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, JULY 5, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 27.

TERMS:

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POETICAL.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY NANNIE GREY.

A Mother's Love! Ah! who can speak,
The thoughts that in her bosom dwell?
The changing color on her cheek,
And anxious eye too plainly tell.
She heeds them not, though toil and care
Have stamped their signet on her brow;
She heeds it not, though pale disease,
Hath caused her once fair form to bow.

What! though the hoary frosts of time,
Have silvered o'er her raven hair,
And sorrow's lines have rudely crossed
Her fading cheek, once fresh and fair;
What! though the spring of life be past,
And summer's sun long since hath set,
Some pleasant days are lingering still,
With fall and winter nearly met.

What! though the world should frown with scorn,
On him who was her joy and pride;
And friends forsake, and misery came,
Yet it will find HER by his side;
Perhaps with soothing words of love,
She'll win him back to bright'ning fame,
If not, and honor's self be lost,
She will not leave him in his shame.

Or, if her child should higher rise,
And write his name in words of light,
Her heart will beat with tender throbs,
Her aged eyes will beam more bright.
Oh! 'tis a holy, sacred thing—
Which strife and envy cannot move,
And burns with constant, steady fire,
A deathless flame, a Mother's Love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thoughts at Church.

I have an old fashioned way of entering church; before the bells begin to chime, I enjoy the quiet, brooding stillness. I love to think of the many words of holy cheer that have fallen there, from heaven-missioned lips, and folded themselves like snow-white wings over the weary heart of despair. I love to think of the sinless little ones, whose pearly temples have been laved at the baptismal font. I love to think of the weak, yet strong ones, who have tearfully tasted the consecrated cup, on which is written, "Do this in remembrance of me." I love to think of those self-forgetting, self-exiled; who counting all things naught for Gethsemene's dear sake, are treading foreign shores, to say to the soul-fettered pagan, "Behold the lamb of God." I love to think of the loving hearts that at yonder alter have throbbed, side by side. while the holy man of God pronounced "the twain one." I love to think of the seraph smile of which death itself was powerless to rob the dead saint, over whose upturned face, to which the sunlight lent such mocking glow, the words, Dust to Dust," fell upon the pained ear of love. I love, as I sit here, to list through the half-opened vestry door, to the hymning voices of happy Sabbath schollars, sweet as the timid chirp of morn's first peeping bird. I love to hear their tiny feet, as they patter down the aisle, and mark the earnest gaze of questioning childhood. I love to see the toil-hardened hand of labor brush off the penitential tear. I love—"*our* minister."—How very sad he looks to day. Are his parishioners unsympathetic? Does the laborer's "hire" come tardily and grudgingly to the overtasked, faithful servant? Do censorious, dissatisfied spirits watch and wait for his halting?

Now he rises and says, slowly—musically, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Why at such sweet, soul resting words, do his tears overflow? Why has his voice such a heart quiver? Ah! there is a vacant seat in the pastor's pew. A little golden head, that last Sunday gladdened our eyes like a gleam of sunlight, lies dreamlessly pillowed beneath the coffin lid; gleeful eyes have lost their brightness; cherry lips are wan and mute, and beneath her sable veil the lonely mother sobs. And so the father's lip quivers, and for a moment nature triumphs. Then athwart the gloomy cloud flashes the bow of promise. He wipes away the blinding tears, and with an angel smile, and upward glance, he says, "*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*"

☞ A Yellow wash for walls is made by taking a quarter of a pound of gum senegal. and and two pounds of whiting. These, dissolved in pure rain water, will form an excellent yellow wash.

An Intercepted Letter.

The following glimpses at a young lady's heart, taken from a letter to a bosom friend, will amuse, if they do not instruct, the reader:

1. You tell me, dear Amy, you're anxious to know all about that affair with my recreant beau. 'Tis quite an embarrassing matter, 'tis true; but you know, dearest love, I've no secrets from you; and so, without any undue affectation, I'll tell you a tale you may tell to the nation.

2. I had met him quite often at party and ball, had danced with him, talked with him, walked with him, all—had heard all those stories, where largely he draws on the works of his countryman, Baron Munchausen—had looked at his pictures, and laughed at his 'brogue,' and thought him a charming unprincipled rogue.

3. Conceive my surprise, when, one fine summer morning, without e'er a word or whisper of warning, the elegant Herman, (for that is his name—from some old Dutch Duchy he says that he came,) in terms which I cannot this moment repeat, his heart and his palette laid down at my feet.

4. O, Amy, I trembled and colored up so! I dared not say 'Yes,' and I couldn't say 'No.' My breath came so fast that I hardly could speak—all the blood rushed at once from my heart to my cheek; while Herman sat by me, quite tranquil and cool, and thought me, no doubt, a complete little fool.

5. At last I got out, "It was such a surprise—knew not what to say"—and he looked in my eyes with a *kind of a look* that I couldn't resist—and then with such ardor my fingers he kissed! In short, my dear Amy, I hardly know how, I ended with saying—I would be—his *vrouw!*

6. After that, matters went along smoothly and trim; he made love to me, and I listened to him. We often took rides in the sunshiny weather, and, on rainy nights, sat on the sofa together. He used to talk to me sometimes of his mother—also of the Colonel, his wonderful brother.

7. I loved him, dear Amy, I'll own to the truth! my soul was bound up in the picturesque youth! It was not his beauty that won me alone; but a something he had in each look and each tone—a mixture of poetry, romance and art, that, taken together, quite "did" for my heart.

8. I was proud of him, too—only, once in a while, when he told his adventures, and people would smile, and tread on each other's toes under the table, even *my* warm affection was almost unable to keep me from telling him that I did wish his tales would not smell so strongly of *fish*.

9. But then I'd excuse him one way and another. I'd say, "All the world lies, for something or other—politicians for places and lawyers for pel f, and merchants to get the goods off from the shelf; they're in for it all, though they 'fie!' and 'pooh-pooh!' it—and since he enjoys it, he may as well do it."

10. Herman *was* all devotion, all passion and sighs; he seemed but to live in the light of my eyes. What words of endearment would fall from his lips! how countless the kisses on my finger-tips! "Love thinks but of love!" was his ardent pretence. Alas! I found *his* reckoned—dollars and cents!

11. One day he came in from his labors at school—I thought he appeared unaccountably cool. Not one "Dearest angel," or any such word, from the tongue of my altered adorer was heard. That evening he called upon Annabel Chase: the next day I learned the whole state of the case.

12. He supposed, it appears, dear papa had the "rocks," was rolling in dollars, and swelling in "stocks," would "cut up" in good style, and in consequence, that his child would come in for a bit of "the fat." When he learned his mistake, it was odd to discover how the *rock* went at once to the heart of my lover!

13. He came up to see me, and saw me alone, and unfolded affairs with a grace all his own. He would have "prefered" me, he said, for a wife to any one that he had met in his life; but as for himself, he hadn't a *livre*, and I must agree that it was *il faut vivre*.

14. Such being the case, he would bid me adieu, and hoped the affair would not render me "blue." I thanked him, and told him I always was taught that the sea held as good fish as ever was caught—"and perhaps I may yet do as well, my dear Herman, as be linked for my life to a pennyless German."

15. So we parted. I hurried away from the scene, if not very "blue," I *did* feel rather "green." I left in the stage coach the very next day, and shed a few tears the first part of the way; but five miles passed over, the roads grew so bad, I looked out for the jolts and forgot to be sad.

16. When I got in the cars, and was safe in my seat; what person, of all in the world, I should meet? Why, whom but Fred. Forrest? He has as you know, been travelling in Europe these three years or so, and has grown—oh, *so* handsome! why, Herman himself, when Fred. was at hand, would be laid on the shelf!

