

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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WILLIAM BREWSTER, } EDITORS.
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, }

Select Poetry.

From the Christian Spiritualist.
POETIC FANCY.

BY S. M. PETERS.

Tell me not, poetic fancy
Is but sophistry refined;
The delusive necromancy
Of a visionary mind.
Don't I sit with dreamy wonder
To the music on the hills,
As I sit alone, and ponder,
By the bubbling woodland rills.
Tell me not, imagination
Grasps the shadow as it flies,
Clothing fanciful creation,
In the drapery of the skies.
Don't I breathe a fragrance given
To the lily and the rose?
Don't I see the haec of heaven
On the palest flower that grows?
Tell me not, the gush of feeling
Is unstable, weak and vain—
But the flash of passion stealing
O'er a transitory brain.
Don't my bosom thrill and tremble
When it meets a genial soul?
Vain the effort to dissemble,
Nature ever spurts control.
Tell me not that Spirit voices
Never give my soul delight;
As it dreamingly rejoices,
In the visions of the night.
Don't our angels hover o'er us
Now as in the golden time;
Watching to display before us
Glories of a higher clime.
Tell me not to worship money,
Garnered up in golden store;
I can live on mental honey,
And I ask for nothing more.
From the selfish world retiring,
To the silent, sylvan shade;
Loving still, and still admiring
Everything that God has made.

A Select Tale.

THE
SECRET BENEFACTOR.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVING.

"The business I spoke of yesterday attended to?" asked Mr. Lambert, a wealthy owner of real estate, addressing an intelligent, fair looking young man, who sat at a desk, as the above named gentleman entered his office.

Charles Buchard colored with embarrassment. For a moment his hand moved nervously across his brow, then raising his handsome eyes to his employer's face, he answered in a frank, steady tone.

"I have neglected to follow your instructions."

"Sir?"

"I am very sorry!"

"Sorry!" cried Mr. Lambert, angrily, "sorry indeed! and this is the way you attend to my affairs! Young man, if you think I will pass over this carelessness—"

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, with a face like marble, but speaking in a calm tone, "I am guilty of carelessness. I have endeavored to do my duty."

"Your duty was to follow my instruction. Number twenty-three has been a losing business for me long enough. The family have had warning. You should not have disappointed me. I told you that if the rent was not paid before 12 o'clock yesterday—"

"I visited the family," rejoined Charles, "and it seemed to me that had you seen what I saw, you would not have me apply the extremity of the law to their miserable case. They are very poor—they are sick—they are suffering. You would not have the heart to—"

"Charles Buchard," exclaimed Mr. Lambert angrily, "you have been in my employ two years. I have found you faithful, honest, capable—and I would not willingly part with you; but since you prefer your way of doing business to mine, and presume to dictate, it is not proper that we should work together any longer."

"I have thought myself," said Charles, "that since I cannot conscientiously pursue the extremes you deem necessary, it will be best for me to quit your service. I am ready," he added, fixing his mild eye upon Mr. Lambert's face, "I am ready to go."

"Well sir, we will have a settlement at once. How much am I indebted to you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! How—how is this!"

"You will see. Cast your eye over this page."

"Yes—I perceive—you have taken up your wages lately, as soon as due," said Mr. Lambert, who remembering his clerk's fidelity and capacity, was becoming softened. "This is a new thing, however. But I presume that you have invested your money advantageously?"

"I have tried to make Christian use of it," answered Charles, coldly.

"Have you been dealing in stocks?"

"No sir."

"Ah, you have lost confidence in me and thought proper to put your money into other hands?"

"I have neither made investments nor loans," said Charles with a peculiar smile. "What small funds I could command, I have used."

"You?"

"Yes sir."

"Bless me, Charles! I thought you a steady young man; and how you can have consumed your entire salary, I am unable to conceive."

"And I presume I should be unable to explain it to your satisfaction, sir. It is a subject which I can avail nothing to converse upon. If you get a man in my place immediately, I shall be willing to save you the trouble of instructing him in the state of your business."

"Certainly—if you please; and you shall be paid—"

"I did not make the offer, expecting remuneration. I trust that I have kept my accounts in such a manner that it will not require half an hour to make an intelligent man understand the whole business."

"Charles," said Mr. Lambert, "I dislike to part with you so. We have always agreed until this time."

"Six months ago," replied Charles Buchard, "the family in No. 23 could not pay their quarter's rent. I had orders to turn them into the street. I did not do it."

"But—but the rent was paid."

"You permitted me to give them a few days grace; you permitted this, on my promise to see that the rent was paid. You are right sir—it was paid; the next quarter's rent was also paid. At present they cannot pay. Knowing the condition of the family I cannot follow your instructions."

"Well," said Mr. Lambert hardening himself, "I've rules which regard tenants which cannot be broken. I have rules with regard to persons in my employ, which nothing can induce me to break. Justice is my motto. It's a good one; I shall stand by it."

"Mercy is a better one, sometimes," replied Charles, softly. "Justice is admirable in all—but, mercy, in the powerful is god-like."

"Thus Mr. Lambert parted with his faithful clerk. Another took the place of Charles Buchard, and the latter was without a situation."

About the first business Mr. Carrol, the new clerk attended to, concerned the poor family in No. 23.

"They vacate the premises immediately," he said to Mr. Lambert. "But there is some mystery about the family; they made allusion to yourself, which I was unable to understand."

"To me?"

"Yes sir; they spoke of your kindness to them—"

"My kindness!" Mr. Lambert colored.

"The woman is an invalid," said Mr. Carrol. "The man is a fine looking, intelligent person with thin cheeks, a broad pale forehead, and bright, expressive eyes. He has been a year at work on some mechanical invention, which he believes is going to be a vast benefit to manufacturers."

"I have heard Mr. Buchard speak of it," replied Mr. Lambert. "But what did these people say of me."

"That they have been indebted to you for numerous favors—"

"Favors!"

"Yes sir—at work at his invention which of course, can afford him no income until completed. Mr. Ward has not been able to do much toward the support of his family. Mrs. Ward, as I said is an invalid. Their only child—a daughter of about eighteen, and a girl of some accomplishments, has done considerable towards their support—"

"I have heard all this from Mr. Buchard. What did they say of me?"

"That in these circumstances they had received benefits from you, for which they are very grateful."

"It is a mere taunt—insolent irony," muttered Mr. Lambert.

"I assure you, there were tears in the poor woman's eyes, when she said it; she was sincere."

"Humph!"

"They appreciated these favors so much the more," said Mr. Carrol, "from the fact that as Mr. Ward's invention is a secret, and all his instruments and contrivances have been in the house, it would have been a sore disadvantage to be obliged to move. His invention is now on the eve of completion, and he is firm in the hope of being able to pay with interest all your benefits."

Mr. Lambert was greatly perplexed by this inexplicable conversation of his clerk but he concealed his feelings, and leaving Mr. Carrol to believe that he was a man who did a great deal of good in a quiet way, went to explore the mystery, by visiting No. 23.

He found the Wards making preparations to vacate the premises. To a beautiful girl with a handkerchief over her head who was carrying small articles of furniture to the hall, he made known his wish to see Mr. Ward.

This gentleman was engaged in packing up his machinery; but soon coming out of his secret room and locking the door behind him, he appeared before Mr. Lambert. As these two individuals had never met, the landlord was obliged to introduce himself.

"I feel highly honored—I am thankful for this new indication of kindness," said Mr. Ward with emotion.

"I understand," said Mr. Lambert, "that you have been at work on an important mechanical invention."

"Yes sir, and I am happy to inform you it is completed; the model has gone to Washington. I have used all the money I could scrape together to pay the expenses of the patent right; but, sir, a manufacturing company are ready to negotiate with me for my machine, and in a very short time I shall be able to pay all my debts."

Mr. Lambert had hitherto regarded him as a visionary. He did not look like one; he did not speak like one. The thought struck Mr. Lambert that he might after all be able to pay his rent.

"I have concluded that I might as well permit you to remain here a short time longer—although I am myself pressed for money," he said, with a thoughtful air.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Ward, "this is a favor I had no right to expect, notwithstanding all you have done for us; but I am sincerely grateful. We are going into a miserable house, where we did not anticipate residing more than three or four weeks, or until I find my funds coming in; and if we can remain here, you shall be no loser by the operation. Your debt I consider sacred; those benefits shall never be forgotten."

"Benefits I am not aware that you are much indebted to me—"

"You are pleased to say so—but for two quarters rent you gave me receipts in full, relying upon my honor at some future time. I have also received sums to aid me in prosecuting my invention. I have at no time doubted but that they came from you."

"Mr. Lambert pressed his forehead with his hand. And after a pause he said:

"And why, may I ask—why did you give me credit—?"

"Excuse me for mentioning the subject," said Mr. Ward, with emotion, "but although you parted in anger from your sister—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert, staring and changing color.

"Her's was a pardonable offence," said Mr. Ward. "She declined marrying the man whom you chose for a husband. You disowned her; you have never met her since. But this was years ago, and I knew you could not cherish resentment so long."

"My God," cried Mr. Lambert, "what do you mean! I have heard nothing of her for twenty years. I know not what has become of her."

Mr. Ward fixed his eyes upon the landlord in speechless astonishment.

"Is it possible!" he murmured; "are you serious?"

"Upon my soul! I have made inquiries for Mary, without success. I have supposed her dead!"

"Then these benefits have not been bestowed because—"

"Sir, I know nothing of what you say. I die with suspense! If you know anything of Mary, tell me what has become of her."

"The tenant's eye looked searchingly and earnestly into the landlord's face; then taking him by the arm, he led him softly and deliberately into another room.

There was a pale thin woman sitting in an arm chair. She started on seeing two men enter, and uttered a faint cry of surprise.

"My brother?"

"Mary!" gasped Mr. Lambert, "can it be my sister?"

"Your sister and my wife."

An hour later, Mr. Lambert might have been seen entering Charles Buchard's lodgings. A rich man had died. He had, during life, been a prominent merchant, and occupied a position of influence among his countrymen. His death was, therefore, considered to be an event. If he had been a poor man, he might have been carried out folded up in a winding sheet, on the back of his son, or some faithful friend, and tumbled into a nastily constructed grave, and with the last sod laid over him would have perished all recollections of his virtues or his faults. With the rich man it is different. His good qualities are enhanced in the public estimation by a knowledge of his wealth. Virtue, when associated with large possessions, shines out with a pure refugence, while poverty obscures the brightest rays. It is so in civilized communities, and the Chinese have not been bad imitators. The Chinese merchant at whose grave a most curious ceremony was performed yesterday, died about three weeks ago. He was interred in the lone Mountain Cemetery without any pomp. Yesterday, however, a large number of relations and friends proceeded to his grave for the purpose of making offerings to his names. A reverence for the dead is one of the most striking characteristics of the Chinese race. It is, in fact, the corner stone of their religious belief. On arriving at the grave, the whole company alighted from the carriages in which they had been conveyed; and commenced the ceremony by spreading meats all around it. A roast pig was placed at the foot, something else at the head, while all over it were strewed apple dumplings, fruits and flowers. To an outside barbarian it looked very like a well gotten up picnic, and to all appearance, all that the Chinese present required in order to make a very good meal, which would certainly be a very sensible way of testifying their respect for the memory of their deceased friends, were the chopsticks. The delicacies were, however, all intended for the hungry souls of the merchant, which had not tasted food for three weeks (a privation that would no doubt have been seriously felt if it had been in the flesh,) and which it was supposed was hovering around, smacking its lips over the dainty food they had provided for it. As soon as all the eatables were laid on the grave, the widow of the deceased hobbled up and took her stand at the foot. Around her head several yards of white cloth were rolled. A priest, with a very curly pig tail, a very long blue gown reaching to his feet, and a very long face, stood at the head. The friends and relatives stood around. As soon as the woman commenced to wail, all the clothes of the deceased were taken out of a trunk and set on fire.

Among the clothes were several pieces of fine silk, which had apparently never been worn. Four canary birds were let loose, in order to help the soul of the deceased in its flight to another world, and when the clothes were consumed, and the canary birds had taken shelter in the neighboring shrubs, the priest with the long face rang a bell which he had in his hand, at the same time muttering a prayer or incantation. A general howl. The ceremony was concluded by the whole company marching around the grave headed by the priest, who rang a bell at every step, and looked solemn indeed. The pig and apple dumplings, and the fruits and flowers and the matting were all carefully packed up and placed in the carriages, and the whole party then returned to town, where, we are informed, the eatables exposed on the grave will be sold in small pieces at exorbitant prices to those who are religiously inclined."

Ancient and Modern Times.
We live in better times than did our forefathers; times of more enlightenment and public candor in examining into the claims of discoveries and inventions, and in awarding their authors that honor and remuneration which they so justly deserve. It is sorrowful to reflect upon the sufferings which ancient inventors endured for those heaven born gifts which now command so much admiration. Roger Bacon was forbidden to lecture, and when sixty-four years of age was imprisoned in his cell for ten years, for the offence of making concave and convex glasses, the camera obscura, and burying glasses. Galileo was also imprisoned for his discoveries in anatomy, and good evidence of his being put to the torture secretly for publishing his opinions, is not wanting. Gutenberg and Faust, the inventors of printing, were looked upon as having sold themselves to Satan, and were regarded with suspicion.

We might present a long list of martyrs to science, discovery and invention, but time and space would fail us. We rejoice that the days of such persecutions and trials are gone past forever. Still there may be many persons living in our day, who are imbued with prejudices against new projects and new discoveries, and may be given to the habit of sneering at new improvements in machinery, especially if made by inventors not engaged in the line of business which the machinery is designed to improve and advance. It is our opinion that such prejudices are not uncommon in factory or workshop—but they are wrong, very wrong. A machinist is liable to sneer at an invention made by a weaver, if it relates to a tool; and a weaver to sneer at that of an engineer, if it relates to a loom. These trade prejudices are perfectly natural, for the machinist may well consider that a weaver cannot

"I had no thought that you would be injured by being suspected of helping them, and I had my reasons for not wishing known as the author of their benefits," said Charles, blushing.

"I demand your reasons."

"The truth is, if I must confess it, I hope some day to marry Mary Ward—"

"Ah—"

"She is a worthy girl, sir—"

"But this is no reason!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert.

"Well, then, you must know, sir, had I advanced money the family openly," said Charles recovering his self-possession, and his face beaming with frankness, "there was a possibility that I might be suspected of unworthy motives. And again, even had it been otherwise, and I could have won Miss Ward, as I would have wished to win her, she might have loved me more from a sense of gratitude than for myself; and I would not have bought her love. As it is, I—I hope she loves me for what I am, and that she will accept my hand, when I am in a position to support a wife."

"Charles," said Mr. Lambert, pressing the young man's hand, "I honor you!—You have acted nobly. Return to your situation; you shall have the entire control of my business; your salary shall be doubled—"

"But Mr. Carrol—"

"He is not permanently engaged. I will procure a place for him. Charles, you must come back! I confess I have acted wrong in this matter. To tell you a secret, Charles, Mrs. Ward is my own sister!"

"Your sister?"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment, but I cannot equal mine, when I learned the fact this morning. I disclaimed all connection with her twenty years ago, because she refused to marry a man who was my friend, I was unjust. Afterward she married Mr. Ward of whom I knew nothing. She supposed, however, that I might have learned the facts, and all the favors they have received from you have thus been credited to me. But it shall all be made right. I thank heaven that I now have an opportunity to atone for my injustice to an only sister, and to thank you for the lessons of humanity you have taught me. Wealthy as I am I shall never again distress a tenant for rents, without ascertaining whether he is deserving of any favors."

Mr. Lambert was not permitted to do all the good he proposed to his sister's family. In a few days Mr. Ward's patent was decreed and his fortune made. Thanks to his noble invention, his family were raised to affluence; but Mrs. Ward did not disdain the kindness of a restored brother.

Mr. Lambert had lost no time in acquainting his relative with the nature of their indebtedness to Charles Buchard. If they esteemed and loved this generous-hearted young man before, what was now their admiration of his noble qualities!—None however felt their influence like Miss Ward. The only way in which she could express her joy, gratitude and love was by becoming his wife, with a dowry which relieved him of the care of providing for the comforts of life. Prosperous in business, happy in his domestic relations, Charles Buchard often had occasion to look back to the time when he left the service of Mr. Lambert for conscience sake."

Stuck up Folks.
"I don't like these people, they are so dreadfully stuck up," was the remark we overheard the other day. What are 'stuck up' people, thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any.

Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning against the post of that hotel piazza, twirling a shadow walking stick now and then, coaxing the hair on his upper-lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they see him; he belongs to the 'stuck up' folks." What is the occasion? Well, he happens to have a rich father, and a foolish vain mother, who have taught him that he isn't common folks at all, and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become 'stuck up'; he does not take pains to learn anything, for he does not feel the need of knowing any more, he does not work for he was never required to, and is extensively 'stuck up' that he has not the least idea that he will ever come down—he does not know, however.

There goes a young woman—lady, she calls herself—with the most condescending air to nobody in particular, and an all prevailing consciousness that "all creation and the rest of mankind" are looking at and admiring her; she never earned the salt she eats, knows a little very little of a good many things, and nothing thoroughly of anything; is most anxious lest she should be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes; she is one of the "stuck up" folks and that is about all she is.

The oddish gentleman over the way, barricaded with half a yard of shirt collar guarded by gold headed cane, with a pompous patronizing air—do you see him?—Well, he is one of the "stuck up" too. He has been so about ten years, since he got of his leather apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate. There are other fools of this class, some "stuck up" by having at some time been constable justice of the peace, an alderman, and in various other ways, they get 'stuck up' notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to the dignity of pride; they are not distinguished folks for they have no ability or character enough to make them so—they are just what they appear to be—"stuck up"; let them stick.

A Beautiful Figure.
Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction; the food that nourishes containing the elements of decay; the soul that animates by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along every path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts, that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

Be not Proud.
I never could count how many causes went to produce any given effect or action, and have been for my own part, many a time quite misled in my own case, fancying some grand, some magnificent, some virtuous reason for an action of which I was proud—when, lo, some pert little satirical monitor springs up inwardly, upsetting the fond humbug which I was cherishing—the peacock's tail wherein my absurd vanity had clad itself—and says, "Away with boasting, I am the cause of your virtue, my lad. You are pleased that yesterday at dinner you refrained from the dry champagne; my name is Worldly Prudence, not Self-Denial, and I caused you to refrain. You are pleased because you gave a guinea to Diddler; I am Laziness, not Generosity, which inspired you. You hug yourself you resisted other temptations. Coward! it was because you dared not run the risk of the wrong! Out with your peacock's plume! Walk off in the feathers which Nature gave you, and thank Heaven they are not altogether black!"

Fighting Indians with Blood Hounds.
A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune gives an account of a fight between Sam Jones, a notorious desperado of Texas and fifteen of the Lipan Indians. He was in his cornfield when they made their appearance, but managed to escape, with an old German into his cabin.

The Indians surrounded the house with hideous yells. The old man had but little ammunition, and was, of course, conscious that every shot should tell. When the Indians would attempt to break in the slight door, he would shoot, and while he was loading, the German would keep them at bay, by pointing an unloaded gun at them through the crevices of the house. They managed in this way till the outside was bristling with arrows, aimed at them between the logs, and the old man's powder had given out. At this moment the Indians retreated a short distance to hold a council. The besieged availed themselves of the chance to get the assistance of a dozen blood-hounds that were confined in an out-building. Under cover of the two unloaded guns, Mrs. Jones liberated the dogs. Here was a reinforcement the red scamps had not calculated upon, and in the twinkling of an eye five of the Indians were *hor u combat*. The balance came to the rescue, and soon shot all the remainder of their arrows into the dogs, and beat a retreat, bearing their wounded, beating off the dogs with their bows, their buckskins in tatter, and blood streaming from every one of them.

After the fight the field exhibited one dead Indian, three dead dogs, sundry pieces of buckskin, mingled with clotted masses of Indian flesh, hundreds of arrows and pieces of arrows.

God Pity the Drunkard.
For from appearances generally, his fellow man has decided not to do so. He is on the downward track—give him a push. He has no feeling, they all were gone long ago; give him a kick, hurry him along Hell's road, he is of no account.

God pity the drunkard's wife, for the Rumseller has no compassion on her—What right has she to live—poor miserable creature that she is. She no longer wears fine silks and her rich furs—she is a ragged nuisance, let her be sent to work-house, or somewhere else.

God pity the drunkard's child, for the neighbors do not allow their children to associate with a drunkard's son. Oh, no! God pity the drunkard and his family, we say, and enlighten mankind so as to make them enlist in the cause of humanity, for verily the drunkard has a soul.

The drunkard's wife quite often is a woman of refinement, and beneath the rough garments of yon son of an out-cast lies a jewel—a diamond and an intellect of uncommon brilliancy. Pity the poor drunkard, oh ye of little charity, and you will be pitied by your Father in Heaven.

The eyes of a pretty woman are the interpreters of the language of her heart. They translate what her tongue has a great difficulty in expressing.

Select Miscellany.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.
The burial of the dead has not its sectarian, but its national forms, all of which need correction and simplification. There are, however, many beautiful associations connected therewith, which in a manner offset the most absurd form, and therefore should not be lost sight of. The following form the *San Francisco Herald*, gives one phrase of the buryal service among the Chinese, and may interest, if it should not instruct the reader.

"Yesterday was a great day in Chinatown. A rich man had died. He had, during life, been a prominent merchant, and occupied a position of influence among his countrymen. His death was, therefore, considered to be an event. If he had been a poor man, he might have been carried out folded up in a winding sheet, on the back of his son, or some faithful friend, and tumbled into a nastily constructed grave, and with the last sod laid over him would have perished all recollections of his virtues or his faults. With the rich man it is different. His good qualities are enhanced in the public estimation by a knowledge of his wealth. Virtue, when associated with large possessions, shines out with a pure refugence, while poverty obscures the brightest rays. It is so in civilized communities, and the Chinese have not been bad imitators. The Chinese merchant at whose grave a most curious ceremony was performed yesterday, died about three weeks ago. He was interred in the lone Mountain Cemetery without any pomp. Yesterday, however, a large number of relations and friends proceeded to his grave for the purpose of making offerings to his names. A reverence for the dead is one of the most striking characteristics of the Chinese race. It is, in fact, the corner stone of their religious belief. On arriving at the grave, the whole company alighted from the carriages in which they had been conveyed; and commenced the ceremony by spreading meats all around it. A roast pig was placed at the foot, something else at the head, while all over it were strewed apple dumplings, fruits and flowers. To an outside barbarian it looked very like a well gotten up picnic, and to all appearance, all that the Chinese present required in order to make a very good meal, which would certainly be a very sensible way of testifying their respect for the memory of their deceased friends, were the chopsticks. The delicacies were, however, all intended for the hungry souls of the merchant, which had not tasted food for three weeks (a privation that would no doubt have been seriously felt if it had been in the flesh,) and which it was supposed was hovering around, smacking its lips over the dainty food they had provided for it. As soon as all the eatables were laid on the grave, the widow of the deceased hobbled up and took her stand at the foot. Around her head several yards of white cloth were rolled. A priest, with a very curly pig tail, a very long blue gown reaching to his feet, and a very long face, stood at the head. The friends and relatives stood around. As soon as the woman commenced to wail, all the clothes of the deceased were taken out of a trunk and set on fire.

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"I don't like these people, they are so dreadfully stuck up," was the remark we overheard the other day. What are 'stuck up' people, thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any.

Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning against the post of that hotel piazza, twirling a shadow walking stick now and then, coaxing the hair on his upper-lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they see him; he belongs to the 'stuck up' folks." What is the occasion? Well, he happens to have a rich father, and a foolish vain mother, who have taught him that he isn't common folks at all, and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become 'stuck up'; he does not take pains to learn anything, for he does not feel the need of knowing any more, he does not work for he was never required to, and is extensively 'stuck up' that he has not the least idea that he will ever come down—he does not know, however.

There goes a young woman—lady, she calls herself—with the most condescending air to nobody in particular, and an all prevailing consciousness that "all creation and the rest of mankind" are looking at and admiring her; she never earned the salt she eats, knows a little very little of a good many things, and nothing thoroughly of anything; is most anxious lest she should be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes; she is one of the "stuck up" folks and that is about all she is.

The oddish gentleman over the way, barricaded with half a yard of shirt collar guarded by gold headed cane, with a pompous patronizing air—do you see him?—Well, he is one of the "stuck up" too. He has been so about ten years, since he got of his leather apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate. There are other fools of this class, some "stuck up" by having at some time been constable justice of the peace, an alderman, and in various other ways, they get 'stuck up' notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to the dignity of pride; they are not distinguished folks for they have no ability or character enough to make them so—they are just what they appear to be—"stuck up"; let them stick.

A Beautiful Figure.
Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease