TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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Select Poetry.

TO A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left, My own, my happy home; For thes I left my cottage bowers, With thee in joy to roam; And where are all the holy vows, The truth, the love, the trust, That won my heart-all scattered now, And trampled in the dust.

I loved thee with a love untold, And when I stood beside Thy noble form, I joyed to think I was thy chosen bride. They told me ere I was thine own. How sad my lot would be; I thought not of the future, then-I only thought of thee.

I left my home, my happy home, A sunny-hearted thing, Forgetting that my happiness A shadowing cloud might bring. The sunny side of life is gone, Its shadows only mine, And thorns are springing in my heart. Where blossoms used to twine

I do not blame thee for the lot, I only pray for thee, That thou may'st from the tempter's power, (0, joyful thought!) be free; That thou may'st bend above my grave, With penitence sincere, And for the broken hearted one, Let fall a sober tear.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart, "Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

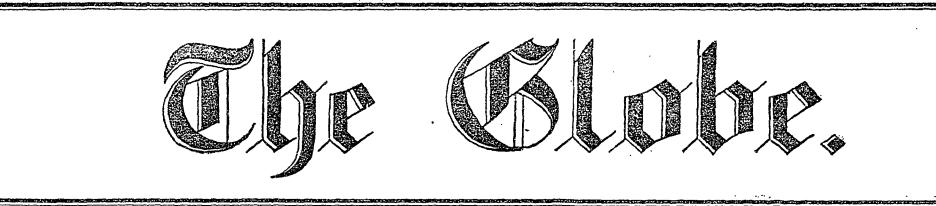
If thy friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe, Should betray theo when sorrows like clouls are arrayed, "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Ehould the visions which hope spreads in light to the eye Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly, Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest-the son of thy heart, The wife of thy bosom-in sorrow depart, "Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb, To that soil where "affection is ever to bloom."

And ohl when death comes in his terror to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

A Select Story THE REWARD OF MERIT. FIRST-RATE LOVE STORY.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XIII.

----PERSEVERE.---

HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 18, 1857.

and in short, before an hour had passed ing. Our friend bowed, and inquired for away, you would have thought that the old | Mrs. Richards. man and young man had known each other She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated ?" There was an ease and

for years. In reference to our new friend, it will be quietness, and an air of self-command about sufficient to remark, that he had been liberthis person which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always ally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had do with such people,) made some common-place remark, which was immediately resnot neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a genponded to; then another; and soon the coneral acquaintance with the most noteworthy versation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richauthors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After strangely protracted, but at length she made a few years of success in the pursuits to her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside. which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two only daughno particular reason for remaining any lon-

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

Very little indeed, was said by either of looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction. them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatpotatee," said James to the cook. ever, between them, save in the counting-The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times "Miss Peyton, room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period, old Mr. Bremen was Dr." as he was making out some bills of found, looking with much frequency and merchandise sold. earnestness at the young woman before him; something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, too, he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. "Sure," said James, "somein circumstances-the young lady, Peyton, worth her weight in gold any day-have her thing's coming." Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on myself if I could.,,

"What is it father?" she said to him one said Charles one evening to Annie; "I think you said you were a relation of his?" morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; do tell me." er," was the grave reply. Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a "I wish you'd have him!" burst forth like an avalanche. "Known him for six yearstrue as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensi-ble man—don't talk much—regular as clock work—prime for business—worth his weight smile. nie reached her father's house, There was in gold." "Have who father? What are you talkno mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was written there. "I see, I see," said the old man; "the ac-count is closed, books balanced, have it all ing about?" "My head clerk, Copeland-you don't

know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else through now in short order. You are a sensible girl-no foolish puss-just what I want --bless you, child, bless you." worth a quill." Annie was puzzled. She laughed, how-The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his countever, and said--"Marry my father's clork! what would ing room. Casks and boxes seemed to be people say !"

"Humbug, child, all humbug-worth forty starting with wonder. of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry; say what they please; what do I care? what do you care? what's money, after all? got my house this evening-never been there yet before, ch?-eight o'clock precisely-want enough of it-want a sensible man-want somebody to take care of it; all humbug."

