

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

VOL. 19.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1854.

NO. 9.

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

If paid in advance.....\$1.50
If paid in six months.....\$2.75
If paid in three months.....\$4.00
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.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square of 10 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
CAMP AND JOURNAL, in advance.....\$4.00
Short transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at the usual rates.

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

POETICAL.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

A young lady who was told that she was almost a monomaniac in her hatred to alcoholic drinks, wrote the following touching and sensible verses:

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, learn what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
This struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief—the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise e-went—
Thy youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way
That led us up to my woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curses aside—
Thy prayers burlasqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance and see
That mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sob of sad despair—
As memory's feeling foot hath stirred,
And its recollections there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer—
Then own deep sighs and lowly prayer,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.

Mark her dim eye—her furrowed brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now
Her toil-worn frame—her trembling limbs—
And trace the ruin's track in time
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who forsook, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup;
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright.

And chained her there in woe and strife,
That lowly thing, the drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear and see, and feel and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look within the wine cup's glow—
See if its brightness can atone!
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed, 'tis drink and die!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Matrimonial Misery.

We commend the following communication of a fair correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, to the attention of the old and young, and of both sexes—of some for edification, and of others for reproof:

A correspondent of one of your contemporaries having threatened this subject in a powerful, but, as I deem, one-sided manner, I propose to offer my views in relation to the matter.

Admitting the general fact that very many, if not the majority of marriages, are unhappy, we dispute the propositions that this unhappiness is usually the fault of the husband; that most women are, when first married, soft, pliable creatures to be molded to good or ill by the master hand of the husband; and that most men, by their bad treatment, pervert the nature of their wives, and thus introduce domestic discord. The fact is that both are partly to blame, and society more than either. Marriage is unhappy because neither men nor women are so educated as to make it otherwise. Among the causes of this unhappiness may be reckoned the haste with which matrimony is sometimes entered upon; the man led blindly by his feelings, and the woman snatching at an offer lest she may never get another, with out the least regard to fitness, affection, or any other worthy motive. In such marriages, the love, which in the beginning is all on one side—that of the husband—soon dies away; and when the ardor of the honeymoon is over, the wife must be content with civility in public, and indifference in private, for the rest of her life. Verily, she gets her reward, and has no right to complain.

Another source of matrimonial unhappiness is the fact that people generally do not marry young enough. Men are deterred by an exaggerated idea of the expenses of maintaining a family, and women postpone it until they can "better themselves" pecuniarily. The former waste their youth and means in drinking and dissipation, and the latter fritter away their affections in idle flirtations. How can an expectant man who has forgotten, if he ever felt it, the respect inspired by the gentle virtues of a mother or sister; who has carefully avoided the refining influence of virtuous female society, and lost by unworthy association the power of appreciating it; and who is incapable of enjoying any pleasures but those the greatest sort, to resign his precious liberty, forego his cherished amusements, and, in short, sacrifice his

selfishness on the altar of domestic happiness? And how can we expect a young woman fed on flattery, accomplished into ignorance, dotting on jewelry, despising work as degrading, unable to comb her own hair, and regarding man as a gold-producing machine, to give up her accustomed gratifications, and occupying herself with the petty details of housekeeping? No, "we cannot gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles."

The notion that it is imprudent for very young persons to marry, is totally fallacious. Experience has proved this in innumerable cases. As soon as a young man is able to support himself, he is able to support a wife, and the sooner he takes one the better. Let him select a sensible young woman, suited to himself in age, disposition and circumstances, win her affections and marry her; and, if they are not happy, nothing on earth could make them so. One instance: Edward married at twenty-one the girl of his choice, Maria. He was a poor clerk; she had no dowry but good sense and a loving heart.

They commenced house-keeping on the humblest scale; but love and the sunny cheerfulness of youth enriched poverty itself, while the grace and neatness of the wife threw a halo of refinement round their humble home. Industry and a frugality which never descended to meanness, enabled them to steadily go on, until by degrees they arose to affluence. After fifteen years of wedlock, their affection is as warm as it was in the flush of youth; and the husband prizes the kiss which sweetens his departure, and the smile which welcomes his return, as highly as when they were bestowed by the blushing bride.

Such might have been the history of hundreds of sturdy, self-reliant bachelors, and sour, snappish old maid; if they had only been more wise, and less prudent. Such might have been the history of hundreds of jarring couples, if instead of waiting for a moonlit sky and golden freight, they had, with suitable partners, launched their barges on the unknown sea of matrimony, in the morning of life, with love for the wife and hope for the husband.

Another cause of matrimonial unhappiness among people who are moderately attached and might be moderately happy if they did not expect too much of each other, is the fact, that wives are too exacting. They do not know what is best for them when they insist upon hearing exactly what detained the husband beyond his usual time. It is perhaps much more conducive to their happiness not to know.

When a husband returns in the evening or at night, fatigued with business or pleasure, he does not feel disposed to entertain his wife by "confiding" in his wife. If it were necessary to enlighten her, no doubt he would do so, and when he volunteers no information about his business, her wisest course is not to task his invention by asking him questions. In order that the matrimonial machine should work well, it is necessary that the wife should entertain the most unwavering confidence in the moral rectitude of her husband. Anything calculated to shake this confidence must tend to diminish the happiness of both; whereas if it has been so carefully deceived.

Many other causes of matrimonial misery might be cited, all tending to show that the blame does not rest entirely on the lords of creation; but enough has been said, and these remarks are too far extended already.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Your Boys on the Sabbath.

Why do not parents have pride enough in the welfare of their boys to keep them within doors or at Church on the Sabbath? Scarcely a Sabbath passes by, especially in pleasant weather that does not witness a noisy gang of boys in some one or other of our streets, or in some vacant lot, engaging in the sports and pastimes incident to the season, as indulged in during the week days. They may be seen, at almost any time during the day, playing ball, marbles, trundling the hoop, &c., or with line and pole in hand starting for fishing. Boys thus transgressing, are not only injuring themselves, and casting reproach upon their parents, by winning the unenviable reputation of wicked, loafing, Sabbath-breaking boys, but they are annoyances to their neighbors, who seek to appreciate the blessings of one day in seven in rest.

Nor is this all. Parents should reflect that by allowing their boys to disregard the Sabbath, and to appropriate its moments, according to their inclinations, in fishing, hunting, ball-playing, &c., they are permitting them to take the first step in vice, that may eventually lead them to the prison or gallows. If no restraint is imposed upon them, they soon mingle with those proficient in vice and crime, who will lead them in the paths they are treading. Parents should reflect that in thus permitting their boys to break the Sabbath, they are giving their tacit consent to their taking this first step in vice and crime, which, unless restrained, will lead to idleness, ignorance and ruin. They give them permission to become pests to society; not respecting themselves, nor being respected by others.

A history of the lives of all the criminals ever sentenced, imprisoned or executed, would show that a disregard of the Sabbath was one of the leading steps to the road to ruin; that in company with those who, like themselves, had taken the first step in vice, they had taken the initiatory step to vice; that eventually led them to the commission of crime. And we are taught to believe that the parent as well as the child is responsible for these negligences, these sins. How easy a matter it is to destroy all desire in the child to dishonor this day, if you commence in good season. First of all, an impression are easily radiated, foul weeds sown in a good soil are quick to germinate, but are easily destroyed when they first spring into existence; but allow them to grow up and get sowed, and the fruits thereof are scattered in every direction. Parents, teach your boys to regard the Sabbath.

The lessons taught us in the serene quiet of that holy day, in childhood, though not taught by a parent—a mother—are still indelibly impressed upon our memory, as though it were but yesterday that we received them. If they do not go to church keep them within doors, that they may not prove enemies to themselves and nuisances to those around them. Few can enjoy the quiet of home and have a gang of boys in front of their dwellings, playing games, laughing, shouting, cursing and swearing, especially on the Sabbath. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is one of the commandments.

MEGGY.
BY ALICE CAREY.

The wood burned low in the great fire-place—the clock struck nine, and from the bough of the trees that created against the window, the cock crew—he had had a long nap already. I was inclined to follow his example, for the coming of no visitors was to be apprehended at that time of night, and as I looked from the window I saw that the lights were all gone from the neighboring houses.

But though, as I said, I was inclined to seek my pillow, it was not so much that I was sleepy, as restless and wearied with the monotony of the hours, for unless there be great resources within one's self, greater than ever I had, country life in the winter is very trying. When we have nothing to do but to think, we are likely to grow tired of thinking, when we sit all alone and see the fire die, and hear the clock tick and tick, and strike and strike, and see the moon come up and travel among the stars and go down, and hear the winds moan and moan, the sound which at first was a sweet melancholy becomes dreary and weary, and we long for something, anything, to break the everlasting and mournful quietude. We feel the necessity of doing something, of loving something more than our pot of geraniums and our knitting work. From these causes friendships are more real in the country, and loves have their making there that would be sadly interrupted by the rattling of coach wheels or the operatic music across the way. So among country people we find, perhaps, as many unequal and unhappy marriages as we do in great cities where calculation and ambition warp so fully the true inclinations sometimes.

Well, I was saying it was nine o'clock, and I looked from the window—not for the drowsy gleams that draw the litter of close curtained sleep, but in sort of love-taking of the outer world, as it were. Thus standing, a peal of merry laughter from the adjoining room came pleasantly across my reveries. Then for the first time I became aware of strange voices—there was evidently a sort of offery-making in the kitchen. The mirth which had been previously suppressed came out more fully, perhaps, when the clock, that struck so loud all the house could hear, told them it was nine.

Meggy and Jacob knew my simple habits right well, and doubtless counted upon my being out of hearing. They might have known better, or have taken the precaution to assure themselves, for I scarcely ever knew it fail of discovery if we undertake to have any little fun aside. I remember of slyly opening a presser jar when I was a child—a moment previously my mother was in the garret, and the platter jar was the furthest remove possible from her—no matter, I had no sooner taken the lid in my hand than the well-known voice startled me, and the fire that burned into my cheek made me quite oblivious to the sweet taste in my month. This is only one of many instances illustrative of the way things have always gone with me. For a moment I listened, and then, partly for curiosity, and partly for a desire to share the gaiety, opened the door, which was all that divided me from the kitchen, and stood in the midst of a group of four persons. Joseph Bingham and his sister Martha had come in to pass the evening with Meggy and Jacob, who were entertaining their guests with popper corn and cider. I need not say that Jacob was the man who tended the cows and made the fires, and did the Post-office errands, and that Meggy was the maid of all work—a sprightly damsel, with heavy black hair lying low across her forehead, and blue, laughing eyes that had never looked very deep into the heart of things. There were red spots in her cheeks always, but the night I speak of they were glowing all alike, and she seemed excited and happier than she had been the week before when I brought her home the green dress. Martha Bingham, a simple-hearted and childish little person, sat on a stool in the corner playing with the cat. I could not imagine how she had had such a wonderful effect on the spirits of Meggy. I was not long in the dark. Joseph Bingham, who sat demurely assisting Jacob in the mending of a bride, was a fair-faced youth with abundance of black curls, with which he seemed to have been at much pains, and having bold eyes that turned to me in a way that said plainly enough I was an intruder. I could not but see this beneath the smile and the brow that recognized my presence. He vindicated his right to be there by informing me that he had been an apprentice to a harness maker, and that he was imparting to Jake the art of mending. Meggy was sure it was very kind of him, and when the bride was finished she brought a leather strap broken in two or three pieces, saying if he would do her the favor to mend it she would do any service in her power in return, for that it was an article she needed twenty times a day. I never saw that she used it before or after, and am convinced it was a stratagem to detain Joe a little longer.

The Bingham had but lately come to the neighborhood. I knew nothing of them except that they had lived in a neighboring town, where they had maintained themselves by the sale of groceries; that the father and son were engaged in no business now, but spent most of their time in idling about the village tavern, and that the mother tended the garden and milked the cow, and did whatever else was done at home. I saw how it would go from the first and was not surprised when Meggy professed the greatest liking for Martha Bingham, and insisted on carrying her apples and cakes and a bottle of cider now and then. That Joe had a good share of these excellencies I did not doubt. He was often at our house after the mending of the bride, and sometimes sang songs and sometimes brought in the water and the wood for Meggy, and did other chores for her that gave her frequent occasions to boast of his goodness.

"Ay, Meggy," I said to her, "I see how it is, you have lost your heart, but, if possible, you had better get it back, for though the young man may be good enough in his treatment of you just now, he would be different if you were his wife. Only yesterday, or to-day, or whenever it might have been, I saw his mother chopping wood, and he sitting idly by the fire, or worse, perhaps, at the tavern."

All this did no good. Meggy would find one excuse or another, and when driven from all her subtleties, she would say that she might find fault with an angel if we chose, and that for her part she thought it better to see the good that was in the people than the bad. So I would be silenced, but not convinced. A good honest and faithful girl was Meggy. I liked her so well that I could not see her marry unworthily, without sincere sorrow, and when I found dissuade fruitless, I resolved to make an effort toward reformation in the young man.

