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 13, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 37.

TERMS:

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Choice Poetry.

WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,
And oh, we wish thou wert here,
To linger with us round the fireside,
And share in the evening's cheer,
To list to the voices of loved ones,
And the wish that thou never would'st roam;
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy without measure,
Dearest brother, if thou would'st come home.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,
When the pleasures of evening are nigh,
When the sun hath retired in splendor,
To his home in the western sky;
And the moon is shining so brightly,
On the family circle at home;
Oh, then, we miss thee, we miss thee,
And sigh that thou still dost roam.

We miss thee at home, we miss thee,
When we all kneel down to pray,
And the tears start from our eye-lids,
As we wonder how long thou wilt stay;
If before the Winter is over,
And the cold snow leaveth the earth,
Thou wilt not meet in our circle,
And cheer our desolate hearth.

But, oh! when the spring time cometh,
And the birds from a distant shore,
Then, may we not hope to fold thee,
At home, in our arms once more;
To kneel with us in the grave-yard,
O'er that dear little, sacred tomb,
And mingle thy tears, dearest brother,
With those thou hast left at home.

A Select Tale.

From the Model American Courier.

THE GRINDSTONE;

OR,

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY ANDREW DUNCAN.

"This is not the same country that it was forty years ago. When I first squatted at the foot of yonder dark mountain you see away to the north, I had to live like an Indian in a wigwam, for over fourteen years. I remember when the field we are now standing in was covered with a dense forest of hemlocks; now you don't see a stump. I remember when, for twenty miles round, the most splendid mansion to be met with was a log cabin, of one room, with boys and girls as the principal furniture. Now, sir, just look around you, and count from fifteen to twenty good frame buildings, all polished off in red and white paint. I feel that the world is running away from me; it goes too fast for the ideas of an old man, and I must even let it go. I love to think of the past, and look forward to the future. Recollections of the past, and the hopes connected with the future, are all that is left me now."

Thus spake Mr. B., a resident of a northern county in the State of New York. Anxious to hear a little more of things incidental to the life of a hardy forest pioneer, we invited the old man to take a seat on the fence, where we had ourself come to anchor. With our invitation he cheerfully complied, seeming happy at having met with one who appeared to take an interest in the things of by-gone days.

"For," said he, "the world now-a-days is all go-ahead, seldom taking time to look behind.'

"Had you any grist-mills, or stores," said we, "in the early days of this settlement?"

"Well," said the old man, "do you see that large spruce, that stands by itself a little to the east of a red building?"

We replied that we saw the tree.

"Well, there stood the first and only mill the settlement had for sixteen years, and it was just fifteen miles from my cabin. I considered myself very lucky in living so nigh the mill, as we had to back all our grain, at least for the most part. As for stores, we had little use for them, and had none nigher than Sandy Hill, about forty miles south. Some neighbor would go out occasionally, and bring in tobacco, snuff, and such like indispensables; besides, the 'Squire, when he went out to get his barrel filled, would bring up any knick knacks the women wanted."

"What did the 'Squire fill his barrel with?—Had you a rum-selling tavern in those days?"

"Not exactly a tavern, like the taverns, they have now-a-days, but we had two *grind-stones*, one in my neighborhood, and one about ten miles north. Old 'Squire S——, he is now dead; some said he made way with himself, but that was never fully known. Mr. S—— moved into this country about two years before I moved in; he was a pretty cunning old fellow, understood himself very well, at least he thought he did; but all did not end well with him. When he came into the country, he brought with him a *grind-stone* and a barrel of whiskey, two very good pieces of property in those days, and the man who had them, was pretty sure to pick up all the loose change that was afloat. When money failed, a bushel of corn would answer, and when corn failed, a day's chopping was always good. Many an acre of land did the 'Squire clear with a few gallons of whiskey. Every man had an axe, and you know axes will get dull, then they must be carried to the grindstone, and as Mr. S—— could not afford to have his stone worn out for nothing, all was kept straight by spending a sixpence or shilling in whiskey. Before one barrel was out, the 'Squire would always manage to have another on the spot; and on this account he was considered a public benefactor, and was elected 'Squire, an office which he held for more than twenty years. I shall never forget the last time I was at the grind-stone. *Never*! NEVER! shall I forget that day!"

