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, OCTOBER 11, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 41.

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Select Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

N. P. WILLIS writes from Idlewild:—"When Copway, our Ojibbeway friend was here, a day or two ago, he told the children an Indian legend of the water-lilly, how it came to earth—heavenly flower that it is. One of our fair neighbors who happened to be listener, thus rendered the beautiful story into verse:

A star looked down from its glowing throne
In the azure-vaulted sky,
And said—"I am weary here all alone,
Doing nought but throb and sigh.

Far down in the vallies of earth I see
The red men's children at play;
The innocent sound of their careless glee
Rises faint on the air all day.

"I will speak to the braves at their council fire,
And ask them to let me dwell
Where earthly love may warm my heart
With its human, holy spell."

So they told the star she might at night come
When the wood and wigwam were still,
And sit on the mountain and throw her light
Through the vale and along the hill.

She came all trembling, but when the morn
Woke the birds and children again,
The star sat grieving and all forlorn,
For she knew that her hope was vain.

"Not near enough yet! I can hear and see
The red man's children at play,
But they waste neither wish nor tho't on me
From the morn till the close of day.

Then they bade her alight on the tree top old,
That lulled them asleep with its song;
And she rock'd and wail'd & shiver'd with cold,
Impatient the whole night long.

At length the children awoke once more,
And they heard the pine-tree sigh,
But took no heed of the watching star,
Between them and the sky.

She saw them skimming in a light canoe,
O'er the lovely lake below,
But the longing, that hourly tenderer grew,
How could she make them know.

She pondered another night away,
And at length when the morning brake,
She dropp'd from her height with fearful plunge
And sank in the silver lake.

The star was shivered! But every ray
Was caught by a faithful wave!
Each scintillant beam grew a snowy flower,
Where she thought to find a grave!

And when the red maiden, in her light canoe,
Seeks lilies for bosom and brow,
The star is content, for she softly says—
"*I have conquered! They love me now!*"

Miscellaneous.

A KNOW NOTHING YARN.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning, aroused from the dulness usually pervading the pious, prim, and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—

'What's it all about?' 'When did they come?' 'How many are they?' 'What do they look like?' 'Did you see 'em?' 'Are they human critters?' 'What are they going to do?'

'Who?' 'What?'

'*The Know Nothings!*'

'Know Nothings?' says a native.

'Know Nothings.'

'Well, I'd give a fo'pence to know,' continued the native, 'what in sin it all about.'

'Oh, you haven't seen 'em, eh?' says a jolly, round-visaged, bright-eyed individual, who, with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night came, saw, and *took* the town. 'Haven't seen 'em?'

'Seen who?' says the native.

'The Know Nothings.'

'Know Nothings! Wal, I kinder calc'late I have a few.'

'Oh, you are one of 'em, eh?'

'Look a here, squire, if you don't want to be squattin' cross-legged in yon heap o' sand, I calc'late you'd better not say my edecation has been neglected in any sich a way.'

'Not at all, my dear friend; I only predicted that you were a—that is, hang it—I mean, do you know what's out?'

'Yes; I'll tell you what's out, squire.'

'Good; what is it?'

'A writ agin Josh Pruden for breakin the Sabbath all tew flinders, playing keards in Deacon Dinkle's barn.'

'Psha!' said the jolly man, 'I don't mean that sort of work; I suppose you are like the rest of these Know Nothings, too sly, eh—to be caught?'

'Squire, don't you chaw?

'Yes,' said the jolly man.

'Hand us your tobacco then.'

'Yes, I *don't* chaw.'

'Git out! gettin kinder sharp-set, too, I calc'late. Now look a here, squire, I gin to expect your from York.'

'I 'spect you are correct in your remaks.'

'Wal, I knew yeou was; can tell you fellers a mile off; yes, can, by kingdom. Now, I calc'late there's something goin' on, that's a fact—all-firedest raow areound this yer taown, this mornin', 'beout somethin' a feller never hearn.'

'Ah, that's what I was coming at. Now, they say, you've got a new invention—a new-fangled society, or a new order, party, or sect, or something that's bound to get Christendom in an uproar; how is it?'

'Eh, yes; when they goin' to begin it, squire?'

'O, yeou git eout, sly dog, aint you one of 'em?'

