

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....\$1 50
Six months.....75
Three months.....50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 insertion.....2 do.....3 do.....
Four lines or less.....\$ 25.....\$ 37 1/2.....\$ 50
One square, (24 lines).....50.....75.....1 00
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Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.
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One square.....3 00.....6 00.....7 00
Two squares.....5 00.....8 00.....10 00
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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, one year.....\$3 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....\$1 75
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

PROCLAMATION.—Whereas by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntington, the 24th day of January, A. D. 1857, under the hands and seals of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, of the County of Huntington, and general jail delivery of the 24th judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of Huntington, Blair and Cambria; and the Hon. Benjamin F. Patton and John Brewster, his associates, Judges of the County of Huntington, justices of the peace, to hear, try and determine all and every indictments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital, or felonies of death, and other offenses, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated for crimes against the State, and to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntington, on the second Monday (and 15th day) of January, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntington, on the 3rd Monday (and 15th day) of January, A. D. 1857, for the trial of all and every crime which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required to appear.
Dated at Huntington, the 15th of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and the 30th year of American Independence.
GRAFFUS MILLER, Sheriff.

PROCLAMATION.—Whereas by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the County of Huntington, bearing the 24th day of Jan. 1857, I am commanded to make Public Proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntington, on the 3rd Monday (and 15th day) of January, A. D. 1857, for the trial of all and every crime which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required to appear.
Dated at Huntington, the 15th of March, in the year of our Lord 1856, and the 30th year of American Independence.
GRAFFUS MILLER, Sheriff.

Sherriff's Office,
Huntingdon, March 18, 1856.

Trial List for April Term, 1857.

Robert Wilson vs Wm. Foster & Co's Exrs
Huntingdon county vs Andrew Robinson's Exrs
James J. McPherson vs J. P. Wilson et al
Dr. P. Sloanberger's Exrs vs Smith & Henry
John Fleming vs D. N. Blair et al
George McCracken vs Thomas Wilson
Davis G. Low & Adm'r vs John Wilson
John J. Gentry vs John Wilson
Patrick Kelly vs John Wilson
Asa Coffin vs John Wilson
N. C. Decker vs John Wilson

March 18, 1857.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—NOTICE

Is hereby given to all persons interested that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office at Huntington, and that the said accounts will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas at the Court House in the borough of Huntington, on Wednesday, the 15th day of April next, to wit:
1. John H. Hunter and George P. Wakefield, Executors of the last will and testament of John Wakefield, late of Barre township, deceased.
2. Thomas Weston and Martin Weston, Executors of the last will and testament of Wm. Weston, late of Warriorsmark township, deceased.
3. Samuel McVey, Executor of the last will, &c., of Jas. Ramsey, Esq., late of Shiloh township, deceased.
4. Benedict Stevens, Executor of the last will, &c., of Benedict Stevens, Esq., late of Shiloh township, deceased.
5. George C. Buehler and Samuel Work, Executors of the last will, &c., of Joseph Work, late of Porter township, deceased.
6. Abraham Cramer, Executor of the last will, &c., of a minor child of Jacob Bors, late of West rep., deceased.
7. Thomas E. Orbin, Administrator of David Burkett, late of Shiloh township, deceased.
8. Peter Swooper, Administrator of the Orphan's Court, to make sale of the real estate of Peter Swooper, Sr., late of the borough of Huntington, deceased.
9. George Hallman, Trustee for the Orphan's Court, to make sale of the real estate of George Henderson, late of West township, deceased.
10. Peter Strickland, Administrator of the estate of John Strickland, late of West township, deceased.
11. Samuel T. Brown, Esq., Administrator de bonis non, of the estate of Wm. Buchanan, late of Brady township, deceased.
12. John Warrham Matern and Susan Matern, (now Susan Willis), Administrators of the estate of Jacob S. Matern, late of Franklin township, deceased.
13. Dr. John McCulloch, Administrator of the estate of Alfred McCulloch, late of the borough of Huntington, deceased.
14. John B. Given, Executor of the last will, &c., of John Shultz, late of Hopeville twp., deceased.

