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, SEPTEMBER 6, 1854 VOL. 19. NO. 36.

TERMS:

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A Patriotic Poem.

[From the Philadelphia Sun.

THE HEROES OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM C. WILLIAMS, M. D.

Band of immortal men!
Hearts of the brave and free!
Firmly ye stood up, when
The foe at your liberty,
Aimed well a deadly blow,
With a tyrant's bloody hand,
Shrouding in gloom and woe
Your hearth-stones and your land!
Born by the dying brave,
Pouring out their blood to save,
Ye saw your banner proudly wave
Where the war storm burst!
And where the sabre stroke,
Clashed mid the battle smoke,
Fell the tyrant's iron yoke
Shattered in the dust.

Few of that Spartan band
Live to tell the tales of yore,
How o'er the frozen land
Their steps they marked with gore!
Green grows the waving grain
Where the war charge then was heard,
And sweet o'er its dirge-like strain,
Sings the summer bird!
Bravely ye fought, and well!
Bravely ye fought, and fell!
Bravely ye fought to tell
How your land was won!
While through the battle-storm,
Shielded by Heaven from harm,
Moved on the god-like form
Of your Washington!

Remnant of the stormy past!
No more the stirring drum,
Nor the bugle's battle-blast,
Tell you the foe has come!
Peaceful your latest breath!
Glorious your latest stand,
When the messenger of death
Engages hand to hand,
Each tomb a pilgrim shrine,
Whose glory will ne'er decline!
Freedom, each name is thine,
They bled for thee!
The flag which they bore shall wave
Peacefully o'er each grave,
Where sleeps the honored brave,
The sleep of the free.

Yet on our soil a host,
Deep sworn, their banners spread,
Seek to gain what cost
The blood of heroes dead!
Deep-laid the bloody scheme!
Freedom the sacrifice!
How well with smile and kiss
They hide the dagger's gleam!
Swelling on ocean's foam,
Hark! from the harlot dome,
Bidding the hords of Rome
To trample the free!
Rise like our sires of yore!
Drive them from our happy shore!
Out our best life blood pour!
Death or liberty!

A Select Tale.

[From The Flag of our Union.

EFFIE STANWOOD.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

On a cold, dreary afternoon in mid winter, Mrs. Stanwood sat near a cheerful fire in an elegantly furnished parlor, with her little daughter Effie playing by her side. The wind howled mournfully without, and the rain and sleet beat upon the window panes, ever and anon startling Effie from her play, who would run to the window and exclaim:

"O mother, how it storms; and the streets are almost deserted. How dreadful such a day must be for the poor! I hope no little children are without shelter, now."

"It is indeed a sad storm, Effie," replied Mrs. Stanwood, "and I am glad to hear my little girl, who is surrounded with so many comforts, speak so thoughtfully of those whom fortune has favored less highly. Ever, my child, cultivate this spirit, for it will make you humbly grateful to your heavenly Father, for all your mercies, and shield your heart from the selfishness that too often accompanies the possession of wealth."

At this moment a servant entered, saying that a sweet looking little girl, thinly clad, and shivering with cold, was standing in the hall, and wished to see the lady of the house.

"Let her come in," said Mrs. Stanwood, whose heart ever beat with generous feeling for the needy; "poor child, it must be dire necessity that has sent her out this stormy day."

The door opened, and a pale-looking child of some eight summers timidly entered, and advancing towards Mrs. Stanwood, and raising her large blue eyes swimming in tears, to her face, said:

"Kind lady, tell me what I shall do for my poor mama, for she is very sick. We have no wood, and nothing to eat. My brother is staying with her now. He wished to come instead of me, but I would not let him, for he was sick all night, because he got so cold yesterday, while trying to get work. O, what will become of us!"

The little suppliant could proceed no further, but burst into tears. Effie, who had gradually approached the child, now flung her dimpled arms around her neck, and begged her not to cry so hard, and leading her towards the fire, made her sit down on her own cricket, and warm her cold fingers.

