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. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 16.

TERMS:

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POETICAL.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUD.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunshine and her shower!
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bower;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on field, and bloom on tree;
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing comes a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly;
Sweet I ponder as I wander,
For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her mornings fresh and light;
With her noon of chequered glory,
Sky of blue and clouds of white,
Calm and gray night falls, when light falls
For the star-bespangled sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high,
Still, at morn, at noon, and even,
Spring is full of joy for me,
For I ponder, as I wander,
And my musings are of thee.

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling,
Whatsoe'er thy name may be;
Beautiful beyond words telling,
Is thy presence unto me.
Morning's breaking finds the waking,
Wandering in the breeze's light;
Noontide's glory mantles o'er thee,
In a shower of sunny light;
Daylight dying, leaves thee lying
In the silvery twilight ray;
Stars look brightly on thee nightly
Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
Feel I near thee, lovely one;
In the lark and in the linnet
I can hear thy joyous tone.
Bud and blooming, mark the coming
Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
And thy presence, with life's essence
Makes the forest's heart to fill.
Low before thee, I adore thee,
Love creative, thee I sing;
Now I meet thee, and I greet thee
By the holy name of Spring.

FERN LEAVES.

The Invalid Wife.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Every wife needs a good stock of love to begin with."

Don't she? You are upon a sick bed; a little, feeble thing lies on your arm, that you might crush with one hand. You take those little velvet fingers in yours, close your eyes and turn your head languidly to the pillow. Little brothers and sisters—Carry and Henry, and Fanny, and Frank, and Willie, and Mary, and Kitty—half a score—come tiptoeing into the room "to see the new baby." It is quite an old story to "nurse," who sits like an automaton, while they give vent to enthusiastic admiration of its wee toes and fingers, and make profound inquiries, which nobody thinks best to hear.—You look on with a languid smile, and they pass out, asking, "why they can't stay with dear mamma, and why they musn't play puss in the corner," as usual. You wonder if your little croupy boy tied his tippet on when he went to school, and whether Betty will see that your husband's flannel is aired, and if Peggy has cleaned the silver, and washed off the front door steps, and what your blessed husband is about that he don't come home to dinner.

There sits old nurse keeping up that dreadful tread-mill trotting "to quiet the baby," till you could fly through the key-hole in desperation. The odor of dinner begins to creep up stairs. You wonder if your husband's pudding will be made right, and if Betty will remember to put wine in the sauce, as he likes it; and then the perspiration starts on your forehead as you hear a thumping on the stairs, and a child's suppressed scream; and nurse snatches the baby up in a flannel to the tip of its nose dumps it down on an easy chair, and tells you to leave the family to her and go to sleep.—By and by she comes in—after staying long enough to get a refreshing cup of coffee, and walks up to the bedside with a bowl of gruel, tasting it, and then putting the spoon into the bowl. In the first place you hate gruel; in the next, you couldn't eat it if she had a pistol to your head, after the spoon had been in her mouth so you meekly suggested that it be set on the table hoping by some providential interposition, it might get tipped over. Well, she moves round the room with a pair of creaking shoes and bran new gingham gown, that rattles like a paper window curtain at every step; and smooths her hair with your nice little brush, and opens a drawer by mistake, (?) "thinking it was the baby's drawer." Then you hear little nails scratching on the door, and Charley whispers through the key-hole, "mamma, Charley's tired; please let Charley come in."

Nurse scowls, and says no; but you intercede—poor Charley he's only a baby himself. Well, he leans his head against the pillow, and looks suspiciously at that little moving bundle of flannel in nurse's lap. Its clear he had a hard time of it, with tears and molasses! The little shining curls you have so often rolled over your fingers, are a tangled mass; and you long to take him and make him comfortable, and corset him a little, and then baby cries again and you turn your head on the pillow with a smothered sigh. Nurse hears it and Charley is taken struggling from the room. You take your watch from under your pillow to see if your husband won't be home soon, and then look at nurse, who takes a pinch of snuff over your gruel and sits down nodding drowsily, with the baby in an alarming proximity to the fire.—Now you hear a dear step on the stairs. It's your Charley! How bright he looks and what nice fresh air he brings with him out of doors!