HENRY GLAZIER, Register.
Huntingdon, March 18, 1857.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS for a

Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntington on the 12th day of April, 1857.
Brice Blair, farmer, Dublin.
Michael Baker, carpenter, Porter.
Alexander S. E. Esq., farmer, Tell.
Philip Crouse, tailor, Cassville.
James B. Carothers, farmer, Porter.
John M. Cunningham, carpenter, Huntington.
William L. Couch, farmer, Barre.
David Eyster, farmer, Shiloh.
John Foster, farmer, Shiloh.
John Griffith, timber, Warriorsmark.
Jacob Howell, farmer, Shiloh.
Robert J. Haslett, ironworker, Morris.
Geo. W. Hazard, farmer, Union.
Robert Johnston, farmer, Jackson.
John Lee, miller, Walker.
Thomas Osborn, farmer, Jackson.
Isaac Osterkirch, farmer, Brady.
John F. Parsons, farmer, Porter.
Livingston Robb, farmer, Walker.
Wm. Stapleton, farmer, Tell.
David Swooper, Jr., carpenter, Cassville.
Andrew Smith, farmer, Union.
William Walker, carpenter, Porter.
Eliza B. Wilson, J. H. Cassville.

TRAVELERS' JOHNS.—FIRST WEEK.
William Africa, shoemaker, Huntington.
Alexander Appleby, farmer, Dublin.
Samuel Bowman, farmer, Shiloh.
Jacob Brumback, farmer, Penna.
John C. Bolinger, farmer, Union.
Richard Cunningham, farmer, Jackson.
Isaac Curfman, farmer, Tell.
Joseph Cornelius, farmer, Cromwell.
Joseph H. Dell, farmer, Cass.
John Duffey, mason, Springfield.
Gideon Elias, surer, Huntington, dec'd.
Martin Fletcher, wagonmaker, Walker.
Robert Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
Jonathan Frazier, tanner, Jackson.
Michael Fletcher, farmer, Jackson.
James Goodman, carpenter, Huntington.
Hiram Gray, farmer, Henderson.
Austin Green, mechanic, Cassville.
John Griffith, farmer, Tell.
John Hewitt, farmer, Porter.
Thomas Hester, farmer, West.
Samuel Harvey, farmer, Shiloh.
Solomon Houch, farmer, Tell.
Daniel Knapp, farmer, Porter.
Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntington.
Abraham McCoy, brickmaker, Huntington.
William Murch, farmer, Shiloh.
William C. McCauley, tanner, Brady.
Asa Price, farmer, Cromwell.
John S. Pleasant, farmer, Union.
Charles Rhinehart, farmer, Clay.
John Shaffer, farmer, Morris.
Philip Silksutter, farmer, Barre.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 25, 1857.

NO. 40.

Select Poetry.

From the National Emporium.
I LOVE HIM STILL.
BY ROSE.

Softly are the shadows flitting,
Through the open cottage door,
Weaving a bright chain of beauty,
As they dance across the floor.
Mellow moonbeams fall around me,
Whispering vine-leaves murmur love,
Golden stars are gently smiling
On the scene, from realms above.

Zephyrs laden with sweet music,
Float around on balmy wings,
And a fount of crystal water,
Softly to the bright moon sings;
But my heart is sad and lonely,
For its spirit mate has flown;
Hopes, that once I fondly cherished,
In a gloomy cloud are thrown.

Startled once I heard each footstep,
Hoping all in vain 'twas I;
But I learned to wait no longer,
For I knew that he was free;
Free, from every chain that bound him,
To my trusting, loving heart;
Rouse I, all my pride and firmness,
Bidding all the dreams depart.

And my heart has ceased to flutter,
When his name I sometimes hear,
And no more will I in sadness,
Shed for him a bitter tear.
But though conquered each emotion,
Which the heart can cease to will,
Though my life no more may tell him,
In my heart I love him still.

Interesting Miscellany.

FROM NEW GRANADA.
Dangers of the Coast—A Thrilling Ride in a Canoe—Eight days and Nights in a Storm—Eating Snails—Singular delusion—The Surf and its Dangers—A Beautiful Sunrise—The Enchanted Mountain—The Country, its inhabitants, Agriculture, &c., &c.

