cording to these terms. "Thick Darkness covers the Earth, And Gross Darkness the People." MOUNTRY MERCHANTS and all

Others, will take Notice! that they can supply them-selves, in any quantities, with JONES' FAR-FAMED PATENT NON-EXPLOSIVE KEROSENE OR COAL OIL LAMPS, at the Wholesale and Retail Head-Quarters, 38.....South Second Street......38.

PHILADELPHIA.

The only place where exclusive Agencies can be obtained for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Dela-

od for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Denaware.

These Lamps give a light equal in intensity of flame, and similar in appearance to Gas, and are claimed to be superior to all other portable lights, now in use. No fear of Explosion—No offensive odor—No smoke—Very easily trimmed—As easily regulated as a Gas Light—Can be adapted to all purposes—And better than all for a poor man—50 per cent cheaper than any other portable light, now in common use.

Sole Agent. Also. For

now in common use.

Sole Agent, Also, for
KNAPP'S PATENT ROSIN AND COAL OIL LAMP.

Lamps, Oils, Wicks, Shades, and every article in the
line.

S. E. SOUTHLAND, Agent.

No. 38, South Second street, Phil'a.

L'ANCY FURS,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

JOHN FAREIRA & Co., No. 818, (new No.,) MARKET Street, above Eighth, Philadelphia—Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in FANCY FURS, for Ladies and Children; also, Gent's Furs, Fur Collars, and Gloves. The number of years that we have been engaged in the Fur business, and the general character of our Furs, both for quality and price, is so generally known throughout the Country, that we think it is not necessary for us to say anything more than that we have now opened our assortment of FURS, for the Fall and Winter Sales, of the largest and most beautiful assortment that we have ever offered before to the public. Our Furs have all been Imported during the present season, when money was scarce and Furs much lower than at the present time, and have been manufactured by the most competent work min; we are therefore detormined to sell them at such prices as will continue to give us the reputation we have born for years, that is to sell a good article for a very small profit.

Storekeepers will do well to give us a call, as they will find the largest assortment, by far, to select from in the city, and at manufacturers prices.

JOHN FAREIRA & CO.

No. SIS, Market Street, above Sth, Phil'a.

September 15, 1858.—in.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

MAMMOTH STORE!!

J. BRICKER has returned from the East with a tremen dous Stock of Goods. They are upon the shelves in his New Rooms, on Hill street, near M'Ateer's Hotel, ready for

AT THE

customers.

His Stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
DRY GOODS, GENERALLY,
GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE AND GLASSWARE,
CROCKERY AND CEDARWARE,

And everything to be found in the most extensive stores. His Stock is New and of the Best, and the public are invited to call and examine, free of charge. HOR EVERYBODY.

TRY THE NEW STORE,

On Hill Street opposite Miles & Dorris' Office.

SUGAR and MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEA and CHOCOLATE, FLOUR, FISH, SALT and VINEGAR, CONFECTIONERIES, CIGARS and TOBACCO, SPICES OF THE BEST, AND ALL KINDS, every other article usually found in a Grocery a Grocery Store

SO— Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,
Paints, Vurnishes, Oils and Spts. Turpentine,
Fluid, Alcohol, Glass and Putty,
BEST WINE and BRANDY for medical purposes.
ALL THE BEST PATENT MEDICINES, and a large number of articles too numerous to mention.

The public generally will please call and examine for themselves and learn my prices.

Huntingdon, May 25, 1858. BRICKER'S

BRICKER'S J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE MAMMOTH STORE MAMMOTH STORE

IS THE PLACE IS THE PLACE IS THE PLACE

FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE. &c. FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c.

S. S. SMITH.

TOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

INDUSTRIAL STOVE WORKS, No. 33,
North Second Street, opposite Christ Church,
Philadelphia. The subscriber respectfully informs his filinds and the public generally that he has taken the Store, at No. 33, North Second Street, where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

He has now on hand a splendid assortment of PARLOR,
HALL, OFFICE, STORE and COOKING STOVES, of the latest and most approved kinds, at wholesale and retail.

