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, JUNE 28, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 26.

TERMS:

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POETICAL.

Duetsche Advertisement.

BY C. TOVER WOLFE.

Mine horse he sloped, and I'm avraid,
He hash peen daken, or stolen, or strayed,
Mine big plack, dat looks so sphry,
'Pout fourteen oder twelve hands high.
He hash peen cot shust four feets plack,
Two legs pefore and two pehind—
Pe sure you keeps all dis in mind.

He's plack all ofer dat ish drue,
All but his face, dat's plack too;
He drots and ganters, vauks and paces;
And out-vauks Pelsebub in draces.
And ven he callops in de street,
He vauks upon his legs and feet,
Von leg goes down and den de oder,
And always follows von anoder;
He has dwo ears stuke 'pon his head,
Bote ob dem's neder white or red,
But bot' alike—shuts von you see;
Ish placker dan de oder pe;
He's cot dwo eyes dat looks von vay,
Only he loose von toder day;
And ven you vant to dake a ride,
Shump on his pack on toder side;
And it is shust gozpel drue,
De eye vats plind vill not see you.
His tail's pehind him, long and shleck,
Only I cut him off last veek,
And derefore 'tis not any more
As half so long as vos pefore.
He cocks his ear and looks so gay,
And vill not start or run avay,
But ven he starts and makes von spring,
And shumps about like every ding;
He rides about mit shaiz and cart,
I never see such a horse for shmart;
And sometimes he goes on de road,
Mit out nopody for his load,
But pag of corn, and take de track,
Mit little poy upon his pack.
Mine horse is not so werry old,
Not half so young as ven he's foaled;
And ven he callop, rear, or shump,
His head cum all pefore him plump;
And den his tail goes all pehind,
Put sometimes ven he takes a mind,
Gets mad and turns all round, pe sure,
Vy, den his tail goes all pefore.

Whoever vill mine plack horse got,
Shall pay ten tollars on de shpot,
And if he pring de tief alive,
Vy, den he pays me twenty-five.

SABBATH READING.

Appeal from Jerusalem to the Congregations of Great Britain and America.

Dated Jerusalem, Sebat, 5614, addressed to Sir Moses Montefiore, London:

THE LAMENT OF THE AFFLICTED.—Ye sunken gates of Zion be exalted, and receive within the portals thereof your elders and your wardens, who, trumpet-tongued, shall proclaim that the staff of bread is broken and the stay of water is wasted.

Assemble, ye scribes, and publish the history of famine and pestilence, that it may swiftly be borne to the remotest communities of Israel, and become the written messenger of the distress of the in-dwellers of Zion; that it may thereby awaken a nation's sympathies; and of misery has dried up the sources of eloquence wherewith to sustain your appeal, supplicate the Almighty that He in His mercy may incline the hearts of your brethern of the house of Jacob to hasten to relieve the anguish of your drooping spirits.

Brethern of the house of Israel, who sojourn in happy England or America; ye wardens of their synagogues and ministers in their courts; ye worshippers, who rehearse the past glories of your nationality and hope, in the fullness of time, for the effulgence of its future; ye children of mercy and of love, whose shield is the shield of the patriarchs; ye people peculiar to God, sons of Judah and Benjamin, on you we call by the ties of religion and brotherhood to arouse yourselves and save from annihilation the remnant of the faithful watchers of Zion and Jerusalem.

Suffering—true source of eloquence—be thine the pen to trace the scenes that haunt the streets and homesteads of Jerusalem, so that the torpor of our brethern may be shaken off, and their earnest sympathies awakened.

We lack the power to give even a faint idea of the misery we are enduring; every heart has become sick, every tongue stricken dumb; the words "What shall we say, what shall we do?" cling to the roof of our mouth from their oft repetition.

Behold we are utterly prostrated—both in mind and body, incompetent to proclaim the severity of the visitation that is consuming us.

We know not whether the contemplation of the morrow is not more fearful than the reality of to-day and the retrospection of yesterday; whether to weep for present troubles, or mourn the past sufferings. Starvation and pestilence walk hand in hand, and the wail of the poor, the widow and the orphan is borne on the air. It is difficult to say whose sufferings are the greater, the miseries of those born under the sun of Judea, or of the holy pilgrims from distant lands. All classes of society, all grades and conditions, have become united in the brotherhood of woe; heads of synagogues and their pious servitors, learned rabbis and their scholates mix in the crowd to supplicate and beg a mouldy crust. Even that assistance which has hitherto reached us from our brethern in the Russian and Turkish dominions, is now, in consequence of the war cut off.