"What happened on that day," said we, "that makes you remember it so well?"

"Why, if you have time to hear it, I will tell you the whole story. It does me good to talk of the wonderful and merciful ways of God. I was once a wicked man, stranger, very wicked, a blasphemer, an infidel, and a drunkard. Ah! I was a Heaven-daring wretch, but I trust that I have been forgiven. I was going to tell you about the last time I was at the 'Squire's grindstone. Well, I started one fine morning in the latter part of May, with a bushel of corn on my back, and, as the day was long, and I had got an early start, I thought I could get out to mill and back again by night. Indeed it was necessary that I should return the same day, as I did not leave a pound of meal in the house. We were dependent mainly upon meal and milk for a living, as pork at that season of the year was pretty scarce. I did not take my axe that morning, as I was in the habit of doing, having determined not to make any stop at the 'Squire's, although it lay in my way. Having got along to within about half a mile of the house, I was overtaken by three of my neighbors, with their axes, going to have a *grind*, and of course the stone must be wet. They invited me to turn in and partake with them, in a drop of the new barrel, for it had been reported that a barrel of a very superior quality had arrived a few days previous. Of course I did not need much pressing. The new stock was pronounced by all hands to be excellent, and I turned the grind-stone and drank whiskey until noon. I now thought it time to start for the mill, and it did seem to me that I walked on a great deal faster by the help of the spirit than I otherwise could have done. I made no doubt but that I could get home by night. But for all the speed with which I was getting over the ground, I found, on arriving at the mill, that I had been five hours in travelling nine miles. I could not believe it, but the miller showed me his noon mark and calculated the time so that there could be no mistake.—He told me that the water was low, and he could not do my grinding short of an hour. It was not a mill like the mills we have now-a-days, that can grind a bushel of corn in a *giffy*. Somewhat sobered, I felt vexed at this state of things; I saw plainly I could not get home that night, and my children must go to bed supperless. I felt ready to cry, for no man ever loved his children more than I did; drunkard that I was, my heart was never clean gone. I cursed the 'Squire's grind-stone, whiskey barrel and all, but it was of no use; my cursing did not mend the matter in the least. At last, I thought the children might make out with milk for supper for one night, and I should get home bright and early in the morning. I got my grist about an hour before sun-down, and returned four miles, when I put up at the house of a neighbor, (we were all neighbors, within twenty miles.) I was up in the morning, as soon as it begun to get light, and while engaged with a bowl of bread and milk, some one knocked; the woman of the house went to the door, and was asked by the young man if Mr. B. was there. Being told that he was, the man entered, and coming up to me, said—

"Mr. B., two of your children are lost in the woods."

"I told him he lied, for I knew not what I said, but had some kind of thought that the man wanted to scare me."

"It is true," he said; "and I have been down at the mill, looking after you. And some of the neighbors have been hunting for the children all night."

"I saw the man was in earnest. I cannot describe my feelings, stranger, at that moment. Did ever you feel as if the earth was sinking away from under your feet, and the whole weight of the heavens coming down upon your head? Did you ever feel your heart knocking against your breast as a sledge-hammer, and threatening to force a passage up through your throat? If you ever felt so, you know something of my feelings on that terrible morning. But, after all, my feelings did not bewilder me, nor render me inactive. I rushed from the house like a madman—soon leaving the messenger and the grist far behind. Neither stump, stone nor fallen tree impeded my course. I was young, then, and few men more fleet afoot than I was in those days. I remember nothing of my thoughts, until I had got within half a mile of my own house. I then began to conjecture which of my children it could be that was lost, (for I had forgot that the man mentioned two). Could it be my own dear little Nelly who used to come dancing to meet her father every night, with her little eyes sparkling like diamonds? Whether I came home drunk or sober, Nelly was always rejoiced to meet me."

