

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.]

BY WM. BREWSTER.

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POETICAL.

THE SAN FRANCISCO.

BY ACTON.

'Twas on December's wintry day,
A ship of gallant form,
A wreck upon the ocean lay,
A conquest of the storm.

The waves had swept her bulwarks down,
Had crushed her iron power,
While gloomier grew the tempest's frown,
And darker grew the hour.

And as the storm blast madly roared,
The death song fierce and loud,
They sank—the soldier with his sword,
The seaman in his shroud.

Midst splintered mast and shivered spar,
They wrestled for the doom;
Alone upon the ocean far,
The living hecatomb.

Then rose upon the ruthless gale,
Such moans—unmatched before—
Less happy they who lived to wail,
Than they who wailed no more.

But he who bids the ocean roll,
And holds it in his span,
Can whisper comfort to the soul,
And bring relief to man.

The echoes of the signal gun
Had scarcely died away,
Ere Hope's bright star had shone upon
The scudding mist and spray.

A noble brother of the sea,
Across the billows came,
And heart to heart leaped bold and free,
As flame took leap to flame.

Oh, holy power! fraternal love!
Misfortune closer draws—
When many voices stave above,
Their cheering loud huzzas.

Honor and glory to the brave,
To Creighton and his crew,
Whose manhood faced a watery grave,
And dared be firm and true.

THE TRAVELLER.

Arctic Exploring Expedition.

IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

One of the most extraordinary men and travellers of modern times, is Dr. Kane, of Philadelphia. He seems to have been specially destined for an explorer. He was hardly thirty years old before he had seen enough of the world to stock a library of travels. He had dug among the catacombs of Thebes, climbed the statue of Memnon, bivouacked at Thermopylae, rambled among the Ghauts, and measured the volcanic craters of Luzon, India, Dahomy, Brazil, China, Mexico—each in turn attracted him; it was enough for him that the access was difficult and the exploration perilous.

He has recently published a history of the exploring expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, projected under the auspices of Henry Grinnell, a wealthy New York merchant—His book is almost a series of pictures, scenes and incidents. It is made up principally from a journal kept with wonderful fidelity and graphic force, with some paragraphs here and there to carry on the story of the voyage more rapidly, and an occasional chapter on topics of geographical or more exact scientific interest. Among these last are the discussion of Sir John Franklin's whereabouts—the controversy on prior discovery, Grinnell Land or Albert Land—the origin of the icebergs, and causes which co-operated with the short Arctic summer in forcing a pathway for navigation through sleep-ice coating of the polar sea, all treated with an unusual degree of simplicity and clearness, and without any parade of science. One or two extracts taken almost at random, will give an idea of the Doctor's style of narrative. The explorers have been combating the ice-packs of Baffin's Bay:

THE WHITE BEAR.

"While working with the rest of the crew upon the ice, I was startled by a cry of 'bear.' Sure enough it was that menagerie wonder.—Not, however, the sleepy thing which, with begrimed hair, and subdued, dirty face, appeals to your sympathies as he walks the endless rounds of a wet cage. Our first polar bear moved past us on the floes, a short half mile off, with the leisurely march of fearless freedom. He was a bear of the first magnitude, about nine feet long, as we afterwards found by measuring his tracks. His length appeared to us still greater than this, for he carried his head and neck on a line with the long axis of his body. His color, as defined upon the white snow, was a delicate yellow—not tawny, but a true ochre of gamboge—and his black, blue-black nose looked abrupt and accidental. His haunches were regularly arched, and supported as they were on ponderous legs, gave him

an almost elephantine look. The movements of the animal were peculiar. A sort of drawing dignity seemed to oppress him, and to forbid his lifting his august legs higher than was absolutely necessary. It might have been an instinctive philosophy that led him to avoid the impact of his toes upon ice of uncertain strength, but whatever it was, he reminded me of a colossal puss in boots.

"I will not dwell upon our adventures, as, on murderous thoughts intent, we chased this bear. We were an abused party of zealots, rushing pell-mell upon the floes with vastly more energy than discretion. While walking in the slightest manner over suspicious ice, my companion next in the line behind me disappeared, gun and all; yet, after getting him out, we instantly continued our chase with aid of boats. After laboring very hard for about three hours, repeated duckings in water at thirty degrees cooled down our enthusiasm. The bear, meantime, never varied from his unconcerned walk. We saw him first in a labyrinth of hummock ice."

We have room but for a single extract more. The expedition is in Baffin's Bay, fighting its way homeward through the ice:

ESQUIMAUX DOGS.

"Both our vessels were carrying home Esquimaux dogs. By continued kindness and over-feeding, I succeeded in quite changing the nature of ours; both Disco and Hooky were on the high road to civilization. But those on board the Rescue and the Alert were still as wild as jackals; let loose upon the ice, it was almost impossible to catch them again. One afternoon, a little below the Devil's Thumb, when the dogs of the Alert were on the floe for exercise, a sudden breeze allowed her to work to windward through an open lead. One poor dog was left behind. Boats were sent out to recover him, and we all tried by voice and gesture to coax him toward us. But the half-savage, though he stood gazing at us wildly when we were at a distance, ran skulking and wolf-like as soon as we were near. We were forced at last to abandon him to his fate. We could see him for hours, a dark speck upon the white floe, and afterwards, as far off as the spray-glass served, still with his head raised and his body thrown back on haunches. Worse than this: such was the quiet expanse of ice and water, that we heard the poor creature's howling, waxing fainter and fainter, for eight hours after we left the ice."

"The training of these animals by the natives is of the most ungracious sort. I never heard a kind accent from an Esquimaux to his dog. The driver's whip of walrus hide, some twenty feet long, a stone or a lump of ice skillfully directed, an imprecation loud and sharp, made emphatic by the fist or foot, and a graduated rattle of seal's meat, make up the winter's entertainment of an Esquimaux team. In the summer the dogs run at large and eat for themselves."

"I remarked that there were comparatively few of them at Holsteinberg, and was told a melancholy story to account for it. It seems that the governor and priest and fishermen keep goats, veritable goats, housed in a fire-warmed apartment in winter, and allowed the rest of the year to crop the grasses of the snow valleys. Now the half-tamed, unfed Esquimaux dog would eat a goat, lones, skin, and, for aught I know, horns. The diet was too expensive. It became a grave question, therefore, how to reconcile the incompatibilities of dog and goat. The matter was settled very summarily. When the green season of sunshine and plenty came, the dogs were sent to a rocky islet, a sort of St. Helena establishment, about a mile from the main, with permission to live by their wits, and the goats remain to browse and grow fat at large. The results were tragical. The dogs were afflicted with sore famine. Great life battles began; the strong keeping themselves alive by eating the weak. By this terrible process of gradual reduction, the colony was resolved into some four or five scattered veterans, whose nightly combats disturbed even the milk drinkers at the settlement, until the remnant at last took to the water in desperation, and succeeded in reaching the shore. From these came the "parvulus pecus" that we saw."

"Holsteinberg, however, the sledge is less necessary than further to the north. It is only when the winters are both long and close—for the state of the ice depends on the winds as well as temperature—that the Holsteinberger can make a run as far as Disco. In other seasons his dogs are used only for inner travel, along the peculiarly formed valleys, which stretch back like the folds in interior lakes."

"But there is a constant intercourse kept up by means of them between Gmenak, Rittenbank, Christianshaab, Egedesminde, and Disco; and for some three months, including January and February, they are able to follow the land floes as far as Proven and Upernivik. At these last settlements the dogs are exceedingly numerous. Our friend, the cooper at Proven, had twenty-seven, and each of the stalwart sons of Christianshaab had a team of twelve. Large numbers besides thronged the outskirts, like their pariah brethren of Constantinople and the Nile. They do not bark; I distinguish between the bark and the howl; and they have not the intelligent movement of the tail, which, like the fan of a Spanish senora, I hold to be the most expressive and graceful of all the substitutes for voice. I succeeded, after a while, in making my poor Disco greet me with her tail erect; but she died before she had learned to wag!"