The dearth has raised the price of food to an enormous height, and its results are a state of anarchy and confusion, in which every man's hand is raised against his brother, and violence is becoming rife in the land. For who can endure with uncomplaining fortitude that horrible death, death by famine; and see day by day the wife of his youth and the children of his love sink into the grave without an effort to relieve them.

Brethern! if you could but witness the misery we are enduring, the widow running to and fro, asking the refuse of food for her starving orphans: and men profoundly learned in the law, formerly through their abundant charity the stay of the community, now wandering up and down the streets of Jerusalem, seeking alms, ay, seeking bread, your hearts would melt in compassion.

Brethern! believe that our tale is free from exaggeration. We have not, we cannot fully impress you with the frightful reality of our condition. Our miserable circumstances can be corroborated by every dweller in, or pilgrim to, the Holy Land.

The misery we endure is augmented by the worst anticipation, for the circumstances under which we now suffer may be seized by our traducers as being most opportune for the development of their plans, and what may not ensue when famished multitudes are tempted by the bribe of food? For already, dreadful to relate, the father traffics for the sale of his child to the stranger, so that his offspring may be spared death from starvation. For be it known that the sufferrings of our nation here, in all the frightful horrors which at present exist, have never been surpassed.

To you, men of Israel, dwellers among all nations and in every clime, we supplicate to hasten relief to famishing multitudes. Let our cry reach all, be sacred to all, receive attention from all.

You, Prince of the Holy Land, great in Israel and noble among the nations; you, Sir Moses Montefiore, be the beacon of our hopes, as in days of old. Let your hand be again supported by the pious Judith, and from your conjoint example may the men and women of the house of Israel be cheered and strengthened.

Brethern! remember we are the children of one God. The tree of our genealogy spreads its roots to the furthest East, and the uttermost West, and bears the fruit of brotherhood. By the love we bear to the God of Israel, by the associations of our common nationality, turn towards the land of the rising sun, towards Jerusalem and Zion, and remember whence the law emanateth and the word goeth forth.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for they that love her shall prosper." More favored ones, your brethern turn to you to ask a brother's aid, and may your response bring peace to Israel and to Zion. Amen.

Jerusalem, Sebat, 5614.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KISSING A WOMAN; OR, The Troubles of a Moustache.

Who do you think has come back to our village? said Fanny Alleyne to a party of young friends, who had assembled at her house to talk over to-morrow's contemplated pic nic. And as no one answered, but a dozen of voices simultaneously cried, do tell, she added, who but Charlie Weaver, and with such a moustache, she exclaimed; clapping her hands as the idea was full of glee;—and it looks for all the world as if Charlie had a little stiff brush pasted under his nose. For my part I can't comprehend what he wears it for unless he thinks himself handsome and adopts it as a protection to keep the girls from kissing him. And again she clapped her hands, her eyes fairly flashing with fun.

I haven't seen him yet, said Emily Rogers; but does he look queer? They say moustaches are all the fashion among young men who move in good society—foreign counts always wear them, you know.

Miss Rogers had spent years in a fashionable boarding school, where she tried to learn French, but had succeeded only in learning folly, and so she considered herself an excellent judge of all things pertaining to *make*. She had a cousin, moreover, who was travelling in Germany and wrote her a long letter about the German counts whom she met at German watering places. Miss Rogers had, therefore, a weakness for moustaches, big beards and foreign customs in general.

Foreign counts always wear them, do they? said Fanny. And so do barbers. For my part, when I was in London last winter, I hardly knew whether it was a wig maker or a dandy that was coming down street; and I always supposed it was the first, till the animal raised his hat, and then I knew he must be one of the human poodles that I was accustomed to dance with at the assemblies.

For my part, retorted Miss Rogers, making the second effort to stand her ground, I rather admire a handsome moustache; some men suit it so well.

Yes, the moustache is a fortunate thing to some men, said Fanny, mischievously, for those that can't grow hair.

The laugh was against Miss Rogers, who, accordingly, paused and kept silent. The entrance of a fresh visitor now changed the conversation, and in five minutes Charlie Weaver and his moustaches were forgotten. In fact, the girls were too busy talking about the pic-nic to devote much time to anything else. In about an hour they seperated, full of the contemplated excursion.