We are permitted to make the following interesting extract from a private letter from Dr. Wm. Graffius, who went out as physician to the New Granada Mineral Land Company, from Huntington county. Much of it will be found of thrilling interest.

New Granada, February 14, 1857.
You ask what I do out here? Who lives here? What kind of a region it is? How I came to be tumbled into the sea? How I escaped drowning? &c. To answer fully all these questions would take almost a book.—Part of our voyage had to be accomplished in a canoe, made from the trunk of a tree.—This contained seven persons, besides baggage and other loading.

The top of the boat was but about six inches from the water when we were ready to start. When our sails were set and she leaned fairly to the breeze, the one side was not more than three or four inches from the water. Of course, even in a quiet sea the waves would easily dash into the boat.—Judge then, how it was in a storm on a coast celebrated for its dangers, and the month (July) called here the hurricane month.—The distance we had to make was only about seventy-five miles, and under ordinary circumstances, can be accomplished in two days; we were eight days and nights on the way. I cannot give you any detail of the passage. Our provisions consisted, on the first of navy bread and half putrid salt meat. The bread had been wet, and was covered with mould. We had but two days' supply of this. Rain fell all the time day and night.

Sometimes we beat about, baffled by head winds and opposing currents, all day and all night. Sometimes, when the night threatened to be unusually stormy, and we were thoroughly exhausted by labor, hunger and loss of sleep, we would make for the land. The breakers all along this coast (there is no such thing as a bay here) rush on shore with frightful violence. There was little choice between the dangers of the open sea and those attending an attempt to land, and afterward get out through the surf again to pursue our journey.

In one of these attempts to land, (and it was "neck or nothing" either way,) the waves dashed over our little boat as if she had been a feather, sinking and upsetting her. A mishap of this kind, attended with imminent danger, calls out all the energy and manliness that exists in the character of any one. It tries his mettle thoroughly. All that can be done is to seize the boat, if possible, and cling to it for life. The breakers will tumble you on shore. If you happen to have wind in you, good; if not probably just as good. This time it threw us all safely on the beach. We hauled our boat out of the reach of the waves, gathered up our goods and chattels, and sat down to ruminate. It was pouring down rain all the while, but that, we had learned long before, was a small matter. After taking our bearings and distances, we found ourselves in about the following latitude and longitude: Shelter the deserted hut (four upright poles and a palm-leaf roof) of some Indian fisher; clothes, all wet; food, none; hunger, terrible; exhaustion, extreme; spirits, of some, rather desponding—minds pretty fair; health, good; *terra firma*, woods impenetrable to the sight; a dense mass of trees and undergrowth, such as only can be seen in the tropics, extending to the very edge of the water. Not a very pleasant position that was it? That night and the following morning we fed on snails gathered from the rocks.

We got on safely, and worked alternately with sail and oar all day, without making much headway. As night approached, it threatened to be a stormy one, but we determined to brave it. That was the night of my life which I shall long remember.—Ye gods! how the wind blew, and how the rain descended—and how the waves rolled! The air was black as Taurus, but the sea,

boiling like a cauldron, sparkled with phosphorescent glow. We alternated between Scylla and Charybdis. Should we get out of sight of land without a compass, we were lost. Should we run among the breakers, it would be certain death. We tacked alternately land and seaward, at chance, and at every tack were in extreme danger of upsetting. Our little canoe flew like the wind, and as she struck each wave, it broke over her bows and sides, so that one of us had to bail constantly. Through all that night, half overcome by sleep, but not asleep, I had a singular delusion, which I could not remove by any effort of reason. It seemed to me that to the right of the canoe, just behind the sail, stood a farm-house, a few feet distant from a post-and-rail fence, (they were split oak rails,) which ran along the sea in the direction we were going, and not far from the boat. The delusion gave me a feeling of security, as I thought, in case of accident, I could easily swim to the fence, and get into the house.

