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PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME V.

Huntingdon, Sept. 30, 1857.

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A Monthly Reader for Schools. Edited by N. A. Caleins.
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interesting each month, to awaken fresh interest in the reading exercises. Thus it supplies wants long felt by teachers. Try it in your school.

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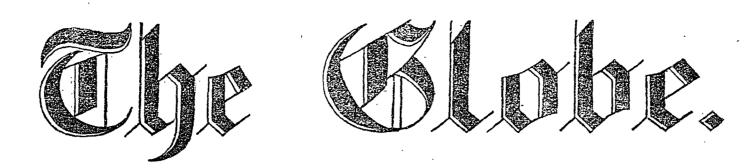
city. Ladies and Gontlemen, Misses and Boys can be suited by calling at my store.

Thankful for past favors, I ask a continuance of the same, knowing that customers will be pleased with my Boots & Shoes and my prices. Huntingdon, October 7, 1857.

COUNTRY DEALERS can
buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at
WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the
cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.
Huntingdon, Oct. 14, 1857.
H. ROMAN. Huntingdon, Oct. 14, 1857.

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---PERSEVERE.-

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGION, PA., JANUARY 20, 1858.

NO. 31.

Select Poetry.

LIFE, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

- A shadow moving by one's side, That would a substance seem,-That is, yet is not-though described-Like skies beneath the stream;
- A tree that's ever in the bloom, Whose fruit is never ripe; A wish for joys that never come-Such are the hopes of Life.
- A dark, inevitable night, A blank that will remain; A waiting for the morning light, When waiting is in vain;
- A gulph where pathway never led To show the depth beneath; A thing we know not, yet we dread,-
- That dreaded thing is Death. The vaulted void of purple sky That everywhere extends,
- That stretches from the dazzled eye, In space that never ends;
- A morning, whose uprison sun No setting e'er shall see ;
- A day that comes without a noon .-Such is Eternity.

Interesting Miscelluny.

New and Effectual mode of Enforcing Temperance.

[Correspondence of the Press.] SMYRNA, Del., Dec. 29, 1857. "We are informed that a married lady of Dover met a gentleman from the same place, on the porch of a botel in Smyrna, a short time since, and cowhided him severely.—Our informant did not learn what the provocation was that induced her to chastise the gentlemar

The paragraph with which I commence this letter having gone the rounds of the papers, and created not a little conversation, speculation, and excitement, I deem it proper to give you more particularly the circumstances which gave rise to it, especially as it is a good thing. ..., and a matter out of which good will be likely to come.

At Dover there lives a gentleman of very considerable fortune, a man of unblemished integrity, a ripe scholar, and, barring his eccentricities, a very pleasant and useful citizen. He is blest with an excellent wife and several interesting children. Throughout this gentleman's life, it has been his misfortune, greatly to the regret of his numerous friends, to get ou what is called "a frolic," but which, in his case, (as he never does any thing by halves,) may more properly, though perhaps less elegantly, be styled "a regular

Of late years his delinquencies in this respect have been less frequent, and his friends have had sanguine hopes that he had resolved to break the devil's head with a bottle, and never make use of one again. It seems, however, that a fiend in the cloak of a friend. persuaded him to do otherwise, and that on various occasions lately, the tempter succeeded in introducing an enemy into the gentleman's head to steal away his brains.

At length the gentleman's wife, mortified and distressed, called upon her husband's friend (?,) and as nearly as I have been able to obtain it, the following dialogue took place: Lady. I believe, sir, you profess to be a friend of my husband, myself, and my child-

Friend. I have that honor, madam. Lady. How then, sir, does it happen that you take pains to ruin him, mortify me, disgrace my children, and make us all very un-

happy? Friend. My good madam, can you for a moment suppose that I could be guilty of such an enormity?

Lady. I suppose nothing. I know, sir, that you are guilty as I charge you. Under your influence, persuasion, and example, you have of late frequently decoyed my husband from his home, and in your company he has frequently become drunk, and in that condition, regardless of what he owes to God, the community, and his family, has done many things deeply painful to his friends, and a source of humiliation to him when sober.

Friend. Really ma'am you magnify trifles; a harmless frolic now and then scarcely deserves such severe reproof.

