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."-[WEDSTER

BY WM. BREWSTER.

No. of the second secon

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1854.

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TERMS:

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Select Poetry.

Why, Bless Her, Let Her Go. With Diess Alet, and the Some time ago I fell in love
With pretty Mary Jane;
And I did hope that by-and-by
She'd love me back again.
Alass, my hopes, a-dawning bright,
Were all at once made dim;
She saw a chap, I don't know where,
And fell in love with him!

Next time we met, (now how it was

Next time we met, (now how it was I dont pretend to say,) But when my chair moved up to her's, Why her's would move away. Before, I always got a kins. (I own with some small tuss.) But now, for sooth, for love nor fun, 'Twas non-come at a buss.

Well, there we sat—and when we spoke, Our conversation dwelt. On every thing beneath the aun, Except what most we felt. Enjoying this delightful mood, Who there should just pop in, But he, whom I of all the world Would rather see than him! And he would-sit down by her side, And she would—all the while. He pressed her hand within his own—Upon him sweetly smile; And she could plu ck a rose for him, So sweet, and bright, and red, And gave me one which hours ago Was shrunk, and pale, and dead.

And she could freely, gladly, sing The song he did request,

The song he did request,
The ones I asked were just the ones
She always did detest.
I rose to leave—and she'd "be glad
To have me longer stav!"
No doubt of it! No noubt they wept
To see me go away!

To have me some No doubt they were To see me go away!
I sat me down, I thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew;
It's easier far to like a girl
Than to make a girl like you.
But after all, I don't believe
My heart will break with wo;
If she's a mind to love 'that chap,"
Why, bless her, let her go!

Miscellaneous.

An Essay on Flowers.

They are of all kinds of shapes. They are

of all kinds of perfumes, disagreeable or de-licious; they are of all kinds of toughness— delicate, so that they die of a stroke of the sun, or so strong that the hotter the sun the bright to their different constitutions. Some are tall : others are short; some have big heads; others others are short; some are long; of others, almost perfectly round. As to color, the rainbow is not a circumstance to them; the number of their color is legion—all sorts of grades. They are not as accommodating as people.— The man from Africa will live in Halifax, and man from Halifax will do well in the West Indies; hut the aloe will not flourish at the Indies; but the aloe will not flourish at the and do begin before they become offensive, the Asserbest. Offen they people a begin before they become offensive, the

They have the common names they miliarly known by, and the uncommon they are christened by botanists; but the fa-miliar names are much the most significant, being generally connected with the peculiar character of the flower—the morning glory, because it is the most brilliant in the morning and the sunflower, because it has a peculiar way of turning towards the sun. The morn-ing-glory is called, by the scientific gentlemen, the convolvulus, which is certainly not as agree able a title as the other.

CAPACITY FOR IMPROVEMENT.

It is extraordinary what a change can be produced by a mixture and association with other flowers, and by proper attention to the food of the plant; according as the earth is rich or poor, clayey or gravelly, will the plant change its color, its size and its perfume. The hydrangea changes its color as it changes its soil; and by mixture with other dahlias, by skillful graftings, the dahlia becomes larger

The wild run wild—nobody takes any care of them; the cultivated are watched, trained, and guarded. I said nobody takes care of the wild; this is wrong. The wild are taken care of; the kind Being who is always looking at ter the poor, the desolate, and the unprotected, takes care of them. but the cultivated are far

WHO LIKE THEM.

The young girl is attached by beauty. She is enthusiastic at color, she shows them smi-ling; her love is not grounded upon any knowl-edge of virtue in the plant—her eye alone is sonsulted. Sometimes she is most terribly de ceived; she suffers from bad associations—she learns a lesson rather too late. The old florist takes delight in a flower. He has deposited the small seed; he has watched its first appea the small seed; he has watched its first appearance in the world—its first leaves, it has, perhaps, been almost killed by the heat or the cold; but by good management, he has preserved its life. It is a monument of his exertions; he becomes an amateur, and then a comnoisseur, and likes to see every new variety.

WHO TAKES CARE OF THEM ?

They are generally rough-looking fellows, erfectly unsuited to the beautiful object they re connected with. But these objects thrive their green-houses; they seem to understand them thoroughly; they know when they require watering, and know when they have enough.— Every plant looks as if it was thriving and get ting on. There are none of the miscrable, sickly, half dead things you find in private collections, or in the collections of those who do not understand their management. The florists are interested. There are others who irists are interested. There are others who keep them, not for money, but for love—in the windows, right up against the glass, the glass beautifully clear; doctors keep them, and keep them beautifully. I cannot say so much tor them, when left to the guardianship of the young and beautiful belle; she is apt to be a cruel guardian—one half generally die in the winter through neglect, frozen to death; or reacted in summer to the accuse the accused to the contract of the summer to the same than the summer to the same than the same t roasted in summer by exposure to the sun.— Now and then you may find a judicious lady, Now and then you may find a judicious lady, but, take the sex in general, they are pretty bad managers. There are good, however; a good housekeeper is often a good flowerkeeper; one who c an make a pudding, can often make a soil. To make a pudding she deposites a certain quantity of flour, a certain quantity of sugar, and judiciously sprinkles her spices; to make the soil she mixes elay, and gravel, and manure, and sprinkles carefully with charcoal. manure, and sprinkles carefully with charcoal. In this way a lady sometimes succeeds beautifully; whatever she touches is sure to do well, tully; whatever she touches is sure to do well, success is sure to follow. Success is apt to be called luck. It is no such thing; it comes from peculiar skill in a proper formation of the earth; and, moreover, in not exposing at wrong times to too much sun, and by risking an exposure at a proper time—withdrawing from the rain at the right moment, and conjugicity in the internal configuration. rain at the right moment, and coming into it when good will follow. All this requires good judgment, which some ladies have.

WHERE THEY ARE FOUND. I should like you to tell me where they are ot. Go where you please in the country, and you find them—in the low grounds and in the high. In low grounds, where the soil is rich-est, you will usually find them the most robust. In the high grounds they are apt to be smaller, and not so deep in their color. You will often find the same flower in the high situations and the low; usually the high have their peculiar set, and the low theirs. æ will not only refuse to grow on high grounds, but it will not grow on low, unless it is peculiarly sit-uated right on the water; it cannot live away from the water. There are some plants that will live anywhere, if they are constantly watered; the hydrangea, for instance. There are others which require little water, if any; they are dry flowers; such as many of the cactus

Some go to the most delightful resting-places—the valleys of the blessed—the bosom of the beautiful maiden. Others go into the interior of her body, arranging difficulties there, bringing relief to its distresses, the poppies are g these. The last go when they are red and dried; the first, when the youthful beauty takes for her boquet, have all the brilliancy and complexion of life, and the shape of life also. They are received so soon after death they do not appear dead; decomposition and decay have not begun; the moment they

the different members examined by the skillful botanist; he gives you their anatomy.— Sometimes they go into depositories; they are skillfully dried, preserving much of their form and color, all the moisturs being taken from their systems by lying between two sheets of

Some will last a year, and are called annuals: others last longer. Small specimens of vegetation, however, bave not the length of life of large trees; they resemble birds—the wren will not live as long as the eagle.

Work.
It is not, after all, such a delightful thing to be rich. Who would be tethered to houses and lands, or be obliged to carry about upon his shoulders a bank or block of stores? Men are often not so much possessed of riches, as riches are possessed of them! They are slaves to their fortunes, instead of fortunes being a

"Talk about money elevating a man above the necessity of labor! It can't be done.— Nothing can raise a man above the need of exertion, Even rich men must eat, and nobody can enjoy food without labor. As Poor Richard says, if a man does not need to work to find meat for his stomach, he must work to find stomach for his meat. Thus the rich need to labor no less than the poor. Labor is a glorious institution, and in most cases a fortune is the worst thing that can befall a man. Forune may indeed furnish the table with rich viands, but labor gives a delicious taste to the hardest crust. Fortune gives ease, but labor brings with it the luxury of rest. The misery of it is, however, that like most earthly blessings, labor is very unequally distributed.— One man does not work enough to give him an appetite, and dies of dyspepsia; another is condrudgery. And so it is that work is looked apon as an evil. It was while bound to the lesk at the East India House, that Charles Lamb wrote thus of work:

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday rejoicing spirit down

To the ever haunting importunity Of business in the green fields, and of the

town—
o plow, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead

Who but the Being unblest, alien from good

Task ever piles 'mid rotary burnings That round and round incalculably reel-For wrath divine hath made him like

wheel--In that red realm from which there are no re

turnings:
Where toiling and turmoiling, ever and aye,
He and his thoughts keep pensive working

that labor was not the invention of He knew that it was a good gift perverted by human Institutions. Labor is too often looked upon as only a means to an end, and that end fortune. But labor should be loved for itself. It gives health, which fortune cannot do; it keeps down evil passions, which rise at fortune's touch; it bestows the cheerful heart and the glad countenance, while fortune brings heart-ashes and wrinkles. Let us think

"Puss in Boots."

Even more laughable and ridiculous a sight than a little boy with a high standing dickey, or a straight-bodied coat, is one with a segar in his mouth, and his head enveloped in smoke. We well know the charms of tobacco, in all its uses, but have yet to find the man who will aduses, our naveyet to mut the man who win advise any one else to use it. Little boys and girls are our admiration, and we would have them grow up with good habits and minds well cultivated and refined. The week past we have been pained to see a group of little boys indulging daily in the use of a weed which will surely make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually make their cheeks sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually and the sallow and eyes sunk-en-which will gradually eyes and ey en,—which will gradually wear upon their herves, and otherwise permanently injure their health. The use of tabacco, in any shape, is a vile, filthy practice. We have seen thousands, each who would give large sums of money to be rid of the habit; and we never yet saw the man who was clud that he learned to use; it. But who was glad that he learned to use it. But once get the habit firmly fastened upon you, and there is not one chance in five hundred that you will ever be able to shake it off. It is not like a troublesome wen that you can cut off, or a tooth that can be extracted, and you re soon relieved; the lodging and pain, occa-ioned by the want of it, will follow you day and night, like a tooth-ache, for months, rob bing you of all comfort, and causing great mental depression. A friend of ours, fifteen years ago, was as

strong and healthy as any of us; three winters ago, with his constitution shattered and health ruined by constant chewing and smoking, as he said, he died. In that period many times struggled along for months without tobacco, but never could long resist the cravings of that when you are worth one thousand dollars, you will be willing to give the whole of it to be free from its ceaseless influences.

Ned, who is the girl I saw you walking

'Miss Hogg.' 'Hogg, Hogg-well, she's to be pitied for having such a name.'

"So I think,' rejoined Ned. 'I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she is going to take it presente.'

The Drunkard and His Story. From the N. Y. Five Points' Monthly Re

one of the most degraded specimens of human-ity that ever greeted my vision, came stagger-ing into the chapel of the House of Industry. His wild and frightful looks, ragged and dirty beyond description, his face bruised and swol len, rendered him an object of terror and dirgust. He seemed to look at the children with wonderful interest, occasionally mutterin to himself: "Beautiful! beautiful! O, tha mine were there!" He sat an hour or tw more, and then with a long earnest look at th children, staggered out of the chapel, and stag

gered up to the dark "valley of the shadow of death."—Cow Bay. As the bell rang for service in the afternoon and while the children were clustering together, the same wild looking man staggered in once more. He surveyed the faces of the children more. He surveyed the faces of the children with the closest scrutiny, and at length his eyes rested on two bright eyed little girls, who were singing one of their little hymns. He sat im movable as a statue during the whole service. gazing intently on the faces of these two children.

The service closed, the congregation dis persed, yet he lingered, and the tears came coursing down his face, thick and fast.

Dr. S-asked him "what was the mat

"I am a drunkard! A wretch-an outeas "I am a drunkard! A wretch—an outeast, homeless, and without a penny. Once I had a home and friends—father, mother, wife, children, and hosts of friends who loved, respected me. Time passed on and I became a drunkard! One friend after another left me; still I drank on, and down, down I fell. Father and moth-My poor wife clung to me when all others de serted me. I still drank on, pawned one artiserted me. I still drank on pawned one article after another, till all was gone, and when
my wife refused to give me her wedding ring
which she had clung to with the tenacity of a
death grasp. I felled her to the earth, seized
her finger, tore of the ring and pawned it for
rum. That fatal blow maddened her, and, in
dearnir, site two drank, and to rether we wallow. lespair, she too drank, and together we wallow-

which I had invested, as large amounts as garri-mont to this great city. Here we hired a small cellar, in a dark dismal street, and sent our children out to beg. Many a weary day in that dreamy cellar, while our children were wandering in the atreets, begging for their drunken parents. About forty days since my little girls went out to beg, and from that hour

to this I have not seen them.

Without food or fire I clung to my dismal abode, till hunger forced me out to se my children. My degraded wife has been sent to Blackwell's Island as a vagrant, and alone went to the Islands, to the House of Refuge, to the Tombs, and in despair I wandered to the Five Points, and for the last few days I have lived in Cow Bay, among beggars and thieves. To-day I saw two children, who, if the dollars." they had not looked so clean, and sung so sweet ly, I would have called them mine. O! would

"Tell me the name said Dr. S-, "and I will see," In a few moments two interesting little girls were led towards him, At the first sight of this frightful looking man, they shrank sign of this fright in toking man, they stranged hack. The poor man sprang to his feet exclaiming: "They are mine, mine! My children, don't you know your poor old father? Come to me, my children. Father loves you, he won't hurt you." He reached out his arms, the littones were timid at first, but they soon climbed upon their father's knee, while the tears were upon their father's knee, while the tears were keeping. We were admitted by Ned's wife streaming down his face.

streaming down his face.

"Kiss your poordrunken father, my childran. But the face of the man was so black and filthy, not a fit place could be found. Soon they forgot the dirty face, and remembered their poor degraded father, and each entwined their little arms around his neck, and fondly hissed him and the differ consoid with a voice. kissed him, and the elder onesaid, with a voice but always want when elsewhere, and I retired that touched every heart: "Father, we are so happy here, we want to stay. Won't you come and live here, too. Paga? What makes you drink so? Dear Papa do sign the pledge and not drink any more. Mr. Pease found us in the most drink any more. Mr. Pease found us in the "He does," she replied.

"He does," she replied.

"He does," she replied. street begging, and now we are happy.—
Do, papa, come and live here, and be good to
us, as you used to be."
The father's heart was overwhelmed—he sob

bed and groaned aloud. For more than an hour they sat together, till at last the old man arose, still clinging to his children, and exclaimed: "The pledge! the pledge! I will

I give the pledge, and iron that honr he has most faithfuly kept it. He is now a man again engaged in business, earning ten dollars pe engaged in one would recognize in the we dressed man—who still boards in the house the degraded original whose portrait can stll be seen at the Hause of Industry, daguerreo typed in all its striking deformity and squalor

VALUABLE RECIPE.—The following is give in the Norristown Herald as the receipt for making corn cake, which was exhibited at the late Montgomery County Agricultural Fair by Agricultural to, our never count now research in the travings of making corn cake, which was exhibited a his appetite. Boys, once get in the habit of the late Montgomery County Agricultura using tobacco, and we pledge you our word Fair, by a lady of Towamenein, and pronoun

ced so good as to deserve a special premium:
"Take the white of eight eggs; one-fourth
pound each of corn starch, flour, and butter;
half pound of sugar; one tea-tpoon full of

"The stick of type hath more of might Than warrior hosts or fortress wall, And it shall batter towers to dust

That laugh at siegs or cancon ball

The Hole in my Pocket.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day. "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waiscoat pocket, and felt in my breeches pocket, and turned my purse inside out, but it was all-which is very different from specie; so I said to Mr. Slakwa-ter, "I've lost it, my dear; positively, thore must be a hole in my pocket!" "I'll sow it

up," said she.

And hour or two after I met Tom Stebbins "How did that ice cream set!" said Tom.—
"It sets," said I, "like the sun gloriously," and when I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice cre sing half dollar had paid for those toe creams; sing half dollar had paid for those toe creams; sometimes makes remarks; and there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift up my brow and say, 'Ahl isn't three! reply!"

Before a week had gone by. my wife like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change to keen, called for 'wanty five.

dutital helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change to keep, called for twenty-five cent piece that had been deposited in my subtreasury for safe keeping I "There was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it to for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then that, and then in the other, but wacancy returned a horid groan on my soul." so I thought thest to show a hold my soul," so I thought it best to show a bold my soul," so I thought it best to show a bold front: "You must keep my pocchet sin better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this place, with I know not how many more; is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguay pockets is left open." "Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater. "Surel aye, that I am, it's gone totally gone!" My wife dismissed her promise and them in a suit was asked me to chance.

and then in a quiet way asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out: and to bar. all argument, laid another pair on his knees, That evening, allow me to remark, gentle-men of the specie "husband," I was very loath to go home to tea. I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and the fact was, that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty-five cent pies which I had invested, as large amounts are

credulous to relate; and as an Irish song says Such was the fate of poor Paddy O'Moore.
That his purse had the more rents as he had

fewer.

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for Orphans Asylum. I looked at it and sighed, and handed it back to her. "Ned Bowen," said she, "has put down

"The more shame to him," I replied; "he can't afiord it; he can't but just scrape along any how, and in these times it ain't right for him to do so." My wife smiled in her sad way and took the paper back to him that brought

The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens; and as I had

no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small busi ness that would give him about \$600 a year and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of bousea very neat little body of whom Mrs. Slekwater, had told me a great deal, as they had been schoolmates. All was as nice as wax, and schoolmates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshments, an article which we never have at home to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bow-

"if he gives \$10 to this charity and five to that, and lives so sung and comfortable too?" "Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Sickwater.

by country friends, whom they repair by thousand little acts of kindness. They us no lager beer, which is not essential to his health, as it is to yours; and then he buys no segars or ice creams, or apples at 100 per cent, or candy or new novels, or rare works that are

It was the first word of suspicion my with had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick!—Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up—me and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening. Secret Prayer.—Thou shouldst prayalone,

still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mi

Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket.

or thou hast sinned alone, and thou art to die alone, and be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment-seat! In the great transaction between thee and God, thou canst have no human helper. You can will not betray your confidence. Whatever nance br reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for

The Traveller,

I recollect in another journey, three pe eighty years, with white locks and stooped shoulders; the second a middle aged woman, with a discontented countenance and querulous voice; the third, a fair delicate youth-about sixteen, very fragile in his appear-

They were strangers to each other, and not of the same party. The aged man had not been seated five minutes, when he commenced a conversation with a gentleman next him, interlarding every few sentences with an oath, frequently calling on the name of the Deity in the most profane manner, and in a short time showed himself a scoffing infidel. That gray headed old man, on the verge of the grave, whose actions would decide his state in eternity, was pouring out such horrid blasphe mices, that our very blood was chilled! There were twelve passengers, all remaining silent, until that delicate boy, who had waited for those older than himself to speak, laid his thin hand upon the arm of the old man, and in a mild, sweet voice said—
"My aged friend, have you any one that is

dear to you, any one that you love and reverence?"
"A strange question, my boy; do you think

that I am without ties in the world?

"Would you permit me then to ask, would you like to hear them abused, or spoken of un-

"That I should not," he answered, nor would

"That's moute no,"
I permit it?"
"I know," replied the youth "that I am but a boy, but do not be offended when I say you have spoken in such a manner of one I love the best friend I have, that my heart has been

"That cannot be, for I know no one you

love; you are an entire stranger to me."

"Ah, sir, it is the great God, whom I have been taught to love and reverence; that holy, sacred name you have used in the most unhallowed manner. It may appear presumptuous in me, a stripling, to speak to the hoary headed one, but permit me to sax, there is a God, not me, but permit me to say, there is a God, not one, our permit me to say, there is a God, not only of werey, but of justice, and who will not spare the guilty. The sands of your life are nearly run out; what will become of your im-mortal soul? I his appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment; from were poor to begin with, a new poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fact. Times grew worse; my pocket-book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most in me and placing it in the hand of the old man, ou to see at believe the important truths re-ealed on its pages."

The old man gazed intently into the young peaker's face. His color rose. I knew not whether from shame or anger, until he said with a quivering voice and deep emphasis, "I thank you, boy; you have given me a good lesson, which I hope I may never forget. I will read the book. I had a religious mother, alas! I heeded not her instructions!"

The rest of the journey he remained perfect silent, deep in thought. Indeed, a solemn illness was upon all, for that young disciple of Christ had made an impression for good up-on more hearts than one, and, in after years, fruit sprang up from that short, but faithful sernon in the stage coach.

Only a few months, and that pious youth was gone from earth! His spirit reposing with the blest; and no doubt one of the brightest gems in his glorious crown, is the turning of that infidel old man from sin to holiness. A faithful servant can do much for his Mas-

ter; and the son of the pious can be brought in, even at the eleventh hour .- Presbyteria

Sick-room and Nursery.

gh.—A gill of molasses, three tablespoo fulls of vinegar, thirty drops of laudanum, well mixed together. Take a teaspoonful when the bugh is troublesome.

Excellent Remedy for a Cough.—Take one

drachm of sweet spirits of nitre, one dramch of exilir of vitriol, sixty drops of laudanum, three teaspoonfuls of clarified honey. Take thirty drops three times a day in warm water.

and lives so sung and comfortable too?"
"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slekwater.
"Certainly, if you can."
"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without \$10 or \$30 worth of ribbons and laces, as to buy them. They have no fruits but what they raise and have given them

Pills for the Sick-Headache .- A drachm and a half of castile soap, forty grains of rhu-barb, oil of juniper twenty drops, syrup of gin-ger, sufficient to form the whole into twenty pills; two or three to be taken occasionally

Cure for Corns.—Mr. Cooper, in his "Dic-ionary of Surgery," has the following infalli-ole cure for corns: Take two ounces of gum ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on soft leather; cut away as much of the corn as you can, then apply the plaster, and renew it every fortnight ply the plaster,

A pedlar calling on an elderly lady, re cently to dispose of some goods, in his conver-sation inquired if she could tell him of an road that no pedlar had ever travelled

"Yes, I know of one, and one which no pedbefore God. You may be sure he lar has ever travelled, (the pedlar's counted betray your confidence. Whatever nance brightened,) and that is the road t

Gravity is the ballast of the soul.

Mysterious Circumstance. mysterious circumstance.
The Nashville (Tenn.) Evening News fur-nishes the latest ghost story, and it is one that is exciting the fears of nearly all the good pe-ple of Nashville, including even those who are not prone to listen or believe tales of "ghosts or goblins damned." The story runs in thu

side of Brown's Creek, on the Nashville and Murfreesboro' turnpike, it is said something resembling the figure of a woman in a state of usuality has been seen at various periods within the past two years. It was first observed by a ady who lives a short distance beyond the recek, and who has to pass the haunted house. crees, and who mas to pass the "naunted nouss-in coming to and returning from the city.— She is a highly respectable lady, and her ve-racity would not be questioned by those who are personally acquainted with her. Other members of her family, and other persons who have passed this house, testify to having seen this supposed apparition at various times and under various circumstances.

Before and after this appearance, on several ecasions, the house has been thoroughly earched, but no evidences of its being occupied by any living creature, (except fleas and rats.) have been discovered. These circum-stances bring about the inquiries:—If this rec-ture is really a woman, in the enjoyment of human life, how can she conceal herself when persons enter the house?—how does she avoid detection and arrest?—how is it possible for her to live there without food and clothing?

In company with a number of citizens, we isited this place of haunted fame, for the arpose of being convinced as to the truth or alsehood of these strange reports. Detachneuts of the party approached the house in our different directions, so that there could be no egress undiscovered. Afterentering the chostly establishment, candles were lighted, and the party made a thorough investigation of the premises, but discovered nothing more mys-terious than a few rats' nests, and an old ben with a family of juvenile chickens under her motherly care.

The lights were extinguished and the party retired from the house; took position at vari-ous points in the yard, and patiently waited for what might transpire. We were not kept long in suspense; the apparition appeared in the usual manner—the figure of a woman des titute of clothing. It answered no questions but shook its head and hand in a frightful and forbidding way, then suddenly disappeared, how and where we know not. The house was again searched, but with no better luck than before. We returned to the city satisfied that we had seen something for the existence and appearance of which we are unable to account

Prepartion for Boots.

Prepartion for Boots.

The February number of the American Fermer containing the following recipe:

Composition for rendering Boots and Shots
Water proof—Take 1 pint of boiled linesed
oil, 2 oz, of becs-wax, 2 oz, of spirits of turpentine, and 2 oz, of Burgundy pitch. Let them
be carefully melted over a slow fire. With
this mixture was those as this mixture new shoes, are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a little distance from the fire with a sponge or brush. This operation shall be repeated without warming them as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated which will require four or five times brushing by this, the leather become imperaious to wa ter. The boot or shoe, thus prepared, last much longer than common leather; it acquires such pliability and softness, that it will never shrivel, nor grow hard, and in that state, the most effectual preventative against cold &c. It is necessary to remark that shoes and boots, thus prepared, ought to be worn, until they become perfectly dry and elastic; as in the contrary case the leather will become too soft and wear out much sooner than it otherwise

The Editor of the Farmer endorses this as

made agre cably to this recipe, and can youch for its tendering leather water proof. In order to test it, we procured a very new pair of shoes, gave them five suscessive rubbings with it. a gave them live suscessive rubbings with it, all composition to become dry. After the last had become perfectly absorbed by the leather we placed one of the shoes in a tub partially filled with water, and left it there 4½ hours.—When we took the shoe out, it was dry as when we first placed it in the tub; the effect of the composition is, that while it renders them water proof, in the broadest sense of the term, makes it soft and pliant, and therefore the more elastic and durable. From our experi the wear of shoes made water-proof, we have no hesitancy in saying that a pair thus treate will last as long as two pair that my be worn without it

The following we been written by a young lady of

kable taste and judgement I love the man sincere at heart; I love the man who takes his part; I love the man who will be free; I love the man of liberty;

I love the man who loves to labor I love the man who loves his neighbor I love the man who loves his wife I love the man who ne'er has strife

love the man who ne'er gets mellow; I love the man who loves his fellow. I love the man summer and winter, Who ne'er forgets to pay the Printer.

153. Where liberty dwells, there is my cours