The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

VOL. 18. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1853. NO. 42.

TERMS:

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

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 16 lines or less

For 1 insertion	$0,50,	For 1 month,	$1,25
" 2 "	0,75,	" 3 "	2,75
" 3 "	1,00,	" 6 "	5,00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, not exceeding 10 lines, and not changed during the year.....$4,00

CARD and JOURNAL in advance.....5,00

BUSINESS CARDS of the same length, not changed.....$3,00

CARD and JOURNAL, in advance.....4,00

☞ Short transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at treble the usual rates.

On longer advertisements, whether yearly or transient, a reasonable deduction will be made for prompt payment.

POETICAL.

From the Louisville Journal.

Hopes and Fears.

Our hopes are like the wreaths of foam
That glitter on each shining wave,
When with a gushing sound they come
The white and thirsty beach to lave.
The waters part—the ripples gleam
A moment on the silent shore,
And vanish as the hopes that seem
A moment bright, and are no more.

Seeking for love, for fame, for power,
To the fair threads of life we cling,
For hope we cull a withered flower
And tune a harp with broken string.
And hope will shed a glimmering ray
Of light on pleasure's ruined shrine,
For mouldering columns still look gay
When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.

Though revered be love's magic chain,
Still to its broken charms we trust,
And hope to mend the links again,
When grief has eaten them like rust.
Frail as the bubbles on the beach
That hope may be—a transient beam,
But reft of joy, 'tis sweet to teach
The heart to hush its grief and dream.

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom
Upon the mountain's verdant side,
That mountain's heart a burning tomb,
Cleft by the lava's scorching tide.
They spring and flourish, fade and die,
Like human hopes—as frail and fair,
While quenchless fire beneath them lie,
Like human passions hidden there.

Our fears are like the clouds that shed
Their gloom across a summer sky,
When life is fairest, some wild dread
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.
The gloom may pass—the shadows fade,
And sunlight only seem to reign,
But still there is a lingering shade,
A fear that clouds will come again.

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy,
But fear is hovering there to fling
A shadow on the path of joy.
A canker-worm within the fruit,
A serpent in the linnet's nest,
A sentry ever grim and mute,
Is fear within the human breast.

A rainbow never spans the sky,
But some dark spirit of the storm,
With sable plume, is hovering nigh,
To watch its soft and fairy form.
Hope never chants her fairy song,
Or bids us rest beneath her wing,
But fear, with all his phantom throng,
Is in the distance hovering.

We seek the laurel wreath of fame,
And all her fickle favors trust,
To live—perchance without a name,
And find the chaplet turned to dust.
Life wears away, 'mid smiles and tears—
The wedding peal, the funeral toll;
But though o'ershadowed still by fears,
Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Going Down Hill.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

"Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything around his little place was trim and tidy."

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and must confess that he is a good workman; but, nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves."

"Very true; and as my wife desires me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the farmer, "and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying, as he charged the bit of meat—

"I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," remarked the farmer.

"Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No; I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit, but on the whole I guess money would be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village similar scenes were passing.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by; "if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture.—Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On the way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account!" was the surprised reply.—"Surely the term has not yet expired!"

"Only half of it; but my present rule is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear that it will not be in my power to do so sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself—

"Just as I expected. I never shall see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right; but it will never do to go on in this way."

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the polite shopkeeper as he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intent to keep short accounts. There is a little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way toward home.

"It seems strange that these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it."

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said, as she entered.—"Here are two unexpected calls for money; one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a man gets a little behindhand, trouble seems to pour in upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer, and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper, and disappeared.

"The butcher's account, as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability would send us still on the downward path."

"We must do our best and trust in Providence," was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenace of Uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair that Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his eccentric, but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go as well with you as formerly.—What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path.

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least, a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behindhand, and all will go well with you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought but a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the common course of events, could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars," replied the shoemaker; "and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer. "I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of the money make some slight addition or improvement in your shop or house; and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I'm only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. "Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they find his face is turned that way. In future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper." And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed the money in his pocket book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he, whom he had thus befriended, with cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

Ellen Dane, or the Daughter's Vow.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

The following touching and effecting instance of a sister's devotion, occurred in a manufacturing town in New Hampshire, not many years ago. It was related to the author by the brother of the girl alluded to, now a minister in an adjoining State, and is as true as effecting:

Ellen Dane was the only daughter of a once flourishing merchant; the idol of a large circle of friends, and the pride of a fond father, who suffered not even the winds of heaven to visit the cheek of his darling roughly.