17. Now I had intended, when no one was by, to let down my veil and indulge in a "cry;" but talking a while with that love of a Fred. put such sentimental trash out of my head.—He made his adieux at the Utica Station, but oh! we commenced a *delicious* flirtation.

18. He came out to see me—we rode and we walked, and news-papers over and over we talked. The end, dearest Amy, you'll easily guess—he asked me a questiou—and I answered, "Yes." Pack up and come on, I don't care how soon, to "stand up" with me on the 20th of June.

19. A more thorough contrast there never was seen, than Herman and Frederick, in person and mien. Fred's eyes are so smiling, so blue and serene, his mouth is so delicate, rosy and *clean*. Herman's eye had at times, quite a sinister flash—and often I saw crumbs on his nasty moustache!

20. Then Herman, you know, was unpleasantly small, while Fred. is so elegant slender and tall. He wears such a diamond, and sings so divinely, a nd plays the guitar and violin finely! He has a sweet place on the shore of the Bay, and a four story mansion, just out of Broadway.

21. I feel quite content, and my dear foreign beau is welcome to marry for money or show. Poor fellow! I pity him—grubbing away at those old rusty landscapes of his, day by day. Here's my parting advice to that pupil of art—"Beg, borrow, or steal, sir, *a conscience* and *heart*.

22. "With these small additions to your stock in trade, rest assured, my dear Herman, your fortune is made." Good-bye, beloved Amy, till sometime in June. Come along—well, I suppose the tenth ain't too soon; your image will fill my heart's innermost cranny, while life warms the breast of your own attached ANNIE.

Enbalmed Bodies.

A writer in the "London Notes and Queries" furnishes the following interesting account:

A few weeks ago, in clearing out the ruins of an old chaplet at Nuncham Regis, Warwickshire, which had been pulled down, all but the belfry tower, forty years since, we thought it necessary to trench the whole space, that we might more certainly mark out the boundaries of the building, as we wished to restore it in some measure to its former state. It had been used as a stack yard and depository for rubbish by the tenants of the farm on which it was, ever since its dilapidation. We began to trench at the west end, and came on a great many bones and skeletons, from which the coffins had crumbled away, till finding the earth had been moved, we went deeper and discovered a leaden coffin, quite perfect, without date, or inscription of any kind. There had been an outer wooden coffin which was decayed, but quantities of the black rotted wood were all round it. We cut the lead and folded back the top, so as not to destroy it; beneath was a wooden coffin, in good preservation, and also without any inscription.

As soon as the leaden top was rolled back a most overpowering aromatic smell diffused itself all over the place. We then unfastened the coffin, and found the body of a man embalmed with great care, and heaps of rosemary and aromatic leaves piled over him. On examining the body more closely, we found it had been beheaded. The head was seperately wrapped up in linen; the shirt that covered the body was drawn quite over the neck where the head was laid straight with the body, and where the jointing of the neck and head should have been, it was tied round with a broad, black ribbon.—His hands were crossed on his breast, the wrists were tied with black ribbon, and the thumbs were tied together with black ribbon. He had a peaked beard and a quantity of long, brown hair, curled and clotted with blood round his neck. The only mark on anything about him was on the linen on his chest, just above where his hands were crossed; on it were the letters "T. B." worked in black silk.

On trenching towards the channel, we came on four leaden coffins, laid side by side with inscriptions on each; one contained the body of Francis, Earl of Chichester, and Lord Dunsmure, 1633; the next the body of Audry, Countess Chichester, 1652; another the body of Lady Audrey Leigh, their daughter, 1640; and the fourth the body of Sir John Anderson, son of Lady Chichester by her first husband. We opened the coffin of Lady Audrey Leigh, and found her perfectly embalmed and in entire preservation, her flesh quite plump, as if she were alive, her face very beautiful, and her hands exceedingly small and not wasted. She was dressed in fine linen, trimmed all over with point lace, and two rows of lace flat across her forehead. She looked exactly as if she were lying asleep, and seemed not more than sixteen or seventeen years old; her beauty was very perfect, even her eye-lashes and eye-brows were quite perfect, and her eyes were closed; no part of her face or figure was at all fallen in. We also opened Lady Chichester's coffin, but with her the embalming had totally failed. She was a skeleton, though the coffin was full of aromatic leaves. Her hair, however, was as fresh as if she lived; it was long thick, and glossy as that of a child, and of a perfect auburn color.

In trenching on one side of where the altar had been, we found another leaden coffin with an inscription. It contained the body of a Dame Maria Brawne, daughter of one of the Leiges, and of the Lady Marie, daughter to Lord Chancellor Brackley. This body was also quite perfect, and embalmed principally with a very small coffee-colored seed, with which the coffin was nearly filled, and it also had so powerful a perfume that it filled the whole place. The linen, ribbons, &c., were quite strong and good in all these instances, and remained so after exposure to the air. We kept a piece out of each coffin, and had it washed without its being at all destroyed. Young Lady Audley had ear-rings in her ears, black enamelled serpents. The perfume of the herbs and gums used in embalming them was so sickening, that we were all ill after inhaling it, and most of the men employed in digging up the coffins were ill also. My object in sending this account, is, if possible, to discover who the beheaded man was. The chapel is on the estate of Lord John Scott, who inherited it from his paternal grandmother, the Dutchess of Buccleuch, daughter of the Duke of Montague, into whose family Nuneham Regis and other possessions in Warwickshire came by the marriage of his grandfather, with the daughter of Lord Dunsmure, Earl of Chichester.

WASH FOR TREES.—One pound of salsoda, heated to redness in an iron pet, dissolved in a gallon of water, it is said will take off all moss and dead bark, kill insects on trees or grape vines, make them smooth and polished, and even make old trees bear anew. Never whitewash a tree.

☞ 'We have met the enemy and they are ours,' as the old woman said after she had slain about a peck of bed-bugs.

An Affecting Court Incident.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

We take pleasure in relating an incident which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our hearts leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 1838 we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was court week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad, pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the Judge to the boy left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to inquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and, by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now it expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister, a bright-eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whispering of hope.

But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss—the extent of which was but a dime, no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would oitenest see it, and least suspect the trap. The day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so he let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the boy's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft! a crime the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot.—An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making the "little rogue" an example to others by punishment. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for aught else but conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over misery he had brought upon that poor but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered in his defence gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks; among which we heard a harsh fellow, close to us, cry out:

"He forgets what it is. Thinking to get hold of some ponderous law-book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney blush with anger, and turning his flashing eyes upon the audience he convinced them that there was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no better book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober Judge on the bench. The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst breathless silence he read the jury this sentence: "*Lead us not into temptation.*"

We felt our heart throb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking; and the jurymen exchanged glances as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for pathetic elequence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful; the mother smiled again; and, before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the court-room that was not moist. The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip, the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there that did not join in the acclamation that hailed the lad's release. The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth.

The lad has never ceasd his grateful remembrances, and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manfold greater is the crime of the tempter than o' the tempted.

TO PRESERVE SWEET CIDER.—We have heard it stated that cider may be kept perfectly sweet by taking a pint of pulverized charcoal and putting it into a bag, and then putting the bag into a barrel of new cider. It is said by so doing, the cider will never ferment, and it will never contain any intoxicating qualities.—This is something for temperance people to know.

Dark Days.

In the year 358, before the earthquake of Nicomedia, the darkness was very dense from two to three hours. Two years afterwards, in all the provinces of the Roman empire, there was obscurity from early dawn to noon. The stars were visable; and its duration precludes the the idea of a solar eclipse. At the return of light, the sun appeared first in a crescent form, then half its face was seen, and was gradually restored to its whole visible disk. In 409, the stars were seen by day at Rome.—About 536, the sun was obscured for 14 months, so that very little of his light was seen. In 567 such darkness prevailed from 3 P. M. till night that nothing could be seen. In 626, half the sun's disk was obscured for eight months. In 763 he was again darkened, and people were generally terrified. In 934, Portugal was in darkness for two months, the sun having lost its brightness. The heavens were then opened in fissures of lightning, when there was suddenly bright sunlight. September 21, 1091, the sun was darkened for three hours. February 28, 1206. for six hours complete darkness turned the day into night. In 1241, on Michaelmas day, the stars were visible at 3 P. M. In 1547, April 23—25, three days, the sun was so obscured that many stars were visible at once. Thus says Humboldt in cosmos.

If we come almost to our own time, to May 19, 1790, history and tradition assert the occurrence of a remarkable day prevailing over New England, at least, and considerably in some other places. It came on between 10 and 11 A. M., and continued until midnight, growing gradually darker and darker, even till 11 at night. Candles and lamps were lighted for the people to see to dine and to perform work about the house. These became requisite before 12 o'clock, M. In the evening, so dense was it, that farmers could scarcely, even with the aid of a lantern, grope their way to the barn to take care of the cattle. The birds retired to their roosts at 11 A. M., and the day was converted into night.

Power of Prayer.

The Bible accounts of the power of prayer is the best we have, or can have.

Abraham's servant prays—Rebecca appears

Jacob prays—the angel is conquerer; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—he is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prayes—Amelek is discomfited; Israel triumphs.

Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

Hannah prays—the prophet Samuel is born.

David prays—Ahithophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger, and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elijah prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life.

Isaiah prays—one hundred eighty and four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hezekiah prays—the sun-dial is turned back; his life is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged, Israel is free.

Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute.

Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

The church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out.

The church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the door opens; every man's bands are loosed.

Selections for a Newspaper.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case, that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing.—Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart, another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of good sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, you see, the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet ninety-nine out of a hundred, these things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist that if the paper does not suit them it is good for nothing.—*Vt. Patriot.*

☞ That man who runs down the girls, speaks ill of married women, throws a quid of tobacco in the contribution box, and takes a penny out to buy more, can never have peace in this world and never will. Bed-bugs, musquitos and the nightmare, and all the hobgoblins of a guilty conscience, will haunt him on his way to that well heated prison where the convicts are fed cinders and aquafortis soup, and are allowed no other amusement than to sit and pick their teeth with a red hot poker through all eternity.

Women.

The following passage is from "Rural hours," by Miss Cooper, daughter of the late J. Fennimore Cooper. It beautifully expresses the sentiments of all women of pure feelings and correct principles:

"We American women certainly owe a debt of gratitude to our countrymen for their kindness and consideration of us generally. Gallantry may not always take a graceful form in this part of the world, and mere flattery may be worth as little here as elsewhere; but there is a glow of generous feeling toward women in the hearts of most American men which is highly honorable to them as a nation and as individuals. In no country is the protection given to woman's helplessness more full and free; in no country is the assistance she receives from the stronger arm so general; and nowhere does her weakness meet with more forbearance and consideration. Under such cirrumstances, it must be a woman's own fault if she be not thoroughly respected also. The position accorded to her is favorable. It remains for her to fill it in a manner worthy her own sex, gratefully, kindly, and simply; with truth and modesty of heart and life; unwavering fidelity of feeling and principle; with patience, cheerfulness, and sweetness of temper—no unfit return to those who smooth the daily path for her."

The Value of a Man.

A railroad car occasionally furnishes some scenes that occur nowhere else. One of these we witnessed not many days since:

Dramatis personæ—a lady and one of the conductors of the O. & P. railroad. Scene—Pittsburgh depot, crowded morning train, with a general rush for seats. Present—anxious lady passenger and affable conductor.—Dialogue as follows:

Conductor.—"Madam, here is a seat that you can occupy if you wish."