HALL, OFFICE, STORE and COOKING STOVES, of the latest and most approved kinds, at wholesale and retail.

WM. C. NEMAN,

Wo. 32, North Second St., Phila.

N.B.—Your particular attention is invited to MEGEE'S

PATENT GAS BURNING WARMING and VENTILATING

STOVES, for Parlors, Offices, Stores, Halls, Cars, &c., which
for economy, purety of air, and ease of management has
no equal.

W. C. N. W. C. A. Odd Custings for all kinds of Stores, on hand. September 15, 1858.-3m.

TUNTINGDON HOTEL.

The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established TAVERN STAND, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Charles Street, in the Borough of Huntingdon.

He has fitted up the House in such a style as to render it very comfortable for lodging Strangers and Travelers.

elers.
HIS TABLE will always be stored with the best the season can afford, to suit the tastes and appetites of his guests.

HIS BAR will always be filled with Choice Liquors, and
HIS STABLE always attended by careful and attentive He hopes by strict attention to business and a spirit

P. McATEER.

LEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!

The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McGILL, and is in blast, and have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, Machines, Plows, Kettles, &c., &c., which he will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds of Country Produce and old Metal taken in exchange for Castings at most party and produce and control of the country Produce and control of the country Produce and old Metal taken in exchange for Castings at most party and produce and control of the country Produce and control of the country Produce and cold Metal taken in exchange for Castings at most party and produce and cold metal taken in exchange for Castings at most party prices. t market prices. April 7, 1858.

COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the citles, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.
Huntingdon, April 14, 1858.
H. ROMAN. II. ROMAN.

TARNISH! VARNISH!! ALL KINDS, warranted good, for sale at BROWN'S Hardware Store, ril 28, 1858—tf. Huntingdon, Pa. April 28, 1858—tf.

ADIES, ATTENTION !-- My assort-I ment of beautiful dress goods is now open, and ready for inspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can be found at my store.

D. P. GWIN.

ARDWARE!

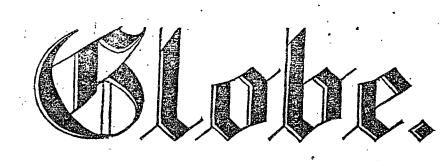
A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at
BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. THE MAMMOTH STORE

Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladius' Dress Goods. RRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

OUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & McMURTRIE.

WHEAT! D. P. GWIN'S. For sale at





WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.--

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 17.

VOL. XIV.

Select Poetry.

THE ONE DREAM OF LIFE.

BY MISS RADCLIFFE.

Life has one dream, one soul-absorbing dream,

No matter what the substance or the theme,

'Tis life's whole essence!—on this die we cast

Our world of hope-perchance, to lose at last.

Glorious thy setting forth, bright spirit-dove!

But how wilt thou return, poor, venturous one,

Oh, blessed dream!-how the full heart is thrown

At eve, when wand'ring 'mid the breath of flowers,

Even as though with Heaven's own light it gleam'd?

How soft the turf seem'd, and the world how fair?

Dost thou remember how, when lonely straying,

Rememberest thou how e'en a leaf or flower

Could melt thy soul to softness in that hour?

Which, stealing on the winds, in music came

Which on thy soul like stars in night did shine?

This was thy dream !- who wots of the awaking,

"Twas but a common end-life's dream was o'er,

And thou, fond dreamer !-- ah, we ask no more.

Life has for all one dream !- that dream may be

No matter what, we all have some great aim,

Some dear desire-love, glory, wealth or fame.

We dream and struggle on, hoping to win

That one great object-ah, the strife within,

Yes, thou hast many dreams, young heart, but which,

That dream which hath the power thy soul to touch, That into which thine energies are thrown,

The restless longings of the weary heart,

Perchance, at last to see its hope depart.

The all subduing !- life has one alone!

