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.

From the Oskaloosa Herald.

THE PRINTER'S TOIL.

Blow, ye stormy winds of winter;
Drive the chilly, drifting snow;
Closely housed the busy printer,
Heeds not how the winds may blow.

Click, click, his types go dropping,
Here and there upon the case,
As he stands for hours, popping
Every letter in its place.

Heaven send the useful printer
Every comfort mortals need;
For our nights were dull in winter,
Had we not the news to read.

Sad would be the world's condition,
If no printer boys were found;
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

Yes, it is the busy printer,
Rolls the car of knowledge on;
And a gloomy mental winter,
Soon would reign if he were gone.

Money's useful yet the minters
Fill not half so high a place,
As the busy, toiling printers,
Fing'ring type before the case.

Yet, while type they're busy setting,
Oft some thoughtless popinjay,
Leaves the country kindly letting
Printers "whistle for their pay."

O, ingratitude ungracious?
Are there on enlightened soil,
Men with minds so incapacious,
As to slight the printer's toil?

See him how extremely busy,
Fing'ring type before the case,
Toiling till he's almost dizzy,
To exalt the human race.

Long live the art of printing,
Here on happy Freedom's soil,
And with joys that know no stinting,
Heav'n reward the Printer's toil!

THE FIRE IS OUT.

BY PAUL PENOIL, JR.

I hear their tread, dim, ghostly dim,
The dark night spirits roam about;
The slow clock sings its midnight hymn,
'Tis bitter cold, the fire is out.

And now the joys before me move
In Earth's wide battle put to rout.
Where fade the forms we prize and love
And one by one life's fires go out.

Man has but one deep love of youth,
One trembling love of hope and doubt,
No answering love rewards his truth,
The heart is chilled, the fire goes out.

At morn to battle for the right
Goes forth ripe manhood strong and stout;
Alas! that day must close in night,
Men change to clods, the fire goes out.

Fill high the glass! The hour scarce past
With loudest song and deepest bout!
Ah! cold gray morning dawns at last,
The headache comes, the fire goes out.

Ah! up! for Fame, for Honor's state!
We'll carry Glory's high redoubt,—
'Tis but the millionth man is great,
The rest, poor souls, their fire goes out.

Poor child-man, in thy constant strife,
Why ever fret and tease and pout?
Thou canst not wield the toys of life,
Go! sleep! Go—die! thy fire is out.

The last spark flies, and leaves the soul
That grave with ashes strewn about;
Cold grate, with many a dark, dead coal,
Emblem of Life, thy fire is out.

SABBATH READING.

"The Night Cometh, wherein no Man can Work."

Oh, reader, we have taken too little thought of this! Perhaps you have not seen friends, in the full flush of ripened manhood, with all the blessings and hopes of *this* life clustering about them, suddenly cut down by the relentless stroke of the All-Conqueror. Perhaps you have never seen one die—holding his hand in yours, while he "panted away his breath." When you *do* experience this, this great theme will be brought nearer to you. As you work *then*, you will look at your hands and ask yourself:

"And *must* this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And *must* these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?"

The great *certainty* will be before you; you will *feel* that soon "the night cometh, wherein no man can work." You will awake in the night watches, perhaps, by the heavy beating of your heart, and suddenly remember that friend after friend has dropped from your side—that time with them is no longer, and that sooner or later you will be called to join them. And then will come thoughts of earthly enmities—of ungrateful friendships; but *with* them will, also, come the added reflection that this little life, which is even as a vapor, is too short for enmities; animosities, if you have indulged any, will fade before the certainty that in the grave there is no bitterness, no passion, no revenge. Pass but a little while, and you will be forgotten by all save those in whose memories you would live, not with disregard, not with reproach, but with unbroken friendship, undying affection. Thus may it be when *our* "night cometh."

The Withered Wreath.

In wandering a short time ago among the graves of a burial ground, we noticed upon one, only two feet in length, a withered wreath. It had apparently been made for the brow of the little sleeper, so small was it in size, and was perchance laid off in that hour when, proffering an eternal crown, the spirit-host led the child angel from earth to heaven.