Lady. Sir, you may consider drunkenness and its attendant depravities as trifles. I think very differently-an evil which changes a gentleman of refinement and education into a besotted, senseless, irresponsible being, is not a trifle. My husband, outside of your influence and association, is true to himself and the community, admired for his learning, honored for his integrity, and beloved by numerous friends for the kind and generous manner in which he dispenses the pleasant amenities of social life. I tell you, sir, your conduct has seriously impaired the happiness of myself and children. The object of this visit is to request you to refrain from further intercourse with Mr. ——; you can do him no good; on the contrary, you do us all a great deal of harm.

Friend. I regret, madam, that you have so poor an opinion of me. I doubt very much the propriety of even a lady making such a request as you make.

Lady. On that question, sir, I have no doubts. My mind is made up; to me the path of duty is perfectly plain, and I intend to pursue it. I called upon you with the hope that I might find in your nature some redeeming trait, and that, through its influence. you would be induced to aid in saving my excellent husband from the ill-effects of his only weakness. I perceive my error, and discover you to be even worse than I had anticipated. now inform you, sir, that if, hereafter, I find you in my husband's company, inducing him to drink, I will take the matter in my

own hands, and remedy the evil. Friend. What would you do, madam? Lady. Publicly horsewhip you, sir. Friend, (forcing a very queer kind of laugh.) You would scarcely so far forget what is due to the dignity and delicacy of your sex. In

addition to which, public opinion-Lady. Public opinion! I respect public pinion, sir, only so far as it acts correctly.-My first duty is to my husband-to protect

doing this, it becomes necessary to publicly horsewhip a pretended friend, but a real enemy, I shall not stop to consult either the dignity or the delicacy of my sex. That portion of the public whose opinion is worth having will judge the act by the motive. I have not the least objection that it shall be told to my children when I am in the grave, their father was saved by their mother publicly horse-whipping a heartless associate who would have led him to destruction. I repeat, sir, that if I find you in the situation I have described, I will chastise you.

The friend smiled, and the lady took her leave. Time passed on, and the next scene in this domestic drama is that referred to in the paragraph at the head of this letter. To understand it right, you must place your men-tal eye upon the very scene of the adventure. Fancy a large, powerful, reasonably handsome, intellectual-looking woman, her eyes flashing with indignation, and every energy collected for an unusual achievement. Her carriage has just drawn up in front of a hotel, and in less time than it takes to tell it in she steps to the bar-room. There, seated glass in hand, was her husband, and alongside of him his 'friend." Quick as lightning she springs forward, and before you could say Jack Robinson, with the "friend" twisting and writhing in her grasp, she is seen upon the hotel porch raining stripes as thick as hail upon the doomed delinquent. The thrashing was fierce in the extreme, and continued until the enraged woman cast her victim from her, exclaiming, "Now, sir, I've kept my word."-She then moved towards her husband, and in a firm but respectful manner offered her arm, which he took, and, getting into the carriage with her, accompanied her home.

An affair so extraordinary, and happening among persons of high respectability, has naturally created a great deal of talk, and has called forth a variety of opinions—some of the sterner sex think it is really awful, and a few of the wishy-washy, sentimental Lydia Languishes of the neighborhood, simper out a severe condemnation of the lady; the better and more wholesome opinion, however, appeared to be, that a few such wives would redeem many husbands, and save the temperance societies a great deal of trouble and expense. If a jury were sommoned, the ver-

dict would be, " served him right."
Yours, &c., Spec SPECTATOR.

A Good Education.

these smart things are coined fabrications- take a little to soothe his sorrow and ease not a word of truth in them-yet they may influence the child hearing them to a course of action which will do a life-long injury .-Such follies should be corrected, and every sensible person should rebuke them whenever opportunity offers. But read the following:

"Parents generally are desirous of securing for their children what they call a good education. This is a commendable manifestation of parental affection. It still would be more so, however, if the motives urging them to provide a good education for their children were somewhat more elevated than they usually are. A good education is too often sought, merely chiefly as a stepping-stone to wealth or rank, or respectability in the world. There are considerations rendering a good education desirable, of a much higher and more commendable nature than this. Need we guilty father goes unpunished. name them? For the present, we will leave good sense of our readers, while we proceed to say that which we intend to say.