Dream on, dream on, and struggle to attain,

What maketh life seem worthy of the gain;

Dream on-thine all is staked upon that diel

So have I dream'd-no matter what the end-

The poetry of life its charm could lend

To all around me :-- if the bliss be o'er.

So is the struggle-now, I dream no more

Gone are the revellings of young delight,

At least, I dream not now as once I dream'd;

The bursts of rapture at some sound or sight.

The soft enchantment breathing all around,

The perfumed atmosphere, suffused with balm;

All these are gone; and gone the thrills of old.

Gone the dear wanderings by the quiet stream:

Gone are the smiles and tears-gone, gone the dream

How to Eat.

We have long considered eating an impor-

tant part of our daily pleasure and duty.

There are rules to be observed, which physi-

ologically considered, are intimately connec-

ted with health and life, and hence, with our

regular times, cat wholesome food, cat slowly,

masticate well, be cheerful while we eat, drink but little while eating, eat to live and

But the thought on our mind just now, is

some Indians, fresh from the forest. Their

manner of eating was so hoggish, greedy,

gormandish, as to be absolutely repulsive,

not to say loathsome. That human beings

could eat so like brutes, we had not before

dreamed. We had heard before of "bolting

food," "roughing it," "taking it the natural

way," &c., but we had no real conception of

the coarseness and brutality of savage eat-

ing. We saw then the beauty of the refine-

ments of the civilized table, as we had never

seen it before. We realized sensibly the im-

portance of cultivating a chaste and proper

manner of eating, a refinement of table eti-

quette that shall be at once graceful and

There are few places in which one's breed-

ing shows itself more clearly than at the ta-

ble. A low-bred man will generally be ill-

mannered and coarse at the table. A selfish

man will usually show his selfishness as soon

at the festal board as elsewhere. An awk-

ward man will be sure to be doubly awkward

at the table. A bashful man is most bashful

when he eats in company of others. A mean

man will be especially mean at his own ta-

ble. On the contrary a gentleman is espe-

cially a gentleman at his meals. The gener-

ous here shows his generosity; the polite

man his politeness; the well-bred man his

good manners; the graceful man his polish;

With the American people, table etiquette is too much neglected. More attention to

good manners, to a graceful and easy style of

eating, to table politeness and courtesy, would do much to polish our people, and make their

common behavior more agreeable and satis-

factory to themselves. Our example and in-

struction before our children are important

to them. There is such a thing as excessive

politeness, as an exquisite mannerism at the

table, which is to be avoided; but we are

more likely to offend with our coarseness.

the dignified man his dignity.

Till earth seem Paradise or fairy ground;

The spirit's gladness and the spirit's calm.

The silent eestacy, the bliss untold!

not to kill ourselves.

agreeable.

Ah, ne'er will Nature seem as then she seem'd!

Bright is the beam of that undaunted eye!

Of giant ambition, wealth, love, poesy;

The struggle, or the strife, or the heart's breaking!

Upon thy raptured ear-one form divine,

Enchantment dear!-sublimity of joy!-

Life was all beauty then without alloy,

Dost thou remember one beloved name

Sweet angel-lutes have seem'd around the playing?

'Twas but the gushings of thine own young heart-

With thy wings drooping, thy young freshness gone?

Oh, golden dream of early youth and love!

In all its strength on this, on this alone!

Precious absorption of each nower and sense!

Fairy delight!-but what the recompense?

Maiden, rememberest thou the happy hours,

Thou did'st inhale the fragrance of their sigh?

Can'st thou recall the wind's low melody?

Dost thou remember how the sunset seem'd,

Dost thou remember the mild balmy air,

Oh, minstrelsy superior to all art!

HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 20, 1858.

HUNTING A SITUATION.

A Select Story.

John Peters had just graduated from the Merchantile College in New York, and with a recommendation in his pocket, was now in search of a situation. He was a good looking young man of twenty-three, had earned his education when finished. If we mistake not. John Peters was a native of a little town on fire." in Connecticut, which from some oversight on the part of previous compilers, has had the misfortune to be entirely overlooked by the great Col. Brookes, in his universal scrutiny of the State.

For fear of rendering the town classical, as being the birth-place of our hero, we shall refrain from further mention of it, satisfied that the curiosity as already excited, will induce future compilers to be more accurate in their researches, and thus, in the course of time, it may come to be awarded to aforesaid town, in spite of its isolation and obscurity, its due share of geographical no-

In what part of the city, John Peters resided, or where he happend to be on the ready."

You do? Indeed, how funny. Then clearly shown. I am sorry, however, because the locality of John Peters might tend to strengthen the identity of John Peters, and prevent him (had this fact, with other important items, been duly established in the mind | that papa made such an odd mistake?" of the wealthy and influential John Meirs.) from entrapping the pretty bird which policy and worldly calculations had already beat into the bush for John Peters the second.

That John Peters had been looking over the morning papers, cannot be doubted, from the fact that nine o'clock, A. M., found him standing at the door of John Meirs' counting room. Mr. Meirs having that morning advertised for a book-keeper.

'I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. John Meirs?" said John Peters, touching his hat and bowing profoundly.

"The same," responded Mr. Meirs, with a frigidly dignified bow. "Can I be of any service to you? Please proceed."

John Peters hesitated and glanced about the room; the presence of Mr. M. was recog-

nizable in every object. "What shall I do? If there was only a hole somewhere," thought John. But as there was no hole, John proceeded. "My name is Peters—John Peters, at your

Mr. Meirs sprang from his arm chair as though he had received a shock from some invisible battery.

"John Peters, by all that's gracious!" cried Mr. Meirs, embracing him. "And here, like an old simpleton, have I been treating you, thinking you a stranger all the while, according to the most frigid rules of etiquette. from Baltimore." I deserve to be blowed for having studied Count de Orsay's Treatise. But how is your father—how stupid in me. I can see him in every feature of your face—in good spirits I reckon?—yes, I see, no matter about the answer-arrived in the morning train-all tired, no doubt. Yes, of course, how could I expect you to be otherwise?—rode all night! Perfectly unexpected, though I didn't dream letter a week from Friday—to-day, let me marry a cousin if I could help it." see, this is Wednesday, which would leave it "On the contrary," cried John a week from day after to-morrow. But no matter; you are just as welcome. Ah! here world for that happy privilege." comes an omnibus, it will take us within two minutes walk of my residence, and Bella is at home this morning. She can't help but be delighted—come," and he caught the arm of John Peters, and started in the direction success and characters. We should eat at of the street.

"I fear there is a slight misunderstanding, somewhere!" faltered John, attempting to withdraw his arm; it is true, my name is John Peters-----

"Of course, and my name is John Meirs, relitively to the proprieties of the table. and you are to marry my daughter, Bella .-There are many little courtesies and refine-I can see no misunderstanding about the ments among well-bred people at the table, matter. "Hallo!" he shouted, at the same which many regard with indifference, that time beckoning to the driver of the 'bus, and just now seem to us particularly appropriate renewing his hold upon John Peters' arm; "hallo, there, two fares this way!" and becoming. We say just now, because we had occasion a few days since, to feed

The driver held up, and Mr. Meirs, in spite of the half-formed remonstrances of the bewildered John Peters, hurried him into the 'bus, and in five minutes more, they were ascending the marble steps of the merchant's

"Is Bella at home?" inquired Mr. Meirs, of the servant.

"Troth, and I think it was the young mistress' voice, I was afther hearing, just now, in the pecanny room."

Mr. Meirs led the way, in the direction indicated, while John, much embarassed, followed. He felt that it was high time for an explanation. But Mr. Meirs was' too much pre-occupied with the one idea, the identity of . John Peters and his marriage with Bella, to heed the confused and broken sentences of our hero, and the next moment found him face to face, with one of the most bewitchingly beautiful creatures he had ever seen in

his life-time. "This is Bella," said Mr. Meirs, with some pride; you doubtless remember her. This iz your cousin John, I hope you have not forgotten him. What in the world makes you

Here, Mr. Meirs consulted his watch, and "But I must be in Wall street, by ten,

and so I must be obliged to trust you to your own government, till dinner." With this, Mr. Meirs left our hero, indescribably confused. No sooner had he departed, than Bella burst into a ringing laugh, and exclaimed, "how funny."

Merriment is said to be contagious-John Peters laughed a response to Bella; and he had a most beautiful way of doing it, which Bella, in spite of the novelty of their situation, acknowledged with a blush.

tale unfold.

dening. "I never wore a wig in my life, Miss Bella." "Then you must have colored it, for it was

one eye open, lest you set the bed curtains "What an awkward situation," cried John

It was now Bella's turn to look surprised. "And who are you then, if you are not

John Peters, of Baltimore?" "I am John Peters, of Connecticut, a graduate from the Mercantile College, and at present in search of a situation. I am not your cousin, and never saw you to my knowledge until to-day, though, I must confess, you are the prettiest girl I ever did see, and I begin to envy the genuine John Peters, your cousin, for I can't help liking you al-

you are not my cousin from Baltimore, and what is better still, my father thinks you are. I do detest a cousin for a husband, whether he be cousin or no. But how did it happen

"Well, the fact is, the whole thing is a mistake from the beginning, and was attributable to an advertisement in the morning papers. Your father wanted a book-keeper, and advertised. I saw the advertisement and applied directly for the situation. Before stating my business, I introduced myself as John Peters, whereupon, your father, forget-ting there might be another John Peters in the world, bundled me into an omnibus and hurried me here before I could offer an ex-

"How odd!" exclaimed Bella. "And you are not my cousin after all?-but I rather like you, and am not a little pleased at the adventure, because we can both laugh over father's mistake, and the absent John Peters' red hair."

"But I must explain the matter immediately, though I dislike the idea of giving you up to the absent John Peters," answered our ero, with the same winning smile, "especially, as you have a natural antipathy to red hair."

"I don't see the use of explaining. Suppose we both keep quiet, and let it go for granted that we are cousins—what harm can there be in it?"

"And then suppose he, thinking me cousin John Peters, should insist on our being mar-"Oh, it would be delightful! I do hate

to marry my cousin John, besides, I like you a thousand times better. There isn't the least romance in marrying one's cousin, especially such a cousin as John Peters, of Baltimore." Here Bella laid her pretty white hand on

his arm and said:

"But you don't care for me; of course, you wouldn't like to be married just to please of your coming before the expiration of anyou wouldn't like to be married just to please other week—I think your father said in his me. I don't blame you either, for I wouldn't "On the contrary," cried John, clasping

"Then you must promise to keep still and let the matter rest as it is. You will do it,

won't you?" "Most certainly," answered John, "if it please you."

On his return, and to his no little delight, Mr. Meirs found Bella deeply interested in cousin John. "I thought you would come round," said he. "These girls are always perverse when their lovers are out of sight, but mighty warm hearted and agreeable when they have got together. Howbeit, I fancy there is a slight vein of duplicity in the best of them, I do."

"Oh, no, papa, you should not be so hasty in your conclusions, for haven't I told you all along that cousin John's hair was red. and take somewhere, for his hair, (pointing to the counterfeit cousin's,) is quite dark and glossy. I must really confess, papa, that I like John very much; a great deal more than I expected. I do, indeed."

"Then," said Mr. Meirs, exultingly, "if I were in John's place, I would just take the liberty to strike while the iron is hot. There is nothing gained by delays, and a week hence you might be as far off the handle as

you were a week ago." "Oh, no, I am not fickle, but I will leave the whole matter with you and John."

"There, Bella, you talk like a sensible girl," cried Mr. Meirs. "I knew you would. I like your resolution. There is nothing so rare in the world, as a sensible girl at your time of life. John is no fop or profligate. He will make you a good husband; will look after your interest, and I think will be worthy of you. As for the wedding, John, it shall be left entirely to you. Bella is willing, and I can see nothing to prevent its taking place

right away."
"I think whatever you think proper," said stare so, Bella? I told you his hair would John. Any arrangement agreeable to you, be as dark as yours by this time, but you will be equally so to me. I have a great rewouldn't believe it at all." safely say, that to be the husband of your daughter this moment or at any future time would be to me the choicest Gift of Heav-

"Very sensible remarks," says Mr. Meirs joyfully, "and as you are obliging enough to leave the matter to my direction, I shall say a week from Friday, that being the day on which I first anticipated your coming. This will give Bella ample time for all necessary preparations, and you, also, to apprise your father, and such other friends from Baltimore, as you are disposed to invite.

"If I might be allowed the preference in "There is a great mistake," said John this respect," answered our hero, glancing at

Peters, bowing sorrowfully, as if he would a Bella for encouragement, "I would much rather not mention it to my father and "I see," said Bella, "you are trying to cover up your red hair with a wig. I hate red hair, and the change makes you look so funny—it does, indeed."

"It is all a mistake," persisted John, reddening. "I never wore a wig in my life, dening. "I never wore a wig in my life, "your father not mention it to my father and friends till afterwards, and thus give them an agreeable surprise. In fact, before I saw her this morning, I had not even dreamed of such sudden good fortune."

"And beside," interposed Bella earnestly, "your father might not like journeying so after an attack of the gout. As for me

soon after an attack of the gout. As for me, I would much prefer a quiet wedding, with with his own hands the money that Professor red ten years ago, and I used to laugh at you only a few friends present. Besides, I would Ferdinand Costello de Guer had received for when I was angry, and I advised you to keep a great deal rather give the money away, which would be spent on such an occasion, to some of the poor families who are starving in this city."

desperately. "It is true I am John Peters, but not the John Peters you take me for. As for having red hair, I never had that henor, I assure you."

"Nobly spoken," cried Mr. Meirs with enthusiasm and glancing at Bella with a look of pride and affection. "Nobly spoken, my daughter. With such prudence and charitation. ble feelings, you will make your cousin John a pattern of a wife. I heartily agree with you in this respect, and you shall have it all

your own way.

During the time which elapsed between this, and the day set apart for the marriage of his daughter, Mr. Meirs seemed overflow-ing with good humor and enjoyment. He made several presents to the poor of his acquaintance, and even gave Bella the sum of five hundred dollars to be used, if she choose, for the same purpose.

In the meantime our hero was living in the greatest kind of intimacy with Bella .-Every day they rode or sung together, while the merchant looked on and entered into their plans with increasing satisfaction.

At length the long anticipated Friday arrived, and a few chosen guests were assembled at the residence of Mr. Meirs, to witness the nuptials. John Peters had exhausted his last dollar in remunerating the tailor, who had furnished him with a new wedding coat, and by the assistance of the barber, who had trimmed and finished his moustache, cut and curled his hair after the most approved style, our hero was really as fine a looking fellow as could be found anywhere within the precincts of the city. Mr. Meirs and Bella were not a little proud in introducing him among Meirs was connected, had already arrived, of the company assembled.

freekles, rose up, and said: "I object, Mr. Clergyman, most decidedly

yourself, sir?" cried the enraged Mr. Meirs, truder. "Speak, or by my faith, I will bun- therein. dle you head foremost into the street."

chair, "while you continue so excited." "Then, by my soul," cried the merchant,

the room. clergyman, "proceed with the ceremony."
Agreeably to Mr. Meir's request, the cere-

father, and said: " Forgive us, dear father, for the deception practised upon you. This is not cousin John, of Baltimore."

"Then, who under the sun, is he?" cried that my principal objection was based upon the fact. But you see there is a slight mismost bewildered manner.

