

# 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.

### It is a Shame.

I really think it is a shame  
A woman can't propose,  
Instead of waiting the caprice,  
Of obstinate young beaux;  
Our foolish custom ne'er allows,  
A timid maid to choose,  
But she must listen to man's choice,  
Then take him or refuse.  
They tell us that when you hear comes  
This privilege we have,  
But 'tis an idle tale, I vow—  
We're nothing but man's slave,  
I wish some one else would make a law,  
To take effect direct,  
That man should henceforth sit and wait,  
And women should select.  
Why, if a woman now declines,  
If asked some time or other,  
And thus lets one proposal slip,  
She ne'er might get another,  
But man can poke his nose around,  
"And pick where he's inclined to,  
Or he can let the matter pass,  
Just as he has a mind to.

### O! Censure not the Heart.

BY RICHARD STORERS WILLIS.

O! censure not the heart that loves,  
However strange a choice we see,  
Each gentle spirit knows its mate,  
Tho' hid from us the tie may be!  
When mortals meet, their spirits hold  
Communion in the silent air,  
And trust, and doubt, and love, and hate,  
Invisibly are awakened there!  
O! let them freely love that can!  
Our mortal loves will soon be o'er,  
We cannot know what earthly bliss  
Survives—upon a heavenly shore!  
Full many a fragile, tender joy,  
Was made for this poor world alone;  
And woe, and grief, and pain, and care,  
In after-life will ne'er be known!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From Putnam's Magazine.

#### American Ladies.

There is no complaint more common than that of the intense dulness of our ordinary society. This is so well understood, that no one is surprised at hearing an invitation spoken of as an infliction, and the acceptance of it as a thing to be eluded by any and every social art and fiction. We venture to say that ours is the only country under the sun where this is the case. And the reason is not too obvious; it is, that as a general thing, unless there are people hired to amuse in some way, there is absolutely nothing expected at a social gathering but dress and display, for which not every one has means or inclination. Nobody goes into company intending to contribute in the smallest degree to the pleasure of others, and so the whole thing is vitiated and hollow. There will be many of Mrs. Potiphar's balls this winter! Would we might live to see the end of them.  
Do we mean, then, to say that American women, as they are, are not accomplished?—Let us summon all our courage—nay, all our benevolence, and confess that it is just what we do mean. (We have thrust sticks into a hornet's nest before now, on purpose to pull it down and get at some lovely pearls that were growing above.) We do say—and let our unhappy bachelorhood take the blame if we are wrong—that American ladies, spite of thousand-dollar boarding-schools and immensely mustached teachers of everything, are not practically furnished forth with the knowledge and skill for which their parents have paid so much; do not carry with them into their married homes, habits which demand the exercise of talent, taste and perseverance, with the single object of pleasing those with whom they live, and making home the centre and natural theatre of their best graces. We do say, and with a deeper sorrow than the subject may seem to some to warrant, that music, dancing and French are the only accomplishments, technically so called, cultivated to any considerable extent, and that the first of these is so entirely perverted from its divine uses, that no young lady plays in company for the sole purpose of giving pleasure, or without an idea of competition or display. "No young lady" we hear some indignant voice exclaim; alas! dear reader, have patience—if there be exceptions, they are too few to be considered. Ask any splendid singer of your acquaintance to sing an old-fashioned song, one popular twenty or thirty years ago, and not yet "revived" by some musical prodigy in public, and you will be convinced. Ask your daughter to play for your country cousin, and see if she will play any but the most difficult music, such as is more confusion to unskilled ears. Request the young lady who sang very sweetly last evening in a company where there were only ordinary performers, to oblige you again to-night, when her rival at Madame's has taken

ished the room. But this is a little aside from our theme. What we ought rather to say is, see how large a proportion of the fifty married ladies of your acquaintance who have had a musical education, play and sing at all, after two or three years' housekeeping. Music is no longer a home accomplishment, a family treasure, a life-long joy. There is a delusion about it, which an ideal woman will see through and live down. But enough.