"What's all humbug, father?" "Why, people's notions on these matters. Copeland is poor—so was I once—may be this matter," said Charles. "He's a kind old fellow in his way; a little rough, but good long-got to leave you, Annie-wish you'd like him."

"Yes, Mr. Copeland, ever kinder than you think for."

ger, and our friend took his departure.

his appearance, father."

Copeland bowed.

"That night Annie said to Mr. B. "I like

"Forward, march !" said old Paul, and he

"The ould man's as swate to night as a new

"Mrs. Richards is an old friend-humble

"How much you remind me of Mr. B.,"

"I am a relative of his through my moth-

Somewhat later than usual on that day An-

"Delivered the paper, last evening?"

"Cruel, cruel fate! When is he to die ?-- off to speak to one of his officers, the patriot There may be some hope of his rescue. He pilot calmly went to the main gangway, and was a furorite with Wushington, and he is at looked over the side as if watching for the

White Plains. I will go to him !" "Alas! my dear child, nerve yourself for the news. It is already too late !" "Dead, dead !" shrieked the poor girl.-

Oh! father, say that it is not so !" only loved thing, beside her father, on earth, when Nathan Hale was hung as a spy on "Alas, my child-I cannot! He was hung at sunrise, and was even refused a Bible to that morning. She was not thinking how look at ere he was summoned to the presence many hearts would be broken by her intended act; she was not thinking of the moth-ers and sisters, and wives in England, who ards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was of his Maker!" For a moment the poor girl stood silent;

not a tear came from her eyes; but a wild would soon mourn for her deed—she was only light illuminated them; a flash as bright as thinking that soon, she would join him in light illuminated them; a flash as bright as fire itself gathered over both face and brow the spirit land, and that dearly would his loss -she clenched her fair hands together until be avenged. For her own dear life she cared

a cold, bitter tone she cried-"LIFE FOR LIFE! I shall be revengedyes, deeply revenged !" "Child, dear child be calm," said the fond

parent.

"Father, I am calm-very calm! Calm as he is, almost. But I swear that he shall be revenged, if my own hands have to reach the tyrant's heart that sealed his doom !-- I of green, even though the storm clouds holoved, oh! how I loved him-and were not vered over them. our betrothal vows plighted? I will act as a

widow-as the widow of a soldier should which she was born-she knew it would be act !"

our heads!" "Not upon yours, father; but to me what is ruin now! But I will not be rash, I will

who now lays cold in death."

began to writhe beneath the force of the ris-

hand, the officers and crew looked anxiously From her elevated position she could look point!" &c.

over the tree-tops and the seried clouds as like a battling host, enshrined to the charge, amid sulphurous flames and smoke, they rose and spread athwart the sky. She could see | dred fathoms more, and they would be safe the eddying of Hurl Gate tossing with whirls from every danger. Then one quick glance the foam caps, white as drifting snow, in the toward heaven, and the disguised girl cried: 'Port-Port! Hard!"

"Copeland, you are a fine fellow-heard from Mrs. Richards-proposed to my relation. Peyton-all right-done up well. Come to gers from the mariner's view.

lated speed, for a moment, and no more !--With a crash, which sent her tall spars tumand, as she looked upon the Sound, she saw that a ship of war had hove to above the bling over her bows-and sent her crew reelnarrow gorge of the Gate. A signal for a just the bound of the bound of the forest and the bated ing to the deck—she brought up on a huge pilot was flying at the foretop, and the hated cross of St. George flew from her spanker right. Then amid the rush of waters, the curses of officers, and the shouts of frightgaff.

With one wild cry of fierce delight, the ened men, was heard the pilot's shrill

clothing to hide his poverty; attends public worship to cover private hypocrisy; prays at street corners in order to rob more securely each passer by.

The present is an extravagant age. There is extravagance everywhere, save always in those things emanating from the hand Di-vine; and poverty clothed in broad-cloth thrusts aside modest wealth and exalts itself higher and higher unto its ultimate fall. Be modest in all things, and at all times. No matter how much another may glisten or glare before the world in his brazen armor, remember the strongest steel cannot confine restless conscience.

Let the young look about them and learn from the experience of others to live within their means. Reduce your ideas. Comfort is in reality very simple, and easily satisfied. Moonshine will not bake bread, nor feed a hungry stomach.