On his way to the tavern of evenings, Joe would stop at our house and have a chat with Meggy. Upon such occasions I used to ask him to remain all the evening, offering all the harmless inducements I could, but though I sometimes succeeded, he resisted for the most part of all influences, and so artlessly would plead the necessity of his conduct, that I would be disarmed. And, in fact, there was some sincerity and some truth mingled with what he said, so that it was impossible not to have some liking for him. "Where are you going, Joe?" I would say, when I saw him drawing on his gloves, for he wore gloves and dressed in a kind of a shabby gentility. "I have to go to town," he would answer, "another wants me to get this or that little article for her." Then he would wish that it was not so, that he could stay, and protest that he hated the blamed little place, and that he would not go into the tavern, if every fellow in town coaxed him to.

And so, time after time, he left Meggy, and time after time he went to the tavern and walked crookedly home at night. Meggy mourned that his shortsighted mother could send him of errands where she knew temptation would fall in his way, and thought if they were only married.

And when the March came they were married. Meggy's face was shining with joy when she left me, and so confident was she of making Josey all that she wished, that I almost shared her credulity. Alas, alas, it was not three months till I saw her chopping wood at the door; and when I asked her where Josey was, she wiped her eyes and said she didn't know. But I knew she did know very well, and that was the saddest answer she could give.

When the baby was a month old I went to see her, and found the cradle empty. "And where is little Josey?" I asked. She had carried her to his grandmother's, for that her poor husband was a good deal ailing, and could not endure his fretting.

At the sheep shearing time we sent her a fleece of wool to spin stockings for herself, but the following winter Joe had a new coat and her feet had only his old shoes to cover them.

They moved away from our village at length, and for years I lost sight of them altogether, but never ceased to hope that the love of poor Meggy would prevail at last.

Two years ago I was passing through Pennsylvania on the canal packet. The cabin was so crowded and uncomfortable, that I resorted to the deck a good deal, and amused myself by watching the hands at work or at play. As we halted to one of the dirty and poor villages that spring up along the highways, I noticed a woman washing at the door of a cabin, almost on the bank on the canal. In the window of the house there were some bottles and segars, while a red-faced man was lying hard by, on a plank in the sun. As the woman turned her face to look at the boat, I thought I had seen her before; but it was not till she stretched out her arms and ran towards me, did I know it was Meggy. "And how does Joe?" I said. "The best man in the world," she answered, "bating that he gets drunk often than he used to, and beats me and neglects the children."

Such is woman's love.

A Beautiful Picture.
The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under the wholesome influence not easily inhibited from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors.

The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children: these are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them. They flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—they are the life—spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

ENTRANCE.—The epaulettes worn by Prince Albert, when in full costume, are worth the trifling sum of \$2,500—a small farm on each shoulder.

had better get it back, for though the young man may be good enough in his treatment of you just now, he would be different if you were his wife. Only yesterday, or to-day, or whenever it might have been, I saw his mother chopping wood, and he sitting idly by the fire, or worse, perhaps, at the tavern."

All this did no good. Meggy would find one excuse or another, and when driven from all her subtleties, she would say that she might find fault with an angel if we chose, and that for her part she thought it better to see the good that was in the people than the bad. So I would be silenced, but not convinced. A good honest and faithful girl was Meggy. I liked her so well that I could not see her marry unworthily, without sincere sorrow, and when I found dissuade fruitless, I resolved to make an effort toward reformation in the young man.

On his way to the tavern of evenings, Joe would stop at our house and have a chat with Meggy. Upon such occasions I used to ask him to remain all the evening, offering all the harmless inducements I could, but though I sometimes succeeded, he resisted for the most part of all influences, and so artlessly would plead the necessity of his conduct, that I would be disarmed. And, in fact, there was some sincerity and some truth mingled with what he said, so that it was impossible not to have some liking for him. "Where are you going, Joe?" I would say, when I saw him drawing on his gloves, for he wore gloves and dressed in a kind of a shabby gentility. "I have to go to town," he would answer, "another wants me to get this or that little article for her." Then he would wish that it was not so, that he could stay, and protest that he hated the blamed little place, and that he would not go into the tavern, if every fellow in town coaxed him to.

And so, time after time, he left Meggy, and time after time he went to the tavern and walked crookedly home at night. Meggy mourned that his shortsighted mother could send him of errands where she knew temptation would fall in his way, and thought if they were only married.

And when the March came they were married. Meggy's face was shining with joy when she left me, and so confident was she of making Josey all that she wished, that I almost shared her credulity. Alas, alas, it was not three months till I saw her chopping wood at the door; and when I asked her where Josey was, she wiped her eyes and said she didn't know. But I knew she did know very well, and that was the saddest answer she could give.

When the baby was a month old I went to see her, and found the cradle empty. "And where is little Josey?" I asked. She had carried her to his grandmother's, for that her poor husband was a good deal ailing, and could not endure his fretting.

At the sheep shearing time we sent her a fleece of wool to spin stockings for herself, but the following winter Joe had a new coat and her feet had only his old shoes to cover them.

They moved away from our village at length, and for years I lost sight of them altogether, but never ceased to hope that the love of poor Meggy would prevail at last.

Two years ago I was passing through Pennsylvania on the canal packet. The cabin was so crowded and uncomfortable, that I resorted to the deck a good deal, and amused myself by watching the hands at work or at play. As we halted to one of the dirty and poor villages that spring up along the highways, I noticed a woman washing at the door of a cabin, almost on the bank on the canal. In the window of the house there were some bottles and segars, while a red-faced man was lying hard by, on a plank in the sun. As the woman turned her face to look at the boat, I thought I had seen her before; but it was not till she stretched out her arms and ran towards me, did I know it was Meggy. "And how does Joe?" I said. "The best man in the world," she answered, "bating that he gets drunk often than he used to, and beats me and neglects the children."

Such is woman's love.

A Beautiful Picture.
The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under the wholesome influence not easily inhibited from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors.

The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children: these are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them. They flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—they are the life—spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

ENTRANCE.—The epaulettes worn by Prince Albert, when in full costume, are worth the trifling sum of \$2,500—a small farm on each shoulder.

RELIABILITY.
Or Promising and not Performing.

"What he says you may believe, And pawn your soul upon it."

There are many individuals in society who can never be depended upon. They are "good, easy souls," according to the general understanding, and are ever ready to make promises. But, performance with them is quite a different affair. They are uncertain, vacillating, and altogether unreliable. A sad system, and one that is apt to get them into many difficulties. Too much importance cannot be attached to reliability. It is a priceless quality. It may be counted upon at all times and under all circumstances. A pledge is confidence may be felt in their fulfillment. With too many, however, aye, with the great multitude of mankind, the system is otherwise. Either insincerity characterizes the promise in the first place, or hesitation and change take place soon after, and thus the word is forfeited, the character is soiled, and all future confidence is destroyed. And this applies as well to the little as to the great things of life.

It is too much the habit with the thoughtless, to regard the non-fulfillment of small engagements, as of no importance whatever. They will agree to meet this friend or that at a certain time or place, and then will treat the whole matter with indifference or contempt, utterly regardless of the indirect insult conveyed in such trifling, as well as the waste of moments or of hours, which, to another, may be precious. Indeed, individuals who are prompt and punctual in little things, are seldom amiss in great. If they are inattentive to the ordinary courtesies of life and society, they will, in the majority of cases, be found truthful, manly, high-minded and honorable. If they can be relied upon to convey a message, to reciprocate a kindness, or to return a small favor—they may also be confided in, in graver and more momentous matters.

There is, indeed, great virtue in reliability. It adorns, dignifies and elevates the character. A reliable man is always a good citizen, an agreeable companion, a prudent counsellor and a trustworthy friend. He is a man of conscience and of principle, and his words and deeds are thus influenced and controlled by considerations of the highest and purest description. He may be depended upon as well in the hour of misfortune as in the day of prosperity. His advice will be received with respect and confidence, and his professions will always be characterized by sincerity and veracity.

In what broad and disreputable contrast is the trifler, who is constantly promising and never performing, who rarely fulfills an engagement, and who cannot or will not appreciate the value of promptness and punctuality. Grant him a favor, with a solemn understanding that it will be returned at a particular time, and he will either neglect the matter entirely, or make a thousand absurd excuses, by way of postponing or neglecting the obligation. This may answer one, or perhaps, twice; but thereafter all confidence will cease, and the reciprocity of feeling and of kindness will depart forever. Often too, the unreliable individual is sadly perplexed to ascertain the cause. Unable himself to appreciate the value of reliability, he cannot trace the motives which prompt the conduct of others, and he fancies every reason but the right one.

Some years since a young man of this city was in great pecuniary distress. He required but a small sum, comparatively speaking, but it was important that he should obtain it within a specified time. He applied first to one friend, and then to another, but in vain, and his condition every hour grew more critical. At last he besought him of a person with whom he had no particular acquaintance, and made a very touching appeal, at the same time pledging himself in the most solemn manner, to repay the loan on a designated day. The case seemed so pressing, that the favor was granted, but not without considerable inconvenience. Still, it afforded satisfaction to be able to relieve one who was in a sad dilemma, even at the risk of temporary embarrassment. The day designated for repayment came round, but the individual to whom the favor had been granted, neglected to make his appearance—and so on for months. The amount, as already stated, was not large, but the principle was a solemn pledge had been forfeited, and under circumstances calculated to excite distrust and doubt for the future. Three or four years after, and the same individual was still more unfortunate, and again needed and sought for assistance, and this, too, in the same quarter. But on the second occasion the application was vain. The refusal was couched in as gentle language as possible, but the memory of the former transaction had not passed away, and the applicant who, in the first case, was regarded as an unfortunate, was in the second, considered as insincere, dishonest, and if not dishonest, in brief, he had forfeited his character by his want of faith and truth, and by his disregard of the sterling principles of reliability. And such is almost invariably the result. Those who trifle either by word or deed, who promise never intending to perform, who make engagements never designing to keep them, who in fact are ever insincere, yielding and always unreliable, are sure, sooner or later, to reap the bitter fruits of such error of policy and infirmity of purpose. Better by far to possess reliability, even if unaccompanied by shining qualities of mind, than genius associated with uncertainty, vacillation, irresolution, indecision and untruth.

Don't CARE A BIT.—An Irishman going to market met a farmer with an owl.

"Say mishter, what'll you take for yer big eyed Turkey?"

"It is an owl, ye bastid," replied the astonished farmer.

"Devil a bit do I care whether it is old or young, price the bird ye spalpeen."

Bulver, the novelist, is 48 years of age.

Rather Difficult to Please.

I wish to give you a few items as to the reception our new preacher has met in our circuit, together with some hints as to the opinions formed respecting him. He reached here in good time after Conference, and went to work immediately, and has continued at his post up to the present. I have taken some pains to inquire as to what the brethren think of him, and now beg leave to report "in part."

Brother A. thinks he does not read and study enough.

B. says he reads and studies too much, and has too little to say in the families where he stops.

C. is of opinion that he does not seem sufficiently inclined to visit the different families of his charge.

D. is very free to give it as his opinion, that he is too much disposed to "go about," thereby neglecting the Scripture injunction. "Go not from house to house."

E. rather inclines to the opinion that he is haughty and reserved.

F. is satisfied that he is too light, and too much disposed to frivolous conversation.

G. shakes his head significantly, and thinks he is too particular about his dress, and rather dandy-like.

H.—who, by the way, has several "very nice" daughters, and is herself very particular—declares he is too careless about dress, and not sufficiently neat and tidy.

I. is too much inclined to think his sermons are too long to be profitable.

J. is sure they are too short, for he scarcely gets sound asleep ere they are finished, (and you need not tell this, however, as Brother J. does not like for people to know that he sleeps in church.)

K. believes that he tries to make a show of learning, and uses too many big words.

L. avers that his language is too "common-placed," low and almost vulgar.

M. hopes he will do pretty well, but thinks he does not exhibit quite enough interest in the "temperance reform."

N. is satisfied he will get along finely, provided he will let temperance alone, and preach the Gospel.

O. is wonderfully put out, because he speaks so low that he can scarcely keep awake during the sermon.

P. says he speaks entirely too loud—in fact, he "hollers and bawls."

Q. modestly suggests, that if he expects to do any good this year, he must say nothing about money matters, but just go on "in the old-fashioned way," preaching and holding class-meetings.

R. thinks there is no hope for him, unless he will say very little about class meetings, and not be strict in matters of discipline, as was the preacher he lost last year.

S. inclines to the opinion that he is too much disposed to preach on controverted points such as baptism, and the like, and thereby disturbs the unity that exists among the different sects.

Perhaps I ought to remark, that in the neighborhood where Brother S. lives, there is great unity among the different sects. They are all frozen together.

T. is very decided in the opinion that he does not preach on points of controversy.

U. has not quite made up his mind, but thinks, perhaps, may be, he will do tolerably well, except that he seems to seek for