The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." Editor & Proprietor.

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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 be 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 genders 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 renovate the blood by an alterative 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 remedials 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 ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED 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 purpose and 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 withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalitics. 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 following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice*, 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 our climate. 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 they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

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SELECT POETRY.

One Undivided, Faithful Heart.

One undivided, faithful heart,
One gentle, artless creature,
With truth and virtue for her part,
And gladness in each feature,
Is worth to man far more than gold
Of India's sparkling treasure,
Or all the wealth by nations sold
In over running measure.

One undivided, trusting heart,
When other friends are flown,
While joy and gladness free impart,
And whisper "'TIS THINE OWN."
Whatever may betide thee here,
That faithful heart is thine,
And never shalt thou cherish fear,
But on its love recline.

Away with those who fain would make,
A score of hearts their altar,
And when they cannot heal, will break
And cause true love to falter.
Give me the heart that hath that love
Which naught on earth can sever,
Then I no more away will rove,
But cherish it forever.

A SELECT STORY.

A SWEETHEART RACE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Hardly any event creates a stranger sensation in a thinly settled New England village, especially among the young folks, than the arrival of a fresh and blooming Miss, who comes to make her abode in the neighborhood. When, theretore Squire Johnson, the only lawyer in the place, and a very respectable man, of course, told Farmer Jones one afternoon that his wife's sister, a smart girl of eighteen, was coming in a few days to reside in the family, the news flew like wild-fire through Pond village and was the principal topic of conversation for a week. Pond village is situated upon the margin of one of those numerous and beautiful sheets of water that gem the whole surface of New England, like the bright stars in an evening sky, and received its appellation to distinguish it from two or three other villages in the same township, which could not boast of a similar location. When farmer Jones came into his supper about sunset, that afternoon, and took his seat at the table, the eyes of the whole family were upon him, for there was a peculiar working about his mouth and a knowing glance in his eyes that always told them when he had any thing of interest to communicate. But Farmer Jones' secretiveness was large, and his temperament, not the most active, and he would probably have rolled the important secret as a sweet morsel under his tongue for a long time, had not Mrs. Jones, who was rather of an impatient and prying turn of mind, contrived to draw it from him.

'Now, Mr. Jones,' said she, as she handed him his cup of tea, 'what is it you are going to say? Do out with it; for you've been chawing something in your mind ever since you came in the house.'

'It's my tobacker, I s'pose,' said Mr. Jones, with another knowing glance of his eye.

'Now father, what's the use?' said Susan; we all know you've something or other you want to say, and why can't you tell us what 'tis.'

'La, who cares what 'tis?' said Mrs. Jones; 'if it was anything worth telling, we should'nt have to wait for it, I dare say.'

Hereupon Mrs. Jones assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, as the surest way of conquering what she was pleased to call Mr. Jones' obstinacy, which by the way was a very improper term to apply in the case, for it was only the working of secretiveness, without the least particle of obstinacy attached to it.

There was a pause of one or two minutes in the conversation, till Mr. Jones passed his cup to be filled a second time, when, with a couple of preparatory ahems he began to let out the secret.

'We are to have a new neighbor here in a few days,' said Mr. Jones stopping short when he had uttered this much, and sipping his tea and filling his mouth with food.

Mrs. Jones, who was perfect in her tactics, said not a word, but attended to the affairs of the table as though she had not noticed what was said. The farmer's secretiveness had at last worked itself out, and he began again.

'Squire Johnson's wife's sister is coming here in a few days, and is going to live with 'em.'

The news being thus fairly divulged left free scope for conversation.

'Well, I wonder if she is a proud stuck up piece,' said Mrs. Jones.

'I should'nt think she would be,' said Susan, 'for there ain't a more sociable woman in the neighborhood than Mrs. Johnson. So if she is at all like her sister I think we shall like her.'

'I wonder how old she is?' said Stephen who was just verging toward the close of his twenty-first year.

'The Squire called her eighteen,' said Mr. Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to say, that's about the right age for Stephen.

'I wonder if she is handsome,' said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village for some time, she felt a little alarmed at the idea of a rival.

'I dare be bound she's handsome,' said Mrs. Jones, 'if she's sister to Mrs. Johnson, for where'll you find a handsomer woman than Mrs. Johnson, go the town thro'?'

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charlie Robinson, and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game at quoits and ring at wrestling.—And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went around to Widow Davis's and told Sally, and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before sunset, a chaise was seen to drive up to Squire Johnson's door. Of course the eyes of the whole village were turned in that direction. Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking, set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the Squire's door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and gone into the house. Patty Bean was doing up the ironing, that afternoon, and she had just taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise passed the door, and she ran with it in her hand and stood on the door steps till the whole ceremony of alighting, and greeting, and entering the house was over.

Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead her shriveled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view,

'Seems to me they are dreadful loving,' said old Mrs. Bean, as she saw Mrs. Johnson descend the steps and welcome her sister with a kiss.

'La, me, if there isn't the squire kissing of her tu,' said Patty; 'well, I declare, I would waited till I got in the house. I'll die if I wouldn't. It looks so vulgar to be kissing afore folks, and out of doors tu; I should think Squire Johnson would be ashamed of himself.'

'Well, I shouldn't,' said young John Bean, who came up that moment, and who had passed the chaise just as the young lady alighted from it. 'I shouldn't be ashamed to kiss such a pretty gal as that, any how; I'd kiss her wherever I could catch her, if it was in the meetin-house.'

'Why, is she handsome, Jack?' said Patty.

'Yes, she's got the prettiest little puckery mouth I've seen these six months. Her cheeks are red, and her eyes shine like new buttons.'

'Well,' replied Patty, 'if she will only take the shine off Susan Jones when she goes to meetin', Sunday, I shan't care.'

While these observations were going on at old Mr. Bean's, Charles Robinson and a group of young fellows with him were standing in front of Robinson's store, a little further down the road, and watching the scene that was passing at Squire Johnson's. They witnessed the whole with becoming decorum, now and then making a remark upon the fine horse and handsome chaise, till they saw the tall squire bend his head down and give the young lady a kiss, when they all burst out into a loud laugh. In a moment, being conscious that their laugh must be heard and noticed at the Squire's, they, in order to do away the impression it must necessarily make, at once turned their heads another way, and Charles Robinson, who was quick at an expedient, knocked off the hat of the lad who was standing next to him, and then they all laughed louder than before.

'Here comes Jack Bean,' said Charles, 'now we shall hear something about her, for Jack was coming by the squire's when she got out of the chaise. How does she look, Jack?'

'Handsome as a pictur,' said Jack. 'I hain't seen a prettier gal since last Thanksgiving day, when Jane Ford was here to visit Susan Jones.'

'Black eyes or blue?' said Charles,

'Blue,' said Jack, 'but all fired bright.'

'Tall or short?' said Stephen Jones, who was rather short himself, and therefore felt a particular interest on that point.

'Rather short,' said Jack, 'but straight and round as a young colt.'

'Do you know what her name is?' said Charles.

'They called her Lucy when she got out of the chaise,' said Jack, 'and as Mrs. Johnston's name was Brown before she was married, I's'pose her name must be Lucy Brown.'

'Just such a name as I like,' said Charles Robinson; 'Lucy Brown sounds well. Now suppose, in order to get acquainted with her, we all hands take a sail to-morrow night, about this time, on the pond, and invite her to go with us.'

'Agreed,' said Stephen Jones.

'Agreed,' said Jack Bean.

'Agreed,' said all hands.

The question then arose who should carry the invitation to her, and the young men being rather bashful on that score, it was finally settled that Susan Jones, should bear the invitation and accompany her to the boat, where they should all be in waiting to receive her.

The next day was a very long day, at least to most of the young men of Pond village; and promptly an hour before sunset most of them were assembled, with half a score of their sisters and female cousins, by a little stone wharf on the margin of the Pond, for the proposed sail.—All the girls in the village of a suitable age were there, except Patty Bean. She had undergone a good deal of fidgeting and fussing during the day to prepare for the sail, but had been disappointed. Her new bonnet was not done; and as to wearing her old flap-sided bonnet, she declared she would not, if she never went.

Presently Susan Jones and Miss Lucy Brown were seen coming down the road. In a moment all was quiet, and the laugh and joke were hushed and each one put on his best looks. When they arrived, Susan went through the ceremony of introducing Miss Brown to each of the ladies and gentlemen present.

'But how in the world are you going to sail?' said Miss Brown, 'for there isn't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail-boat neither.'

'Oh, the less wind we have the better, when we sail here,' said Charles Robinson, 'and there is our sail-boat,' pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat some twenty feet long by ten wide.

'We don't use no sails' said Jack Bean; sometimes when the wind is fair, we put a bush to help pull along a little, and when 'tisn't we row.'

The party was soon embarked on board the scow and a couple of oars were set in motion and they glided slowly and pleasantly over as lovely a sheet of water as ever glowed in the sunsetting ray. In one hour's time the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lively and fascinating manner; she had told stories and sung songs. Among others, she had given Moore's boat song with the sweetest possible effect; and by the time they returned to the landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were decidedly in love with her.

A stern regard to the truth requires a remark to be made here not altogether favorable to Susan Jones, which is the more to be regretted as she was in the main an excellent hearted girl, and highly esteemed by the whole village. It was observed that as the company grew more and more pleased with Miss Lucy Brown, Susan Jones was less and less animated, till at last she became quite reserved and apparently sad. She, however, on landing, accompanied her home to Squire Johnston's door, and cordially bid her good night.

The casual glimpses which the young men of Pond village had of Miss Brown during the remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door or looked out of the window, and once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they all had of her at the meeting on the Sabbath, served but to increase their admiration, and to render her more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most prominent candidates, however, for Miss Brown's favor, were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all others in the back ground. Charles whose father was wealthy, had every advantage, which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decidedly the advantage in personal recommendations. He had more talent, was more sprightly and intelligent, and more pleasing in his address. From the evening of the sail on the pond they had both watched every movement of Miss Brown with the most intense anxiety; and as nothing can deceive a lover, each had, with an interest no less intense, watched every movement of the other. They had ceased to speak to each other about her, and if her name was mentioned in their presence, both were always observed to color.

The second week after her arrival, thro' the influence of Squire Johnston, the district school was offered to Miss Brown, on the other side of the pond, which offer was accepted and she went immediately to take charge of it. This announcement at first threw something of a damper upon the spirits of the young people of Pond village. But when it was understood that the school would continue but a few weeks, and being but a mile and a half distant, Miss Brown would come home every Saturday afternoon and spend the Sabbath, it was not very difficult to be reconciled to the temporary arrangement. The week wore away heavily, especially to Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. They counted the days impatiently till Saturday, they counted the long and lagging hours till noon. They had both made up their minds that it would be dangerous to wait any longer, and they both resolved not to let another Sabbath pass without making direct proposals to Miss Brown.

Stephen Jones was too early a riser for Charles Robinson, and, in any enterprise where both were concerned was pretty sure to take the lead, except where money could carry the palm, and then, of course, it was always borne away by Charles.—As Miss Lucy had been absent the most of the week, and was to be at home that afternoon, Charles Robinson had made an arrangement with his mother and sister to have a little tea party in the evening for the purpose of inviting Miss Brown; and then, of course, he should walk home with her in the evening; and then, of course, would be a good opportunity to break the ice and make known his feelings and wishes. Stephen Jones, however, was more prompt in his movements. He had got wind of the proposed tea-party, although himself and sisters for obvious reasons had not been invited, and he resolved not to risk the arrival of Miss Brown and her visit to Mr. Robinson's before he should see her. She would dismiss her school at noon and come the distance of a mile and a half round the pond home. His mind was at once made up. He would go round and meet her at the school-house, and accompany her on her walk. There, in that winding road around those delightful waters, with the tall and shady trees overhead, and the wild grapevines twining round their trunks and climbing to the branches, while the wild birds were singing through the woods—surely there could a man bring his mind up to the point of speaking of love.

Accordingly a little before noon, Stephen washed and brushed himself up, and put on his Sunday clothes, and started on his expedition. In order to avoid observation, he took a back route across the field, intending to come into the road up the pond a little out of the village. As ill luck would have it, Charles Robinson had been out in the same direction, and was returning with an armful of green boughs and wild flowers, to ornament the parlor for the evening. He saw Stephen and noticed his dress, and the direction he was going, and he at once smoked the whole business. His first impulse was to rush upon him, and collar him, and demand that he should return back. But when he recollected that in the last scratch he had with Stephen, two or three years before, he had a little the worst of it, and he instinctively stood still, while Stephen passed on without seeing him. It flashed upon his mind at once that the question must now be reduced to a game of speed. If he could by any means gain the school house first, he should feel a good deal of uneasiness for the consequence. Stephen was walking very leisurely, and unconscious that he was in any danger of a competitor on the course, and it was important that his suspicions should not be excited. Charles therefore remained perfectly quiet till Stephen had got a little out of hearing, and then threw down his bushes and flowers and ran to the wharf below with his utmost speed. He had one advantage over Stephen. He was ready at a moment's warning to start on an expedition of this kind, for Sunday clothes were an every day affair with him.

There was a light canoe belonging to his father lying at the wharf, and a couple of stout boys were there fishing. Charles hailed them and told them if they would row him across the pond as quick as they possibly could, he would give them a quarter of a dollar apiece. This in their view was a splendid offer for their services, and they jumped on board with alacrity and manned the oars. Charles took a paddle and stood in the stern to steer the boat and help propel her head. The distance by water was a little less than by land, and although Stephen had considerably the start of him, he believed he should be able to reach the school house first, especially if Stephen should not see him and quicken his pace. In one minute after he arrived at the wharf, the boat was under full way. The boys laid down to the oars with right good will, and Charles put all his strength upon his paddle. They were shooting over the water twice as fast as a man could walk, and Charles already felt sure of his victory. But when they had gone about half a mile, they came in the range of a little opening in the trees on the shore, were the road was exposed to view, and there, at that moment, was Stephen pursuing his easy walk. Charles' heart was in his mouth. Still it was possible Stephen might not see them, for he had not yet looked around.

Lest the sound of the oars might attract his attention, Charles had instantly, on coming in sight, ordered the boys to stop rowing, and he grasped his paddle with breathless anxiety and waited for Stephen again to disappear. But just as he was upon the point of passing behind some trees, where the boat would be out of his sight, Stephen turned his head and looked round. He stopped short, turned square round, and stood for the space of a minute looking steadily at the boat. Then lifting his hand, and shaking his fist resolutely at Charles, as much as to say I understand you, he started into a quick run.

'Now boys,' said Charles, 'buckle to your oars for your lives, and if you get to the shore so I can reach the school-house before Stephen does, I'll give you a half dollar apiece.

This of course added new life to the boys and increased their speed to the boat. Their little canoe flew over the water almost like a bird, carrying a white bone in her mouth, and leaving a long ripple on the glassy wave behind her. Charles' hands trembled, but still he did good execution with his paddle. Athough Stephen upon the run was a very different thing from Stephen at a slow walk, Charles had still strong hopes of winnig the race and gaining his point. He several times caught glimpses of Stephen through the trees, and, as well as he could judge, the boat had a little the best of it. But when they came out into the last opening, where for a little way they had a fair view of each other— Charles thought Stephen ran faster than ever; and although he was now considerably nearer the school house than Stephen was, he still trembled for the result. They were now within fifty rods of the shore, and Charles appealed again to the boys' love of money.

'Now,' said he, 'we have not a minute to spare. If we gain the point, I'll give you a dollar apiece.'

The boys strained every nerve, and Charles' paddle made the water fly like the tail of a wounded shark, Charles urged them again to spring with all their might, and one of the boys making a desperate plunge upon his oar, snapped it in two. The first pull of the other oar headed the boat from land. Charles saw at once that the delay must be fatal, if he depended on the boat to carry him ashore. The water was but three feet deep, and the bottom was sandy. He sprang from the boat, and rushed toward the shore as fast as he was able to press through the water. He flew up the bank, and along the road, till he reached the house. The door was open, but he could see no one within. Several children were at play round the door, who, having seen Charles approach with mouth and eyes wide open, stared at him.

'Were's the school ma'am?' said Charles hastily, to one of the largest boys.

'Why,' said the boy, opening his eyes still wider, 'is any of the folks dead?'

'You little rascal, I say, where's the school ma'am?'

'She jest went down that road, said the boy, 'two or three minutes ago.'

'Was she alone?' said Charles.

'She started alone?' said the boy, 'and a man met her out there a little ways, and turned about and went with her.'

Charles felt that his cake was all dough again, and that he might as well give it up for a bad job, and go home. Stephen Jones and Lucy Brown walked very leisurely home through the woods and Charles and the boys went very leisurely in the boat across the pond. They even stopped by the way and caught a mess of fish, since the boys had thrown their lines into the boat when they started. And when they had reached the wharf, Charles, in order to show that he had been fishing, took a large string of fish in his hand and carried them up to the house. Miss Lucy Brown, on her way home through the woods, had undoubtedly been informed of the tea-party for the evening, to which she was to be invited, and to which Stephen Jones and Susan Jones were not invited; and when Miss Lucy's invitation came, she sent back word that she was ENGAGED.

A GEM.

LIFE.

The leaf that falls in autumn's hour,
The rose that fades upon the stem,
Are emblems of the silent power,
Of time and change o'er us and them;
Yet happier is the rose's fate,
For Spring will other leaves restore,
And Summer will new flowers create
As bright as those which bloomed before.

But when life's morning dreams depart,
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss,
Oh! what shall cheer the lonely heart,
Or soften sorrow's bitterness?
Years will roll on—and time will bring
Its various changes, joys to sadness;
There is no life but one short Spring,
And it can never return again!

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Union Forever."

Let Northern and Southern disunionists give over their mad endeavors to wreck this beautiful and perfect system of government. Let Northern and Southern patriots learn to bear and forbear, and to make allowance for each other's prejudices, for the sake of the common good.—Let them all look forward to the coming age, and contemplating the grand and magnificent picture upon the world's map, which a century hence, will be presented by a united republic, let them declare with an unalterable will, and with one voice,—*We cannot give up the* UNION! Or, if this view of a splendid *future* be a mere appeal to selfishness and pride, then let us think of the *past*, and ask, can *brother's* part in anger, and forever? Surely, if there were nothing else, the bright renown which has been won by a common ancestry upon revolutionary fields, and the inspiring traditions attached to various localities in every section of the Union, in the glory of which all have a part, should prevent us from dreaming of dissolution. Shall the South no longer call the North their country? No, They cannot give up the land of Lexington, Concord, and Saratoga—the land where American Liberty was born in battle and baptized in blood—the land where Bunker Hill rears its venerable front, an eternal monument of the valor and patriotism of freemen. Can we part from the young but mighty West, and look upon that as a foreign land? As well ask the mother if she will yield to strangers her first-born child. The West was the inheritance of Virginia; it has been peopled in part by her gallant sons; side by side, Southern and Northern emigrants have cut down the trees of the forest, made war upon the Indian and his British ally, and together led on the march of civilization till the wilderness "blooms and blossoms like the rose." Or, can the men of the North and West consent to part with the South? Has Virginia no memories that they would desire to share, no glories that they would rejoice to call their own? Let Yorktown answer. Let the peaceful shade of Mount Vernon break the solemn silence. The land that gave birth to Washington—the land that holds his hallowed dust—must ever be a consecrated land in the eyes of all mankind. Upon the tomb of the Father of his Country, as upon some holy altar, the men of the North, the East, the South and the West, should unite their hands, and blending the tears of gratitude, pride, charity and hope, swear eternal fidelity to the American Union.

WATER.

There is no material substance whose transformations are more marvelous, and whose relations are more complex and extensive, than those of water. A recent writer says:

"You take in your hand a hailstone, and it rapidly changes into a transparent fluid, which gradually vanishes, only to re-appear during frosty weather, in dew-drops upon your window, where it resumes in delicate ramifications, its former crystalline solidity. You place another under a bell glass with twice its weight of lime, and it soon melts and disappears, leaving behind it four parts instead of three, of perfectly dry earth. You subject an opal to chemical analysis, and find it but a combination of flint and water, the latter being to the former as one to nine. Of the alum, the carbonate of soda, and the soap which you purchase of your grocer, the first contains forty-five, the second sixty-four, and the third from seventy to seventy-three and a half parts of solidified water. The clay which you plow contains a ton of water to every three tons of soil; nay, the very air which you inhale in ordinary weather, holds diffused throughout every cubic foot of its bulk fully five grains of rarified water, which no more wets the air than the solidified water wets the lime or the alum in which it is absorbed."

If beef steak be strongly pressed between two sheets of blotting paper, it will yield nearly four-fifths of its own weight of water; while the experiments of Berzelius and Dalton prove that of the human frame, not excepting the bones, one-fourth only is solid matter, the rest being water. Dalton found, by experiments on his own person, that five-sixths of the food taken day by day to repair the human frame, is also water. Of potatoes, again no less than seventy-five per cent. is water, and of turnips at least ninety—a fact which, as has been remarked, "explains the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink."

What is a Zouave?

The Zouaves are all French; they are selected from among the old compaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-reliant and complete infantry that Europe can produce. With his graceful dress, soldierly bearing and vigilant attitude, the Zouave at an outpost is the beau ideal of a soldier. They neglect no opportunity of adding to their personal comforts; if there is a stream in the vicinity, the party marching on picket is sure to be amply supplied with fishing rods, &c.; if anything is to be had, the Zouaves are quite certain to obtain it.

A correspondent from the seat of war says: "The movements of the Zouaves are the most light and graceful I have ever seen; the stride is long but the foot seems scarcely to touch the ground, and the march is apparently made without effort or fatigue. The step of the foot rifles is shorter and quicker, and not so easy and graceful.

The impression produced by the appearance of these two corps is very different; the *rifles* look like active, energetic little fellows, who would find their best field as skirmishers; but the Zouaves have, combined with all the activity and energy of the others, that solid ensemble and reckless, dare devil individuality which would render them alike formidable when attacking in mass or in defending a position in the most desperate hand-to-hand encounter. Of all the troops that I have ever seen, I should esteem it the gratest honor to assist in defeating the Zouaves. The grenadiers of the guard are all large men, and a fine looking soldierly set."

Der Dychman's Serenade.

Twas a good zummer's night, un de moon he shone pright,
Un I velt all zo sholly un gay,
Ven I dought I yould go mine avection to show
To a laty zome muzics I'd blay.
Zo I duned up mine vlute, un away I did poot,
To der house vere mine lofe she hangs out,
To der air it did ring mit der zongs vot I zing,
For at least half a mile round apout.
"It'll be a rich dreat to hear musics so sweet,"
Dus I said to minezelf ash I blayed;
"I'll enshant her py tam zooch a tear little lamb
I ne'er saw zince der day I was made."
Put a zash der vas raised un I velt quite amazed
Ash a head vrom der vinder der bops,
Un on dop of mine crown, mit a splash dunbling down,
Came a pucket of vater un shlops.

RUSSIAN BABIES.—It is said that Russian babies look like so many idols with their heads carved out and the rest of the body left in a block. The appearance is caused by their being rolled up tight in bandages, (leaving only the head out,) so that they may be put away out of mischief and danger. On going into a Russian house, you may find one little fellow left on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third hung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot.

"Why, that is a child!" you exclaim, looking close to be sure you are not mistaken;

"Of course; what should it be?" answers the mother.

Yes, sure enough, it is a child, but so dirty that you cannot help asking—"When was it washed?"

"Washed!" shrieks the mother; "washed what, wash a child? You would kill it."

MURDER WILL OUT.—Many of our readers will recollect the circumstances of a man named Power, from Perry county, we believe, having been found dead on the canal at Harrisburg, some years ago, on the morning of the day on which Governor Bigler was inaugurated. The supposition then was that he had been drinking to excess, wandered to the canal, and fell off a bridge or boat on the ice, receiving injuries sufficient to cause death. It now turns out that he was murdered. Last evening we were informed that a murderer, recently executed in California, confessed that he killed Power. After committing the act, he searched the pockets of his victim, obtained about eighty dollars in money, and the same night fled for the West, reaching California in safety, where he was executed. He also confessed having murdered three other persons.