"It is John Peters, but not cousin John. My dear husband came, in the first place, to | at Yawpough, Bergen county, on Saturday you, in search of a situation, and you, forget- night, the 4th ult. The company was all asting that there might be another John Peters sembled and the ceremony about to take in the world, besides nephew John, have place. The minister and bride were waiting very innocently assisted us in carrying out the deception. Therefore, you must forgive man. He was soon espied coming toward my dear husband, for he is far less to blame | the house, dressed for the occasion, and arthan either of us; for you, in the first place, rived at the gate, where he was met by her being deceived by the name, and we, in the second place, having the misfortune to be greatly pleased with one another, it is quite

natural for us to yield to the temptation." "I see," answered Mr. Meirs, with much Odell, who had been invited as one of the apparent chagrin, "I have just had the guests." honor of turning your cousin out of the door, which makes a compound blunder on my part. To tell you the truth, Bella, I am far more vexed at my own stupidity, than with any one else. As for John Peters," added Mr. Meirs, in a half humorous half sarcastic stained from publishing, is the following, tone, "I think I must forgive him for his name's sake, if for nothing more. As for "A German, who came to this city many name's sake, if for nothing more. As for you, hussy, I shan't say to night, whether I shall forgive you or not-it will depend, mainly, on how we succeed in pacifying your cousin John."

Suffice it to say, for the final gratification of the reader, that John Peters, of Baltimore, was readily pacified, after a suitable explanation and apology being tendered him by his cousin, on the following day, and, what is still averred, did actually laugh at the circumstances so heartile that for a remove the first state of the state cumstances so heartily, that, for a moment, his face became redder than his hair.

And, still further, by those who have a right to know, it has been affirmed that John Peters, of Connecticut, became not only a model husband to Bella, but a model assistant to Mr. Meirs, in all matters pertaining to | to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who his business.

Hurrah for \_\_\_what? \_ Shadbones.

"I Have Lost My Way."

A pretty golden haired child, who had danced in the sunlight and played bo-peep with the shadows of life for six happy years, sat onva door stone; her dishevelled hair, disordered dress and tear stained cheeks betokened fatigue, alarm and distress, while ever and anon her ruby lips gave utterance to a low sad moan, "I have lost my way."

A boy whose open intelligent countenance betokens honesty and mentality, whose frame is buoyant with health, whose heart throbs with pure impulses; imbibing false notions of manliness, and independence, impatiently resists or throws off parental restraint, laughs at the fears and advise of these who in his sa at the fears and advice of those who in his secret heart acknowledges to be his best and only friends, and gives his hand to the world, whose siren voice allures him to destruction. The seductive wiles of the social glass, the semi-intoxication of the fragrant Havanna, the congeniality of pretended friends, the glare and fashion of society, and the damning allurements of the gaming-table bewilder and dazzle till finally a withered, decrepid, senseless mockery of a man, old ere life is well begun, sits helplessly down at the portals of Death, and his whitened lips give forth the burden,

"Alas! alas! I have lost my way."

The girl, who, laying aside the graceful diffidence belonging to her, and, flaunting in gaudy robes and blazing with tinsel, boldly challenges the notice of the world, has already lost sight of the path of true womanhood. Blinded by the witchery that flash literature throws around lovers and courtship, and the opprobrium too often attached to "old maids," ere she is well into her teens, she is on the look-out for romantic adventures, moonlight walks, whispered vows, and a husband. There, the horoscope ends. Of the realities of living, and the proper object of existence, she knows nothing, blindly imagining that the honeymoon is to last forever. Would that a mother's hand could arrest her steps, and kindly but judiciously lead her to the path she has forsaken, for truly, she has "lost her way."

The merchant, who, in his haste to be rich, resorts to fraudulent means, the mechanic, who palms off an inferior article upon a customer, the farmer, who, forgetful of the golden rule, over-reaches his neighbor, the man, in whatever station, who lives in opposition to the great principles of truth and charity, who oppresses the poor, who places temptation before the weak, who conplaces temptation before the weak, who conforms to the opinions of the world, in contradiction to the requirement of right and his own conscience, is fast long sight of the road that leads to peace antithappiness, and roving among the labyrinth, windings of error; from which a firm and latire repentance and reformation, alone can save him.—

Too often and too perversely, have we all, at times. "lost our way." at times, "lost our way."