Dancing is not worth many words. It is, properly, the joyous expression of youthful hilarity and strength, and dies a natural death as sober hours creep on, and the muscles have enough to do otherwise. Let it take care of itself, under the sweet guidance of delicacy and grace. We have no quarrel with it, so long as it keeps its place.

The study of the French language is, in most cases, a mere mania of the day, in many a spending of time and money without intelligent end or aim, since it finishes with the school days and never had any intended use as a key to French literature. If here we seem to make rash assertions again, we desire to be put to a test similar to the one proposed just now. Ask the six most intelligent married ladies of your friend, how many French authors they have read in the original since they left school. Would we then discourage their study? Far from it; we would only continue it through life we would never undertake it without meaning to do so. The only other feasible object of so much toil would be the chance of marrying one of our numerous foreign ambassadors or charges, who would certainly be made much more respectable in the eyes of people abroad if even their wives had this indispensable competency for the position.

As to drawing, that lovely home-talent, in the exercise of which British ladies so generally excel, how small a proportion of ours who know anything about it. A lady artist is almost a *luxuria nature* among us, and even a tolerable skill in sketching from nature is extremely rare. Of all the educated American women we know, and that includes a goodly number, encountered in the course of our wanderings, there are not six who can make a drawing they are willing or ought to be willing to show. Why is this? Let us not enter on the ungracious exposition. Let the ladies answer the question for themselves.

We have said enough about what are popularly called accomplishments, and shall pursue the topic no further at present. But our ideal American woman is but half indicated as yet. We have implied her outline by contrast and comparison; let us now be a little more direct. Having confessed that neither the grub nor the butterfly is to our taste, we would further observe that an enlightened and elegant woman gives her own character to her occupations. As she feels, believes and is, so will her work be, in kitchen or parlor. That shrewd beauty, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a duke's daughter, saw this and said it, a hundred years ago. "*Meslier une chambre*," she says, "we quote from memory," "*ce n'est pas meslier une chambre; c'est orner un endroit ou l'on s'attende à voir.*" Order her an *ouper*, etc. The thing is what we make it.

One of the great dutch painters represents the Holy Family after a courageous fashion: Joseph plaining at a carpenter's bench, with shavings falling all about him; Mary, with a basket of family mending, plying the needle industriously; and the Saviour, a youth of fourteen, meekly sweeping the floor with a broom. More could hardly have been done for the dignity of household labour.

We shall, therefore, as we hope, not shock anybody by saying that, to our thinking, our ladies of fortune show bad taste by their studious avoidance of those household occupations which their sisters without fortune are in duty bound to practise daily. This brings these occupations—necessary for the comfort and happiness of every human family, from the palace to the hut, and therefore proper objects to every one having a human heart and sympathies—into disrepute and contempt. We contend that domesticity is the honor and glory of a woman, whatever her fortune and abilities; and that when she performs all its duties by means of hirelings, she is untrue to herself and her birthright. Nature's revenge is severe enough, for the loss of real pleasure and interest is incalculable, and there is no computing the *ennui*, inanity and ill health that come of the error. But the punishment is seldom recognized as such, certain as it is. The lady becomes "nervous," and accuses her cruel stars; or "dyspeptic," and talks of her stomach till she turns every one else; or consumptive, and goes down to the grave in the prime of life by what is called a "mysterious dispensation." But she never believes, nor can you persuade her, that the dullness and monotony of an objectless and wasted life has anything to do with these sad results. She would laugh at you, if she could yet laugh, should you tell her that the woman who, with no choice in the matter, flies from the needle to the churn, from the broom to the pie-board, and from putting the children to bed to knitting stockings for them, is far happier and better off, and would be still more blessed if, in addition, she had the cultivation, the taste, and the abundant means thrown away upon her idle sister, without losing her own activity and the habit of various employment.

"Want of time" is much talked of, as if from the shortness of life we could wisely attempt to live. But this is a great error. The complaint is oftentimes made by the idle and inefficient. It has been proved a thousand times that those who have most to do have the most effective leisure—*Le*, that they are the people to apply to if you need aid unexpectedly. Our working hours are carefully reckoned by the clock; those that slip by unprofitably, do so unrecordered. There is time for the highest cultivation and the highest usefulness; those who doubt, accuse Providence, as if powers were meant to run to waste. The language of too much rest is not repose, but inactivity; the intervals of intense action are sweet, and full of

life and promise. The excitements of a true woman's life, under favourable circumstances, are gentle, but they are incessant. She has no occasion for severe labour, she has no excuse for wilful idleness. Our ideal woman will not think idleness lady-like.

The ideal American woman—would that her time were come—will govern her children, which certainly the American woman of to-day does not. We will venture to say that so many utterly uncared children are not to be found anywhere as in the United States; perfect nuisances to everybody who is unhappy enough to come in contact with them—an expression perhaps suggested by the fact that we are still black and blue from the kicks of a little boy whom his mamma very complacently allowed to assault us repeatedly during a long stage-trip last summer. We should perhaps have been more indignant if the good lady had not been kept in countenance by all the American mothers we encountered during a pretty long tour. It is hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the behaviour of American children to their parents, their nurses, their unhappy teachers—and why is this so little noticed? In conversation it is a never-failing topic especially among travellers, who experience its effects in every steamer, car and carriage. Ask our teachers to what extent parents aid them in the government of their children. If they dare, they will tell you sad stories.

Now, begging pardon of all the dear, good women of our acquaintance who allow their children to treat them with disrespect, there is pitiable weakness in this, and our ideal woman will put it to shame by the firmness with which she will insist on her rights, and the tenderness with which she will grant her children theirs. She will not, for the sake of seeming amiable, let them grow up in unchecked insolence, which in the end, she is unwilling to bear as other people. She will neither be the tyrant of her children, nor allow them to lord it over her; she will not harass them by incessant governing, nor permit them to despise proper restraints.

### Our Father.

Often in the morning, when we awaken,  
We hear a little child's voice saying "come hither,  
let's say our prayers," and then together  
both little voices offer that most beautiful of all petitions—

"Our Father, which art in Heaven."  
All over the world, in castle and hall, by the prince and by the peasant, is that most beautiful prayer repeated—but above all it sounds sweetest when hushed by the sunny-haired child at its mother's knee. Mark the little bending form—the hair put softly back, the white hand folded, the reverent glance bent towards her's as though it saw a Saviour in its mother's eyes. Blessed little child! What a dreary waste what a wild and fruitless wilderness would this world be, without them! How often the tolling mother wails almost despairing, there is no food in the house—her ceaseless labor will hardly buy bread.

As she looks upon the red sun—rising with the red forebodings, and knows not how to prepare a meal for her little ones—sweetly upon her knees comes the murmuring infant, and she listens. Her very babes are looking trustfully towards heaven. They have hushed their sports, and kneeling together by their pure couch, they say—

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Her soul grows strong within her; she knows God will never forsake her—and with tears she thanks him that she ever taught them how to pray.  
"Our Father?" Are there mothers so lost to all that is holy and beautiful in Heaven and on earth, that they put their babes to sleep without teaching them on whom arm they rest? When night falls her stony heart about them, and the moon looks down, silencing the meadows and spanning the trees, do they not tell them who, in His goodness, made all this beauty, and how with sweet confidence they should trust in Him?

We turn shudderingly from the picture of a prayerless mother. Parent, if your children have never repeated "Our Father" at their nightly orisons, teach them now. When you are lying in your silent graves, the memory of that little sentence, "lead us not into temptation," may bear them safely through a world of danger.

### A Hint to men of Talent.

When a man gets into the newspapers, or into current literature, the public may as well despair of ever knowing anything about him. What lifetime would be long enough, for example, to disinter the man, Napoleon Bonaparte, from the bottom of the Alexandrian Library, under which he now lies buried, and place him before mankind in a clear, true, certain narrative? Who knows whether Napoleon III. is a popular man with the French nation or not? The conservative letter-writers all say he is; the liberal letter-writers all say he is not. And to come nearer home, how many American citizens are competent to speak with perfect certainty, respecting the characters of Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster? If they are hidden behind vast clouds of incense and other kinds of smoke. Our public men; in these days of universal type, seem to write their very private letters with one eye on the paper, and the other on posterity. Of our romancer heroes, Franklin is the only man who is generally and intimately known; because we possess Franklin's autobiography—that most delightful, because most honest of American books. With regard to Washington, it is only at extremely rare intervals, by reading countless books, and listening to many verbal narratives, that we can really get our eye upon him, and see precisely what manner of man he was. There is no personage of American history of whom less is accurately known to the general public, than the man, George Washington. By and by, when men of genius cease writing fiction, and devote themselves to the elucidation of what is true, all this will be otherwise. Then the Jacksons, Clays, Websters, Washingtons, and Putnams of history, will stand out upon the living page as clearly as now the Shakespeares, the Warringtons, the Leatherstockings, the Pickwicks of fiction. Think of this, young men of letters.—*Home Journal.*

REST THE DEVIL.—It's quite too bad of ye, Darby, to say that your wife is worse than the devil!

'An'th your reverence, I can prove it by the Holy Scriptures—I can by the powers. Didn't your reverence in the sermon yesterday tell us if we resisted the devil, he'd flee from us? Now if I resist my wife, she flies at me!

### The Charms of Manner.

"To move with ease, though with measured pace,  
And show no part of study but the grace."  
"So gently blending courtesy and art,  
That wisdom's lips seem formed of friendship's heart."

There is nothing so well calculated to touch and win, as a graceful manner. It serves to embellish and beautify the outward man, and in some degree to adorn and dignify, not only the social but the intellectual character. What polish is to the diamond, manner is to the individual. It heightens the value and the charm. One of easy manner, always quiet, graceful and self-possessed—always bland, courteous and captivating, cannot fail to secure friends, and make a favorable impression. What indeed is more delightful in youth than a manner which at once acknowledges respect for age, indicates modesty and discretion, and at the same time is free from the awkward and uncouth air, which too often defaces and disfigures. A polished manner is essential to every true gentleman. He must not only understand and be able to govern himself, but he must appreciate the feelings, the circumstances and the position of others. It is moreover, quite an easy task to be affable and courteous, when once the habit is permitted to grow, and thus becomes identified with character. In the course of an Address that was recently delivered at the Anniversary of the State Normal School at Albany, Dr. Horatio Potter contended that manner should be a leading feature in education. He described it as the outward expression of the mind, not merely of its knowledge or strength of reason, but of the degree to which it had been softened and humanized by culture, and of the point which it occupied in the scale between barbarism and perfect civilization. And this is emphatically true—How often are we carried away by the force of first impressions! A single look will sometimes linger in the soul for years. We may have heard of an individual again and again, have become familiar with his heart and character, by letter or through the representations of others, and have formed a sort of friendship or attachment and yet much of this may be dissipated at a single interview, through the awkward, *mal adpropria*, uneasy and ungraceful manner. Who cannot point out some young gentleman of his acquaintance, who is perpetually blundering into difficulties, dilemmas, and awkward predicaments, simply in consequence of an abrupt, brusque, uncouth and inelegant manner! He can neither stand at ease, walk with grace, nor speak with elegance—and this, too, despite the fact that his heart may be good, his mind may be well informed and his acquaintance with the world comparatively extensive. It is either his misfortune or his fault to be awkward in manner, and this will often prove a stumbling block in life, and especially among the fair daughters of Eve, who in such matters, are so observing, so critical, and so satirical. These latter qualities are, we are aware, unjust and ungenerous under the circumstances, for some of the noblest hearts that ever animated the human frame, are to be found within awkward forms, and associated with ungainly figures. Better, too, the principle than the form without. Nevertheless both are desirable, and hence we argue in favor of a manner that combines ease, grace, courtesy and self-possession—one that expresses by its every movement a proper appreciation for the taste, the feelings, and even the prejudices and passions of others. Who, for example, that is properly cultivated can admire the course, the rude and the violent—the blustering, the insolent, the reckless and the bold? The manner is in some sense the mirror of the mind. It pictures and represents the thoughts and emotions within. It indicates not only the condition of the intellect, but the spirit of courtesy and propriety. It is, says Dr. Potter, through the manner, more than almost any other way, that we continually impress and influence favorably or unfavorably, those who are about us. We cannot always be engaged in expressive action. But even when we are silent, even when we are not in action, there is something in our air and manner, which expresses what is elevated or what is low, what is humane and benignant, not what is coarse and harsh. Let us not be misunderstood. We would not check or restrain the gushings of a guileless heart or the overflowings of a joyful spirit. Still there is a wide difference between the boisterous and the frank, between the affected and the genial, between the heart that is cultivated and exalts because it is rough—Affection moreover, should be carefully guarded against. It is an error of little minds. It is a weakness rather than a polish; and yet it is too often mistaken by those who indulge in it for the latter. The charm of manner consists in its simplicity, its ease and its grace—

