Two Squares, 700. 10 00. 15 00

Three squares, 900. 13 00. 20 00

Half a column, 12 00. 16 00. 24 00

One column, 20 00. 30 00. 50 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines,

Select Poetry.

JUDGE HIM NOT HARSHLY.

BY- W. B. S. O, judge him not harshly! 'tis human to err,

Do not laden his soul with a frown; A kind word might change him-a smile might reclaim But bitterness drives him still down. God's lessons are love-he bids you forgive. Though errors, like mountains, should rise:

While there's mercy for him in the skies? O, judge him not harshly! you, too, may yet fall-The highest may be overthrown: The clouds of misfortune may darken your path.

And would you, proud man, drive a brother away,

And leave you an outcast-alone! The sunlight of life is pure brotherly love-In your heart let it flourish and live, And learn from your Saviour the precept he taught, Seven times to forget and forgive.

Interesting Shetches

From the Richmond Enquirer. AARON BURR.

From the forthcoming "Fifty Years of Events: Political, Poetical and Historical, with Anecdotes of Remarkable

Men." By John Barney.

In 1808, I witnessed the dignity, impartiality and winning grace with which Aaron Burr presided in the Scnate of the United States, at the trial of Judge Chase, impeached for partiality and injustice towards John Fries, indicted under the Alien and Sedition Law.

I attended his trial in Richmond, when he himself was indicted for treason. His prominent counsellor was Luther Martin, of Baltimore, my father's lawyer, neighbor and friend.

His daughter Maria, afterwards celebrated ns Mrs. Richard Reynal Keene, invited my sister and self to dine with Col. Burr. He was then living in a house, standing alone, around which was a patrol of guards.

The dinner was superb, abounding in all the luxuries which Virginia's generous soil yields in lavishing abundance. Twenty ladies and gentlemen of rank, fortune and fashion graced the festive board. Burr was esteemed a persecuted martyr; distress, in every ferm and shape, makes an irresistable appeal to woman's sympathy. Her tears often flow for the sufferings of the criminal, who expi-ates his crimes on the gibbet. On this occasion Burr's fascinating flatteries were lavished indiscriminately on the sex in general .-Man, he had ever found treacherous; woman always true to sustain him in adversity, solace him in affliction, giving a charm to life, with-

out which life was not worth possessing.

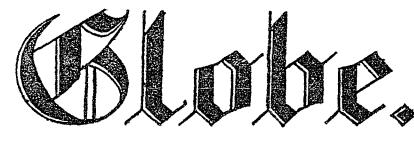
The Grand Jury finding a true bill, Burr was forthwith removed to the State Prison.— There we followed him. He received us in his usual bland, courteous manner, apologised for our being introduced into his bed-chamber, his drawing room being then deranged by fitting up of his ice house, which was in fact, his chimney corner. Iron grating prevented his egress, admitting a free circulation of light and air. I felt pride, and took pleasure in being permitted to become his amanuensis. Each day as I rode along the street, my curricle was freighted with cake, confectionary, flowers redolent with perfume, wreathed into fancy boquet of endless variety. The trial was tedious and prolonged. I traveled on to the borders of North Carolina, and lingered for a while at the noble mansion of

Lady Skipwith. On the return, I found the persevering Attorney General, George Hay, irritated and fatigued. "Would that I could only hang upon a gate, with a little negro to swing me to and fro all day! The law's delay, the special pleading of the bar, its interminable controversies, have worn out and exhausted me. I shan't be able to hang Burr; but will be able to hang myself on a gate." Thus spoke George Hay, than whom never lived a purer patriot, or a more conscientious man. His wife was a daughter of James Monroe, the modest, retiring President, a worthy compeer of Jefferson and Madison. Praise is thus exhausted. Burr was acquitted. He came to Baltimore—was feasted by Luther Martin.— He rose from the dinner table, threw open the window, gratefully, and gracefully bowed to a volunteer company in full feathers, commanded by Captain Leonard Fraily. A band of music cheered him with a lively air. He accepted the distinguished honor conferred

upon him. When my friend, Christopher Hughes touched his arm, and said "Colonel, they are playing the rogue's march with charged baythe windows were closed, the wine circulated, and we calmly arrived at the conclusion that Captain Frailey was a very officious volunteer.