This wreath, as it lay withered and frosted upon the little grave, was to us the emblem of eternity; and we could not but think it was a sweet and holy thought that had placed it above the dead. There was no head-stone there—there was none needed; for the withered wreath was both stone and inscription, telling of a nest that was rifled of its sweetest song-bird, and of a pearl that had slipped from the string of affection here, had been gathered to the treasury above.

When that pearl was lost from the jewel-wreath of maternal love, mayhap, in some humble home, where it had sparkled as jewel sparkled before, there was grief unspeakable—"Rachel mourned for her babe and refusing to be comforted."

But in the same hour there was joy in the still throng of the immortals, for a new star was set in the crown of the Holy One, and a new ray added to the brilliancy of Heaven.

So it is ever, when from the circles of earth a babe is borne upward. Shadows may gather here, and treasured wreaths—woven for the brow of the departed—may wither and die upon its grave; but from the Eden hills, comes floating on every sunbeam:

"Sing gentle winds, and clasp your hands ye flowers,
This child once earth's is henceforth God's and ours."

An Elegant Extract.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All grave yards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem sung by the minstrelsy of the ocean sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trump, when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after a brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the laugh-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel, we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lovers of the good or wise can go to shed the tear of sympathy.—Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage!" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights, as I passed over the noblest of cemeteries without a single monument.—*Giles.*

A CAPITAL STORY.

Don't Propose in the Dark.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The pretty farm-house standing at the corner where Kibes lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly Common, and finally disappears amid the green recesses of Perge Wood—that pretty, square farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the entensive barns, yards, and out-buildings, so completly occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh—the large and thriving family of farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or good fortune—or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both—everything goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, it spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous, so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoiled* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, in word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off. Ay, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good natured Mrs. Evans—so noted for activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing; as frugal, as good-natured as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five, as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good looking.

Their children—six 'boys,' as farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight and twenty, and three girls, two grown up, and one, the youngest of the family—are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young man, intelligent and well-conducted; the boys, docile and promising; and the little girl, as pretty a curly-head, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time; for in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dromios. Nearly at an age (I believe that at this moment both are turned nineteen, and neither has reached twenty)—exactly of a stature, so high that Frederick the Great would have coveted them for his tall regiment,—with hazle eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian, or Roman, nor aquiline, not *le petit nez retrousse*, that some persons prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well-shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as well looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly attired in garments of the same color and fashion, looked at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as 'the Evanses,' than as the separate individuals Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters—Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance—were apt to favor by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred little innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin for instance—who being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defied even the Evanses to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve; and could be hardly undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage. Young George Kaily, the greatest beau in the parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Patty had overheard) by that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane.—A bantering piece of malice which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeased with her partner.—How little does a vain man know of woman kind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Galconda.

In short, from their school days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad spinning, down to this, their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature—who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree—had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave, Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she was running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own raveled threads; an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while, she that was so patiently feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of rare flowers—the pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush resembled her own character—was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing.—Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were to be found in Jane's little flower border; and if Mr. Archibald Maclane did sometimes came to look after them, I do not see that it is any business of anybody's.

In the meantime, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind and character, might have done honor to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentleman, and in nothdid he more thoroughly show his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness and genuine prudence of the great English farm-house. The women especially pleased him much.—They formed a strong contrast with anything he had met with before. No finery—no coquetry—no French—no piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. He had known them apart, from the first; and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters; and secretly thought Patty much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side: and before he had been a month in the house all the inmates had given Charles Foster as a lover of his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fy! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense—and like to have such nonsense talked to her, better than anything in the world!

Affairs were in this state when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty—for the two sisters shared the same little room—inquired tenderly, what ailed her? The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, while Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length she roused herself by a strong effort; and, turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone—

'I have a great vexation to-night Patty.—Charles Foster has asked me to marry him!'

'Charles Foster! did you say Charles Foster?' asked poor Patty, trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; 'Charles Foster!'

'Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster!'

'And you have accepted him?' inquired Patty, in a hoarse voice.

'Oh, no—no—no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides I am not the person whom he should have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is, I would not be his wife—cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me Queen of England!'

