

# The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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## Select Poetry.

### A MOTHER'S HOPE.

"I knelt beside our children's narrow bed  
and remembered the hour when I mourned  
their loss, and you soothed my grief with  
loving words and tender caresses."

By their green and mossy bed,  
Was the mother humbly kneeling,  
And she bowed her weary head,  
And the tears came fastly stealing;  
Wept she as the mother weeps  
For the cherished and the lost,  
For the flow'ers once so fair,  
Nipp'd by an untimely frost.  
Bowing thus above her treasures,  
She remembered, Oh! how well,  
All her early hopes and pleasures,  
Blissful dreams no tongue can tell;  
But the spoiler came and reft her  
Of the jewels of her love,  
And on Scraph wings, they left her  
For the spirit land above.

Then uprose that gentle mother,  
Grief no longer bowed her head,  
Smiles and tears did chase each other,  
Even beside her early dead;  
"God, I thank Thee, who hast given  
Solace to this heart of mine—  
Such the kingdom is of Heaven!  
Father take them—they are Thine!"

### "THY WILL BE DONE."

BY G. P. MORRIS.

Scatter of hearts! I from mine cease  
All thoughts that should not be,  
And in thy deep recesses, trace  
My gratitude to thee!  
Honor of Prayer, oh! guide aright,  
Each word and deed of mine;  
Life's battle teach me how to fight,  
And be the victor thine.  
Giver of all! for every good  
In the Redeemer came—  
For shelter, raiment, and for food,  
I thank Thee in His name.  
Father and Son and Holy Ghost!  
Thou glorious Three in One!  
Thou knowest best what I need most,  
And let thy WILL BE DONE!

## Original.

For the Journal.

### PENCILINGS.

"The breeze that curls thy billowy deep,  
The songs that o'er thy valleys sweep,  
Are fresh with Faxon's breath."  
So sang, long ago, New England's poets,  
and there was inspiration in her song,  
but never, since the glorious old days of  
Ticonderoga, Bennington and Saratoga,  
have those words been so eminently true  
—so nearly what a Lyric should be, as  
they are to-day, the Echo of the Age.

The trickery, indeed, of rhyme and  
rhythm are wanting, but now we have  
the thought embodied in the living act,  
a sublimer utterance than words can give.

There is no mistaking the spirit of the  
articulations that are rising here and there  
like the parts of a great Anthem, all over  
the land. Those who were dumb are  
growing quite eloquent; those that were  
doubting, are coming out manfully for free-  
dom and the Right; and of those even,  
who aforesaid clanked a human chain, for  
emblem, not a few have loosed their grasp  
upon the accursed links, and are swelling  
the ranks of the lovers of Liberty.

The questions of minor importance that  
have hitherto divided right-minded men,  
are now merged in this one all-absorbing  
one; shall a breadth of this fair earth, broad  
enough to be named a world—a breadth  
made sacred to Liberty at the first, by such  
solemn rites, such wealth of sacrifices as  
Earth shall never see again, be gradually  
narrowed to a Cape, by the rilling in from  
the South, of the great Black Sea of Sla-  
very, until hardly the rock of Plymouth  
will be left to stand upon; nor a battle-  
field be dyked round about against the  
surge?

There may have been, at some period,  
a doubt, not that there was Virtue enough  
to fling a chain more potent than Canute's,  
upon the advancing tide, but whether that  
Virtue would forget all interests of section,  
all considerations of policy, all thought of  
personal aggrandizement, and for the sake  
of those who have gone before, and as a  
legacy to those who shall come after, be-  
queath one united, earnest, *souful* effort  
in behalf of Liberty and the Oppressed.—  
That effort is now being made; that legacy  
will be transmitted; that cause will be tri-  
umphphant.

Had not the foothold of Slavery been steal-  
thy and silent; had it not stolen, noiseless  
as a shadow over the dial, the borders of  
this night would not have been flung so  
far. But the clank of chains at last grew  
audible, as they trailed them over the soil  
of Kansas, that God and man alike made  
made free; hoarse utterances of the Slave  
Power, came grating to the ears of the  
Free North, like the bellowing of a storm;  
and in those sounds all other speech was  
dumb, and one after another men rose up  
to the rescue, even as the grain in full har-  
vest.

And this grand movement is not to be  
attributed to the galvanic action of party  
or clique, having the coartitions without

the reality, the endurance, the majesty of  
life; it is nothing that will "blow over"  
like a summer cloud; it is nothing that can  
be awed into suspension, or bribed into re-  
pose, or wearied into activity; but is as  
deep and as broad as humanity's self.

When men's hearts die out within them;  
when the Muse of History points to no ra-  
diant page; when no pulse quickens with  
no deathless recollections; when those syl-  
lables—LIBERTY—cease to be sweet in  
any tongue of a Babel-cleft world, then  
may we look to see this movement subside  
like a spent wave along the shores of Time;  
then, may we pause to hear something like  
a dirge for all that was called justice, all  
that was called humanity, all that was  
worthy to be named Freedom in the New  
World.

The seed time of liberal principles—  
principles broadly American, has long pas-  
sed, and the harvest is at hand.

Very rarely is it, that when a country is  
agitated and rent with mere political differ-  
ences, that the sentiment finds an echo or  
an utterance in the literary world. There  
all is calm; there, the sky remains cloud-  
less. But it is not so now.

We have about us, ranged upon the  
shelves, burdening the table, or cumber-  
ing the floor, volumes of a purely literary  
character that yet under all sorts of names,  
breathe the very invisible spirit, that is to  
take shape, and execute in the snowy fall  
of the ballot the Freeman's will, and the  
will of Freedom's God. He who has ob-  
served at all the tendency of the current  
literature cannot fail to have marked this,  
and marking it, to have seen therein, a deep  
significance. These authors, many of  
them quiet thinkers, have looked calmly  
out of their windows and caught long ago,  
the fragrant breath of its new growth,  
whose ripening is now the theme of every  
tongue.

With Literature, a volunteer in Freedom's  
cause; and as for Poetry, Slavery never  
had a song whose burden was not a sigh  
or a sob; with an honest, an earnest and  
united purpose in their behalf; with a  
Holy Alliance of names and sections East  
and West; an alliance of the purest Patri-  
otism with the noblest Philanthropy, what  
more does FREEDOM need to preserve in  
all its sacredness this the western shrine  
of her worship—this, her latest-lighted  
Pharos upon Earth.

"Boy of '76."

Huntingdon, Nov. 10.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Graphic Sketch.

At the celebration of the battle of King's  
Mountain, (Gaston county, N. C.) last  
week, Col. Wm. C. Preston addressed the  
vast assemblage, and gave a glowing  
picture of the battle from which we give  
the following graphic extract. It will be  
remembered that the battle was fought in  
October, 1780, and resulted in a victory of  
a small body of American militia over the  
British regulars of Cornwallis' army, under  
Ferguson:

"Ferguson, with a gallantry which seem-  
ed to rise with his desperate condition,  
role from rank to rank, and post to post,  
cheering, driving and encouraging his men,  
until he found his army pressed, actually  
huddled together on the ridge and falling  
as fast as the Americans could load and  
shoot. He determined on one more des-  
perate charge, and taking his position at  
the head of his cavalry, in a voice that  
rose high above the din of the battle, he  
summoned his men "to crush the damned  
rebels to the earth." The summons was  
heard by the Americans, and one round of  
their rifles was stopped, and, instead of  
their roar, there was only the click of the  
cock heard. It was the serpent's low warn-  
ing of coming death. The pause was  
but for a moment, when Ferguson and Du  
Poistre, horse and foot, burst like an ava-  
lanche down the mountain side. By the  
time they came within sixty paces, every  
rifle was loaded, and under deadly aim—  
Ferguson fell at the first discharge, with  
seven mortal wounds. The patriots rush-  
ed forward to meet the shock, as Du Poi-  
stre's regulars, with bayonets set, and sab-  
res in rest, came crashing upon them.—  
Not Agicourt or Cressy, with all their chiv-  
alry, ever felt a more fearful shock than  
that; but had the heavens rained British  
bayonets, it could not have stopped those  
patriots. The destinies of America—per-  
haps of mankind—depended on their mus-  
cle. Like martyrs they went to the death;  
like lions they rushed to the carnage; offi-  
cer and soldier—half naked, with blood-  
shot eyes and parched tongues—pounded  
upon the charging enemy, until their hot  
breath and fierce glare was seen and felt  
by the craven tory and his bull dog mas-  
ter; and as they crouched gathering for

the last spring, a wild, terror-stricken  
shriek rose above the roar—a yell for mer-  
cy—a white flag was run up and God's  
champion shouted Victory, Liberty!"

The Hon. George Bancroft followed in  
a short and stirring speech, from which  
we quote the closing paragraph:

"To finish the picture of the battle, the  
consequences of the victory are to be bro't  
to mind. It struck dismay into the tories,  
and checked the concerted system of  
house-burning and domestic carnage which  
was filling Carolina with the deadliest hor-  
rors of civil war; it was the turning point  
of victory which cheered on Sumpter and  
Col. Washington and Morgan to their suc-  
cesses, and enabled Greene to collect an ar-  
my; it was the fatal blow which utterly  
disconcerted the plans of Cornwallis, and  
forced him into that change of policy which  
had its end at Yorktown. The men of  
that day fought not for Carolina, not for  
the South; they fought for America and  
for humanity, and the ultimate effects of  
their heroism cannot yet be measured.—  
The States are bound together by com-  
merce, and dovetailed together by canals  
and rivers, and railroads. But the recol-  
lection of the crowded hours of this glori-  
ous action of our fathers speaks to the heart,  
and makes us feel, more than all the rest,  
that we are one people. Let the battle-  
ground before us be left no longer as pri-  
vate property; let it be made the inheri-  
tance of the people; that is of all those who  
are heirs to the benefits that were gained  
on the day which we commemorate. Let  
a monument rise upon its peak as a mem-  
orial of the heroism of our fathers—as an  
evidence of the piety of their sons. The  
deeds that were there performed bid us ever  
renew our love of country. Let the pas-  
sion for freedom flow forth perennially,  
like the fountains that gush in crystal pu-  
rity from our hill sides; let the Union stand  
like your own mountains, which, the geo-  
logists tell us, are the oldest and firmest in  
the world."

### Visit to a Copper Mine.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Repub-  
lic gives an interesting account of a late  
visit to the Minnesota mine, twelve miles  
above Ontonagon, on the river of that  
name:

"Down, down we went, and in more  
than one instance the rounds which sup-  
ported us were worn through till less than  
half an inch of wood remained, but, scrap-  
ing and scratching, clutching at the lad-  
der round, and grasping the candle, which  
every moment seemed likely to be struck  
by the great drops of water that constan-  
tly fell from overhead, we had no time to  
speculate upon the strength of our frail  
foothold, but a foot at a step sank deeper  
and deeper into the bowels of the earth,  
and the blackness of everlasting night  
which fills them. We had gone down  
perhaps 60 feet, and the remaining ladder  
was some few feet to the left of the one we  
were upon. On reaching the last round,  
a rather long stretch to the left, a sort of  
poking in the dark for a foothold, for your  
candle will not light your feet in such an  
atmosphere, found the next ladder. We  
came on in safety and struck the landing  
90 feet below, with indescribable plea-  
sure.

Here were miners at work with picks,  
drills, and chisels, the atmosphere filled  
with the smoke of blast in some one of the  
many passages through the mine, making  
the darkness darker than ever. Candles  
fastened to the ragged sides or roof of the  
passage by the clay plaster, and their hats  
ornamented in like manner, gave barely  
light enough to see where to strike. Here  
would be seen a brawny arm holding a big  
chisel which was slowly, very slowly cut-  
ting its way through a mass of solid cop-  
per weighing 20 tons, or more, perhaps—  
too heavy to raise to the surface; and on  
that huge block of metal, which had been  
thrown down by force, perhaps, of ten kegs  
of powder, sat this man, who had been for  
over thirty-six working hours, holding that  
stout chisel, with two others striking alter-  
nately, hour after hour, blows of tremen-  
dous force, about once a second. And how  
much, think you is done by this kind  
of labor? "A square foot of surface, by the  
hardest kind of work which human muscle  
can perform, in twelve hours shall that  
can be accomplished. No wonder copper  
costs. I believe copper mining to be the  
severest toil which the human frame can  
be made to endure. There is no other mi-  
neral known which can compare with  
it, and I am told the men never live to be  
old. Groping after our leader through  
gangs of men in all directions, we were  
instructed in metallic formations, and lec-  
tured to most interestingly in trappean  
ranges, and such illustrations of their con-  
tents made as the wealth of the Indies

could furnish no college with on ground  
above.

On the first level of the Minnesota, we  
saw, laid bare in the rock, 90 feet below  
the surface, a solid slab of copper full 60  
feet long, and at least ten feet wide.—  
Its thickness of course can only be a mere  
speculation; but it is over seventy tons;  
and if six inches thick on an average, dou-  
ble that weight. Yet copper is daily laid  
bare in this mine a foot thick. Till they  
get behind the mass and blow it from the  
rock, it is impossible to get at its actual  
thickness.

Crawling, sliding, creeping, and by ev-  
ery other means save walking, candle in  
hand, now in mud, now on jagged rocks,  
head first, and feet first, we followed our  
polite conductor, who, with a pick would  
knock at our ragged roof in a most reck-  
less manner to point out 'epedotes' or con-  
glomerate' or trap' to his class, who per-  
haps would have full satisfied, if he had  
displayed less anxiety to inflate their cran-  
iums with metalliferous knowledge, at  
the risk, according to my ignorant compre-  
hension of the tumbling down of some  
beautiful fragment of trap weighing a few  
tons, to bury us alive, or crush us out of  
existence. After an examination of metal  
in and out of the rock, at our present  
depth, we made the descent of 80 feet  
farther, and our explorations at the 170  
were as interesting as heretofore. Our  
ideas of the immense wealth of this mine,  
prepared as we had been by the stories  
fell short of the picture presented below.  
Years upon years must roll away before  
the metal can be exhausted; and if the  
character of copper continues in masses,  
the profits must be enormous. We had  
been in the dark regions about three hours  
and had twisted ourselves by crab like  
contortions through passages 700 feet in  
length, and seen practical mining in all its  
methods, save blasting, and that we had  
heard, quite satisfied to have engagements  
in another direction; so preferring to go  
up rather than still farther down, we care-  
fully followed our conductor up through a  
different shaft from the one descended, and  
gladly reached the cheerful sunlight once  
more, highly delighted with our under-  
ground tour.

### "Bury Me in the Garden."

"There was sorrow there, and art tears  
were in every eye; and there were low,  
half-suppressed sobs heard from every  
corner of the room; but the little sufferer  
was still; its young spirit was just on the  
verge of departure. The mother was bend-  
ing over it in all the speechless yearnings  
of parental love, with one arm under its  
pillow, and with the other, unconsciously  
drawing the little dying girl closer and  
closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the  
bright and dewy morning it had followed  
out before its father into the field; and  
while he was there engaged in his labors,  
it had patted among the meadow flowers,  
and had stuck its bosom full, and all its  
burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-  
tinted things; and returning tired of its  
father's side, he had lifted it upon the load-  
ed cart; but a stone in the road had shak-  
en it from its seat, and the ponderous,  
iron rimmed wheels had ground it down  
into the very cart-path and the little crush-  
ed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its  
bedside, and were hanging over the young  
bruised thing, to see it yet breathed, when  
a slight movement came over its lips and  
its eyes partly opened. There was no  
voice, but there was something beneath  
its eyelids which a mother alone could  
interpret. Its lips trembled again, and  
we all held our breath—its eyes opened  
a little farther and then we heard the  
departing spirit whisper in that ear which  
touched those ash lips: "Mother? Moth-  
er? don't let them carry me away down  
to the dark, cold grave-yard, but bury me  
in the garden—in the garden, mother."

"A little sister, whose eyes were rain-  
ing down with the melting of her heart,  
had crept up to the bedside, and taking  
the hand of the dying girl sobbed aloud  
in its ears: "Julia! Julia! can't you  
speak to Antoinette?"

"The last fluttering pulsation of expir-  
ing nature struggled hard to enable that  
little spirit to utter one more wish and word  
of affection: its soul was on its lips, as it  
whispered again: "Bury me in the gar-  
den, mother—bury me in the —" and  
a quivering came over its limbs, one fee-  
ble struggle, and all was still."

### HIGHER.

HIGHER is a word of noble meaning,  
the inspiration of all great deeds—the  
sympathetic chain that leads link by link,  
impassioned soul of its zenith of glory,  
and still holds its mysteriously abject stand-  
ing and glittering among the stars.

Higher lips the infant at its parent's  
knees, and makes its feeble essay to raise  
from the floor—it is the first aspiration of  
childhood—to burst the narrow confines  
of the cradle in which its sweet moments  
have been passed forever.

Higher! laughs the proud school-boy at  
his swing; or as he climbs the tallest tree  
of the forest, that he may look down on his  
less adventurous companions with a flush  
exultation and abroad over the fields of his  
native village. He never saw so extended a  
prospect before.

Higher! earnestly breathes the student  
of philosophy and nature; he has a host  
of rivals, but he must eclipse them all.—  
The midnight oil in his lamp burns dim,  
but he finds light and knowledge in the  
lamps of heaven, and his soul is never  
weary when the last of them is hid be-  
hind the curtains of the morning.

And Higher! his voice thunders forth  
when dignity of manhood has invested his  
form, and the multitude is listening with  
delight to his oracles burning with elo-  
quence and ringing like true steel in the  
cause of freedom and right. And when  
time has changed his locks to silver, and  
when the world-wide renown is his; when  
the maiden gathering flowers by the riv-  
erside, and the boy in the field, bow in re-  
verence as he passes; and the peasant  
looks to him with honor—can he break  
forth from his heart the fond wish of the  
past.

Higher yet! he has reached the apex  
of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns as  
warm as in youth though with a steeper  
and paler light, and it would borrow wings  
and soar up to high heaven, leaving its  
tenement to molder among the laurels he  
has wound around it, for the never-ending  
glory to be reached only in the presence  
of the Most High!

### OLD OCTOBER.

"God bless the man that made October."  
The Albany Knickerbocker said that,  
and if anybody would send the Albany  
Knickerbocker a bible they would be shed-  
ding a little light upon "them that sit in  
darkness," for friend Hastings is cer-  
tainly a heathen, to think that any being  
short of an Omnipotent one—an angel at  
the lowest—could make such a night as  
last night was; could soften down relent-  
ing Nature, till she smiled her heart out,  
and the most unfeeling of us all, grew ready  
to own and love her as a mother.

He is worse than Sancho Panza, who  
uttered a beautiful upon "the man that  
invented sleep," for Laudanum can make  
sleep, and so they piously christened it  
Laudanum—*laus dei*—praise to God, for  
its drought of forgetfulness.

But as for such a closing as yesterday  
had and  
Who would not pray for an ending like that?  
We must look whence the dawn comes,  
when God's gates are ajar, to let out the  
morning. The poets are certainly at fault  
for October is not 'brown' at all, but only  
summer in a dream; only the year re-  
membering.

And wonderful it is, what an influence  
such a night has upon human nature.—  
We profess to be so wonderfully inde-  
pendent, and yet we are so many barome-  
ters, rising and falling with the changing  
of the sky; the coming and going of a  
cloud as it "lays off and on" in the great  
blue Ægean of God may change the Heav-  
en of the heart as well.

But last night—if there were not vows  
made in it that shall be hallowed—if rough  
voices did not go a little more like a flute  
—if men did not grow, if indeed, "for one  
night only," a tear or two more human—if  
Memory did not give up, as the sea will  
by and by, some of its beautiful dead—if  
there were not forms wavering the moon-  
beams as they walked softly among them,  
that we never see in mid day or in the sun-  
shine, then we are constrained to say, we  
greatly fear, that jewel of a night might  
about as well have been wrapped up in a  
napkin.

### Duelling.

There are two or three men in our own  
world almost as wise as M. Jules Janin.  
"If thou art weary of life," said Marius  
to the bold Teuton who challenged him,  
"go and hang thyself." Themistocles was  
no coward, and yet he would rather take  
a blow than neglect good counsel from  
Fucybiades. In latter times, the Count  
Savoy challenged the Dauphin of Vien-  
nois. "Hark, ye, Sir Count," said the  
lusty Dauphin, I will send you one of my  
wild bulls; and if you be so minded, you  
may struggle till you are tired with an an-  
tagonist not easily overcome." We sup-  
pose that Mr. Janin will not despise the  
bravery and gallant bearing of Turenne;  
and yet according to the critic, the hero of  
Sintzerim and the Rhine must be a  
lost man in the eyes of the section into

which M. Janin divides the world, for  
Turenne refused to fight a duel under the  
grossest provocations. He had been sub-  
jected to a disgusting insult by a rash  
young officer and as quickly drew his sword  
to resent as the other to defend it. But  
Turenne thrust his weapon back into the  
sheath, remarking as he did so: 'Young  
man, if I could wipe your blood from my  
conscience as easily as I have wiped the  
filthy proof of your folly from my face, I  
would take your life upon the spot.' M.  
Janin is an exceeding clever person, but  
we very much doubt if even he will be  
able to persuade his countrymen that the  
Turenne who fell so gloriously at Salz-  
bach, in front of the artillery of Mote-  
cunch was a coward for refusing to avenge an  
insult by a crime.—*Athenaeum*.

### The Sun Has Red Flames.

Professor Henry, before the American  
Association of Science, gave odd results  
touching the existence of red flames on  
the edge of the sun, as observed during  
solar eclipses. These projections of red  
flames were observed again in May. A  
black board representation was given—a  
circle with cloven tongues of fire. Dur-  
ing eclipses, it appears, remarkable ap-  
pearances of these flames have been ob-  
served since the year 1838, when Alexander  
and Henry were astronomers together at  
Princeton. One used a yellow glass to  
the other a red. It was found that these  
flames could only be observed through the  
red glass. To test this Mr. Henry exper-  
imented at Washington. He took a large  
burning-lens, such as are usually in the  
light-house service, and concentrated the  
rays of the sun upon a piece of shingle—  
the wood began to burn, when presto! the  
same sort of flames appeared, of a beau-  
tiful pink color. A range of different col-  
ored glasses was brought to bear—but  
through none of them, yellow, green, nor  
anything else but red, could the flames be  
seen. Mr. Henry called in the architect  
of the Smithsonian Institution, and bade  
him look. He was oblivious of the ex-  
istence in the flames till the red glass  
came. A candle was taken up, and it was  
invisible through the red glass. The in-  
ference is, that this phenomenon is real.  
The pink, according to Mr. Henry, is a  
subjective color—a color in the eye. This  
opens, it is said, a field for investigation.

### Mechanics' Wives.

Speaking of the middle rank of life, a  
good writer observes:

"There we behold woman in her glory;  
not a doll to carry silks or jewels; not a  
puppet to be flattered by profane adoration  
—reverenced to day, discarded to-morrow  
—always jostled out of the place nature  
has assigned her, by sensuality or by con-  
tempt—admired but not respected—des-  
ired but not esteemed—ruled by passion, not  
affection—imparting her weakness, not  
her constancy; we see her a wife, para-  
king the care and cheering the anxiety of  
a husband, dividing his toils, and spread-  
ing cheer around her; for his sake, sharing  
the refinements of the world without being  
vain of them, placing all her joys and hap-  
piness in the man she loves. As a moth-  
er, we find her an affectionate and ardent  
instructor of her children, whom she tend-  
ed from their infancy, training them to  
thought and benevolence, addressing them  
as rational beings, preparing them to become  
men and women in their turn."

### Unhonored Heroes.

When I see a man holding faster his  
uprightness in proportion as it is assailed;  
fortifying his religious trust in proportion  
as providence is obscure; hoping in the  
ultimate triumphs of virtue and more sure  
in proportion to its present afflictions; cher-  
ishing philanthropy amid the discouraging  
experience of men's unkindness and un-  
thankfulness; extending to others a sym-  
pathy which his own sufferings need, but  
cannot obtain; growing milder and gentler  
amidst what tends to exasperate and hard-  
en; and through inward principle convert  
the very excitement to evil into the occa-  
sions of virtue; I see an explanation, and  
a noble explanation, of the present state.  
I see a good produced, so transcendent in  
its nature as to justify all the evil and suf-  
fering under which it grows up. I should  
think the formation of a few such minds  
worth all the apparatus of the present  
world. I should say that this earth, with  
its continents and oceans, its seasons and  
harvests, and its successive generations,  
was a work worthy of God, even were it  
to accomplish no other end than the train-  
ing and manifestation of the illustrious  
characters which are scattered through  
history. And when I consider how small  
a portion of human virtue is recorded by  
history, how superior in dignity, as well  
in number, are unnoticed, unhonored  
saints and heroes of domestic and humble  
life, I see a light thrown over the present  
state which more than reconciles me to all  
its evils.—*Channing*.

## Our Fun Column.

### A Successful Trick.

A young and skillful disciple of Rob-  
ert Louden was some time ago traveling  
to the northern provinces of France, giv-  
ing exhibitions in natural magic, in com-  
pany with a young wag, now-director of a  
printing office in Paris. In their wander-  
ings they arrived at the town of R—, more  
renowned for its manufactures than for  
the natural brilliancy of its inhabitants.  
Here the receipts of the magician were  
absolutely nothing, and despair reigned  
in the hearts of our two adventurers.—  
What now was to be done?

"By my faith," exclaimed the assistant  
magician, it will never do to say that we  
did not make our expenses! I have it!  
Let me write a poster for or more enter-  
tainments, and if the attraction don't an-  
swer, call me no assistant for a high priest  
of diablerie;

"At the urgent request of the large and  
intelligent audiences of our former entertain-  
ment we have consented to perform the as-  
tounding feat of making the cathedral bell  
ring any hour indicated by any of the au-  
dience. To take place this evening."

"There, how will that do?"  
"But how are you to fulfill the promise?"  
"Oh! never mind. Am I not a worthy  
pupil of a skillful master. Leave that to  
me."

Night came and with it a crowd of the  
curious. All went off well, and now  
came the feature of the evening. Any one  
was asked to make a number.

"Four!" came from the crowd.  
In fear and trembling the mighty magi-  
cian extended his hands towards the cathe-  
dral, when one! two! three! four!  
boomed from the cupola. The cold perspi-  
ration started to the exhibitor's brow  
and the audience shouted with delight and  
surprise.

"Encore! encore!" resounded from all  
parts of the crowd. Again! What was  
to be done? But a voice from behind the  
curtain said:

"Go ahead old boy—it's all right!"  
With a sigh of relief the exhibitor re-  
peated the miracle again and again, and  
the spectators departed filled with enthu-  
siasm.

"What in the name of wonder have you  
been doing?" exclaimed the puzzled prin-  
cipal to his laughing assistant, as soon as  
the doors were closed.

"Why, I gave the bell-ringer five francs  
to stay in the belfry and ring as many times  
as I placed candles in the window, and I  
think it succeeded pretty well, *n'est ce pas*.  
I replied the other shaking the well-filled  
cash box.

The next day, as they were starting in  
the cars, one of the city councillors came  
to them, and begged that they would ex-  
plain the miracle.

"It is magnetism, my friend," said the  
magician, with a grand flourish of his  
hand, and the magistrate departed, much  
edified and perfectly satisfied.

### A Quakers Letter to his Watchmaker.

I herewith send thee my pocket clock,  
which greatly standeth in need of thy  
friendly correction. The last time he  
was at thy friendly school, he was in no  
ways reformed nor in the least benefited  
thereby; for I perceive by the index of  
his mind that he is a liar, and the truth  
is not in him! that his motions are waver-  
ing and irregular; that his pulse is some-  
times slow, which betokeneth not an even  
temper; and at other times it waxeth  
sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge  
him; when he should be on his duty as  
thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I  
find him slumbering, or as the vanity hu-  
man reason phraseth, I catch him napping.  
Examine him therefore, and prove him, I  
beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou may-  
est, being well acquainted with his inward  
frame and disposition, draw him from the  
error of his way and show him the where-  
in he should go. It grieves me to think,  
and when I ponder thereon I am very of  
opinion that his body is foul, and the whole  
mass is corrupt. Cleanse him, therefore,  
with the charming physic, from all pollu-  
tion, that he may vibrate and circulate ac-  
cording to the truth. I will place him a  
few days under thy care, and pay for his  
board as thou requirest. I entreat thee,  
friend John, to demean thyself on this oc-  
casion with judgement, according to the  
gift which is in the and prove thyself a  
workman. And when thou layest thy  
correcting hand upon him, let it be with-  
out passion, lest thou should drive him to  
destruction. Do thou regulate his motion  
for time to come, by the motion of light  
that ruleth the day, and when thou findest  
him converted from the error of his ways  
and more conformable to the above men-  
tioned rules, then do thou send him home,  
with the just bill of charges drawn out in  
the spirit of moderation, and it shall be  
sent to thee, the root of all evil.