'What! them fellows that's goin' to raise sin and break things?'

'I don't know; I only ask you'—continued the squire; 'I only ask for information, you see.'

'Wal, naow, look a here, a feller never made much by dod-rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and gineral edecation; and a feller hates tew come right daown and confess he don't know nothing, that's a fact; but, squire, I've got tew acknowledge the corn, a-a-and it's no use talkin'; but darn my buttons tew apple sass, ef I wont, as poor a feller as I be, gin jist ten shillins and unards tew know what's kinder busted raound here.'

'Would you?'

'Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, I guess yeour *the* critter kin jist tell us all abeout it?

'I'm just the man that can.'

'I knew yeou be! Grea-a-t kingdom, let's hear all about it.'

'His-s-h,' said the humorous man, 'his-s-h!—I've been sounding you.'

'Yeou don't say so? echoes the citizen of Nutmeg.

'Yes, *sir*; we have to be cautious.'

'Eh, yes,' abstractedly responds the Nutmeger.

'Can't speak out to everybody.'

'So.'

'Yes, sir; now I know you're a good egg.'

'Aiggs?'

'Good egg—sound to the core!'

'Saound? wouldn't wonder, never ailin' but once in my hull life; then I had the darnest scratchin' time yeou ever did see, I reckon.—Ever had the itch, squire!'

'Never, thank you.'

'O, not at all, squire, you are quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the Ingin.'

'Well, sir, now I'll give you a whisper, an idea of what's up; and if you love your country—'

'Me?'

'The land of the free, and the home of the brave!'

'Grea-a-t Fourth of July! pitch in the big licks squire.'

'Our own dear *native* land!'

'That's the ginger! go it, squire!' says Nutmeg.

'Well, sir; now you just follow me over to the hotel, so; now take a chair. Here we are; now I'll give you the secret. You see this is a grand secret society.'

'Eh, yes.'

'And the greatest secresy is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands, high above your head, so; now swear—'

'Swear? can't dew it, squire—agin my religion.'

'Are you an American?'

'Am I? I aint nothin' else, by Bunker Hill!'

'Will you stand by your country?'

'Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn!'

'Then swear that you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and the stripes, and never reveal the secrets.'

'Fourth of July, and Bunker Hill!' chimes in the excited Yankee.

'That's it, good, good egg!' said the humorous man. 'Now, sir, you are one of us, you are a Know-Nothing.'

'Yeou don't say so?'

'Yes, sir; now we have some mysterious signs and countersigns, by which you can tell a brother of the society. When you see a man looking at you with his right eye shut, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar (should he be smoking) in the left side of his mouth—you may know he's a Know-Nothing.'

'Eh, yes.'

'Well, then, you go toward him, and shut your left eye, so; you bite your thumb, of the left hand, if he bites—'

'Bites?'

'Yes, if he *bites*; if he is really one of 'em he will say something like "what do you mean?" or "do you mean that for me?" Then he bites, you see; then you advance close, and say, slowly "*nix a weed in cully*"!'

'Dutch, aint it?' says Yankee.

'Well, no, not exactly, it's our language.—Then he'll say, "what do you mean?" mind he'll be very apt to say that, once or twice, sure. You reply, "*nibs*," don't forget, "nibs,—stag his nibs cully"!'

'"Nibs," eh, yes.'

'"Nibs, cully, how's nibs?" You then approach close up, shut the right eye, grasp his hand, and put your forefinger alongside of your nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it!'

'He will? How many fellers in this town have joined this society?'

'O, hundreds; nearly everybody you meet are members; it's raising the greatest excitement imaginable!'

'Beats Millerites? I was one of 'em.'

'Beats everything out, sir. Now here's the oath; you swear by this emblem'—(elevating a boot jack.)

'What, a boot jack?'

'Yes, it *looks* like a jack, but it aint, it's a blind, a mystery; we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these, our secrets, so help your Independence day! Now, to-night, there will be a crowd near the depot, about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to a secret chamber, where you will learn more particulars. *Now scoot.*

'Eh, yes;' and Nutmeg left.

He had just got into the street, when a veritable *sign* met his eyes. A long-legged, double-lefisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with his hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molers. The man with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, or do ing something like it, inwardly.

'Nix a weed in cully!' says Nutmeg, advancing.

