

# The Huntington Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

### TERMS

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50  
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### Advertising and Job Work.

We would remind the Advertising com-  
munity and all others who wish to bring  
their business extensively before the pub-  
lic, that the Journal has the largest cir-  
culation of any paper in the county—that  
it is constantly increasing;—and that it  
goes into the hands of our wealthiest citi-  
zens.

We would also state that our facilities  
for executing all kinds of JOB PRINT-  
ING are equal to those of any other office  
in the county; and all Job Work entrus-  
ted to our hands will be done neatly,  
promptly, and at prices which will be  
satisfactory.

## Historical Sketch.

### THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

(Continued.)

Vix fama nota est, abditis  
Quam plena sanctis Roma sit;  
Quam dives urbanum solum  
Sacris sepulchris foveat.

PRUDENTIUS.

Mille vittoriosa e chiaro palme.

PETRARCH.

The results of the investigations in the  
catacombs during the last three or four  
years have well rewarded the zeal of the  
explorers. Since the great work of the  
French government was published, in  
1851-55, very curious and important  
discoveries have been made, and many  
new minor facts brought to light. The  
interest in the investigations has become  
more general, and no visit to Rome is now  
complete without a visit to one at least  
of the catacombs. Strangely enough, how-  
ever, the Romans themselves, for the  
most part, feel less concern in these new  
discoveries than the foreigners. It is an  
old complaint, that the Romans care  
little for their city. "Who are there to  
day," says Petrarch, in one of his letters,  
"more ignorant of Roman things than the  
Roman citizens? And nowhere is Rome  
less known than in Rome itself." It is,  
however, to the Cavaliere de Rossi, him-  
self a Roman, that the most important of  
these discoveries are due.—The result  
of his marvelous learning and sagacity, and  
of his hard working and unwearied en-  
ergy. The discovery of the ancient en-  
trance to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus,  
and of the chapel within, where St. Ce-  
cilia was originally buried, is a piece of  
the very romance of Archeology. The  
whole history of St. Cecilia, the glorious  
Virgin Martyr and the Saint of Music, as  
connected with the catacombs, is, indeed,  
one of the most curious to be found in the  
annals of the Church. Legend and fact  
are strangely mingled in it, and over it  
hangs a perplexing mist of doubt, but not  
so dense as wholly to conceal all certai-  
nty. It is a story of suffering, of piety,  
of enthusiasm, of superstition, and of sci-  
ence;—it connects itself in many points  
with the progress of corruption in the  
Church, and it has been a favorite subject  
for Art in all ages. The story is at last  
finished. Begun sixteen hundred years  
ago, it has just reached its last chapter.  
In order to understand it, we must go  
back almost to its introduction.

According to the legend of the Roman  
Church, as preserved in the 'Acts of St.  
Cecilia,' this young and beautiful saint  
was martyred in the year of our Lord

