

# The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

Editor & Proprietor.

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NO. 20.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

### Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever is its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."  
Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which results in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.  
One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must remove the blood by an alternative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

### AYER'S Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA and SKIN DISEASES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, ROSE, OR ENVIPELLES, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER, AND SALT RHEUM, SORE HEAD, RINGWORM, HAEMATOID, SPYLLITIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROOPY, DYSENTERY, DERMATITIS, and, INDEED, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purgative virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely be avoided or evaded. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.  
Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the most difficult complaints. Costless, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Scurvy, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.  
So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to colds, coughs, &c. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted, and can never be forgotten, and reduced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.  
PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS. JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa. Nov. 16, 1858.—ly.

### SELLING CLOTHING AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

1858. FALL AND WINTER GOODS. 1858. M. Gutman & Co., Inform the public generally, that they have just received a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of COATS, VESTS, PANTS, &c., &c. Also, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.  
His stock of Clothing is of the latest fashions, and manufactured of the best materials and as they are determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest, the public will do well to give them a call and examine their stock.  
Don't forget the place—Long's brick building, on the corner, Market square, Huntingdon.  
Oct. 13, '58  
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.'S Advertising Agency, 119 Nassau St., New York, & 10 State St., Boston. S. M. Pettingill & Co. are the Agents for the "Journal" and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and the Canadas. They are authorized to contract for us at our lowest rates.

## Select Poetry.

### THE SPRING FEVER.

This is the time of Spring Fever, that enervating disorder, That wilts human nature down, like the tender leaf of the cabbage, In the sunshine of summer, and takes all the sap out of mortals.  
This is the time of Spring Fever. In beautiful blossoms the peach tree, Stands fair arrayed and gorgeous, as Diana was bidden to dress her; And filling the amorous air with sweet and delicate perfume,  
While in the beautiful blossoms the honey bees sleepily murmur, And sing of the fabulous flowers on the mountains of Hylia;  
Like dreams of forgotten Winter, the cherry trees and the plum trees, Rise up with their snow-white wreaths of tender blossoms and fragrant,  
On the pavements now the maple has dropped its tassels of crimson, And the silver-budded willows have leaves and the weeping willows Droop with their emerald tresses down to the emerald greenward,  
The lilacs are green, and the rose trees, and over the fronts of the houses, The clambering creepers, the honeysuckles and sweet briars.  
This is the time of Spring Fever. In the air is delicious languor, And the sun is a rare enchanter, and the birds do drowsily warble, And somehow you feel as if you would like to lie down a few moments.  
In school, the wretched boys that sit at the open windows, Suffer unspeakable tortures, in thinking of woodland rambles, And doze, and neglect their books, and heed not the voice of their teacher,  
While the archness that haunts the streets and occupies all the pavements With playing their beautiful games of hop scotch and marbles for keepers, Lark in shady places, and languid scuffle and quarrel.  
Back in the gloomy recesses of fancy stores, and of dry goods Palaces, lounges the clerk, and curses the buyers as they enter,  
While the book-keeper's tireless pen skates swiftly over the ledger.  
From the open grocery doors, there comes forth a tropical fragrance Of spices, mixed with the smell of macerated, and coffee and sugar,  
So that the sense of the passer by is enchanted and lightering,  
He sees the happy grocer, swinging the legs of contentment,  
Lolling upon his counter, and counting the morning paper.  
At the doors and on the porticos of the principal hotels The travelling public sit at ease, and gaze upon the ladies,  
Passing to and fro in their dreamily rippling Spring-dresses,  
Nobody hurries now, and even hackmen and draymen are lazy.  
This is the time of spring fever, and exchanges to us are a loathing,  
And the scissors a burden worse than the hop-pergrass to the Egyptians,  
And ever we languish and droop, and wish we had not eaten dinner,  
And ever bewail our lot, and envy the children of fortune,  
And think of the dear old days when we went a fishing for sunfish,  
In just such weather as this; catching plenty of horny chubs and blind-salmon,  
And sitting suddenly down on treacherous rock that was slippery,  
And coming home very wet, and prodigiously hungry to supper.  
Thus in this May time, while the pestilent spring fever rages,  
While we the hours, and baffle the typographical devil.