It is not only becomes but it adorns. It not only beautifies, but it subdues and wins. Take two persons for example, who are equal in other respects, let them be of similar positions in life—equal in fortune, equal in good looks, and like in disposition. But let them differ broadly and distinctly in manner, and the contrast will strike every beholder. There are indeed many who cannot enter a room, where half a dozen individuals male and female, are assembled—without displaying some awkwardness, perpetrating some blunder, or uttering some unkind remark. The difficulty with many of such, is that they cannot command or control themselves. They become excited and confused, and this excitement of the mind extends to the manner and the tongue, and induces them very often to render themselves ridiculous. Once in such a dilemma they go from bad to worse, and in an effort to escape, they get themselves the more involved. How important, then, the study of manner! And yet it is neglected, almost universally, while some of our teachers are themselves anything but models in this respect. The idea of ease and grace in personal deportment seems never to have entered their minds. They forget the first impression is often made through the eye and hence an awkward boy may be ruined before he has an opportunity to display his mental

qualities. According to an old aphorism, 'manner maketh a man.' We are not disposed to go so far, but it is quite certain, nevertheless, that an easy, graceful, polished manner, has often been the pioneer to position, power and fortune.

### Death of a Conscientious Miser.

An old Dutchman named Shumm, who lived in one of the wretchedest hovels that stand in the rear of Sheriff street, and whose apparent poverty and manifest sufferings from a dreadful case of hernia had long excited the sympathy of his humane neighbors, died of asthma and a complication of other diseases. He was well known to be of a very obstinate and eccentric disposition; and although he had been confined to his bed for some weeks, he not only rejected all medical aid, but persisted to the last in his habit of sleeping in the whole of his wardrobe, which consisted chiefly of a pair of breeches, that at some remote era had been constructed of blue velvet and a sailor's jacket, and a froze overcoat; all of which exhibited accumulated proofs of the old man's attachment. He sent for Mr. Van Duerson, a respectable countryman of his, residing in the neighborhood, who had given him charitable relief, and privately requested him to make his will. To this gentleman's great surprise, he bequeathed various sums of money, amounting altogether to \$3700, to children and grandchildren, residing in New York and Albany, and confidentially informed him where his property was deposited. He then related to Mr. Van Duerson the following remarkable facts in his history:

He stated that about twenty-five years ago, he was a porter to a mercantile house in Hamburg, and having been long in its employ, was frequently entrusted with considerable sums of money for conveyance to other establishments. In an hour of evil influence he was induced to violate his trust, and absconded to this country with a large sum. Having arrived, he investigated the greater part of it in the purchase of two houses, which he had effected on them, before he had effected an insurance on them, were burnt to the ground. Considering this a judgment of heaven upon his dishonesty, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to a severe course of industry and parsimony, with the single object in view of making full restitution to the persons whom he had injured, or to their descendants.

