

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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PORTICAL.

THE BIRTHDAY WISH.
What shall I wish thee—thou the rose
Upon thy sunny cheek may stay,
Thy mild blue eyes may long retain
Unimpaired their liquid ray?
This may not be, my gentle maid,
The fairest things are first to fade.

That thou may'st tread the mazy round
Of pleasure's path all strewn with flowers—
While crown'd with song and dance fly on,
To wit the laughing hours!
Not so, not so. Alas, we see
Where roses are, the thorns must be!

That thou may'st prove sweet friendship's power,
Best solace on life's weary way,
While hope's bright visions cheer thy soul,
That bask beneath love's sunny ray!
May these be thine—but better things,
For love and hope have fairy wings.

The bright beautiful of life
Too soon will pass away;
The lovely promise of thy spring,
May in the bud decay;
Then let thy gentle heart be given,
With sweet affection all to heaven.

From the Schuylkill Journal.
TO THE EVENING STAR.
Star of the evening, speak to me,
O tell this warm and throbbing heart,
That haile thy light as joyously,
As mariner greets his bounding bark;
When seated on some rocky height,
While furious billows round him roar,
He marks the beacon's distant light,
That thou shall guide him to the shore.

Tell me, if in thy shining sphere,
Angelic beings radiant shine;
If all are happy, sinless there,
And smile upon by love divine;
O glorious thought! O fancy sweet!
That there the weary soul might rest;
O had I wings I'd fly to meet,
Those beautiful seraphs and be blest.

Dwell there those bright-winged messengers,
That often come to cheer my way;
Although unseen the harbingers,
My ministering angels they.
My father sends them oft to me,
I gaze into their holy eyes,
And oft in thought with them I flee
To see my home beyond the skies.

Perhaps thine is an orb like ours,
Peopled with those of mortal birth;
And do they droop and fade, the flowers,
Like all our lovely things of earth?
The race, is it as fit as one,
Incarnate with humanity,
And did the blessed Saviour come
To save their souls from misery?

Sweet star, long months I've watched for thee,
As friend waits a beloved one;
The heavens were not so fair to me,
When thou the brightest one was gone;
But now again thou com'st to cheer,
Sweet spirit like thou settles on me,
When shall I burst my fetters here,
Assert my immortality?

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Girls who want Husbands.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies who have a hankering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness that woman has, and for this reason she is called the weaker sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't go into a fit of the nips every time you see a hat and a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood, in order to attract notice, for if you do run after the men they will after you. Mark that.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and pickers, she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at meetings, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you, simply because they love to do it, but they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I was a young man I would have no more to do with such fancy than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now, girls, let Nelly give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience that if you practice it you will gain the reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is all well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect letting grandma or your dear mother teach you how to make bread and get a meal of victuals good enough for a King. No part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected, if you do not marry a wealthy husband you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be no disadvantage for you to know how to oversee a servant girl, and instruct her to do these things as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affectation is the most despicable of accomplishments, and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation—it has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through.

Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming, and lovely an appearance, as a neat and plain dress.—All the flummery and tinsel work or the dress-maker and milliner, are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty on parade, if you are homely they only make you look worse. Gentlemen don't court your faces and jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger rings and foderols may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk do it naturally, and do not be so distastefully polite as to spoil all you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling tongs to make people believe you have negro blood in your veins. If your neck is very black, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to dab on pink, thinking that people are so blind as not to see it, and if your cheeks are rosy, don't apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected and become the gossip of the neighborhood.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and ask their advice in everything.—Think less of fashion than you do of kitchen duties—less of romances than you do of the realities of life—and instead of trying to catch beaux, strive to make yourself worth being caught by them. NELLY.

SABBATH READING.

A Good Precept.

"Give and it shall be given unto you."—Luko vi. 38.
Give an expression of approbation where approbation is merited. Give a word of advice to youth; it may restrain them from the paths of sin, and save them from an eternity of misery. Give a decided expression of disapprobation wherever you witness immorality, or hear profanity; for you are bound to reprove the unfruitful works of darkness. Give encouragement to the weak and desponding. Give consolation to the sorrowful. Give instruction to the ignorant. Give yourself to every good word and work.

