por square for each insertion.
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", Thick Darkness covers the Earth, And Gross Darkness the People." TOUNTRY MERCHANTS and all Others, will take Notice! that they can supply them-ives, in any quantities, with

JONES' FAR-FAMED PATENT PHILADELPHIA.

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

ed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other ware.

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

Sols AGENT, ALSO, FOR

KNAPP'S PATENT ROSIN AND COAL OIL LAMP.

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

S. E. SOUTHLAND, Agent.

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

September 8, 1858.-2m.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

JOHN FAREIRA & Co., No. 818. (new No.,) Market Street, above Eighth, Pulladelphia—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 then that we have now opened our assortment of Furs, for the Fall and Winter Sales, of the largest and most becautiful 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 workmen; we are therefore determined 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 prinfit.

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.

No. 818, Market Street, above Sth, Phila.

September 15, 1853-401. TANUY FURS,

REAT EXCITEMENT

AT THE MANMOTH STORE!!

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

New Rooms, on Hill street, hear it Ates a root, remy so customers.

ILIS Stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GODS,
DRY GOODS, GENERALLY,
GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE AND GLASSWARE,
CROCKERY AND GEDARWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
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.

ROR EVERYBODY. TRY THE NEW STORE,

On Hill Street opposite Miles & Descrip Office.

SUGAR and MOLASSES.

COFFEE, TEA and CHOCOLATE.

FLOUR, FISH, SALT and VINEGAR.

CONFECTIONERIES, CIGARS and TOBACCO,
SPICES OF THE BEST, AND ALL KINDS,
PROVIDED TRIES AND ALL KINDS. THE BEST

and every other article usually found in a Grocery Store

ALSO - Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs.

Paints, Varnishes, 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 thomselves and learn my prices.

S. S. SMITH. Huntingdon, May 25, 1858.

BRICKER'S J. BRICKER'S

MAMMOTH STORE MAMMOTH STORE MAMMOTH STORE

IS THE PLACE IS THE PLACE

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

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

North. Second, Street, opposite Christ Church, Philadelphia. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends 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, STORES and COOKLING STOVES, of the latest and most approved kinds, at wholesale and retail.

No. 33, North Second St. Phila.

No. 33, North Second St. Phila.

No. 35, North Second St. Padd.

N. B.—Your particular attention is invited to MEGEE'S
PATENT GAS BURNING WARMING and VENTILITING
STOVES, for Parlors, Offices, Stores, Halls, Cars. &c., which
for economy, purety of air, and ease of management has
no equal.

W. C. N. no equal.

E5-Odd Castings for all kinds of Stores, on hand.
September 15, 1858.—3m.

TUNTINGDON HOTEL.
The subscriber respect to and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established Taveny Stand, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Charles Street, in the Borough of Huntingdon. 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 sea-

son 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

Usilers.

AT He hopes by strict attention to business and a spirit of accommodation, to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

P. McATEER. public patronage. May 12, 1858—1v.

A:LEXANDRIA FOUNDRY! The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McGILL, and is in blast, standard have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, Markandria, Chines, Plows, Kettles, Ec., ac., which he will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds a rechange for Country Produce and old Metal taken in exchange for Castings in market whose market prices.

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

TARNISH! VARNISH!! AKNISH! VARNISH!

ALL KINDS, warrented good, for sale at
BROWN'S Hardware Store,
Huntingdon, Pa.

ADIES, ATTENTION!—My assortment 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.

be found at my store. FFARDWARE! A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE MAMMOTH STORE Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods. RRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, rdware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c. OUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Shirt ent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & McMURTRIE.

WHEATI

and sobbed aloud. D. P. OWIN'S.

WILLIAM. LEWIS

-PERSEVERE.-

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

## HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 3, 1858

NO. 19.

Only Tight.