"Have you any children, sir?"

We answered in the affirmative.

"You will not wonder, then, at the old man's tears, when remembering and speaking of the strong pure love of a little daughter. But none can tell how dear a child is, until lost in the woods. It is nothing, comparatively nothing, to lay a child in the grave. I have had the experience of both; the one is a hard thing but the other awfully terrible. As I came in sight of my house, a new idea struck me—a strange idea to enter a head like mine. I thought, now, if there is a God, he can save my child. I don't know why it was, but for the first time in my life I felt sure that there was a God. My infidelity had in a moment completely vanished, and I roared aloud again and again, 'O Lord! save the lost child of a poor sinner!'—This was the first prayer that I ever had uttered—but, thank God! it was not the last. I discovered, on approaching the house, a few men standing about the door, and as soon as I could make myself heard, I inquired which of my children was lost. I was informed it was Nelly and Jamie. This was a dreadful blow; but the madness of my grief had passed away with my infidelity, and I repeated, 'Lord save the lost child of a poor sinner.' On entering the house, I found my wife and six remaining children huddled together in a corner. They had all cried until their faces were swollen, and my wife looked the picture of utter despair.—She could not speak, and I could only say, 'Oh! Mary, Mary!'"

"The children came clinging around me, their faces grew brighter, they felt sure that their father could find Nelly and Jamie. I kissed them all, and told them they must stay in the house with mother until I came back. I was about to join the men at the door who were deliberating upon the best plan of proceeding, when my wife rose from her seat, and laying hold on my arm, said—

"John, the Lord can save our children."

"Yes, yes," said I, "but I have been a very wicked man—a very great sinner, yet maybe the Lord will forgive, and save our dear children."

"Arrangements were now made for commencing the search. We were to go forth two and two, each party having a gun, and if either party should be successful in finding the children alive, the fact should be announced by the firing of six guns, and if dead, three guns.

"Perhaps I had better give you some idea of the geography of the woods. My house was situated about a mile from the foot of the mountain to the north;—along the base of the mountain runs a considerable stream, rock rose on rock up to the very summit of the mountain; so steep and rugged, that a deer could hardly get a foot-hold. With the exception of two or three small fields, all the distance from the house to the brook was covered with heavy timber. It was while hunting up the cows, about the clearing, that the children got lost, and it was reasonable to suppose that they could neither cross the stream, nor climb the mountain, being only eight and six years of age. We therefore determined to confine our search between the house and north branch of the brook, extending a few miles east and west. Doctor P——, who was my companion in the search, said all he could to cheer me, but that was a dreadful day. I could not take time to walk, but ran from one thicket to another, calling out with all strength, Nelly, Nelly! Jamie, Jamie! But no Nelly, no Jamie answered. No gun was fired during the day; and night, a very dark night, began to set in. I determined to continue the search, but the Doctor persuaded me to return home, saying, we should have more help by morning, and would go in larger parties."

"We accordingly returned; found the others had got in before us, but no traces of the lost ones had been discovered. Fires were now kindled upon all the knolls round about the house, and a little after night about twenty men joined us. The news had gone out thro' the neighboring towns; and they all turned out, every man with his bag of provisions and his gun, determined they said to find them dead or alive.

"In the course of the night, about thirty more arrived, so that by morning we mustered between fifty and sixty men. My hopes of finding them alive were getting very feeble, yet I spent the night praying: 'O Lord, save my poor little children.' The sufferings of my wife during that long, long dark night, were awful, and may not be described. She sat in the door watching for the first dawning of day, and when she saw the light, she leaped for joy, as if the day would bring back her lost infants.