We congratulate the Harpers on the appearance of this book. It is less than three months since we chronicled the complete destruction of their magnificent establishment by fire—printing, engraving, binding, everything—their entire stock of publications included; among the rest Dr. Kane's book, then just ready for circulation; and here we have it anew, in all the beauty of typography, mezzotint, wood cut, and lithography. It is to be a very successful book, both for the author's reputation and the interest of the gallant spirited publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Desperate Rencontre on the Steamer S. F. J. Traube.

We have often heard of meeting a murderer on the high seas, but seldom have to record such scenes of violence as occurred on the steamer S. F. J. Traube, on the Mississippi river, during her recent trip from New Orleans. As is usual at this season of the year, the boat was crowded with deck passengers, chiefly flat boatmen from the Wabash and coal-boatmen from Pittsburgh. Among the latter were a set of turbulent quarrelsome men, who were about half drunk when they got on the boat at New Orleans, and had a fight or two among themselves, before the boat left the port. Captain Tucker was notified by a friend, who recognized one or two of the men, that he would have trouble with them and they would try to take the boat.

Soon after the boat was under way, and before she had proceeded many miles up the river, one of the Pittsburgh coal boatmen attacked a Wabash man who was quiet and peaceable, and had said nothing to him, and knocked him down and beat him dreadfully. Two of his friends interfered to save him from further ill usage, when they were beset and beaten nearly to death, and one of them had his arm broken by a blow of an axe in the hands of one of the rioters. The deck bar was opened, and another passenger, a small man, stepped up after the first fray, and called for a drink. While he was in the act of drinking, a burly fellow, a bully among the coal boatmen, stepped up and seized him by the neck, choked him, and threw him to the deck as if he were a chicken, and then stamped on him. He was suffered to get up, and as soon as he regained his feet he drew a knife and inflicted a terrible wound in the big man's right breast, which placed him on his back during the rest of the trip, and on the arrival of the boat here he was sent to the hospital.

Not long after this occurrence the coal boatmen became perfectly wild with liquor or their anxiety for a fight, and were heard to swear that they would take the boat and do as they pleased. The deck was crowded with passengers, and the quiet and orderly had no peace or rest, and were beset every moment. Capt. Tucker then determined to quell the riot, and summoning his crew, among whom were twenty-one Spaniards, and arming them with short clubs, hatchets, and whatever weapons he could be marched to the lower deck and endeavored to restore order, and put the rioters ashore. The rioters laughed at him, and one big fellow shook his fist under his nose and defied the whole crew. The Spaniards, in solid phalanx, armed with a club and a long knife, were ordered to advance and seize the ringleader. Then ensued a scene of strife and confusion seldom seen on the deck of a boat. The Spaniards crew, however, were victorious, and managed to secure four of the ringleaders, who were tied neck and heel, and peace was at once restored. The chief of the mob was not caught, for several days could not be found, and it was thought that he, together with four or five others, had jumped overboard and either drowned or swam ashore. Several of the cabin passengers aver that they distinctly saw three or four men in the river, and as the affair occurred soon after the boat left New Orleans it was impossible to tell who was lost.

During the melee, a coal boatman, of the name of Blakely, was much hurt and dangerously stabbed in the ear. He was taken care of by the officers of the boat, and sent to the hospital. The mate of the Traube received a cut in the hand from a knife, which he caught just as one of the mutineers made a lunge at him.

The four that were arrested were put off of the boat soon after the affray was quelled, and when the boat was in the neighborhood of Milliken's Bend, the big fellow that had been missing, was found, and was forthwith set ashore. He had been secreted under the cylinder trimmer. No further outbreak occurred during the trip, though many threats were made just before the boat reached port. The discipline of the Spaniards, and the determination of the officers of the boat put an effectual stop to the lawlessness of the coal-boatmen.—Louisville Courier.

Fences for Railroads.