Thus my reflections wander. Sometimes toward heaven after angel's food; sometimes over the earth after the beautiful in our nature. Sometimes searching for the upward path, and in its straight and narrow way striving to enter; and again mourning over those who are striving blindly to put off the harvesting of seed sowed in iniquity. Verily, the mind of man is unto himself most mysterious. - Germantown Telegraph.

A Sabbath Parable.

A devoted Christian, who is never at a loss for means and modes of approach to strangers on religious subjects, was lately passing over the noble common in Brooklyn, on the site of Fort Greene, on a Sabbath morning, when he observed a group of half-growing youths obviously intent upon finding their own pleasure, if possible, on God's holy day. To approach them with reproof would have been mercly to excite a profane scoff; so he sauntered near them with a carcless air, and after seating himself on the grass and pausing idly for a few moments, said in a pleasant, familiar tone-

"Boys, I'll tell you a story."

They gathered around unsuspecting, and he proceeded as follows :---

"There was once a good man, noted for his kindness and liberality; who was traveling in a lonely spot, when he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss; and consequently in distress. With the greatest kindness, he instantly drew out his greatest kindness, he instantly usen out his purse, and, after examining it, said, "I have only seven dollars with me; but I think that, with one dollar, I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have 'the rest;" and with that he handed him the six dollars .--Would you not think the beggar must have gone off very grateful and contented? No-such thing. He was no beggar, but a robber; and, seeing that the good man had still one dollar in his possession, to obtain that, he drew a pistol and shot him dead."

The hearers expressed in their several ways, the heartiest abhorrence at this shocking turn of the story, and one even ventured to doubt the possibility of anything so base. But here he was caught; for our friend turned upon him with a charge of similar and still baser ingratitude in his own person. He reminded him of One who emptied; not a purse, but his heart, for his benefit; who gave him freely six days out of seven, and retained but one, to be devoted to his worship-"and now," said he, "you are so mean, you are robbing him of that!"

The boys hung their heads, without a word to say; and presently the group dissolved, and its members stole away in separate direc-1. tions:

Peculiarities of Gutta Percha.

In its crude state, or in combination with other materials, gutta percha may be heated and reheated to the consistency of thin paste, without injury to its future manufacture, while India rubber, if but once treated in the same manner will be destroyed and unfit

"Mr. Copeland?" Charles bowed. "Miss Peyton?" The young lady bowed, and thus they were introduced. There was that worshiping father, who sadly paced his room, believing that she was praying for patience to bear her loss. "Meantime, there were those three or four hundred hearts beating with gladness that they had got over a long and sickening voy-

age and soon would be anchored in front of the shores that looked so lovely in their sheen

At last, after looking towards the home in her last look-she turned and went to the "My dear child you will bring ruin upon | commander and said:

"The tide is slack, it changes suddenly and we had better fill away at once." The commander gave the necessary orders go to my room, and pray and think of him to his lieutenant, and the next moment the main topsail, which had been laid aback was

She turned and left the room, whilst the braced around, the head sheets eased away, father still stood looking from the window and the vessel headed for the narrow channel and the vessel headed for the narrow channel out upon the waters, which were dashed with | where a thousand crafts have, ere this, laid a rising storm, and the trees, which already | their oaken bones. As they approached the channel, and saw

ing gale, like some huge giants wrestling the black rocks, the whirling eddies, the with some unforseen power. with some unforseen power. Meanwhile his daughter had gone up to

her room in one of the cheerful gables of the out upon the danger. But so calm and fear-old fashioned house; and, forgetting to pray less seemed the young pilot, that reassurance old fashioned house; and, forgetting to pray in the mad tumult of her wronged heart, was had a home in every heart-so clear above also gazing out upon the storm which was the gale his bugle like voice sounded, as he not wilder than the tumult in her own heart. gave the orders, "Port, steady so-luff a

They were more than half through. The tumbling breakers of the "punch bowl" and 'hog's back" had been passed; a few hun-

air-the breakers tumbling up against the black rocks, as if they would hide their dan-Suddesly the sound of a cannon was heard,

At eight o'clock precisely, the door-bell of LIFE-Nathan Hale shall be avenged !"

change of tide. But what was passing in her heart then? There were between three and four hundred souls in that fated vessel. She had lost the