The morning dawned brilliantly, with every prospect of a bright day. At six o'clock, before the dew was well off the grass, the pic-nic began to assemble, and before seven all convened in a beautiful grove, about a mile beyond the village.

The girls were a joyous, happy set, blessed with good health, fond of exhilarating sports, and by no means infected with any of the mawkish affectations of the city.

For instance, they were not afraid of making their feet large by exercise, or of spoiling their hands by household work. They liked a hearty dance, were fond of a good laugh, and even some of them at least sad romps. But they were an excellent set, for all that; with fine graceful figures, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and a constant flow of spirits. I am sure any one of them was worth a dozen of the faded beauties, who, with chalk-line faces, lustreless eyes, and stooping shoulder, mope about town ball-rooms. A few, indeed, were infected with a mania for French manners, and thought foreign counts divine; and of these Miss Rogers was acknowledged leader.

Among the beaux, Charlie Weaver shone, or fancied he shone conspicuous. His coat was of the latest cut; his vest spread out in vast amplitude; and his boots were of varnished leather, made on red morocco—yes, positively on red morocco leggings. But his moustache—that was the crowning glory. It was between a yellow and a brown, stiff as a hair brush, and grew beneath his nose like a forest of rushes under the side of a hill. Charlie was evidently proud of his moustache. He often stroked it complacently when talking with the ladies.—He trimmed it with great care, every morning; and he was never in a room for five minutes where there was a mirror without looking at the charming excrescence.

Charles Weaver—or as the girls familiarly termed him, Charlie Weaver—had been a sensible young man until he went to London to study medicinê. He there caught the moustache rabids, a madness I verily believe as infectious among young men, as hydrophobia is among dogs. Nature was a little obstinate at first; for only down grew where Charlie had wished for bristles; but, by dint of frequent oiling and shaving, and much time and money spent on various hair preparations, he succeeded at last in obtaining his heart's desire. That day was the proudest of his life. In his secret heart he believed all the girls of the place would be in love with him before a week.

And now he was at the pic-nic, shining resplendent in that moustache. He first addressed himself to Fanny; she had always been his favorite; but she was now full of mischief, and soon detecting the conceit of Charlie, resolved that he should suffer for it. So Fanny, without actually driving him off altogether, kept him at a respectable distance, taking care to give him but few smiles, and then only when she saw him beginning to move away. In this there is something of coquetery, we must admit; but vanity in the male can only be matched by coquetery in woman.

Oh, come let us have a game at Copenhagen, said Fanny, at last giving a wicked glance at Charlie. We have danced and sung and promenaded, and eaten and drank; we have done everything that sensible people can be expected to do. Now let us, for once, be children again. What say you, girls?

Miss Rogers was the first to speak. Pursing up her acid-looking mouth, and drawing her thin figure to its full height, said:

Copenhagen! I am astonished at you, Miss Alleyne. Copenhagen for young ladies like ourselves! Why it is not played now by young ladies.

Our grandmothers used to play at it, and thought it not vulgar, said Fanny.

However, I want a good romp, and I vote for Copenhagen.

Fanny had a purpose of her own to serve, besides she enjoyed the reputation of doing as she pleased; and truth to tell, when she now proposed Copenhagen, many approved that would not have dared to suggest. As for the gentlemen, they all with one voice cried out for it except Charlie.

And what do you say, Mr. Weaver, demurely asked Fanny. You are silent I see. Have you forgotten how to hold buttercups under the girl's chins, twirl the platter at pawns, or catch a partner at Copenhagen?

Copenhagen! said he, as if trying to recollect. I believe that's the game where the gentlemen kiss the girls, is it not?

Exactly so, replied Fanny; that is if they can.

And if I play at Copenhagen, and catch you, you will play fair and let me kiss you, inquired Charlie.

The question was rather pointed, and Fanny blushed a little, but she answered resolutely:

As I said before—*if you can.*

'Pon honor, then, said Charlie, I'll play, and take care to get the kiss. I never object to kissing pretty girls.

The party soon entered into the spirit of the game.

