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, NOVEMBER 8, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 45.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (16 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (32 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (48 ")	1 50	2 25	3 00

Business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or Year, will be charged the following rates:

	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
One square,	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two squares,	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three squares,	7 50	10 00	15 00
Four squares,	9 00	14 00	23 00
Five squares,	15 00	25 00	38 00
Ten squares,	25 00	40 00	60 00

Business Cards not exceeding six lines, one year, $4.00.

JOB WORK:

½ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
¼ " " " " "	1 50
⅓ " " " " "	2 50
1 " " " " "	4 00
BLANKS, foolscap or less, per single quire,	1 50
" " 4 or more quires, per "	1 00

☞ Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

Select Poetry.

The Night.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, the summer night,
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor
From the bud of the rose o'erblown!

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice of wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
The warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

O, the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outploureth,
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest!

A Select Story.

THE ANGEL BRIDE.

From the MSS. of a Physician.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of nature unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the out-skirts of the village of C——. Its open windows overlooked a garden where taste and beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden which extended with a scarce perceptible delineation to the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a white picket, and by a hedge of low trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept on, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.

I entered the house and stepped lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—aye of death.

"Welcome doctor," said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. "Welcome! the dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must presently awake, and one of her first enquiries will be for you."

"How is your sweet Lucy, now?"

"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers who go up to the earthly courts of Zion. Oh! she added, while the sunlight of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy. "Oh! how full of consolation is the scene of mortal life and suffering, of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope!"

"Yes, my dear friend," I replied, your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared even after a long and faithful warning; and the reconciliation of the sad struggle, the terrible anguish vanquished, the fierce triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted nature, haunt my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them."

"And is poor Edward gone at last to his dread account! Oh, how fearful!" and the gentle lady covered her face and wept.

Some time elapsed, I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake. and taking from the stand a small though elegant copy of the Bible, I opened the silver clasp, and my eye caught the simple inscription on the fly leaf:—"To my Lucy—a parting gift of Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the word, but thought was for the time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day. Seventeen summers they both had numbered—though Lucy was some months older; no brother or sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, and their pursuits were in common. They called each other "sister." and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of this little volume in my hand who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth, in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart, and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we trusted that when each sun rose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons.—Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts, on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject of the widowed mother of her lovely Lucy, however, she raised her head, and observing the open volume in my hand she said in an assumed tone of cheerfulness, "I trust Clarence will come home this evening. It is now—

"Clarence?" said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes and looking eagerly around.—Her eye rested on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver, and a sad smile, she said, "he is not come."

"No, my darling, he is not come; but there is more than an hour to the close of the day, and then—"

"God grant he may come," said the maiden, and she added with energy, "if it be His holy will." Oh, doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast is she not? and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said, "but I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen—why does she not come?" Her mother turned an enquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked but regular beating of the pulse.

"Shall I send for your daughter, doctor?" she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her "sister."

"Ellen, my sweet sister," said Lucy, "your father has told me that I must leave," and her voice faltered, "my own dear mother, and——" but she did not utter the name of her lover for at that moment the voice of one of the domestics was distinctly heard saying.

"He is come. Mr. Clarence is come. Now God bless my young lady." Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, murmured, "Father in Heaven, I thank Thee!" and then fainted with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant College, and the letter which summoned him to C——, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had shared its affections, and centred its hopes, next to Heaven; for Clarance was more than a noble-hearted, high-souled man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ; and he was getting himself to be an apostle of his holy religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health and with her companion Ellen, was performing her delightful duties as a Sabbath School Teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution naturally weak, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe of youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holy-caust of death. At first the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently *few*.

For this dreadful intelligence Clarence was not prepared. He learned but he hoped *more*, and though his heart was heavy, hope kindled a bright smile in his manly face, as he entered the little parlor, where he had spent so many hours of exquisite happiness. He had alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a sad tale to his heart.

"Clarence, dear Clarance, you have the welcome of fond hearts."

"How is Lucy? Why is your face deadly pale? Oh, say, is she not dangerously ill? tell me"—and a thought of misery entered his heart, "she is,—oh, my God, my Father in Heaven strengthen me,—she is dying—even now, dying!"

"Nay, nay, Clarence," said the mother soothingly, "Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?"

There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living, but there was anguish in the expression,—'hope for the best,' and he said hurriedly, "Oh, take me to her at once,—now," and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear the trial to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass from him, even as did his master in the days of his incarceration and anguish. He arose and with a calmer voice said, "I can see her now."

At this moment I joined them, with Lucy's earnest request that Clarance should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed fairly through in the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy.

Alas! Clarence, as his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed,—her whom he had left in the very flush of perfection, of youthful loveliness—now how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling a while at the side of her couch.

"Clarence, my own Clarance," said the sweet girl, with an effort to raise, which she did supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not—dared not to speak.

"Clarence, cheer up, my beloved," but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover's bosom and weep. We did not attempt to check their grief, nay, we wept with them, and sorrow for a while had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke the silence.

"Lucy, my own dear Lucy! God forgive me for my own selfish grief; and he added fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to heaven, "Father give us grace to bear this trouble aright," and turning to me, added, "Doctor, oh! pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians."

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calm, but I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness, of her true condition, for I dared not to delude him with false hopes.

"Doctor," said he, with visible anguish, "is there no hope?"

"Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to-day."

"Then God's will be done" said the young man, while a holy confidence lighted up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the poor girl lingered, and many sweet hours of conversation did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the portico of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she should die speedily and happily, this conviction reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him had yielded to the blissful anticipation of heaven, that glorious clime where she would ere long, meet those from whom it was more than death to part.

"Dear Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, "you are better, love. May not our Heavenly Father yet spare you to me—to cousin Ellen—to happiness.

"Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness, I must go, and Clarence you must not mourn even when I exchange this bright world for the paradise of immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand and drew it close to his throbbing heart, and she resumed, pointing to a bright cluster of Amaranth,—

"See there Clarence, is the emblem of the life and joys to which I am hastening."

* * * * * * *

Three weeks had passed. It was the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arm the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel, and we awaited its surrender to death.

The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately: and he said "is it well with thy soul?" She answered in a clear and sweetly confiding voice:

"It is well! Blessed Redeemer, thou art my only trust."

Clarence now bent his head close to the head of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly that we all heard.

"Lucy, since thou may not be mine in life, be mine in death; let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipating a re-union in Heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered:

"It is well, Clarence, I would fain bear thy name before I die!" we were startled at this strange request and answer; but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said:

Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in a bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb!" Clarence also besought Mrs, May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and mother; and she answered:

"As you and Lucy will, but it will be a mournful bridal.

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak.

"You will not blame me that I seek even in the arms of death to make her my wife. Oh, how much of bliss has crowded into this one anticipation, and though indeed it will be a 'sad bridal,' it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips.

In a few minutes we re-entered that hallowed chamber; the light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe which scarcely outrivalled her cheeks in whiteness, save where the hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed in. Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported her head in his arms. She placed her hands in his, and said, half playfully half sadly, "'Tis a worthless offering, Clarence."

He pressed it to his fevered lips—his face pale and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in a few and simple words united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another sun must rise. Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in Heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them one flesh and lifted up his hands in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence and in a low voice murmured—

"My husband."

"My wife," responded Clarence, and their lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

That night before the last hour, and angel Azriel came as a messenger of peace to the bridal chamber, and though new foundations of earthly bliss had been opened to the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured—"peace—farewell—husband—mother—sister—all," her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the embrace of the woe-stricken Clarence—who still lingers in this weary world doing his master's work, and waiting his will to be reunited with his ANGEL BRIDE IN HEAVEN.

Miscellaneous.

Extraordinary Case.

The Paris correspondent of the Columbus Journal translates the following story from the late German papers:

A very rich old lady, the Countess de K——' had, by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country, where she possessed, independent of a vast and magnificent chateau, an immense property under rent. She travelled, consulted the most eminent physicians and finally fixed her residence in Italy. There, under the influence of a beautiful sky, the two boys grew up, but they preserved the excessive nervous impressibility which had, since their infancy, put their lives in peril. The two boys had between them a remarkable resemblance; they both engaged in the culture of arts, but especially to painting. At sixteen years of age they were already cited as masters; but at this epoch a new crisis appeared: the same symptoms, the same pains; the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises, the young men should be separated. They obstinate supplications of their distracted mother, they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt; the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously what his brother designed and painted after nature. Each time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the aquarells that they contained, had already their duplicates so faithful that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died, and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced. The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her sons, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return, she gave birth a second time, to two twin boys, who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had so unfortunately lost.

They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which had at development of the first children, were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous paroxysms, the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went into Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers they fell sick. Then separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished, however, by the persistence of their malady and the continued persuasions of the physicans, who declared that they would die if they remained together on account of the extraordinary resemblance of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principle of their existence. The mother consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designed at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadiz, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. The day Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadiz in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers had pronounced eighteen years ago.

☞ An elderly lady being asked how it happened that she remained single, replied by saying that she never saw the man yet that she would consent to cook three meals a day for, during life.

☞ One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than none at all. If there be but one boy in the room he is as quiet and sedate as a Quaker. Introduce another, and ground and lofty tumbling and somersets over the stove are in order from sunrise till dark.

The Beautiful Maniac.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady, closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dessed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beide her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude; and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; the passengers looking to baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly along.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features that we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graseful disorder, and clasping her hand in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty; what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it: Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"————She was changed,
As by sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjoined things;
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of other's sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her Spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose: it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she sang with touching pathos

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awakening—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed and she continued:

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet!
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither;
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear!"

She then sang a fragment of that beautiful hymn

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to raise up was prevented, and she threw herself upon her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive "Save me, my brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely; for there was one man, (was he man!) who called upon the conductor to "put her out of the car." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibilities to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and yet this is, in every particular, an "over true tale." Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality!

Again the poor lone benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs:

"Oh! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation, and no one dared to intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing upon the promanade deck admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when, at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore, with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at————. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze, The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister, with the melancholy union of beauty and madness.—*Charlston Courier.*

☞ BUSSING.—Buss——to kiss. Rebus—to kiss again. Pluribuss——to kiss without regard to sex. Sillybuss——to kiss the hand instead of the lips. Blunderbuss——to kiss the wrong person. Omnibuss——to kiss all the persons in the room. Erebus——to kiss in the grave yard, or in the dark. Boilerbuss——to kiss the cook!

☞ A Lawyer once approached a pretty quakeress and said she looked so charming he could not help giving her a kiss. 'Friend', said she, 'thee must not do it!' 'Oh, by heaven I will!' replied the barrister. 'Well, friend, as thou last sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it!'

Flower's upon a Mother's Grave.

Four motherless little children! Who can think of them without a saddened heart? True, they are too young to know how great is their loss; but ah! now? Who will talk to them of Jesus? Who will teach them to lisp his name? Who will teach them to be Christians early? The fathers business calls him away during their waking hours. When he comes home, sleep hangs heavy upon their eyelids.—He can pray for them, and sometimes with them. But ah! a mother's constant care and influence are buried with her in the grave.

Not long since there were four such little ones. Their mother had been borne to a sunny land of flowers, that she might catch again the bloom that had faded from her cheek.—but it came not—and there among strangers, she died. Her soul went to the spirit-land, and her body was brought to rest among its kindred. Two of the little ones went to the tomb with those who bore their mother's precious form. As they passed the grave, and looked down deep into it, each one cast some flowers upon the coffin lid. It was a sweet sight—a pretty tribute to the memory of a moth,—all they could do now to tell of their deep affection.

Young reader, does your mother still live? How should you cherish her affection and treasure her words? *She may die.* Then you will feel that you have never done enough for her; never obeyed her as you ought; never loved her half enough. Try to be more earnest in your attentions toward her. Then, should you come to cast flowers into her tomb, no tears of regret will fall upon them.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Description of Jesus

The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentullus, the Governer of Juda, to the Senate of Rome—Cæsar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governer to write home any events of importance which transpired while he held office.

"Conseeipt Father:—There appeared in these days, a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth, but his own disciples call him the son of God. He hath raised the dead' cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature, somewhat [illegible] and comely countenance may both love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe plain to his ears whence downward it is more orient of color, curling and waving about his shoulder; in the midle of his head is a seam or portion of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate, his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is the color of his hair, and thick not of any great height but forked. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his surprising beauty, excelling the children of men.

Maxims for a Young Man.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose and idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquor.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avaid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money miss-spent.

Read some portion of the Bible every day.

☞ A gentleman having occasion to call upon a physician in Cincinnati, the other day, stopped at the door and rang the bell. The summons was answered by a Dutch servant girl, of whom he inquired if the doctor was in.

'No!'

'Is his lady in?'

'Yes!'

'Is she engaged?'

The girl looked at him a moment, while a curious expression settled on her features, as she replied:

'Why, she is already married!'

The gentleman left.

For the Farmer.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away;
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn;
Spreading the whitening linen
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixins" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer
Down in the running stream;
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature
Thousands might covet to own,
Cheeks that rival Spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids ary worth,
A score of your city girls.

Improve Your Stock.

Occasionally we meet those who complain that they can do nothing towards obtaining an improved breed of animals because they cannot afford to avail themselves of imported or superior animals to begin with. To such, we would hint that all the improved breeds now commanding high prices must have sprung originally from common stock. Some particular male or female must have been selected for some special good quality, and this good quality would be inherited more or less by the progeny of that particular animal. This must have been the starting point of the most celebrated breeds of domesticated animals. Certain animals having some superiority, must ity being sought after and aimed at from generation to generation, and every auxiliary which good judgment could suggest in feeding and management, being brought to assist in the development of the quality or qualities desired, at length a breed of animals celebrated for some particular point of excellence was obtained.

Now, if in this way all our distinguished breeds have been produced in the past and in foreign countries, the secret is at the service of those who think they cannot afford to get a good animal or the use of one to commence breeding from. But this may be only an apology for indifference, or for a very questionable economy. It will take generations, perhaps, to improve at home up to a point that one may start from by the expenditure of a few dollars.

To Secure Bacon from the Fly.

A writer in the *American Farmer*, recommends as an infallible remedy against the fly: When your bacon is smoked early in the spring before the fly has made its appeaanance, take quick-lime slackened to a dry powder, and rub the meat thoroughly on every part with it, leaving it to adhere as much as possible; hang up your meat, and rest secure from any trouble from insects. We have for many years rubbed our hams with hickory wood ashes. and then packed them up in ashes in close casks, with tight fitting tops, and we have yet to find the first insect in our bacon. We think ashes preferable to lime, and are much pleasanter handling in packing away, or in getting rid of when the hams are required for use.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Preserving Butter.

The farmers of Scotland, are said to practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a superiority over that of their neighbors:—"Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of saltpetre; take ounce of this composition for one pound of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use." The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich marrowy consistency and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says: "I have eaten butter cured with the above composition that has been kept for three years, and it was as sweet as at first." It must be noted, however, that butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is used. If it is sooner opened the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards."

First Milk of Cows.

On the question whether the first milk of cows is poisonous to swine, Dr. Gibbs, of Perry, Ohio, writes to the *Country Gentlemen*, that its injurious effects are owing to its containing in common with that of many other animals, *Colostrum*, "the properties of which are not fully known, but it is supposed to be a cathartic provided by nature, and well adapted to the wants of the offspring, removing the viscid contents of the intestinal canal." The first milk should not be given in large quantities to any animal, as it will induce diarrhœa, cholic, &c., and perhaps cause death.—*Wool Grower.*

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.—If there is one rule which may be considered more imperative than any other in stock raising, it is that the utmost regularity be preserved in feeding.

☞ Plough deep. Manure well.