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 22.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader,) twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fullen in love as vet. "Had she no offers ?" What a simple question 1 Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be accounted as one of her me for myself alone; I must know it. Will oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject | you leave the matter to me?" happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must | have assurance of this, and how should she in her present position? Thus matters stood, girl, a companion of our friend Mrs. Richwhen Annie was led to form and execute ards, in II---- street. She shall know the what will appear a very strange resolution- | whole affair; you shall call me by my middle but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the first interview. The rest will take care of cheerful fire in the grate of his counting- itself." room, really indulging in some serious refleced for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered | ed upon a set of teeth, but little the worse not a word, but merely bowed. There was for wear, and was resting there when he left that in his looks which said "I am he."

years or so of age. He was dressed in black, | reached the well known spot, and bowed, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there and looked, "good morning," to those in his was something in his appearance which seemed employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:

"____, 11th mo., 18-__.

FRIEND PAUL: This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayst depend benefit thyself and find cause to rejoice.

Thy former and present friend,

MICHA LOOMIS."

"It is not every one that can get old Micha Loomis' indorsement on his character," said Paul Bremen to himself, as he folded up the letter of the well-known associate of former million, or for anything else-it will do-I | must see her." want him-getting old, business increasing -must have some more help-now as well as any other time."

The old gentleman looked at all this as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips. "Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?"

"I have had some few years' experience." close work--only one thousand a year."

"None." "When can you begin?"

"Now."

A real smile shone on the old man's face. It n gered there like the rays of the setting an among the clouds of evening, lighting up ards, No. 67, H street. The door bell lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up

Father, are you serious?" "Serious, child!" and he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block; a Copeland was ushered in by friend James.— What

strong-minded, resolute girl. A new idea Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and, seemed to strike her. "Father, if you are really serious in the matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get ac-quainted with him. If he likes me, and I

like him, I'll have him. But he shall love

"Go ahead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning."

"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copc-

land, as you call him, and arrange for the

"I see, I see," and one of those rare smiles tion on the past and future-for future, too illuminated his whole face. It actually got -a gentleman presented himself and inquir- between his lips, parted them asunder, glancthe house for his counting room. The twi-The stranger might have been some thirty | light of that smile had not yet gone when he to indicate that the friend whose loss he de- a polite man. On the morning of that day, plored had recently departed. The letter of what looks were directed to our friend introduction which he presented to Mr. Bre- Charles! so many, so peculiar, so full of men was quickly, yet carefully perused, and something, that the head clerk could not help as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the but notice them, and that, too, with some alarm. What was coming? At length the

volcano burst forth. "Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet he could not have been more astonished. Did Mr. Bremen say that? And in the counting upon him for aught he can do, and shall not room too? The very ledger seemed to blush lean as a broken reed. If thou canst do any- at the introduction of such a subject. He thing for him, thou mayest peradventure for the first time made a blot on the fair page before him.

in a wife, you know-a sort of a relation of mine-don't want to meddle with other people's affairs, know our own business best, days. "Old Micha is good for a quarter of a can't help thinking you'll be happier-you

Now the fact is that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have divined his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James, his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. "Any objection to a place here? Pretty B. handed a sealed document of rather im-

posing form to Charles, saying— Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at No. 67, H—street. Place it in the hands of the person to whom it is directed;

sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features. A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, direc-tions given, the pen was dipped in the ink,

وروم مان مورد میرمدند. بیرمینی از معدلیه المیران از است می میرون میرون میرون میرون است میرود. است از این از می وروم مان مورد میرون میرون است از معدلیه المیرون از میرود میروم میرون میرون است از این است از این میرود. است این

turning round abruptly, introduced him to "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen," and immediately withdrew.

"Charles, will you forgive me this?" IIe was too much astonished to make any reply. "If you only knew all my feelings and motives, I am sure you would."

That the motives and feelings were soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt. "Copeland, my dcar fellow," shouted old

Paul, as he entered the room, "no use of a long engagement." "Oh! father!"

"No use, I say; married now-get ready nfterward, next Monday evening, who cares? Want it over; feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though—must bring your wife here no words-partner in business-Bremen and

it-be quiet, will you ?-won't stay in the room."

I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you the facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception practised upon our friend Charles. As, however, our Lord commended the "unjust steward because he acted wisely," so, I suppose, the good sense shown by the young lady in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage enough to step out of the circles which surround the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart which wealth neither gives nor

takes away. LIFE FOR LIFE.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOULTION.

"Father, is there no hope for him? Is the British general so heartless as to condemn so noble, so brave, so young, to die without

mercy ?" These words were used by a pale, tearful girl of great beauty, in the middle portion of ply. the Revolution which gave freedom a home on our loved soil. During that period when cruelty was but too prevalent with both parties-when tories, American born, were, if possible, more relentless and cruel than the British troops.

The father, a noble looking man of middle age, turned a glance out of the window which opened towards Long Island Sound, the green waters of which could be seen sparkling beyond a grove that fronted his dwelling, near Hurl Gate. He turned to this to hide from her his emotions, for she was his only child, and he feared that her young heart would break when he told her all the sad news that lay so heavily on his heart. "Speak, father; tell me, is there no hope?

I will go myself, and kneeling to the tyrant, will plead for the life of him whom I love as "Alas! my child, mercy is dead in the

in the house was the clothing of a brother, who had long since been laid to rest beneath the sod; and to this room she fled, and soon was arrayed in a suit of such clothing as the tide; and ere she sunk, the proud frigate, young men generally wear when they go on a boating expedition. Without hesitation, she | flying, and its crew of stout men, was going

head, and in a brief period, bore the appear-ance of any young man of eighteen, not more And thus this brief sketch is closed. The ance of any young man of eighteen, not more than her age. Having made these arrangements with a rapidity that only desperate resolve could cause, she instantly left the

house, passing down the avenue towards the | yet. Sound, before her father's eyes, he little thinking that the apparently spruce young waterman, who chose to breast such a storm,

was the person of his accomplished daughter. "Hurrying down to a boat house, which fronted the avenue, she loosened one of those

been in a stout ship instead of so small and ces.

frail a boat. It was no new thing for her to be upon the water, being reared so close to it and hundreds of times had she been dashing | make us dependent upon the transient beams over those waves, but never perhaps in such a gale as that. Yet cooly she steered her more real use to the earth than all the light tiny craft, avoiding the dangerous whirlpools derived from the changing face of its cold and rocks, and heading towards the frigate, follower. Did our earthly course always run which impatient for a pilot, had already fired | smoothly, and did no shadows ever cross our another gun.

the man of war, having caught the lines the warmth and refreshing shower, the suncast out to her, and fastened the boat, had

the quarter deck, in the presence of the commander. "Are you a pilot?" asked the latter, impa-

tient in tone as well as look. "I am, sir;" was the reply. "Young for such business. Could you take fill.

us through Hurl Gate?" "As well as my father, who has been a pilot here these thirty years!" was the re-

"Why did he not come out, instead of sending a boy like you in a blow as fresh as this?"

"Because he is laid up with the rhuematism, sir, and then he knows that I can pilot greatest good has been derived. you through as well as he can. Sir Henry

Clinton knows me, sir?" "Ah! does he-well, that is all right. Can we bear away yet?"

"No, sir; not for an hour-till the tide runs ebb."

"That is bad—this gale keeps rising. Is there no anchorage hereabouts?"

"No, sir; not within twenty miles about, where your anchor would hold."

"Then we must go through !" "Yes, sir; as soon as the tide comes.]

catch you on either bow, you'd go on the rocks, sure!" "That is true, young man. Let me

know the earliest moment that we can go through." "Aye, aye, sir!"

your British general that NATHAN HALE is What was her idea? Within another room arenged, and that by a woman, too! Sink -sink! and may my curses go with you !" And before a hand could reach her had they wished it, she leaped into the cddying with its shivered spars and sails, its flag still cut the long glossy tresses of hair from her down into the cold, dark waters, and the mur-

tell

The helmsman obeyed. The vessel eased

off before the wind and flew on with accumu-

guns of the sunken frigate rest beneath the tide of Hurl Gate; but the memory of the Patriot Pilot lives in more than one breast

An Old Man's Thoughts.