'What in yaller thunder d'ye mean? say!' says the one-eyed man.

'Nibs—stag his nibs, cully, how's nibs?' continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, mistrusting the move meant no good, drew off, and put in such a "soult paw" that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—*cobiff.*

'Goll darn you, aint you one of 'em? Why didn't you say so?' bawls Nutmeg, *travelling* into the hotel to find the Professor of Know-Nothingness, settle his *hash!* But Professor Pete Morris had suddenly left for parts unknown! Nutmeg has been looking for Pete, for some time. JACK HUMPHREIS.

TOOTHACHE.

It had been raining all day. The eye could no longer read the poetry of the blue heavens. A most monotonous vapour obscured the beauty of nature, and the air was filled with watery particles, which did not come from any place in particular, but went in all sorts of oblique directions to people's doors and under the umbrellas. Men strided along in the dim distance indistinctly, with huge shapeless overshoes and melancholy countenances: and chimneys and steeples loomed up through the fog with something of the dignity of "misty mountain tops." There is nothing extraordinary in the fact, that after having paraded for some time through the streets I was rather wet. From a smart shower when big drops comes dashing and spattering down in straight lines, there is a refuge; and when the umbrella becomes saturated, and discharges its little rivers from the ends of the whalebone, you are content to step for a few moments under a shed, or on a door sill, till it is over; but from such drizzling weather there is no refuge; it defeats all calculation; the whole city is soaked, the bannisters are damp, and one may often write his name with his finger on the entry wall.

Hour after hour dragged heavily on. The sun it was presumed, had descended, and *nox atra in cubeit mare.* I went home through the mud, splashing on by the obscure lamp-light, so completely undone in regard to dress, that I had scarcely the ambition to turn aside for a mud puddle, but trudged on alike through wet and dry with a kind of miniature despair.—Well, I reached the house, flung aside my dripping cloak, shook the drops from my forlorn hat, and laid my unfortunate looking gloves on the table, hoping to lose the uncomfortable feeling of the day in the cheerful warmth of a blazing fire; but mortals are seldom blessed with a freedom from trouble; as one vanishes others come on like the waves of the sea, and so we are not often at rest. A dull pain which, had for some time suffered in my face, excited some suspicions of a visit from a bitter enemy of mine; until increasing gradually, it assumed a character more distinct than agreeable, and I was compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that I had the toothache. I will not linger to remind the reader what an insufferable torment this is; how it goes on aching, aching, hour after hour; how nobody sympathizes with you but some poor wretch who has recently been himself excruciated in a similar way—with the long train of sable recollections which throng upon the mind with the gloom of a funeral at the mention of that unhappy and inexorable disease; but hasten to the conclusion of my history. The imperturbable gravity which overshadowed my visage excited some attention. Yielding with apparent patience, because I knew it could not be avoided, I drew forth from my pocket one of your long red silk handkerchiefs, and bound it around my face.

"What's the matter?" said one

"Oh, nothing, a little toothache. It will go off presently."

"What's the matter?" asked another.

"The toothache," said I.

"Ah, how do you do?" said a third. "What's the matter with your face?"

"Toothache—the toothache—the toothache," said I, pacing backward and forward across the room.

"Hold some brandy in your month said one.

"Put your face in cold water," said another.

"Cover your head up warm,', said a third.

"Have you tried opium? Have you taken laudanum?" said one.

"Smoke a cigar." said another.

I allowed myself to be persuaded into several remedies. They put my feet into boiling hot water, enveloped my head in flannel, and sent me to bed in some measure relieved. The tooth, however, continued to ache, ache, ache, as if some fiend were beating and beating upon the nerve with his invisible hammer. Sometimes I would sink into a troubled sleep; I lost my hold upon my waking thoughts and the objects around and floated off among scenes of strange burlesque confusion familiar faces appeared laughing and talking, and, perchance, I would catch the glance of a bright eye, or the tone of a sweet voice, which I had known before and remembered; for these will occasionally recur to the memory, waking or asleep, when a sudden start would put them all to instantaneous flight, and there I was, the still moonlight streaming in upon the floor, and the fiend still beating, and beating, and beating with unrelenting perseverance. I heard the distant clock, through the silence of the night, striking two, three, and four, and despairing at length of winning "death's beautiful brother" to my eyelids, I lay watching with feverish anxiety, the first streaks of gray light that broke in the east.

