

The Weekly News.

A Paper for the People--Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Education, Literature, the Markets, &c., &c.

VOLUME 1.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

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WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all the amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There's not one that you can find,
Very cheap as "wishing."

A choice diversion, too,
It's but righteously used,
And then as we are apt to do,
Permit it, and abuse it.

I wish a comrade with friends,
My purse was something fatter,
That I might chear the child of need,
And not my table to suffer;

That I might make opposition roll,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod or stock,
As only gold can break it!

I wish that sympathy and love,
And every human passion,
That lies its weight above,
Would come and keep in fashion;

That some, and Judd, and Hale,
And every base emotion,

Would pass away like smoke,
Beneath the great wide ocean!

I wish that all men were always tame,
And masters always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;

I wish that parents never taught,
To hold their pious teaching;

I wish that this practice was not,
So different from preaching!

I wish that modesty and virtue,
Appressed with truth and candor,
With the honest were more true;

From you and me slender,

I wish that men's hearts would submit,
That women were more passive;

I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always loves.

I wish in fine--that you and I,
And every good soul,

May come, as well as throughout the earth,
To be the glorious roll;

That God shall every creature bless

With his omnipotent blessing;

And I hope to live in happiness,

And wishing be possessing!

HOMESPUN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE," &c.

It was a pleasant afternoon--I remembered all very well--when I came from school and found my spinning. I think I rarely saw her do anything but spin, except, perhaps, when she was busily whitening her high-crowned cap, splicing them between her palms, and hanging them plaintively over the points of the currant-bushes.

"Why do you spin so much, aunt?" I asked her. The question was almost involuntary, although the subject had troubled me a good while.

"Why do I spin?" she repeated, turning her head from the point of the spindle to my sunburned eyes.

"Yes, and spin all the time too?"

"Well," said she, "what would you do for clothes if I didn't? who would by broadcloth, when it's so dear, and so fine, and so glossy--while homespun is so much better every way? Where would work folks get their garments, if women did not spin at the wheel day after day, as I do?"

"You don't know yet what homespun's for. Now you don't know anything about it."

And I most religiously believed that I

So she went on with the busy buzz of her great wheel, spanned with its dressing cord--and I stood still looking at her. *Homespun*! it filled my little mind with nothing but itself. The world suddenly swelled; and clothed itself with a mysterious meaning, and held up before my eyes visions I could in no wise grasp; and set in motion all the secret springs of childish wonder and astonishment. My thoughts were round and round in my mind, not much unlike the huge wheel my aunt was herself turning.

Next day we had an arrival. My uncle with his wife and two children, were set down carefully at our country gate. My uncle came with his family from town, and of course was exalted all the higher in our simple hearts in consequence. And Caroline I did not particularly take to; I never knew why, and I never especially cared. The two cousins it was impossible for me to escape from, even had I been so minded. They were a boy and girl; and really, I then thought to myself, what they did not know, could scarcely be worth knowing.

RISING SUN, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1854.

NUMBER 2.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

We are indebted to one of our distant contemporaries for the following interpretation of the language of flowers. It will be found useful to those wishing to carry on a courtship by mysterious signs:

Dahlia--Forever thine.

Hyacinth--Affection returned.

Jonquil--First love.

Blue Violet--Faithlessness, or I must be sought to be found.

White Violet--Modest virtue.

Athens--I would not act contrary to reason.

Bachelor's Butter--Hope even in misery.

Jasmine--My heart is joyful.

Cedar--You are entitled to my love.

Chamomile--You have no cause for disengagement.

Rose--I change but in death.

Heart's Ease--Forget me not.

Laurel--Sorrow enteth not when it seemeth to.

Magnolia--Perseverance, or you are one of nature's nobility.

Myrtle--I love withereth; love berayeth.

Peach Blossom--Here is my choice.

Pink, variegated--You have my friendship, ask no more.

Evening Primrose--Man's love is like the changing moon.

Rosebud--Thou hast stolen my affections.

Rosemary--Keep this for my sake, I'll remember thee.

Daffodil--Self-love is the besetting sin.

Oak--I honor you above all others.

White Rose--Art has spoiled you.

Tansy--I mean to insult you; I declare war against you.

Wall Flower--My affection is gloomy, time or misfortune.

Yearlings--Now thy heart is known, thy spell binds me not.

Holly--Come near me if you dare.

Butter Cup--Deceit is often thus covered.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—When asked to sing in company always hold back, and decline at first, saying that "you are out of practice" or "haven't your music with you," or something of the sort. You will then have the pleasure of being urged, and will find yourself of some consequence.

It will be well enough to remark that you can't sing well enough to please any one," this will be sure to get you some very pleasant compliments. "Why Miss Snooks?" that handsome Fitz-Noddle, who is so agreeable, and always turns the leaves, will say, "how can you say so, you sing so divinely!" It requires a little skill to know just how far it will do to refuse.

As a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. You own what you stand on, "from the center of the earth," very nearly placed me in a predicament as awkward to me as it would have been to you, and you can do better. Of all things don't rob the women. It's their prerogative to handle silk and lace, tape and thread. Put on your hat, then, like a man, don an span, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toll upon your brow, and a set of well developed muscles. We would go if we could; but then we were young longer ago than we like to think, and you know, when one's old he can't.

Besides, if you become a doctor, you'll have to wait--because you have no experience," says an old practitioner; "because you are too young," says all the women. If you are a lawyer, and likely to rise, they will put a weight on your head, *a la Sénac*, took you under, or, if you make a good argument some old opponent, as gray as a rat, will kick it all over, by some truant or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and sullen, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immortal one," or anything but just what you are.

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When Charles Surface is announced, Sir Peter hurried by Jeph into the closet--Lady Teasel (according to Sheridan) peers from behind the screen, and intonates to Joseph the propriety of looking Sir Peter in, and professes her own escape. At the sound of Charles Surface's step she stands behind the screen again. The em was given, but so Lady Teasel made her appearance. She was slumbering in happy unconsciousness that Theatres were ever instituted.

Mr. Jones, the prompter, supposing that he had forgotten my part ran to one of the wings from which he could obtain a view behind the screen. To his mingled diversion and consternation, he beheld Lady Teasel plodding sleepily upon the floor. Of course he could not reach her. I have often heard her relate the frantic manner, in which he shouted, in an imploring stage whisper, "Mrs. Mowat, wake up! For goodness sake wake up! Wake up! You'll be caught by the audience asleep! Wake up! Good gracious! wake up!"

It has been said that a few brains are essential in disposing of the head worldly, that is all unmeaning. Why, dear girls, the heads are all so perfect that you could not just now make them out to be.

"I've always stood up for homespun," broke in my aunt; "and I always shall!" Whereupon she rose from her chair, and literally did stand up for it.

"Now tell me, once more," said my father. "The love of country--what begets it? what but the love of home? And where do you find that love deepest, and strongest, and most lasting? In what hearts needs all those dear old associations that cluster around the home--eaves and the home hearth; all those tender memories that send out the soul like sweet dreams in the still night watches; all those blessed fancies that color the life with their own rosy hue, in the homespun?"

It is the beauty of *deposse*--the *deposse* of *deposse* he admires. If he wants to say anything sensible, he can seek associates of his own sex. He will keep a quantity of small talk--pretty nothings--say nothings, on hand to say to you--and you don't need brains to comprehend it.

"You certainly reason very well," said my uncle John.

"Ah! and it is no more reasoning either; it is only naked fact; every letter and word of truth!"

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"Well, and how is it now? That tea-party in the country has long been broken up. My uncle has failed, and failed badly; so that there was no recovery. He is dead of a broken heart. And my cousin John--alas! better for him by far if homespun had not spoiled him--is dead of a broken heart.

"But this is nothing but *preaching*, brother," interrupted my uncle John, smiling. "Well, so it is. Everything preaches--there is not a single item in the vast list that now spreads before your eyes, but preaches you a sermon far more eloquent than any one penned by human hand, or spoken by human tongue! The very silence of Nature is eloquent. It is trumpet-tongued.

You tell me of *honesty*. Loneliness in the very heart of God's creation! Loneliness in the spot where all my sympathies, all my sentiments, my thoughts, my hopes, my aspirations live!--in the only atmosphere that can vibrate musical sounds to my ears!--in the only sunlight whose radiating influences, can warm my heart! Can any man, who really knows what *existence means*--can any man I say, lack friends, where friends throng around him in thickly?"

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