We learn from Mr. JAMES MCGREW a member of the firm of James Sumpter & Co., that they have contracted to hedge a hundred miles of the Central Illinois Railroad with Osage Orange, making 200 miles of living enclosure.—The ground is to be broken this summer and the planting to be done next spring. Their contracts for hedges on farms, amount to a hundred miles more—making 300 miles in all, and requiring three millions of Osage plants. We notice that Mr. Parrot, one of the Representatives from this county, has introduced a bill to regulate railroads, requiring, among other things, that the tracks shall be fenced—a requirement which will certainly add much to the safety of trains. Not to say any thing of such uncommercial articles as "life and limb," we believe that there has been property enough destroyed on the railroads of this State, during the last two years, by running over cattle, hogs, &c., to have paid the cost of fencing.—Whether Mr. Parrot's bill becomes a law or not, the roads, as a matter of economy, will generally be enclosed, and Osage Orange, for that purpose, has advantages over any other fence of which we know. Instead of decaying, as rails do, it becomes stronger and better with age. The effect would be very pleasant, especially when the hedge is in leaf, making a green fringe to the dusty road.—Denton (O.) Gazette.

A woman is a good deal like a piece of ivory. The more you are rubbed, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show till a Sheriff is after you.

There are two things that modest men should undertake—to borrow money or study law.

"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."

The following strange and thrilling incident is related by Richard Storrs Willis, in the Musical World. He says it happened while he was living in Germany, and if true, we can safely challenge the world of Fiction to produce anything more strangely horrible.

In the neighborhood of Vienna, there dwelt a young peasant woman, who supported herself by the cultivation of vegetables, which she disposed of in the Vienna market. She inhabited a small house attached to which was her vegetable garden. Young as she was she had been married; but her husband had died, leaving her a little girl, who was now just old enough to run about and play with the other children in the neighborhood. The mother was still handsome and desirous of a second marriage. About this time, indeed, there was visiting her a young man for whom she had conceived an affection, and whose proposition of marriage she was now beginning impatiently to wait. But no proposal was made. A dark thought finally crossed the young woman's mind that there must be some obstacle in the way, and that this obstacle was, in all probability, the child. An unnatural struggle of jealousy took place, which resulted in a fearful determination—she would make away with the child! Beneath her house was a deep cellar, where she occasionally stored her vegetables. Taking her child by the hand one day, she led it down stairs, and, thrusting it inside, closed the door, locked it, and hurried up stairs. The same evening her lover came; they sat chatting together, but no mention was made of the little absentee. The next day, after a desertion of twenty-four hours, the mother went softly down and listened at the door. The quick ear of the child caught her mother's step, and she implored her to take her out of that dark place, she was so cold and very hungry. No answer was returned, and the mother crept quietly up stairs. In the evening the lover came again. They took supper together, and passed a social evening. After the second twenty-four hours had passed, the mother made another visit to the child. Again the little sufferer heard her, and with feeble voice begged for a crust of bread. This pulled a little upon the mother's heart, but her purpose was fixed. Another day passed. The mother went quietly down stairs and listened. All was silent. She opened softly the door—the child lay dead. Taking swiftly the body up stairs, she laid it upon a bed; immediately making a great outcry, called the neighbors together, telling them that her child had suddenly died. And so it seemed. The day after there was a funeral. The child was lying in its coffin bedrest with flowers, brought by the little playmates in the neighborhood, who had come to attend the funeral of their lost favorite. The procession moved towards the quiet Gottesacker, (God's acre,) where was to be planted this little seed of an immortal flower. A clergyman was in attendance. The mother stood looking down upon the grave, over which the holy man was repeating, with solemn voice, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread."

A piercing shriek, and a mother fell with a groan to the earth. Looking wildly around her, she then, in gibbering accents, related to the shuddering throng at the grave, the very deed her own hands had committed. She lived not long after. Crazy and smitten by the hand of God, she miserably died—a signal instance of retribution, and a startling lesson upon the words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

If I Perish, I Perish.

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

But you will not perish, weeping, trembling soul. He has told you, you shall not. He has sworn by his own name that you shall not.—He loves you too well to let you perish. He has sought you with too dear a price to deliver you so easily to the power of the enemy. Go to him; he will recall Calvary. Go to him, with your doubts; he will remember Gethsemane.—Go to him with all your temptations and fears; he will recall the wilderness, the pinnacle, and the mount. No, you can never perish with such a sympathizer; such a compassionate friend, such an almighty Saviour to befriend you. Then let nothe light of hope so soon fade. Did he ever reject one yet? Did ever poor, trembling sinner come to him on earth, and go away refused of his petition; and does not he himself say, that he is the same, yesterday, today, and forever; the same in his almightiness to rescue the same in his power to uphold; the same to pity; the same to love; to guide, to accept, that he ever was? You are not worse than a thousand others. Paul was more blasphemous; Magdalen was more corrupt; the dying thief more abandoned; and were they refused? Our desire to go will never equal his desire to receive us; our want of grace never surpass his readiness to supply; our wish for happiness always be behind his willingness to bestow it. Go, then, he will not refuse. Go and be blessed. Go and touch the extended scepter and rejoice, and all heaven will rejoice with you; the angels of God will tune to a higher note of praise their harps of gold, and star will whisper it to star, till the whole of God's bright universe shall ring with joy at the return of a long lost soul.—New York Observer.

ANOTHER COMET.—A Correspondent of the Providence Journal, dating from Brown University, states that a brilliant Comet is visible in the north-west. Its latitude at 7 1/2 P. M., on Wednesday, was ten or twelve degrees and it bearing a little to the west of north-west. Notwithstanding a pretty strong twilight, it appeared bright to the naked eye, with a tail somewhat bushy, and four or five degrees in length. With a good common spy glass, this nucleus was very distinct, and pretty well defined.

A Case of Hardness.

On Sunday last a poor man, named George Ayrbart, a tailor, living in Bedford street, committed suicide in the county prison. It appears that during the snow storm of Tuesday morning, his landlord got a writ of possession against him for failure to pay his rent, and a constable turned him and his family, consisting of his blind wife, son, daughter, nephew, and niece, out of doors in the storm. The man had been advised by a lawyer not to pay the rent to any one until a disputed claim to the ownership of his house was settled. On the ejection of his helpless family during the storm, Ayrbart, who is described as a worthy, industrious man, resisted and was committed to prison on charge of assault. This punishment, its disgrace, and the idea of his blind wife and dependent family being homeless in the depth of winter, preyed upon the poor man's mind so that he hung himself in his cell. There is a whole volume of misery, of wretchedness and of wrong in this brief story, and we doubt whether a greater piece of cruelty than that which has so tragically terminated has ever occurred in a Christian land.

One object we have in referring to this matter is to elicit further information in regard to it. The public have a right to know the names of the oppressive landlord and the heartless constable who participated in this drama of wrong. They should be known so as to be held up to the execration of the age. Another object is to enlist the sympathies of the benevolent in behalf of the wretched family—the blind wife and helpless children—thus turned out into the streets in the depth of winter.—Phila. Bulletin.

[This is truly a heart rending case, and we trust that the names of the landlord and constable will be exposed. A subscription for the relief of the living sufferers has been opened.—But who can restore the dead husband and father to life?]

Things that are Coming.

Manhood will come, old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall cast upon your acquaintances will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company will assemble to carry you to the church-yard will come; and that moment when you are put in the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all will come on every living creature who hears me; and in a few little years the minister who now speaks, and the people who listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now, all this, you know must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless and thoughtless and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call on you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and not longer to trifle and delay, when the high matters of death and judgement and eternity are thus set so evidently before you.

Curious Fact.