'You refused him, then?'

'No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villian!'

'Poor father. He will be disappointed. So will mother!'

'They will be disappointed, and both angry—but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will despise him,' added Jane.

Poor Patty, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed, in that agony of passion and grief which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After a while she resumed the conversation.

'We must not blame him too severely. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what was natural. You are so much better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me—but he felt your goodness; and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart,' continued Patty, sobbing, 'if you would accept—,' but unable to speak her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night Patty cried herself to sleep; but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with resistless irritability, the dewy grass-walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light elastic step—she knew the sound well—came rapping behind her; a hand—oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!—tried to drawhers under his own;—while a well-known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents.

'Patty—my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?'

'To me!' replied Patty, with bitterness.

'Ay, to be sure—to your own dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father—for the first time unwelcome—joined us so suddenly, that you had not time to say, 'Yes,' now.'

'Mr. Foster!' replied Patty, with some spirit, 'you are under a mistake here! It was to Jane that you made the proposal, and you are taking me for her at this very moment!'

'Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are jesting!'

'Then he took Jane for me last night—and he is no deceiver!' thought Patty to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure.

'He mistook her for me! He that defied us to perplex him!'

And so it was; an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betty, who had scampered away after a glow worm, added to the deepening twilight and the lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night's misery, to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one. Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

A Valuable Table.

The following table will be found very valuable to many of our readers:

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square and 28 inches deep, will contain a barrel, (5 bushels.)

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square and 14 inches deep, will contain half a barrel.

A box 26 inches by 15-8 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one bushel.

A box 12 inches by 11-2 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushels.

A box 8 inches by 8-4 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck.

A box 8 inches by 8 inches square, and 4-2 inches deep, will contain one gallon.

A box 7 inches by 8 inches square, and 4-8 inches deep, will contain a half gallon.

A box 4 inches by 4 inches square, and 4-2 inches deep, will contain one quart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Large Stories.

We have all heard of 'fish stories,' and it is generally understood they are pretty hard to swallow. There are some, however, who have acquired such a facility in manufacturing them, that they deem it derogatory if they allow themselves to be surpassed in telling them.

Of this class were Jem. B. and Joe. P., two old cronies, who for a while flourished in a neighboring village.

They were seated in the village store one evening, when Jem, designing to call the attention of the company, commenced as follows:

'I say, boys, did I ever tell you what a time I had shooting pigeons over at our house one night last winter.'

'No, no,' said a chorus of voices, 'come, tell it.'

'You see,' said the old man, 'my old woman and I were seated around the fire-place one night in the kitchen, when we heard a fluttering up above.'

'What's that?' asked Jermimi.

'I do not know,' said I; 'it sounds like pigeons.'

'So, I got my old musket and charged it up pretty well, and pointing it up the chimney, I found there was a screech and a crashing noise, and a dozen as plump pigeons as you could wish to see fell upon the hearth. Two fell into the pot that was boiling over the fire, and we had them for breakfast next morning. We didn't have to buy any butcher's meat for a week afterwards.'

'Ahem!' commented Joe, 'that's pretty fair luck, but it isn't a circumstance to what happened to me once. I'll tell it, if you hain't got no objections.'

'Go ahead, Joe, we are all anxious to hear you.'

'Well, I'd been out hunting one afternoon—had dreadful luck—fired away all my shot, and hadn't brought down anything yet. I began to be discouraged, and was thinking of going home, when all at once a lot of robins, (there were fifty of'em, and all in a row,) flew by.

'Here was a capital chance to shoot; but the worst of it was, I had no shot. So I did the best I could. I put in the ramrod and charged it up pretty well. I took aim and fired, and, wonderful to tell, I took the first robin through the eye, and it passed through the whole row of 'em, so they fell to the ground, all strung on the ramrod as neat as could be. I shouldered 'em and carried 'em home.'

'How many robins did you say there were?' asked a bystander.

'Just fifty.'

'And they were all strung on the ramrod?'

'Sartin. Have you anything to say agin it?'

'O, no, certainly not; only it must have been a plaguy long ramrod, that's all.'—*Yankee Blade.*

Official.

In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue there is decidedly more truth than poetry:

Foreman—You fellow with the red hair, what are you at now?

Compositor—I'm setting 'A House on Fire!' almost done.

Foreman—What's Smith about?

Compositor—He's engaged on a 'Horrible Murder!'

Foreman—Finish it as quick as possible and help Marsh through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?

Bob—'A Panic in the Money Market.'

Foreman—Jim, what are you distributing?

Jim—'Prizes in Perham's Gift Enterprize.'

Foreman—Stop that, and take hold of this 'Runaway Horse.' Slocum what in the thunder have you been about the last half hour?

Slocum—Justifying the 'Compromise Measures' which my cub set.

Foreman—You chap on the stool, what are you on?

Compositor—On the 'Table' you gave me.

Foreman—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.

Compositor—How about these 'Municipal Candidates?'

Foreman—Run 'em in. What did you say Slocum?

Slocum—Shall I 'lead' these 'Men of Boston?'

Foreman—No. They're 'solid' of course.

Compositor—Do you want a full-face head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'

Foreman—No; such things go in 'small caps.' John, have you got up that 'Capital Joke?'

John—No, sir; I'm 'out of sorts.'

Foreman—Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished the 'Coalition?'

Wilson—Yes, sir; the 'Coalition' is 'all up.'

Editor—What do you want now?

Devil—More copy, sir.

Editor—Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'

Devil—Yes, sir; and I've got up a 'Warm Winter!'

Scissors—Here, take this 'Official' and be off.

Exit Devil with a 'fat take.'

The Young Ladys' Shorter Catechism.

What is the whole duty of woman? To dress—to sing—to dance—to play on the piano forte—to gabble French or German—and to preside gracefully at the tea-table! What is a man? A thing to waltz with—to flirt with—to take one to the theatre—to laugh at—to be married to—to pay one's bills—and to keep one comfortably! What is life? A polka—a shottische—a dance that one must whirl through as *fast* as possible! What is death? It's—something that its unfashionable to talk of—to whisper of—to think of—so the less that's said about it the better!

☞ 'Boy,' said a traveller to a little fellow clothed in pants and round-about, but minus another very important article of wearing apparel—'boy, where's your shirt?'

'Mammy's washing it?'

'Have you no other?'

'No other!' exclaimed the urchin with indignant scorn; 'would you want a body to have a thousand shirts?'

A STRIKE.—'I ain't a going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't,' exclaimed our imp the other day in a terribie pucker.

'Well, what shall we call you?'

'Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all.'

An Aristocratic Darkey.

John B. Vashon, a colored barber of Pittsburg, died recently at the railroad station in that city, whilst about to start for Philadelphia, to take his seat in the convention of the soldiers of the war of 1812. The history of Vashon is a somewhat singular one. He was a slight mulatto, the son of a Virginia planter of the same name. He died worth two hundred thousand dollars. One of his sons is a lawyer in that city. The people of Pittsburg are indebted to him for the first public baths established in that city. Until the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided that the people of color were not legal voters, Vashon enjoyed the right of suffrage. In 1830, he supported a gentleman for the Assembly, upon the ground that he was a "fashionable man," the meaning which was that he bought his soap at Vashon's shop. On one occasion Vashon visited the falls of Niagara, and there met with a Pittsburg acquaintance who introduced him to a friend from Rochester, N. Y. as "Col. Vashon, of the Mexican army." Shortly afterwards Vashon met this gentleman in Rochester, who paid him great attention, introduced him to the leading notabilities of that city, and the Pittsburg barber was for some days the lion of the place. Vashon kept his own counsel, and on his return to Pittsburg, related the story with great glee, always winding up with the remark, "see what a thing this prejudice of color is! As long as they thought me a Mexican Colonel, I was good enough company for anybody." Vashon considered himself as a sort of western rival of the late Thomas S. Anners, of Philadelphia, whom he describes as "a very *pompeous* man."

Young Lambs.

It is a very nice operation to raise a young lamb, after he refuses food, has a cold mouth, stiff neck, &c.

We have been successful in hydropathy on men and animals, contrary to the old practice. Put the lamb into a bucket of water as warm as you can hold your hand in without scalding, let him remain there about four minutes, or until all tremor subsides. Then take him out, and wipe him over with a warm cloth or sponge, and if not too far gone, give him a table-spoonful of warm drink. Strong green tea, or ginger tea, adding sugar and milk, or all mixed together, are good. Hot woolen blankets should be in readiness, and wound close around him, covering all but his head from the air; let there be two sets and change often. As soon as he is so revived, as to act like eating give him a tea-spoonful or two of milk, warm from the ewe, or "new cow's milk." As soon as he is hungry, and not before, feed him lightly. Here the great secret lies, in feeding and rearing young lambs. We are apt to over feed; this often kills them. Their stomachs are weak, they can not digest but a little at a time. Therefore, feed but little, and often, at first.

Let us reason. Of what use is an extra quantity of food forced into the stomach, where there is not sufficient gastric juice, the solvent of food, or other chemical agents, which weak nature has not at command, to dissolve and digest the food lodged there at once?

The stomach acts like the mill, which is so overfed as to clog the wheels. The inoffensive lamb has no other remedy, but premature death.

[*Country Gentleman.*

McFudd's Irish Letter.

Dere Muther,

I'm wundering what the divil kapes the vesh-il which Peggy's cumin' over in. Ef that blaggard Kaptin has run aff wid her, be the powers o' Moll Kelly I'll take the kurl out uv his wig, ef iver I lay me hands on him.

Ef Pegg was tu be taken frum me I shud die wid greefe, and be berry'd in the arms uv widdy Casey. If the ralerode they're taukin' uv bildin' across the say, betwene here and Galway wur reddy, I'd sune see what's keepin' me darlin'.

But it's me own fault, ef enything happens tu hur, fur insted uv lettin' hur cum in may be sum ould tub, whyident I sind a ballune, and bring hur over in stile. Bad cess to me fur a numbskull, I never think uv enything till it's 2 late.

Ye see, muther avick, I wouldent care so much about the delay, but that I hev, jist on Peggy's account, *waned* meself aff frum luvin' the widdy; and havin' nobuddy tu bestow me affeeshun on I hev tu keep it bottled up in me buzzum, till hur arrivul, and I am nerely kild wid the preshure.

Kape yer self warm, muther dere, fur I suppose it's gittin' as cowld wid yu as wid us. I sind yu a cupple uv blankits tu warm yer outside, and a keg uv potheen tu kape yer inside frum freesin'. Make a warm place under the bed fur the pigs and chickens tu purtect them frum the cowld, the craturs.

I am going to be marryd the moment Peggy arrives; Father Flale sez he'll marry me fur nauthin', barrin a pece uv the cake nothin' more nur less thin a round uv bafe. Won't yer mouth wather whin ye heer it menshuned, fur it's a long time I suppose, sense ye tashted the like.

In addishun to what I told ye I had bawt fur house kapin', I hev layd in a haf duzzen uv *cryin' babys.* What d'ye think uv that? Shure it musht be a convenant country will furnish ye wid a famly reddy made, and that, too before yez marryd at all. Yours, SHAMUS.

HORSES.—I consider the growing of horses profitable. I think a colt can be raised, simply considering the amount he will eat after weaned till three years old, for but little more than a steer, and will sell for three times as much.

☞ The guilt that feels not its own shame, is wholly incurable. It was the redeeming feature in the fault of Adam, that, with the commission of his crime came the sense of his nakedness.

☞ "Goodness me!" cried a nice old lady, the other day, "if the world goes to an end next year, what shall I do for snuff!"

Soliloquy of a Loafer.

Let's see where am I? This is—coal I'm layin' on. How'd I git here? (reflects.) Yes, I mind now. Was comin' up street—met a wheel-barrow—was drunk—comin' 'tother way—the wheel-barrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheel-barrow—and one of us, fell into the cellar,—don't mind which now—guess it must a been me. I'm a nice man, yis I am—tight! tore! shot! drunk! Well I can't help it—'taint my fault—wonder whose fault 'tis. Is it Jones' fault? no. Is it my wife's fault? well it 'aint. Is it the wheel-barrow's fault? n-o-o. It's whiskey's fault. Who is whiskey? Has he a large family? got many relations? All poor, I reckon? I think I won't owe him any more. I'll cut his acquaintance—I've had that notion for about ten years, and always hated to do it for fear of hurtin' his feelings—I'll do it now—I think. Liquor's injurin' me, it's a spoilin' my temper.

Sometimes I get mad, when I'm drunk; and abuse Betz and the brats—it used to be Lizzie and the children—that's some time ago; I can just mind it; when I come home in the evenin's she used to put her arms round my neck and kiss me, and call me her dear William. When I come home now she takes her pipe out of her mouth, and puts her hair out of her eyes, and looks at me and says somethin' like—Bill, you drunken brute! shut the door after you, we're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'thout lettin' the snow blow in that way. Yes, she's Betz and I'm Bill now; I 'aint a good Bill nuther; think I'm counterfeit—won't pass—a tavern without goin' in an' gittin a drink. Don't know what Bank I'm on; last Sunday I was on the river bank, drunk.

I stay out pretty late now, sometimes I'm out all night; fact is, I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at the elbows and knees, and always *out*rageously dirty, so Betz says—but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder why she don't wear good clothes; maybe she hasn't got 'em; whose fault's that? 'taint mine—it must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however; I'm *in*toxicated now, and in somebody's coal cellar. There's one good principle I've got—I won't go in debt, I never could do it. There, one of my coat-tails is gone—got tore off, I expect, when I fell down here—I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me the other day I'd make a good sign for a paper mill; if he wasn't so big I'd a licked him. I've had this shirt for nine days, and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearin'. People ought to respect me more'n they do, for I'm in *hole-y* orders. I 'aint a dandy, though my clothes is pretty near all *grease*-ian style. I guess I tore this winder shutter in my pants, the other night, when I set down on the wax in Ben Stuggs' shop,—I'll have to get it mended up, or I'll catch cold—I aint very stout as it is, though I'm full in the face—as the boys say, I'm about as fat as a match and as healthy as the small-pox. My best hat is 'standid' guard for a winder pane that went out the other mornin' at the invitation of a brick-bat. It's gittin' cold down here; wonder how I'll get out; I aint able to climb. If I had a drink I could think better—let's see, I hain't got no three cents—wish I was in a tavern, I could sponge one. When any body treats and says "come up fellers," I allers think my name is "fellers," and I've got too good manners to refuse. Well I must leave this or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary—I aint come to that yet. Anyhow, it was the wheel-barrow done the harm, not me.—*Alleghanian.*]

Characteristics.

Somebody says there are three kinds of men in this world—the "will's," the "won'ts," and the "can'ts."

The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything.

"I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy.

☞ Snooks wonders where all the pillow cases go to. He says he never asked a girl what she was making, while engaged in white sewing, without being told that it was a pillow case.

This is an evidence that girls know how to answer a fool according to his folly. Snooks is a good-for-nothing, impudent fellow, to ask such impertinent questions, and the girls were right in *making a shift*, and not answering him correctly.

DREAMS.—An old lady, who was apt to be troubled in her dreams and rather superstitious withal, informed the parson of the parish that on a certain night previous, she dreamed she saw her grandmother, who had been dead for ten years. The clergyman asked her what she had been eating? "Oh! only half a mince-pie." "Well," said he, "if you had devoured the other half, you might probably have seen your grandfather, too."

☞ The French papers speak of their new dish, fried rattlesnakes, as a novelty of their own invention. It is not. In the old Florida war, "our men" discovered that rattlesnakes were good to eat; and used to cook them as a pleasing change after salt horse and hard biscuit. We have been assured by one who served in the war that the flesh of the rattlesnake is delicious in the extreme—surpassing even that of the frog, both in flavor and delicacy of texture.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded:

'The only one of my children who shows me any real filial affection, is my youngest son, Larry, for he never *strikes me when I'm down!*'

☞ The Postmaster at West Point, Schuylkill county, advertises *a list of one letter* remaining in his office, and appends to it the very important notice, that 'Persons applying for letters in the above list, will please say that they are advertised!'