"Only tight." Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect degraded; the only power that

raises him from brute creation trodden down under the foot of a debasing appetite. "Only tight." The mother stands with pale face and tear dimmed eye to see her only son's disgrace, and in her fancy pictures the bitter woe of which this is the foreshad-

owing.
"Only tight." The gentle sister whose strongest love through life has been given to

her handsome talented brother, shrinks with

contempt and disgust from his embrace, and

brushes away the hot impure kiss he prints

upon her cheek.
"Only tight." And his young bride stops in the glad dance she is making to meet him,

and checks the welcome on her lips to gaze

distrust to his sister, almost despair to his bride, and bowed his futher's head with sor-

row; but blame him not, for he is "only

The Use of Coffee.

ner in which arose the use of the common

beverage, coffee, without which, some per-

sons, in any half or wholly civilized country

in the world, would seem hardly able to ex-

ist. At the time Columbus discovered Ameri-

ca, it had never been known or used. It

only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia .-

The discovery of its use as a beverage, is as-

cribed to the Superior of a monastery, in

Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal ser-

vices, made them drink the infusion of coffee,

upon the report of some shepherds, who ob-

served that their flocks were more lively after

browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its re-

putation spread through the adjacent coun-

tries, and in about two hundred years, it reached Paris. A single plant, brought there

in 1714, became the parent stock of all the

French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of the coffee consumption can

hardly be realized. The United States alone,

annually consume it at the cost, on its land-

ing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of

dollars. The Arabia or Mocha, the best of

coffee, may be known by its small bean, of a dark yellow color. The Java and East In-

dian, the next in quality, are larger and of a paler color; the West Indian Rio has a bluish

A Woman's Growth in Beauty.

If a woman could only believe it, there is

wonderful beauty even in the growing of

The charm of expression arising from sof-

tened temper or ripened intellect, often am-

ply atones for the loss of form and coloring:

quire from any teacher but experience, that

is the mind alone which is of consequence;

that with a good temper, sincerity and a

moderate stock of brains—or even the two

former only-any sort of body can, in time

be made useful, respectable and agreeable,

as a traveling dress for the soul. Many a

one who was plain in youth thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years.

You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly

in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person

SOLITARY BANQUET .- A Cincinnati paper

notices the last solitary banquet of a "last

man's" club in that city. In the cholera

season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to

meet annually, and dine once together as

long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be

sealed and drank in memorium by the last

survivor. The first re-union was held on the

6th October, 1832, and on the 6th October,

1858, Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven,

drank from the bottle and pledged the six

dead friends, whose empty chairs and empty

plates were his only society at the last melan-

or greenish gray tint.

after middle life.

choly feast.

It is somewhat eingular to trace the man-

the matter with him?" "Only tight."
"Tight?"

"How flushed, how weak he is! What is

Select Poetry.

[From Emerson's Magazine and Putnan's Monthly.] WHAT THEN?

> I am growing old, you say-What then? And my hair is turning gray-Well, what then? If my heart is just as young As it was when first I sung Childhood's sunny hills among, Say, what then?

I am growing old, you say-What then? And my laugh has grown less gay-Well, what then? If the stream no bubble knows

Say, what then? I am growing old, you say-What then? And the world has lost its sway-Well, what then? If the mist has left the vales, And, upborne by favoring gales,

If the tide in silence flaws

If the ripples seek repose,

Higher up in Heaven sails, Say, what then? I am growing old, you say-What then? Wrinkles mark my brow to-day-

Well, what then? If the soul bath kept its Spring Verdant and unwithering, Kept this age an outward thing. Say, what then? .

If my laugh and song have grown Less exultant in their tone, Say, what then?

"Tis not that I prize no more Pleasures that I prized before, But more dearly love the lore Of the beautiful unseen. No! the soul of love and truth Cannot lose the dew of youth, Though the brow Be drep seamed by wasting care,

Though time whiten every hair, Though the glow Of the laughing eye, be gone, And the once smooth cheek upon Tearful channels deep are worn, Still, in full undying prime,

It may smile at wasting time And serene,

Though the night be dark and long, Wait, in faith and courage strong, For the morn.

J. Silvet Slove.

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteer. years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as men and

boys wear." "Oh, yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brown would have taken her into the Acade-

comes through the suds as well as any. It is clearer of course." And the air rang with the loud laugh of

the girls. "Come, let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house; "I am thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but poorly, though tidily clad. The girls went around her whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in berself known. one corner of the room, without venturing to

with those two or three years her seniors.— Mrs. Maynard an apology."

With those two or three years her seniors.— Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," rerton's side. He took his books from his This seemed, on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly, dislike her the more; and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence, had no friends, but went and returned from | tion, I will add a few words. Most of the | I resign my place, sir," he said.

school alone. "And do you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the litte girl a few Lark, as she went up to the little heart that beat beneath it. And as Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with going to get the medal. It will correspond aicely with your cloak."

And she caught hold of the cape, and held in her loud laugh.

caught hold of her arm, and peeped under

the child's bonnet. The little girl struggled to release herself, and when she was free, ran home as fast as

she could go. "Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like

know, mother how very unkindly they treat "Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet with those who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do

off conqueror." Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.
"But mother, they are all unkind to me,"

replied Lizzie; "there is not one that loves And the child buried her face in her hands

In Bridgefield Academy there were a few

Cloak,' as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still minute, hurry up, or we shall leave you becontinued their unjust treatment toward her hind." child, resolved to accept her brother's invita-tion, although he was a poor man, and be-come a member of his family, hoping that, puffing and blowing. The baggage-master no fruit forbidden us to taste. For what is while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps through his influence, lead a happy life among her school-mates.-Accordingly, at the end of the term, she left the school, yet she gained the medal, and it cars and hastily securing their seats, while was worn from the Academy beneath the thelocomotive snorted and suffed and blowed despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away to the students of Bridgeville Academy, and the litte "Calico Cloak." was forgotten .the litte "Calico Cloak," was forgotten.— tion to what was passing. It was easy to Those who were at school with her had left see that he was lame. At a hasty glance, to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clerwas reported at the sewing circle, the week "Halloa! Limpy, better get aboard, or the following his ordination, that he would bring cars will leave you." his bride into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and especially after it was reported that she was a talented young authoress.

Soon after, Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young tor. "Get on, Limpy!" said he, as he passed wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady the lame, carelessly dressed man. of great intellectual beauty, and everybody (as they always are at first) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week the young ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing cir-

The day arrived, and although it was quite along, he soon discovered the stranger whom stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was he had seen at the station. filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time it arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shakings of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening ex- of our friend. ercises were over, as she took a seat beside

"I like its appearance very much : it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville befere?" somewhat surprised. replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited. "Have you friends here?" asked a third,

after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the widow Lee. We lived in a little cettage "Are you sure mates who were coming towards the school- which stood upon the spot now occupied by house; "she cuts the most comic figure you a large store, on the corner of Pine street." "The widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton; "I well remember the cottage, but I do not fice, but with a strong effort he controlled

recollect the name." "I think I attended school with you at the Brooks; "she is the new washer-woman's Academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?" "That was my name," replied the lady, as

my; but I suppose he likes the money that a smile passed over her features at being recognized; but I am really quite ashamed that my memory has proved so recreant." "I was known in the Academy as the bidly taunted with the infirmity which had

little 'Culico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name." The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a deep blush overspread her features, ung man would be deprived of his place which in a few moments was seen deepening

upon the faces of the others present. There was a silence for some minutes; when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance w held. When, a little orange-peddler, among the ladies of her own age by making

"Oh! I remember very well when the raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school they found the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the Academy," said an old lady, 2s she looked up over her little girl was far in advance of those of her glasses, "and, I think, if my memory serves age in her studies, and was placed in classes me right, some of the ladies present will owe Presently, the conductor came back—with

plied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one sket, the bank bills, and the tickets which present by making myself known; but, as it had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warmay seem to some that such was my inten- rton's hand. younger ladies present will remember the The President looked over the accounts for 'Calico Cloak;' but no one but the wearer homent, then motioning him to the vacant knows how deeply each unkind word pierced t at his side, said-I again heard the old Academy bell ring, it i."

brought back fresh to my mind the sorrows As the young man sat down, the President of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, ned to him with a face in which there And she ranged from her, while the girls around joined by supposing that I cherish an unkind feel is no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an ing toward any one. I know that, whatever lectone: "Calico cloak get the medal! I guess the past may have been, you are now my My young friend, I have no revengeful she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown friends. But, ladies, let me add, if you have lings to gratify in this matter; but you giving it to her!" said another girl as she children, learn a lesson from my experience, ie been very imprudent. Your manner, and treat kindly the poor and despised. A lit been thus to a stranger, would have calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with in very injurious to the interests of the 'Calico Cloak;' it will carry its own moral mber to be polite to all whom you meet.

with it."

a cannot judge a man by the coat he wears;

"That is the shortest but best sermon II even the poorest should be treated with with it." come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me ever heard," said the old lady again, as shellity. I shall tell no one of what has callico cloak, and Brogans, and you don't but her handkerchief under her glasses; sed. If you change your course, nothing than mother how very unkindly they treat "and I do not believe its moral effect will beich has happened to day shall injure you." lost upon any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went, sir!"
from one to another until it found its way the train of cars swept on, as many a into the old Academy. At that very time ain had done before; but within it, a lesson little boy was attending school there, whose been given and learned, and the purport right, my child, and you will eventually come mother was struggling with her needle, to the lesson ran somewhat thus give him an education. The boys ofter Don't Judge from Appearances.