Mrs. Stanwood, who was in the habit of questioning those who applied to her for relief, forbore to do so at this time, for the innocent, tearful expression of that upturned face was stamped indelibly with truth. Hastily ordering her carriage, she bade Effie run to bid the housekeeper put up a basket of provisions immediately, while she went to prepare to visit the home of the little sufferer.

Effie ran or rather flew on her errand of mercy, for, like her mother, nothing touched her sensitive heart so much, as a tale of distress.—She soon returned, and giving her companion a huge slice of cake, seated herself beside her, and began with childish curiosity to ask her where she lived, and what was her name.

"My name is Emma Leighton," said the child; "and I live a long, long weary way from here, in an old house, and never saw such nice things as these before. Your mama will be afraid to come to our house."

"Don't fear that," said Effie, soothingly.—"Mother often goes to poor places, and sometimes takes me with her, for she says when I see how a great many other little children live, it will make me like my own dear home so much the more."

Here the conversation of the little ones was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Stanwood, all muffled in furs for her ride, and throwing a cloak of Effie's upon Emma's shoulders, she led her to the carriage, and soon the pair were on their way to the home of poverty. Arrived there, they ascended a dilapidated staircase, and entered a room in the third story, where upon a miserable bed in one corner lay a very much emaciated but still lovely woman, scarcely thirty years of age. Her features were pinched and sharpened by want and sickness.

By her side stood a boy of about twelve years, whose high forehead bore the impress of a lofty mind, although the lines of premature care gave a sad look to his finely-formed mouth, and somewhat dimmed the lustre of his large, dark hazel eyes. Mrs. Stanwood approached the bed and perceived with a shudder that the poor woman was unconscious, perhaps dead.

"How long," she asked the boy, "has your mother laid in this insensible state?"

"About an hour. I tried a long time to warm her hands and make her open her eyes again, and once she seemed to awake a little, but my hands got so cold I did not like to touch her any more. O tell me, is my poor mother dead?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Stanwood, "but something must be done immediately, or I fear what you so much dread will happen."

She despatched Henry for some wood, while she busied herself in trying to restore to animation the unconscious woman. Henry soon returned, and a blazing fire quickly sent its cheerful light around the room. At last, Mrs. L. opened her eyes and saw the cheerful fire, and her children sitting comfortably by it; she raised her eyes to the face of Mrs. Stanwood with a look of intense gratitude, and then pointing with her thin fingers towards heaven, she faintly murmured:—"He will reward you. He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Then rousing, as if by a sudden impulse, she said:

"Kind lady, I know not who you are, but I feel that I am indebted to your kindness for my present comfort, and before death shall have sealed my lips forever, I wish to say a few words with regard to my circumstance. I was the daughter of worthy parents who lived in a pleasant village not many miles from here, and in my seventeenth year, having been introduced to Henry Leighton, he won my young heart, and not many months elapsed before I became his bride. We moved to the city, and for a while he was all my ardent heart could desire; I thought him perfect and was happy. But soon he became cold and indifferent, and all the love he once felt for me seemed to have left his heart. One day he being colder than usual, I asked him the reason, and he told me he had only married me because he took a fancy to my pretty face, but he was tired of that now. Not even the birth of our children seemed to soften him, and he went on from bad to worse, spending his evenings at the gaming table, while I was obliged to toil from day to day to support myself and children. At length he suddenly left me, and I heard nothing from him until after three years, when news reached me that he had died uncared for and alone in a foreign land. I continued to support myself by sewing until my health gave way, and I came to this place, and having spent all my little savings, I was reduced to the situation you now find me in. Ere another hour I shall be cold in death, and my poor children I could go without a murmur but for them!"

Overcome by her feelings and the exertion of speaking she sank back exhausted. Mrs. Stanwood had been very much excited during her recital, and when the poor woman had finished, she bent over her, and said in an almost whisper:—"Fear not, by the love I once bore their father, I vow to cherish and protect his children."

The dying woman pressed her hand in token of gratitude, and had scarcely time to call her children and fold them in a fond embrace, before her weary spirit winged its heavenward flight.