He parts the bed curtains and looks in, and pats you on the cheek. You just want to lay your head on his shoulder, and have such a splendid cry! but there sits that old Gorgon of a nurse—she don't believe in husbands, she don't! You make Charley a free mason sign, to send her down stairs for something. He says—right out loud—men are stupid! "What did you say dear?" Of course you protest you didn't say a word—never thought of such a thing! and cuddle your head down to your ruffled pillow, and cry because you are weak, weary, and full of care for your family, and don't want to see anybody but "Charley!"—Nurse says "she will have you sick," and tells your husband, "he had better go down and let you go to sleep." Off he goes, wondering what on earth ails you to cry! wishing he had nothing to do but to lie still and be waited upon.

After dinner he comes to bid you good-bye before he goes to his office—whistles "Nelly Bly" loud enough to wake up the baby, whom he calls a comical little concern, and then puts his dear thoughtless head down to your pillow, at a signal from you, to hear what you have to say. Well there's no help for it, you cry again, and say, "Dear Charley!" and he laughs and settles his dickey, and says you are a "nervous little puss," and gives you a kiss, lights his cigar at the fire, half strangles the new baby with the first whiff, and takes your heart off with him down the street.

You lie there and eat that gruel and pick the fuzz off the blankets, and make faces at the nurse, under the sheet, and wish Eve had never ate the apple—Genesis iii. 16—or that you were "Able to Cain" her for doing it!

Sketch by Fanny Fern.

"An elderly gentleman, formerly a well-known merchant, wishes a situation; he will engage in any respectable employment not too laborious."

N. Y. Daily Paper.

I don't know the old man. I never saw him on 'change, in a fine suit of broadcloth, leaning on his gold-headed cane; while brokers, and Insurance officers, and Presidents of Banks, raised their hats deferentially, and the crowd respectfully made way for him. I never kept account of the enormous taxes he annually paid the city, or saw his gallant ship ploughing the blue ocean, with their costly freight to foreign ports. I never saw him in his luxurious home, taking his quiet siesta, lulled by the liquid voice of his fairy daughter. No; nor did I hear the auctioneer's hammer in that princely home, nor see the red flag floating like a signal of distress, before the door. I didn't read the letter that recalled his only boy from college, or see the humble family, as they passed, shrinking over the threshold into poor lodgings whose landlord coarsely stipulated for "a week's rent in advance."

"Any occupation not *too laborious*." How mournfully the old man's words fall upon the ear! Life to commence anew, with the silver head, and bent form, and faltering step and palsied hand of age! With the first ray of morning-light, that hoary head must be lifted from an unquiet pillow, to encounter the drenching rain, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. No reprieve for the throbbing brow and dimmed eye, from the wearisome ledger.—Beardless clerks make a jest of the "old boy;" superciliously repeating in his insensitive ear, their mutual master's orders. With them he meekly receives his weekly pittance; sighing, as he counts it over, to think of the few comforts it will bring to the drooping hearts at home. Foot-weary he travels through the crowded streets; his threadbare coat, and napless hat, and dejected face, all unnoticed by the thriving young merchant, whom the old man helped to his present prosperous position.—The birth-days of his delicate daughter come and go, all unmarked by the joy-bestowing gift. With trouble and exposure, sickness comes at last; then, the tardy foot, and careless, professional touch of the callous Dispensary Doctor; then the poor man's hearse stands before the door; then winds unheeded through the busy streets, to the "Potter's field," while his former cotemporaries take up the daily paper and sipping their wine say carelessly, as if they had a quit-claim from sorrow, Well, Old Smith, the broken down millionaire, is dead.

Ah, there are tragedies of which editors and printers little dream, woven in their daily advertising sheets; the office boy feeds the fire with many a tear-blotted manuscript, penned by trembling fingers, all unused to toil.

☞ "Stolen fruit is the sweetest," and we are inclined to think that stolen knives are the sharpest; for the more we *steel* them, the better they cut.

