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, MAY 23, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 21.

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:

¼ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
½ " " " " "	1 50
¾ " " " " "	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. ☜

The Law of Newspapers.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

[BY REQUEST.

THE HAZEL DELL.

A POPULAR SONG.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping
Nelly loved so long,
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
Nelly, lost and gone!
Here in the moonlight oft we've wandered,
Through the silent shade;
Now where leafy branches drooping downward
Little Nelly's laid.
All alone my watch I'm keeping,
In the Hazel Dell,
For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping,
Nelly, dear, far ewell.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Where the flowers wave,
And the silent stars are nightly weeping,
O'er poor Nelly's grave.
Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherished,
Smile no more for me,
Every dream of joy, alas, has perished,
Nelly, dear, with thee,
All alone my watch, &c.

Now I'm weary, friendless and forsaken,
Watching here alone,
Nelly, thou no more wilt fondly cheer me,
With thy lovely tone;
Yet forever shall thy gentle image
In my memory dwell.
And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten,
Nelly, dear, farewell.
All alone my watch, &c.

Humorous Story.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

BIDDY'S BLUNDERS.

"O, dear," said my dear friend, Lizzie Evans, brustling into my room one morning, with a most desparing look on her pretty face, "O, dear! I am tired of playing teacher and mistress to a raw Irish girl, who does not know the difference between a bean and a pumpkin; and I have come to you to have a long chat, and try to drive off the blues. O, Annie, darling!" she continued with a ludicrously solemn air, "never go to housekeeping, or if you do, don't hire an Irish girl 'who has to learn.'"

'Why Lizzie,' said I, 'what is the matter? Is the girl stupid?'

'I'll tell you what she did to-day, and leave you to judge of her talents. Last evening, I made up a quantity of breakfast cake for this morning. They were the kind my mother taught me to make, and she told me that they required a long baking; so I said to Biddy: 'Be sure you put this on the first thing in the morning.' 'O, yes marm; its understanding you, I am, the first thing.' Happy in the delusion that for once she understood me, I left the cakes to her care. This morning when we came to breakfast Frank said 'Lizzie, who could have made these cakes?' 'I did,' said I; 'ain't they good?' 'They are perfectly raw,' said he, holding one up; and so they were. So I rang for Biddy and asked her why she had not baked the cakes. 'Sure marm,' said my bright pupil, 'I did jest as yourself told me. Faith, I put the cakes in the oven jest as soon as I got in the kitchen, but I was after taking them off as soon as the fire began to be burning, for fear they'd be after scorching.'

'A bright pupil, indeed,' said I laughing. "You will have to teach her everything.'

'Everything! That puts me in mind of another blunder. When she came, it was understood that I was to instruct her in all the service I should need of her. The morning after she came, I left her safe in the kitchen, and went into the parlor to practice. A noise behind me attracted my attention, and turning I saw Biddy sitting on the sofa, apparently perfectly at home. 'Why, Biddy,' said I 'what are you doing up here?' 'Faith I was listening to you, marm.'

'Go back into the kitchen,' said I, 'and never come into the parlor again unless I send for you.'

'O, you'll be afther sending word when you want me?' 'Certainly,' said I; and Biddy went out. About one hour afterwards, I heard the piano, and going down, found Biddy seated on the piano stool, thumping (no other word expresses the energy with which she struck the keys,) while a look of great satisfaction was visible on her faze.

'Why, Biddy,' said I 'I told you not to come into the parlor again.' 'Sure, ye promised to be sending for me, and troth, ye clane forgot it; so I thought I'd jest thry the thing till ye'd come to tache me.' 'Teach you?' said I. 'Troth, aint I to be afther learning everything; and ain't it playing the tunes I'll be in a wake?'

'For so young a bride and housekeeper, you certainly have had some experience,' said I, laughing.

'Are you ever coming to see me,' said Lizzie, after we had spent some time in chatting. 'You have never seen my 'Green Erin,' as Frank calls her.'

'Be sure, I shall pay Biddy a visit,' said I, as we parted.

About a week after, I met Lizzie in the street, and she told me that one of the 'entry thieves,' as they are called, had come to the house while she was out, and under pretence of waiting till her return, had taken away all the small parlor ornaments while Biddy was in the kitchen. 'It is so provoking to lose things so,' said Lizzie, 'and many of these things I valued because they were bridal gifts. However, I impressed it upon Biddy's verdant mind that the next time people of any kind called when I was out she was to tell them to call again, and never leave to them alone in the parlor. She represented this thief as quite a respectable looking woman.'

A morning or two after this conversation, I called to spend the day with Lizzie, according to agreement. I went quite early in the forenoon. A girl whom I knew must be the 'Green Erin' of Lizzie's stories opened the door.

'Is Mrs. Evans in?' said I.

'No; it's at the market she is. You will have to be coming again.'

'O, no!" said I. 'I'll wait till she returns.'

'No, indade, you won't!' cried Biddy, obstructing my entrance by placing her stout person in the doorway.

'Why, what do you mean?' said I very much astonished.

'I mane ye'll have to clear out, and come back again, if you're wantting to sae Mrs. Ivans. Oh, ye needn't flare up! I'll not budge an inch, troth I'm knowing my business.'

After much arguing, and some insolence on Biddy's part, I managed to effect an entrance. Biddy followed me into the parlor and seated herself directly opposite me. Concluding that she would leave the room as soon as she had satisfied her curiosity—for I thought she wanted to find out who I was—I took up a book to read till Lizzie came in.

'Oh, that so!' cried Biddy, snatching the book from me. 'Jest be after keeping your hands to yourself. I know what you are up to.'

'Give me that book instantly!' said I angrily, but with a feeling of terror, for I had arrived at the conclusion that the girl was crazy.

'No, I'll not,' said she; and if you're afther Mrs. Ivans, I wish ye'd jest come into the kitchen and wait, for I've got the scrubbing to do; and it's not sitting here the whole day I'd be, a looking afther you.'

'Go into the kitchen,' said I, 'I don't require you here.'

'Oh, ye'd be mighty plased to get rid of me! Now wouldn't ye? but I'm waiting here till the mistress comes as well as you.'

At that moment Lizzie came in. 'Dear Annie, this is really kind, to come so early,' said she; but what is the matter? You look angry, and Biddy insolent. What is the matter?'

'I'm going, mum,' said Biddy. 'I've been after watching that she didn't walk out the door wid the books, jest as t'other woman did with t'other things. But since you're here yourself, and she seems to be knowing ye, I'll go to my scrubbing.'

The whole truth flashed on me as Biddy spoke, as my eye met Lizzie's we both burst into a hearty laugh. Biddy had taken me for an 'entry thief.'

Miscellaneous.

WATCHING FOR A TIGER.

The spot I selected was at the edge of a tank, where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me; and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch, about 12 feet from the ground. I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait.—Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours without anything stirring. It might be eight o'clock; the moon had risen, and so clear was the light that we could see the jackalls at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brimparries passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time; and becoming impatient, I got down from the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching for a tiger, when they started off immediately.

I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl arose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw the shikaree's black arm pointing nearly straight under him; on my side of his post. It was evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for me to do but to drop behind a bush, and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returned to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper.

It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretch bullock when the tiger approached, He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner.—The tiger saw him plain enough, but, suspecting something was wrong, he walked growling around the tree, as if he did not observe him. At length he made his fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries which became more feeble every instant, and the heavy breathing, half growl half snort, of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life's blood.

I know not what possessed me at this moment but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcase, when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a momen and then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There war nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, but they had been left on the tree. Then I knew my hour was come, and all the sins of my life rushed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable.

But what was my peon about all this time? He had the spare guns with him! O, as I afterwards learned, he, poor fellow, was trying to fire my double rifle; but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good Shikaree, and knew that was my only chance; so, when he could do no good, he did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there, he would soon have relieved me; but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me: a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dying. I peeped through the branches—but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hobreath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me?—A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves; and while I remained perfectly quiet I still had a chance.

Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless at my side; to attempt to load it would have been instant death.—My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dared not move a joint. The tormenting musquitoes swarmed around my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night around me. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn!—and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose, and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wondered that I survived it.—I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before 3 o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.

THE MILITARY PIG.

During the last war with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the invasion of Canada A company of Kentucky volunteers destined for Shelby's army, had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruit of that part of the country. When the marched from Harrodsburg, towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way they noticed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been victor in the contest was observed to follow them.

At night, when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also. The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus marched every day and night with the soldiers, or near them. When the came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio river in a ferry-boat, the pig, on getting to the waters edge, promptly plunged in and swam across, and waited on the other side until the whole cortege crossed over, and then resumed its post on one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the state of Ohio, and reached Lake Erie. On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow soldier. What they had was still shared, and if the pig fared scanty as the rest at times, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in its own line as the bipeds it accompanied did theirs. At the margin of the Lake, she embarked with the troops, and went as far as Bass Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada, she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scrupies, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the Constitution to force a military pig over the line. She therefore had leave to remain.

After the campaign had closed, the soldiers re-crossed the Lake, having left some of the horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest. By this time the winter frosts had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march. She made out however, to reach Maysville where the troops crossed the Ohio river,—There she gave out, and was put in trusty hands by Governor Shelby, and finally to the Governor's own home, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence. There are many in Kentucky who can attest the truth of this remarkable story.

☞ Excelsior.

From the New York Independent.

TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

I will now mention some things which ought to be avoided, and some things which ought to be done.

THINGS TO BE AVOIDED.

Evil practices, evil company, evil business, evil habits, evil speaking, worldly-mindedness, trifling, jesting, idle-words, novel reading, balls, the theatre, and circus, or hippodrome—every thing which is wrong in feelings, and in words, and in actions.

THINGS TO BE DONE.

Be regular in secret prayer. Have stated hours for this important duty; enter your closet at least three times a day.—Your closet, more than any other place, will decide whether you are a true convert or not; whether you are a useful, growing Christian or not; whether you will hold on your way, and grow stronger in the Lord's service.

If you have a family, and have not yet commenced family worship, begin to-day; and be as regular as the sun, in calling your household together, morning and evening, for religious services. And at your table have a short prayer before eating, and after eating also, if your conscience will be better satisfied with it.

Be as punctual as possible in attending the prayer meetings of your church.—Stand ready to take a part, especially if called on to do so by the one who leads the meeting. Do your best, and it will be accepted. Never say, "Have me excused."

Read the Bible daily; and it is well to read in course. By reading three chapters on each week day, and five on each Sabbath, you will read the Bible through in a year.

Gain information of what is going on in the religious world. In order to do this you will do well to take, and read, and pay for, some good religious newspaper, and the journals of the different benevolent societies.

Be ready to help forward every good [illegible] contributing to its funds. Be liberal in aiding objects of benevolence, according as God shall prosper you.

Make Christians your chosen companions, and "do good to all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith." Sympathize with the afflicted, and with the oppressed of all nations, and all colors. "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them."

"Strive to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

Be faithful to impenitent sinners. Deal kindly and tenderly, but faithfully with them. Set a sober, consistent, Christian example before them. Let them see that you love them, and earnestly desire their salvation. Speak to them often, even though it be but a few words. Pray earnestly and perseveringly for them. Ever be on the side of right, and truth, and virtue, and good order. Belong to a total abstinence society, and give the whole weight of your influence against the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and against tobacco in every shape and form.

JOIN THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

1. Do it, because God says, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you; and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

2. Do it, because an inspired apostle has said "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Here it seems that confession is as much a duty, as believing. And if any think that they have faith, but are reluctant about confessing Christ before men, they ought to inquire if their faith is not the kind spoken of by the Apostle James, as dead.

3. Do it, because our blessed Savior commands his friends to do something in remembrance of him, which they are not in a situation to do till they join the visible Church. It is not enough that we remember Christ, but we are to do something in remembrance of him. "Do this"—partake of the broken bread and poured out wine—"do this in remembrance of me."

He who has a disposition to neglect to obey one—any one—of God's commands, lacks the very spirit and essence of religion. True religion is cheerful obedience to all God's commandments. If you have a right to disobey this command of Christ, another has a right to disobey another command, and so on, till all God's commands are disregarded, and that, too, by right. If converts have a right to neglect to join the visible Church, what would shortly become of the Church? It would run out. If there is no visible Church, there will be no Gospel ordinances, no ministers, no Sabbaths and no religion.

But I trust you are not disposed to wish to be excused from obeying any of the Saviour's commands; especially that one which was given just before he died for your sins, and which directs you to do something in remembrance of his sufferings and death. No; you are determined, by divine aid, to obey this, and all his other commands, because you love him.—May God's blessing rest upon you! Amen.

SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the doors; gran'pa's old bones feel the March wind; and besides, you have got to spend your life in shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now."

"Do forgive me, gran'pa, I ought to be ashamed to be cross to you. But what do you mean? I a'n't going to be a sexton.—I am going to college, and then I'm going to be a lawyer.

Well, admitting all that; I imagine 'Squire Edward C——' will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man.

"What kind of doors? Do tell me gran'pa"

"Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list."

"In the first place, the *door of your ears* must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects.

"The *door of your eyes* too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them against the fine things exposed for sale in the store windows, or will never learn to lay up money, or have any left to give away.

The *door of your lips* will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member. which makes great use of the bad company let in at the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to *blow open*, and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least, til you have something valuable to say.

"The *inner door of your heart* must be well shut against temptation, for conscience the door keeper grows very indifferent if you disregard his call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes and ears and lips, you will keep out of many cold blasts of sin—which get in before you think.

"This '*shutting door*,' you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing in this life, and the next depends."

A Model Dun.

An editor "Out West," thus talks to his *non*-paying subscribers and patrons. If his appeal does not bring the "*pewter*," it would be useless to ever try again.

"*Friends, Patrons, Subscribers, and Advertisers!* Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have regard for our need, for you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer. Not that we care about cash ourselves, but our creditors *do*. Would you rather that we go to jail, and you go free, than you pay your debts, and we all keep moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; as we promised, we have waited upon you, but as you don't pay, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work; contracts for subscription; promises for long credits, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that he don't take a paper? If any, he needn't speak—we don't mean him.—Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide—he ain't the chap either. Who is there so bad that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout—for he's the man we're after. His name is *Legion*, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight years—long enough to make us poor, and himself rich at our expense. If the above appeal to his conscience doesn't awake him to a sense of justice, we shall have to try what virtue there is in writs and constables."

Knick Knacks.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

[The Knickerbocker hits off admirably in the following love declaration the regular clank and racket of a locomotive engine under full headway. The lover's "brakes" and those of the locomotive are most scientifically put on:

By those cheeks of lovely hue;
By those eyes of deepest blue,
Which thy very soul looks through,
As if, forsooth, those clear blue eyes
Were portals into Paradise;
By that alabaster brow,
By that hand as white as snow,
By that proud, angelic form,
By that rounded, classic arm;
By those locks of raven hair,
By those vermeil lips, I swear,
By the ocean, by the air,
By the lightnings and the thunder,
By all things on earth and under,
By the electric telegraph;
By my future "better-half,"
By our vespers, by our dreams,
By our nation and Te Deums,
By young Cupid, by my Muse;
By —— whatever else you choose,
Yes, I swear by all creation,
And this endless "Yankee nation"
That
I
love
you
like
tar-
na-
tion?

[Whistles and stops.]

☞ An office-holding chap being asked how he contrived to hold office under successive administrations, replied, "that administrations must be darned smart that could change oftener than he could."

☞ The age is getting more and more nice. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," is now rendered as follows: "A flower is capable of exerting the same titilatory influence under any and every cognomen.

AWFUL.—"Ain't you afraid you will break, while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus, to the clown.

"Why so?" asked the latter.

"Because you are a *humbug*," replied the wag. The clown fainted.

☞ Alderman Binns being called upon by a woman in great red hot haste and quite indignant at an expression used to her, addressed him thus:

"Alderman, Mr. Snooks, my next door neighbor, called me a thief; can't I make him prove it?"

"Well," said the alderman, after a moment's deliberation, "you may, but I think you had better not."

A GAL'S WASTE.—A school boy 'down east' who was noted among his play-fellows for his frolics with the girls was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase, 'making waste places glad,' he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer; another cried out; 'I know what it means, master. It means hugging the gals; for Tom Ross is allers hugging 'em around the waist, and it makes as glad as can be.'

☞ A large and brilliant party was given in fashionable circles a few weeks since, not a hundred miles from Boston, and the festivites were kept to so late an hour that the fair hostess became completely wearied out. Some fifteen minutes after the lady supposed the last of her guests had left, she walked into the supper-room, where the gas had been turned, and gave vent to her wearied spirit by ejaculating "Thank God, they are all *stuffed and gone!*" "Not quite all," squeaked out a voice; I have returned to find an ear-ring which I supposed was dropped while at the supper table! The hostess' chagrin can be better imagined than described, when on turning round she discovered one of her nearest fashionable neighbors.

MATERIAL FAITH.—Our school teacher was one day catechising a class of little urchins, after they had read their accustomed lesson in the reader, on the subject of *faith*. No one could tell her what faith was although they had often read it. All her illustrations on the subject were ineffectual they did not get the idea—"Now suppose," said she, "I should tell you that there was a *leg of mutton* in that boat sailing along there, (pointing to a boat just passing a few rods from them,) you would all believe me—would you not?" Yes, ma'am." "Well that is *faith*. How many will remember this to-morrow?" On the morrow, the little tryoes came up with sparkling eyes and buoyant spirits, feeling assured that they could readily tell what was the prominent characteristic of faithful Abraham. "Who can tell me, to-day, what faith is?" interrogated the teacher. The whole class, unhesitatingly and unanimously, ejaculated, "*A leg of mutton in a boat!*"