By a simple experiment, it is easy to discover to what animal any kind of blood or spots of blood belonged. The process is as follows: Put a few drops of blood, or the serum of blood into a glass; add concentrated sulphuric acid to the amount of one-third, or half the quantity of blood, and stir the whole together with a glass rod; by this means the odiferous principle, peculiar to the species of animal to which the blood belonged, is evolved! Thus, for instance, the blood of man disengages a strong odor of the perspiration of man, which it is impossible to confound with any other; that of a woman a similar odor, but much weaker; that of the sheep the well-known smell of greasy wool; of a pig the disagreeable odor of a piggy, and so on. Even the blood of a frog has given out the smell of marshy reeds, and that of a carp the peculiar smell of a fresh water fish. Upon trials made to ascertain whether spots of blood could be distinguished, and referred to their source, it was found that to a certain extent, a pretty sure judgment can be given even after fifteen days. The spotted linen is to be cut out, put into a watch glass, and, being moistened with a little water, left for a short time at rest, and well soaked; a little sulphuric acid is to be added and stirred about with a glass rod, the peculiar odor will then be recognized; but this experiment should be performed without delay, for after a fortnight the odor is scarcely perceptible.

A Wonderful Clock.

There is now in the possession of, and manufactured by Mr. Collins, silversmith, of Gloucester, England, a most ingenious piece of mechanism—an eight day clock, with dead beat escapement maintaining power; chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three times in twelve hours; or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows: One, once a minute; once an hour; once a week; once a month; once a year.—It shows the moon's age, the time of rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low water, half ebb and half flood; and by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the water, which rises and falls, lifting the ships at high water tide as if it were in motion, and as it recedes leaves these little automation, ships dry on the sands. It shows the twelve signs of the zodiac; it strikes or notes, as you wish it; it has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock is of beautiful workmanship, and performs most accurately the many different objects which are called into action by the ingenious proprietor, who is most willing to describe all its various achievements to any one who may feel a pleasure in paying him a visit.—London Paper.

Getting Married.

During the last summer, a little incident transpired in one of the eastern towns, which afforded some amusement to the spectators at the time, and furnished food for a considerable gossip thereafter. It occurred in church on one of those quiet afternoons when all the world seems ready to drop asleep; when the flies buzz lazily on the window-panes, and the dog lies on the door stone.

The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when to the great astonishment and the manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice:—"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to arise.

Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation:—"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good looking and well dressed, but no one knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, and with a reverent bow, stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither of them said anything nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an under tone:—"The lady, sir, is dilatory?"

"Very, sir."

"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, sir?" said the astonished shepherd, "how should I know of your lady's movements? That is a matter belonging to yourself."

A few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories:—"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why the lady to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it; was the unsatisfactory response."

"Then, sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose do you trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged cleric.

"I come, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to become united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to step forward; and I happened to entertain such a wish! I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered with solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves; and when, (after the church was closed,) the story got wind among the congregation, more than one girl regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as the young gentleman's, who had really wished to become "united in the holy bonds of matrimony."—N. O. Picayune.

Lime for Wheat.

We have no doubt that the application of lime to the wheat crop would in many instances be decidedly beneficial, while doubtless on other soils it would be of no use. Unfortunately most of the experiments made with this material, are not followed by measured results, and consequently we are left in such cases without any definite knowledge of its true value. Experiment alone must determine its usefulness in all cases; for theory points out so many different ways in which lime may operate, that we can place no reliance whatever on anything but accurate trial. The following experiment was furnished the Rural New-Yorker, by J. W. Pierce, of Alabama, N. Y., and although not as reliable as a series of experiments, is still worthy of regard. It is in substance as follows:—"Light clayey loam," formerly not yielding more than 7 or 8 bushels per acre, after lying in grass five years was plowed in 1852, nine or ten inches deep, and then twenty bushels of stone lime applied per acre (the cost being 10 cents per bushel) in heaps of half a bushel each. When well slacked, these heaps were spread with a shovel, the ground harrowed thoroughly and then plowed with a gang-plow. In the spring the crop had a most unpromising appearance, but on the approach of warm weather it revived, and at harvest, though thin, yielded twenty-two bushels per acre of very plump wheat. A field by its side, well followed, but not limed, appeared much finer in the spring and yielded more straw, but only eighteen bushels per acre.

A Love Scene.

