

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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Select Poetry.

[BY REQUEST.]

I KNOW THOU'RT GONE.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where the love has put off in the land of its birth,
The strain it has gathered in this;
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is stirred
With the beauty that dwells in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that as yet is not dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revelations on thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign.

I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a lone murmur, like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;—[me,
And thy love, that made all things as music to
I have not yet learned to resign;—[see,
In the hush of the night on the waste of the
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though like a monster that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care;
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom
Is not the black grief of despair,
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And hope, like a rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born like a rainbow in tears.

A Select Tale.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

WIDOW M'SLAM.

BY H. RICH.

JACOB TREE was a queer man. We use the adjective "queer," in this connection, because it is worth a Falstaff regiment of its compatriots. Jacob Tree was also an unmarried man. His native village had known it for years, and the Widow McSlam had been thinking of it ever since she put on her weeds and appeared at church so becomingly, charmingly dressed, the Sunday after the rattling of the gravel upon the coffin of her late lesser half, or third, Timothy McSlam.

But then, as we have said, it was no secret that Mr. Tree was not married; the whole plague of his life lay in the little word "why." And this word, this unconquerable, perverse "why," seemed to him omnipresent—it was anywhere and everywhere. At church whenever he cast his eyes towards the cosy, velvet cushioned pew, occupied solely by the widow, every careless ringlet, every soft feature even the last new bewitching frill on her airy bonnet, seemed to eggle him, and utter imploringly the dagger pointed interrogation "Why?" Every schoolboy whose ruddy face was upturned innocently to his, every romping, laughing, sunny hearted girl, too, seemed to say, "Why? Jacob Tree, why?"

The sweet violet that he met, springing lonely by the roadside, in the glad spring-time, seemed to him a companion, not because he was flower-like or slender—his average weight, reader, was two hundred pounds—but he was alone, and the busy stream of life flowed by his door, as it went unconcernedly by the temple of the violet. It is true, Mr. Tree had a housekeeper, but a housekeeper is no more a wife than is a flock of wood a cheerful fire, or a sun-flower a delicate lily. Ask somebody, doubtless.

To resume—this "why," was his evil spirit. It grew and flourished more intense in its character, more phantom-like in its visits to his mind. It had wings, that were black, cold shadows; they put out his sunlight with their coldness, cramped his energies, weakened the backbone of his manhood, and darkened the light of his evening fire; playing all the while, the most fantastic tricks upon his imagination and feelings. The flames that flickered and basked each other in the old fashioned fireplace, seemed to make wry faces, and point their fingers at him as he sat in his lonely arm-chair; and they, too, mutes, it is true, but none the less distinctly, traced out on the wall the ominous and dismal, "Why?" It had no respect for his feelings—that fire; it had no reverence in its soul, though he had built it with his own hands, and lent his own precious breath to kindle it into existence. It cracked and panted, and flashed, too human-like enjoying its brief hour of mimicry; it clapped its red hands, spit and roared as though it would tear and burst the side of the old, black chimney.

Now and then the flames would puff out into the room, flinging smoke, ashes and cinders into bosom of the secret-bearing, queer Jacob Tree. What did they ever care for the white linen and saffron colored cravat? What business had those two purblind eyes to be ever stirring them out of countenance? What wonder they got mad, and spit and blustered with such hearty good will that it sent the dreamer staggering up and down the room, with his crazy eyes winking and blinking as though they had been snuffed too near their sockets.

It had been a chilly day in April, like all other April days, sunny and showery like a woman. Poor Tree, tired at evening by his cosy chair into the cozier corner and fell asleep. There he sat, nodding like a ship in a lazy sea. He did not see the fire, nor the fun it had been making of him. It, at last apparently vexed at his inattention, now occasionally only threw on him a gleam of something like contempt, and finally, drawing around itself a white veil of ashes, fell asleep too.

All at once the bachelor, started from his doze, clumsily kicked over the fire-irons, they in turn kicked and scattered dead and alive coals, which fanned them into momentary life and warmth. "Yes, I'll do it," he said,—"I will—I'll be hanged if I don't, and to-morrow too." He put his heel to the floor in no gentle way, as he pronounced the word "to-morrow."

Reader, do you know what he had resolved to do? No. Neither do I. Let us wait. Perhaps he dreamed that night after his head touched the pillow. Yes, he did. He imagined himself in a great desert. There was not a bird or flower; not a living green thing, except himself—and the camel. They lived on equal terms. Sometimes he was astride the camel's hump, and then the camel was across his shoulders. The animal drank all the water, and then put out his lips for the famishing man to suck or kiss, which so disgusted the dreamer that he spit in his companions face and—awoke. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that Mr. Tree had partaken, previous to retiring, very heartily of oyster pie, salad, cream, and their accessories. Beside, he pulled a very tight cork from a very dusty bottle, which was very distinctly marked—"Old."

We do not mention this last circumstance thinking it had anything to do with Mr. Tree's singular dream. Far from it. He could not have mistaken the contents of this "very dusty bottle," for it was definitely marked in black and white, "best Old." If the reader supposes otherwise, the supposition is altogether gratuitous on his or her part. We have said he awoke. The sun was peeping through the window curtains. Arousing himself, he shook off the recollection of his adventure in the desert, and went out into the morning air. The birds sang to him, the flowers held out to him their golden palms; but his eye caught the bobbing up and down of a neat dimity cap beyond the fence which separated his premises from those of the widow, Mrs. McSlam. His heart beat a double quick timed pit-a-pat, his throat was full, a y, full of the same old "why;" it clung to him as closely as the camel of his last night's dream. However he succeeded in choking it down, and the ghost that had haunted him for years was at last defunct; never to torture him again, unless there be such a thing as a ghost of a ghost. He felt no terror in approaching the fence, not; his nerves were suddenly braced. Fear—it was not now in his dictionary, unabridged or otherwise.

Sure enough there was the widow, as he peeped over the fence, looking as bright as a queen bee, and chirping like a young robin. If her form looked to him rounder and more ethereal-like than ever before; if she seemed at that moment like a wild rose, just opening and blushing into bloom, what business is it of ours? We may suppose it was owing to the hazy morning, or the fact that Mr. Tree had left his glasses at home, on the left arm of his easy chair.

No doubt he thought her a peg above human, for his heart, which at first only went pit-a-pat, now swung and thumped, and thumped and thumped, backward and forward like the pendulum of the old Dutch clock that stood so firm in the corner of his room.

"Mrs. McSlam," he said nervously; his lips twitching in spite of his teeth, his voice dying away in echo unheard, and of course, unanswered by the lady.

"Mrs. McSlam," he ventured again.—This time the tub which he had mounted suddenly gave out, and Mr. Jacob Tree was precipitated unhappily to the ground and a great deal quicker than accorded with his ideas of propriety.

Mrs. McSlam had heard his last call

and as, upon looking around, could not perceive any one, she rather snappishly bawled, "What is the matter?" No answer. The widow crept to the fence cautiously and looked over. Instantly her face flushed with mingled surprise, sorrow and disgust—(if the three ever mingle).

If mankind in general, and Mr. Tree, of Crabville in particular, are watched over or in any way governed, by good and evil stars, the latter which presides over the destiny of the aforesaid old Jacob must have its "eye peeled," and advanced to its full powers and zenith, just as the rosy widow peeped over that identical fence.—The treacherous tub—which, by the way was the first time in that tub's life that it was not standing on its own bottom—had tumbled the unfortunate bachelor into a bed of—roses, interrupts a reader. Wait. "Onions," perhaps, suggests another.—Wait. No. Into a bed of newly made mortar! The hapless victim had been taught by line upon line, precept upon precept, in his early catechism, that "all things work together for good," but at that moment he profanely rooted out the belief from his bosom, and no amount of argument can convince him that that mortar was "worked together" by other than "infernal" agency.

It would have been an immortal study for a sculptor—that model in plaster, after Mr. Tree had recovered his wig, feet and senses. Naturally enough, he had shut his eyes, and just as naturally, too, had opened his mouth, when he found he was losing his equilibrium. His hands were uplifted, and as they came down, there were ten fingers and thumbs—they could be distinctly counted—sprawled out which was the only objectionable feature in the position of the model. If a half smothered oath from his lips, outward through the clinging mortar, we sincerely think it was repented of before it could be recorded in the Book of Books. Under the peculiar aggravating circumstances of the case would it not have been pardonable?

Mrs. McSlam, as has been said, was a horror struck spectator of the mishap.—Rallying her senses and coadjutors—in the shape of a mop and pail of water, she called "Mr. Tree." No answer. "Mr. Tree," again she screamed, "are you hurt?"

"Yes, sir—na'am—no—so—some—I—tha—thank—ye," stammered the victim of too much mortar, who was endeavoring, with but little success, in digging the "raw material" from his ears; for his head had been submerged as far back as his combativeness.

A son of Erin—the only one the village boasted—happening by at that moment, comprehending the "fix," saluted Mr. Tree, with a broadside. "Bedad, that's a Three wud the whole or one side covered with rock. Och! be jabers, and its the biggest sickling plaster ever I saw."

"Begone, you impudent backguard," screamed the widow, in a tone of voice scarcely a key-note below thunder. Put moved on, but turned just in season to avoid a brickbat which the wrathful widow hurled at his cranium.

"Come down here where the fence is broken and permit me to help you," said Mrs. McSlam, in a gentle tone of voice, a smile on her lip and the pail and mop still in her hand.

His was an elegant plight for a lover to woo in. However, he thought any bargain we may be pleased to commence may be easily cemented. After this joke to himself, which was a good sign, he moved down to the aperture in the fence.

Mrs. McSlam began the task of scrubbing the unfortunate in good earnest, and after a few moments of assiduous application her labor was partially rewarded. The task was finally completed; at least, as well as circumstances would permit.

"A thousand thanks, my dear woman, a thousand thanks; how kind," said the bachelor, with a sigh as deep almost as the bottomless pit.

Mr. Tree began to think of the errand which had resulted in the ludicrous predicament described. He began, even, to notice the sparkle of the widow's eyes, and the little ruffled cap, which, like an *ignus fatuus* had led him to mount the still unpardonable tub. He thought to himself, how would the little white hand look in mine? and her chair opposite mine in the cosy corner?

"A—ahem! your flowers grow up finely Mrs. McSlam."

"Do you refer to those in the corner, sir?"

"I do."

"Those are early cabbages, Dutch; I am raising them from seed brought home over sea by my late husband, and as the widow said this, the smallest, brightest tear imaginable, trembled in her upturned eye, and trickled across—it could not trickle down

—her upturned nose, and fell calmly to the earth. Poor soul, it was evident that her heart was not with her cabbages!

Recovering from her emotion she resumed: "they mature early—are you partial to cabbages?"

"Very, indeed, may I be so bold as to beg a plant?"

"You shall have one with the utmost pleasure." The plant was whisked out of the ground and placed in the bachelor's hand in a twinkling.

"Thank you, it shall always be worn next my heart—beg pardon—well watered, tended, brim forth hundred fold," said the bachelor, rather confusedly. For a moment he was east down, his eyes rested on the cabbage plant which had already begun to wither, and in that short period he again went in imagination, through the unfortunate occurrence of the morning.—Instantly, as it were by magic, these lines of the poet occurred to him:

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable in shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!"

What wonder that these words did flash upon his mind! Was wounded knight, even Marmion, more in need of woman's aid than he? And the widow, was she not his "lady Clare?" Marmion's wants were satisfied by one cup of water, but his pressing necessity well nigh exhausted the widow's little cistern, which, alas! unlike the "cruise of oil," could be replenished only by the fickle clouds. The days of chivalry are not gone; the widow's unselfish, noble conduct says: "No." Bah! he was soaring, suddenly he dropped to this mundane sphere. "This is a snug little home of yours, my dear Mrs. McSlam," said he.

"It is, I prize it a great deal," rejoined the widow, "and I like your situation almost as well. But do you not think the fence between mars the beauty of the landscape?"

"I was just on the point of observing the same. I have often wished it away. How similar are our ideas, my dear Mrs. McSlam!" And the bachelor, whose temper was warming up under the genial smiles of the blooming creature, was more enamored than ever and actually threw on her a glance, mingled with something akin to a smirk of self-satisfaction, softened and subdued, perhaps, by a remembrance of his recent imprint, in plaster.

"Do you not think that a few young trees would add to the beauty and harmony of the landscape?" asked the widow.

Mr. Tree's face reddened a trifle; one could perceive the blood spreading over his cheeks, under the whitewash; he was embarrassed, and turned to her as if he desired her to repeat the question. But there was no smile on her lips, no dancing spirit of mischief in her eye; she was in earnest, he thought.

"Which do you prefer?" he stammered.

"Which what?" asked she, quietly.

"The sex, boy or girl," he replied, feeling as though his gaiters were slumping in a quagmire.

"Good gracious, sir, are you crazy? Why do you insult me? What do you mean?" hurriedly shrieked the widow, while the spark of passion kindled in her eyes completely dumfounded the bachelor.

The blush that ran over his features at this juncture could not be concealed by the whitewash of any other cosmetic. It crept up around his eyebrows, between the roots of his hair, or wig rather, downward under his cravat, into his boots, perhaps. The widow stood her ground, her eyes had begun to flash. "There were signs of a storm," as the almanac says.

"Were you no—not—speaking of children?" stammered he. The blush shone out brighter and redder through the whitewash—a grand triumph of nature over art.

"For mercy's sake what put that idea into your head? Children, oh! children indeed!" and the surprised lady sobbed as though her heart was breaking up.

Mr. Tree was perplexed, terrified; he had heard of woman's tears, hysterics, swoons, morbid conditions of the liver, nervous attacks, etc., and into which of these states the widow was about to plunge he knew not.

Thinking to pacify her, and extenuate the matter, he asked, "Did you not speak of young Trees?"

Mrs. McSlam answered not, she grew pale as a blanket, leaned back upon the fence, and closed her eyes.

"The crisis has come," said the affrighted wooer, and grasping the pail of water with which the lady had washed him down he flooded her from head to foot with the milky substance.

As ice yield to the sun, starch succumbs to water, and the stiff starched borders of

the widow's cap drooped like grass before the mower's scythe at noonday. Her new gingham wilted like a rag. Never was transformation so complete. Those six—there might have been seven—quarts of water, had added twenty years of age.

For the blooming, charming woman of the moment previous, she was changed to a long, lank bundle of wet clothes.

Mr. T. could scarcely credit his senses, and remained motionless. The widow, however, recovered herself, and seizing the mop, raised and brought it to bear with a tremendous thwack across the shoulders of her would be lover. Thump, thump, three times it came before Mr. Tree recovered his powers of locomotion. He fled—she pursued. Around the well curb, through the garden, over cabbage and roots, around the cottage they flew. Her wet dress dangled around her feet and impeded her progress; he had the advantage, and just as he was chuckling over it he ran into her beehive, and down went bees, hive, and Mr. Tree's courage. "I'll teach you to insult an honest lady, you vagabond," she said, almost breathless.

Scrambling up, he started again, and reached the aperture in the fence just in time to receive one parting thwack from the mop in the hands of the aroused widow. He did not stay his flight until his own door was between them, barred and doubly bolted. But she had no idea of following him beyond the boundary line; she knew the law. Returning home, she appeared in two hours as fresh and captivating as ever. Mr. Tree was not seen out-doors for a week.

Many days pass away. If you will notice the blinds upon Mr. Tree's house on the southern side, are never open; and the curtains at the window on the northern side of Mrs. McSlam's residence are closely drawn. These facts tell chapters.

Act upon act of bitter hostility passed between the owners of these two cottages in the village of Crabville; unintelligible to passers by, but interpreted by themselves to their fullest extent, and received accordingly.

Mrs. McSlam draws a charcoal sketch of a figure floundering in a bed of mortar, and hangs it upon the branches of a tree in full sight of the bachelor's mansion.

He retaliates by drawing two female forms. One is arrayed in godly garments profusely flounced, &c., the other lean and long, unstarched and univined. Over them these letters are boldly written, "Before and after the flood."

This warfare was at last carried beneath the sacred roof of the church. For the widow, upon opening her hymn book one Sabbath morning, found the following sublime effusion:

"Oh! widows are variable, treacherous things,
Though the heart's best devotion you bring
em,
All the love they possess is for fashion and dress,
They idolize cambric and gingham.
Of course Mr. Tree had to father this leaf.

Matters remained rather quiet for a few days. Ominous quiet. The calm that precedes the earthquake.

As Mr. Tree was complacently seated in dressing gown and slippers in his arm-chair one evening, a delicate note was handed duly scented and sealed. Without the slightest suspicion of its contents, he broke the seal and read:

"Oh! woman, woman bows to thee still,
And hails thee her lord and master;
But who would bow down to a fruitless old man,
Or cherish his image—his plaster?"

Mr. Tree read it over twice; his lips quivered a little, otherwise he was calm; he then very quietly lit his cigar with the note and leaned back in his comfortable arm chair.

"Three days and months pass away.—Time, which heals all things, may cure their hatred. It is possible that they may become reconciled again, at no distant day. Who knows? Let us hope this will be but a summer cloud, that the future will be brighter for it, since we remember that 'all things work together for good.' Selah.

Select Miscellany.

HOMES OF THE ANGELS.

"Draw your thoughts from this world so full of sorrows, this dark earth where, throw the glitter of every object as it you will, sin curses every object, however beautiful; where misery stalks by with its bleak face and lean limbs; where sickness bathes in stifled chambers, and death rides on every breeze; gaze from this point of conflicting interests, jealous rivalries and destroying hate, to the calm stars that stand in the blue ether, far, far over the highest range of thought. How pure they look in their unchanging brightness! Man is born, sorrows and drops into the grave, and they remain placid as the bosom of a

lake when the winds are locked in their treasuries. Did you ever look in bitterness on their lofty serenity just after lips that you loved had withered and stiffened in death? Did you ever cry out with agony that the stars so still and grand, lighted their glittering temples, while your star the brightest perhaps, the only star of your life had set in darkness? And did you not wonder how they could dumbly gaze upon your misery—upon the pathway to the old church-yard—upon that grave where a human heart was turning to dust while yours was breaking.

The stars! where are they? Who can answer? God placed them there—so much we know. Science explores the grand highway to the heavens, but her vagaries and even her statistics, satisfy us not. Worlds of light say some, bodies of flame say others, luminous by reflection speculate still others, but O! how vaguely the world yet stumbles on, guessing and wondering, questions and replaying—advancing new theories and exploding old, and yet what a star really is, no one can certainly explain.

"The morning stars sang together," did the silent world listen while they sung? Did melody, such as mortals never made, float on the enraptured air? and were those mysteriously sweet echoes caught by one human ear? And could they sing together, were they not worlds filled with intelligence, light and beauty? So love we to think, as we behold them moving above the joys and the sorrows of earth; and though it may be but the vagary of a speculative mind, yet the thought is sweet and pleasant.

And those golden worlds, formed by the pleasure of Our Father, may we not yet inherit? After the soul has laid down its perishable garment, after our beauty has dissolved and dust displaced the remnants of mortality, may not the freed spirit clad in immortal youth, walk the luminous streets of those very orbs, wondering adoring, and worshipping? God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts, and there is nothing inconsistent with His good and majesty in the belief that our kindred may inhabit the very stars that meet our gaze, although to us they may seem too tangible to be the abodes of redeemed spirits. What glory to explore those wonderful heights—to revel in their splendors, and feel that no suddenly descending sword will sever the life from the renewed body. Here, the soul expands, and the heart swells and warms at the anticipation of some fleeting pleasure, that as we clasp vanishes—there we shall not feel the rapture of anticipation, but sweeping over the full soul shall come the delights that shall never grow dim. Each step will reveal new glories, and as the Spirit soars exulting in the possession of a being never to be tainted with corruption, think, if you can, what exaltation must accompany the thought.

You have suffered, wondering why to you the way he wrapped in clouds, from those homes of perfect felicity you may behold this atom in the universe, and see in every trial passed, an angel hand leading you up the celestial road. And as you look upon the darkness here, the slips, the trials, the perplexities, the dangers of the first life, oh! what unutterable emotions of praise will throng your soul as the reflection comes with new, sweeter power, all these are gone forever and forever, here are unending delights, here are no uncertain to-morrows, no fearful separations, no mortal pangs. My companions are angels, my food is the fruit of the tree of life; I cannot grow old, for Time has no cycles here. Immortal joy shall create immortal beauty, immortal yearning be satisfied with immortal love.

The homes of the angels. Let this be our reflection as we gaze up in those starry worlds. Let them become familiar to us as resting-places on the way to heaven golden gates that open into the streets of the New Jerusalem. Thus they will be significant in the highest and holiest degree and as we dwell upon such thoughts, our minds must become spiritualized, and assimilate more and more to those of the redeemed who wait for us beyond the rapid Jordan.

M. A. D.

A Good Story.

The Knickerbocker for April, just issued has the following capital story:

"The Sermon in our February number has recalled to Alton (Ill.) correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist preacher. When drawing to the close, he said: 'Brethering, I am an hostler, and I must carry those horses before I leave. Here is the high blooded Epicurian horse: see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, and soft as silk, but he'll kick if you touch him

on his Lityan or Prayers. Whoa, Sir!—Here is the old sober Methodist horse:—Whoa! old fellow! Just slip away his love seats and his class meeting, and he'll kick till he falls. Whoa! you old Shouter! whoa! Ah! here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times: don't go near his confessional or Penance: whoa! Mr. Pore! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and mitre! Whoa, Sir! whoa! And so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly thro' an old Methodist gentleman, well known in this place, offered his services to conclude, which was readily accepted. He said:—'Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work. Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain; you cannot trust him: he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! MULE, whoa! See, bretherern, how he kicks. Whoa! you old CAMPBELLITE! whoa! Here, friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough; he is stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him: he is so hard-mouthed that SAMPOX used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you Close Communion Baptist; whoa! Do you call me an ass! exclaimed the minister, jumping up: Whoa! continued his tormentor see him kick, whoa! Hold him friends! whoa! and thus the old gentleman went on: the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely 'curried before!'

Price of Success.

Effort is the price of success in every department of human action. From attainment of rudimentary knowledge to the salvation of the soul, every step in progress is made by undaunted trial. The boy dines over his book, a slave to listless laziness, thereby securing to himself a place the foot of society. The Christian, who, like Bunyan's Timorous Mistruft, flees at the voice of lions, is undone. The man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession, who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp and the way steep, must make his mind to slide back and to be in the shadow below, while others use him as a stepping stone to their own rising. For this—such is the condition of society—there is no help. The poet wrote truly who said—

"Thou must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or drop,
Thou must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign,
Must in fact be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or must be sledge."

To shake off an indolent spirit, or stir one's self to exertion, to reach constantly upward, to struggle with a firm foothold on the most slippery places, to wrestle manfully, even when principalities and powers are our foes, to refuse submission to any evils however frowning, are conditions we must either fulfil or sink to littleness, to uselessness,—perchance to ruin. Therefore, with a brave heart and unconquerable spirit, every man should address himself to the work of the day; striving with pure views and religious trust for an increase of his talent, and for a victory, which shall enable him to stand unshaken in the last day. He who strives never to fail. His triumph, though delayed for a time, shall come at last.—Advertiser.

The Philadelphia Inquirer tells a good story about a young man and a stylish looking shop girl who went to a church to be married, a few days since, in that city. While waiting the arrival of the minister in the porch, a tailor stepped up to the bridegroom and presented a bill for his wedding coat. The bill must be paid at once or the coat returned, but as the poor fellow had not a dollar beyond the minister's fee, there was a bright prospect that he would be compelled to get married in his shirt sleeves. A friend however advanced the needed, and the twin were "made one flesh." Hardly had the parties left the altar, when a stout course woman made her way up to the bride and presented her bill for the wedding dress! The friend again advanced the money, and the couple departed. We call this getting married under difficulties.

"Good mind to pinch you Sal," said an awkward Jerseyman, on his visit to his rustic flame. "What do you want to pinch me for, Zekiel?" "Golly, 'cause I love you so." "Now, go long, Zekie, you great bawful! I should think you might be big enough to feel ridiculous."