While he lived, his strong arm protected her from all sorrow, his kind hand surrounded her with every blessing that paternal love could devise or money procure. But she had the misfortune to lose him at the early age of thirteen years.

Col. Dane was supposed at the time of his death to be in affluent circumstances. But his estate was found to be heavily mortgaged, and after paying the debts incurred by his long and expensive sickness, there was nothing but a bare pittance left for the widow and her children.

Alas, for human nature! There were few of the many friends who fluttered around them in their prosperity, willing now to step forward to their assistance, and, after struggling three years under the pressure of cares and burdens she was ill fitted to sustain, Mrs. Dane sank into the grave, leaving her two fatherless children to the cold mercy of strangers.

A short time before her death, she called her children to her, and placing the tiny fingers of her son in the hand of her daughter, she solemnly committed him to her care. "Be a mother to him, Ellen," she said, laying her trembling hand upon the bowed head of the weeping girl; "be a mother to him; he will have no one to love him but you. Promise me that you will never forsake him." By the bedside of her dying mother, amid tears and sobs, Ellen gave the required promise. "You will not forget, Ellen," repeated Mrs. Dane earnestly; "you will not forget."

"If I do so, may God forget me in my last hour, mother," returned Ellen solemnly.

"God bless you! my daughter," was the faint response of Mrs. Dane; "you have made my last hour happy; the Almighty bless you!"

That blessing sank deep into the heart of Ellen.

Pale and tearful, Ellen Dane turned away from her mother's grave—no longer a child, but a woman's duties and responsibilities resting upon her. Her young heart was strong within her; but, unaccustomed to struggle with the world, what could she do? Whither could she direct her steps? Her father's brother offered her a home in his family, but he didn't want the boy, he had quite enough of his own. Another relative in a different State proposed adopting her brother, but Ellen declined, knowing but too well, he would be to him not a kind protector, but a harsh and cruel master.

Ellen had heard of a far-off place, where many of her own sex gained an humble but honest livelihood, by the labor of their hands, and she resolved to seek it. She therefore, sold the wreck of their property, and taking her brother with her, then but nine years old, she bent her way to the "Granite State," entering the noted manufactoring town of——.

There, with a strong, hopeful heart though feeble hands, she toiled day after day, week after week, feeling well repaid for every pain, every privation, by the increasing strength and healthful bloom of her youthful charge, who early evinced unusual intelligence, and a thirst for knowledge, which she was resolved should be gratified.

A year passed by and still found her toiling on. Not even the voice of love, so dear to her woman's heart, could lure her from that lowly path. A manly form sought her side, a manly voice wooed her; yet though a loving heart plead strongly in her favor, she swerved not.

"I cannot leave my brother," was her firm reply, as he warmly urged his suit. "Nor can I consent to bring to my husband a double burthen."

Vainly he argued that she had done her duty to him; that it was not right for her to sacrifice her health and every hope of his happiness to his advancement, Vainly did he portray in glowing colors, the light of a happy home, the comforts with which he would surround her; she was firm.

"But your health is failing, Ellen," he said earnestly, "Your feeble frame will sink under such unremitting toil. You will die, and then what will become of him?"

A slight flush passed over her pale cheek, and her eyes beamed with a pure holy light, as she raised them to Heaven and murmured—

"God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. The Father of the Fatherless will be with him. I will not forsake him as long as I live."

In the selfishness of his soul, he spoke of his own blighted hopes, reproaching her for giving pain to a heart so devoted to her.

Ellen was strongly moved—the tears sprang to her eyes. But firmly repressing her emotion, she calmly said—

"You have a strong arm, a pleasant home, and many friends. He has only me—I will not leave him."

And so they parted.

"She is incapable of loving, he exclaimed bitterly to himself, as he turned away, "utterly heartless."

Heartless! Had he seen that pale brow, heard that low wail of anguish—the touching prayer that ascended from her lips to the Great Father, during the still watches of that night, would he have deemed her heartless?

At last, by the most rigid economy, Ellen gained the summit of her ambition, which was to place her brother at school in the neighboring State. Allowing herself no rest, no relaxation, she surrounded him with every comfort her slender means would allow. Denying herself every mental advantage, she afforded him every facility for study, carefully concealing from him the toil and privations they cost her.

The departure of her brother left Ellen as it were alone; yet she was not alone. He was still with her, upon whose arm she had ever leaned with the confiding trust of childhood.

Three, four, five years passed slowly round, yet still she pursued her quiet way. The report of her brother's rapid progress in his studies, the early talent he exhibited, filled her heart with pride and joy, and cheered her path of toil. And though her pale brow grew still paler, and her slight form more shadowy in its proportions, the same clear hopeful light beamed in her eye, the same holy smile played round her lips. Though her woman's hand sometime failed her, her purpose never wavered, her strong heart never faltered.

At the close of a long sultry day in August, wearied by the day's toil, she seated herself by the open window, and resting her head upon her hand seemed to slumber. The cool summer breeze came softly in, kissing the pale cheek, and gently lifting the soft dark hair from the wan brow. The drums turned in their ceaseless motions, and the clash of iron wheels sounding like the far-off murmur of the sea, arose up on every side—yet still she slumbered on. Kind hearted maidens glided around her heavy looms, guiding or checking their rapid motion. The form of him from whose quick eye nothing escaped, passed through her narrow alley but she heeded them not. Repassing, struck by her strange position, and thinking she still slumbered, he approached her; but the eye so quick to perceive his coming, and the hand so ready to obey his bidding moved not.

Bending his head, he spoke to her—but she answered not. He laid his hand gently upon the bowed head, but it only drooped yet lower. Surprised, he unclasped the slender fingers from the cold brow—that he might arouse her.—She slept quietly and sweetly, "that sleep that knows no waking!"

Amid the noisy sounds of labor, the wild clamor of that dusty room, her spirit had broken its earthly fetters, and soared up through the dark wall and rolling drum, out into God's pure air and bright sunshine—up! up! oh, child of earth! up farther still, through the dark ether blue—the regions of infinite space, to the throne of the Eternal!

Well and nobly she had performed her vow!

Grave and learned doctors met in solemn conclave around her lifeless form, giving it as their deliberate opinion, that she died of disease of the heart, of many years standing.

Sleek, portal citizens gave forth their solemn verdict, that she "*died by the visitation of God!*" Strange words! vain mockery!—This was all they knew of the young loving heart that had been slowly breaking in their midst five weary years!

It was not till the heavy clods lay thick upon her gentle breast, that the brother knew he was sisterless. And, though he sorrowed for her in bitterness of heart, it was not till he arrived at manhood that he fully realized the loss he had sustained; that he fully appreciated the depth of that sisterly devotion that led her to sacrifice for him not only the spring-time of her youth and the chosen of her affections, but her very existence.

He became a minister of the church of God, and was instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. His was the restless power of learning—the wondrous gift of eloquence. Many lips praised, many hearts blessed him. But who thought of whose toils and privations laid the foundation of his usefulness? Who remembered the lowly maiden who watered with her tears the seed that brought forth such a glorious harvest?

But what needest *thou* of the praise of man, oh, glorious seraph! standing among the white robed martyrs that surround the throne of the "Crucified?" What carest *thou* for the voice of earthly adulation? He who sees not as man sees, who rewards, whose strong arm supported thee in thy weary pilgrimage below, has given thee "that peace that passeth all knowledge," that "crown that fadeth not away."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

The First Voice for Liberty.

A man stands upon the floor of the House of Delegates of Virginia. He turns an eye of fire round him—he trembles with some mighty emotion. That emotion reader was the breath of Liberty. She started into life at his inspiration and the days of Tyranny were numbered.

The grandeur of the scene cannot be compassed in one glance. He stood amid a grave and prudent body of men, conscious indeed of the wrongs of their country, but relying upon modest redress. They had ever let their imaginations ramble into visions of upright and chainless Independance. A thousand things forbade the Idea. Their habits of thought and action, their pitiable weakness as a country, their disgust for war on account of recent and exhausting conflicts, all tended to dispose them to freedom. They were, besides, legislating beneath the jealous eye of royal deputies, who would not fail to call treason by its right name. They sat as it were under the glimmerings of a diadem.

Who would dare if so inclined, to stalk forth from their midst and throw down the gauntlet to the mightiest empire of the world—the principles as old as the great globe itself, interwoven with every page of history, sanctioned by venerable sages, and as proud and awful as the heavens. Who would dare to leap moss-growing and frowning ramparts of monarchy and pluck its blood red flag? Who would rush out from the security of submission, and Sampson like, grasp the lion by his mane? It was the grandest moment of time—but God has reared up one to fill it. That man was Patrick Henry.

He opened his lips. His heart big with the destinies of the world, struggled for a moment with doubt—but no longer. The electric appeal shot forth, darting on, flashing fiercer and brighter, and growing in overwhelming majesty, until the last words 'Give me Liberty or give me Death!" filled up its measures of terrible might, and the last link of the chain that eternally bound the form of freedom was riven. He had finished his sublime task. The Revolution was afoot.

☞ The darkey that greased his feet so that he would make no noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the hen roost into the custody of the owner. He gave a reason for being there, "Dat he only cum dar to see de chickens sleeped wid dere eyes open." He was cooped.

☞ The young man who ran away from home because his mother would not let him wear side boards to his shirt, is now acting as mail guard to a charcoal wagon.

The Old Sycamores.

The following beautiful paragraphs are from the New York Tribune, and will attract the admiration of our readers without exception:

Two blackened trunks with naked arms, extended supplicatingly to Heaven, stand, one in either corner—of the yard of the old brick Church. Like grim sentinels in rusty armor, they stand, stripped of their leafy glory, dumb and bannerless, but silently challenging Memory and the past.

Those old sycamores, that for more than half a century have flung their summer honors to the blast, as it swept down Beekman street, —that have saluted the morning with nodding coronals, since the palmy days of the old Knickerbockers, were ignobly bound the other day with ropes and axe-men lopped their fair proportions and left them as you see.

Bound them ropes, they did! As if they fancied the old Sycamores would rebel as well they might. Twisted hemp for them! Why they were swinging in the winter's blast and summer's breeze, timing like pendulums, the high moon of the Empire city when you were in your swadling bands and you were nameless. The axe for them! Why their very shadows have fallen on hallowed ground there fifty years; ground richer than the Sacramento, in dust—aye, dust once rounded and warmed with life—dust they call Ellen, or—Mary, or Genevieve, father, or mother or wife—dust how loved, how wept! And the old Sycamores used to fling a shadowy pall over it, and let in now and then, an emblem sunbeam, bright as the smile of Hope. Winters and summers the trees and the winds sigh together, with the mourners that came there, and sometimes

"Dewy with Nature's tear-drops——
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the sleepers blow."

Song, too, had built nests in their branches and in the good old times, children—men now, women now, dead now—used to pause in their little sports, and listen to the birdnotes that came from the billows of green, the "Singing Trees," of their childish fancy.

Who set them there in the twig, whether God or His creatures, is no matter now. They triumphed over the pavement and wall; they made their way up bravely; they relieved and gladdened the eye; "they had nothing to do but to grow," and be green, and be beautiful; they acted well their part, and so they were honorable trees. Who doubts it?

They withstood the storm—they bore up nobly beneath white winter; but what could they do against rope and steel? The great tide of life had risen, and flung its spray over the iron barriers around the church, and was washing out the dead that lay there. So, strange sextons bore the dead away, further from the trampled and resounding beach of life, and what had the trees to stay for? So they flung their last shadows the other day; a great autumn came upon them and leaf and branch together went rustling down to earth.

The blue air, one would almost think, would retain the form of those that had occupied it so beautifully and long; but the blue air closes up behind the wing that wounds and the foliage that fills it; as heals the spirit cleft by Death's pale wing, or subsides the sigh in the soul,—with the subsiding billow of green turf.

Evil Companions.

Parents cannot be too careful in selecting society for their children, and young men can not be too choice in their associates. The adage has lost nothing by age which says, "A man is known by the company he keeps." To young men especially it is of infinite importance that they be furnished with companions possessing generous hearts and honorable, virtuous sentiments. Says the distinguished Robert Hall, in his "Works," recently puqlished by Harper & Brothers:

"Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting in solitude.—The society of the company you keep is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company, when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more guard than usual, because the mind is passive. Either vicious company will please you or it will not; if it does not please you, the end of going will be defeated. In such society you will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear condemed and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests and impious buffoonery; the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue; the principles will become sapped, and the fences of conscience broken down; and when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place; they will glory in their shame."