"'Ah! it has been a long night!' she said, 'the longest and darkest that I ever saw. Poor little Nelly—poor little Jamie; where have you been all night? Why don't you come to your own mother, who has watched all the night long, for your coming?'

"I thought my cup of affliction was already full, but I now saw that some might be added. I was afraid my wife was about to lose her reason. On being pressed to go and take a little rest, she gazed on me for a momet, and replied,

"Yes, John, I will rest—I will try to give them up to the hands of God. We have been great sinners; but He is a great God, and very merciful."

"I felt relieved; she promised to go to bed, and we all prepared to renew the search. As we were about to start, the 'Squire made his appearance, and on his back a small keg of whiskey; he said he had been from home until late last night, or he should have come sooner to our assistance. He then drew some of the spirit, and offered it to me."

"No," said I; "'Squire, I have drank my last glass, and it has been paid for with the lives of my two lovely children."

"What do you mean?" said the 'Squire; "I don't understand you."

"Well," said I, "if I had not tarried six hours at your grindstone, as I went to mill, I should have got home the same day, and my children would have been all here this morning. Yes, sir, I have paid a fearful price for my last glass; either you or I are their murderers."

"I was sorry I said quite so much to the 'Squire, but I felt all that I said.

"Some of the men took a little of the spirit, and our plan of operation being settled, we divided into two lines, extending from the fields to the brook, one line moving west, the other east, every man keeping within a few rods of his right hand man, and in this order the whole line moved forward, making careful examination as they progressed. That day passed away like the former; no gun was fired, no traces found. At night, we again met at the house, tired and hopeless. Over ten miles, from east to west, had been so closely examined, that no living thing, the size of a woodchuck, could have escaped detection. The men looked exhausted and sad. All hopes of finding them alive had now fled, and but little, if any hopes remained, of finding their bodies. Some seemed to think any father effort useless. I thought so myself, and yet trembled, lest they should abandon the search. I went into the house, while the men kindled their fires and prepared to cook their supper. I found my poor wife much calmer than when we left in the morning. She said she was sure that God would do right.—She had spent the day reading from a few leaves of an old Bible, which we had in the house, and it had given her much strength and comfort. The old book was once complete, and belonged to my father; he brought it from Rhode Island with him, but when he died, there were none left in my house that cared about reading it, and it got tore up and destroyed; only about a third remaining; but I found that even in what was left there was a blessing. I have got the old leaves yet.

"Our friend, the Doctor, gave us all the consolation he could; told us how long a person could live without food, and insisted that there was still hope.

"If any spark of hope remained in our hearts, it had completely died away by morning. That night about eleven o'clock, some flashes of lightning were seen in the south, and in less than an hour a most fearful thunder storm raged around us. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew with destructive violence. The crashing of trees, tore up by the roots, or twisting, splitting and snapping like reeds, seemed louder and more dreadful than the roaring of the thunder, or the hissing flash of the lightning. I really thought I could see the huge and broken limbs of the fallen trees mangling the dead or dying bodies of my helpless infants. I have seen no thunder storm like that since. The morning at last came: it was mild and beautiful: the sun rose without a cloud, and the men, though much exposed to the violence of the storm, during its continuance, had early re-kindled their fires, cooking their breakfast, and were preparing for another day's search. The plan was changed, and they went out in two's and three's—wherever each party should think best; the signals, however, were to remain the same as agreed on at first. This day, for the first time, I began to find my strength failing me. I had to set down and rest every half-hour. I would sometimes fancy I could hear the report of a gun, and would hold my breath to hear the report repeated, but no repitition would follow. As evening settled down upon the woods, we again assembled at the house. Every face now wore an expression of deep settled hopelessness, and little for a time was said. At last the question was put to the Doctor:

"Shall we continue the search?"

"A pause followed, but the Doctor added, 'I for one will not give it up.'