There was a good deal of dodging, shuffling, and pretty screaming, mingled now and then with some loud kissing. One large, fat young man especially, always kissed with a noise like the report of a pistol. He rarely succeeded in touching a young lady's cheek, being rather awkward; while the girls, one and all, dodged like wild pigeons, and Fanny said, she took it flying. As for Fanny, the minx, no one as yet had kissed her. Being the prettiest girl on the ground, and by all odds the merriest, a dozen at least had tried to touch her hands, in order to entitle them to a struggle at least for the kiss.

Now, that's not exactly fair, Miss Alleyne, drawled out Charlie. Mind, if I succeed in touching your right hand when I am in the ring, you must play fair. Any lady can get off if they lift up the rope in that manner.

I promised you I'd play fair—to you at least, said Fanny, without even a blush, and I mean to keep my word. There, catch me if you can.

She slightly touched his hand while he was still pluming himself on her flattering speech, and whiz! like an express locomotive she was at the other side of the ring, and fairly out of it. Oh I'll have revenge, said Charlie Weaver shaking his head at her; I did not see what you was at. Charlie instantly sprang forward, and would have placed an arm around her person. But Fanny drew herself up with a wonderful quick assumption of dignity, stepped a pace back and said—Not so fast, Mr. Weaver, we country bred girls are not over fastidious, I know, but we don't allow young men to put their arms around us.

A peal of laughter broke from the crowd.—Her look was so serious, as much in contrast with her mirth, so the whole thing was inexpressibly ridiculous. Charlie drew back abashed for a moment, but recovering himself, he said—

This is a breach of your agreement. You said, Miss Alleyne, you would play fair. You said if I became entitled to it by the laws of the game, I might kiss you.

O, I mean to keep my word, said Fanny, coolly, but you were about to put your arms around me, and there was no stipulation about that, was there?

Then there was another general laugh.—Charlie was forced to acknowledge that Fanny was right.

You were to kiss me—if you could, that was the bargain, was it not?

She looked seriously around the circle; all confessed that she was right. Yes, said Charlie, that was right.

She folded her arms, stood straight up, and looking him full in the face, said,—come on, then.

She had stood in the meantime, without moving a muscle of her face, and serious as a judge about to pronounce sentence of death.—She suffered Charlie to come within a foot of her, when she suddenly raised her finger and drew back again.

Remember, said she, you are to kiss me if you can.

To be sure, he said; but fair play requires that you stand still. If you keep receding in this way, of course I can't kiss you.

He spoke in a pique—indeed, half anger.—He found himself a sort of a butt, and began to see somewhat through Fanny's behaviour.—He discovered that she was not so desperately in love with him as her conduct had led him to suppose. He was already taken terribly down.

But if I do stand still, said Fanny, and her eyes began to resume a roguish look, you can't kiss me, and you know you can't.

Only stand still, and you'll see, retorted he, recovering his spirits; and he mentally added, and I'll kiss you in as handsome a fashion as ever a gentleman kissed a lady.

No you won't and you can't, Charlie, said Fanny, calling him by the familiar name for the first time that day, and she spoke in a wheedling tone; it is a mile and more from the edge of that moustache to the mouth underneath, and you never could get your lips to mine, if you were to try for a week.

I wish you could have heard the peal of laughter burst forth, as Fanny, with a demure, provoking air said these words. The old woods rocked with the echo. The fat young man, I have already told you of, rushed to the edge of the crowd, threw himself on the grass, and rolled there in agonies of laughter. The girls, one and all, held their handkerchiefs to their mouths. Fanny only was polite. There she stood demurely regarding Charlie, with not a vestige of laugh on her face, except a roguish working of the corners of her mouth.

The butt of all this regarded her for a second, anger and shame mounted blood red to his forehead. He tried, at first, to brave it out, but the attempt was in vain; and at last, with an audible oath, he turned his back on his fair tormentor, and rushed madly away.

Our village was never troubled with a moustache after that. The ridicule that followed Charlie, when Fanny's jest became known, drove him from the place, and no successor has ever ventured to sport a moustache there since. Occasionally a travelling dandy stops at the inn for a night's rest, and on such occasions a moustache may be seen for an hour or two in the quiet street, but at other times the article is as scarce as money in a Printer's pocket.—Fanny is somewhat sobered since the day of the pic-nic. Several years have passed, and the once merry maiden is now a sedate matron. She married a rising young lawyer, and immediately took her place at the head of fashion; for her wit, as well as her beauty, gave her a pre-eminence which all acknowledged. To this day, however, she laughs heartily, when the story of Charlie's discomfiture is told.

Miss Rogers, after all her affectations, was forced to put up with the fat young man, who makes a very worthy husband for her, though he kisses as boisterously as ever.

A JAIL BIRD.—Some days ago, a gentleman visiting a jail in Cincinnati, heard one of the female convicts singing with gaiety and spirit. "Ah, my canary bird;" said he, looking through the bars of her cell. "Your canary," she replied; "if so, I wish you would hang the cage where I could get a little *sunshine*."

DISPARITY OF FORTUNE.—An old gentleman once said, in speaking of the bad consequences of disparity of fortune, especially on the wife's side, in marriage, that when he married, he had twenty cents, and his wife twenty-five, and that she was throwing out this extra five cents to him ever afterwards.

☞ A mother in San Francisco cured her little boy of swearing by washing out his mouth with soap suds every time he had profane words in it.

SLEEP.

[From Hufeland's "Art of Prolonging Life," recently published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, we copy the following chapter on sleep:]

I have already shown that sleep is one of the wisest regulations of nature, to check and moderate at fixed periods, the incessant and impetuous stream of vital consumption. It forms, as it were, stations for our physical and moral existence; and we thereby obtain the happiness of being daily re-born, and of passing every morning, through a state of annihilation into a new and refreshed life. Without this continual change—this incessant renovation, how wretched and insipid would not life be; and how depressed our mental as well as physical sensation! The greatest philosopher of the present age, says, therefore, with justice—*Take from man hope and sleep*, and he will be the most wretched being on earth.

How unwisely, then, do those act who imagine that by taking as little sleep as possible they prolong their existence. They obtain their end neither in *intensive* nor *extensive* life. They will, indeed, spend more hours with their eyes open, but will never enjoy life in the proper sense of the word, nor that freshness and energy of mind which are the certain consequences of sound and sufficient sleep, and which stamp a like character on all undertakings and actions.

But sufficient sleep is necessary, not only for intensive life, but also for extensive, in regard to its support and duration. Nothing accelerates consumption so much, nothing wastes us so much before the time, and renders us old as a want of it. The physical effects of sleep are, that it retards all the vital movements, collects the vital power, and restores what has been lost in the course of the day; and that it separates from us what is useless and pernicious. It is, as it were, a daily crisis, during which all secretions are performed in the greatest tranquility, and with the utmost perfections.

Continued watching unites all the properties destructive of life; incessant wasting of the vital power and of the organs, acceleration of consumption, and prevention of restoration.

We must not, however, on this account, believe that too long continued sleep is one of the best means for preserving life. Long sleep accumulates too great an abundance of pernicious juices, makes the organs too flaccid and unfit for use, and in this manner can shorten life also.

In a word, no one should sleep less than six, nor more than eight hours. This may be established as a general rule.

To those who wish to enjoy sound and peaceful repose, and to obtain the whole end of sleep, I recommend the following observations:

1. The place where one sleeps must be quiet and obscure. The less our senses are acted upon by external impressions, the more perfectly can the soul rest. One may see from this how improper the custom is of having a candle burning in one's bed-chamber during the night.

2. People ought always to reflect that their bed chamber is a place in which they pass a great part of their lives; at least, they do not remain in any place so long in the same situation. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that this place should contain pure, sound air. A sleeping apartment must, consequently, be roomy and high; neither inhabited nor heated during the day; and the windows ought always to be kept open, except in the night time.

3. One should eat little, and only cold food for supper, and always some hours before going to bed.

4. When a-bed, one should not lie in a forced or constrained position, but almost horizontal; the head excepted, which ought to be a little raised. Nothing is more prejudicial than to lie in bed half sitting. The body then forms an angle: circulation in the stomach is checked and the spine is always very much compressed. By this custom, one of the principal ends of sleep, a free and uninterrupted circulation of the blood, is defeated; and in infancy and youth deformity and crookedness are often its consequences.

5. All the cares and burden of the day must be laid aside with one's clothes; none of them must be carried to bed with us; and in this respect, one by custom may obtain very great power over the thoughts. I am acquainted with no practice more destructive than that of studying in bed, and of reading till one falls asleep. By these means the soul is put into too great activity, at a period when everything conspires to allow it perfect rest; and it is natural that the ideas, thus excited, should wander and float through the brain during the night. It is not enough to sleep physically; man must sleep also spiritually. Such a disturbed sleep is as insufficient as its opposite—that is, when our spiritual part sleeps, but not our corporeal; such, for example, as sleep in a jolting carriage on a journey.