## Thrilling Adventure.

### A SWIM FOR LIFE.

About twenty years ago, a man-of-war was lying at anchor in the principal harbor of Antigua, which as most people know, forms one of the group called the West India Islands.  
It was a hot sultry day in the beginning of June. The heavy fog, which at that time of year occasionally hangs like a curtain over everything, had been dispersed by the heat of the sun's rays, and like a retreating enemy, was rolling slowly back to the horizon. Not a breath of wind stirred the water, not a sea gull flapped its wing round the ship. The long pennon drooped lazily from the mast, as though sharing in the general languor of nature.—The surface of the sea was like a mirror, only disturbed by an occasional black Inn that rippled lazily through the water for a distance, and disappeared as its possessor sank again into the depths beneath. As the sun, however, rose towards the meridian a breeze began to spring up not cool and steady, but coming now and then in irregular puffs, and hot as the breath of

an oven. Notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the weather and the rapid fall of the barometer, a party of midshipmen asked permission to take the pinnace for a few hours' sail, and obtained it, but on the condition that they should not go far from the ship. The party consisted of six middies and two mates; accordingly they started in great spirits, notwithstanding the warning groans of some of the old tars. Thoughtless and fearless as sailors generally are, they paid but little attention to the freshening wind, and the fast altering appearance of the sky. The tide was running out with great force, and they were soon outside the mouth of the harbor, and slipping down the side of the island with a fair wind, and with the full strength of the ebb. One of the mates was at the helm, a middy with the sheets, the rest stretched lazily about the boat, smoking and talking, when like a thunder-bolt, a violent squall struck them, and the light boat capsized in an instant. All its crew immersed, but soon made their appearance again, swimming like corks on the surface, and in a short time they were collected like a flock of water-fowl on the keel of the upturned boat. When they had shaken the water out of their eyes, looked about them and found their number undiminished, they held a consultation on their condition, and the chances for and against their rescue. The prospect of affairs was certainly not inspiring, and to people possessed of less buoyant dispositions than themselves, would have appeared hopeless. They were clinging to the wreck of a small boat, their ship was hidden from sight by the clouds of rain—for the storm had now come in all its fury—and the land was invisible for the same cause. The sea was rising fast, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and worse than all they were drifting with full force of the wind and tide into the Caribbean Sea; once there, out of the track of vessels and far from any land, their fate would be certain. Such being the state of things many hopes were expressed that the ship would send boats in search of them.— Comfortable suggestions, but with too little foundation. At last the two eldest determined upon a plan, which nothing but the desperate emergency of the case would have suggested. It was an attempt to swim ashore. The land was about three miles from them; they were both first rate swimmers, and as far as distance was concerned, might have attempted on a calm day without much fear or failure; but in a heavy sea the case was different, and both wind and tide, though not dead against them combined to sweep them down under the lee of the island. Above all, the place swarmed with sharks. Nothing daunted, however, these two brave fellows stripped to the skin, and after a short good bye and a hurried exhortation to the big ones to hold the little ones on and keep up their pluck, they leaped into the sea.

They had both resolved to stick to one another as long as they lasted, both for mutual encouragement and as some sort of protection against the much dreaded sharks. For nearly an hour they swam on, sometimes lying on their backs to rest, sometimes striking out again for dear life. Up to this time, although much fatigued, they had seen no sharks; and they were encouraged by a glimpse, through a break in the gale, of the land, as it rose dark and foreboding, above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once, without a moment's notice, they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. An exclamation of despair forced itself from them at this sight, and both waited in agony of suspense for the moments of pain which were to end their existence; still they mechanically swam on, and to their surprise, the sharks although playing around them, did not touch them.—They made continual short rushes at them, and when the poor fellows closed their eyes in all the agony of death, passed by them; or, turning on their backs they would open their monstrous jaws and close their teeth with a loud clash within a few inches of their victim's body. One of these men said afterwards that he felt at times like a mouse in the power of a cat that plays with the poor wretch before she makes her supper of it. Still, however, they swam on, the thunder roaring, the lightning flashing above them, struggling against a heavy sea, terrific wind, and strong tide, tired and exhausted, with these horrid monsters swimming round them. One of the men reads of nights of terror that their man's hair gray. Many of these may be considered peaceful when compared with horrors of that five hours swim. At last, however, they succeeded in nearing the extreme end of the island; the sharks one by one left them. The last, however, made a farewell plunge at the lad nearest him; and though he missed him with his sharp teeth, struck him a

violent blow in the stomach with his strong tail. The poor fellow called out; and his companion, who was swimming a few yards in advance, though thoroughly exhausted, returned to his friend's assistance. He supported him until he recovered sufficiently to proceed, and at last they once more touched the firm ground. They struggled up the beach and lay down for a few minutes, utterly worn out, but the thought of their comrades clinging to that upturned boat roused them to fresh exertions. After staggering on for about half a mile in the direction of some houses they met a number of negroes, who as our heroes were entirely naked, attacked them with stones and they would in all probability have fallen victims to this "finger" sense of decency, had not an officer fortunately passed by at that moment and recognized them.  
In a few moments their story was told and prompt measures were adopted to rescue the remainder of the party. Boats were quickly launched under the lee of the island; and the two mates although nearly dead from exhaustion, persisted in embarking in them. The danger was not yet over, for the sea was running mountains high; the gale had little abated, and the night was coming on fast. After a long and hard pull, nothing could be seen of the missing ones. It had become quite dark, and they were beginning to despair. One boat had already turned towards the shore, when by the light of a vivid flash, they saw on the crest of a huge black wave the dismantled boat with its knot of half-drowned boys. They soon pulled up to it, and found to their great joy the number complete. They too, had begun to despair, had feared their two brave comrades had perished; were wearied and half-suffocated by the constant seas that were continually breaking over them; and some were talking of losing their hold when the timely relief arrived.  
On reaching the shore, the two brave mates gave in. The reaction which followed their exertions and exposure was great and dangerous. One died a victim to his heroism; the other lived, but his health was seriously injured, and his powers of mind affected by all that he had gone through; for months afterwards he would start up in his bed with a shriek of terror as he saw, in all the vivid reality of dreamland, those monstrous sharks glaring at him, and heard the gnash of their sharp teeth.

This wonderful escape can only be accounted for by the fact, that the spot where they landed was the site of the slaughter house for the troops, and that the sharks were so satiated with the offal thrown in the sea at that time, that even the unusual deluge of "white man" could not tempt them. If however only a few drops of blood had tinged the water, the case would have been very different: for sharks, like beasts of prey, are aroused to fury at the sight of it, and in the condition of these two poor fellows, the slightest scratch would have been instantly fatal to them.

## Select Miscellany.

### English Bible Translations.

The following list of the different versions of the English Scriptures, is extracted from the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge;  
WICKLIFF'S.—This was the first translation made into the language. It was translated by John Wickliffe, about the year 1380, but never printed, though there are manuscript copies of it in several of the public libraries.  
TYNDALE'S.—The translation by William Tyndale, assisted by Miles Coverdale was the first printed Bible in the English language. The new testament was published in 1526. It was revised and republished in 1530. In 1532, Tyndale and his associates finished the whole Bible, except the Apocrypha, and printed it abroad.  
MATTHEW'S.—While Tyndale was preparing a second edition of his Bible, he was taken up and burnt for heresy at Flanders. On his death, Coverdale and John Rogers revised it, and added a translation to the Apocrypha. It was dedicated to Henry VIII, in 1537, and was printed at Hamburg under the borrowed name of Thomas Matthew, whence it was called Matthew's Bible.  
CRANMER'S.—This was the first Bible printed by authority in England, and publicly set up in the churches. It was Tyndale's version revised by Coverdale, and examined by Cranmer, who added a preface to it, whence it was called Cranmer's Bible. It was printed by Crafon, one of the largest volumes, published in 1540. After being adopted, suppressed and restored under successive reigns, a new edition was brought out in 1562.

THE GENEVA BIBLE.—Some English exiles at Geneva, in Queen Mary's reign, viz: Coverdale, Goodman, Cleebe, Sampson, Cole, Witting and Knox, made a new translation, which was printed there in 1550. Hence it was called the Geneva Bible. It was much valued by the Puritan party. In this version the first distinction of verses was made. It went through some twenty editions.  
THE BISHOP'S.—Archbishop Parker engaged Bishop's and other learned men to bring out a new translation. They did so in 1568, in large folio. It made what was afterwards called the great English Bible, and was commonly called the Bishop's Bible. In 1569, it was published in octavo, in small but fine black letter. In it the chapters were divided into verses, without any breaks for them.  
MATTHEW PARKER'S.—The Bishop's Bible underwent some corrections, and was printed in large folio in 1572, and called Matthew Parker's Bible. This version was used in the churches for forty years.  
DOUAY BIBLE.—The New Testament was brought out by the Roman Catholics in 1604, and called the Romanish New Testament.—It was condemned by the Queen of England, and copies were seized by her authority and destroyed. In 1609 and 1610 the Old Testament was added, and the whole published at Douay, hence called the Douay Bible.

KING JAMES' BIBLE.—The version now in use was brought out by King James' authority, in 1611. Fifty-four learned men were employed to accomplish the work of revising. From death or other causes, seven of them failed to enter upon it. The remaining forty-seven were ranged under six divisions. They entered upon their task in 1607. After some three or four years of diligent labor, the whole was completed. The version was generally adopted, and other versions fell into disuse. It has continued in use nearly two hundred years.

It is the lesson taught us by Winter. The wind whispers it through the branches of fir and pine, where, by and by the oriole and the red bird shall flutter their bright plumage. The winds bring now no song of birds, no breath of roses, but the medicine of the cold, wholesome air, not less needful than the perfume of the summer breeze. Patience! he is willing to be hardened into vigor—he is willing to be made strong, that so every season may minister to thee its own keen and peculiar delight.  
"Patience!" The bare twigs of oak, and maple, and willow, shape themselves into hieroglyphics, to spell out the word. Every bough imprisons a colony of living buds, sleeping calmly in their fetters, till the appointed time to unfurl their flag of liberty upon the sunny air. Why should the untimely bud hurry out to meet the death-dealing frost? Patience, hasten not; wait it well for thee always to be in leaf and flower. For thee is the time of blossoming and fruitage fixed, as surely as for the tree.

"Patience!" It is written upon the earth's face, as she lies looking placidly up to the heavens, through her veil of snow. How calm she is, with her mantle folded over her bosom—over the seeds and roots she is keeping quiet for the festival time of spring—over the graves where lie our sealed-up promises of Paradise. Patience, soul! Hold thy life—terms pure and sound through the long days of silence and cold, content, since heaven is above thee still, with its earnestness of truth, its open radiance of love.  
Patience! for the seeds will burst, the buds will unfold the graves will open!—Wait in quietness and confidence! Let thy snow robes of endurance lie light and beautiful about thee till winter passes, and up from the depths of thy being comes a murmur and perfume of life! Then patience may change into joy, for it is thy redemption that draweth nigh!

### A GEM.

The following beautiful gem, taken from a speech from Webster, has been printed in large, bold type, on thick card paper, and distributed among the schools of all grades, in New London by a gentleman of enlarged and enlightened views on the subject of education.  
In their neat gilded frames, they not only adorn the walls of the schoolroom, but shed forth a light upon the teacher's pathway, encouraging him to press on in the imperishable work in which he is engaged. "If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with just fear of God and their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

### A Negro Discussion on Eggs.

Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of Parliamentary ruling:  
"In the fairest village of Western New York, the 'cullid pussens' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duty with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write, was:  
"What am de mudder ob de chickens—de hen wot lay de eggs or de hen wot hatches de chick?"  
The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey rose to the minority, side and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect:  
"Spouse," said he, "that you set one dozen duck eggs under a hen, and dey hatch which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?"  
"This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so after cogitating, and scratching his head a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair, in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced,  
"Ducks am de question; darfo! I rules de ducks out," and do it he did to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

A Sister in a Tight Place.  
At M—, one Saturday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner and his son John, drove his team into good range, and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village.  
When the time for worship arrived John went to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject, before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip; just against him, separated only by the very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until unable to control them, longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, rousing the old man, who, but half awake, thrust his arms around her waist and cried, very soothingly,  
"Wo, Nance! Wo, Nance! Wo! here John," calling his son—"cut the belly band, and loose the breeching, quick, or she will tear everything to pieces!"  
It was all the work of a moment; but the sister forget to shout, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end, while deeply mortified, the poor man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again unless he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

### An Incurable Witness.

The prisoner, whose name was Pat Swivel, alias "stove-pipe Pete," was placed at the bar.  
Judge.—Bring the prisoner in, Pete.—Here I be, bound to blazes, as the spirit of turpentine said when it was all a fire.  
"We will take the fire out of you. How do you live?"  
"I am particular, as the oyster said, when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried."  
"We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirit of turpentine. What do you follow?"  
"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it run over a man."  
"Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"  
"That's various, as the cat said when she stole a chicken."  
"That comes nearest to the line, I should suppose."  
"Altogether in my line, as the rope said when choking the pirate."  
"If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months."  
"I am done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

### LONG AND SHORT DAYS.

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, the longest day has sixteen hours, and the shortest day at St. Petersburg, the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest five hours; at Thurne, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wanders, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and at Switzenbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

### THE BOARDERS IN A FASHIONABLE HOUSE.

The boarders in a fashionable house in Boston were assembled one stormy evening, when a lady remarked, she loved a rainy day, and always availed herself of it to arrange her drawers. "So do I," said an old sea captain. "I overhaul my drawers and shirts too, sometimes, and sew a button or string where it is wanted." Mademoiselle did not faint, but there was an angry rustle of silks, as she swept out of the room.  
"You would not take me for twenty?" said a nice girl to her partner, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?"—"For better or for worse," he replied.

### During the last three months 1,252,870

bushels of oysters were taken from the waters of Virginia.

## MARRIAGE.

From a lecture recently delivered by Bulwer, we extract a few passages:—  
"The law that binds the one man to the one woman," eloquently exclaimed the lecturer, "is so indelibly written by nature, that wherever it is violated, in general systems, the human race is found to deteriorate in mind and form. The enabling influence of woman cease; the wife is a companion—a hundred wives are but a hundred slaves. Nor is this all; unless man look to woman as a treasure to be wooed and won—her smile the charm of his existence—her single heart the range of his desires—that which deserves the name of love cannot exist; it is struck out of the beautiful system of society.  
"Now, it there be a passion in the human breast which most tends to lift us out of egotism and self—which most teaches us to live in another—which purifies and warms the whole mortal being—it is love, as we of the North hold it and cherish it. For even when the fair spring of youth has passed, and when the active life is employed in such grave pursuits, that the love of his early years seems to him like a dream of romance, still that love, having once lifted him out of egotism into sympathy, does but pass into new forms and development—it has locked his heart to charity and benevolence—it gives a smile to his home—it rises up in the voices of his children—from his hearth it circulates incessantly on to the laws that protect the hearth, to the native land which spreads around it.  
"Thus, in the uniform history of the world, we discover that wherever love is created, as it were, and sanctioned by that quality between the sexes which the permanent and holy union of one heart with another proclaims; there, too, patriotism, liberty—the manly and the gentle virtues also find their place, and wherever, on the contrary, love disappears in the gross satiety of the senses, there we find neither respect for humanity, nor reverence for home, nor affection for the natal soil.  
"And one reason why Greece is contrasted, in all that dignifies our nature, with the effeminate and dissolute character of the East which it overthrew, is that Greece was the earliest civilized country in which, on the borders of those great monarchies, marriage was the sacred tie between one man and one woman—and man was the thoughtful father of a home, not the lord of a seraglio."

### Seventeen Year Locusts.

In Jaggar's "Life of North American Insects," recently published, is a sketch of the history and habits of this species of locusts, in which the assertion that they make their appearance only once in seventeen years is pronounced erroneous as well as they are destructive to vegetation.—The writer states that he has observed them yearly for twenty successive years. The same is true of other insects, especially rose-bugs. Some years we are overloaded with them, and again in others there are scarcely any. Yet there are instances where the locusts have been observed in the same place only after intervals of several years, perhaps seventeen, while during this interval they have been very abundant in other localities. They are, however, seen yearly in one place or other. With regard to the notion that these insects are very destructive to vegetation, the writer asserts that they are harmless.

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