fine Yankee gallant gets out of the carriage, and assist the lady into the house, who invites him to enter. He replies to her that she must excuse him then as he had some very urgent business to transact at that hour, and by permission, would return again in the evening—after which, for the first time, he inquired if he should have the pleasure of knowing by what name he could address her. Says she, with a smile, "My name is Maria."
He then takes leave of her with a gentle squeeze of the fair one's hand, and makes light steps to his office in Camp street, thinking over the good and bad fortune that he had met with in the last two hours, and no doubt cogitating to himself that the one would more than balance the other, as \$50,000 was not to be picked out of the gutter every day, as well as a lovely young girl of seventeen, and to all appearance having all the accomplishments of a young lady of that age.

While pondering over the affairs of the day, night set in, and the Yankee prepares himself to pay the evening visit, according to promise. He closes his office, wends his way to his unfortunate fair one's residence—intending, at the same time, should a fair chance offer, to pop the question.

On arriving at the lovely one's dwelling, he rang the bell; the servant came to the door, when the Yankee inquired if Miss Maria was at home. He was answered in the affirmative, and "Will you walk in sir?" He was ushered into the parlor, and asked to be seated for a few moments, while she could call her young mistress who was up stairs. After a few moments had elapsed, the lovely Maria made her appearance down stairs. When the usual salutations had been gone through with, seats were taken upon the sofa.

Conversation ensued on the mishaps of the day, and then a long discussion on travelling, balls and courting.

While on the last subject, the Yankee observed to her, that it put him very much in mind of getting married himself, for he had been thinking over the matter a long time to do so; says he to Maria, "I have fallen quite in love with you at first sight, and will marry you, if you will give your consent to do so; what do you say my lovely one?"

The question, being rather unexpected, brought her to a blush; when a little composed, she turns to him and says, "she cannot say anything without first getting the consent of her ma." He then inquired, "Where is your ma?"
"She is up stairs not being very well."
"Cannot she come down this evening?" says the Yankee; "I had some idea of leaving the city to-morrow, and will be absent for some time, and I would like to hear your answer before I go."
A thought struck Maria that she had better strike while the iron was hot, and therefore gave her consent to marry him and get her ma's afterwards.

So the bargain was concluded and sealed by a few soft kisses; "Now," said he, "I would like to get married in the shortest time, Maria.—When would it suit you best?"
She said, "to-morrow evening."
All was agreed to. When the time arrived, the cakes, wine, priest, and all things requisite for the occasion ready; and now the hour and the Yankee arrived, and all was in waiting for the beautiful Maria, the bride who was upstairs with her ma, arranging her toilet. She is soon ready, and comes down into the parlor and takes her seat along side her bridegroom that

to be. Says the Yankee to Maria, "are you ready?" Says she, "I am as soon as my ma comes down stairs." The priest somewhat in a hurry, asks the couple who are about to be married to "stand up."
"Says the priest, "do you take this young lady for your—"" here the ceremony was interrupted by the entry of Miss Maria's ma by a door in the room, when the lovely Maria says to her half married Yankee, "this is my ma."
"Says the Yankee, "your what!" his eyes bigger round than blue edged cancers. "Your ma! Col. Bragg's grape shot! Tarantulas and scorpions! Thunder and California gold and bank defaulters! she is a negro ma true as preachin!"
At this moment the priest inquired if he should proceed to finish the marriage ceremony. Says the Yankee "finish what!"
"Why, the marriage of you and Miss Maria."
"No!" says the Yankee; "I wouldn't surrender this night for all the gold in Christendom, if I could get it. A negro mother-in-law as black as the ace of spades, weighing 240 pounds—\$70,000. Gee, woe! give me my hat!" and he took it and sloped to parts unknown.—"Spose he's gone over the Lake a few weeks, amongst the fashionables."

P. S. I have no doubt if the young Yankee would come back, and call upon the beautiful young lady again, and be a little discreet, and not be in such a hurry to pop the question, he might offer his hand a second time, and find out his intended mother-in-law is not so black as she might be; the truth is she was black for that particular occasion; for the purpose of finding out if his love for her daughter was so ardent as he pretended.—N. O. Crescent.

I Must Think of God.

A noted infidel of Germany, who passed his life in revelry, wine and excess, upon coming to the dark river of death, raised his eyes despairingly to heaven exclaiming, "I must then think of God also." His whole life had been passed without a serious, earnest thought of his Heavenly Father. Worldly gaiety had absorbed his attention, and occupied his time.—He had supposed it was easy always to forget and neglect God. But when death came, a new view of life, of his own immortal life, broke upon him. Now he must think of God.—There was no escaping from it. No worldly company, no cup of indulgence, no scenes of mirth, could hide him from his presence. And what a thought to a dying worldling! Breaking in with its iron necessity, in all its awful terrors, upon a soul which has ever been a stranger to it. How must it take possession of the whole being, causing the deepest agony of spirit.

Worldly man! careless man! man of business or pleasure! remember you must think of God! There is no avoiding it. The only choice permitted to you, when will you think of Him! Will you think of him now while the Saviour offers mercy, while He invites you to immortal blessedness and glory, and you have health and strength to accept His offers; or will you wait till the last hour of death, when hope, though it lingers with a dying radiance, and it is almost hopeless; or till eternity has sealed you everlasting doom? When, O worldly man! will you think of God? You must think of Him. It is a part of your life to think of Him, for as His creature, He has surrounded you with Himself, and made Himself indispensable to your highest life. The best time, he assured, the very best time, is this very moment as your eyes glance on the words. Think of Him now.—N. Y. Evangelist.

A Scene in a Beer Shop.