"So said the greater part; but the prospect of finding the children was so doubtful, that about fifteen left during the night. In the morning, we mustered forty men. All seemed quite discouraged. And the question again occupied their minds, whether it was best to renew the search or not. The whole seemed to waver, and finally all came to the conclusion that farther efforts would be useless.

"I went to the house, found the Doctor, and informed him of the conclusion to which two men had come. I begged he would endeavor to change their minds—just to try one day more, and then I should be resigned to my fate, whatever it might be; I did not expect to find them alive, but I thought it would be a great comfort to know they were buried. My wife on hearing the determination of the men, went out, and plead with all the earnestness of a bereaved mother, that they would try one day more—only one day more! The men (for they were men, and could not stand a mother's tears,) quickly replied, to satisfy her, they would continue the search another day, not that they had the slightest expectation of finding the children. We all went out in a body, spreading in every direction, and every man taking his own course. I had got about two miles from the house, when, near noon, I distinctly heard the report of a musket. I fell down as if a bullet had gone through my heart. There I lay breathless, trembling in every limb. Another loud report, like that of a cannon—I jumped to my feet, staggered forward a few paces, and fell again to the earth. A third report soon followed, and then all was stil. The story was now told—the dear children were found, but they were dead!

"Oh! the agony of that moment! I feel it yet. I rolled on the earth—I strove to be calm—I tried to do reconciled—tried to thank God, for restoring their dead bodies. I would look once more upon the face of my little Nelly and Jamie, although they would no more come to meet their father, I remembered my poor wife and rose from the earth. I knew she needed my support, little that it could be, in such afflicting circumstances.

"When I had got within half a mile of my home, I was startled by the report of a gun; another and another followed in quick successsion, and for eight or ten minuets there was nothing but firing. All this perplexed me—I knew not what to make of it. At last I tho't the men had all got in, and were dicharging their guns, that had been loaded for several days.

"As I approached the house, a scene presented itself which led me to think that the men had all gone stark mad. They were dancing, and shouting, and capering in the most extravagant manner. Can the children be dead, tho't I, and all this going on! I rushed through the crowd, and as I entered the house, little Nelly sprang into my arms, crying, 'Here comes my father, here comes my own father!' Poor Jamie was alive, but he was very feeble, and that was enough.

"When the weeping spell was over, I inquired where they had been found, and who found them? As soon as the Doctor could speak, he came forward and said that himself and Mr. T. had taken a direction that led them to the bank of the stream and the foot of the mountain.—The ground had been gone over before, yet they thought it might be well to examine a little more carefully the bank of the brook. It was not long before they discovered the prints of little bare feet, apparently going into the stream. They immediately crossed, and climbing a little ways up the mountain, discovered what appeared to have been a camp, where the children must have passed a night. Little pieces of bark had been collected, and small branches broke off from the surrounding bushes, with which they had formed a shelter. On leaving this camp, they had ascended the steep face of the mountain, leaving traces of their course sufficient to guide the Doctor and his companion. After scrambling up for half an hour, sometimes on their hands and knees, they saw before them the objects of their search, sitting quite contentedly in a little hut, formed by placing bark and branches as a roof, between two large rocks that lay near together. They lived upon gum, and had laid in quite a little stock for after use. The boy was somewhat feeble, but the girl was lively and well. They knew they were lost, but thought they would find the way home by and by. The men took them in their arms, and in a short time placed them by the side of their mother. Notice must now be given of the discovery, and on old musket was loaded and fired three times, but as the Doctor in his jo y had used his powder rather freely, at the third discharge the old thing burst.

"No one was hurt, but the signals were of course stopped, until the men returned from the search, expecting to find them dead. On learning the facts, a general firing took place. I have now told you the whole story. The loss of my children for a few days made me a sober man, and taught me that there is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." The God, whose unseen arm shielded my infants in the darkness and in the storm, has conducted me down to old age, giving me to enjoy "a good hope through grace.' I have never tasted whiskey, rum, or brandy, from that day to this.—The temperance reformation has done much for this place, but there are many yet who drink the damning beverage, and who, I fear, will go down to the drunkard's grave."