The next day, strolling down Market street, arm in arm with my persecuted friend, Mr. Hughes overtook us. Colonel, said he, you should pass Light street without looking "Fountain Inn is surrounded by a down. group of your admiring friends. Capt. Fraily is out of uniform to-day, but there is a general desire manifested to give you a warm reception in citizens' clothes. You must take your departure without further civil or military honors being conferred upon you."— With his accustomed celerity of action and excellent judgment, he called a hack. "Jump into it, Colonel; my friend Barney will accompany you. You will have a pleasant drive out to Herring Run. I will secure a seat in the stage coach, take charge of your baggage, swap you for my friend Barney, bring him home, and send you on your way rejoicing at escape of being hustled by a Baltimore mob." "I fear no mobs," the Colonel sternly replied. "I have seen the cannon's hostile flash, have encountered the bristling bayonets of the enemy, and hold in contempt a lawless mob." "This is all fine bravado," said Hughes. "Barney and I have no desire to shoot down, or to be shot by our fellow citizens. You may throw your own life away, Colonel, but this bright world has too many attractions for us to threw away our lives in defending yours,





WILLIAM LEWIS,

-PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 32.

when a pleasant ride of half an hour will save your life from danger and restore us to our affectionate families."

This was the last of Col. Burr. The world is familiar with his villainy. His treachery, his infamous exposure of confidential letters addressed to him by that confiding sex, on whom he was lavishing his praise, induced by the mere gratification of a puppy's vanity name Milly Francis, though she displayed to desire to throw, broadcast to the world, their letters of civility, in answer to his bewitching flatteries, lavished upon them without stint or measure. The noble, honest, but poor Matthew L. Davis, his executor, received from him, while living, trunks full of females' correspondence, by which Burr thought to make Davis' fortune, but which was generously returned without fee or reward, to the

grateful recipients. Lobbying, now an anomaly, was in full force in those days. Several important bills had passed the New York Legislature, and some were so uncharitable as to insinuate that improper means had been resorted to .-My friend Davis was accused of being engaged in bringing about this successful issue.

A lady of rank and fashion condescended (and ladies rarely condescend to mingle in anything out of their appropriate sphere, the limits of the domestic circle,) to say hard things of my friend Davis, and went so far as to insinuate she could calmly look on and see him hung.

Dayis went to her door, rung the bell, sent up his name, and was promptly answered,—
"She was not, and never would be, at home to Mr. Davis!"

"Pray ask her" said he, "if she has heard from her husband at Ningara?" He was forthwith invited up stairs; the lady entered in trepidation and alarm. "Has any calamity happened to my beloved husband?"— "This will explain all," says Davis, handing her a letter in her own chirography, address ed to Col. Aaron Burr. "Good heavens, sir," said she "to what purpose is the letter destined?" "To remain in your possession, madam; to be disposed of by you at your own discretion." "My kind friend," exclaimed she, "how can I ever repay such an act of unparalled magnanimity? I, who have spoken so unkindly, so unjustly, of so noble a friend!" And ever afterwards she almost broke her neck in extending her head out of the carriage window to greet him as she passed.

I shall give a full chapter of the rise, progress and decline of this eminently bad man, soldier, a patriot, a traitor; perhaps the atter is a harsh word.

Annexation was not as much the order of the day as now. It was premature then to take possession of Texas. The pear was not ripe; his treason consisted in plotting the annexation of Louisiana to Texas, where he might rule as president of the little confederacy. His horizon hereafter was to include within its radiance Mexico, and we are now leisurely carrying out his mad designs.

Passing through Washington on my return from Richmond, I was invited by Col. Isaac Coles, his secretary, into Mr. Jefferson's sanctum. Mr. J. was seated in his morning gown, quite at his ease, (which I was not,) amusing himself by tossing his slipper into the air and catching it on the point of his toes as it came down.

With his homely visage, his fine flaxen hair, and stern countenance, he addressed me: "I understand that Col. Burr was an intimate friend of your's." (I was premonished by friend Coles to expect a lecture.)