☞ It is absurd to call "old maids," vinegar-faced, inasmuch as there is no *mother* about them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Frederic the Great.

FREDERIC of Prussia was a tyrant, without doubt; but an enlightened one, and, in many respects, a liberal one. He had the sentiment of justice somewhat strongly developed, although he would commit, now and then, very arbitary and cruel actions—witness his treatment of Baron Trenck, which, let the provocation—never clearly understood—have been what it might, could not have justified the atrocious, systematic, and unintermitting persecution to which he was subjected. But allowances ought to be made for Frederic, if they are to be made for anybody, possessed of so much power, and so wholly irresponsible for the use of it. It is surprising that the son of suck a father as his could have had any virtues at all—any feeling, or honor, or justice—and then he was an absolute monarch—a position but little calculated to foster and encourage virtuous propensities. He was greatly superior to the crowned heads of his day—and the affix of Great, accorded to him by his cotemporaries, was very appropriate then, and the judgment of posterity has confirmed it.—Napoleon, though little addicted to saying flattering things of other majesties, admired Frederic, visited his tomb, fillibustered his sword, and said of him that it was a pity so great a man should ever die. Had Fritz, as his soldiers called him, lived and reigned in our times, it is likely that he would have been as much superior to his crowned "brothers" and "sisters" of the year 1854 as he was to those who flourished seventy or eighty years ago. He had the elements of greatness in him—and, had he lived in better and more favorable times, they would have been more signally developed, it is likely. Voltaire, who professed to hold atheists in great contempt—though but little better than one himself—and who, as Cowper says of him,

"Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn,"

regarded the king as an atheist, when he was in a bad humor with him. He was tolerant, however, and enforced toleration throughout his dominions—which no other monarch of his time did fully, we believe. This at that day, was much.

Frederic has had no equal, probably, in some respects—in fortitude and tencity of purpose. Here Napoleon was his inferior. He never lost heart, never desponded, never despaired, even when he carried poison in his pocket as the *dernier* resort, if fortune should declare against him finally. Napoleon did the same. Such a war as he carried on against more than half of Europe no other man could have carried on *then*; and it is doubtful, we think, whether either Napoleon or Wellington could have done so much, with such small means, comparatively.

We have been led to make these few remarks about Frederic in consequence of finding, in the London Times, a letter of his to his Minister, Finkkerstein, published recently at Berlin, dated January 10 1657. This was a very gloomy period of the war, and he tells his Minister what he must do in case the French and Russians should be successful against him at certain points, and in it is the following remarkable passage:

"Should I be killed, affairs are to be managed as if nothing had happened, without the slightest alteration, and without seeming to be in other hands. Should I be made a prisoner by the enemy, I positively order that my person is not to be at all considered, nor the least attention paid to any thing I may write while a prisoner. Should such a misfortune happen to me, I intend to sacrifice myself for the State: and obedience must them be paid to my brother, [the heir presumptive,] for which he, and the Ministers and Generals, shall answer to me with their heads, that no ransom shall be offered for me, and the war shall be continued precisely as if I had never existed."

In this there is nothing dramatic, no affectation of a patriotism and resolution simulated and not felt. The posture of the king's affairs was a very critical one, and from the manner in which he exposed himself in the battle he fought, it was very likely that he might be killed, or taken prisoner, against either of which contingencies he had made most heroic provision. His brother and his Ministers and Generals, knew him too well to attempt any departure from his orders. About a question of a political or military obedience he inherited the ideas of his father, in a great degree. What he says about their heads was no flourish, no *brutum fulmen*, and that they knew, and would have implicitly obeyed him with respect to all he said about himself, not from indifference to his fate but from respect to his wishes, and from fear of his vengeance, if they did not obey.

But few letters have been written by kings and potentates, we imagine, under similar circumstances that can compare with this, for self-sacrificing patriotism and disinterestedness. The king had plunged his country, very unnecessarily into a war, but being in it, he bore himself in a manner that endeared him greatly to his countrymen and subjects. Had he lived later, he would probably have been a greater man, and a better one; his ideas would have been more expanded and liberal. But, tried by the standard of his times, the complimentary epithet added to his name is not misapplied, for he was—as the word was then, and is now used—Great.—*Daily Globe.*

☞ An editor out west, in speaking of his domestic increase, gives the following:

Sound the stage horn—blast the trumpet,
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico.

Sieze the pen, Oh! dreaming poet!
And in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings!
Betsy's got another baby!

☞ Question for philosophers—Which is the worst, to contract debts, or enlarge them?

Woman's Beauty.

There is talk, at present, over a revival of the ancient arts for making the *eye* bright. A lady writes to a correspondent of the London *Leader* on the subject, who thus gives her question, and his reply:

"Is it true that women stand over the fumes of charcoal to make their eyes more bright?—Arabella doubts it, but has heard it gravely stated; Vivian has not heard it stated, but he gravely doubts. Opium gives an unusual distension to the pupil of the eye; but the effect is not permanent, and after repeating that dangerous experiment a few times, the effect ceases altogether. Rouge gives lustre to the eye—but unappily rouge itself is discernible, and its moral effect on the beholder is dangerous."

There is also a rage for long eyebrows and eyelashes—for which Rowland gives a recipe:

"In Circassia, Georgia, Persia and India, one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes, by tipping and removing the fine gossamer-like points with a pair of scissors when they are asleep.—By repeating this every month or six weeks, they become, in time, long, close, finely curved and of a silky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful, when, owing to inflamation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned or stunted."

But beauty is so rare, after all, in any very astounding degree, as to be a phenomenon—an exception—with which the laws and successes of society have little to do. In Paris, at any rate, the superiority is given altogether to *distinction* of look—to the *distingue* woman of fashion. In our country, (thank Heaven!) it is given to the superior woman in all respects—temper, education, character and grace. But let us quote once more from the French writer whose notions on the subject (translated for the *Albion*) we made extracts from, a week or two ago:

"I have sought to prove, both by theory and illustration, that in the matter of beauty there are only tastes and fashions. But should there be those who, after criticising all, declare themselves of a different opinion from every one—who, when they see men to whom we owe the most brilliant theories of beauty, take to their arms and their hearts the most cynical and frightful, and revolting refuse, are, in view of such an anomaly, led to believe not only that *there is no type of the beautiful*, but even that within certain limits there is neither individuality in perception of the beautiful, nor individuality in a sense of what is ugly; that there are only sentiments and sensations, sympathies and antipathies, that attraction comprehends everything; in short, that we have only love and lovers—if, I say, there be those who fall into such conclusions, I am not one of them. I have my creed. I have my enthusiasm, my adored type. I have my own idea of the beautiful.

"Brought into comparison with the *distinguee* woman, what becomes of others, half deified in their day? We make models for artists, from them; such and so great is the difference. No; that alone is beautiful which has the power of exciting agreeable emotions. Such is the opinion of Plato, St. Augustin, Wolfe and Voltaire—and they are right.

"In place of so much insipid perfection, how greatly do I prefer all those pretty defects which captivate us! Can anything be more seductive than our *distinguees* women? Can anything be more charming than these slight creatures, swaying, sparkling and ethereal, like the flame of punch? Ah! even if they are what was said of them by Hesiod nine hundred years before Christ—when he indignantly stigmatized them as *gnne pugostolos*, that is to say, women addicted to flesh. If their mind be a problem, and their heart a myth, what matters it? They are irresistible. Who could remain insensible to their witchery? They have every sort of refinement, every manner of charming weakness; they gather around them all the silks, all the lace, all the exquisite perfumes of modern civilization, and then—and to crown all. * * * I do believe I am giving into the *je ne sais quoi*. It is in truth a little in the style of the girdle of Venus. Homer, after exhausting hmself in enumerating the gifts of the talisman after specifying "all the charms of beauty and grace," makes an awkward pause and winds up with this, which is likewise our conclusion:—'Coupled with a secret and mysterious charm which baffles speech.' With us this secret charm is, Fashion."