As morning approached the wind became more violent and irregular, and the waves rolled higher and higher. Our native sailors, four in number, were now helpless—one had the fever, and the others crouched in the bottom of the canoe, a set of shivering and frightened wretches. The captain was so sick, also, that I really thought he was going to die. The other person, an employee of the company, and myself were left alone.—In this state of affairs, just as the day began to break, a more violent storm than any previous one arose. Fortunately, my companion was a young man of much courage and coolness, and knew how to run the boat. He took the rudder and I took the bailing instrument; we "let her went" fast as the winds of heaven could drive her. Each wave we met, I thought would be our last, but our gallant little canoe breasted them nobly. As they approached, she would spring to meet them, and raising her bow, would leap up their sides and plunge through their crests, covered with foam, down into the abyss below. At times, the water would break over her bow, and pour over her sides in fearful quantities. The rain all the time poured down as it only can in this country, and ran from the sail into the boat like water from the roof of a house. For three long hours I bailed without intermission, as a man will bail when life depends on his efforts; once the water gained on me so fast, I felt half inclined to give it up as a hopeless job; I did not feel like bailing out the whole sea.

When the storm cleared away we found we had made many miles headway, and were still in sight of land. That night, after a day of toil at the oars, we ran on the beach at the foot of an Indian. We were in a half-finished condition, and could scarcely wait till our chickens (\$1.50 per pair) and corn were half boiled. Then we had a feast in quantity, at least, and to us in quality, that would make the most hardened epicurean sinner stare. After gorging ourselves we stretched our limbs on the ground and slept till midnight, when finding the wind fair, we seized the opportunity and were off.

To arise from a comfortable sleep, after having been deprived of it for many hours, to undergo the risk of running out to sea through the breakers by night, required no small effort of the will. However, as many other things attended with danger, the accompanying excitement made it positively attractive. The *modus operandi* of "putting out" is this; after drawing the canoe down the beach she is pushed into the water deep enough to float her when loaded. To hold her while this operation was going on required four persons—two at the bow and two at the stern. As the breakers would strike her it required all our strength to keep our feet and prevent the boat from turning with the wave and upsetting. After the loading was finished, we arrayed ourselves along each side, and waited until some wave less than the others would roll in—then for one grand rush as far as we could wade—a leap into the boat—seize a paddle, and work as if Old Nick was after us! If we were so fortunate as to hit the right time, and meet the waves before they would "break," all would be right; if we had been too late the waves would roll over the boat, sinking and upsetting her, and plunging us into the sea.

To convince you that I have not exaggerated the danger of navigating this coast, I will mention that, three months ago, when our canoe started for Aspinwall, it upset and the whole party in it made a most narrow escape. Two months ago, one man, a member of the staff, was drowned, and three others saved their lives by clinging to the bottom of the boat until they were picked up by a schooner. One month ago, the boat upset, containing the mail, (with your letter,) and the captain got on shore with about as much water as wind in him. The mail was in a safe place, and was thrown ashore with the boat, well the boat contained were lost, and in consequence we are now on very short allowance—fat salt pork and navy bread, and enough of that to last not more than two weeks. We are expecting a schooner with provisions from the States. I pray for its hasty advent.

After a delightful sail, just at daybreak, we arrived off the mouth of the Bejuco river, the termination of our journey by water, and as we sailed in, we beheld the most gorgeous sunrise it has ever been my fortune to look upon. It arose over a mountain called Chucua, or the enchanted, because it seems to disappear as you approach, and is rarely visible. Dr. Merritt, who has lived here five years, has seen it but once or twice. On this occasion, the atmosphere was transparent to such an extraordinary degree, that we could see its lofty summits, its craggy sides, and frightful chasms as distinctly as if we had been but a mile from its base. By the way, there are some singular traditions, quite romantic in their character, and tinged with the terrible and tragic, which affirm the presence of quantities of gold there which seem rather fabulous. There is no doubt about the fact that it has not been visited by any mortal for several generations—not since shortly after the conquest by the Spaniards, who would have faced the devil in search for gold. The

Indians hold it in dread, and fear the spirit which resides on it. It is not more than fifteen or twenty miles from this place. Dr. Merritt has been talking of making an attempt to reach it. If he tries, I am in for one of the party. It would require not less than three weeks. This will give you an idea of the extraordinary difficulty of traveling, from the ruggedness of the country and density of the undergrowth, all tangled and interlaced with vines.

Cocuyas you will not find marked on the map. Once, it was an important Spanish town and quite large, as is still indicated by the foundations of dwellings scattered around. Now it is an insignificant Indian village, inhabited only by those who depend on the precarious occupation of gold-washing for a living. Look on the map of Central America, and you will see the province of Veraguas, in northern New Granada. Look for Aspinwall, and westward for Chiriqui Cayoon, near the boundary of Costa Rica and Veraguas.—About half way between these is the river Bojaca. From that point, directly southward, and in the narrowest part of the narrow Isthmus, and a comparatively short journey, so far as mere distance is concerned, to mountains from whose summit, it is said, both oceans may be seen and their roar almost heard, reposes the village of Cocuyas, at an elevation of five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Just at the base of Cocuyas hill, commences a row of conical mountains, elevating their heads to a height of some two thousand feet; one of these, whose sides are inclined, at one angle, to not less than forty-five degrees, I spent a day in climbing up to the very top. The surface was not more than twenty feet in diameter. The highest I have yet climbed.

As to the character of the country, it presents most interesting geographical features, which render it quite peculiar as a gold-mining region. The details of this, and the *modus operandi*, of gold-mining, I must reserve for a future letter.

As to the country itself, it is in a state of *purus naturalibus*, so much so, that I think if you were perched on the summit of the highest mountain, on the clearest sunny day, and had the eye of an eagle, you would scarcely be able to perceive, on the whole Atlantic slope of the Cordilleras of the Andes, a sign that human life existed on it. It is a "wilderness primeval." Trees of the most gigantic size (I have seen them fifteen feet in diameter, and extending more than one hundred feet into the air,) furnish support to innumerable varieties of vines, clambering to their very tops and extending to all their branches, each bearing its own peculiar hue and form and size of leaf. Mingled with all these are endless numbers of air plants and parasites, which drop down their roots to the earth, long, flexible, and cord-like, and straggling an arrow, or twisted into spiral folds like huge serpents. All around presents such a profusion of vegetable life, as to astound one who has been accustomed to northern forests.

I do not mean to assert that there are no inhabitants in all this wilderness; here and there is an Indian village, the abode of gold-washers, and those who act as their *teeches*, to relieve them of their gold, and supply them with necessities. Now and then you may meet with a yuca plantation or plantain-patch, and a few along the sea coast or road-sides, which make pretensions to something more than this; but these all amount to nothing, and are no evidence of cultivation, they are only different phases of nature itself. The soil possesses extraordinary fertility, and, if intelligently cultivated would richly repay labor. Yucas, yams, plantains, bananas, chocolate, coffee, corn, beans, rice, oranges, pineapples, and the whole list of tropical productions, grow with great rapidity. But, a gold-bearing country, you know, is seldom an agricultural one. Besides, the natives are too indolent to work unless compelled to. The consequence of all this is, that the Atlantic slope of all this part of the Isthmus does not produce enough to support even its scanty population. The Company has to depend upon receiving provisions from the States.—The natives depend upon provisions carried on the backs of men from the Pacific slope, called savannas, over the Andes. This is a journey of from one and a half to two days, and over roads that a mule could not travel—a mere path through the woods—scarcely perceptible, except to the practised eye of a native. During much of the rainy season this road is impassable, on account of the violence of the mountain torrents. The people here, then, get pretty well starved out.—We are pretty much in the same fix now, ourselves. The savannas of the other side are rich, alluvial plains, much like Western prairies, extending from the base of the Andes to the Pacific ocean. There are many native towns in it, but, judging from the specimens who come over here, both male and female, they are a more indolent and miserable race than those on this side. I forgot to say, that this side of the Isthmus consists of conical mountains, gradually descending in height until they become steep, egg-shaped hills, extending to the shore of the Caribbean. Between these hills there is a perfect network of streams, which, at times, become furious torrents, rushing over rocky precipices of frightful depth. Much of the scenery is therefore wild to sublimity. But I must defer further particulars until the next mail.

A friend has furnished us with the following copy of a sign over the door of a respectable looking house near Chichester, England: "Here lives I oo Quers A Goos." Any joker that can translate the above at once reading, can take our hat. The following is the translation: "Here lives one who cures agues."

A wag, upon visiting a museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing so when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

Respect Old Age.

There, give him all the path. Tread slowly and reverently in his presence. Hush that rude laughter; check that idle jest. See you not upon his temples the snow of many winters? See you not the sunken eye, the bowed form, the thin hand upon whose surface the blue veins stand out like cords. Gone are the beauty and strength of manhood; and in that faded eye but little light is left, save that of love and kindness. That voice has lost its music, save the soft undertone of affection.

Sit down young friend, and hear that story of the olden time; and if, in looking backwards into the mists of the past, he sometimes forgets,—sometimes confounds dates and incidents, or tells the same old tale for the twentieth time, think over what a vast, vast field his memory wanders. Think; over what a checkerboard web of events; thought takes her beaten track, down into the depth of years. Oh, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the anxieties, and wrongs, and sufferings he rouses from their dreamy beds, as he "fights life's battles over again."

And scenes long lost, of joy and pain, Come wildering o'er his aged brain." Standing upon the boundary line between life and the untied future, his feet would turn backwards into the paths of the past. One moment he longs for rest—the next come back the mocking memories of departed joys. The thorns have dropped silently away amidst the leaves of the roses he gathered in childhood and youth—their beauty and fragrance alone remain.

You in whose bounding veins young life yet lingers, and you in the full beauty and vigor of manhood, respect the aged! Speak gently, hush the rude laugh, check the idle jest, listen to the wisdom which is the voice of experience. Cheer him with kindly words; encircle him with your strong arm and lead him as he descends the down hill of life, the shadows deepening into night—the white hairs upon his temple already drifting in the cool breeze which comes up from the valley of death.

Honor the aged that he may leave you his blessing on the threshold of the unknown land. Honor him, and God will raise up for you friends to remove the thorns from the last league of your own life-journey; for the sake of the weary one of long ago, who never wept for your ingratitude; whose bowed form never struggled with a weight of care or grief which you might have carried, while you walked carelessly along, intent upon your own ease and pleasure.

For the aged for His sake who was *old* before he was—whose life is from everlasting to everlasting.

Profanity. Profanity in a child is a terrible thing. We encountered a lad some six or eight years old on the street the other day, who was swearing terribly at a companion; no one in "the army in Flanders" ever indulged in foul profanity than this mere child. Where he had learned to profane the name of the Deity we know not; but if he has parents—a mother who loves him; a father who cherishes great hopes for the future—we pity them. Their boy can never be else than a curse and a shame so long as his lips utter blasphemies. The swearer, however proud or elegant he may be—however elevated his social position—has nothing of the true gentleman in his nature, and the halo of Divinity will never consecrate his achievements.

What is Dirt. Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students:

Don't be afraid of a little dirt, gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that "dirty grease spot" upon your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt. "That is not a very odorous pile of dirt" you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and 'tis no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worth your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! It will separate into very clean elements.

Dirt makes corn; corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you were kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or fillers' earth. There is no telling, gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I may say rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt.

Affecting Story.

Thrilling accounts are given in the Marysville, (California,) papers, of the chase of two *lovers*, by an enraged third party, (the *parient*), who, as we take up the story, was following them across the Yuba river.

Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old man's face, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, made a dead halt in the road and concluded to surrender. Maria was frantic. Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking around through mud three feet deep, she gathered her husband by the legs and dragged him to the ground. Then grasping him tightly around the neck, she shouted to her father, who was now in speaking distance—"You shan't part us. Right here up to our knees in mud, we will love and die together!"

The old man started back in amazement. "Yes," muttered the half used up Augustus; "we'll die right here in the mud!" "But, Maria—a my child," groaned the old man, "are you not my daughter still?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I'm his wife too!"

"And are you married?" "We are," exclaimed both. The old man looked daggers for a moment, closely scrutinized the couple as they clung to each other in the mud, and, turning his horse's head toward the city, he started off, saying:

"That's all I wanted to know. You can now get out of the mud and come home!"

There is a woman's "dress reform" convention in session at Canneltonia, New York, one object of which is stated to be to "put down low necked dresses." Many folks think them too low now.

500 BUSHELS of Dried APPLES, wanted in exchange for our goods.
Dec. 17, 1856. LOVE & McDEVITT.