

The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

VOL. XXIV.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1859.

Editor & Proprietor.

NO. 36,

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

If paid in advance, \$1.50
If paid within six months after the time of
publishing, \$2.00
If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00
And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid
after the expiration of the year. No paper dis-
continued until the end of the year subscribed for.
1. All subscriptions are continued until other-
wise ordered, and the paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid except at the option
of the publisher.
2. Returned numbers are never received by us.
All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and
not accounted for. The purpose of the sender,
3. Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions,
must pay up arrears, and send a written or
verbal order to that effect, to the office of pub-
lication in Huntingdon.
4. Giving notice to a postmaster is neither a
legal or a proper notice.
5. After one or more numbers of a new year
have been forwarded, a new year has commenced,
and the paper will not be discontinued until
arrangements are made. See No. 1.
6. The above terms will be rigidly adhered
to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:
Six lines or less, 1 insertion, 2 do. 3 do.
One square, (16 lines), 50 75 1 00
Two (32 ") 1 00 1 50 2 00
Three (48 ") 1 50 2 00 2 50
One square, 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.
Two squares, 5 00 8 00 12 00
Three squares, 8 00 12 00 18 00
Four squares, 12 00 18 00 25 00
do., 15 00 22 00 30 00
do., 22 00 35 00 45 00
Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the
blood, by which the fluid becomes vitiated,
weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it
permeates 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, dis-
ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth
and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and
above all, by the venereal infection. What-
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-
stitution, descending from parents to children
unto the third and fourth generation; 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 malarious 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 cor-
ruption, which renders the blood, depresses
the energies of life, and produces constitu-
tional diseases, not only endures in the
placenta, but they have far less power to with-
stand the attacks of other diseases; conse-
quently, vast numbers perish by disorders
which, though not serious in their nature,
are still rendered fatal by this taint in the
system. Most of the consumption which de-
cimates the human family, has its origin in
this scrofulous taint; and many destruc-
tive 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 marked by this loathsome
infection, and their health is undermined by it.
To cleanse it from the system we must renovate
the blood by an alterative medicine, and in-
vigorize 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 com-
pounded from the most active remedies that
have been discovered for the expurgation of this
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 affec-
tions which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA,
SCALD HEAD, STY, STERNO-MASTOIDITIS,
RHEUMATISM, SYMPLECTIC AND MERCURIAL
DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and,
indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIA-
TED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief
in "scrofula of the blood" is founded in truth,
for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The
particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsapa-
rilla 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,
as 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 organ-
ism, 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 sustained, 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 his American Almanac,
containing certificates of their cures and directions
for their use in the following complaints: Costive-
ness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered
Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid
Function 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 nu-
merous are the cases of its cures, that almost
every section of our country abounds in persons pub-
licly 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 require
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 pro-
duced cures too numerous and too remarkable to
be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 10, 1858.—17.

SELECT POETRY:

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY XENETTE.

A little child stood moaning
In the hour of midnight lone,
And no human ear was listening
To the feebly wailing tone.
The cold keen blast of winter,
With funeral wail swept by,
And the blinding snows fell darkly
Through the murky wintry sky.
Ah! desolate and wretched
Was the drunkard's outcast child,
Driven forth amidst the horrors
Of that night of tempest wild,
Of that babe so fondly cherished!
Once 'neath a parent's eye,
Now laid her down in anguish
Midst the drifting snows to die!
"Papa, papa!" she murmured,
The night is cold and drear,
And I'm freezing, O, I'm freezing!
In the storm and darkness here.
My naked feet are stiffening,
And my little hands grow numb,
Papa, can I not come to thee,
And warm myself at home?"
"Mamma, mamma!" more wildly,
The little sufferer cried,
Forgetting in her anguish,
How her stricken mother died—
"Oh! I take me to your bosom,
And warm me on your breast,
Then lay me down and kiss me
In my little bed to rest!"
Poor child, the sleep that gathers
Thy stiffened eyelids o'er,
Shall know no weary waking
To a life of suffering more.
Sleep on!—the snows may gather
O'er thy cold and pulseless form,
Thou art resting, calmly resting
In the wild dark midnight storm!

A SELECT STORY:

MY FRIEND JOSHUA.