Overheard and photographically reported by Phredrick Phine. "Phairest of the pair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheling when I phorsee phear-phancy consequences of phedding phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have; and as phickle phortune phaits to smile upon our love; I phind I must phorogo the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phairest Phrance, pharewell phorerer."

"Hold Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrance, "I will phollow you phorerer." But Phranklin had phled, and Phrance phated a going it!

In the Wrong Box.

John Hart—rest his soul, he's dead now—was a musical genius of the first water; and like many others of the same stamp, was somewhat erratic wital.

One night at Newport, after being engaged in a serenade, where divers strong potatoes had been dealt out without stint, our hero stowed himself away under a friendly cart to sleep off the fumes caused by the many libations in which he had indulged. He was soon espied, by one in authority, and marched or lugged off to the almshouse, and there put to bed. Soon as morning came, John turned out, and thinking that he had got into some tavern, hunted about for the bar, to get his morning dram.—He soon came athwart Mr. Johnson, (the master of ceremonies there,) and asked of him if he was landlady, as he would like some bittern that morning. "I'll bitter you," replied the Sandhedran, taking our son of harmony by the collar, and dragging him toward the breakfast hall; "Sit you down in there and eat your breakfast, then come back to me." "Rather queer tavern and rough landlady," said our Festin to himself, as he sat down to his frugal meal; "never mind, I'll eat and be off, and make the best of it; he don't know me, I reckon."

Soon as breakfast was over, John goes up to the superintendent again, and asks him for his bill as he wished to be going. "I'll bill you," roared forth the boss, as he took poor Jack by one ear, and dragged him into the silk factory, i. e., the oakum room, and told him to go to work or he would fare worse. "Look you here," replied our hero, "let me tell you that is rather out of my line of business. Now if you would like a solo on the key bugle, a tune on the clarinet, trombone, French horn, or most any instrument; any particular song set to music, arranged, in short, most anything in the music line I can do; but I don't like to meddle with another man's business; so you'll please excuse me." Mr. Johnson found out, by a little inquiry that his guest could do better than pick oakum, and after a little salutary advice, was set at liberty.

Talk About the Americans.

Should he "guess," write him down a Yankee; does he "reckon," you may swear him a Southerner. The Yankee "guesses," the Southerner "reckons." Per contra, however, Yankee "calculates," and pretty shrewdly also, while the Southerner "allows." The one "wouldn't wonder," if some unexpected event should take place, while the other more ardent and careless of assertion, "goes his head upon it," that it will. To the latter drawing his comparison from his idolized rifle, a thing is "as sure as shooting," while to the other more pious or more hypocritical, it is "as certain as preaching." The one will be "damned," and the other "damned," both evading an oath in nearly the same manner. Should the asseveration require additional force, the Northern man will be "equal darnd," and the Southern "dod darnd"—a curious perversion of sacred names to ease the conscience while giving vent to one's temper.

A "Dead Sell."

An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a young Duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied—declaring that it was totally unlike her. The painter however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance be left to a little dog belonging to the Duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test.—The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait, than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night which was actually so—the painter having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

Temperance Facts.

A Correspondent of the Philadelphia Sun, writing from Cohasset, Mass., relates a good anecdote of a physician residing in that place, which he says is a fact, and the best temperance lecture he ever heard. Some thirty years ago, this doctor was addicted to hard drinking, and neglected his professional duties to such an extent that the people were obliged to send to Boston for a new physician, a young man whom they colonized among them. Things went on very well for a time, the old doctor losing patients and the new doctor finding them. At last this brace of pistols met in the town store, the old doctor purchasing a jug of rum, the young doctor buying a barrel of flour. Some invective remarks by a bystander called forth a sneer from the younger and more flourishing of the two doctors. This was noticed and interpreted by the old one, who with a calm deliberate air put the cork into the jug of rum, and turning to the sneering opponent, he said:—"I have put the cork into the jug, and I won't take it out again till I have starved you out of the town of Cohasset." He kept his word, and in about a year from that time he had regained all his old patients and friends, and obliged the young doctor to evacuate for fear of starving.