Lady.—"I am looking for *my man!*"

Conductor.—"But, madam, if you do not accept this seat you will, perhaps, be deprived from having any other."

Lady.—"I'd rather lose the seat than lose *the* man!"

Conductor.—"Small matter, madam,"

Lady.—"He is small, but he is *better than none, Sir.*"

Conductor.—'Excuse me, madam, if you please.'

Enter—small man, showing by his countenance that he is of those gentlemen who never quarrel with themselves. Lady passenger highly pleased—over the left. Spectators fully convinced that a man is more valuable than a railroad seat. Scene close with suppressed laughter, on the part of all the lady passengers—while the gentlemen remain mu m, with a strong effort.

The Kisses of Girls.

Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it as in the faces and manners of the sex. Some delicate little cretures merely give a slight brush of the lip. This is a sad aggravation.—We seem to be about to "have a good time," but actually get nothing. Others go into us like a hungry man to a beef steak, and seem to chew up our countenances. This is disgusting, and soon drives away a delicate lover.—Others struggle like hens when bu rying themselves in the dry dirt. The kiss is won by great exertions, and is not worth so much as the trouble it costs. Now, we are in favor of a certain shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one "gives in," let the kiss be administered with warmth and energy. Let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater.—She should be careful not to "slobber" a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle deep, but delicately. There is much virtue in a kiss, when well delivered.—We have had the memory of one we received in youth last us forty years; and we believe it will be the last thing we shall think of when we die.

The Emperor Nicholas.

The Czar of Russia's dress and concomitants are thus described:—His costume is invariable, being always that of a superior officer. Nothing distinguishes him from the officers of his army, unless it is his tall figure and handsome, manly face. He does not allow any of his officers to dress in plain clothes, and only assumes them himself when abroad. The Emperor Nicholas has inherited the antipathy and hatred of of his ancestors for beards and long hair. Except his coachman, whom he chooses from among the most blackly-bearded individuals in his empire, all persons connected with the civil administration are obliged to shave off every particle of hair on their faces. The army alone wears the moustache and imperial. The nobility and free citizens may wear whiskers, but only as far as the bottom of the ear. The Czar himself personally watches over, besides causing others to do the same, the scrupulous observance of these regulations.

THE MEANEST YET.—"I am afraid, Frederick," said Mrs. Smith to her husband, "that Betsy is dishonest."

"Ah! what makes you think so?"

"Why I gave her seven apples to prepare for a pudding, and will you believe it, I counted over the quarters, and only found twenty-seven."

"Are you shure you counted right?"

"Yes, for I counted them over three times carefully. Heaven only knows where the other quarter is gone. The world is full of iniquity."

Betsy was discharged without a character.

☞ Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and its woe, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas and rivers, steamboats and ships, railroads and steam printing presses, magnetic telegraphs, etc., will soon be given over to the hands of the boys of the present age? Believe it, and look abroad upon the inheritance, and get ready to enter upon your duties.

Influence of a Long Summer in the Arctic Regions.