He adopted another name, and with the means he had left, commenced business in this city as a tobacconist, and although his trade was a retail one, and had suffered a heavy loss by fire, he had succeeded five years since in acquiring sufficient property to accomplish his just and elevated purpose. He then, accordingly, sold his stock in trade, and was preparing to transmit the necessary amount to Hamburg, where the mercantile firm he had defrauded still continues, when he ascertained that it had a branch establishment or agency counting-house at Philadelphia. Thither he went and paid the sum of \$14,000, being equivalent to the original sum he had embezzled, with a certain rate of interest. The latter, however, was generously returned to him by the son of one of the partners, and this, together with some surplus money, he has bequeathed, as above stated.

For the last five years he has lived in utter obscurity, and in severe accordance with his long-formed habits of parsimony. His executor, Mr. Van Duerson, found the above named sum of \$3700, principally in doubloons, curiously concealed in a certain private department of the tenacious breaches before specified; and it was ascertained that the old man's case of hernia was a case of something far less objectionable. The remainder of his money was found under the patches of his jacket, with the exception of a small sum in shillings and sixpences, discovered in an old snuff jar, which seems to have been the depository of his current funds.—*Albany paper.*

### Process of Digestion.

Few persons are aware what articles of food are most readily digested. For the benefit of those who have not made the subject a study, we append the following table, exhibiting the result of a large number of experiments made by Dr. Beaumont, on Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian, whose stomach was ruptured and exposed by the bursting of a gun. After recording through which Dr. Beaumont introduced food of different kinds, and as the interior of the stomach could be distinctly seen, the Doctor was thus enabled to witness the whole of the digestive process, and ascertain the exact time required to digest any articles of food that may be introduced:

	H. M.
Sour Apples were found to digest in	2 30
Sweet Apples,	1 30
Boiled Beef,	3 30
Fried Beef,	4 00
Old, hard, and salted boiled Beef,	4 15
Wheat Bread, fresh,	3 30
Butter,	2 30
Apple Dumplings,	2 30
Cabbage, raw,	2 30
Cabbage, boiled,	2 30
Soup Cake,	2 30
Catfish, fried,	3 30
Old Cheese,	3 30
Chickens,	2 45
Green Corn,	2 45
Apple Dumplings,	3 00
Goose and Lamb,	2 45
Beef's Liver,	3 00
Boiled Milk,	2 00
Oysters raw,	2 25
Oysters Roasted,	3 15
Oysters Steamed,	3 35
Pork Roasted,	5 10
Pork Boiled,	4 30
Eggs, hard boiled,	3 30
Eggs, soft boiled,	3 00
Potatoes, boiled,	3 40
Potatoes, baked,	2 30
Rice, boiled,	1 00
Farkye, roasted or boiled,	2 30
Turnips,	3 30
Veal boiled,	4 00
Veal, fried,	4 30

A Hog recently appended to the last of market regulations in Cincinnati. "No whistling near the sausage stall."

### Talbot's Tunneling Machine.

The successful operation of this ponderous mechanical engine has at length demonstrated the feasibility of excavating rock and tunneling through mountains by means of machinery. The slow and expensive process of perforating by means of the drill and blast will soon be done away with forever, the dangerous force of gunpowder being superseded by the equally resistless but more manageable agency of steam. Mr. Talbot's invention, unlike that employed fruitlessly upon the Hoosac tunnel, entirely dispenses with the blast—the whole excavation, seventeen feet in diameter, being made simply by cutting and crushing the rock. The cutting tool, as in the case of the Hoosac machine, is the well-known invention of Charles Wilson, which has long been employed to advantage both in this city and elsewhere, in the business of dressing stone for building purposes. This, however, is the first instance, it is believed, in which it has been successfully applied to boring or excavating. Mr. Wilson's invention consists simply of a rotating disc of steel, with its periphery or cutting edge properly adapted to cut away the surface of stone by rolling against it. Mr. Talbot's machine applies sets or series of these rotating discs to the surface of a rock or mountain, in such a manner that they describe in their action a segment of a circle from the centre to the circumference of the tunnel to be excavated; while, at the same time, the entire machine which carries the cutters advances forward in the direction of the axis of the tunnel, in order to keep the cutters to their work as the face of the rock is cut away by the operation of the machine. The distinctive peculiarity of the invention is the simple but very ingenious method by which these several motions are so combined as to cause the different sets of cutters to act in succession on the entire surface of the proposed excavation.

A machine embodying the features of this invention, and constructed for the purpose of experimentally testing its value, has just been erected upon the line of the Harlem railway, about seven miles distant from the city. It was built by Messrs. Woodruff & Beach, machinists, at Hartford, Connecticut, under the immediate supervision of the inventor. It is composed entirely of iron, and weighs, exclusive of the steam-engine and boiler employed to operate it, upwards of seventy tons. Through the courtesy of the proprietors we witnessed its operations a day or two since, and were so much gratified by the successful issue of its conflict with the rock as by the wonderful ingenuity and mechanical skill displayed in its contrivance and construction. The rock to which it is applied, in point of texture and compact solidity, scarcely yields precedence to the hardest granite. It is therefore admirably adapted to test the power and capacity of the machine. The position of the rock was such that the machine approached it, of necessity, in the first instance, in an oblique direction.—Its face, too, was inclined from an exact perpendicular, the base projecting forward several feet further than the summit. At first, therefore, the sectors, or arms which carry the cutters, did not at all strike upon the surface to be cut, and the machine accordingly operated at disadvantage, the opposition being but partial and the strain unequal. So massive, however, was the structure that the shock was scarcely perceptible, and the huge arms seemed to advance through the opposing rock with a motion as facile and regular as that of their neighbors, which played unresisted in the air above. Slowly but steadily and undeviatingly the cutters described their curve; the great face plate, seventeen feet in diameter, revolved; and the machine advanced, throwing out and drawing in its arms, like the claws and feelers of an immense iron lobster, at every motion grappling with the everlasting rock, and crumbling successive inches of it into dust. It was a spectacle to be contemplated in silent admiration, almost with awe and wonder.

The machine has now advanced about twenty feet beyond the point where it originally struck the rock at its base, and is already operating with all its cutters upon the entire surface to be cut away. It goes forward from five to six inches per hour. Only four men are employed in operating it, two of whom are employed exclusively upon the steam-engine by which it is propelled; and there would appear to be no reason why the work should be suspended day or night, save at occasional intervals for the purpose of sharpening the cutters.

The immense importance and value of such an invention readily suggests itself to the mind. In all the various departments of civil engineering its want is felt, and the best mechanical talent of the land has long been seeking for a solution of the problem it so fully elucidates.—The public are indebted for its development to CHAS. T. SHELTON, Esq., who has been identified with stone-cutting machinery from its infancy.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

### Dignity of an Indian Chief.

We doubt if the annals of ancient history furnish a reply surpassing in eloquence and grandeur the following, from an untutored savage:

As Tecumseh proudly approached, General Harrison rose to receive the Chief, and pointing to a bench prepared for the purpose, said—"Your white father requests you to be seated."

Tecumseh cast upon the American General a look of unmitigated scorn and indignation. "You my father?" said he. "No! the sun, pointing to that luminary in the heavens, 'tis my father! The earth," pointing to the ground, "is my mother! And," pointing to his bow, "is my father! And," pointing to his bow, "is my mother! And," pointing to his bow, "is my father! And," pointing to his bow, "is my mother!"

The following is one of the toasts given at the celebration of the Fourth of July at West: "American youth—May their ambition reach as high as their standing collar."

### Collision and Miraculous Escape.

About 6 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the Express train from Buffalo came in collision with a tree blown across the track, three-quarters of a mile east of Springfield, a station twenty-five miles west of Erie. The severe gale from the Lake had torn up a hemlock two feet in diameter, and cast it angularly over the track. The tree struck the rails about twenty feet from its roots. The evening was dark and stormy. The accident occurred in the woods, which rendered objects less distinct. The train had been delayed some hour and a half at Erie, waiting for the arrival of the Buffalo train. When the collision happened it was moving at the velocity of forty miles per hour.

The crash was awful. The tree, two feet in diameter, was broken in three places and shivered as if struck by a thunderbolt. The locomotive was smashed to pieces and destroyed. It turned over and over three times. The boiler was broken, letting the steam and scalding water out, to add to the alarm and danger. The tender and two baggage cars were hurled upon the locomotive, and smashed into one common wreck.

The first three passenger cars, filled with people, were dashed upon the ruins of the baggage cars and engine. They were badly broken and turned bottom side up. The last three cars of the train were not thrown from the track, nor very badly disabled.

The horror and confusion of the scene were indescribable. The train had over four hundred passengers. The shock hurled them from their seats and piled them up among seats in terrible confusion. This collision occurred before the engineer had time to whistle down breaks, let off steam, reverse the motion, or even jump for his own life. He was pitched out head foremost into the ditch among the limbs. The fireman followed suit, and the baggage masters piled after them, all of whom received severe flesh bruises, but managed to escape instant death, and arranged to crawl from under the ruins of broken cars and fragments of smashed baggage. But more miraculously still, none of the passengers were killed or even had broken bones. Many received slight injuries, and all were more or less shocked and scared.

The train made three or four rebounds and advances, after striking the tree, before it came to a halt, each of which added "confusion worse confounded" to the general crash and panic among the passengers. The screams, yells, and shouts that filled the night air, after the accident, were horrible. The men behaved with less coolness and presence of mind, in many cases, than the women.  
Immediately after the smash the conductor and brakeman started for Springfield station to stop the express train going east, which would be due in a few minutes, and make no stop at that point. They barely succeeded in reaching the station and holding up a red light before the train came thundering along. Had it not been stopped, in a minute more another and more terrible collision would have happened. This train left its passengers at Springfield, and took on those of the wrecked train, and proceeded back to this city yesterday morning.—*Cleveland Democrat.*

### Poetry.

What could be more beautiful than the following, from the pen of George D. Prentice, who himself blends more of the pathos and fire of poetry, than any other living writer.

"What is poetry? A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of Eternity. It lives in all created existence—in man and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affliction, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and in the thoughts of glory that chain our spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry in the harmonies of Nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the star—its cadence is heard in the thunder and the extract—its softer tones gurgles sweetly up from the thousand voices of wind, and rivulets, and forest—the cloud and the sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies—and its ministers to Heaven from the mountains of the earth, and the untrodden shores of the Ocean.

There's not a moonlit ray that comes down upon stream or hill, not a breeze calling from its blue throne to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flower of Spring, not a cloud bathing itself like an angel-vision in the rosy gushes of Autumn twilight, nor a rock glowing in the yellow starlight as if dreaming of the Eden land, but is full of the beautiful influences of Poetry, Earth and Heaven, are quickened by its spirit, and the hearings of the great deep in tempest and in calm, are but its secret and mysterious breathings."

### The Dead.

How seldom do we think of the dead! Altho' we set around the same hearth, where they once sat, and read from the same volume they so loved to peruse, yet we not often think of them. Oh how the heart throbs with wild and uncontrollable emotions, as we stand beside the dying friend we dearly love! We wretchedly strive, but all in vain, to prolong the precious life; we follow in deepest anguish down to the dark flowing river; the spirit of the loved one passes onward alone—and we are left to finger on the shores of time. We think, as we behold the inanimate form consigned to the cold grave, and hear the damp earth rattle over it, that we will never forget the life scenes of the departed—and that their memory will always remain fresh in our hearts, and almost wonder that the busy multitude can move on so briskly around us. But the sun shines as brightly as ever on the new made grave. Nature looks as gay and smiling, and the birds sing as merrily as before. Again we mingle with the busy, jostling throng. Weeks and months roll on—we visit the graves less frequently—and gradually cease to think of the lost ones, save when some sweet voice or incident of by-gone days recalls them to our memory. The feelings of bitter anguish and bereavement are soon worn off by the accumulating cares and pleasures of life. Thus we in turn, must ere long, pass away, and be forgotten. Such is human life.