But let us wind up wth the following advocacy of plain women, which we find floating about as an extract from an American writer:

"Most ladies think it s the summit of misfortune to be ugly. This is a mistake, quite frequently. The chanes are, as the world goes, that homely woaen are altogether the best at heart, head and soul. A pretty face often presides over a false heart and a weak head, with the smallest shadow of a soul."—*Home Journal.*

☞ 'Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depths of one of the "old solemn wildernesses" of the Grat West.

"House?—I ain't gotno house."

"Well, where do you ive?"

"I live in the woods—sleep on the Great Government Purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out o the Mississippi!"

And he added:

"It is getting too tick with folks about here. You're the second man I've seen within the last month, andI hear there's a whole family come in about fity miles down the river I'm going to put out into the woods again!"

☞ "All things are possible," said a country parson, more distinguished for his immensely large mouth; than for the eloquence that proceeded from it. "No," replied a darkey hearer, "not possible to make your mouf any bigger widout settin' yar ears furder back."

☞ A man in attempting to seize a favorable opportunity, laid hld on the horns of a dilemma.

A Spectacle of Moral Grandeur.

John Milton the chief of poets, held the post of Latin Secretary under Cromwell. At the restoration, he was of course dismissed from his office. He was now poor and blind, and to these afflictions, Charles II, added political persecutions:—he fined him, and doomed his writings on liberty to be publicly burned:—Nothing more daunted by these fierce and multiplied trials, the great poet retired into private life, invoked his mighty genius, and produced "Paradise Lost!" But after he had endured the ills of poverty several years, Charles feeling the need of his matchless talents, invited him to resume his former post, with all its honors and emoluments and court favors. But Milton knew that the price of his honor must be silence on the great question of human liberty. Therefore, he did not hesitate a moment. It was a strong temptation—the bribe was splendid. By merely keeping silence he could have honor, in abundance, and high position, in exchange for poverty, persecution and neglect. But this could not be.—The poet loved truth too well; his soul was too noble, too sincere, too firm in its allegiance to God and liberty; to barter away its right to condemn tyranny for place or gold. Hence, he spurned the royal offer, clung to his principles and his poverty, until death called his free soul to enter its congenial heaven. And so gentle was the summons; so sweetly calm was his unruffled spirit in the hour of dissolution, that his friends knew not the precise moment of his death.

How sublimely beautiful the grand old poet stand out before the mind in this fact! Harrassed, tired, aged, and blind; having the power to turn the enmity of a royal dispositism into favor, by simply refraining to speak and write on the liberties of mankind, he grows majestic in his poverty, as he nobly spurns the bribe in obedience to the voice of duty. For the truth's sake he holds fast to poverty and obscurity. To maintain the right of free speech, he sacrifices himself, and defies the power of the king. Noble Milton! As the author of "Paradise Lost," seated in his study, surrounded by the sublime creation of his genius, he wears an aspect of sublimity; but in that act of fidelity to God and liberty, his attitude is far more grand, sublime and beautiful. As the first of poets, he shines resplendent with intellectual lustre; as the scorner of the royal bribe, he exhibits the moral grandeur of a faithful man—he wills our ideal of the man of faith, standing defiant and unawed by human power, because upheld by an immovable trust, and by an unconquerable allegiance to his invisible God. Well did the ancient heathen exclaim, in similar circumstances: See a sight worthy of God!"—*Zion's Herald.*

Happiness.

There is implanted in the mind a desire for happiness, which all are endeavoring by every possible means to gratify; some in one pursuit and some in another; but however various the pursuits may be, all are aiming at the same result. All seem to be seeking it as the great object of life; and I think this is perfectly justifiable, if the right course is pursued. But why do so many seek in vain? It is because happiness is not attainable in this life? It is true that perfect happiness is not the growth of a terrestrial soil; but earthly happiness is comparative, and if rightly pursued may be arrived at. Yet many, very many seek for this gem of earthly good,all to no purpose; and this is because they take the wrong course; for unless sought in something besides sinful pleasures and trifling pursuits, the so much coveted prize will never be obtained. There may be a momentary pleasure attending such scenes which might for the time being be mistaken for happiness; and even this consists more in anticipation than reality; but this will soon vanish and leave an aching void in the heart.—Happiness is more equally divided and also more easily obtained than many may suppose; but it will not be found in the trifling bubbles of life, nor is it confined to the halls of wealth as many suppose; but dwells with those of a cohtented mind and quiet conscience; those who employ their time and talents in usefulness, and in endeavoring to promote the happiness of others. With such there will be the consciousness of pure motives and right conduct, which is of itself a well-spring of happiness, and which those who are pursuing an opposite course, will never gain. But happiness is equally in the power of all. All that will, may secure the prize, for it is the good alone, who are truly happy.—*Pearl Gatherer.*