and he would run home, sobbing, to his In Kentucky a plowman became enmother. But when the 'Calico Cloak' reachered of a milk maid on a neighboring ed the scholars, the little boy (for he wam. His addresses were rejected, and the naturally a noble-hearted child) became ver appointed swain, full of melancholy and popular in school; and the children, frorenge, procured a rope, went to the barn, that time, were very kind to 'Little Patchey'd—tied all the cow's tails together!"

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story Wil've risen from the bar to the bench." selfish, unprincipled girls; and the others joined them in teasing the little 'Calico repaid for all she had suffered in childhoosion and taking up shocmaking.

Interesting

Polite to all Persons. "You cannot judge a man by the coat lie wears." "Hallon! Limpy, the cars will start in a

men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the

A man carelessly dressed, was standing on is probably as fine a valley as there is in the platform of the depot. He was looking the whole region of life. But the woods are around him, and seemingly paid little attenone might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptugyman, came into Bridgeville, and was set-ous look, and slapping him familiarly on the and dreamy future becomes a plain hard re-tled as a pastor of the village church. It shoulder, he called out,

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the in-

dividual so roughly addressed, and he re-tained his seemingly listless position. The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage-car. "All aboard!" eried the conduc-

The lame man made no reply. Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took a scat. The train had moved on a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing

"Hand out your money, here!" "I don't pay," replied the lame man, very

quietly." "Don't pay?"

" No sir." "We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!" and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head

"Better not be so rough, young man," reirned the stranger.

then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a asked another lady, as those around looked seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked Do you know to whom you were speak-

ing just now?"
"No, sir." "That was Peter Warburton, the Presi-"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied the

conductor, trying to conceal his agitation. "I know him." The color rose a little in the young man's

lanself, and went on collecting his fare, as Meanwhile, Mr. Warburton sat quietly in In seat-none of those who were near him,

cald unravel the expression of his face, nor td what would be the next movement in the sene. And he-of what thought he? He hd been rudely treated; he had been unone, perhaps, through no fault of his. He ald revenge himself if he chose. He could tl the directors the simple truth, and the

conce. Should he do it? And yet, why should he care? He knew tat he was worth. He knew how he had en by his own exertions, to the position he stood by the street-crossings, he had iny a rebuff. He had outlived those days hardness; he was respected now. Should care for a stranger's roughness and taunt?

ose who sat near him, waited curiously to the end. teady energy, he walked up to Mr. War-

affection, and as sensitive of sorrow, as one apany; I might tell them of this, but I that beats beneath a velvet covering. When-1 not. By doing so, I would throw you ever you meet a child who shows a disposi- of your situation, and you might find it ton to despise the poor, tell the story of the icult to find another. But in future, re-

ur situation is still continued. Good morn-

made sport of his patched knees and elbows

as he had always been called.

Illusions of Life.

Man is never satisfied with his lot. The heart demands something more, something higher, something better, whatever blessings it may already enjoy. The scriptural Adam and Eve are typical. The garden of Eden is ours. We bask in its sunshine, its fragrant flowers are all around us, plentiful fruits inwas busy with baggage and cheeks. The beyond our reach tempts us more than anything else; and in obtaining it we exile ourselves from Paradise. Remorse for transgression is the flaming sword that prevents

our return. nothing but woods, shady, it is true, and green, quite ordinary. The streams are excellent, but we would have beds of pearl, in place of those deceitful pebbles. Ah! there must be woods and sweeter streams beyond the blue hills yonder. So we travel; but the soft ality as we proceed. These very rocks we now tread once looked lovely under the warm haze of hope; so shall the charm of the heights before us melt away and show us as we climb, just such ledges, gnarled oaks, chasms, morasses, wild pines and barren slopes

It is not a design that nature cheats us desert, the tiger in the jungle, the ape in

curtain falls upon the last act of life.