"And is this the wife of the proud and brilliant Henry Leighton, the lover of my youth, who so cruelly won my love and then deserted me?" murmured Mrs. Stanwood, as she bent over the corpse. "O God, the hour of retribution surely comes, and mysterious are the ways of thy providence."

With the assistance of a woman she summoned from the next room, the body of Mrs. Leighton was decently laid out, and leaving the woman to watch that none entered the room, she led the sobbing children to her carriage, and soon had the motherless ones seated by her own cheerful fire with her own Effie.

The following day a small but decent band of mourners followed the remains of Mrs. Leighton to her last resting-place. And as Mrs. Stanwood returned from the grave with the orphans, she realized the fearful responsibility resting upon her, from which she dared not shrink.

In course of time, Henry Leighton was put with a rich merchant of Mrs. Stanwood's acquaintance, who not long afterwards went to the East Indies, taking Henry with him.

Emma's sweet temper won the love of all who knew her, and each succeeding year bro't forth new charms of person and mind. Effie loved her as a sister, and Mrs. Stanwood never showed or felt towards her anything but a mother's love.

One fine summer afternoon some years after the events just narrated, two lovely girls stood arm in arm on the piazza of Col. Stanwood's country residence; and one may recognize in that fairy figure and sweet face, around which those golden curls are floating in the gentle breeze, and in those lovely eyes beaming with love and gentleness, Emma Leighton. By her side is the queenly figure of Effie Stanwood.—Effie is much changed since we last saw her, in beauty of person. As she stands, her head is slightly thrown back, her rich, black hair parted smoothly on her marble brow, and gathered in a knot at the back of her finely-shaped head; her eyes sparkling with vivacity, and her lips parted in a smile, showing her beauti-teeth.

"Come, Emma," said Effie, putting her arm round her slight waist, "come, let us take a walk this pleasant afternoon to the little maple grove, where we enjoyed so many pleasant chats last summer. I hope old Winter has seen fit to touch it gently with his frosty fingers."

Emma started slightly as her companion finished speaking, for she had been indulging in a little fit of abstraction, and had heard only half of what had been said to her, and she answered dreamily:

"Yes, Effie, nothing would give me greater pleasure than a walk. We will get our bonnets and be off."

Effie scanned her face rather mischievously as she said, "What in the world makes you so dreamy, to-day? You go about with the air of one lost to all present things. Say, has Frank Harcourt been laying siege to that little heart of yours? And if so, what will become of my poor brother Edgar? for ever since he returned from college, he has had no ears or eyes for anybody but my darling Emma."

"O, Effie! Frank Harcourt, indeed! Why, he scarcely gives me a passing glance when you are by, and yet you talk of his laying siege to my heart. You are jealous, Effie, because you saw him talking to me in the garden last evening. And all he said to me was, 'Pray, is Miss Stanwood ill, that she is not with you tonight? As you are always together, I thought there must be some urgent reason, especially as she likes moonlight rambles.' There now, don't you see it is not poor me who attracts the brilliant Frank Harcourt. You do well to avail yourself of your boot-lacing to hide your blushes."

The girls indulged in this bantering until they reached the maple grove, where, seating themselves on a seat, they threw off their bonnets and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of being in the open air. Emma sank into a brown study, and being teased by Effie to reveal the cause, she said:

"I had a dream last night, and it has been haunting me ever since, it seemed so life-like. I cannot get rid of the impression that it will come to pass some way. I dreamed I was walking in this very grove, and suddenly an old wrinkled woman stood before me. Laying her bony fingers on my arm and peering into my face, she said, 'there is a great surprise in store for you; and Effie Stanwood whom you love so so much, in a twelve month will wed one who shall knit your hearts closer than ever. You look incredulous now, but the time will surely come when you will think of my words and know how true they were.' Thus saying, she vanished, leaving me in a satte of bewilderment. If my dear brother had not been taken away from us by death, I could then see how my dream might come true, but now—"

"Who knows what will turn up? But hark, I hear voices, and my name as plain as can be," said Effie. "You know the old adage, 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves;' and I am going to hide and prove the truth of it."