Facts in Human Life.

The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3000—587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1266 in America.—The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men are about equal to that of the women. Life's average is 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a facility refused to one half of the human species. To every 1000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100, only six reach the age of 95; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,334 every day; 3780 every hour; and 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones.—Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age, than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 1000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equnioxes; that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

Another New Territory.

A letter to the N. Y. Herald, dated Carson Valley, Utah territory, February 3d, says:

"We have applied to Congress to be separated from Utah into a territory of our own, to be bounded on the East by the Goose Creek Mountains, North by Oregon, South and West by California. A few more voters are wanted in Congress to 'preserve the balance of power.' We will come in due time to demand a seat there."

The area included within the limits thus described is about one-third of the territory of Utah, of which it is the western part. It is remote from the Mormon settlement and adjacent to California, by emigrants from which the valley of Carson River has been settled.—These people are not Mormons, nor have they any affinity to that strange collection of polygamists. They are industrious Americans, who have occupied their present position because of the beauty and fertility of the valley. Finding themselves beyond the pale of "the Eureka State," it is quite natural they should feel restive at being under Mormon rule, and it would seem no more than proper that their petition for a separate territorial government should receive consideration. But right in the pathway of their movement stands Senator Douglas' slavery-agitation, obstructing all progress towards providing governments for our at present uncared for territories.

The object of these and other settlers on the Pacific is plainly avowed, for they honestly tell us that they want to increase their numerical strength in Congress. They think that if all the new States on the Pacific slope of the continent are made as large as California, the interests of that division must inevitably suffer—in which idea we cannot think they err. The States of the Mississippi valley are already exorbitant in their demands, and even refuse the old original thirteen of the Atlantic seaboard an equal participation in the favors of the national government. The Pacific settlers can hope for no favors at their hands unless by the force of numbers they can compel them.—They are right, therefore, in endeavoring to build up such a power as by its array must command respect at the national capitol. The efforts which are now in progress to erect a new territory out of the northern part of California and the southern part of Oregon, are a part of this policy. Ultimately some of these plans must prove successful, however they may be postponed or defeated for a time. For as soon as the seaboard States of the Atlantic come to understand the true position of affairs, they will perceive that it is to their interest to create these new territories on the Pacific side, in order to raise up an ally against the grasping disposition of the States of the interior.

The Hand that Saves us.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work, that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, till he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned quickly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraiding; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude doubly blessed the hand that saved him. Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty, in mercy, dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

Raising Poulry.

As raising poultry is becoming a matter of considerable interest, I send you a few remarks on my experience, and some calculations which I have made, thinking they might be interesting to those, who, like myself, have had an attack of the chicken fever:

I have often heard it said that it was more profitable to sell eggs than to raise chickens. I did not think so; but to prove the matter, I kept an account the past season of every egg set and hatched. The following is the result:

Eggs set,	704
Chickens hatched,	457
" raised,	169

I consider that I had very "bad luck" in raising so few. It was not entirely owing to bad management, although I now see where I made several mistakes. I had so many difficulties to contend with—the hawks, crows, hogs, rats, &c.,—each and all took a large share, and yet had the eggs been sold, the average price would not have been more than 14 cents per dozen which would have amounted to $8,21 cents, whereas, I have sold 88 chickens, used in the family and given away 45, and have 36 left.

No account was kept of the feed, because those used in the family would considerably more than have paid for that, had the "almighty dollar" been the entire object. Chickens pick up a great deal that would otherwise be wasted on a farm, and one living in the country knows what a satisfaction it is to have plenty of chickens and eggs of their own raising.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ A rather suspicious looking fellow was seen, the other day, skinning the lost sheep of Israel.

Sleigh Riding with a Widow.

Snow had fallen; the young of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same slegh, under the same buffalo as myself. "Oh! oh! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came up to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me while her eyes twinkled in the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked; "I am not doing anything.

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll!" replied Mrs. Lambkin. I rejoined, "what's that?" "How!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "Dr. Meadows pretends he don't know what toll is" "Indeed, I don't then," I said, laughing in turn. "Don't you know that gentlemen, when they go on a sleighing party claim a kiss as toll, when they cross a bridge! Well, I never!" When next we came to a bridge and claimed toll, the struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow when the veil was removed her face turned directly towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight the horse trotted on himself; toll was taken for the first time in his life by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it without a struggle. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practicle affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridge?

Hibernian Simplicity.

An amusing instance of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it.

"Molly, our housemaid, is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy for soap-suds, that amounts to a passion. She is a bustling, busy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, blundering Hibernian, who hovers about our book-shelves; makes war upon our love papers, in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners.

"One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered:

"An' it plase yer honor, I'm a poor girl, and han't much larnin,' and ye sees, plase yer honor Paddy O'Reilly, and the betther than him doesn't brathe in ould Ireland, has been writin' of me a lither—a love letther, plase yer honor; an'—an'——"

"We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it, by reading the letter to her. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of row cotton in her fingers.

"Shure,' she resumed, "an' that's jist what I want, but it isn't a gentleman like yearself that would be likin' to know ov the sacrets between us, and so (here she twisted the cotton quite nervously) if it 'ill only plase yer honor, while yer radeing it, so that ye may not hear it yerself, if y'll *jist put this bit of cotton in yer ears an' stap up yer herin', an' thin the sacrets 'ill be unbeknown to ye!*"

"We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since, we have laughed heartily as we have related the incident."

"Go it, Old Sorrel!"

"In my boyhood days," said the narrator, "I used to reside with an old aunt, in the country, who was strictly pious, went to church regularly, and made me also follow the same Christian practice. Among those who attended the church regularly, was a man known among all the villagers by the appellation of "Old Joe." Old Joe, in addition to being a strict churchgoer and devout Christian, (he passed for the latter,) was something of a sporting character—delighted in frequently indulging in horse-racing. His favorite nag he called "Old Sorrel," and he would at any time put up his 'pile' on "Old Sorrel" against any other animated horse-flesh in the neighborhood. Well, as I said before, Old Joe attend churched frequently, and occasionally, like many others, used to indulge in a 'nap' during the sermon. While thus luxuriating one Sunday—the divine putting in the big licks—spreading himself astonishingly—and just at that moment the latter was indulging in one of his loftiest flights, Old Joe, doubtless dreaming that he was on the track, and participating in an animated race, sung out, in a loud voice—"Go it, old Sorrel! Go it, old Sorrel!" It is needless to say that Joe's unconscious exclamation brought the house down. Sober countenances, that had never indulged in a smile, were distorted with laughter; old women "snickered," and young girls with cambrics up to their pretty faces, indulged in suppressed giggles. What added a zest to the incident, was the fact that the minister had a most brilliant vermilion-tinted head of hair. "Old Sorrel" wasn't bad, and the crowd took the force of it."—*N. Y. Monthly Magazine.*

EFFECT OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.—Woman—"A three farden candle, if you please." Chandler—"They're a penny apiece now!" Woman—"Why how's that?" Chandler—"It's on account of the Russian war." Woman—"Don't mean to tell me they're fightin' by *candle light!*"

☞ There is a man "down east," so tall that he has to use a ten-foot pole to pick his teeth with.

There is another so fat that he has to set his shadow up edge ways.

Another so lean that his neighbors have to shut one eye to see him.

☞ "What's whisky bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article.

'Bringing men to the gallows,' was the reply.