I had almost resolved to "have it out;" but these "gothic appeals to cold iron" are anything but agreeable. I have an instinctive horror of a dentist. There is to me something monstrous in his deliberate self-possession.—He walks so coolly to his care, choose you out with so much tranquility his proper instrument, wraps his buckskin around it with such attrocious *sang froid*—regards your recoiling misery with such palpable unconcern—says he wont hurt you, and as his vile steel rattles against your teeth, talks about the weather—and—oh!—I hate the very name of a dentist.

When I rose in the morning, the thoughts of him frighened away the pain; and still buried in handkerchiefs, I sallied forth with a resolution to hold out the fortress at all events for another day. It was a fine sunshiny morning; all the world were merrily in motion; but my unlucky bandages continued to be the object of notice and topic of conversation, whereever I went.

"How do you do?" asked my friend Tom.—"What the dence is the matter? Have you the mumps?"

"Good morning," replied I, speaking thick through the handkerchiefs so as scarcely to be intelligible. "I have the toothache—had it all night—havn't slept a wink," (a white fib which every body tells when he has been disturbed during a part of the night; it does the hearer no harm, and there is no fear of a discovery;) "havn't slept a wink—cheek all swollen—headache—felt like the dence."

"Have you tried a hot brick and vinegar?"

"No," returned I, still struggling for utterance against the obstructions which bound my mouth and nose. "I bathed my feet, held brandy in my mouth, and covered my head with hot flannel."

"Pooh! nonsense! brandy indeed? nothing worse for the teeth than brandy. The others decay too as quick again. I'll tell you how to cure your toothache. My wife had the toothache, just as you have, and I made her wash behind her ears with cold water every morning for a week. Try it. It's a certain cure."

"I will: good morning."

Went into my friend M.'s office. There were Mr H. the poet, Mr. F. the lawyer, Col. S. and young Dr. P., all fine fellows and excellent friends of mine; would certainly cure me if they could.

"Ah, how d'ye do? how are you?"

"Good morning gentlemen."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Got the toothache, face swelled up as large as a goose's egg. Look here—havn't slept these two nights."

"Have you tried a hot onion applied outwardly? You must squeeze it in a flannel bag, and keep it close to the cheek. It's the only cure, and a certain one. My cousin was relieved of a horrid toothache by it."

"I'll try it," said I.

"Take oil of cloves," said lawyer F.; "that's the only thing in the world."

"I can tell you an infallible remedy for the toothache," observed my friend the Colonel.—"Take a tablespoonful of brandy, and four tablespoonfuls of mustard; wrap up your head in flannel; go to bed; put a couple of hot bricks to your feet, and keep on the poultice till it takes the skin off. You'll never have the toothache again as long as you live."

A little while after—tooth still aching—I sat over my desk in a brown study. My two friends B. and W. walked in.

"How do you do this morning? What's the matter with your face?"

"The toothache—had it all night—no sleep—look like a fright."

"Hand me that pen," said W., "I'll give you a cure. Take of *nitri. dulcis.* so much, and *alum. pulv.* so much.

"Horible," said B., "I tried that once, and it screwed my face all out of joint. Have you tried the vapor bath?"

"No."

"Only thing in the world for toohache, Try it."

"I will," said I.

We were interrupted by Mr. L. He is one of your plain common sense sort of people; practical, fixed in his own opinions, a little inclined to stoicism, with a dash of savage philosophy, partly affected to hide tenderer feelings, and about six feet and an inch high without his shoes.

"What's the matter with your face? inquired he.

"Toothache," said I, "all swelled; keeps me awake—and—"

"Try my *nitri. dulcis.* and *alum. pulv.*" said W.

"Curse your *nitri. dulcis. and alum. pulv.*' said L., "there is but one cure for the toothache, and that's a sure one."

I looked tremblingly up. He had his great square fist doubled, as if he held something in his hand. He raised it to his mouth, and screwed it around with the motion of a dentist uprooting some huge double grinder with three diverging prongs. My friends were silent. I turned a little pale. He saw what an impression he had made, and with a grin that went to my soul, added:—

"Out with it, you fool; and there's an end. It's worth all the *nitri. dulcis. alum. pulv.* in the universe."

There was a melancholy truth in what he remarked. It sunk into my heart; I made up my mind; and when my worthy advisers left me I walked around to Dr. Miller—the prince of dentists. There was an awful silence—an agony—a cry from the heart's core—I came out the happiest of men.

The Power of Music.

We were seated in the cabin of the steamer Ocean. There was a large number of passengers who seemed desirous of beguiling the tedium of the trip by contributing something to the general amusement.

Among the passengers was a long, lank, specimen, whom no one could fail to recognize as a Yankee. He sat somewhat apart from the rest, notwithstanding which the singularity of his appearance did not fail to draw many curious eyes towards him. At length when all the resources of their company seemed exhausted, one of them turned dubiously to our Yankee, and politely requested him to favor the company with a song.

"A song?" echoed he looking up.

"Yes sir, you sing do you not?"

"I did once" replied he "and I may add it saved my life."

All were eager to hear how this could be, and after some little urging the stranger consented to gratify them.

"You must know said he that I was one of the first to go to California when the report first reached us at our homes of its stores of gold. It was nothing then to what it is now—a perfect waste in fact, with hardly a mark of civilization, where now you can see flourishing towns numbering their thousands of inhabitants.

Being fond of adventure, I separated from my company and determined to find the way to the diggins myself. One night I found myself lying on the grass with my pack for a pillow, just upon the edge of a large forest. It did not enter into my head to be afraid until it became dark, and I heard with fearful distinctness the cry of the prairie wolf. I listened again, and was alarmed to find the cry coming nearer. Evidently they scented me.

At length the whole pack of the blood thirsty rascals came bounding on till they came within a hundred feet of me, and then they stood stock still, and then began to draw nearer.

My hair rose on end. I was terribly alarmed. I endeavored to think of some possible way of scaring them. Having heard that they were terrified by the sight of fire I lighted a match. They drew off a little, but immediately retraced their steps. This movement was repeated on both sides. I found this would never do; I must think of something more decisive. But what?

I recollected having in my youth attended a singing school for the space of two evenings, during which I received some indistinct notions of the manner of singing "Old Hundred." That recollection saved me.

Without more ado, I began, and did as well as I could. By the time I had got through the first line, I observed that the wolves began to look a little wild and uneasy, and—will you believe it, gentlemen?" said the narrator earnestly, "before I finished, every individual wolf, putting his fore paws up to his ears, scampered away as if the old Jack were after him!"

A shout of laughter both loud and long, followed this narrative, at the end of which the speaker, who had not stirred a muscle, gravely continued.

"You see, gantlemen, I have been frank with you. I did not wish to take an undue advantage of your very kind and complimentary invitation without forewarning you of the consequences. If, after what I have told you, you are still desirous of hearing me, I will endeavor to give you Old Hundred, which is the only song I know, and one which, for reasons already given, I feel uncommonly attached."

It is needless to say that he was unanimously excused.

☞ Learn to play on some musical instrument. It will prove a great source of pleasure and add vastly to the social institution. We know a man who can get up a week's stock of happiness with "Old Hundred," on a penny's jew's harp, and another who is never in so great raptures as when sawing something like "Yankee Doodle" on a two string four and sixpenny fiddle. Music is a great discovery. For hatching happiness, it is not surpassed, except by a pretty wife, stewed oysters, or a sirloin smothered in Wethersfield onions.

Married Men.

So good was he that I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but having hesitated to make known, from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman.—But now I will run the risk—so now for it—sometime or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find a man more lovable or more captivating than when he is a married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, on his entrance into the marrried state, close round him and constitute part of his home and world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but beautified by it—then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this that is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But, then, propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all European legislators, declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my future confession, that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no hapiness makes me so happy as that between married people! it is so amazing to myself, because it seems to me that I, living unmarried or matchless, have but little to do. But it is so, and alwas was so.—*Miss Bremer.*

THE DEVIL.

Start not, most timid reader, at the name of this thine own acquaintance; for why should'st thou be frightened at the name of so familiar and popular a character? Thou hast known him from thy youth up—a good looking and courteous personage, who could tell thee, an' thou would, many a forgotten reminiscence of thee and thine, and who is, withal, one of the blandest and most affable creatures in the world.

He moves in the best society, is rigidly scrupulous of his outward appearance, and prides himself no little on his knowledge of the human heart. Polite to a fault, with a voice of the richest tone, and an eye of the brightest glance; bewitching by his smile, and entrancing by his eloquence; with a mind with knowledge and overflowing with light, he has ever been one of the most popular and influential characters of the day. Full often has he taken thee by the hand, and led thee into green pastures, and by the side of still waters, whilst thou, poor deluded soul, imagined thyself in the society of one of "Heaven's elect."

And yet thou tremblest at the mention of his name—and the very idea of contact with him blanches thy warm cheek, and fills thee with terror. Mistaken soul! On the pages of the primer, and on the tablet of thy mind, this gentlemanly and accomplished Devil is painted, perhaps, as a poor fleshless body, gaunt and grim, having eyes of fire and feet that are cloven; with horns growing from his head, and barbed arrows from his mouth; with a long tail of many folds behind, and a long arm with many claws before; in short,

—"A monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

I tell thee, reader, such a picture is a gross slander on the personal appearance of the Dark Prince. He is "black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, or the curtains of Solomon."

Herein, thou should'st know, is the secret of his power—the charm of his life. Deformity has no attractions. Men are not drawn into any snare by repulsive and sickening leaders. They will not—unless barbarians indeed—worship at the shrine of any monster. No. He who would lead them captive must array himself in purple and fine linen. So at least thinks the personage in question, and he acts accordingly.

1. He comes in the glided habiliments of pleasure. With smiling face a lightsome step he trips along, followed by a gay and thoughtless host who sing and dance along the road to ruin, unconscious of their danger and careful only of immediate and palpable enjoyment.

Lured on, step by step, from innocent recreation to unlawful indulgence; from unlawful indulgence to gross licentiousness; from gross licentiousness to loss of self-respect and utter recklessness; with besotted mind, and broken heart, and withered body; their polite and fascinating conductor leaves the portals of the grave, where a press of other business obliges him to bid them a polite and affectionate good bye, promising—the only promise the deceitful wretch keeps—to meet them on the other side of the grave!

2. He comes in the flowing *diskabille* of the Idler. With a jaunty air, a mind at peace with all the world, an enviable indifference to all the storms and calms of life, an unwrinkled brow and a spotless hand—he allures many sons and daughters of industry from their toil, and soon teaches them to look upon work as a burden, and industry as a disgrace. Cunning and crafty, art thou, indeed, oh Devil, with thy oily tongue and bland address, and thou dost truly erect thy busiest work shop in the brain of the idle man.

3. The Devil comes also in the "sober black" of hypocrisy. Gentlemanly, indeed, is he in this favorite character. In cowl and gown, with smooth face and smoother speech, he walks cautiously before the people, and gathers into his dark fold many a wandering sheep.—Sympathizing with all sorrow, subduing all passion, regular in attendance upon Church, loudest in exhortation and longest in prayer, he soon wins upon the heart of the credulous, and ingratiates him into his black art. The name of his followers is legion. It needs not, oh reader, that we describe them to thee; for thou know est them too well already. Neither is it necessary that we should show up the too fascinating Devil in any other suit from his many colored wardrobe.

In conclusion, see to it, oh ye people, that ye look for his Majesty as a horned and bloated monster, but rather a blooming and accomplished courtesan. Not in rags, not in deformity, but in purple and fine linen, works he about all thy paths, and lurks he about all thy hearts. H. CLAPP, JR.

Cool, Yet Accommodating.

A man by the name of Bahr in Sebastian county was lately in very peculiar circumstances. Whilst absent from home a vagabond by the name of Rose made the acquaintance of his family and actually so far transcended the bonds of propriety as to induce Mrs. Bahr to consent to run away from her husband and cohabit with him. Accordingly he yoked up Bahr's oxen, loaded the cart with the effects about the house, placed Mrs. Bahr and her two children on the top of them, and was just about to cry out "git up, Berry,' when Bahr made his appearance. He had already heard of his wife's unfaithfulness, and came up weeping.

"Oh, Polly Jane, Polly Jane, are you going to leave me, and take away Bobby and Sarinda?"