Give to the poor; for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. God hath blessed souls with abundance of this world's goods, while in his providence others experienced penury and privation. The poor we have always with us, and when we will we may do them good. As it is now the season in which the poor suffer most, those who enjoy abundance ought to give themselves some concern about the poor. Look after them, go to their humble homes, give your prayers on their behalf, give them the things they need, relieve their suffering, make them comfortable, and in the form of gratitude it shall be given back to you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over will they give unto you. Abound in benevolence and acts of beneficence. And if you want an argument, derived from a worthy example, think of Jesus Christ. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

Give your child encouragement, and give your parent the honor and respect due. Show courtesy to all with whom you associate. Give of your substance for the support of the Gospel, for "it hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Give to the cause of missions, for it is the cause of God; and the promise is, that "the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters fill the sea." "He that believeth shall be saved." "But how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent." Give something to promote the benevolent societies of the day, for thereby you may put the Bible or some good book into the hands of a poor benighted sinner, which, by the blessing of God, may become instrumental in saving a soul from death, and in covering a multitude of sins. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." If you can give nothing else, give your influence at a Throne of Grace. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Give your children a liberal education, if in your power; it will be more useful to them, and to society, than gold and silver. Give them by all means a religious education. Give your Sabbaths to the Lord, by conscientiously discharging the religious duties of the sacred day—give attention to the public as well as private duties of religion—give your presence in the sanctuary. Give cheerfully, for God loveth a cheerful giver. Give liberally, for "the liberal soul shall be made fat." "Freely ye have received; freely give." "There is that scattereth; and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." And first of all, give yourself to the Lord.—And having done so, "give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if you do these things you shall never fail; for so an entrance shall be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—Pittsburgh Preacher.

Wesley's Argument.

I beg leave to propose a short, clear, and strong argument to prove the divine inspiration of the holy Scriptures. The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would or could make a book, and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when it was their own invention; or of bad men, or devils, for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their souls to hell to eternity. I therefore draw this conclusion, that the Bible must have been given by divine inspiration.

The mild air gives birth to pestilence; and the whirring locust, it uproots trees, destroys the devouring locust. God blesses in a blow, and punishes in a gift. To hasten the ripening of the fig, we pierce it; and what so sweet as the wounded pulp?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Daniel Webster at School.

The 24th of May, 1796, was an important day at Elms Farm. There had been more than usual bustle in the house; clothes were collected, bundles tied; children were running to and fro, asking questions and making all kinds of remarks—the reason of which was Daniel was getting ready to leave for the academy.—As Mr. Webster had no chaise, or other light carriage adapted to the journey, it was to be made on horseback. It so happened that one of the neighbors was desirous of sending a horse and side-saddle to the very town where the academy was situated, for some female friend to ride back to Salisbury. It was agreed that this horse should be used by the young student. When the time of departure arrived, the two horses were brought to the door, and Daniel, who was dressed in a new suit of homespun materials, was lifted upon the one intended for him. Imagine the scene! The affectionate mother, who has all along had a presentiment of Daniel's greatness, stands at the door with mingled expressions of solicitude and joy dependent upon her countenance. She has given abundant good advice, and sealed it with not a few burning kisses. Around are the other children and members of the family, some holding the horses, others adjusting the bundles, and all abounding their mirthfulness, and becoming more serious as the moment of departure arrives. The last shake of the hand and a farewell kiss are given, and the two travellers set out on their journey—little Dan being perched upon the lady's side-saddle, where he was destined to become, before night, more fatigued than he had ever been before. After a romantic but tiresome ride, along the banks of rivers, through valleys, and amid lofty hills and mountains, on the third day they arrived at Exeter. A boarding place was obtained for Daniel in the family of Mr. Clifford, with whom his father had some acquaintance. The day after their arrival he was taken to the academy. Benjamin Abbott, LL. D., was the principal. He was a gentleman of the old school, and felt it important to maintain great dignity and a regard to form, in the administration of the school. All official duties were performed with pompous ceremony. When Colonel Webster stated the object of his visit to the doctor, who was seated in a large hall connected with the academy, that important personage placed upon his head a cocked hat, in order to make a suitable impression upon the lad, and then said—