The following account of a brave boyone truly brave—we take from the Sunday The conductor released the earpet-bag for. a moment; and seeing he could do no more than he reserved on to release the earpet-bag for though none of our young readers may be placed in such circumstances as are here detailed, vet all of them, both boys and girls, will often be tempted to waver from the true, the right course by fear, or hope of profit.-Two wicked men told a boy that he must

> wicked." pieces!"

forbids it !" "At him then!" said one of the men to the dog.
"Seize him! seize him!" shouted the other. Now these men did not mean to let the dog bite the boy. They only meant to frighten

who held him, and fastened his sharp teeth in the noble little fellow's arm. Before those wicked men could make the savage dog let go his hold, the boy's arm was badly mangled. Fainting from fright and loss of blood, he was taken into the house of his master, who was a farmer's servant, and put to bed, A fever set in, and after some days the boy

I admire the conduct of that brave boy. He could not be made to do wrong. He had the stuff in him of which martyrs are made, and I doubt not he wears a martyr's crown in heaven. Glorious boy!

Children, cherish that boy's spirit. Settle in your hearts, at once and forever, that you will always do right, cost what it may! Resolve, by the help of God, that neither money, honor, office, or anything shall ever induce you to do wrong, and that you will die doing right, rather than live by doing wrong. Let your motto be, "duty with poverty and death, is better than wickedness

A TERRIBLE WESTERN STORM.—From the country papers and other sources, we learn that on Wednesday, 1st ult., one of the most terrific storms ever known in this region, was experienced at the village of New Ulm, some thirty miles west of St. Peter, on the Minnesota river. Although it lasted but a few minutes. ding in the town escaped without injury. One building was lifted from its foundation, carried some twenty-five feet, and turned over on its side. Another large house, one of the was entirely demolished, and a cook stove hurled so far that it could not be found at all. The Post Office was kept in a store, the front of which had large windows. These were broken in by the violence of the wind, and the contents of the building, consisting of the mail matter, dry goods, etc., were gathered forget. in its embrace, and scattered over the prairie in every direction. Many of the letters were entirely lost. A stage owned by a citizen of Traverse, a brother-in-law of the Messrs. Klein, of St.

All politonesss is owing to liberty .-We polish one another, and rub off our cor ners and rough sides, by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.

Peter, was standing in the street at the time,

and was carried a distance of twenty-five

rods, being literally torn to pieces-the wheel

being torn from the axels .- St. Paul Minneso-

in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was the god of her idola-'Only tight," and the fathers's face grows lark and sad, as with a bitter sigh he stoops over the sleeping form of his first-born. He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with brutes, he has tasted. exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood, to habbling idiotcy, and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother,

Realities never content us. The present

as we have passed. with those illusions. Continually striving for more exquisite beauty and higher happiness, we fulfil a law. It is well that no material paradise is a sufficient paradise for us. In this circumstance of his being, man differs from the animal. The lion in the

the woods, has no aspirations above his state. But the tendency of the soul is upward —upward forever. What mockery this life would be, if the grave were the end of all things !—if, after chasing golden butterflies or illusions through all the summer days, death only met our embrace—if the actors in this drama emerge not from behind the scenes in their true character, after funeral

A Boy not Afraid of a Dog. and, consequently, to those who never could boast of these latter years, give much more than they take away. A sensitive person vecon requires half a life to get used to this principle without regard to circumstances. corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference, both to its defects and proceptions, and to learn at last, what nobody would ac-

swear, or they would let a savage dog loose upon him. "I can't swear," said the boy, "it would be

"You shall, or the dog shall tear you to "No," said the boy "I won't swear! God

him into the sin of swearing. But the dog being set on, sprung suddenly from the man

died, forgiving his cruel persecutors.

That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses loose its bonds over her grave, \* in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of with wealth and life." affection to the loved and lost. It is not un-

frequent to see twenty and thirty birds let loose over a single grave. Par's Description .- Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be excelled :- "It was a thing of the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; a man laid hould of the crature, such was its violence, that six buildings were its belly with a stick until he made the craturned it over on its back, and then he scraped entirely destroyed, and not a single buil- ture squale; and och ! St. Patrick! how it 'squaled !"

We should be cautious how we indulge in the feelings of a virtuous indignation. It is the handsome brother of anger

If a man were to set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knockacross an entire block—the pipe being driven ed down before he got to the corner of the

> Antiquary-too often a collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a

recollector of all that Time has been glad to Novelty-what we recover from obliv-We can fish little out of the river of

Lethe that has not first been thrown into it. Friend-one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hands and heart in adversity.

Any one may do a casual act of goodnature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.

Peter Sharp says that his wife is equal to five "fulls"—beauti-ful, youth-ful, aw-ful, and arm-ful.