It is this:—Parents, in desiring a good eddulge in a very narrow and inadequate conception of what constitutes a really valuable or good education, and also of what influence a child must be brought under in order to secure it. Do not too many regard a school, a teacher well versed in the usual branches and apt to teach, with approved text-books, about all that is necessary in order to secure the good education which they contemplate for their children? Is it not too generally and too much forgotten, that every conversation which they hear from the lips of their parents and every action of their lives, which manifest either a low or lefty character, either worthy or unworthy principles, are a part of

the education, good or bad, of their children? Is it not too generally forgotten that every word and every deed of the companions and associates of your children has somethiny to do in making in their education, either good or bad? Is it not generally forgotten that the temper, the taste, the habits of their parents, and, indeed, of all with whom parents receive to their intimacy, living for high, noble, Heaven-approved ends and objects-such appearing plainly in all conversation and conduct as the ruling purpose of life-and they will then be receiving what constitutes the most essential part of what may truly be called A GOOD EDUCATION."

Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that his axe had been sto-Dow told the man if he would come to meeting with him he would find his axe.-At the meeting, Dow had on the pulpit, in plain sight, a big stone. Suddenly in the middle of the sermon, he stopped, took up the stone, and said: "An axe was stolen in this neighborhood last night, and if the man who took it don't dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone!" at the same time making a violent effort to throw it .--A person present was seen to dodge his head, and proved to be the guilty party.

Mc Guard well your flag! uphold it high! Beneath its folds fight, conquer, die!

his health and vindicate his honor. If, in life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

The Drunkard's Children. BY W. A. DEVON.

Poor children, God help them; for they have none other to assist them. What! have they not a father and a mother to look after them? No, gentle reader, they have neither one nor the other. The one who ought to be a father is a confirmed drunkard, incapable means of bringing into a world of sin and sorrow. From the effect of his ill usage, their unfortunate mother died last winter, leaving her little ones to the mercy of a selfish world. Ah! what a sad hour was that for the poor mother. The snow was lying deep on the ground, and the bleak, frosty wind was rustling among the naked branches as she lay shivering on a bed of straw in one corner of a dark dirty room, and with scarcely a rag to protect her wasted form from the bitter blast. The stove was cold and black; for the drunk-

ard could not waste his means in buying wood

and coal, as long as he could get rum and

brandy so cheap.

The poor, ragged, unwashed children were gathered round the bed of their dying mother.

Poor things, they did not know what death was, but they were only too familiar with hungary and you they were gethered round. hunger; and now they were gathered round her who had been their only friend, from whom alone they had ever received a kind word or look, and asked for bread. There was none in the house, and she had not tasted oh, how it wrung her woman's heart at that sad hour to hear her children cry for bread and have none to give them. Death was fearful, but here was a pang more bitter still. O! if the Father had but gathered them home before her, how gladly could she have gone to meet them. But no; "Father, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," she said, and kissed the drunkard's poor, despised children, who were dearer than all the earth to her; and with a prayer that the Father of the fatherless might be their protector, her spirit passed away. The wind still sobbed and moaned without, rattling at the casements and shaking the doors; but it had no power to awaken that dead mother, and as little to prospect of her sharing my better days." call home the drunken father.

The children had cried themselves asleep by their dead mothes's side, but they were aroused at midnight by the inhuman fiend, There is much good sense in the article quoted below which we find without credit in one of our exchanges. The conversations of adults in the presence of children has much influence upon the latter in school, sometimes exercising a most baneful and destructive inslave than ever. His home and his children are deserted for the "rum hole;" and they may be seen sitting on the stoop at all hours night, clothed in rags and filth, and with

> together. God help them, poor creatures, neglected by their father and despised by their neighbors, their spirits are broken, and they look upon themselves as Ishmaelites, "every hand is against them, and theirs against every one." They are left to grow up rank and noxious weeds in the garden of life, without education and religion. The consequence will be that they will go to swell the already too extensive number of criminals, while the

God help the poor children; and let every them to be presented by the conscience and one who knows of such (and who does not) try and help them also, by word and deed .-Remember, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins;" and what can be greater charity than ucation for their children too commonly in- to save the drunkard's child for time and eternity.

Slander.

Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whisper against the character of another, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report and pass it on the current .--Strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint. How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief at a single nod. How many graves have been dug by false report. Yet you will keep it above the water by a forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling, we pray. Lisp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of another, and, and as far as you are concerned, the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

Some time in 1838 or 1839 a gentlenan in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property and owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by names of several of the best men in Tennessee. Money at the names. "Very good," said they, "t, "Could you get his indorsement?" tainly." "Yes, but he is not worth one tenth as much as either of these men whose name I offer you." "No matter; General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money on the strength of his name." In a few days the papers with his signature arrived. The moment these that they exert curative and recuperative in-Andrew Jackson, our Tennesseean says he fruit can confer could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest diffi-Brave actions are the substance of culty. So much for an established character is essential to good morals, or that laughing

Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellence of her character than her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days of taking care of himself, far less the care of three children, she died. A few days these poor children which he has been the to a friend, depicting the character of his

wife in the following terms:-"I was guided (he observes) in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who by the tender management of accumulate, that the human dwelling is a my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me.

"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. anything herself since the day before; for the In her solicitude for my interest she never little which a kind neighbor had given her for a moment forgot my feelings or my charshe had divided amongst the children. But acter. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sulleness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into shall wish to know further of her who had a friendship, and before age had deprived it of child to engrave her most endearing name much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the

> Gold-bright, beautiful gold !-What an interesting subject to man, because it fills his heart in the market place-because

fluence. We often hear adults boasting of Hc cursed the fiend which had bound him it as bringing honor—how many hands close certain smart mischievous acts of their school in its spell, and made him the murderer over it with a more earnest pressure than days, in the presence of children, who are apt to take it for granted that it is something worthy to be boasted of. For the most part it is! It brings the gracious nod from leadhis guilty mind, and now he is a greater ers of fashion and rank to the owner of bonds and mortgages, be he ever so poor in soul, and makes dull the vision of such, when spiritual wealth goes by in a brother's of the day and far into the dark and dismal form, whose material pockets, alas! know only a shilling. It gives some carriages, and barely enough of food to keep body and soul leaves rough traveling-boots for labor-plodding feet. It graciously puts out its jeweled hand to help the millionaire up the rounds of social fame, while the poor shilling one lifts up his tattered foot with bitter disappointment for a similar ascent. It takes the life of rarest fish and fowl to gratify the pampered tastes of fastidious favorites, and makes dear Mother Earth find roots and such cheap things for her pauper sons.

Man will not realize the virtue that lies buried in glittering stones; he will not see the balm for stricken hearts which is hid therein, and so revels in selfish luxury and unblessed ease. He makes of it a bed of thorns, when it might give sweet rest to the weary-hearted, and be to himself a pillow of down when night and memory come. He chooses the bed that rises to the wine cup's brim, rather than the grateful tear which overflows the eye of blessing poverty. He uses it to lead the young and thoughtless through the path which has a pleasant guide post, but at the end a grave with no light around it, when he might lead them, by its well-used power, to a final resting-place, the way to which would shine with deeds whose brightness would go before them to God's throns.

Why do People eat Fruit?

Is it because it pleases the palate, or do they look a step further, and take it because they are convinced, from long observation, wag of your tongue, when you might sink it that it has a most beneficial effect upon the constitution? It would seem most likely, from a want of any apparent system in its daily use, that the former rather than the latter is far more the incentive to its use. Were our citizens as fully convinced as the people of France that perfectly ripe-fruits, and the grape in an especial manner, when used large. ly, dilute the blood, made too viscid by the free use of animal food, increase the circulation of the skin, give color to the pallid check, | nately. assist to overcome obstructions of the liver, lungs and other vital organs, aiding digestion, and by its diurctic quality removing gravel and dislodging calculi from the kidneys. They not only secure these advantages but they also give great tone and vigor to the system, and clevate in the scale of health and strength the feeble, the delicate and the consumptive to a degree unattainable in so short a time from the use of any other diet. We should appreciate this excellent fruit still higher than we now do. They will tell you and they are excellent judges in these cases -that the grape confers not only all these advantages so much more important than the mere gratification of the palate, (though this is not denied us, as the fruit must be perfeetly ripe and sweet to possess these virtues,) Boston bankers saw the tall A and long J of fluences on the system that no other article of

> It is an error to think that a long face is an unpaidonable crime.

about him by the caresses of children, from his house to the market-place; how the false and fraudulent purpose, half conceived in the counting-room, is rebuked and put to shame by the innocence that gazes into his eyes and clings about his neck when he goes home and shuts the door on the world at night. Consider what a hindrance household love interposes to stay the erring feet of dissipation—what triple shield it holds up against the sins of prodigality, indulgence, or dishonor! Consider that, with most of us, whatever impulses of generosity visit the soul, whatever prayers we breathe, whatever holy vows of religious consecration we pledge, whatever aspiring resolves we form, are apt to spring up within the sacred enclosures of the house! Consider how the mere memory of that spot, with all its precious endearments goes forth with the traveler, sails with the sailor, keeps vigils over the exposed heart among the perils of the foreign city, sweetens the feverish dreams and softens the pain of the sickly climate, and, by calling his love homeward, calls his faith to Heaven! Consider that the discipline of disease, the purification of bereavement, the tears of mourners, are all elements in the sanctity of home; that closets of devotion are parts of the architecture of the house; that Bibles are opened on its tables; that the eyes of new-born children open, and their first breaths are drawn in its chamber; and that the dead body is borne out of its doors; how fast do the gathering proofs

The Uses of Home.

about tempted virtue; how the man of busi-

ness carries a zone of moral purity woven

Where lie the clearest proofs of a heavenly watchfulness over our heads, if not in the shelters where we lay those heads at night? Consider what securities home affections bind

A BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.—In Trinity church-yard there is an inscription on a tomb so singularly and affectingly beautiful, that we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry, surmounted by a slab-stone, on which are deeply cut the following words: "MY MOTHER!

sanctuary of the Most High!-Huntington.

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall

There are no other letters or characters on the slab or pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages, that are or have been of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone-and the dearest of all names, that of MOTHER, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sonuding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.

PLAIN TRUTH .- Some one who seems to understand the subject describes the education of "young gentlemen and ladies," of the would-be-fashionable sort, which tends only to mental weakness and fashionable decay.

A young gentleman—a smooth-faced strip-ling—with little breeding and less sense, ripens first, and believes himself a nice young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears genteely, coaxes embryo imperials with bear's grease, twirls a rattan, spends his father's money, rides fast horses-on horseback and in sulkeys-double and single-drinks Catawba, curses the Main law and flirts with young 'ladies,' hundreds of which are just like himself, though of a different gender; and this is the fashionable education of our day. The fathers and mothers of these fools were once poor. Good fortune has given them abundance. Their children go through with an inexhaustible fortune, and into the poor-house. Parents you are responsible for this folly. Set your sons and daughters to work and let them know that only in usefulness there is honor and prosperity.

THE POOR Box .- Don't be ashamed, my good lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrous mother. For our part, would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips, or smell the fumes of tobacco on your breath. No good boy will shun you because vou cannot dress as your companions; and if a bad boy loughs at your appearance, say nothing, my go. I lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor, but honest, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and addicted to bad habits.

LIGHT SUFFER.—One of the great secrets of health is a light supper, and it's a great self denial when one is tired and hungry at the close of the day, to cat little or nothing. Let such one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold better for it the next morning. Take away two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard-working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter and a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes and ordinary et ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to say that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty vears.

THE OUTER AND THE INNER WORLD .- There are some who seem to live entirely in the outer world; while others find their true position in the inner-a few live in each alter-

The first are such as scize the pleasures of the present, with no thought of the future, and find matter for enjoyment and mirth in almost any class of externals into which they may be thrown. The second are contemplative, sensitive and poetic; their thoughts are with the glories of the past, the idealities of the present, the bright hopes of the future. They merely live in the outer world; their pleasures are all drawn from the inner. The few, of the third class, combine a hapy admixture of reality and ideality. To-day they live in the outer world, to-morrow in the inner. They laugh with the cheerful, and dance with the gay, yet deep within their souls is a contemplative, sensitive, poetic gem, which, ever and anon, shines forth amid the grosser glare of outward formalities.

It is said that the kind mothers of the East have got so good, that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping

them. Tell me with whom thou goest and I will tell thee what thou doest.