Did you ever see a bashful man, reader?
If you have, you have seen one of the
most awkward, ungainly creatures among
the human bipeds. Now there may be
something very attractive and interesting
in the shrinking timidity of a blushing
girl, though I confess that I have my doubts
in regard to it; but a bashful man, who
erupts him! Though downcast by eye-
doing what he never ought to have done,
and saying what he never intended to say,
he is one of the most pitiable objects in
existence.

To be sure, in these days of brass and
assurance, when everybody thinks himself
as good as his neighbor, and a great deal
better, they are very rare. But still they
are to be met with occasionally, though
they are quickly disappearing, and proba-
bly in a few years there will be no trace of
them left.

My friend, Joshua Wheat, was one of
this unfortunate class of people. I say he
was, for he was wonderfully improved of
late years. But I will not anticipate.

No one could have seen Joshua enter a
room where there was company, especially
ladies, without being aware of this pecu-
liarity of his. He generally either blun-
dered along, looking red and foolish, or
shot hurriedly in, with a white, scuffed
face, hiding himself as soon as possible
from observation behind a door, or in a cor-
ner. If there was a chair or stool any-
where in the room, which was very apt to
be the case, he generally managed to stam-
ble over it, which was not at all calculated
to increase his self-possession, or add to
the grace of his entrance. If a pretty girl
spoke to him, he stammered, and turned
all sorts of colors, looking as frightened
and ashamed as if he had been convicted
of sheep-stealing.

Poor Joshua! There certainly never
was a man who had a higher opinion of the
better part of creation, or was more capa-
ble of appreciating the blessings of matri-
mony; yet he had reached the age of
twenty-eight without being one step near-
er toward realizing them than he was eight
years before.

He had five brothers, but though none
of them had half his good looks or sense
they possessed what he did not, plenty of
assurance, and a tact of showing all they
did know, and were all married and hap-
pily settled in life, while he remained a
forlorn, disconsolate bachelor.

It was not for the want of means to sup-
port a wife, for he had plenty of this world's
goods, a well stocked farm, a nice, new
house, besides some money in the bank.
It certainly was not for want of girls, for
there were scores of them in the town
where he lived, of all sorts and sizes, black
eyes, blue eyes, and grey eyes, and eyes
of no color at all. No Joshua Wheat re-
mained unmarried merely because he had
not the moral courage to look at one of
these in the face and say, "I love you—
will you marry me?"

These words are very simple, and yet to
the uninitiated very easily spoken, and yet I
have known many a man's courage fail
him at the thought of saying them, who
would have rode into the front of the fier-
cest and hottest battle without the shadow
of a fear.

At last all girls of Joshua's acquain-
tance were married to braver, if not better
men. All but one, Mary Dearborn, the
prettiest one among them all, and as good
and sensible as she was pretty. Mary
had plenty of suitors, but she turned a
cold shoulder to them all, she would have
nobody but Joshua Wheat.

Joshua had taken a great shine to Mary
ever since they were children, they used
to go to school together in the little red
schoolhouse on the hill, drawing her on
his little sled, and bringing her apples as
red and shining as her rosy cheeks.

When they grew older, he still exhib-
ited his preference for her, though in a some-
what different manner. Every Sabbath,
after meeting was over, he would post
himself by the church door to escort her
home, and in the evening, arrayed in his
"Sunday's best," he might have been seen
striking a bee's line for Esq. Dearborn's.
About nine o'clock the old folks would go
off to bed leaving Joshua and Mary to-
gether. And there he would sit, looking
straight into the fire, scarcely daring to
move or breathe, with the momentous ques-
tion trembling on the very tip of his tongue
yet never leaving it. No nearer toward
the object of his visit than when he en-
tered.

"Things went on this way a number of
months. But at last an event occurred
which gave Joshua quite a start. A son of
Doctor Hale, the village physician, came
home from college, where he had
graduated. It was said, with considerable
distinction. He was a tall, lank, smooth-
faced fellow, with far more learning than
brams, and more brass than either. He
saw Mary in church the first Sabbath after
his return, and took a great fancy to her,
and commenced paying her considerable
attention.

Young Hale had always been Mary's
particular aversion; she had disliked him
from his boyhood; but she did not scruple
to flirt with him a little, hoping to arouse
Joshua's jealousy, and bring him to the
point.

It seemed to have its effect, for learning
that Mr. Lawrence, one of his neighbors,
a thriving farmer, intended to give a party,
and having obtained an inkling, in some
way, that that collegiate chap, as he termed
his rival, intended to take his Mary, he
went over to Esquire Dearborn's to ask her
himself.

Delighted at the success of her manue-
ver, Mary gave a smiling consent. And
at the appointed time, much to the chag-
rin of the young collegian, who had in-
tended to appropriate her to himself, she
went accompanied by Joshua.

Alarmed at the bare possibility of los-
ing her, Joshua appeared like a new man
and instead of mooping in some corner as
was his wont, not daring to speak to her,
or any one else, he remained by her side
nearly the whole evening, scarcely quit-
ting her side for a moment, and then only
when she requested her to go home.
Mr. Hale, who had viewed Joshua's
attentions to Mary with a jealous eye,
heard the request, and being well aware of
Joshua's blundering propensities, very
maliciously placed a stool directly in his
way.

Pretty soon Joshua came back, and
instead of walking around the stool, as
anybody else would have done, he stum-
bled over it, and sprawling full length up-
on the floor, landed the contents of his
hands, which consisted of a cup of coffee,
and a plate heaped with doughnuts, pump-
kin pie and various other eatables, directly
in Mary's lap.

This unexpected feat produced quite a
sensation. Mary set up a loud scream,
and the rest of the company rushed toward
her to see what was the matter, and it was
some time before order was restored.

When the tumult had, in a measure,
subsided, Mary looked around for the un-
lucky cause of it, but he was nowhere to
be found. Mortified at the ridiculous fig-
ure he cut, and the merriment of those who
witnessed it, he had rushed from the house,
and never stopped his speed until he
had reached his own room and bolted
the door, firmly resolving, as he did so,
that he would never speak or even look at
a girl again, so long as he lived.

Poor Mary was much more annoyed at
Joshua's evident disfigurement, than at the
loss of her dress, which was nearly ruined,
and conceived a stronger dislike than ever
to the collegian, whom she was quite sure
was at the bottom of it all. She resolutely
declined his proffered escort at the close
of the entertainment, going home with one
of her brothers, leaving him the alternative
of attending some other lady, or going
home alone.

Two Sundays passed and Joshua never
came near her, and on Monday following,
Mary put on her bonnet and shawl and
went over to his house for the ostensible
purpose of having a gossip with old Mrs.
Wheat, who lived with her son, but in re-
ality to find what had become of her sen-
sitive lover.

Much to her disappointment, Joshua
was not at home, though she saw a coat-
tail quickly disappear through an opposite
door as she entered the room, which she
shrewdly conjectured to belong to Josh-
ua.

After chatting awhile with the old lady,
with whom she was quite a favorite, Mary
rose to go, saying, as she did so, "that
she guessed she would go across the lot,
as it was much nearer."

She accordingly passed out the back
way. As she was going through the gar-
den she caught a glimpse of Joshua in an
adjoining orchard, walking disconsolately
among the trees, laden with their luscious
fruit, and looking as tho' he hadn't a friend
in the world.

He started and colored as his eyes fell
upon Mary. "Why, Mr. Wheat," she
exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "who
would have thought of seeing you here!
Why, I haven't seen you for an age!—
Have you been sick?"

"—Yes—no—that is, I haven't been very
well lately," stammered poor Joshua,
looking as if he had half a mind to run
away.

"You don't say so. You are looking
pale," said Mary, with an appearance of
great sympathy, glancing mischievously at
his face, which was growing redder every
moment, and which certainly showed
signs of ill health.

"What a beautiful situation you have,"
she resumed, after a pause, looking admi-
ringly around the well cultivated farm—
"There is only one thing wanting to make
you quite comfortable," she added slyly,
"and that is a wife. What in the world
is the reason you don't get married, Josh-
ua?"

"The poor fellow colored up to the tips
of his hair. "I—I really don't know,"
he gasped, "there won't anybody have
me."

"Fiddlestick's end!" was the laughing
rejoinder, "I know better than that!—
There are plenty that would if you would
only take the trouble to ask them. I
know of one, at least," she added in a low
tone.

"No, but really do you?" inquired Josh-
ua, eagerly. "Who can it be?"

This was rather too much, and growing
indignant at either his stupidity or want
of courage to take advantage of the op-
portunity she gave him, she remained si-
lent.

"What a singular looking apple that is
you have in your hand," she remarked at
last, breaking the embarrassing silence that
followed.

"Yes," returned Joshua. "It is a new
kind that I grafted last year, and the only
one that came to perfection. Won't you
have it, Miss Mary?" he added, looking at
her timidly.

"Will I have you, Joshua? Of course
I will," said Mary, with the most innocent
air imaginable.

Joshua was thunderstruck, scarcely dar-
ing to trust his ears. "Are you in earnest,
Mary?" he inquired, looking anxiously
into her face.

"To be sure I am," she returned, laugh-
ing and coloring. "And we will be mar-
ried next Christmas."

Unable to contain himself, Joshua imme-
diately threw his arms around Mary, and
ratified the bargain with a hearty kiss, at
which performance Mary manifested not
the slightest objection or displeasure.

On the following Christmas there was a
merry wedding at Esq. Dearborn's, at
which our friends, Joshua and Mary, were
the chief actors.

And now, the staid, dignified looking
man who walks no church hardly be-
lieved in, and whose awkward
comeliness was well known.

MISCELLANEOUS:

MORAL DIGNITY OF AMERICAN LABOR.

BY STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

It is not a condescending effort of the
high to exalt the low, nor of the peculiar-
ly cultivated to elevate and benefit the less
refined and privileged of men. But it is
a mutual agreement to honor that imper-
ishable element in man which the power
of the Creator has implanted within him,
and to excite and cultivate to the highest
possible degree, by an honorable competi-
tion, the skill and effort of man for the im-
provement and elevation of his present
condition of being—not for the mere attain-
ment of luxurious indulgence, but for the
widest disposal of benefits upon man-
kind; for the utmost amelioration of the
difficulties and enlargement of the advan-
tages which the wisdom of the Creator has
appended to the human station. No ob-
ject beneath the effort to secure and bless
the future immortality of man can be con-
sidered greater or of more importance.

The whole history of the prosperity of our
country, whether general or sectional,
will bear to a demonstration the assertion
that not to soil nor climate, nor sea nor
land, nor zones nor temperatures, nor val-
leys nor mountains, nor rivers, are we in-
debted for the wonderful display of genius
and skill, and industry and resulting wealth
by which our nation has been marked, but
to the elevating influence of Christian ed-
ucation upon youthful minds, and upon the
society in which they have been trained,
dignifying, as the most honorable condition
of man, free labor upon a free soil, making
the cunning artificer a perfect equal to the
eloquent orator, exalting the head that has
humbly bent, through many a toilsome day,
over the bench of industry, to preside with
a dignity which commands united rever-
ence upon the bench of judgment, and
leading the feet that have followed through
many a weary furrow in the field, to stand
on a level with statesmen in the councils
of the nation.

There is that, in all the influences and
promises of this system of heavenly light,
which is precisely adapted to excite man
to stir up the gift that is in him—to make
him feel that he was made to serve no mas-
ter but God—to call him out to the utmost
effort in mental competition, for the im-
provement of his race—to make him deem
himself inferior to no undertaking to which
the line of his manifest right and duty shall
lead him—to give him patience in effort,
coolness in judgment, skill in discernment
and determination in execution—the ele-
ments of indubitable and certain success;
and whether the wilderness blossoms like
the rose under his skill in agriculture, or
the works of his hands seem almost to
live, and speak, and act, in the beauty of
his mechanical invention, Christianity
honors his effort, and commands men to
honor and protect the claims which it origi-
nates. It prepares a state of public mind
which smiles encouragingly upon his at-
tainments and productions, and which con-

fesses the honor which the whole commu-
nity justly feels in having in its bosom,
and cherishing as its own, individuals who
have so distinguished themselves and their
race.

This moral dignity of labor is purely an
American scheme and thought. It has
marked our country's history from the ear-
liest periods of its colonial establishment;
not one arising from the first struggling
condition of its original settlers, than from
the very principles with which they emi-
grated, and upon which they determined
to erect the empire which they founded.
It is, undoubtedly, true that labor was at
first the necessity of their being. Hands
and arms that had never toiled before were
required to toil unceasingly upon the rug-
ged shores which were selected as their
home. And, in this very fact, a dignity
was given to human industry which had
never been before connected with it in
modern times. The Winthrop, and John-
sons, and Endicots, of that day, would
have dignified any station in life. And
when they were seen hewing out their fu-
ture independence from the wilderness,
and rearing their partial but honorable sub-
sistence from a sterile and unwilling soil,
never had the axe glittered with such light
nor the plow moved with such majesty be-
fore.

Within the recollection of our oldest
citizens, instances were not unfrequent
where our most eminent men considered it
no degradation to discharge with their own
hands, if occasion required it, services usu-
ally esteemed menial in the extreme—the
grooming horses and blacking boots, not
only for themselves, but for their guests.
No station could exalt men who would vol-
untarily and cheerfully do this; and boot-
blacking, in their hands, rose to a dignity
which in this country, luxurious idleness,
though chartered in wealth, can never con-
tivate, an honor was affixed to labor, and
in the general feeling of the people there
was transmitted a moral dignity as connect-
ed with industry, even in the lowest shapes
in which the needs of men required it,
which should be cherished by the present
generation and made perpetual in the fu-
ture.

The extreme difference between this
general feeling, and the whole moral con-
dition of the Eastern continent, is a very
remarkable fact. Throughout monarchical
Europe the permanent distinctions of caste
and classes, men's human mind, not to the
noble ambition of individual thought. Agri-
culture in the hands of a peasantry who
must live and die in the rude hamlet in
which they were born, whose ignorance
must never be enlightened beyond the
clumsy implements of culture which their
forefathers have used, who must feel them-
selves marked out as the mere tolerated
denizens of a soil which can never be their
own, whose fare is of the coarsest and
meanest provision, which can sustain the
life of man, and the average wages of
whose labor is, in Austria, less than one-
seventh, in France, less than one-third, and
even in England, less than one-half of the
average of agricultural wages among the
freemen of America. Attempts to rise
above this state, to attain a position in the
which man may have his honor as a man,
and exercise a better influence upon the
destiny of his own family, or his fellow-cit-
izens, far from being considered a virtue
which is to be encouraged, or a right which
is to be acknowledged, is a crime for which
men are to be shot.

One beneficent operation of the French
Revolution, in the midst of all the horrors
of its spirit and its march, has been to break
up this system of servile peasantry, and to
multiply indefinitely the owners of the
soil. But even in the agriculture of France
the mildest of the past is still thickly coat-
ed upon the efforts and hopes of the present;
and the minds of men cramped in
infancy like the feet of Chinese women,
by an unnatural and detestable pressure
from without, are feeble and slow in all
attempts to run into a new path, however
attractive and promising.

In mechanical labor and skill, the ab-
sence of all honor as an habitual attendant
is in Europe equally manifest. It is known
that luxury purchases often at a great price
the beautiful results of handicraft and
skill. It is known that individuals of bold-
ness and energy—those irrepresible spir-
its whose elasticity no bounds can limit—
have occasionally forced their way through
all this downward pressure, and have
compelled an acknowledgment of their
greatness and a respect for their mighty de-
velopments of mental and moral power,
from those titled tribes who habitually fan-
gled their interest to be in widening the
gulf of their separation, and insulating their
own condition as completely as possible.
But what are these among so many? Their
class are tradesmen and tradespeople still.
And the habitual fact in their history is not
only no encouragement to rise, but great
discouragement and jealousy of their possi-
ble ability to break the shell of caste,
whose accumulated scales ages have riveted
upon them.

I stood the other day by the bench of an
English mechanic, whose remarkable skill
I was admiring, and the genius of whose
youthful son in his work I was noticing,
when the father took from the drawer some
beautiful crayon and pencil sketches, that
this working boy had made. "Ah! sir,"
said the father, "this is America. My boy
was taught all this for nothing, at your pub-
lic school. Had I stayed at home, he would
have lived and died unnoticed at the bench.
Here he may take a stand and be honored
and encouraged." Yes, and this is but
one of the multitude of illustrations which
a knowledge of facts would bring out, of
the encouragement which American free-

dom gives to innate talent.

I knew a poor English carpenter, who,
with the utmost difficulty gathered the
needful bread for his family. His child-
ren were in the public school of a neigh-
boring city. His eldest son having no
chance of education before, had hold of his
opportunity greedily, passed with honor
through all the stages of public education,
at the public expense, and on his graduat-
ing at the summit of the career of the ci-
ty's provision, was immediately appointed
teacher and a professor of ancient langua-
ges in one of the highest institutions, and
honored the more for the industry which
had made him, from neglected poverty,
what he is. This is America. That boy
might have lived and died a beggar in the
streets of London, and no titled man have
taken him by the hand to bring out, in an
elevating education, the noble powers his
Creator had implanted within him.

Let a man make a tour of the single
State of Connecticut, with no other knowl-
edge or observation upon this subject than
that which belongs to every intelligent
American, he will never forget the impres-
sion of dignity, beauty and power which
will be made upon his mind. From the
leading of a pin to the hammering of granite,
from the polishing of the brass button to
the beating of the brazen kettle, from the
India rubber suspender to the variegated
and beautiful Brussels carpet, in every
possible variety and shape, and beauty
of machinery, and upon every little rocky
rivulet, from the immense brick or stone
edifice of many stories to the rude shed of
pine boards in the woods, upon the margin
of the hidden stream, he will see the effects
of the American system, honoring,
dignifying, prospering and protecting
American labor and American skill.

Human talent, industry, wisdom, and
skill, under the favoring blessing of Heav-
en, must now go forth to sow and to gather
in the harvest of the earth. We are
teaching lessons of political economy which
the world has never heard before. It is a
noble dispensation for our country. Other
nations may see us, but not with the vines
or olives of Italy or France, nor with the
oranges and grapes of Spain and Portugal,
nor even the rich and glowing verdure,
and the teeming harvests, of England and
Lowland Scotland. The magnificence of
their time honored architecture we have
not attained. And yet there are intelli-

gences of the grandeur and glory of Euro-
pean display. They see that we have a
people flourishing and prosperous beyond
comparison; but we have no rabble but
that which their own degradation has
thrown upon our shores. It is the province
of America to build, not palaces, but
men; to exalt, not titled stations, but
general humanity; to dignify, not idle repose,
but assiduous industry; to elevate, not the
few, but the many; and to make herself
known, not so much in individuals, as in
herself; spreading to the highest possible
level, but striving to keep it level still, uni-
versal education, prosperity and honor.

The great element of this whole plan of
effort and instruction is the moral relative
dignity of labor—an element which we are
to exalt in public estimation in the highest
possible degree, and transmit to our fami-
lies and to posterity, as the true greatness
of the country and the world. We are to
look at this enlarging elevation of the
working-classes of men—a fact which may
be considered the main index of our age—
as a difficulty to be limited, but as an
attainment in which we greatly rejoice.

And if our heraldry is in the hammer, and
the axe, and the awl, and the needle, we
are to feel it a far higher honor than, if in
their place, we could have dragons and
helms, and cross bones and skulls. Our
country's greatness is to be the result, not
of foreign war, but of domestic peace; not
of the plunder of the weak, but of the fair
and even principles of a just commerce, a
thriving agriculture, and beautiful and in-
dustrious art.

Let us glory in everything that indicates
this fact, as an index also of our desire
for renown. This great lesson—honor to
the working classes, in the proportion of
their industry and merit—the world will
yet completely learn. And when the
great exalting, leveling system of Christi-
anity gains its universal reign, mountains
will be brought down and valleys will
be filled; a highway shall be made for
human prosperity and peace—for the eleva-
tion, and dignity, and security of man—
over which no oppressor's foot shall pass;
the poorest of the sons of Adam shall
dwell unmolested and fearless beneath his
own vine and fig tree; the united families
of earth shall all compete to acquire and
encourage the arts of peace; nation shall
not rise up against nation, and men shall
learn war no more.

Matrimonial Philoposities.
When Mr. Smuggins married, he had
fondly hoped to insure domestic bliss—
Three months after that important event,
he expressed his conviction, with savage
earnestness, to Mrs. Smuggins—that he
hadn't it. He had expected nothing (vide
an ancient volume), he might have been a
blessed individual; as it was a wofully dis-
appointed one.

Mrs. Smuggins quietly delivered a simi-
lar opinion respecting herself, and went on
with her knitting with an aggravating
calmness.

Mrs. Smuggins walked about the room
evidently under the impression that the
law for assault and battery was both un-
hallowed and uncondemned.
Suddenly she stopped. "Mrs. Smuggins
—Mrs. Smuggins!" he roared, as he re-