"Well, sir, let the young gentleman be presented for examination."
The slender-looking boy modestly came forward, and (though everything was new and strange), he submitted to his examination with great self-possession.
"What is your age?" asked the venerable teacher.
"Fourteen," was the reply.
"Take this Bible my lad, and read the twenty-second chapter of Luke," at the same time pointing it out to him.
This chapter contains an account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, Christ's sufferings in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the seizure, and the examination of Christ. Its different parts required a different style of reading.—None but a good reader could do the chapter justice. Daniel took the book, and read with so much distinctness of enunciation, correctness of emphasis, and skill in the modulations of his voice, as to bring out the true sense of the passage—the doctor had no occasion to interrupt him. It was a beautiful specimen of reading. After he had finished the chapter, the doctor, without asking any questions whatever, said—
"Young man, you are qualified to enter this institution."

The new student remained at this academy nine months. His diligence, and his capacity for acquiring knowledge, secured for him not only the warm commendations of his teachers, but, what was better, a good knowledge of the branches to which he devoted attention, among which, in addition to the usual English branches, was the Latin language.
It is not easy always to predict the man from the indications of youth. With some there appears to be in early life, a deficiency of the very traits which they excel in later years. This was true of Webster. Although his fame as an orator is world-wide, yet, when a boy of fourteen, he could not summon sufficient courage to attempt to declaim before the school.—His own account of this singular fact is in the following words:—

"I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation; I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated most winningly that I would venture—venture only once; but I never could command sufficient resolution."

From any other witness, this would appear almost incredible. It is difficult to conceive how one who has been so highly distinguished for self-reliance and moral courage, should have been so singularly deficient in these traits when young. It was attributable, probably, in a great degree, to his physical debility. He subsequently surmounted it, and, as we shall see, became in college one of the most popular speakers. What encouragement does this furnish for the young to set themselves resolutely to work, to surmount any difficulty that prevents their advancement? By frequent repetition, by firm resolution, they may overcome

embarrassments which would otherwise prove fatal to their success. Nothing can resist a determined spirit.

When Webster first entered the Phillips Academy, he was, in consequence of his unpolished, country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt of ridicule by some of the scholars.

This treatment touched his keen sensibility, and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence he might rise above it.—They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys, for after a while they would become weary of it, and would cease.—The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore, treated him with special consideration, and predicted that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir, that is your proper place." This practical rebuke made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined. He had outstripped them. This incident greatly stimulated the successful student. He applied himself with accustomed industry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away; the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and department, as evinced during the preceding term. Whilst they were all standing in silence and suspense, Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy, "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not that he was about to be expelled from school for his dullness.—His teacher perceived the expression of sadness upon his countenance, but soon dispelled it by saying, "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and join a higher class; and you, young gentlemen," addressing the other scholars, "will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again!" As if he had said, "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies that, from your stand-point, he is dwarfed in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed a capacity for study which will prevent you from overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

It would be interesting to know who those city boys were, who made the young rustic an object of sport. What have they come to?—what have they accomplished?—who has heard of the fame of their attainments? Scholars should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or coarse raiment. Under that rough exterior may be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they in their turn might justly be made a laughing-stock on account of their inefficiency.

After leaving Exeter Academy, Webster was placed under the care of Rev. Samuel Woods, D. D., of Boscowan. This change was probably made for economical reasons, as Dr. Woods gave instructions and heard to lads for only one dollar per week, which was less than the expenses at Exeter. He was now in his 15th year, with a fair knowledge of the English branches, and a considerable acquaintance with the Latin.

On his way to Dr. Woods', an interesting incident occurred, of which Mr. Webster himself has given the account. It seems that his father, through the kind suggestions of others, who had discovered the innate powers of Daniel, had come to the conclusion to send him to college. But this determination he did not reveal to his son till he was on the way to Dr. Woods'. The announcement, deeply affected him.

It was in the depth of winter. The ground was covered with deep snow. Webster and his father were travelling in a New England sleigh, commonly called a pug. As they were ascending a hill Mr. Webster told Daniel that he was going to send him to college. This sudden and unexpected announcement overcame the lad. This was an honor to which he could not make a declamation; I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated most winningly that I would venture—venture only once; but I never could command sufficient resolution."

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when the nimble steed frisks across the plain, and all nature is young again, then it is that the goodness of God is really seen and felt, and all the sons of men should bow in meekness and sincerity to the great Author,

It were wise whilst we've time, ere we sleep
"neath the sod."
As the laws of our nature demands,
If, whilst we inhabit the foot-stool of God,
We shall study the works of His hands.
Yes, Spring is fast approaching, with all her smiles and sweetness; her mild sunshine, and transient showers; nothing dimmed by the revolving ages she has passed through, but clear and beautiful as when first the mighty planet of the heavens shot his brilliant rays through the infinite darkness, and diffused his splendor over the face of a newly created world.

Attic Reveries.

BY NORTH WELLER.

To think of it! North Weller to get a valentine—a beautiful rose—scented, embossed & by 10 sentimental valentines! I do wish I had some one to show it to! I wonder if our friend Goodall got any? yes, I warrant he did. Perhaps a lean, lank calligrapher printer, or may be a bugle-santa-clause—paundered—Daniel Lambert—sort-of-an-editor. What a beautiful design mine has! A lady with her arms resting on the lattice—ill—with the words "Why don't he come?" beneath it. Why don't he come! Who in the wide, wide world ever thinks about North Weller? Who would ever write for him with patience in the quiet moonlight air, or say, as her rich curls fell around his neck, that his voice was rich and musical, or that her ear loved to drink in the impassioned conceptions of a poet's soul! Yes it is unmistakably for me. No. 7 slammed his door shut with disappointment, and the little grey eyes of No. 9 twinkled with jealousy as the Post-boy passed him so unceremoniously by. What kind of eyes shall my ideal image of the donor have? Let me see. I like a rich black eye—not a rest- less, peering, calculating black eye—but an eye soft and mellow-like. Then I like a blue eye, too—a sweet pensive eye—set apart for softness and for sighs—an eye beautiful "whether it swims in liquid light or whether it swims in tears." A large eye, too, is captivating, especially one that makes us ask with Balwer—"From what divinity star didst thou drink in thy liquid melody. Tell me, beloved eyes."
Pshaw! I believe all kinds of eyes are pretty, except green, jealously tinged eyes—or villainous, parsimonious, poverty-ringing grey eyes!

Spring—The Natural Season of Love.

BY HENRY BRADY.

That Spring is the Natural Season of Love, no one we think will attempt to deny. It is, truly acknowledged to be so, by the inhabitants of the entire globe, no matter where born; whether in Persia or in Finland, in Pekin or Archangel, as well on the banks of the Indus and the Tweed, as on our own Delaware and Hudson.

And opaque and dreary must that heart be indeed, that does not feel the influence, of sweet and glorious Spring, laden with perfumes from Heaven, making an elysium of the Earth. We hail thy return once more with every variety of joyful feeling; and wherever a rose-bud or a blossom unfolds their leaves to the light of day, to sweeten the atmosphere with their fragrant exhalations, whether among the firs of Siberia, or the palms of Palestine, men of all classes and conditions, rich and poor, sick and well, greet thee with a smile and a welcome.

It is now the dog-days in the far South. The brilliant and fiery orb of day is directing his mighty powers against the frozen regions of that part of our world. And already our Planet—true to the helm as a new frigate—hath begun to swing round, to meet his warming rays; and in a very short space of time, we of the North temperate zone shall find ourselves in the precise position, and sufficiently distant from the action of his rays to feel them most agreeably.

Then will we have Spring—calm, invigorating and delightful Spring, the natural Season of Love. Spring, that unlocks the ocean and navigable rivers; that opens the highways, by land and water; that gives the rich and fashionable a wider field for enjoyment, by bidding them leave the crowded atmosphere of their saloons and drawing-rooms for the fresh air of Heaven that murmurs in the grove; that bids the farmer urge the plough-share into the fruitful soil, and whispers hope and consolation in the ears of the bed-ridden and afflicted.

When the deep-red sunbeams are gilding the house-tops and steeples; when the pure air is pregnant with the delicious odor of the season, with the unceasing carol of birds, the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle on every hand, over hill and plain,—no doubt giving thanks to God in their own ways—who will deny that it is a season to be happy, also it should be one of thanks to Him who gives it? Who that is blessed with health and vigor; who that has one redeeming quality in his soul, can fail to swell with gratitude for the blessings he enjoys?

It is in this delightful season, when Angels visit our earth, that all the pure affections of the heart of man disclose themselves. Then it is that candour, generosity, innocence, sincerity, modesty, heroism and holy faith, express themselves in every movement and feature of young lovers.

The city is abandoned for the silent walk and shady grove, that away from the crowded paths of tumult and ambition, they may be at liberty to express their rows of eternal attachment.

The mute fishes in the quiet lake jump to the surface, to enjoy for a moment the beauty of the surrounding scenery, giving evidence of their gratitude to the Creator.

The feathered tribes array themselves in their brightest plumage, and it is then they are most melodious, making the woods and valleys re-echo their exquisite and delightful music,—music, as superior to all other music in point of sweetness, as the mid-day sun is in brightness, superior to the faint glimmering of the Aurora Borealis.

When the forests of the world are uniformed in their liveries of green, and the plains are spread with a many-colored carpet of flowers;

when the nimble steed frisks across the plain, and all nature is young again, then it is that the goodness of God is really seen and felt, and all the sons of men should bow in meekness and sincerity to the great Author,

It were wise whilst we've time, ere we sleep
"neath the sod."
As the laws of our nature demands,
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Pshaw! I believe all kinds of eyes are pretty, except green, jealously tinged eyes—or villainous, parsimonious, poverty-ringing grey eyes!

Those eyes—among thine elder friends,
Perhaps they pass for blue;
No matter, if they but tell of love
What more have eyes to do?
Then what kind of hair shall she have? Auburn? no, though auburn sounds very pretty like, it still very often means plain, blunt, "red and curly." Her hair shall be black. Shall it be parted plainly over her brow, or shall it fall around her neck in ringlets, unconfined by pin or comb—shall it rise up behind like the tower of Babel for a Babel tongue, or have those queer, odd-gotten-up—what-the-deuce-do-you-call-'em-sort-of-things, that curl so stiff and stand on the cheek and forehead, as if they had each started out on their own hook or were all drawn up with an attack of the Cholera. Pshaw! I can't conjure up anything in ideal, so I must read the verses over again. How do you run on!

Dear North, my brave hearted lad
Where'er you go, God bless you!
You'd better speak than wish you had
If love for me distress you!

To me they say your thoughts incline,
And possibly they may so;
Then once for all, to quiet mine,
North—if you love me say so!

The omission implied by the asterisks is not confidential—but either the machine got out of order, or else it was written directly after dinner, for Willis says:

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his case;
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees;
But to continue—
What's of yours you chance to seek
Almost before you breathe it,
I bring with blushes on my cheek
And all my heart goes with it;
Why thank me then, with voice so low,
And faltering turn away so?
When next you come, before you go,
North—if you love me, say so!

Dear me! How I would like to read a homily on matrimony, study a code for the most certain way of popping the—oh! Ah! but it would be difficult to wind me up that far!

A Catholic View of America.

A Catholic writer in France furnishes in the *Univers* the following philosophical explanation of the prevalence of spirit rapping in the United States:—
"Eminent theologians explain why the devil has more liberty in the United States than in Europe, where the holy sacrifices of the mass are celebrated at vast distances apart, and where so many millions of men, descendants of Protestants, have no religion whatever, and are not even baptised. This rarity of the sacraments leaves the devil greater sway over men; he dares to come nearer the earth, not being driven afar by the frequent immolation of the divine victim, and he enters into communication with the human race by the mysterious means which God leaves open to him."

Good.—We heard, lately, a little story of one of the lawyers. He was engaged in an important case and was cross-questioning a witness, whose character was unimpeachable, and whose testimony was rather bothersome. He said, "I can't recollect anything I have forgotten." The lawyer was decidedly sold.—*Brookville American.*

Montesquieu says, "I never listen to catmuffs, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about."
A California paper gives the following as a bill of fare at a Chinese restaurant in that city:
"Cat Cutlet, 55 cents; Griddled Rats, 6 cents; Dog Soup, 12 cents; Roast Dog, 18 cents; Dog Pie, 6 cents."

An Eccentric Belle.

The marriage of Bodisco, the obese old Russian Minister, to a young and beautiful girl, near Washington, some years ago, created quite a talk. All wondered at the strange taste of the girl. We must confess woman is very often an eccentric creature, especially after reading Othello, and the following facts of the Bodisco love scrape. Says a writer:

The old hairy Russian was one day walking with a friend out to Georgetown Heights, when he passed a boarding school for young ladies, and was attracted by a fair girl of sixteen, who stood swinging her bag, and talking with great animation to some of her companions.

"Who is that beautiful girl? Who is she?" eagerly asked he; but his friends could not inform him.

The door opened, and in she went to her slates and books, all unconscious of the daguerotype that glanced had left on the heart of the brave Russian minister. The next day, and the day following, saw him taking the same walk, which subsided to a very slow step as he approached the building, and looked earnestly at every door and window. May-day was at hand, and was to be celebrated in the school, by some simple festivities, and the choice of a Queen from among the number; and this year the floral royalty happened to fall on Miss Harriet Williams, the very girl who had so instantly enthroned herself in the admiration of the foreigner.

"Just before May-day, the Principal was surprised to receive a note from the Russian Envoy at Washington, expressing great interest in education and begging permission to be present at the festival of May-day, which it would give him particular pleasure, as a stranger to the customs of the country, to witness. Consent, of course, was very graciously granted, and the occasion was as charming as youth and flowers always make it. At the end of the term, Miss Harriet announced that she would not attend school any more. "What! not graduate? oh, why not? Are you going away?" But she shook her head, laughed, and kept her own counsel; and in a few weeks was the wife of the Russian Minister. She had accompanied her husband once or twice to Russia, where she was very much admired, and known as the "American rose." Her face had regularity of feature, but was particularly distinguished for exquisite coloring. Nothing could surpass the chestnut brown of her hair, the bright blue of her eyes, nor the hue of the lily and the rose so delicately blended in her complexion. Perhaps her figure had too much *en point* for perfect symmetry, but she moved with grace and dignity. Although there was great disparity of years, and great difference in appearance and character, between herself and husband, it seems to have been a very happy union."

A Young Man Wanted.

"WANTED—A young man of industry, ability and integrity," &c.
This meets our eye daily in the columns of "wants," and it is as true as the Pentateuch—"Wanted! Of course they are—always wanted! The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for, and never quoted "dull," or "no sale." Wanted for thinkers—wanted for workers—in the mart, or the main, in the field and in the forest. Tools are lying idle for want of a young man: a pen is waiting to be nibbed; a tree to be felled, a plow to be guided, a village to be founded, a school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples.—Honest, industrious and able young men are the great staple in this world of ours. Young man, you are wanted, but not for a doctor.—No, nor a lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and on two to spare.—Don't study "a profession," unless it be the profession of brick-laying or some other of the manual professions. Don't measure tape if you can help it. It's honorable and honest, and all that, but then you can do better. Of all things, don't rob the women. Its their prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat then like a man, don an apron, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil on your brow, and a good set of well-developed muscles. We would go, if we could, but then we were young, longer ago than we like to think, and you know when one's "old he can't."

Besides, if you become a doctor, you'll have to wait—"because you haven't experience," says an old practitioner, "because you are too young," say all the women. If you are a lawyer and likely to rise, they'll put a weight on your head, a *la Swiss*, to keep you under, or if you make a good argument, some old opponent, as grey as a rat, will kick it all over by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you are tired and sore, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps an "immortal" one, or anything but just what you are.

Do a farmer and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. You own what you stand on, 'from the centre of the earth,' as they used to say, 'up to the sky; you are independent all day,