An enterprising Dutchman who kept a porter house in New York, gave the following account at a police office, of an assault on his premises; speaking of the person who commenced the row, he said:
"He came in, and asked me to sell him some beer; I told him he had more as would do him good—he called me a liar and a tam Dutch beg and began to provoke two of my tumpers, yem me and Hans Speigler, and my wife and dorer Pety, and all de odder men beoples about my place, began to put him out—and presently he come peek mit more shute like him, and say—I will fix dis peer concern and break him up, and de shentlemen as wants to get trunk may go to shunverers elsh, and not on this tam dutch pisen. Den dey kick Hans Speigler behind his pack, and kissed my dorer Pety before her face, except de stone butcher, spilt my wife and me and totter parcels of peer all over de celler. Hans run out door called for vatch house, and my wife called for murder like de tifil, but before de vatch house come, der tam rowdies proke us all to pieces, me and my wife and dorer Pety and Hans, and ter tam pottles and tumpers and blates and dishes, all smashed up together."

A Word to Little Boys.

Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well! Who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respect age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts toward others. Show me a boy who obeys his parent, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by everybody, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this little boys; and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men.

The Lord is more or less present in every human soul; and from his dictates to the mind, the righteous speak. He is no where so present as in the mind of a good man.

Speculative Philosophy.

If all mankind could wink at the same moment, and the muscular effort exerted could be brought to bear on one point, it would be sufficient to jostle the earth out of its orbit.
If all the oaths uttered in the United States were required to be printed, they would fill all the presses in the country, day and night, to perform the labor; and if a tax were levied on them of one cent each, one year's revenue would be sufficient to transport all the mails, lay a double track railroad to the Pacific, and pay the public debts of every state in the Union.

The cigars consumed throughout the country, in one year, would make a worn fence six feet high around the District of Columbia; and the air expelled in smoking them would drive the Japan squadron around the globe, with enough over to do the wind work of all the patent machines.

If all the ejected tobacco quids were from this time to be dropped on the dome of the capitol at Washington, the ball of Egypt would bear no comparison to the pelting storm, and that edifice would be buried deeper than Nineveh, before the next meeting of Congress.

No soldier in any of Bonaparte's forced marches ever took as many steps in a given time, as a healthy child, four years old, does in the same time every day.
If all the lies told during the last Presidential campaign, could be boiled together, they would make soap enough to wash the face of nature.—Charlotte (N. C.) Courier.

AGRICULTURAL.

Right Education of Horses.

That Horses may be educated will not appear strange to those who have closely observed the intelligence often manifested by that noble animal. The present remarks are designed to give some information in relation to the rearing and treatment of young horses, not so much, however, with reference to their food and drink, as to their quietness and docility.

That there is a difference in the temper and disposition of different horses, is not denied; but at the same time it is averred that where a horse is so vicious or unmanageable as to render him unsafe in the harness, it is chargeable in almost every instance to the treatment he has formerly received.

The training of colts should commence when they are about three months old, so as to have them become familiar with the family before they are taken from the dam. Some colts are inclined to use their heels rather too freely; in such cases great care is necessary. They should be approached carefully, and caressed and carried, and they will soon submit to have their feet taken up and handled without resistance; and this will aid in quieting them while being shod, as the horse seldom forgets what he has once learned.

A common method of weaning colts is to take them to some back lot, and place a heavy yoke or "poke" on the neck, which they are compelled to wear for several weeks until their spirits are completely broken, they become more or less "wee-necked," from which defect they rarely wholly recover. Another method, but little less objectionable, is to shut them in the stable; but this does not learn them to respect a fence in the least. Now the better way and the one that the writer has practised with uniform success, is the following: Prepare a yard, (if it contains an acre or more, so much the better), have a strong high fence, so high that the colt cannot possibly leap over it—from six to seven feet will be sufficient—and let the materials of which the fence is composed be the same as those enclosing the field where the colt is in future to be kept—either wall, boards, or rails, as the case may be—and place him there without attaching any artificial appendage whatever, and let him understand that it is the fence alone that prevents his escape.—He should be generously fed, and also have a shed at which he can retire at pleasure. After he has been subdued in this way, he may be turned into any field having a fence of the same kind, and of ordinary height, and he will not attempt to break over. Even the most spirited horse brought up in this way cannot be induced to leap a fence four and a half feet high.

The practical benefits of the above plan are great. In passing through the country one is pained to see so many noble looking horses shackled and hampered in every conceivable way that ingenuity can invent, much to their detriment in putting on flesh to say nothing of the perplexity and trouble to the owner in adjusting the trappings every time the beast is turned out or taken up, and all for the want of a little care during the first year—for it is eminently true in this case that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

There are many horses not "true" or reliable, in the harness, having the habit to stop or balk, especially at the foot of a hill; this is caused by having been at some time overloaded, and perhaps unmercifully beaten; Neighbor A has a beautiful span of bays three years old, that he has been breaking in the past winter; he wishes to haul some rails from the farther side of the farm, and as the colts have become tolerably "handy," he puts on nearly a full load which they manage very well until they come to a "hard spot" and there they stop. The driver looks at the load, then looks at the horses; they are nearly as large as the old team,—he knows they can draw it, and it is determined they shall. So he commenced beating and pounding the poor animals until he is nearly worried out, when he throws off his load and goes home with loss of time and temper, and the horses damaged to the amount of twenty dollars each.

Now it is quite probable that the horses had strength enough to draw the load in question; but they had not sufficient practice; they did not know how to apply their strength, and did not work in concert. They should have been made to draw only light loads for a long time, and then by increasing the weight gradually, as their strength and experience increase, they can be made to do all the work they are capable of doing, and will always work kindly, and may be depended on under all circumstances.—The Wool Grower and Stock Register.