The two young girls had scarcely got concealed when two young men came along.

"I say, George, that girl shall be mine by fair means or foul, if for no other reason than to thwart Frank Harcourt, who is a frequent visitor of late at Col. Stanwood's. Yes, Miss Stanwood shall, ere one month passes over her head, be the willing bride of Wm. Hammond."

"Nonsense," replied his friend. "Miss Stanwood would not look at you. You are only a bowing acquaintance, and never as yet have received an invitation to the house."

"Never mind, I can get into the good graces of her brother Edgar, and after all, I fancy by her looks she could be easily won."

Effie staid to hear no more, but indignantly seizing the hand of Emma, they stole back to their former seat.

"Then I can be easily won, can I? We shall see. Did you ever hear such unparalleled impudence? before another month, I shall be the willing bride of William Hammond.—Monstrous!"

After this burst of indignation, Effie sat for some time in deep thought, then starting up, she exclaimed: "Now I have a plan. You know Cousin Alice Stanwood is to visit us next week, and while she is here, I will give a party. Edgar shall invite this pompous braggart, and we will pass Alice off for myself, and then he will feel rather chagrined, I think, when he finds, after all his boasting, he has been trapped. What say you, Emma, do you think my plan feasible?"

"By all means, and I will assist you, for he ought to be punished."

Hearing the tea-bell ringing at this moment, the two girls started for the house full of their plans. While the family are quietly sipping their tea, we will endeavor to explain to our readers the reason of William Hammond's enmity to Frank Harcourt.

"In his boyhood, William Hammond was a famous cricket player, and for years enjoyed his triumph without a rival. He had a very fiery temper, and considered being beat at a cricket match the worst affliction that could befall him, and more than once was heard to vow vengeance on him who should rob him of his laurels The family of the Harcourts moved to the village, and a cricket match coming off soon after, Frank Harcourt was invited by some of the boys to join in the sport. He did so, and in an unlucky moment, so at least it became to him, he won the game, and was carried off the field amid the shouts of triumph from the boys, for they gloried in the defeat of William Hammond, who was so obnoxious to them by his arrogance. Ever afterwards it seemed the settled purpose of William's life to cross Frank's path at all times, and thwart his every plan.—Instead of his bitterness being softened by time, it seemed to increase with his growth, and at the time of our story, he had arrived at manhood, and outwardly was very prepossessing, yet within his heart was filled with malignant fire. The reason of his wishing to win Effie for his bride, was not because he had any love for her, but he had of late noticed Frank Harcourt's attentions to her. And then Colonel Stanwood was rich, and if he gained Effie, his fortunes, which were on the wane, would be considerably brightened, hence the resolution we have spoken of. * * * *

"Alice, my dear, are you ready?" said an elderly lady, as she entered her daughter's room, where she was dressing apparently for a journey.

"Yes, mother, all ready but putting on my bonnet. How soon will the stage be here?"

"In a very few moments, for it has already arrived at the top of the hill."

"O mother!" And here the affectionate girl threw her arms around the neck of her mother, "I anticipate being very happy during my visit, but I shall think of you so often and imagine that you are lonely without me. Do write to me every week, and I will improve every means of communication with you."

"Yes, my dear, you shall have a letter from me quite as often as I imagine you will find time to answer me. But Alice, remember, since your father's failure and our removal from A—, the communication between the families has been somewhat broken, and I know not how your Cousin Effie, whom I have heard has grown to be a brilliant and accomplished lady, will receive her portionless cousin, whom she has not seen for many years."

"If I thought she would treat me coldly, mother, or be less glad to see me on account of our altered circumstances, I am sure I would not burden her with my presence; but she answered my letter so kindly, and begging me to come and stay with her, I cannot think your fears have any foundation."

"I hope not, Alice; and indeed, if she possesses her mother's generous disposition, she will receive you with open arms. I did not say this to damp your spirits, but if such a reception should be yours, you may not be disappointed."

"Stage ready!" shouted the driver of that clumsy vehicle, as he drove up to the door.—Alice, hastily imprinting a kiss on her mother's cheek, rushed down stairs, and was soon on her way to A——, seated in a corner of the coach.

Her heart beat alternately between hope and fear as she neared her uncle's residence, for perhaps Effie might be the proud cousin her mother had feared. All her forebodings vanished like mist, as Colonel Stanwood and his wife gave her a kiss of welcome, and led her into the drawing-room, where she was clasped in the arms of Effie, and before an hour had passed the two were conversing as freely as if they had never been separated. Alice thought no more of coldness. After tea, the girls hied to their rustic seat, their favorite place for holding counsel. The projected party was to come off in three days, and Alice must be instructed in the part she was to play. Effie briefly told her the plan. Alice at first had many scruples about assuming the position of Effie. But she yielded at last to the pleading of Effie and Emma, and it was agreed that she was to receive the attentions of Mr. Hammond.

They had just settled all their plans, when Edgar Stanwood made his appearance, accompanied by Frank Harcourt. They all remained talking till the lengthening shadows warned them of the lateness of the hour. Edgar managed to get near Emma unperceived, as he thought, but Effie noticed it, and seizing Alice by the arm and calling Frank to follow, she left them to enjoy the deepening twilight together, Emma rose to follow them, but Edgar gently detained her. Taking her unresisting hand in his, poured into her ear for the first time his tale of love. Emma blushed and stammered. She murmured something about being only a dependent, but Edgar banished all those fears by assuring her that he had often heard his parents wish that this might happen. When they left the spot, now doubly dear to Emma, they were betrothed lovers.

It is the evening of the party, and the three girls have just finished dressing. There stands Effie robed in white, with no ornaments save a half blown damask rose, peeping forth from among her raven tresses. Notwithstanding the simplicity of her dress, there is the queenly bearing which distinguishes Effie. Alice is leaning against the window, almost bewildered by the brilliancy of her appearance. She is attired in a tissue of costly fabric, over an under dress of white silk, while among her auburn curls flash diamonds of great brilliancy. On her neck and arms are rich jewels, and altogether, she looks the personation of Effie Stanwood, the heiress. Emma is dressed simply but richly, and her sweet face is lighted up with such inward joy that she looks if possible more lovely than ever. Just now Edgar rushed into the room, and kissing the girls, beginning with Emma of course, he announced that he had made a great acquisition to the party in shape of a young man from the West Indies.

"Now, sister, do your best, for I have set my heart upon your making a conquest of the handsome stranger."

By this time the company were assembling, and they descended to the drawing-room. Emma and Effie were standing by a door which led into a beautiful conservatory, when Edgar came up with the stranger, and touching Effie on the shoulder, he said:

"Effie, allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Leighton." Effie returned his salutation with her usual dignity.

"And now," he said, "I will make you acquainted with my adopted sister, or perhaps I should say, Miss Emma Leighton."

Emma, when she heard his name, started and a death-like paleness overspread her face. "It must be, thought she, for surely there is the same noble brow, and the same long hair I used to love to arrange when a child. O, if it should be my long lost brother.

With these thoughts flitting through her brain she almost unconsciously returned the pressure of his hand, while he, the moment he looked at her face, his gaze became rivetted there.

"Pardon me," said he, turning to Effie and Edgar, "but will you three step into the conservatory? I wish to ask a question."

"Certainly;" and they stepped into it, letting fall the heavy curtains so as to shut them from the observation of others.

"Had you ever, Miss Leighton, a brother by the name of Henry?"

"Yes, do you know anything about him?" Emma replied, hoping and more than half believing that her hopes were about to be realized.

"I am he."

"O, my dear brother," exclaimed Emma, and soon she was sobbing on his manly breast.

After she had become calm, he related to them briefly, how the rumor had originated in regard to his death. He told them that his patron had died and left him his immense fortune, and now he had returned to his native land.

In high spirits they again joined the company, the news of the returned brother spread with joyful rapidity through the room. While these events were transpiring in one part of the room, in another, William Hammond was laying seige to the heart of Miss Stanwood, who, to his great and unlooked-for delight, was uncommonly gracious, and he caught more than once the angry glance of Frank Harcourt following them.

Frank had been let into the secret and played the jealous lover admirably. The party was not confined to the house, but wandered at will through the splendid grounds. Miss Stanwood accepted the offered arm of Mr. Hammond for a promenade; after walking about some time, William led her to an arbor, and seated himself beside her. Ever rash and impetuous, and at this time highly elated by the attention the haughty belle had bestowed on him, he fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"O Miss Stanwood, could you know how the beauty and sweetness of that peerless face has entered into my very soul, and how, for months, I have loved you in secret, never daring to ask an interview with you until now, you would certainly listen favorably to me. O, can you, will you be mine? Only murmur that sweet word 'yes,' and I will instantly seek your father, the colonel, and know my fate; for should he refuse, my life will be a blank."

Withdrawing her hand which he had seized, she said with coldness: "You must labor under some mistake; I only arrived here the day before yesterday, and as for my father, he died nine years ago."

Hammond sprung to his feet, and looking at her said: "Are you not Miss Stanwood, daughter of Colonel Stanwood?"

"Undoubtedly I am Miss Stanwood, *niece* of Colonel Stanwood, not daughter."

He stood confounded, and while gazing upon her beauty, he felt that while intending to thwart Frank Harcourt, he had lost his heart. He then asked her if she was perfectly indifferent to him. She gave an evasive but not wholly unfavorable answer, and satisfied with that for this time, they returned to the house.

The party at Colonel Stanwood's was the commencement of a series that followed each other in rapid succession, and never had the good people of A——— known such a brilliant season. Horseback rides and water parties were the order of the day. The Misses Stanwood and Emma Leighton attracted their usual share of admiration. Frank Harcourt, as formerly, was often seen wending his way to the dwelling of Colonel Stanwood, but rumor says he has long since resigned all pretensions to the hand of Effie, and that his place is filled by Henry Leighton. Gossip says Frank finds his attraction in the sweet Alice.

The weeks flew rapidly by, and Alice, yielding to the entreaties of her friends, still remains with them. She often wondered at herself being willing to stay so long away from her mother; but at such times the image of Frank Harcourt would rise before her and she would yield to the pleasure of being near him. She still kept up her flirtation,—if I may call it so—with William Hammond. He seemed sure of the prize, and dreamed of no rival.

One afternoon towards the last of August, a picnic was held in a neighboring grove, as a sort of farewell party, it being the last one of the season. Effie and Emma were present with their lovers, their faces radiant with that happiness which fills the hearts of young people during the first weeks or months of their betrothal. Colonel Stanwood and lady were also there, as sort of honorary members, and they moved about among the assembled people, their hearts filled with joy to overflowing, for in the projected union of their children, their highest wishes were to be realized. On this occasion William Hammond was more attentive than ever to Alice, and was constantly seeking an opportunity to declare his passion a second time. Frank Harcourt was sitting beside Alice in a retired part of the grove, when through an opening in the bushes he espied his enemy approaching in their direction. Hastily concealing himself behind a tree he awaited his approach. William perceiving Alice alone, immediately joined her, and like Frank we will listen to their conversation.

"Dearest Alice, I hear that you are to leave here soon, and now I cannot longer be kept in suspense, with regard to my fate. I need not say again how much I love you. I love you with all the deep, overwhelming affection of a passionate nature. Tell me, does your heart return that affection? Can I ever hope to call you my wife?"

"Mr. Hammond, I have reason to believe that the motives which first prompted you to seek my presence, were of the basest kind; that you have since learned to love me I will not dispute, but I assure you, I would never trust much to the love, or give my hand to one who merely for revenge sought me. I have permitted your attentions, merely to give you a lesson. My final answer is this, I can never become your wife, for I shall, ere a month passes, become the bride of Frank Harcourt."

Stung as if by an adder, he sprang to his feet, while his face grew livid with passion.

"Has *he* dared to rival me again, and rob me of the only being I ever loved! The thought is maddening. Alice Stanwood, I leave you, but I bear with me a hatred and hope for vengeance, that will sometime break out and may its effects fall on him who has ever been my evil spirit."

As he passed the tree where Frank was concealed, Frank stepped out. William with a cry of rage sprang forward, and with one blow of his fist, he struck him to the earth, and springing over him was soon out of sight.

Alice saw the blow and fall, and with a scream of terror she rushed to his side. Her cries soon brought assistance, and ere long Frank was restored to consciousness, but his head was badly cut, and he was conveyed to the residence of Colonel Stanwood, where he remained until entirely recovered.

Nothing was ever heard of William Hammond, except that he had departed for a distant land. Colonel Stanwood soon after returned to the city; and passing over a few weeks, we will visit them there, for, judging from the brilliant illumination, something pleasant must be going on. As we enter the rooms, we see Colonel Stanwood and his still lovely lady beside him, looking the same as when we first introduced her to you, save that she wears a light cap to conceal the few gray hairs that are sprinkled among her jetty locks. The mother of Alice is there, also, and many representatives of the Harcourt family, and all glance frequently to the door. It opens, and three lovely maidens, leaning upon their lovers' arms enter and glide gracefully to the other end of the room, and stand before the man of God.—The ceremonies are concluded, and Edgar and Emma Stanwood, Effie and Henry Leighton, Alice and Frank Harcourt, are husband and wife, and each felt their responsibility, as fell the solemn words, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Miscellaneous.

Men of America.

The greatest man, "take all in all," of the last hundred years, was Gen. George Washington, an American.

The greatest Doctor of Divinity was Jonathan Edwards, an American.

The greatest of living Sculptors is Hiram Powers, an American.

The greatest living historian is William H. Prescott, an American.

The greatest Ornothologist was John James Audubon, an American.

There has been no English writer in the present age, whose works have been more marked with humor, more refinement or more grace, than those of Washington Irving, an American.

The greatest Lexicographer since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster, an American.

The Inventors whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of benefit to mankind, in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton, and Whitney, all Americans.

A Judge's Charge.

Judge Jonah Joles recently delivered the following charge to the jury, in the case of Elim Crunch for stealing:

'Jury, you kin go out, and don't show your ugly mugs here till you find a verdict—if you can't find one of your own, git the one the last jury used.'

The jury retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned with a verdict of 'Suicide in the ninth degree and fourth verse.'

Then Judge Jonah Joles pronounced upon Elim Crunch this sentence: "Elim Crunch, stan' up, and face the music. You are found guilty of Suicide for stealing. Now this court sentence you to pay a fine of two shillings, to shave your head with a bagganet, in the barracks, and if you try to cave in the heads of any of the jury, you'll catch thunder, that's all. Your fate will be a warning to others; and in conclusion, may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Sheriff, get me a pint of red-eye. I am awful thirsty.

☞ Never jest with the sorrows and frailties of men. Frailties are misfortunes, and the most sacred thing on earth to each heart is its own sorrows.

Woman in California.

Rev. Dr. Scott, in a discourse on some of the causes of prevailing crimes in our day, delivered in the Unitarian Church last Sabbath evening, said, "that one of the main, proximate causes of the increase of crime in new States, in our mining districts, *is the absence of virtuous, intelligent and pious females.* The life, character, wealth and the happiness of the miner, the clerk, and the merchant emigrant would be vastly improved if they were surrounded by their mothers, wives, and sisters.—If Eve was the first in transgression, her daughter's are certainly first in healing earth's sorrows. Last at the cross and first at the tomb, woman has ever proved herself to be man's best friend and counsellor.

The vigils of the dead, the beds of the sick and the chambers of the dying, are witnesses of her patience and sleepless care. God has said, it is not *good* for man to be alone. When He created man, He gave him woman in the holy bands of matrimony, as the crown of his chiefest earthly blessing. Infinite wisdom has divided the race into the two sexes, and the happiness of both is only secured by their virtuous union. Such is human nature, that the mere consciousness of the presence of a female heart is to man a great blessing.

Women need no conventions to secure her rights. God has given them to her by an unchanging charter. Her true position is just where the Bible places her, as a mother, wife, daughter and sister—man's helpmate and companion, and the source of his sweetest and purest delights. It is vastly important for young men and all good citizens, to properly estimate the position of women in society. For just where she is placed in her proper position, there, and there only, does society culminate in its loftiest grandeur. I am well satisfied, and that too after a visit to the mining districts, that nothing is more imperatively needed in California than the softening, purifying and elevating influence of woman.

And sure I am, if mothers and wives, at home, only had a view of the *inner life* of society in this State, they would fly at once to its shores, plains and mountain cabins. Neither the Chinese wall, nor the Rocky Mountains, nor the Isthmus transit—scarcely, indeed, could the flaming sword of Eden keep them away. The two great wants of California are, not a railroad to the Atlantic, nor a steamship line to Japan and China, though these are important, and will, I hope, soon be accomplished; but the two greatest wants of this State are the presence of mothers, wives and sisters, and a thorough American *home* education.—*Alta Californian.*

BEREAVEMENT OF EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—The following beautiful and feeling tribute to Mr. Fillmore, on the occasion of the loss of his only and much loved daughter, is copied from a late number of the Boston Transcript. We may say that millions will take it to their hearts and cherish it; while millions mourn with the good, great and patriotic man, whose cherished hopes have been so terribly riven:

TO EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE,
Upon his Recent Afflictions.

Many the hearts that share thy sadden'd hour,
Fillmore, the firmly wise the meekly great,
Who worest without stain the robe of state,
Unawed by faction, unseduced by power.
If, while the clouds of woe so darkly lour
Over thy home, once happy, any thought
Can reach thy mind with healing virtue fraught,
Or beam, a bow of promise through the shower,
Be it that thou by suffering art endeared.
That thousands mourn with thee, and that thy name
Wins a more tender honor than when fame
Wafted it forth, in distant lands revered
May He who smiles sustain thy strength and fill
Thy soul with all high thoughts! Thy country needs thee still. S. G. B.

Dorchester, July, 1854.

Pruning Orchards.

It is a very good rule, and the nearer it is followed the better, that no shoot should be allowed to remain longer than one year on a tree, that will require removal at any future time.—By observing the form which a young tree should take, and rubbing or cutting of improper or unnecessary shoots in time, any severe pruning at a subsequent period, may be entirely avoided. Hence, the remark has much truth in it, that pruning saws and axes should never enter an orchard—which is strictly correct in all cases, provided the needless shoots have been lopped in time, when the work may be done with the pocket-knife only. A very common error is to allow the growth of too many branches, the result of which is they become overcrowded, a part die, the leaves and new growth are small and imperfect, and as a necessary consequence, the fruit is half grown and stunted. The head should therefore be left open, the branches few, and so evenly distributed through space, that none shall be crowded, and all subjected to air and sunshine, and all continue thrifty and vigorous. A moderate share of care and attention to these particulars, might be made to give a very different report of our orchards, from that now presented by the great mass of apples sold in market. Larger prices, larger crops, and better satisfied purchasers, would be the result;—and most strikingly so, provided good cultivation were given in connection with judicious pruning.

Now is the time that young orchards should be examined and treated in the way we have pointed out.—*Albany Cultivator.*

HOW SHE FELT WHEN FIRST KISSED.—A lady friend of ours says the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmeg and checkerberries. She also felt as if something was running thro' her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots, drawn by angels, shaded by honey-suckles, and the *whole* spread with melted rainbows. Jerusalem!—What power there is in a full breasted kiss!

☞ If you see a squall arising in the latitude of your wife, what course should be pursued to avoid its consequences?

Double her cape with your left arm, and let your lips drops anchor on the cruising ground of smacks.