Blessed is the man who profits by his own experience. We can all look back to some action of our past lives and learn wherein we were wrong, and profit by the knowledge. small light skiffs which are still the model of The enjoyments of the present hour are apt Copeland-papers all drawn up-can't alter the pilots of Hurl Gate, hoisted a small sail, to hull us into a feeling of security, which and in a few moments was out upon those one moment of adversity will instantly disangry waters, running upon the last of the pel. We build castles out of present pleasflood tides as freely and boldly as if she had ure, which almost crush us in falling pie-

> This is a plain common-sense world. The moon may shine upon it, but it should not for our happiness. Clouds I presume are of vision, our experience would be fruitless, and Within less than twenty minutes from the our existence would be, as the moon's, cold, time she started, she had luffed alongside of dull, and lifeless. Our wisdom would want

light and storm, to make it increase and yield How many young men waste their prime and their principle chasing bubbles which

when caught burst before their very eyes and vanish into thin air! Such experience leaves within the blank, or void, an emptyness which only temporary or continual excitement can

The young man who cultivates within himself his own best faculties, will find that in his past there is good experience; in his pres-ent, pleasure; and in his future, hope. I say not.

cultivates within himself, because in looking back over my own past life, I find that it has been from my own calm reflection that my

We may cultivate our own reflective facultics until they become entirely independent where none but "mourning goods" were of the actions of the body. Every man, I sold, and inquired for slate colored gloves.— presume has at some point in his life, after The polite clerk told him that only black the plow, at the forge, in the mill, or at the desk, humbly and sincerely worshipped God according to the plain dictates of his own diction department. conscience. Such worship must be free from both hypocrisy and idolatry. I think there

is just as much extravagance in worship, as in anything else we do. We worship the praise of man rather than the favor of God. would not risk it yet, for, if the current should | That which bursts from us unheeded, carrying with it only the load under which we are sinking, must reveal unto Deity our true wants. Laboring worship may exhaust the

body, but I cannot see in it any refreshment for the spirit. Man is continually striving to run away

And, while the English commander turned from himself. He dresses himself in costly

for further use. Gutta percha is not dissolved by fatty substances ; indeed, one application of it is for oil vessels,-while India rubber is soon dissolved by coming in contact with fatty substances, as is well known.--Gutta percha is a non-conductor of cold, heat, and electricity, and its natural state is nonelastic, and with little or no flexibility; India rubber, on the contrary, is a conductor of heat, cold, and electricity, and by nature highly elastic and flexible. The specific gravity of gutta percha is much less than that of India rubber—in proportion as 100 of gutta percha is to 150 of India rubber, and is of much finer quality, and a far better conductor of sound. Fabries wrought of India rubber require a separate varnish to give them a polish, but the gutta percha possesses a nature of inherent polish, equal in lustre to varnish. When it is quite pure the color of gutta percha is of a grayish white. It has greasy feel with a peculiar leathery smell. It is not affected by boiling alcohol, but dissolves readily in boiling spirits of turpentine, also in naphta and coal tar. The gutta is highly inflammable: a strip cut off takes light and burns with a bright flame, emitting sparks, and dropping a black residum in the manner of sealing wax, which in its combustion it very much resembles. But the special peculiarity of this substance is the effect of boiling water upon it. When immersed for a few minutes in water above 150 degrees. Fahrenheit, it becomes soft and plastic, so as to be capable of being moulded to any required shape or form which it retains upon cooling. If a strip of it be cut off and plunged into boiling water, it contracts in size both in length and breadth. This is a very anoma-lous and remarkable phenomenon.

POST OFFICE ANECDOTE .--- The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office an-

ecdote:—A rap at the delivery. Postmaster.—Well, my lad, what will you have ?

Boy.-Here's a letter she wants it to go along as fast as it can, cause there's a feller wants to have her here, and she's courted by another feller who ain't here, and she wants to know whether he's going to have her or

Having delivered his message with emphasis, the boy departed, leaving the Postmaster so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

Der A gentleman stepped into a store where none but "mourning goods" were goods were sold in that room ; for slate colored gloves he must step into the mitigated af-

Something Entirely New .- It is thought by many that economy will be fashionable this winter. The oldest inhabitant has never before heard anything like it.

the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?"

"No, sir, but it amounted to the same thing-the landlord footed me."

Charity is the greatest of all virtues.

abundant fold. mounted the vessel's side; and stood upon