Mrs. Bahr answered not a word but the attention of Rose was drawn to the lamentations.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bahr?" said Rose.

"Polly and the children is going to be separated from me," responded Bahr.

"No need of that," Mr. Bahr, no need of that. Come and go along with us; in fact we need you to pack water and chop wood. Cheer up and come along. Don't look at the dark side of life, you'll have a first-rate time. Git up Berry!"—*Fayettsville (Ark.) Ind.*

☞ A lawyer, belonging, as he said, to the profession which had the reputation of being fond of "fees," offered the following toast at a dinner party:—

Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
The best of fees—FEMALE.

A Scene at Silistria.

The Russians, in order to dislodge the Arnout from their ditch, carried their own trenches within a few yards from that paltry defence, which was formidable only because the bravest men that ever lived held it. So near was the Russian ditch, that the engineers threw the earth by shovelsfull into the Arnout ditch.—This was effected with an enormous loss to the besiegers. On one occasian, a Major Emmena, a gigantic Hungarian, issued from the ditch, leaning on the pole of a wagon, and challenged the Russians in the other ditch to come out and fight him. They accepted the challenge by taking hold of one of his legs, and endeavored to drag him into their quarters. But the Arnouts took hold of his other leg, and pulled him in their direction, while Major Emmena, utterly unconcerned, flourished his heavy pole and laid it on the Russians. Skulls were cracked and bones broken wherever that formidable weapon descended, and thus, being freed from his assailants, the Arnouts drew Major Emmena over to their own side. This gallant officer's life was saved on this occasion only to be lost on another.

Three days after the Titantic combat in the Arnout ditch, the Russians despatched two of their formidable storming colums of eight battalions each against the Arab Tabia, and by the mere physical weight of these masses, forced their way in. A hand-to-hand engagement ensued in the interior of the Tabia, when the Turks fought with the fury of madmen and the agility of serpents. The Russians meanwhile sought to secure the cannon. Perhaps they meditated a retreat, and wished to carry off at least some trophies from Silistria. They had ropes with them, which they tied to one of the peice, and then commenced pulling it through the embrasure into the ditch below.—Major Emmena saw the attempt, rushed up to the gun and held it back. A Russian officer, almost equal in size and strength to the Hungarian, attacked and wounded Major Emmena just as he was cutting the ropes. The two strong men then turned against each other.—They fought and fell. When the Arabs had driven the Russians back and cleared the Tabia, the two antagonists were found dead by the side of the gun.—*Correspondence of the Daily News.*

"Now Papa I am Ready."

I called recently at the office of one of our most active business men, who is weighed down with care, and whose mind is taxed to the utmost for the public good. While very busily engaged in writing and conversing, in came a little boy two or three years old, looking as happy as the birds that entertain us with their sweet music, saying, "now papa, I am ready to say my little prayer," and gliding swiftly to the side of his father at the table.

The father laid down his pen, put his arm around the dear child and taught him to pray. Oh! how sweet and confiding was that voice. I was filled with delight yet with solemn awe, while that child was praying for himself, for his parents and his little mates. In a few minutes came the affectionate 'good-night' and the father was ready again to attend to his arduous duties. Such a public servant is a public treasure.

☞ The lady who did n t think it respectable to bring up her children to work, has lately heard from her two sons; one of them is a bar-keeper on a flat boat, and the other is steward of a brick yard.

☞ A lady being asked to join a division of the "Daughters of Temperance," replied "it is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the 'sons' soon." Sensible lady, that.

☞ A Journeyman Tailor has achieved the following:—Why are pantaloons like wells."—"Give it up, eh?" "Why because they have spring bottoms."

☞ "That's what I call a *ramage press,*" as the printer said when a ram butted him against a stone wall.

☞ He who marries a pretty face only, is like the buyer of pretty furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fire side blaze.

☞ We should choose to bear the hatred of evil men rather than deserve their just accusations, after serving their base ends.

☞ After the sting of folly has made men wise, they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

☞ "I go through my work," said the needle to an idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," said the idle boy.

☞ Why is a philanthropist like an old horse? Because he stops at the sound of woe.

☞ Those who possess the most real excellence, say the least about it.

☞ Anger rests only in the bosom of fools.

☞ Fear God, shun groceries and love your wife.