Woman.

There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching—timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place—woman has hers to seek—and alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last; until like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest.—The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life, is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity; we have many brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, to play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort.—The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet loneliness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not, the conflict, and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom, and she moves on, amid the heat and hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

The Delicacy of the Eye.

A distinguished German physician was called to see a gentleman who had always enjoyed the excellent sight until it was lost in a moment. The patient had been at a party of friends, when a person stepped suddenly behind him and covering both eyes with his hands, wished him to guess who it was. The former, without speaking a word endeavored to escape from the pressure, and when the eyelids were opened he was entirely bereft of sight. Although there was not the least appearance of injury the sufferer remains hopelessly blind.

☞ Nothing is impossible to him who wills.

The Wife's Nightcap.

Mr. ——, who does'nt live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some "northern men with southern principles," the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the Crescent City, visited so many of our principal saloons and "marble halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had "a brick in his hat."

Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds one fault with him, and that is, his too frequent visits to the place where these "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr. —— paused a moment, took his bearings, and having strapped a course on the principle that continual angels meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in.—That also she always does.

"How are you, dear E?" she said. "You stayed out so late that I feared you had been taken sick."

"Hic—ain't sick, wife; b-but don't you think I'm a little t-tight."

"A very little, perhaps my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I am d-drunk."

"O, no, indeed, my dear,—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now, suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, my dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm d-drunk."

"O no, only a julep too much, love that's all!"

"Yes, ju-juleps! McMasters makes such stiff 'uns!"

"Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot hurt you, dear; I want one myself, before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed THAT one with a bewitching smile to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind when he was drunk. He then looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear, won't you just taste mine, to make it sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic, and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them.

The husband began to FEEL, and he wanted to retire.

"Wait only a few moments, dear," said his loving spouse, "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in your pocket."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then,—O, ye gods and Dan o' the Lake—what a time!—The husband was placed in the easy chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair, the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since.—He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but is "death on lemonade." He loves his wife more than ever.—*N. O. Delta.*

A Dandy in Trouble.

Two or three weeks since, a dandy, dressed out in the most exquisite style, was seen walking down Broadway. His hat was of the latest pattern, his coat of the most fashionable cut, his vest of the most approved colors, and his boots of the highest polish. His moustache had the most delicate curl, and his cravat and dickey, and glass, and stick, were all just the thing. His erect form and mincing step, and the patronizing look he gave to the belles and fine ladies who passed him, showed very clearly how well he knew that he was the most killing fellow in Broadway. But look! stay! what is the matter? Our exquisite is suddenly brought to a dead halt. His feet are chained to the side walk; he cannot move a step. He struggles and reels, but all in vain; he cannot lift his feet. A sympathising crowd immediately gathers around him.

A nearer view, and a peep within the tremendous ring of spectators reveals the mystery.—The heel of his boot had slipped between the iron bars of the grating over an underground apartment, and was so firmly wedged in that with all his exertions he was unable to withdraw it. After repeated fruitless attempts, a by-stander suggested that he had better draw his foot out of his boot and then the boot could undoubtedly be extricated. The exquisite colored and hesitated, and looked much perplexed. The suggestion was urged again; and indeed there seemed to be no other means of escape, except to amputate the limb, which would be a serious injury to the "foinest follah," in Broadway. At last he yielded to his fate with all the meekness of a martyr. With closed eyes and a rush of blood to the face, he went it blind. He drew forth his foot from the imprisoned boot, and disclosed to the eyes of his "numerous audience," a stocking most decidedly ragged and tattered and sadly unwashed.—*Lantern.*

Western Music.

A Western chap went to New York to purchase goods, &c., and was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities. He was clearly a Western original, but said very little until he saw that the party was not to close without an attempt to corner him. At length a bevy of laughing girls, by the merest accident in the world, found themselves grouped about our Western green one, in a most animated discourse upon music, and city planting.

When all this had progressed just far enough, one of the damsels with head more adorned without than within, and in that peculiar drawl, which, fortunately, no type can represent, accosted the observed of all, with—

"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?"

Original saw the game, and resolved to win.

"Oh, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano, mostly?"

"Never, Miss; the instrument that we have out our way is the *Swinette*, and the girls all play it."