"But what became of the 'Squire and his grind-stone?"

"Well, the old man is dead, and I don't like to say much about him; some of the best farms in the country were whittled down upon that *stone*. Many are working as laborers on the very farms their father once owned. The 'Squire made money, but it all went before he died; his two sons both died drunkards before they were thirty years of age, and his only daughter married a poor worthless creature, who finally ran away and left her with three small children. After the old man died, it was found that he was considerable in debt, and his widow, his daughter, and her three children, were sent to the poor house. My own family all signed the temperance pledge; my five boys own every one his farm, and my three girls are married to good and sober men. Little Nelly lives in the white house you see down in the hollow. She often talks of her trip to the mountain, and says, in view of the change it wrought in her father, 'That God makes all things work together for good to those who love him.' Myself and the old woman have seen many a happy day together, and are now waiting the call that will bring us 'to a better INHERITANCE.'"

Miscellaneous.

The Evening Star.

The very bright star that is now visible in the east after sunset is the planet Jupiter. The earth is now at the nearest point of approach to that magnificent globe, which presents to us a round disc like a miniature full moon, when viewed through a telescope of moderate power. With an ordinary spy-glass its four moons are distinctly visible. But, though apparently so near, it is in reality four times as distant from us as the sun. If Jupiter were no larger than our earth it would scarcely be visible to us.—But, to the contrary, what an object do we contemplate when we raise our eyes to that massive orb! Here is a mass of matter, a revolving world, more than twelve hundred times larger than the earth we tread and seem to look upon as constituting in itself the universe. The whole surface of our globe, which men "strut and fret" so much upon, would not make in the wide area of Jupiter but a moderate state. Our population would be lost in it, as in a wilderness. What a subject for reflection! Merged as we are in the history of our little planet, how startling is it to break for a moment the spell that binds us down, and look upward. There shines a bright world resplendent with the same sunlight that illumines our own. Rolling clouds, like those above our heads, float in its atmosphere. Moons, going the round of their monthly phases like our own, enlighten its nightly plains. Day chases night, and night day through its lengthened year.—Swiftly it rolls upon its axis, carrying round its burden of continents, and seas, and nations—yes, nations and people; for who with such analogy before him, can see in that immense sphere an uninhabited desert, when every leaf and dew drop on our barren earth is teeming with animated existence. Yes, Jupiter, we hail thee as a world—a world of beings perhaps as superior to ourselves in the scale of existence as thou art in thy size and grandeur to the one we move in—a world whose history in weighty import would cast that of our own race into shadowy oblivion. FLORRANT.

A New Order---Dunghills Forever!

We have been furnished with the proceedings of a new secret order lately established, which we receive through a channel that we are not at liberty to reveal. This organization has arisen from a long train of usurpations which have at length become intolerable, and some means of redress were loudly called for. The meeting was composed exclusively of that class of feathered bipeds known in this land of liberty, as *Dung Hill Fowls*. The Grand Cock-a-doodle-doo ascended the throne, and after flapping his wings, scratched his ear with his left leg, and then proceeded to crow in a whisper, so that the place of meeting might not be discovered. The coop was decorated with the emblems of the order. A hen feather and a biddy's tail sprung from the end of the principal baton of office. Around the neck of every one present was a broad collar inscribed with the motto, "None but Dunghills." The Grand Cock-a-doodle-doo called the meeting to order by a characteristic, "put-i-ca-tuc-tuc," and immediately all the young pullets and old hens flew from the roost to ascertain if the "cock of the walk" had found any corn. The old rooster looked indignant, and the hens and young biddys stood off looking rather sideways at the old gentleman. Order being restored, the Chief proceeded to unburthen himself of his message, which, being interpreted from the chicken dialect into the *vernacular*, is as follows:

"Dung Hill Fowls"! We are assembled here to-night, leaving our roosts and our repose, for the purpose of asserting our rights. We are the legitimate owners, and ought to be the rulers of every foot of territory in this land of liberty. This is a self-evident proposition, and any one daring to deny it, is false to every principle that Dung Hills hold dear. (Here there was a loud *cackle* from every chicken present.) "Notwithstanding all this however, our rights have been seriously invaded by a long series of usurpations which we are determined to meet, and if needs be, die in the breach!" (Another vociferous *cackle*, and one young biddy sung out Cock-a-doodle-doo.)—"For a very long period of time we were content to bear the impertinent interference of upstart Game Chickens, notwithstanding we were often wounded and worsted by the bloody steel gaffs which they wore on their heels. We could have put up with the horn spurs that nature furnishes to the race, but the gaffs, were rather sharp. Of late years the country swarm with Polanders, Spaniards, Buram Pooters, and last, though not least, the detestable Shanghaes. We are driven from almost every barn yard in the land, and our places supplied by a long legged, rough coated set of foreigners, whose encroachments we are determined to resist" (Here an old hen became so much excited that she laid an egg, which produced a general *cackle*.) "We are here then, to-night, fellow Dung Hills, to organize a secret society, the object of which is, to regain our supremacy. Death to all foreigners, and Dung Hills forever! is our motto. With this glorious watchword we shall go on conquering and to conquer, and our chickens chickens will hereafter rejoice in the name and fame of their illustrious sires." After the delivery of this eloquent address, the regular organization took place.—The secret pass-words were agreed upon and the Dung Hill Fowls quietly retired to roost.—*Weekly Republican.*

"Small Choice among Rotten Apples."

The New York *Spirit of the Times* of last week gives the following:

Time, towards evening—Place, Forks of the Rood, somewhere in North Carolina—Log cabin close by—Red-headed boy sitting on the fence whistling "Jordan." Enter traveller on an old grey mare, both looking pretty well beat "out."

Traveller.—"Say, boy, which of these roads goes to Milton?"

Stuttering Boy.—"B-b-both on'em goes thar."

Traveller.—"Well, which is the quickest way?"

Boy.—"B-b-bout alike; b b-both on'em gets there b-b-bout the same t-t-time o' day."

Traveller.—"How far is it?"

Boy.—"B-b-bout four m-m-miles."

Traveller.—"Which is the *best* road?"

Boy.—"T-t-they ain't nary one the b-best.—If you take the right hand road and go about a m-mile, you'll wish you was in h-h—ll; and if you t-turn back and take the l-l-left hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had *kept on the other r-r-road*."

The Preaching Monkey.

There is a curious animal, a native of South America, which is called a preaching monkey. The appearance of this animal is at once grotesque and forbidding. It has a dark thick beard, three inches long, hanging down from the chin. This gives it the mock air of a Capuchin friar, from which it has acquired the name of the preaching monkey. They are generally found in groups of twenty or thirty, except in the morning and evening meetings, when they assemble in vast multitudes. At these times, one of them, who appears by common consent to be leader or president; mounts to the highest tree which is near, and the rest take their places below. Having, by a sign, commanded silence, the orator commences his harangue, consisting of various modulated howls, sometimes shar, and quick, then again slow and deep, but always so loud as to be heard several miles.

The mingled sounds at a distance are said to resemble the rolling of drums, and rumbling and creaking of cart wheels ungreased. Now and then the chief gives a signal with his hand, when the whole company begin the most frightful chorus imaginable, and with another sign, silence is restored. The whole scene is described as most ludicrous, and yet the most hideous, that the imagination can conceive.

☞ A tailor in New York advertises for "a number of *thin* coat makers." At the rate of wages paid here, we should suppose nearly all the coatmakers would be *thin* ones.

Happy Effects of Humanity.

The following facts of a young chief of the Pawnee nation, and son of Old Knife, one of the Indians who visited the city of Washington, in America, a few years ago, from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, are highly creditable to his courage, his generosity and his benevolence. This young warrior, when these events occurred, was about twenty-five years old. At the age of twenty-one, his heroic deeds had acquired for him, among his people, the rank of 'bravest of the brave.' The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, taken in war of the Paduca nation, was destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived; the trembling victim, far from her home and friends, was fastened to the stake: the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain, to witness the awful scene. Just when the wood was about to be kindled, and the spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composedly among the chiefs, having before prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosed the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the act of their deity, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released captive was accompanied through the wilderness toward her home, till she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of her journey, and they parted. On his returning to the village, such was the respect entertained for him that no inquiry was made into his conduct; no censure was passed on it; and, since the transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any of the Pawnee tribes. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause.

On the publication of this anecdote at Washington, the young ladies of a female seminary, in that city, presented this brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, on which was engraven an appropriate inscription; accompanied by an address, of which the following is the close:—'Brother, accept this token of our esteem; and, when you have again the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her rescue.

Jewish Weddings.

We were favored with an invitation to witness the Jewish marriage ceremony, performed at the residence of Mr. Leibensberger, on Wednesday last. There were two pairs to be united in the "holy bonds," but there was a separate ceremony for each. The services were in the German and Hebrew languages, and quite lengthy. The bride was dressed in white with a light veil enveloping her head and face. She was attended by two ladies. The groom was unattended. The officiating priest handed to the groom a bordered shawl at each corner of which was a tassel of ram's wool.—The priest then threw a shawl of the same kind around his own shoulders. The shawl, with its four tasseled corners, was to show 'in a figure,' the dispersion of the twelve tribes to the four quarters of the globe.

After the priest addressed the parties in relation to the obligations of the new relation, and during which the bride shed many tears—a glass of wine was presented to the groom, who placed it to his lips, and passed it to the lady next him, who presented it to the bride, at the same time raising the veil to enable her to partake. This ceremony over, a Psalm was chanted.

The groom then placed a ring upon the forefinger of the right hand of his bride as a pledge of his fidelity. Another Psalm was chanted. The wine was presented as before. Then followed some further injunctions in regard to the duties devolving upon each in the married state. The ceremony closed by a friend of the groom pouring out the wine upon the hearth and then crushing the glass with his heel—the signification of which was, that until the fragments were all re-united, so as to make the glass whole and perfect as before, he would remain faithful to the promise which he had just made, to love, cherish and protect her. Kissing the bride after the manner of the Gentile, came in appropriately at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony.—*Dayton Journal.*

A SECRET FOR THE LADIES—HOW TO PRESERVE BEAUTY.—Don't use Chalk, Lily White, or any of the so called cosmetics, to conceal a faded or sallow complexion. If you would have the roses brought back to your cheek, a clear, healthy and transparent skin, and life and vigor infused through the system, get a bottle of Carter's Spanish Mixture, and take it according to directions. It does not taste quite as well as your sweetmeats; but if after a few doses you do not find your health and beauty reviving, your step elastic and vigorous, and the whole system refreshed and invigorated like a Spring morning, then your case is hopeless, and all the valuable certificates we possess, go for naught. It is the greatest purifier of the blood known; is perfectly harmless, and at the same time powerfully efficacious. See advertisement.

☞ An old lady in the west for twenty successive years darned stockings with the same needle: in fact, so used was the same needle to its work, that frequently on the old lady's leaving the room, it would continue darning without her! When the old lady died the needle was found by her relatives and for a long time no one could thread it, nor could they discover what obstructed the threads, when by a microscopic observation they observed a tear in the eye of it!

NEW PAPER.—Paper from wood is being extensively used. The Philadelphia Ledger is printed upon it.