230.\* She had devoted herself to per-  
petual virginity, but her parents had in-  
sisted upon marrying her to a youthful  
and noble Roman, named Valerian. On  
the night of her marriage, she succeeded  
in so far prevailing upon her husband as  
to induce him to visit the pope, Urban,  
who was lying concealed from his perse-  
cutors in the catacombs which were called  
after and still bear the name of his pre-  
decessor, Callixtus, on the Appian Way,  
about two miles from the present walls of  
the city. The young man was converted  
to the Christian faith. The next day  
witnessed the conversion of his brother,  
Tiburtius. Their lives soon gave evi-  
dence of the change in their religion; they  
were brought before the prefect, and, re-  
fusing to sacrifice to the heathen gods,  
were condemned to death. Maximus, an  
officer of the prefect, was converted by  
the young men on the way to execution.  
They suffered death with constancy, and  
Maximus soon underwent the same fate.  
Nor was Cecilia long spared. The pre-  
fect ordered that she should be put to  
death in her own house, by being stifled  
in the *calarium*, or hot air chamber of  
her baths. The order was obeyed, and  
Cecilia entered the place of death; but a  
heavenly air and cooling dews filled the  
chamber, and the fire built up around it  
produced no effect. For a whole day and  
night the flames were kept up, but the  
Saint was unharmed. Then Almachus  
sent an order that she should be beheaded.  
The executioner struck her neck three  
times with his sword, and left her bleed-  
ing, but not dead, upon the pavement of  
the bath room. For three days she liv-  
ed, attended by faithful friends, who a  
hearts were cheered by her courageous  
constancy; for she did not cease to com-  
fort those whom she had nurtured in the  
faith of the Lord, and divided among  
them everything which she had. To  
Pope Urban, who visited her as she lay  
dying, she left in charge the poor whom  
she had cared for, and her house, that it  
might be consecrated as a church. With  
this her life ended. Her wasted body  
was reverently lifted, its position undis-  
turbed, and laid in a coffin of cypress  
wood. The linen cloths with which the  
blood of the Martyr had been soaked up  
were placed at her feet, with that care  
that no precious drop should be lost,—a  
care, of which many evidences are afford-  
ed in the catacombs. In the night, the  
coffin was carried out of the city secretly  
to the Cemetery of Calixtus, and there de-  
posited by Urban in a grave near to a  
chamber destined for the graves of the  
popes themselves. Here the 'Acts of St.  
Cecilia' close, and, leaving her pure body  
to repose for centuries in its tomb  
hollowed out of the rock, we trace the history  
of the catacombs during those centuries  
in other sources and by other ways.

The consequences of the conversion of  
Constantine exhibited themselves not  
more in the internal character and spirit  
of the Church than in its outward forms  
and arrangements. The period of world-  
ly prosperity succeeded speedily to a pe-  
riod of severest suffering, and many who  
had been exposed to the persecution of  
Diocletian now rejoiced in the imperial  
favor shown to their religion. Such con-  
trasts in life are not favorable to the growth  
of the finer spiritual qualities; and the sun-  
shine of state and court is not that which  
is needed for quickening faith or develop-  
ing simplicity and purity of heart. Churches  
above ground could now be frequented  
without risk, and were the means by  
which the wealth and the piety of Chris-  
tians were to be displayed. The newly  
imperialized religion must have its imperi-  
al temples, and the little dark chapels  
of the catacombs were exchanged for the  
vast and ornamental spaces of the new  
basilicas. It was no longer needful that  
the dead should be laid in the secret paths  
of the rock, and the luxury of magnificent  
Christian tombs began to rival that of the  
sepulchres of the earlier Romans. The  
body of St. Peter, which had long, accord-  
ing to popular tradition, rested in the  
catacombs of the Vatican, was now trans-  
ferred to the great basilica which Con-  
stantine, despoiling for the purpose the  
tomb of Hadrian of its marbles, erected  
over the entrance to the underground  
cemetery. So, too, the Basilica of St.  
Paul, on the way to Ostia, was built over  
his old grave; and the Catacombs of St.  
Agnes were marked by a beautiful church  
in honor of the Saint, built in part beneath  
the soil, that its pavement might be on a  
level with the upper story of the cata-  
combs and the faithful might enter them  
from the church.

The older Catholics, whose narrow  
graves had been filled during the last  
quarter of the third century with the bod-

ies of many new martyrs, were now less  
used for the purposes of burial, and more  
for those of worship. New chapels were  
hollowed out in their walls; new paint-  
ings adorned the brown rock; the bodies  
of martyrs were often removed from their  
original graves to new and more elabo-  
rate tombs; the entrances to the cometer-  
ies were no longer concealed, but new and  
amplified ones were made; new stairways,  
lined with marble, led down to the streets  
beneath; *luminaria*, or passages for light  
and air, were opened from the surface of  
the ground to the most frequented places;  
and at almost every entrance a church or  
an oratory of more or less size was built,  
for the shelter of those who might as-  
semble to go down into the catacombs  
and for the performance of the sacred ser-  
vices upon ground hallowed by so many  
sacred memories. The worship of the  
saints began to take form, at first, in sim-  
ple, natural, and pious ways, in the fourth  
century; and as it grew stronger and  
stronger with the continually increasing  
predominance of the material element in  
the Roman Church, so the catacombs, the  
burial places of the saints, were more and  
more visited by those who desired the  
protection or the intercession of their oc-  
cupants. St. Jerome, who was born a-  
bout this time in Rome, [A. D. 331.]  
has a curious passage concerning his own  
experiences in the catacombs. He says:

"When I was a boy at Rome, being  
instructed in liberal studies, I was accus-  
tomed, with others of the same age and  
disposition, to go on Sundays to the tombs  
of the apostles and martyrs, and often to  
go into the crypts, which, being dug out  
in the depths of the earth, have walls,  
on either side of those who enter, the bod-  
ies of the buried; and they are so dark,  
that the saying of the prophet seems al-  
most fulfilled, *The living descend into  
hell*." But as the chapels and sacred  
tombs in the catacombs became thus more  
and more resorted to as places for worship,  
the number of burials within them was  
continually growing less,—and the change  
in the spirit of the religion was marked by  
the change of character in the paintings  
made of the nun century into extension  
of the catacombs had ceased, and nearly  
about the same time the assemblies in  
them fell off. The desolation of the Cam-  
pagna had already begun; Rome had  
sunk rapidly; and the churches and bur-  
ial places within the walls afforded all the  
space that was needed for the assemblies  
of the living or the dead.

(To be continued.)

From Hall's Journal of Health.

### "Hub Me Shipmate!"

Passing along Broadway some time ago  
a vehicle was obstructed by some slight  
obstacle, and the horses were not able to  
start it; the driver saw at once that but a  
very little aid was needed, and, turning to  
another Jehu who was coming behind him  
said, "Hub Me Shipmate!" The other  
saw as instantly what was required, and,  
without a moment's hesitation or stop,  
so guided his own horses as to make the  
hub of his own carriage strike lightly a-  
gainst that of the other, and each giving  
their animals a touch of the whip, both  
carriages moved on almost as easily as if  
nothing had happened. How many times  
in the great Broadway of life men 'hub'  
one another without incommodating them-  
selves! A friendly act done, an obliga-  
tion incurred, some future act of kindness  
provoked, at the expense of a word or only  
a single moment's time! The most of us  
regard omnibus drivers as rather rough  
specimens of humanity; but ever since  
the incident above related, we have seen  
a moral beauty in the odd expression,  
"Hub Me Shipmate!"

When a man takes a newspaper or a  
periodical, he usually becomes attached to  
it; begins to think that its editor is his  
friend; and as often as the publication  
comes, he derives from the work of its ed-  
itor some interesting item of news, some  
amusing statement, or some profitable idea  
or suggestion. This is repeated a dozen,  
fifty or hundred times a year, for which  
the dollar or two, or five, of sub-  
scription price is not the shadow of a com-  
pensation singly. Under the circumstan-  
ces, then, we appeal to each reader of this  
article in behalf of any publication which  
he receives, to help it to a new subscriber  
as often as an opportunity is afforded by  
a single word of approbation or solicitation.  
There are many persons who have the  
milk of human kindness in them, that they  
would take a paper rather than refuse;  
and for that courtesy you have chances of  
doing them a service, just in that propor-  
tion to the real worth of the publication  
commended. To each present subscriber  
of our Journal we venture the appeal  
with some confidence.—"Hub Me Ship-  
mate!"

## Moral Hiaures.

### NO.

### RELIG.

The Almighty we have implanted  
in every man's breast a steadfast faith in  
his eternal being, reigower, and mercy.  
However our Cor may be wor-  
shipped, or in whatever manner we may  
show our love to Him, faith is the act-  
ing motive. Literally speaking, we may  
define Religion as a stem of Divine  
faith, but the practical definition of it is  
seen in the multiplicity of every ennob-  
ling action. Virtue are religion are syn-  
onymous, for the former exist with-  
out the latter. But falseas may be en-  
tertained of both. It is been asserted  
and believed, that religioade men gloom-  
y and unsocial, and doted the exer-  
cise of many of the activities, but it is  
not so. Its vital price, it rightly un-  
derstood, unites with allit is good with  
in us, and so far from obtruding the lustre  
of the human character ennobles and  
heightens it, by impaag more of the  
Divine essence.

"Religion's sacredmp alone,  
Unerring points thray;  
Where happiness ever shines,  
With unpolliated ray"

No scrutinizing analysis of the under-  
standing, no metaphysical demonstration  
can, at all times, awak, nourish or con-  
firm true religion. It is in the heart of  
man, and has not, as mar other gifts, been  
made dependent upon or frail powers.—  
Our wise Creator considered this too sacred  
and sunk the seed, so to express it, deep  
in our inmost souls. I how that man has  
thousands of times disregarded or striven  
against the monitions of the Spirit, which  
unceasingly calls us t "flee from the  
wrath to come," or to "cease to do evil and  
learn to do well," and that he has treated  
all holy teachings as but machinations of  
the crafty; but this availeth not. As we  
advance in civilization, doubts are scatter-  
ed away from us as chaff before the wind,  
and we know, and feel every day that we  
live that

"Tis Religion that can give  
Solid comfort when we die."

Religion and government, says Blair,  
are the great foundations of order and com-  
fort. The former strikes at the root of all  
our disorders, while the latter restrains  
crimes that would subvert society, protect-  
ing our property and life. But intellect-  
ual, indeed, would all systems of legisla-  
tion or rules of order be without the softening  
of religion, to mould the dispositions of  
men, and check those passions over which  
the outward law has no control. Here I  
must caution my friends of the danger of  
running into extremes. Unless the under-  
standing is enlightened, our deeds or incli-  
nations will be but partially affected. Su-  
perstition and enthusiasm are the two  
greatest sources of delusion, the former  
urging to immoderate zeal in display of  
outward forms, and the latter directs our  
attention so exclusively to internal emo-  
tions that it teaches selfishness. There is  
a certain temperature mean in the obser-  
vance of which true piety consists—then  
"let your light so shine before men, that  
they may see your good works and glorify  
your Father which is id Heaven."—St.  
Matthew 5th—16th. EDUCATOR.

### The City of Florence.

There is much in every way in the city  
of Florence to excite the curiosity, to kin-  
dle imagination, and to gratify the taste.  
Sheltered on the north by the vine clad  
hills of Fiesole, where Cyclopean walls  
carry back the antiquary to ages before  
the Roman, before the Etruscan power, the  
flowery city (Firenze) covers the sunny  
banks of the Arno with its stately palaces.  
Dark and frowning piles of mediæval  
structure; a majestic dome, the prototype  
of St. Peter's; basilicas which enshrine  
the ashes of some of the mightiest of  
the dead; the stane here Danie stood to gaze  
on the *compante*; the house of Michael  
Angelo, still occupied by a descendant of  
his lineage—his hammer, his chisels, his  
divider, his manuscript poems, all as if he  
had left them but yesterday; airy bridges  
which seem not so much to rest on the  
earth as to hover over the waters which  
they span; the loveliest creations of an-  
cient art, rescued from the grave of ages  
again to "enchant the world"; the breath-  
ing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glow-  
ing canvas of Raphael and Titian musc-  
ums filled with medals and coins of every  
age from Cyrus the younger, and gems and  
amulets and vases, from the sepulchres of  
Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph,  
and Etruscan Lucumons that swayed Italy  
before the Romans; libraries stored with  
the choicest texts of ancient literature;  
gardens of rose and orange and pomegran-  
ate and myrtle; the very air you breathe  
languid with music and perfume—such is  
Florence.

### Why Did Jacob Weep.

"Jacob kissed Rachael and lifted up his  
voice and wept."—Scripture.

If Rachael was a pretty girl, and kept  
her face clean, we can't see that Jacob  
had much to cry about.—New York  
Globe.

How do you know but that she slapped  
his face for him?—N. O. Delta.

Gentlemen hold your tongues. The  
cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal  
of Rachael to allow him to kiss her again.  
—Flag.

It is our opinion Jacob wept because he  
hadn't kissed Rachael before, and regret-  
ted the time he had lost.—Age.

Green—verdant, one and all of ye.—  
The fellow boohooed because she did not  
kiss him in return.—Manchester advo-  
cate.

Pshaw! one of you are judges of hu-  
man nature. Rachael was the first girl  
that Jacob ever kissed, and he got so shar-  
ed that his voice trembled, and tears came  
tickling down his cheeks.—Auburn Ad-  
vertiser.

Jacob was a man that labored in the  
field. When he kissed Rachael, he had  
just returned from his labors and had not  
washed his lips. After he had soiled Ra-  
chael's cheek, he wept for fear she would  
think he was one of the 'free-soilers.'—De-  
troit Free press.

No gentlemen not one of you are cor-  
rect. The reason why Jacob wept was  
because he feared Rachael would tell her  
mamma.—Jersey Telegraph.

Pshaw! You are all out. The reason  
Jacob wept was that Rachael would not  
let him stop kissing her, when he once be-  
gan.—Penn. Register.

May be she bit him.—Yazoo Whig.  
May it not be that it was his first at-  
tempt at kissing? If so, she ought to  
have bit him. Nansmond Eng.

What a long list of innocents. We  
know we have tried it on. There were  
no tears shed, and the good book does not  
say there was. It was only his mouth that  
watered, and the lifting up of his voice  
forced it out of his eyes.—People's Pa-  
per.

Jacob wept! Yes tears of joy! well he  
knew he might; while Rachael, beauty  
all confessed, stood fore his ravished  
sight. Lou, Dem.

We suspect that Jacob had a few bliss-  
ters on his lip, and that the concussion of  
the kiss hurt his mouth.—Kentucky Yeo-  
man.

If Jacob had only wept, without lifting  
up his voice, there would have been no  
mystery in it. If the above commen-  
tators had been raised in the country inste-  
ad of cities they would recognize Jacob's  
conduct as their first desperate effort of a  
bashful swain, to pop the question.—Ex-  
press.

That's not it either. Rachael had been  
eating onions. Jacob perceived this,  
when he kissed her, and wept to think  
that she would indulge in such nasty  
things.—Bedford Gazette.

We don't believe the kiss made Jaky  
cry at all. Guess Rachael squeezed him  
so hard he was afraid to try again.—  
The poor fell-w ought not to have minded  
that! Wonder Rachael didn't cry too.—  
Huntingdon Journal.

### THE STOLEN KNIFE.

Many years ago, when a boy of seven  
or eight years, there was one thing which  
I longed for more than anything else, and  
which I imagined would make me su-  
preinely happy. It was a jack-knife.—  
Then I would not be obliged to borrow fa-  
ther's every time I wished to cut a string  
or a stick, but could whittle whenever I  
chose and wherever I pleased. Dreams  
of kites, bows and arrows, boats, &c., all  
manufactured with the aid of that shining  
blade, haunted me day and night.

It was a beautiful morning in June, that  
my father called me, and gave me leave, if  
I wished, to go with him to the store. I  
was delighted and taking his hand, we  
started. The birds sang sweetly on every  
bush, and ev'rything looked so gay and  
beautiful, that my heart leaped for joy. Af-  
ter our arrival at the village, and while my  
father was engaged in purchasing some  
articles in a remote part of the store, my  
attention was drawn to a man who asking  
the price of various jack-knives which lay  
on the counter. As this was a very inter-  
esting subject to me, I approached, intend-  
ing only to look at them. I picked one up  
opened it, examined it, tried the springs,  
felt the edge of the blades with my thumb  
and thought I could never cease admiring  
their polished surface. Oh! if it were  
only mine, thought I, how happy I should  
be! Just at this moment happening to  
look up, I saw that the merchant had gone

to change a bill for his customer, and no  
one was observing me. For fear I might  
be tempted to do wrong I started to replace  
the knife on the counter, but an evil spirit  
whispered, "Put it in your pocket, quick!"  
Without stopping to think of the crime or  
its consequences, I hurriedly slipped it in-  
to my pocket, and as I did so, felt a bush  
of shame burning on my cheek; but the  
store was rather dark, and no one noticed  
it, nor did the merchant miss the knife.

We soon started for home, my giving  
me a parcel to carry. As we walked along  
my thoughts continually rested on the  
knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket  
all the time from a sort of guilty fear that  
it would be seen. This, together with  
carrying the bundle in my other hand,  
made it difficult to keep pace with my fa-  
ther. He noticed it, and gave me a lecture  
about walking with my hands in my pockets.

Ah! how different were my thoughts  
then, from what they were when passing  
the same scene a few hours before. "The  
song of the birds seemed joyous no longer,  
but sad and sorrowful, as if chiding me for  
my wicked act. I could not look my father  
in the face, for I had been heedless of  
his precepts, broken one of God's com-  
mandments, and became a thief. As these  
thoughts passed through my mind, I could  
hardly help crying, but concealed my feel-  
ings, and tried to think of the good times I  
would have with my knife. I could hard-  
ly say anything on my way home, and my  
father thinking I was either tired or sick,  
kindly took my burden, and spoke soothing-  
ly to me, his guilty son. No sooner  
did we reach home, than I retreated to a  
safe place, behind the house, to try the  
wicked act. I could not look my father  
in the face, for I had been heedless of  
his precepts, broken one of God's com-  
mandments, and became a thief. As these  
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ly to me, his guilty son. No sooner  
did we reach home, than I retreated to a  
safe place, behind the house, to try the  
wicked act. I had picked up a stick, and  
was whittling it, perfectly delighted with  
the sharp blade, which glided through the  
wood almost of itself when suddenly I  
heard the deep, subdued voice of my fa-  
ther, calling me by name, and on looking  
up saw him at the window directly over  
my head, gazing down very sorrowfully at  
me. The stick dropped from my hand,  
and with the knife clasped in the other, I  
proceeded into the house. I saw by his  
eyes that he was angry, and he rebuked me  
very pale. I walked directly to his side,  
and in a low, calm voice, he asked me where  
I got the knife; His gente manner and  
kind tone went to my heart, and I burst  
into tears. As soon as my voice would  
allow I made full confession. He did  
not flog me, as some fathers would have  
done, but reprimanded me in such a man-  
ner that, while I felt truly penitent for the  
deed I loved him more than ever, and prom-  
ised never, never to do the like again.

In my father's company I then returned  
to the store, and on my knees begged the  
merchant's pardon and promised never  
again to take what was not my own.

My father long since dead and never do  
I think of my first theft, without blessing  
the memory of him whose kind teachings  
and gentle corrections have made it, thus  
far in my life, and forever, my last.—  
Moore's Rural New Yorker.

"Have you dined?" said a loungee  
his friend.  
"I have, upon my honor," replied he.  
"Then," rejoined the first, "if you have  
dined upon your honor, I fear you have  
made but a scanty meal."

"We know an old lady, who, when  
she alludes to the Mormons, always calls  
him—either unintentionally, or else by a  
curious jumble of ideas—"Mr. Bigamy  
Young."

Write Written Right.

Write we know is written right,  
When we see it written right;  
But when we see it written wrong,  
We know it is not written right;  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right or wrong,  
Nor yet should it be written right;  
But write, for so 'tis written right.

LOVE'S REASON.—"Bridget," said a la-  
dy to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who  
was that man you were talking with so  
long at the gate last night?"  
"Sure, no one but my eldest brother ma-  
am."

"Your brother! I didn't know you had  
a brother. What is his name?"  
"Barney Octoolan, ma'am."

"Indeed how comes it that his name is  
not the same as yours?"  
"Troth ma'am, replied sho, 'he's been  
married once.'"

An old bachelor remarks that "Rom-  
ances generally end with a marriage;  
and many young girls, when they leave  
school, would wish to go through the ro-  
mance of life—as they do most romances  
by beginning at the end."

## Farmers' Column.

He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself, must either hold or drive."

### WORK IN THE GARDEN.

As this month is to the judicious gar-  
dener one of action, we will endeavor to  
point out how he may improve his time  
and forward his operations in the garden.

**Sowing Cabbage Seeds.**—About this  
time cabbage seeds of various sorts may  
be sowed in a warmly situated border fa-  
cing the south, unless the season should  
be backward. Sow both early and late  
kinds, in order that you may have a regu-  
lar succession of cabbages. Prepare the  
ground by manuring it, spading it deeply,  
and thoroughly pulverizing with the rake.  
Mix each kind of seed with ashes, so as to  
enable you to sow them thinly. The seed  
being sown, sow ashes over them, rake the  
seed in and compress the earth around  
them by placing a board on the border and  
treading on it, or by patting the ground  
with the back of a spade or shovel. In  
from six to eight weeks these plants will be  
fit for transplantation in the beds in the  
open ground for heading, should the sea-  
son prove favorable.

**Planting Peas and Beans.**—As early  
in this month as the ground from the ab-  
sence of frost can be prepared in good con-  
dition plant peas and beans; and, to insure  
and to secure a continuous supply, plant  
more every two weeks during this and the  
next. It will not be advisable to plant  
while the ground is tough and wet. When  
the peas are about six inches high stick  
them.

**Sowing and Setting out Lettuce.**—As  
soon as the weather is mild and tolerably  
and tolerably warm this month you may  
sow lettuce seed, and repeat the sowing  
every two weeks during this and the suc-  
ceeding month. If you have lettuce  
plants ready for setting out you may trans-  
plant them in a warmly exposed border  
as soon as the ground is in a condition to  
be well prepared for their reception.

Sow Radish Seed and repeat the sow-  
ings every two weeks thereafter during  
**Dressing Asparagus Beds.**—As soon as  
the frost is out of the ground fork in some  
well rotted horse-dung; this done, smooth  
the bed with a rake and dust it over with  
salt. Now plantations of asparagus may  
be made as early this month as the ground  
is in a condition to be worked well.

**Sowing Beet Seed.**—As soon as the  
ground is in a condition to be worked well  
drill in a few roots of beet seed. The red  
or blood beet is the best for garden or table  
use.

**Sowing Onion Seed.**—In order to have  
good well-sized onions from the seed this  
season, you should drill in the seed as ear-  
ly this month as the earth is in a condition  
to be well worked.

**Rhubarb or Pie Plant.**—Early this  
month is the time for setting out rhubarb  
plants and for sowing the seed.

**Gooseberries and Currants.**—These  
should be pruned early this month and  
have a dressing of well rotted manure.—  
New plantations should be made early.

**Raspberries.**—Prune and tie up your  
raspberry bushes early this month.

**A FEW SHORT HINTS.**—Cherry  
grafting should be done as early as possi-  
ble.

Now is the time to stick your currant  
and Gooseberry cuttings. Take the last  
years growth, cut out all the buds buried  
in the earth; insert six inches, leaves  
eight or ten inches above ground. By this  
course you will have trees instead of  
bushes, bearing much more abundantly,  
fruit finer, and the stock prettier.

Rake off carefully the top-dressing