"Oh, dear. I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is, and how they play."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each girl takes one of these under her arm, and *chews the end of his long tail*, and that brings the music!"

The preconcerted "come," made no farther progress; and for the balance of the evening, Western green was the lion of the show.

What is Life?

It is even as a vapor, says the good book. The poet Keats says:

Stop and consider! Life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

But if any reader prefers a plain prose answer to the question, What is life? we answer, It is man's opportunity on earth for doing good, acquiring good, and preparing for an eternal career of goodness hereafter.

A Chapter for Nice Old Farmers.

Can anybody tell why country people so universally and pertinaciously persist in living in the *rear of the house?* Can any body tell why the front door and windows are never opened save on the 4th of July and at Thanksgiving time? Why Zedekiah, and Timothy, and Jonathan, and the old farmer himself, must go *round* the house, in order to get into it? Why the whole family (oblivious of six empty rooms) take their "vapor bath" and their meals, simultaneously, in the vicinity of a red-hot cooking range, in the dog days? Why the village artist need paint the roof, and spout, the window frames bright crimson, and the doors the color of a mermaid's tresses? Why the detestable sun-flower (which I can never forgive "Tom Moore" for noticing) must always flaunt in the garden? Why the ungracefull prim poplar, fit emblem of a stiff old bachelor, is preferred to the swaying elm, or drooping willow, or majestic horse-chestnut?

I should like to pull down the green paper window-curtains, and hang up some snowy muslin. I should like to throw wide open the hall door, and let the south wind play through. I should like to go in the woods, and collect fresh sweet wild flowers to arrange in a vase, in place of these defunct dried grasses, and old maid "everlasting." I should like to show Zedekiah how to nail together some bits of board, for an embryo lounge: I should like to stuff it with cotton, and cover it with a neat "patch." I should like to cushion all the chairs after the same fashion. Then should I like when the white-haired old farmer came panting up the road at 12 o'clock, with his scythe hanging over his arm, to usher him into that cool comfortable room; set his bowl of bread and milk before him, and after he had discussed it, coax him (instead of tilting back on the hind legs of a hard chair,) to take a ten minutes nap on my "model" sofa, while I kept my eye on the clouds, to see that no thunder shower played the mischief with his hay.

I should like to place a few common sense, practicable books on the table, with some of our fine daily and weekly papers. You may smile, but these inducements, and the comfortable and pleasant air of the apartment would bring the family oftener together after the day's toil; by degrees they will lift the covers of the books and turn over the newspapers. Constant interchange of thought, feeling and opinion, with discussions of the important and engrossing questions of the day, would of course necessarily follow.

The village tavern-keeper would probably frown upon it; but I will venture to predict for the inmates of the farm house a growing love for "home," and an added air of intelligence and refinement of which they themselves might possibly be unconscious.

FANNY FERN.

Anecdote.

In a small country town located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, run completely down; it had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual—the deacon of course leading. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and requested Brother —— to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The Deacon very composedly "pitched" it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon —— bravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, "will Mr. —— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"—*Knickerbocker.*

Badgers.

The people of Wisconsin are called "Badgers." We think here is one fairly out-badgered by a cent-saving Yankee:

A toper some time since, says an exchange, went into a bar-room in the western part of Wisconsin—the Maine Law is in operation there—and called for "something to drink."

"We don't sell liquor," said the tavern keeper, "but we will give you a glass, and then if you want a cracker we will sell you one for three cents."

"Very well," said the Yankee customer, "hand down the decanter."

The "good creter," was handed down, and our hero took a stiff "horn," when turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him a dish of crackers, with the remark:

"You'll buy a cracker."

"Well, no," said the Yankee, "I guess not; you sell 'em rather too dear, and I can get lot's on 'em five or six for a cent anywhere else!"

Encounter with a Whale.

A boat's crew of five men, prosecuting the whale fishery at St. Mary's Bay, after a long pursuit, harpooned a calf whale on the morning of Monday the 11th ult. The monster directly upon being wounded, rushed in every direction with the utmost velocity, giving the men warning to be cautious and prompt; at one time the fish darted furiously onward, when suddenly changing its direction, it returned as furiously toward the boat. These exciting and hazardous manœuvers continued a considerable time, when the dam of the young whale, an immense animal, suddenly rose to the surface close to the boat, in an infuriated state, and elevating his tail to a considerable height, it struck the boat am