6. One circumstance, in particular, I must not here omit to mention. Many believe that it is entirely the same if one sleeps these seven hours either in the day or the night time. People give themselves up, therefore, at night, as long as they think proper, either to study or pleasure; and imagine that they make everything even when they sleep in the forenoon those hours which they sat up after midnight. But I must request every one, who regards his health, to beware of so seducing an error. It is certainly not the same whether one sleeps seven hours by day or by night; and two hours' sound sleep before midnight are of more benefit to the body than four hours in the day. My reasons are as follows:

That period of twenty-four hours, formed by the regular revolutions of our earth, in which all its inhabitants partake, is particularly distinguished in the physical economy of man.—This regular period is apparent in all diseases; and all the other small periods, so wonderful in our physical history, are by it in reality determined. It is, as it were, the unity of our natural chronology. Now, it is observed, that the more the end of these periods coincides with the conclusion of the day, the more is the pulsation accelerated, and a feverish state is produced, or the so-called evening fever, to which every man is subject. The accession of new chyle to the blood, may, in all probability, contribute something towards this fever, though it is not the only cause; for we find it in sick people, who have neither eat nor drank. It is more owing, without doubt; to the absence of the sun, and to that revolution in the atmosphere which is connected with it. This evening fever is the reason why nervous people find themselves more fit for labor at night than during the day. To become active, they must have an artificial stimulus; and the evening fever supplies the place of wine. But one may easily perceive that this is an unnatural state; and the consequences are the same as those of every simple fever—lassitude, sleep, and a crisis, by the perspiration which takes place during that sleep. It may, with propriety, therefore be said, that all men every night have a critical perspiration, more perceptible in some, and less so in others, by which whatever useless or pernicious particles have been imbibed by our bodies, or created in them during the day, are secreted and removed. This daily crisis necessary to every man, is particularly requisite for his support; and the proper period of it is when the fever has attained to its highest degree, that is, the period when the sun is in the nadir, consequently, midnight. What do those, then, who disobey this voice of Nature which calls for rest at the above period, and who employ this fever, which should be the means of secreting and purifying our juices, to enable them to increase their activity and exertion? By neglecting the critical period, they destroy the whole crisis of so much importance; and, though they go to bed towards morning, cannot certainly obtain, on that account, the full benefit of sleep, as the critical period is past. They will never have a perfect, but an imperfect crisis; and what that means is well known to physicians. Their bodies also will never be completely purified. How clearly is this proved by the infirmities, rheumatic pains, and swollen feet, the unavoidable consequences of such lucubration.

Besides, the eyes suffer more by this custom; for one labors, then, the whole summer through with candle light, which is not necessary for those who employ the morning.

And, lastly, those who spend the night in labor, and the morning in sleep, lose that time which is the most beautiful and the best fitted for labor. After every sleep we are renovated, in the most proper sense of the word; we are; in the morning, always taller than at night; we have then more pliability, powers, and juices; in a word, more of the characteristics of youth; while, at night, our bodies are drier and more exhausted, and the properties of old age then prevail. One, therefore, may consider each day as a sketch, in miniature of human life, in which the morning represents youth; noon, manhood; and evening, old age. Who would not then employ the youthful part of each day for labor, rather than begin his work in the evening, the period of old age and debility?—In the morning, all nature appears freshest and most engaging; the mind at that period is also clearest, and possesses most strength and energy. It is not, as at night, worn out, and rendered unequal by the multifarious impressions of the day, by business and fatigue; it is then more original, and possesses its natural powers. This is the period of new mental creation, of clear conceptions and exalted ideas. Never does man enjoy the sensation of his existence so purely and in so great perfection as in a beautiful morning. He who neglects this period, neglects the youth of his life.

Cork.

Cork is nothing more or less than the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain and other countries bordering the Mediteranean; in English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork-tree is about fifteen years old, the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes; and after stripping, a farther growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals of eight years, to the extent of even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree, in pieces of two or three inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk when it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision, parallel to, and at some distance from the former; and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and are placed over a fire when nearly dry; they are, in fact, scorched a little on both sides, and acquire a somewhat more compact texture by this scorching. In order to get rid of the curvature, and to bring them flat, they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.