I brazoned it out: "Yes, sir," said I;] was his amanuensis. I copied many, and directed all his letters. Curious to see how great man would act when fallen from his high estate, I cultivated his acquaintance with assiduity."

"This is in exceeding bad taste," said Mr. Jefferson; "but you are a young man .-Youth and indiscretion are synonymes. I did not, however, invite you to hear a lecture, but to obtain information. I understand that Col. Burr received a great deal of attention in Richmond."

"Yes, sir; it was lavished upon him in orofusion." "Pray, sir, did Col. Gibbon himself have

any intercourse with him." "Did his family?"

"How do you know?"
"The hotels were crowded; hospitality was extended to every stranger; families gave up their beds to give a welcome and a resting place to houseless wanderers. As my sister was invited to Major Gibbon's domicil, I was there every day—volunteered my services as purveyor of supplies for the Colonel's house; met no encouragement and got my curricles loaded everywhere else."

rejoice to hear it. I forgive your youthful folly; dine with me to-day. I want to hear your adventures. I will promise you good cheer; for in my heart I rejoice that you have saved me from the condemnation of an uprighteous act. Notwithstanding that Col. Gibbon fought like a patriot and a hero at the battle of Cowpens, was appointed collector of the port of Richmond by General Washington, I had resolved this day to strike his name from the roll of his country's service, which I concluded he had disgraced by permitting his family to commune with the arch-traitor. Come punctually at

I went, and never enjoyed a dinner more. This feast comes more appropriately under the head of "Thomas Jefferson."

Subsequently poor Burr was subject to destitution in Paris, where he supported himtrinkets, his clothing, and finally was induced to make minute calculations of the minimum arms against them. food indispensible to sustain life. He ascertained, by chemical experiments, that the saccharine of sugars yielded more nutriment at less cost than any other substance, and that coffee browned, but only half burnt. lasted longer and was the cheapest stimulant that could reanimate an exhausted frame.

What land would be a delightful place for babes? Lap-land, of course.

MILLY FRANCIS THE INDIAN MAI-DEN.

The story of Pocahontas is familiar to every American and English child who reads a book, because of the noble deeds she performed, and because of the romance of her after life. But we presume few have heard the the same heroism, magnanimity and tender-

ness of feeling. Her father was denominated a prophet among the Seminoles, but was also a chief and a warrior, and a man of great renown among his people. In the war of 1812, joined the British forces, and was conspicuous in several engagements, and a terror to all who heard his name, among Americans. He at one time visited England, and a London paper said in noticing his arrival: 'The double sound of a trumpet announced the approach of the patriotic Francis, who fought so gloriously in our cause in America. He was dressed in a most splendid suit of red and gold, and by his side he wore a tomahawk,

mounted in gold.' These things were of course given him by his English friends, as Indians were not accustomed to dress in this manner among themselves, and something of his princely bearing and accomplished manners may have been acquired by his association with English officers, but his noble form and fine countenance he obtained from nature herself.

He had two daughters who are said by American historians to have been accomplished young ladies, who could speak English with remarkable fluency, as could all the family except the mother, who began too late in life to succeed in learning a foreign tongue.

During the war, all who were ranged upon one side were of course considered enemies to all who were upon the other side, and the country was full of soldiers and military stations, open at all times to attack. At one time a soldier named Duncan M. Krimmer, stationed at Fort Gladsden, near Milledgeville, Georgia, went forth upon a fishing excursion, and lost his way in the woods. For several days he wandered away in the wilderness, and at length was found by a party of Indians who were commanded by the prophet Francis. He was a soldier, and by the rules of war a prisoner, and by the Indian code of warfare doomed to die. The ordinary preparations were made and the victim was bound to the stake, around which faggots were piled that were soon to be kindled to consume him.

But Milly, the youngest daughter of the chief, looked on in sadness. Why she should have been so much more grieved at such a sight now than ever before we do not know. It could not be the first time she had witnessed death at the stake, but there had been no recent battle, and therefore none of the excitement which would attend the capture of camp we observed several mounds of earth Her people had received no recent injury, and he who was to suffer was not known to have the Persians. While all who had imaginaperpetrated any particular act of oppression or outrage. It might be imagined that some particular interest had been awakened in her heart toward him, but after circumstances prove this not to have been the case. A sense of justice and sympathy for suffering alone prompted her, when the torch was about to be lighted, to throw herself between the prisoner and the fatal knife which was to slav him before the fire was kindled, and declared

that she too would die if he were not spared. All were astonished at so unexpected an act, for not a word had been before spoken to betray her intentions, and the executioner paused as if paralyzed. Seeing there was no hope, she threw herself at her father's feet and implored his mercy.

The chieftian looked long and intently upon her face, which was very beautiful, and in silence listened to the tones of her voice which were full of anguish, and was melted from his fierce anger to yield to the passionate entreaties of his child. The victim was released, and while he remained with his captors was treated with the utmost kindness. and from Milly received many proofs of the noble and generous spirit she had at first manifested in offering herself a sacrifice for the life of a stranger and an enemy.

A few days afterward, Mr. Krimmer was ransomed by a party of Spaniards and soon

American soldier. Soon after this the American army was reinforced, and very efficient measures taken to destroy the Indian and Spanish towns along the frontier. 'They marched' said the historian, 'upon St. Mark's, a feeble town Spanish garrison, which surrendered without firing a gun.' Among the prisoners who thus almost passively fell into the hands of the enemy, were the prophet Francis and his family. The principles of honor, gratitude and humanity would prompt us to expect that these would at least be spared an ignominious death, after the magnanimity which had been shown by them. But it is unblushingly recorded that "Francis and another chief were hung without trial and ceremony." They had probably shed much blood, and had long wrung the war whoop through the wilderness, and fearlessly brandished the war club, but it was in self defense. It might and probably would have been bad policy to permit the proud chieftians to go free again, chafing with a sense of wrongs they experienced and would continue to experience, but it would seem to us that some way should have been devised other than to hang the father of Milly Francis, who had saved the life of an American soldier, and without exactdestitution in Paris, where he supported him-self for months by the sale of his watch, his course as their friend or enemy, had deliver-

> The Indian chief was decoyed on board an American schooner, and his oldest daughter, supposing it to be a British vessel, soon came near in her light cance, but on discovering her mistake quickly changed the dip of her oar and glided away. The young one was made prisoner with her father, and it was soon known that she was the heroic girl who

object of universal attention, and the officers | ed upon them, was so dazzling, that it was denominated her the "modern Pocahontas," and bestowed upon her the most flattering attentions. If she had married an American and come among her husband's friends as the saviour of his life, she might have become as famous in history as the Virginia damsel, and her posterity would have been proud to obeisance, and the Elchce at the same time owe their origin to the daughter of an Indian took off his hat. When near the entrance owe their origin to the daughter of an Indian chief. But when the young soldier offered of the hall the procession stopped, and the the maiden his hand in gratitude for having lord of requests, said, "Capt. Malcolm is saved his life she refused. She did not consider this a proper consideration upon which to found such a union, and she did not wish to the Elchee, said in a pleasing and manly to become the wife or daughter of a people who had murdered her father in cold blood.

Persia---Splendor of the Persian King.

This old Asiatic kingdom, which has outasted so many empires both in the east and in the west, and which formed one of the four great monarchies of prophecy, and whose shah still retains the proud title of king of kings, which he bore in the days of Cyrus and Chosroes, is likely to be an object of considerable interest for some time to come as the battle ground of the Russians and English in the east. The modern Persians are an exceedingly interesting people. They are said to be the handsomest set of men living, with fine olive complexions and black lustrous eyes. The Italian himself is no match for them in subtlety, cunning and dissimulation. They excel in poetry all the nations of the east. In the early part of the 17th century, in the reign of Shah Abbas, Persia was one of the first powers in Asia. An Italian traveler by the name of Pietro della Valle, reside in Persia for a long period during the reign of this shah, and the account which he gives of the Persia of that day in his voluminous travels is most entertaining. The court of the king of Persia is surrounded with all the pomp and splendor of the Arabian Nights. Capt. John Malcolm, in his sketches of Persia, thus describes the situation of Teheran, Persia, was very imposing. It is situated near the foot of Elboorz, a mountain of the great range which stretches from Europe to the utmost part of Asia. This range would appear high were it not for Demayend, whose lofty peak rising above the clouds, and covered with eternal snow, gives a diminutive appearance to everything in the vicinity.— We had seen Demayend at the distance of 100 miles from its base, but it increased in magnificence as we advanced; and those amongst us who delighted in the pages of Firdousee (a Persian poet,) planned an early visit to this remarkable mountain whose summit the poet describes as "far from the abode of men and near to Heaven."

* * * At a short distance from our the Reges of the Greeks, and the Rhe of tion and a love of antiquity dwelt with delight on the prospect of ascending Demayend, and visiting the ruins of Rhe, the men of bu-siness looked only to Teheran, which appeared to me to offer little to the view which was either grand or pleasing. One place alone attracted any portion of my admiration. It stood near the base of the mountain Elboorz, on a commanding site, and was every way suited for a royal residence. Capt. Malcolm gives the following graphic account of his interview with Feth Ali Shah, the king of kings:

Everything being arranged, we proceeded towards "the threshold of the world's glory," on the morning of the 16th of November, in the year of our Lord 1800. We were all able styles, was the same which the ancesdressed in our best attire. A crowd had assembled near the house of Agee Ibrahim, had possessed, substantial, and in excellent and the streets were filled with gazers at the strangers. The infantry part of the escort, with their fifes and drums, and all the Hindoostance public servants in scarlet and gold, preceded the Elchee, who rode a beautiful Arabian horse richly caparisoned, but entirely in the English style; he was followed by ing an amount of wealth in this country on the gentlemen of his suite and his escort of show and fashion, which, rightly applied, cavalry. When we came within half a mile would renovate the condition of the whole of the palace all was silence and order; it population of the world, and christianize, civwas the state of Asia with the discipline of lilize, and educate all mankind. Europe. We passed through rows of men returned to his friends and his duties as an and horses, and even the latter appeared afraid The Democratic Press and the Traitors. to shake their heads. Many persons whom we saw in the first square of the citadel, before we entered the palace, were richly dressvalue; but it was not until we passed the last gate of the palace, and came into the garden in front of the King's hall of audience, a high ornamented and spacious building, that we could form any idea of the splendor of

the Persian court. A canal flowed in the centre of the garden, which supplied a number of fountains; to the right and left of which were broad paved walks, and beyond these were rows of trees. Between the trees and the high wall encircling the palace were files of matchlock men drawn up, and within the avenues from the gate to the hall of audience, all the princes, nobles, courtiers and officers of state, were marshalled in separate lines, according to their rank, from the lowest officer of the king's guard, who occupied the place nearest the entrance, to the heir apparent, Abbas Meerza, who stood on the right of his brothers and within a few paces of the throne.

There was not one person in all this array who had not a gold hilted sword, a cashmere shawl round his cap, another round his waist. Many of the nobles and princes were magnificently dressed, but all was forgotten as soon as the eye rested on the King.

He appeared to be a little above the middle size, his age a little more than thirty, his complexion rather fair, his features were regular and fine, with an expression denoting intelligence. His beard attracted much of our attention; it was full, black and glossy, and flowed to his middle. His dress baffled

impossible to distinguish the minute parts which combined to give such amazing briliancy to his whole figure.

The two chief officers of ceremonies, who carried golden sticks, stopped twice as they advanced towards the throne, to make a low

voice, "you are welcome."

Such is the picture drawn by Malcolm of the splendor of the Persian court in 1800.— Probably it appeared as it did in the days of Ahasuerus, Queen Vashti and Mordecai.

What Extravagance is Doing, and what Economy might do.

The following extract is not too long to be read before breakfast. There is a great deal of truth, good, sound, wholesome truth in it. We copy from the Boston Traveller:

After all, it may be that the prosperity of the country is really mostly endangered by the extravagance which pervades too generally all ranks of society, in proportion to their means. Luxury and profusion have been the downfall of as many nations as the lady, had great faith in Spiritualism. His civil strife. In numberless instances, the fruits of our untiring industry and indomitable enterprise are squandered with a wasteful hand. Notwithstanding the vast amount of product which we export, the balance of trade is always against us, and we are continually in debt, as a nation. The people of Europe look with astonishment at the extravagant expenditures of the men and women from the United States, who make the tour f that continent. We are the most profitaole customers of the fabricants of costly articles of luxury all over the world. The venthe modern capital. He says "the first view ders of such goods come to our shores and we had of Teheran, the modern capital of make their fortunes out of us, in the same manner that needy purveyors gather around the heirs of a rich estate. Our market is the principal one for all costly and showy, but fragile and unsubstantial merchandize, upon which the largest profits are realized by the manufacturers. In the furnishing of our houses, and in female attire, we go far beyond the most wealthy classes of Europe.— If our staples of export are at any time in great demand, and bring high prices, we perceive the effects immediately in an influx of silks and high cost dress goods to an enormous amount, and our imports rise suddenly, and always beyond the value, however large it may be, of our exports.

In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual in-come which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and prisoners of war on ordinary occasions, so and ruined walls, which we were told was all more simplicity in the furnishing of the perhaps it seemed to her a more cruel deed. that remained of that famous Reges of Tobit dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to dium. supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since several months in the vicinity of some of the landed aristocracy of England whose ample tions: rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of

manner practiced. Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of a silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial woolen stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the man-sions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionpreservation, but plain and without any pretension to elegance. Even the carpets on many suits of parlors had been on the floor for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how different is the state of things. We are wastshow and fashion, which, rightly applied,

Every Democratic paper that has reached us, since the election of Cameron to the Sened, and some of the horses were decked out ate, that has received the news, in our own with bridles, saddles and trappings of great as well as other States, is strong in condemnation of the Democratic traitors, and their abettors, who aided in stamping this foul disgrace upon the State. These comments on Pennsylvania's disgrace would more than fill our paper. We can only give the following, which we find in the Pittsburgh Union:

"But what shall we say of the three Ju dases who have so foully betrayed their par ty for their miserable pieces of silver? Their ignominious perfidy surely can find no apologist, even amongst the rabidist of our political enemies? Men may be pleased at the result of treachery, but they will invariably and instinctively scorn the traitor. Humanity, with all its depravity, will not look with favor upon the contemptible creatures who lend themselves to treason. These three men were elected by the Democratic party in a close and angry contest, at a most important and trying time in the history of their party; they received its confidence, and by its suffrages were elevated to the positions they now occupy. Here was a moral obligation binding them in simple gratitude, to stand by the party that so honored them. Not only so, but they went into the Democratic caucus, on Friday last, and thus again virtually pledged themselves to support the candidate of their party. And after all this, they ruthlessly trample on their obligations, boldly scoff at the dictates of conscience, and despising gratitude and duty, they plunge into moral perall description. The ground of his robes was jury, infamously description their party to bring white; but he was so covered with jewels of eternal disgrace upon themselves, and blast saved the life of Duncan M. Krimmer. Her an extraordinary size and splendor, from his the hopes of their friends and the interests of beauty as well as her heroism made her the being seated where the rays of the sun play the State, whose sworn sentinels they are.

"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave, Whose treason, like a dealiy blight, Comes o'er the councils of the braye, To blast them in their hour of might. May life's unblessed cup for him Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim; With hopes that but allure to fly, With joys that vanish while he sips, Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye, But turn to ashes on his lips. His country's curse, his children's shame, Outcast of virtue, peace and fame—May he at last with lips of flame, On the parch'd desert thirsting die; While lakes that shone in mock'ry nigh, Are fading off, untouched, untasted, Like the cuce glorious hopes he blasted." ore is no language outside of the tree

"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave,

There is no language outside of the treatise of Erunlphas that can express the deep indignation, perfect contempt, and utter aversion with which honest men must look upon the foul and spotted things who have sold themselves and their souls for worse than a mess of pottage. No decent man can associate with them, they will be shunned as pestiferious objects that infect the air that surrounds them, and make it nauscous and noxious; they will go like Cain with the brand of their corruption upon their foreheads, and whosoever shall see them, shall know them and avoid them.

We have scarcely deemed it necessary to refer specially to any of the transactions that have made Simon Cameron notorious. Every intelligent reading man in Pennsylvania is familiar with his character and reputation. All know; that taking advantage of his position as Commissioner to settle the claims of the Winnebago Indians, he and his confederates in crime, robbed the poor ignorant savages to the amount of about \$60,000; that his gigantic frauds were exposed, and he disgracefully kicked out of office. All remember his abominable schemes of depravity at the Williamsport Convention. All know how every winter at Harrisburg furnishes fresh proofs that he is a reckless trickster, a desperate political gambler, a man utterly devoid of conscience, or a sense of honor; but actuated by the lower and baser instincts; a man who is notorious only for low and unscrupulous cunning, and one who accomplishes every difficult end by bold bribery and wickedness.— Those who can rejoice over the election of such a man, let them."

Two Raps too Few.

wife openly proclaimed her infidelity, and with the consistency which often forms part of the female character, for a long time re-fused to be convinced of her errors through test or experiment. At last the persuasion of the husband induced from her a promise to make one of a circle at the residence of a celebrated medium, upon condition, however, that she should precede her husband in entering the house and that nothing should be said or done by him which should disclose to the 'mejum' the fact that any connection existed between them.

The wife on entering, found two gentlemen in waiting, and the aforesaid medium. Soon after this the husband came in and a circle was formed, the lady of course taking precedence over the others. She ascertained that a spirit was present who would communicate with her, and was desired to ask any test question which she might think proper. After having been informed that she must put her questions so as to have them answered affirmatively by three raps or negatively by one rap, she questioned as follows: 'Am I married?'

Rap, rap, rap! Have I ever been married but once?'

Rapi 'How many years?' Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!— 'Eight years') said the medium.

'Have I children?' Rap, rap, rap !

'How many?'

Rap, rap, rap! ('Four!') said the me-

The lady was somewhat startled at the correctness of these answers, and freely confessed it. With a radiant face the husband then 'braced in,' and asked the following test ques-

'Am I married?'

Rap, rap, rap! 'How long have I been married?'

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap! 'Eight years.') 'Strange coincidence!' murmured the me

dium. 'Have I children?'

Rap, rap, rap! 'How many? Rap! Rap! ('Two.')

'Good God! How many?' RAP! RAP! The wife swooned, and the husband, when last seen, was walking on the Jersey flats.— To this day the lady professes to disbelieve.

A Proud Position .- The London Times nas an article on the probable policy of the President elect, with this flattering interroga-

"Who would not be the President of the United States?—the choice of a nation of freemen, the object of most infinite care, solicitude and contention to 27,000,000 of the most intelligent of the human race, the object at which every man's finger points, the topic on which every man's tongue des-cants—raised above his fellow-men by no accident of birth, by no mere superiority of wealth, but by the presumed fitness of his personal qualities for one of the most elevated situations that a man may be called upon to fill?"

A DOVE ALIGHTING ON A COFFIN. -In Edinburgh, a few days ago, a respectable family in one of the quietest quarters of the city were thrown into mourning by the death of one of their number, an elderly lady. A night or two after the event a strange noise was heard at the window of the room where the coffin was lying. It seemed like the fluttering of the wings of a bird against the window panes; and, when the maid servant appeared at the window for the purpose of raising it to examine into the cause of the noise, a beautiful white dove flew into the apartment and alighted upon the lid of the coffin. It offered no opposition when they attempted to secure it, and is now in the possession of the relatives of the deceased lady, who, from the singularity of the circumstances, have resolved to preserve it carefully. Had the event happened in times past, when super-stition held sway, it would undoubtedly have given rise to some strange imaginings rela-tive to the departed.—Edinburgh Express.

Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?' 'Oh, no-I can't endure his looks. He is

homely enough." Well, he's fortunate, at all events, for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousand dollars.

'Indeed! is it true? Well now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye, that can't be de-