## The Difficulties of Home.

The house mother also has her troubles; ay, be she ever so gifted with that blessed quality of taking them lightly and cheerfultheir aristocratic friends. The pastor who ly; weighing them at their just value and no presided over the church, with which Mr. more never tormenting herself and everymore never tormenting herself and everybody else by that peculiarity of selfish and accompanied by a clerical acquaintance; narrow minds, which makes the breaking of while Bella, attired in a dress of white satin, a plate as terrible a calamity as the crash of with a white veil, surmounted by a crown of an empire. No one can hold the reins of flowers, had just entered, resting on the arm of family government for ever so brief a of the bridesmaid. During the sensation created by the entrance of the bride, another door opened and a young man some five feet four inches in height, with dusty garments and very red hair, was pushed in by the ser- all carrying out of all regulations instituted for the ordering of the establishment. vant, and with much amazement depicted on | for the ordering of the establishment-which, his freckled, unprepossessing features, sank unless faithfully observed by the mistress, down in the nearest chair, without attracting the eye and heart of the house, are no more particular attention at the time, from the rest than a dead letter to the rest of the establishment. No doubt this entails considerable As the ceremony progressed, and the ques- self-sacrifice. It is not pleasant for lazy lation was asked by the clergyman, if any one dies to get breakfast over at that regular objected to the banns, he, of the red hair and | early hour which alone sets a household fairly a going for the day; not for unarithmatical ladies, who have always reckoned their accounts by six-pences, to put down each "What," cried Mr. Meirs, springing for- item, and persevere in balancing periodically ward and confronting the excited young man | receipts and expenditure; nor for weakly, of the red hair and freckles. "And who are | nervous, self-engrossed ladies to rouse themyou that dare object to my daughter's mar- | selves sufficiently to put their house in order, riage with her cousin? Will you explain and keep it so, not by occasional spasmodic yourself, sir?" cried the enraged Mr. Meirs, "setting to rights," but by a general methshaking his fist in the face of the terrified in- odical overlooking of all that is going on

Yet, unless all this is done, it is in vain to "I can't sir," replied the proprietor of the | insist on early rising, or grumble about waste, or lecture upon neatness, cleanliness, and order. The servants get to learn that "missis still more excited in his tone, "I'll just give | is never in time!" and laugh at her comyou to understand, that you have no right to | plaints of their unpunctuality. They see no dictate in my house." And suiting the ac- use in good management or avoidance of tion to the word, he seized the unlucky in-truder by the shoulders and forced him from thing." She may lecture until she is weary about neatness and cleanliness-"Just put "Now," cried Mr. Meirs, turning to the your head into her room and see!" For all moral qualities, good temper, truth, kindliness, and above all, conscientiousness, if these are mony proceeded, and in less time than it defficient in a mistress, it is idle to expect takes us to relate it, John, and Bella, clasp- them in servants, or children, or any member ing her husband's hand, knelt before her of the family circle. - A Woman's Thoughts about Women.

FUNNY MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.—A Patterson paper tells a funny story of a matrimonial adventure that occurred in New Jersey:-" We learn that there is a report, that a girl, by the name of Catharine Maria May, was to have been married to Andrew E. Bush, the arrival of the happy-to-be-made young father, who prevailed on him to go back, and would not allow him to enter the house .-After this, the party sat down to supper, after which, the girl was married to John

ALL SWEPT AWAY.—Among the many sad incidents, says the New Orleans Delta, of the present epedemic which have come to our knowledge, and which we have generally abyears since, has acquired a large property, and last spring he sent over to 'faderland' and removed to this city all the members of his immediate family, in number some seven or eight-father and mother, brothers, and sisters. Not long after their arrival the pestilence entered his household, and ceased not had come so far to fill

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale

gave the rose to blow. Be kind to the poor-printer,