The perpetual daylight had continued up to this moment with unabated glare. The sun had reached his north meridian altitude some days before, but the eye was hardly aware of the change. Midnight had a softened character like the low summer's sun at home, but there was no twilight. At first the novelty of this great unvarying day made it pleasing. It was curious to see the "midnight Arctic sun set to sunrise," and pleasant to find that, whether you ate or slept, or idled or toiled, the same daylight was always there. No irksome night forced upon you its system of compulsory alternations. I could dine at midnight, sup at breakfast time, and go to bed at noonday; and but for an apparatus of coils and cogs, called a watch, would have been no wiser and no worse. My feeling was at first an extravagant sense of undefined relief, of some vague restraint removed. I seemed to have thrown off the slavery of hours. In fact, I could hardly realize its entirety. The astral lamp, standing, dust-covered, on our lockers—I am quoting the words of my journal—puzzled me, as things obsolete and fanciful. This was instinctive, perhaps; but by-and-by came other feelings. The perpetual light, garish and unfluctuating, disturbed me. I became gradually aware of an unknown excitant, a stimulus, acting constantly like the diminutive cup of strong coffee. My sleep was curtailed and irregular; my meal hours trode upon each other's heels; and but for stringent regulations of my own imposing, my routine would have been completely broken up. My lot had been cast in the zone of liriodendrons and sugar maples, in the nearly midway latitude of forty degrees. I had been habituated to day and night; and every portion of these two great divisions had for me its periods of peculiar associations. Even in the tropics I had mourned the lost twilight. How much more did I miss the soothing darkness, of which twilight should have been the precursor! I began to feel, with more of emotion than a man writing for others likes to confess to, how admirable, as a systematic law, is the alternation of day and night; words that type the two great conditions of living nature, action and repose. To those who with daily labor earn the daily bread, how kindly the season of sleep! To the drone who, urged by the waned daylight, hastens the deferred task, how fortunate that his procrastination has not a six month's morrow! To the brain workers among men, the enthusiasts, who bear irksomely the dark screen which falls upon their day dreams, how benignant the dear night blessing, which enforces reluctant rest!—*Dr. Kane's Journal.*

Fashions.

Fashion, says the Buffalo Republic plays some queer freaks with its wand. The last innovation is, we believe, the using of the middle name and dropping the first and "christen" index. For instance, Jones, who always was distinguished in his younger days by plain John D. or "Jack," has concluded that appellation to be "vulgar," and is now only known as J. Daw Jones, more appropriate to be given in full, and would doubtless be a most correct index to the fellow. Peter G. Jenkins has become convinced that Peter is too homely a cognomen for one who walks so high in aristocratic circles, and brings him too much on a level with the common herd; he therefore now plumes himself P. Green Jenkins. Just so with Isaac C. Bacon; all the fellows are making the change, and he cannot see how he can keep in good standing at the club, and not join in the revolution, away goes the "Isaac," and "I Cooke Bacon" is engraved upon his card. So goes the new mania, no matter how ridiculous; but it is the 'rage,' and the brainless devotee of fashion's shrine must arm and equip according to rules.

Badly Corned.

A traveler, fatigued with the monotony of a long ride through a sparsely settled section of the country, rode up to a small lad who was engaged in trimming and dressing out a sickly looking field, and relieved the oppression of his spirits thus:

"My young friend, it seems to me your corn is rather small kind." "Yes, daddy planted the small kind." "Ah, but it appears to look rather yellow, too."

"Yes, sir, daddy planted the yaller kind."

"From appearances, my lad, you wont get more than half a crop."

"Just half, stranger, dady planted it on the halves."

The horseman proceeded on hi s way, and, has not been known to speak to a boy since. He considers them bores.

How to Grow Fat.

We recommend the annexed paragraph to the notice of all lean ladies who have a desire to increase their bulk and beauty:

"The women of Egypt, in order to acquire a degree of fatness, bathe themselves several days in lukewarm water. They stay so long in their baths that they eat and drink therein. During the time they are in the bath, they take every half-hour some broth made of a fat pullet and stuffed with sweet almonds, hazel-nuts, dates, and pistschoi nuts. After taking this kind of broth four times, they eat a pullet, all to the head. When they come out of the bath they are rubbed over with perfumes and sweet pomaum, and after that some of them take myrobalans before going to bed; others take a draught prepared with gum tragacanth and sugar candy."

SENSIBLE GIRL.—"My dear, how shall we have our marriage printed? Will you have your name simply Delilah, or do you insist on that long string of titles you spoke of yesterday?"

"I do most assuredly. Do you think I'm going to be known as simple Delilah? No, by all the gods of love! you shall have my name printed thus:—Delilah Antoinette Victoria Adelaide Maria; and, then, if you choose, you link on *your* name—but a poor pigtail appendage it is."