

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## IS IT COME!

The following is the poem that attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and induced him to make a present of £100 to the authoress, Miss Frances Brown—*Edinburgh Ladies' Own*.  
Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile,  
Who looked for the world's long promised day,  
And saw but the strife of Egypt's soil,  
With the desert's sand and the granite grey,  
From the pyramid, temple and treasure dead,  
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;  
They tell of the slave and the tyrant's deed—  
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his stary lore,  
That built up Babylon's crown and creed;  
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris shore  
With signs which our sages scarce can read,  
From Nimus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower  
The rule of the old East's empire spread  
Unreeling fate and unquestioned power—  
But still, is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame,  
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;  
And once on the west a sunrise came,  
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true!  
With dreams to the utmost ages dead,  
With human gods and with godlike men;  
No marvel the far-off day seemed near,  
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered and revealed, too,  
Till honor and faith and power were gone;  
And deeper old Europa's darkness grew,  
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on,  
The gown was learning, the sword was law,  
The people served in the oxen's stead,  
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,  
And evermore, is it come? they said.

Post and Sear that question caught  
Above the din of life's fears and frets;  
It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,  
Thro' schools and creeds which the earth forgets,  
And stealer's trade and priest's device,  
And trader's barter our world away;  
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
And still, at times, is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace  
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;  
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—  
The age is weary with work and gold;  
And high hopes wither and memories wane—  
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;  
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;  
And this is all that our Watcher said.

## THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.

By THOMAS HEB BRADLEY.  
My readers, there is nothing more delightful than visiting a pretty, bright-eyed woman, on a pretty, stary night. I can tell you, a pretty woman is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* A man in the presence of a lovely lady should graciously thank Providence for His benignity in creating her. The Rezen of the universe arranged all those beautiful curls on that peerly neck, all that might be attractive and pleasant unto man. Those rare lips and that snowy brow, and those heavenly eyes, and that swelling bosom were granted to her to render her a suitable partner for us. In our visits to her, then, let us remember it, and bow obedient to the shrine of her beauty.

Of course, every gentleman more or less frequently visits the ladies. Not to do so argues him unqualified for the balmy atmosphere of a lady's parlor, and unsuited for the sweetest pleasure of this short existence. The man who has no friends among the women is in a sad position. Than to be such a man, I would prefer to be suspended by a hair over the cliffs of Dover, or navigating the Arctic Ocean in a canoe. Even animals are sociable: pigs confabulate, and swine are capable of sustaining a conversation. Elephants visit each other, and alligators enjoy evening entertainments. Horses indeed have an established code of etiquette in their chit-chats. In fact, I once knew a silly beast who associated (by accident purely) with refined horse-company until he imagined himself an excellent riding animal, and full of spirit. The consequence was, he rendered himself ridiculous on all occasions by his intolerable vanity and abominable attempts at the imitation of his superiors.

If fondness for company is thus true of the lower animals, how much more true of man.—The great question to be considered then, is how to render society and even a single visit pleasant and profitable. In the first place, it is generally conceded that no one should be present at any entertainment, public or private, or visit any fair lady, or in any manner whatsoever protrude himself upon genteel company, who cannot contribute his share to the interest of the occasion. Such a rule excludes boys with shirt-collars three inches high, and skull six inches thick; it demolishes dandies, and depopulates the whole tribe of speckle-faced nihilities. It gives decent men a chance, and consigns to their merited oblivion all red-eyed boobies. Such a rule works cogently, and is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* It should be generally adopted in this benighted country. The dominion of boydom would be over; it would breathe its last sigh gently as a sick hen. Misses in their factitious teens would no more snicker and blush even to their eye-brows at the compliments and stupid flatteries of some sentimental, kid-gloved, book-nosed little gallant. Their flounces and furbelows would infest a ball-room or private party no more; satinetts, and jacobets, and bobinets would net no more minnows; I say minnows, for trout don't bite at small baits. They are sensible fish, and know how to appreciate a good thing.

Such a rule, if adopted, would accomplish another great desideratum in all goodly society. It would destroy with a keen and withering frost those rare exotics which silently bloom in their quiet simplicity. I refer to the species wall-flowers. Now they are indeed placid plants, quite content to waste their sweetness upon the desert air, but they always

need some other soil than the one they at the time occupy. In fact, to speak the literal truth, women or men stuck up against the wall, with an awful smile of affected contentment, puckering their lips, are fearful to look at. To be thrown within the sphere of their influence is not a good thing—it's a devilish bad thing—*malum ovum!* Methinks it is like a visit from Boreas, or a search after Sir John Franklin—quite cold and uncomfortable. It robs a man of his hilarity, divests him of his conviviality, and deposits upon his countenance an awful expression of stupidity. May Heaven have mercy upon all who may hereafter in a gay saloon be thus afflicted, and alleviate their calamity, as far as the circumstances of the case will permit—which is small—devilish small. Unto wall-flowers themselves, of what-  
ever sex, Abdullah would politely but positively and ingeniously suggest a course of conduct. My dear friend, remain at home, and, folding your arms quietly, gaze at the family clock. It is a good thing, for it keeps time, *bonum ovum!* and will serve to occupy your rather vacant understandings. There you may snooze till long hours away in uninter-  
rupted sleep, and no one can molest you or make you *malum ovum!*

To enjoy where only one lady will be visible in the room, one must eschew all companions, and alone. However congenial and friendly you may be out of the lady's society, in her insensibly become rivals, and one of the most temporarily yields his claims. They at each other, and endure is human nature, but human nature chuckling at his all the time. A man look at a beautiful woman showering favors upon another man, displaying her preferences for him by the gaze of her dark orbs, and not become excited. In fact, to be in company with a woman, who smiles upon your comely face, and is indifferent to you, is not a good thing—*malum ovum!* It is a bad thing—a free sweep, fine sweep, fine sweep, the moon, the stars, and the muses, yours are quite at his service. Sun, too, is obedient, and the various Gods will come at his call. Homer, Virgil, and Milton and the old English and John sympathize with the sorrows. He can depict with magnificent effects, or de-  
pict of poor Edgar Poe. To be his death easily make a fool of himself, can very try, if he be capable, confer in con-  
trast upon the fair lady. If he be a gen-  
tleman, he can unbury the often, Cas-  
poleon, or that huge tyrant Cassin, Na-  
labor Arnold and eulogize Washington  
spread himself upon the American  
wave the banner of the Union in the  
Montezumas. If he be sensible of  
is the history of Mary, Queen of  
rich in its details and entirely new,  
more affecting tragedy of Barbara A.  
murdered in cold blood a gallant you  
Jimmy Groves, Esq., A. M. The clasp  
interest the lady with a discourse upon  
and Brussels lace, or may complement  
to our commercial emporium. The lady  
may expatiate upon the importance of  
the physician upon his last patient, but  
the poor devil of a school-teacher upon  
flogging last administered to some hope-  
ful pupil upon October's ruddy sky. *Bonum ovum!*  
alone, removes all fetters, banishes all  
cessary restraint, and renders one decid-  
edly comfortable. To do so is a good thing—  
it is a good thing—*malum ovum!*

In visiting, one frequently encounters  
and more unattractive visitors,  
casual young ladies. On such occasions the  
gentleman should obsequiously bow to their  
superior wisdom and wit. It is not a sup-  
portable case that a man of twenty-five or thirty  
could have more experience or real sense  
than a young lady of seventeen, wise in her  
youthfulness, and sapient in her remarks. Such  
an idea would be an absurdity—*malum ovum!*  
Consequently all sagacious Misses should  
neglect no opportunity of attacking all dignified  
gentleman with antique *bon-mots* and conceit-  
ed good things. All gentlemen should waive  
their dignity and spare the lady's feelings by  
the appearance of surpassing humility and ab-  
solute awe.

In visiting, conversation should be sustain-  
ed, though pauses are often agreeable. Some  
men imagine they must pour forth a stream  
of words, otherwise they will be pronounced  
dull and uninteresting. Sensible women do not  
so think. On the contrary, they rather like  
pauses. Thus they have opportunity for  
reflection, and time to analyze their own  
emotions and the remarks of their visitors.  
Such pauses, however, must not be rendered  
stupid. A calm negligence air should be  
visible in the faces of all present, and  
whoever resumes the conversation should  
do it with grace and elegance. I have  
known fools to attempt it, and they  
made a poor thing of it—a devilish poor  
thing—*malum ovum!*

In calling upon a bride, ceremony must  
be observed. If the visitor calls alone, he  
must not omit presenting his card in a  
proper manner. If there be several  
visitors, the bride must be honored with  
the card of each. Some little sugges-  
tions, too, should be made to the  
servant about the delivery of the cards. He

should be instructed to approach the bride  
differentially, handing her the cards one by  
one, and making his salaam, or bow, with the  
delivery of each. As soon as the visitors enter  
they should seat themselves with mathemat-  
ical precision, and permit a stately pause to  
ensue. In the interesting interim the gen-  
tlemen might ruminare on matrimony, and the  
charms of a honey-moon. After suitable  
silence, the oldest and most voluble gen-  
tleman present should disturb the stillness with  
sagacious observations on wedlock, and particu-  
larly on her marriage. He should conclude his  
discourse with something jocular, at which his  
companions should simultaneously snicker.  
A graceful calmness being thus obtained, a  
conversation may become general, and the  
weather especially may be discussed. After  
an interesting hour thus spent, they can ap-  
propriately retire with suitable obeisances  
and complacent chuckles. To call on a bride  
in this manner is a good thing—a devilish  
good thing—*bonum ovum!* There is nothing  
ridiculous or ceremonious or silly in such a  
proceeding, and it is well calculated to win  
the bride's favor, if she should be an intel-  
lectual lady. Especially will the matter of the cards  
conciliate her. It is an enormous insult to  
call upon a lady without a card. In some of  
the States it is a penitentiary offence. Dr.  
Samuel Johnson, were he alive, could not be  
permitted to eschew the card custom. We  
might indulge the ponderous lexicographer in  
many of his whims; but we would bind him  
to the laws of etiquette. The old horse might  
kick, but we would curb him. Edward Pinkney,  
however, and Henry Clay, I have been in-  
formed, ventured to call upon some of their  
lady-acquaintances without cards, and suffered,  
I was told, in consequence of the enormity,  
no diminution whatever of political renown  
or legal reputation. My informant, however,  
was a great liar, and I did not credit him.  
It certainly must have been a lie—*malum ovum!*

Upon the introduction of a stranger great  
attention should be bestowed. In the first  
place, the name of the lady, and his own,  
should be pronounced by the introducer in  
a soft tone, so that neither of them can  
possibly hear the name given. This will  
produce a magnificent awkwardness, highly  
entertaining when the stranger addresses a  
remark to the lady.

It is customary with us, but neverthe-  
less wrong, for strangers to be introduced by  
their gentleman acquaintances. One of the  
parents, or some one of the lady's relations  
is the proper person to bestow an introduc-  
tion upon a stranger. Then the ceremony  
becomes pleasant to him, and he feels at  
once recognized by authority as an estimable  
acquaintance. But custom has established a  
pell-mell introduction in this progressive  
republic. So we must make the best of it  
as it is, and although we oppose, we must  
assert it to be a good thing—*bonum ovum!*  
As soon as our friend makes the  
acquaintance, through our instrumentality,  
of the fair lady, we should at once rest  
content with our efforts, and throw the  
gentleman on his own responsibility. If he  
blushes, and is still as the blessed calmness  
of a summer eve, let him thus remain. If he  
become restless and perturbed, by no means  
throw out any intemperate remark calculated  
to soothe his indignant spirit. Offer no  
suggestion, ask no question, the physician  
upon his last patient, but let him repose  
in his enviable quietude. Careful mean-  
while that a placid smile flogging last  
administered to some hopeful pupil upon  
October's ruddy sky. *Bonum ovum!*  
alone, removes all fetters, banishes all  
cessary restraint, and renders one decid-  
edly comfortable. To do so is a good thing—  
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Occasionally, however, innocent  
gentlemen, out of sheer condescension  
and more unattractive visitors,  
casual young ladies. On such occasions the  
gentleman should obsequiously bow to their  
superior wisdom and wit. It is not a sup-  
portable case that a man of twenty-five or thirty  
could have more experience or real sense  
than a young lady of seventeen, wise in her  
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of such a general interest at such a time is a  
good thing—*bonum ovum!*

If one be particularly interested in any young  
lady present in general company, American  
etiquette explicitly demands that one should  
give unequivocal demonstrations of the fact.  
The lover must cling, like the clam to a rock,  
unto the side of his beloved. If the young  
lady flinches, and intimates in any manner her  
annoyance, he must not be abashed. Faint  
heart never won fair lady, and it is exceed-  
ingly sensible to woo her in the presence of oth-  
ers. *Bonum ovum!*

Ladies should always make the proper  
distinction in regard to their visitors. The  
hopeful acion of the aristocracy of wealth  
should be treated with more deference than the  
intellectual poor gentleman. However elegant  
and agreeable the latter may be, to the former  
must be accorded all the glory of the visit.  
He has been nurtured in affluence and bred  
to luxury; and though noble thoughts have  
never petitioned for entrance within his  
cranium, he must be placed on the eminence  
of superiority. This, etiquette peremptorily  
urges and custom sanctions. Intellect  
becomes ignominious when compared to gold;  
for the last hath carriages, and carpets, and  
curtains of exquisite device, and ladies love  
them all.—All hail to men of pecuniary  
resources! but may the devil take all poor  
fools who are at the same time intellectual  
and proud. To be a poor visitor is not a  
good thing—it is a devilish bad thing—  
*malum ovum!*

## INCREASE OF ROMANISM.

Archbishop Hughes recently delivered a  
lecture before the Young Catholic Friends'  
Society, in Baltimore, a digest of which we  
find in the New Bedford Mercury. According  
to this prelate, people have indulged in  
speculations upon the power and endurance  
of the Catholic Church in the United States,  
never having been, before the Declaration of  
Independence, connected with any govern-  
ment, except as its favorite or its foe. The  
Archbishop derives the Catholics in the U. S.  
from three sources—the primitive stock of  
the Maryland colony, immigration and con-  
version. In the year 1785, John Carroll, a  
Jesuit, was appointed by the Holy See as  
Superior of the clergy in this country. In  
Maryland, at that date, there were between  
sixteen and twenty thousand Catholics; in  
Pennsylvania eight thousand; in New York  
there were two hundred. "These," he says,  
"are the three sources from which, as I will  
name them, the native, hereditary and  
American Catholics are to be derived." At  
that date, 1785, there were four Catholic  
churches in the States, but no Catholic  
schools, colleges, hospitals or orphan  
asylums. From subsequent accessions of  
territory, the Archbishop does not consider  
that we have gained many original Catholics.  
Next comes immigration, and this, according  
to the lecturer, has been too highly rated.  
Up to the year 1825, the immigration from  
the British Empire amounts to a little over  
300,000, but the tide of Catholic immigrants  
did not set in towards this country till after  
the close of the revolutionary war, and a  
great part of this even was Protestant, that  
is, the north country people, who settled in  
New Jersey and Western Pennsylvania. From  
the year 1825 to the year 1850, a period of  
twenty-five years, there arrived from Great  
Britain and Ireland, 1,453,325 immigrants,  
and from the year 1850 to 1856, in the city  
of New York alone 1,319,236 immigrants,  
and in all from these countries, since 1790,  
we may call the immigration about 8,250,000.  
For the last fifteen years, the Archbishop  
considers that four-fifths of the immigration  
has been Catholic, and that one of three  
of the immigrants die soon after their  
arrival, as they are especially exposed to  
the accidents of life, to sickness, hardship  
of every kind, and toilsome poverty. Hun-  
dreds of thousands of the descendants of the  
Catholic immigrants, have fallen away from  
their religion, but it is equally true that they  
hardly added anything to any other denomina-  
tion of Christians.

By the census of 1850 there were in the  
United States 19,553,065 white inhabitants,  
of whom 2,240,535 were of foreign birth. With  
the exception of 950,000, which was the num-  
ber of Irish according to the census, the re-  
mainder of those of foreign birth came from  
Sweden, Norway, the German States, Great  
Britain, &c., mostly Protestants according to  
the lecturer. By the closest examination, and  
arranging the results according to the best  
ascertained authority within reach, it follows  
as an approximate calculation that at the  
present day there are in the United States,  
say, eleven hundred thousand (1,100,000) Catholics  
born in foreign lands; over eight hundred  
thousand Irish and three hundred thousand  
Germans, because of the German immigration  
there are two Protestants for one Catholic.  
Now, we find according to the Catholic Almanac  
for 1856, that the Catholic population of the  
United States is 2,397,500, eleven hundred  
thousand foreign born Catholics, and the bal-  
ance, twelve hundred and ninety-seven thou-  
sand five hundred, must be of the primitive  
stock or have been acquired. Conversion, then,  
must be taken as one of the chief means to  
which we may attribute the increase of the  
Catholic Church. We have already given the  
total Catholic population; the number of priests  
in 1785 was 23; now there are 1761 priests; at

that time there was no archbishop or bishop;  
now there are seven of the former, and thirty-  
five of the latter; from four churches there  
are now 1910 churches, and 895 stations for  
worship; also 37 seminaries to train up youth,  
24 colleges, and 130 female academies. Such  
are the last estimates, given briefly, of one  
of the most noted Catholic dignitaries in the  
country; he looks on the prospect of the Cath-  
olic Church as good; it will increase by the  
medium of native born Catholics in this coun-  
try; immigration will probably diminish, but  
the principles of their fathers will be contin-  
ued in their children. The lecturer then cites  
the little republic of San Marino as an instance  
of a republic which, though it is Catholic, has  
yet retained its independence for a period of  
1400 years, and closes with the remark, "It  
should be that the Catholic religion desires no  
more light than she possesses; no more liberty  
and laws, by which this country has made  
such astonishing progress, leaving religion to  
take care of its own concerns—every denomina-  
tion managing its affairs in its own way." If  
the archbishop would induce his followers  
to live up to this golden rule, let "religion  
take care of its own concerns," and not inter-  
fere with other affairs not concerning it,  
especially those of politics, we might all get  
on comfortably. But the precepts of the ex-  
pectant Cardinal differ from his practice, and  
therein consists all the difficulty.

USE OF A NOSE.—A good story is told of  
Mozart, at the time he was pupil of Haydn.  
The latter challenged his pupil to compose a  
piece of music which he could not play at  
sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a  
fashionable supper was to be the forfeit. Every  
thing being arranged between the two com-  
posers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of  
paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece  
of music, and much to the surprise of Haydn,  
handed it to him, saying:  
"There is a piece of music, sir, which you  
cannot play, and I can; you are to give the first  
trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the vision-  
ary presumption of his pupil, and placing the  
notes before him, struck the keys of the in-  
strument. Surprised at its simplicity, he  
dashed away until he reached the middle of  
the piece, when stopping all at once, he ex-  
claimed:  
"How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here  
my hands are stretched out to both ends of  
the piano, and yet there is a middle key to be  
touched. Nobody can play such music—not  
even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation  
and perplexity of the great master, and  
taking the seat he had quitted, struck the in-  
strument with such an air of self assurance  
that Haydn began to think himself duped.—  
Running along the simple passages he came  
to that part which his teacher had pronounced  
impossible to be played. Mozart as every-  
body is aware, was favored, or at least endow-  
ed with an extremely long nose, which, in  
modern dialect, stuck out about a foot. Re-  
aching the difficult passage he stretched both  
hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and  
leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the  
middle key, which nobody could play.

Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laugh-  
ter, and after acknowledging the 'corn,' de-  
clared that nature had endowed Mozart with a  
capacity for music, which he had never before  
discovered.

A Parson Looking for Sheep.—A preacher  
was travelling in one of the back settlements,  
and stopped at a cabin, where an old lady re-  
ceived him very kindly. After setting provi-  
sions before him, she began to question him:  
"Stranger, where might you be from?"  
"I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky."—  
"Wall stranger, hope no offence, but what  
mought you be a do'in way up here?"  
"Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of Israel."  
John, John, shouted the old lady, come  
here this mornin; here's a stranger all the way  
from Shelby county, Kentucky, a hunting  
staked, and I'll jest bet my Gizard that tangled  
haired old black ram, that's bin in our lot all  
last week is one of his'n."

A NICE BEFELOW.—Wall, stranger," said  
a backwoodsman to a man whom the landlord  
of the hotel both were stopping at, had detail-  
ed to sleep with him—Wall, stranger, I've no  
objection to your sleeping with me, none in  
the least, but it seems to me the bed's rather  
narrow for you to sleep comfortable, consid-  
ering how I dream. You see I am an old  
trapper, and generally dream of shootin' and  
scalpin' Indians. Where I stopped night afore  
last they charged me five dollars extra, cause I  
happened to whittle up the headboard in the  
night. But you can come, stranger, if you like—I  
feel kinder peaceable now.

CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent  
physician says:  
"If I were seriously ill of consumption, I  
would live out of doors day and night, except  
in rainy weather or mid-winter; then I would  
sleep in an unplastered, log house. He says  
that consumptives want air, not physic—pure  
air, not medicated air—plenty of meat and  
bread. "Physic has no nutriment, gasping  
for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a  
gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants  
cannot cure you."

## NOT ASHAMED OF RELIGION.

In one of Hannah More's fascinating letters,  
contained in her Memoirs, she gives her sister  
an account of an interview she had recently  
held with the Turkish Ambassador to Great  
Britain, on the subject of Mohomedanism.—  
Pointing to some nobleman in the room, the  
ambassador said, "I do not know how these  
lords do, but I am not ashamed to own that I  
retire five times a day to offer prayer and ob-  
lation." How this fact may strike the reader  
is not for the writer to know; but he felt on  
reading it half ashamed of some Christians  
whom he has known to conceal their character  
when they ought to have avowed it, and whol-  
ly ashamed of himself that he has been so  
much like them.

Why should it be so? Why should it hap-  
pen that we should sometimes in early morn-  
ing enjoy sweet communion with Christ in the  
closet or at the family altar, and before night  
feel unwilling that persons of the world, with  
whom we have casually come into contact,  
should know that we profess to be Christians?  
Is it, indeed, true that we can ever hesitate to  
believe in the infinite excellence of Christ, or  
to set a proper estimate on the blessings we  
have received from him? It was not so al-  
ways. There was a period when we first dis-  
covered the preciousness of Jesus and his  
mercy, when we at once aimed

"To tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Savior we had found."  
Were not those happy days, and did we not  
feel we had a blessed employment? And now  
that we have received his favors for many  
months, or even for many years, why hesitate  
to avow his cause, or to make known the rich-  
ness of his mercy? Would it not be well to re-  
turn to our former feelings and practice, for  
assuredly it was better for us then than now.  
Christian zeal should increase the nearer we  
advance to heaven, instead of declining. Let  
us not, dear reader, be ashamed of Christ, lest  
he be ashamed of us.—*Watchmen and Ex.*

I HAVE NO TIME TO READ.—The idea about  
the want of time is a mere phantasm. Frank-  
lin found time in the midst of all his labors to  
divo into the hidden recesses of all his philoso-  
phy, and explore the untrodden path of sci-  
ence. The great Frederick, with an empire at  
his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve  
of battles which were to decide the fate of his  
kingdom, found time to revel in the charms of  
philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Bonaparte,  
with all Europe at his disposal, and a  
world trembling before him, with kings in his  
ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones, with  
thousands of men whose destinies were sus-  
pended by the brittle thread of his arbitrary  
pleasure, had time to converse with books.  
Caesar, when he had curbed the spirits of the  
Roman people, and was thronged with visitors  
from the remotest kingdoms, found time for  
intellectual conversation. Every man has  
time; if he is careful to improve it as well as  
he might, he can reap a three-fold reward.—  
Let mechanics make use of the hours of their  
disposal, if they want to obtain a prefer-  
ence in society. They can, if they will, hold  
in their hands the destinies of our Republic;  
they are numerous, respectable and powerful;  
and they have only to make the effort and we  
see them qualified to frame laws for the nation.

A few days since, says an exchange, a lovely  
little child of four summers was buried in  
this town. On leaving the house of his  
parents, the clergyman plucked up by the roots  
a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it  
with him to the grave. After the little em-  
bryo of humanity had been deposited in the  
grave, the clergyman holding up the plant in  
his hand said:—  
"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower which  
I plucked from the garden we have just left.  
By taking it from its parent home, it has with-  
ered; but I here plant it in the head of this  
grave and it will soon revive and flourish. So  
with the little flower we have just planted in  
the grave. It has been plucked from its na-  
tive garden, and has withered, but it is trans-  
planted into the garden of Immortality, where  
it will revive and flourish in immortality, glory  
and beauty."

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—A schoolboy, about  
ten years of age, approaches the master with a  
bold front and self-confident air; and the fol-  
lowing dialogue ensued.  
Boy—May I be dismissed, sir?  
Mr. Birch, scowling—What reason have you  
for making the request, Thomas?  
Boy—I want to take out my woman a sleigh-  
ing, sir.  
Mr. Birch—Take your seat!

TRIED MEN.—In reply to another paper,  
which recommends that the candidates for  
office should be men of "tried integrity," the  
Albany Knickerbocker says:—"This is being  
done in this county. One of the candidates  
for the Assembly has been 'tried' four times  
three times for swindling and once for bigamy.  
There is every prospect that we shall have  
some tried men in our Common Council ere  
long."

"Sonny, what are wages here?" "Don't  
know." "What does your father get on Sat-  
urday night?" "Tight as a brick."  
The Lewistown Gazette says the sleighing  
party thermometers, in that bailiwick, are  
down to freeze and squeeze all the time.