A HAPPY OLD FARMER.—Said a venerable farmer, 80 years of age, to a relative who lately visited him—"I have lived on this farm more than half a century, I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than 40 years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and never lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed of sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, *I must have more religion.*

☞ What is it that a woman frequently gives her countenance to, and yet never takes kindly? The Small Pox.

Peculiarities of the Laplanders.

Matthias Alexander Castren, a Swede, has recently published a volume of travels in Lapland, in which he gives to the world the peculiarities of the Lap.' Among other matters, they seem to have a great love for religious exercises. Mr. Castrin describes the Enare Laps as engaged for twenty-four hours together, in listening to sermons, praying, &c. He also mentions their great affection toward their wives. 'One husband assured me that during thirty years of wedlock, no worse world had passed between himself and wife than 'loddadsham,' or 'my little bird.'

A peculiarity of the female Laps is given in the following extract. It strikes us that it is a funny kind of timidity, and we do not wonder that the Lapland husbands are so careful to use only the kindest language to their wives, since they are so easily, and terribly frightened, or that they pass twenty-four hours at a stretch in praying to be delivered from devils.

I had often, on my journey through Lapland been warned, to be cautious in my dealings with the Russian Lap, and especially with the female sex, on account of a strange propensity among them, to sudden fit of phrenzy accompanied by the loss of conciousness and control over their actions. I treated these reports at first as fables of the ordinary kind applied to the people in question. I fell in, however, one day, in a village of Russian Lapmark, with some Karelians and two Russian traders.—These repeated the warning above mentioned, advising me never to frighten a Lap woman, for in their opinion this was a 'res capitalis.' With reference to this caution, one of the Karelians told me the following, I was once, said he, when a boy, fishing out at sea, when I met with a boat rowed by Laplanders. Among them was a woman with a child at her breast. Upon seeing me in a dress unusual to her, she became so beside herself with fear, that she flung the child into the sea.

Another Karelian related how he was once in the society of Terski Laps:

We were talking of different matters when a sound was heard like the the blow of a hammer on the outside of the wall. On the instant all the Laps present fell flat on the floor, and after some gesticulations with hands and feet, became stiff and immovable as corpses. After a while they recovered and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. To convince me of the truth of this, and other such taler, one of the Russians proposed to show me evidence of the timidity of the Lap women. He began by putting out of the way knives, axes, and any other mischevious implements which happened to be at hand. He then came suddenly behind a woman present, and clapped his hands. She sprung up like a fury and scratched, kicked, and pummelled the aggressor to our edification. After this exercise she sunk exhausted on a bench, and recovered with difficulty, her breath and senses.

Having regained the latter, she declared herself determined not to be so frightened again, In fact a second experiment only produced a piercing shriek. While she was priding herself on this success, the other Russian flung a pocket book, so that it passed just before her eyes, and ran instantly out of the room. The lady hereupon flew at every one present in succession, flinging one to the ground, dashing another against the wall, beating them, and tearing their hair out by handfulls. I sat in a corner waiting my turn to come. I saw at last with horror her wild glance fixed on me. She was on the point of printing her nails in my face, when two stout men in a fortunate moment seized her, and she sank fainting into their arms. It was the opinion of my companions that my spectacles had especially excited her phrenzy.

I cannot Pray for Father any More!

She knelt at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest "God bless dear mother, and"—but the prayer was stilled! the little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child, "I cannot pray for *father any more!*" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after *mother's* name, for *he* had said *that* must come *first;* and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out! No wonder that the new thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.

I waited for some moments, that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered too much, almost, for utterance, she said, "O, mother, I cannot leave him *all out*, let me say 'thank God that I had a dear father once!' so I can still go on, and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child, Remember to thank God for mercies *past* as well as to ask blessings for the future.—*Presb'tn.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SULTAN DESCENDED FROM AMERICAN ANCESTORS.—It is asserted that the grandmothers of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan were both natives of the Island of Martinique, in the West Indies, and were intimate friends in their childhood. One of them was Josephine, afterwards Empress of France, whose daughter Hortense married the King of Holland, and became the mother of the present French Emperor. The other lady was a Miss S———.

"Miss S. quitted the Island of Martinique sometime before her friend. But the vessel was attacked and taken by the Algerine Corsairs, and the crew and passengers were made prisoners. But this Corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady of the Seraglio and Sultaness of Turkey. Mahmoud II. was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud."