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One column, 20 00. 30 00. 50 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, 

"Thick Darkness covers the Earth, And Gross Darkness the People." COUNTRY MERCHANTS and all Others, will take Notice! that they can supply them JONES' FAR-FAMED PATENT

ed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Lenware.

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

KNAPP'S PATENT ROSIN AND COAL OIL LAMP.

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

No. 38, South Second street, Phil'a. September 8, 1858—2m.

September 8, 1858.-2m.

September 8, 1853-2m.

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 oficeed 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 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.

city, and at manufacturers prices.

JUIIN FAREIRA & CO.,

No. S18, Market Street, above 8th, Phil'a.

September 15, 1858.—im.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE

MAMMOTH 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 Hotel, ready for

New Rooms, on Initiative, and customers.

His Stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, GENERALLY, GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE AND GLASSWARE, CROCKERY AND CEDARWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, and in the most extensive stores.

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.

LOR EVERYBODY. TRY THE NEW STORE

On Hill Street opposite Miles & Dorris' Office. THE BEST

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

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 themselves and learn my prices.

Huntingdon, May 25, 1858. BRICKER'S

MAMMOTH STORE MAMMOTH STORE MAMMOTH STORE

FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. CTOVES! STOVES! STOVES! INDUSTRIAL STOVE WORKS, No. 33, 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

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.

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

economy, purety of air, and case of management has no equal. W. C AF Odd Castings 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 Huntingdom 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

clers.
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

Ostiers.

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

May 12, 1858—1y.

P. McATEER.

A 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 more transfer prices.

Castings, at market prices. April 7, 1858. R. C. McGILL.

COUNTRY DEALERS can
buy CLOTHING from me in Vision

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

(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-In ment of beautiful dress goods is now open, and ready anspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can D. P. GWIN.

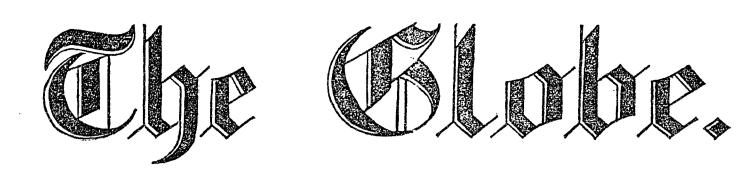
ARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at

BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE MAMMOTH STORE Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods. RRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the • place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, ardware, Groceries. &c., &c., &c. OUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patries, &c., &c., &c.

ent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & MCMURTRIE. WHEAT! D. P. GWIN'S.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE ---

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1858.

NO. 23.

Select Poetry.

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?" BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Madam! you are very pressing, And I can't decline the task; With the slightest gift of guessing, You would hardly need to ask!

Don't you see a hint of marriage In his sober-sided face? In his rather careless carriage, And extremely rapid pace?

If he's not committed treason, Or some wicked action done, Can you see the faintest reason Why a bachelor should run?

Why should he be in a flurry? But a loving wife to greet, Is a circumstance to hurry The most dignified of feet?

When afar the man has spied her, If the grateful, happy elf Does not haste to be beside her, He must be beside himself!

It is but a trifle, may be-But observe his practiced tone, When he calms your stormy baby, Just as if it were his own!

Do you think a certain meekness You have mentioned in his looks Is a chronic optic weakness That has come of reading books?

Did you ever see his vision Peering underneath a hood, Save enough for recognition, As a civil person should?

Could a capuchia be colder When he glances as he must, At a finely rounded shoulder, Or a proudly swelling bust?

Madam! think of every feature. Then deny if you can-He's a fond, connubial creature. And a very married man!

## A Select Story.

THE RIGHT ARM;

THE PATRIOT AND THE TRAITOR.

minister, living near the suburbs of the city, man, towering, there in his blue uniform, was aroused by an earnest cry for help .-Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man, clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper | ours!" of the public street. In a few moments, ing on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day, a strange old man had faltaken him in, laid him on his own bed—he spair. had not spoken once-and now he was dy-

This was the story of the rough man. And now, through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seem to topple down riest suburbs they pass. That white haired of heaven and more of hell? minister and his guide. At last, in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked flag!

The old minister unrolls that faded flag—
The old minister unrolls that faded flag—

room. It was, in truth, a miserable place. A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There was the rough walls, there the solitary garret window, with the rain beating | addressed, Benedict Arnold! through the rags and straw, which stuffed the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half dressed-his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked -you might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

old with care, more than age. There was a face that you might look upon

yet quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of the man—and then, two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their | over all the other mountains, into the autumsteady glare.

minister started back in horror.

Throb! throb! throb! beat the deathwatch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Chris- history and corroborated by tradition. tian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time, he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the teacher to the heart, "will faith give me back my honor? Come with paying you," said the druggist.

me—with me far, far over the water. Ha! "What are you loaded with?" asked the me—with me far, far over the water. Ha! we are there! This is my native home.— Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood—yonder, the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag than that waived when I was a child. And listen, old man; were I to pass this street as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder churchyard | He is a dry-goods clerk, and has never been | would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder | beaten.

That was an awful death-bed. The minister has watched the "last night," with a hundred convicts in their cells, and yet never be-

flag would stain a baptism of blood upon my

held a scene as terrible as this. Suddenly, the dying man arose. He tot-tered along the floor. With those white fin-gers, whose nails are blue with the deathchill, he threw open the valise. He showed his military coat, trimmed with silver, an old parchment, a piece of cloth that looked like the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories

seemed stirring at his heart. This is the last coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga. That bullet-hole was pierced in the fight at Quebec; now-I am a —let me whisper in your ear."

"Now, help me, priest," he said, in a voice growing suddenly tremulous; "help me put on this coat of blue and silver. For you'see," and a ghastly smile came over his face, "there is no one to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child—I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I met him in battle, without fear."

While he stood arraying himself in that worm eater coat of blue and silver, the meet

worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus.— Yes, of that great faith which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who stood there erect, with the death-light in his "Faith, can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades, the pleasant story of the eight years' war—there, in his royal hall, sits George of England, bewailing in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies. And here am I-I-who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King-

here am I, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while—throb—throb—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines, there!"
he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as
though speaking to the dead; "silence, along the lines! Hark, you, Montgomery, we will meet there in victory or death! Hist! silence, my men, not a whisper, as you move up those steep rocks! Now, on, my boys, now, on! Men of the wilderness, we will Fifty years ago, a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged Now—now—'s shrieked the death-stricken with his clenched hands waving in the air-"now, now! One blow, and Quebec is and spoke to him. The lady stood close by

And look. His eyes grew glassy. With while the rain came down in torrents, and that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! the storm growled above, the preacher, lean- what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly! There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the len speechless in front of the scavenger's rude damp floor. In that glassy eye, there lingers home. The good hearted street sweeper had even yet, horrible energy, a sublimity of de-

Who is this strange man, dying here alone in this garret, this man, who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag? Who is this being of terrible remorse?-

upon their heads, into the loneliest and drea- This man, whose memories link something

it was a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army, And there, in that rude hut, while the

the broken panes-and there, amid a heap of | death-watch throbbed like a heart in the cold ashes, the small valise which it seems | shattered wall-unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of that patriot and traitor. O, that our own true Washington had

been there, to sever that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that good upon him. And as he looked-throb-throb | right arm, and embalm it among the holiest | memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gal-It was the form of a strong man, grown lant blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga -that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white once, and yet wear it in your memory for- mountain, on the deep silence of the dead, ever. Let us bend over the bed and look on | first raised into sight the banner of the

kle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life.

It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, that Aryot quivering as though they had a life. mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur nal sky. A single soldier ascended the Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable lone-its summit, the rocks and spires of Quebec. liness, unspeakable despair—that the aged | When he came down, Arnold took from days! his breast, where, for four days in privation But look, these strong arms are clutching and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner king, "and thou shalt then die, or live for gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it riches and honor." drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying! | into the light, and for the first time the Con-

> "Will you help me out of this mud just been compelled to stop his team in a mud hole, because they couldn't pull it out. "No, I can't stop," said the Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and was fearful that he

would be too late for the cars. "I would take it as a great favor, besides

Yankee. "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "I guess I'll try and get you out, then, for I am loaded with tombstones." They were seen traveling together after that.

A man at Grand Rapids, Michigan, recently jumped a distance of thirteen feet. THE FORTUNE OF ABDALLAH. A PERSIAN STORY.

her dresses, trinkets, and the luxuries of a minature harem.

Shove all other woman, the wife of Haswife of Abdallah, the unostentatious barber; for this lady affected great grandeur, and could afford it, on account of the large salary and handsome presents bestowed upon her husband.

One day the discontented beauty announof astrology. In vain did he represent to her that trimming beards was his habit, while of astrological predictions he knew nothing; she insisted, and the unfortunate man, infatuated by affection, resolved to obey.

So, observing the eccentric practices of the astrologers, he took a brass basin and a pestle of steel into the bazaar, and smitting his basin, cried aloud that he would calculate nativities, predict the events of the future, detect thieves and recover lost property. His neighbors were astonished, and all said, "Abdallah, the barber, is certainly mad."-But it chanced that a certain lady returning from the bath, walked through the bazaar with her veil torn; she appeared in great dis-tress, and upon hearing the cry of Abdallah, she sent one of her slaves to him with this

"If you are an imposter, my husband shall cause you to be bastinaded; if you are really an astrologer, inform me where I shall

Poor Abdallah, bewildered gazed upon the lady, and gaining time to invent an answer, said: "She can see the pearls, when they are near, for the veil is torn !" These words were reported to her by the

slave, and she uttered a cry of joy. "Admirable prophet," she exclaimed, "I placed my pearls for safety in a rent that is in the bath;" and she ordered Abdallah to be presented with forty gold pieces. Now it should be known that in the Per-

sian baths there are screens, the name of which is the same as the native word "veil." So Abdallah, by a lucky accident of speech had not only saved himself from the bastinado, but he gained forty pieces of gold. in length another lady, the wife of the king's treasurer made her appearance, and just at that moment a messenger from the treasurer came up to Abdallah, in the bazaar,

and listened. "Abdallah," said the slave, "my master has lost the king's great rubber; if thou hast the wisdom of the stars, thou can'st find it: if not, thou art a pretender, and I will assur-

edly cause thee to be bastinadoed." This time the unfortunate barber was at his wit's end. "Oh, woman!" he exclaimed, "thou art the author of this."

He meant his own wife, but the wife of the treasurer, who stood by, imagined he referred to her. Guilt is always pale, as the poet says. She herself had stolen the king's ruby, and believed that the astrologer was aware of her crime. So when the messenger had departed, leaving the barber petrified with perplexity, she approached him, and said, in a soft tone:

"O, astrologer! I confess that in an hour of avarice I took the jewel. Restore it, without sending me to condemnation!" Abdallah sternly replied :- "Woman, I

knew thy guilt. Where is the iewel?" "Under the fourth cushion from the door,' she answered, "in the apartment of Kashom, my lord's Georgian slave."

Abdallah hastened to the palace, was rewarded with a robe of honor, a thousand gold pieces, and a costly ornament. Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed once more. The king's treasure had been broken

open, and forty chests of money had been stolen. The royal astrologer had tried every sort of divination and failed, and was therefore in disgrace. But the fame of Abdallah, which was now spoken of in all Shiraz, had reached the ear of the king, who sent for him-and gave him audience in the Hall of Kalmet Serpouchideh.

"Abdallah," he said, with a severe expression of his face, "art thou truly able to read the stars?"

"Put me to the proof!" answered the barber, who was now prepared for the worst.
"Then discover the forty chests of money which had been stolen, as well as the criminal. Succeed, and then thou shalt marry a princess, and become my minister; fail, and

I will hang thee !" "There must have been forty thieves!" said Abdallah, making a fortunate and not very difficult guess. "Grant me forty

"Forty days thou shalt have," said the

So the barber went home and told his wife, tinental Banner floated over the solitudes of and said, "I have forty days to live; I will the Dead River. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition. Give me, I beg thee, forty beans. At the hour of evening prayer, daily, I will give thee hole?" said a traveling druggist, who had one, that by counting the remainder I may remember how many days I have to

> She complied; and every day, at the exact hour of sunset, Adallah gave her a bean, and said with great firmness and solemnity, "There is one of them!" And, on the last day, he said, in an excited manner, " There are the whole forty of them!" What was his astonishment when, at an instant, a violent knocking was heard at the door! A crowd of men were admitted, and one of them, evidently the chief, said:

"O, Abdallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive the forty chests of gold untouched, but spare our lives." In supreme bewilderment, Abdallah an-

swered, "This night I should have seized thee and thy wretched companions; tell me

on thy head, how knowest thou that I pos-

sessed this knowledge?" "We heard," said the chief of the robbers Abdallah was a prosperous barber at "that the king had sent for thee. Therefore, Shiraz. He married a woman of surpassing beauty, but exceedingly vain, so that his whole substance was consumed in procuring whole substance was consumed in procuring one of them. We would not believe his story, and sent two to ascertain it, and thou wast heard to say, 'There are two of them;' and this night, O wonderful! thou didst exclaim, san, the king's astrologer, was envied by the 'There is the whole forty;' but restore the king's money and do not deliver us unto the executioner."

Abdallah promised to do what he could.— Being admitted to the palace, he declared that, owing to some mystery of the stars, it every situation of life, will, to the latest pewas given to him either to discover the riod of his pilgrimage, be influenced by the ced to Abdallah that she would no longer continue to live with him, unless he gave up the monarch, at length, consented to take the monarch and adopt that forty chests, and fulfill his promise to Abdallah.

Meeting of the Monsters.

BY ULTRA MARINE TELEGAPH. At a meeting of the monsters of the deep, held at Cape Breton, yesterday afternoon, the Prince of Wales was chosen President, he stated the object of the meeting to be to decide upon the merits of the Atlantic Cable, its probable infringement upon the rights of original settlers, and generally to consider what it all meant. Suddenly, he said, they found this cable thrust down among them, which was calculated to deceive the small fry, as they deemed that it was something to

eat. He himself had rubbed his nose against it, but could make no impression upon it. It was a little matter, but still it was to be looked at as opening a way in their domain, and he wished for a free expression on the opinion really an astrologer, inform me where I shall find a necklace of pearls which I have lost this day."

Poor Abdallah, bewildered gazed upon the satisfactory, he for one would say, let it

Thomas Cod, Esq., was one that had been deceived by the line, and had, in his efforts to bite it, broken out several of his front teeth. [A voice in the crowd—"Go to the dentist's and get some new ones, and charge them to the telegraph company." He heard the suggestion, and perhaps should profit by it, but his feelings were outraged by the de-

J. Shark, Esq., of the detective force, said that as he was chasing a delinquent mullet, he came in contact with the line, and received a severe injury in his head. He begged deep mark over his right eye.] He confessed that he had been staggered by the blow, and asked if the company would see anybody injured in that way.

Sergeant Swordfish, of the Marines, de-

clared that he had been startled by what he had heard. The domain of the main had been invaded, and he, for one, was ready to throw away his scabbard, and go and saw off

King Fish, Esq., took the same view as his military friend, and went in for cutting

Mr. Horse McArel thought there was cause to suspect anything in this line they couldn't see the end of. For his part he thought all respectable fish should raise their tongues and sounds against.

Jolly Porpoise, Esq., rose to speak, when every fin seased to vibrate, and a universal smile spread over the audience. He said he had not come to make a speech but he was of the opinion that he might say something, as he usually did when he spoke. He was for introducing, pacific measures, even though this was in the Atlantic. [Laughter.] He was not one to believe that that line was going to effect any fish that was not a chowder head. [Hear hear.] If fish could confine themselves simply to cold water, there would be no danger. For his part, he was disposed

to blow for the new line. [Cheers.]
Mr. O'Shun Shadd had come to listen rather than take any active part in the business of the meeting, but he and his companion, Mr. Bluefish, from a summer visit to the Glades, had learned to respect Yankee prowess, and would say if that enterprising class of animals had anything to do with the present mysterious arrangement, he wouldn't oppose it, because it would do no good. It was bound to go.

Mr. Bluefish responded, "That's so!" and a young Tautog, whose ancestor had fallen at Compton, wiped away a briny tear, as he endorsed the response.

Mr. Deepsea Cod didn't see much cause for uneasiness, although he could not feel a direct interest in the matter, as, thanks to science. he was now master of a little ile of his own, which occupied him, in which his interest was concentrated. The cry of "Liver" he had just heard in the crowd, did not affect him. He threw back the imputation, and would say that through his liver many human lights had been kept from going out. He was a philanthropist, and was willing to sac-

rifice himself so long as it would pay. Mr. Bigg Blackfish did not apprehend much trouble from it, only he was opposed to all innovations.

He didn't believe in any new fangled notions at all, and thought that by consenting to let the cable remain, they were encouraging the vagaries of the fish out of water .-He would move the passage of the following terfeit.

resolution: Resolved, That the long line across our territory is an infringement, and should not be allowed.

This resolution was discussed by Messrs. Cod, Haddock, Dolphin, and others chiefly in opposition, when the resolution was lost. It was then voted that the cable be allowed to remain, and the proceedings were ordered to be published, to be furnished through the cable, a battery of electrical cels having vol-

unteered their services for the occasion. After thanking the president for the po lite and impartial manner in which he had discharged his duties, the meeting dissolved in deep water.—Boston Gazette.

The public debt of the consolidated city of Philadelphia, amounts to \$20,000.

Home Education.

Whatever defects there may be in Home Education, and it is a subject which for a long time has engaged the attention of profound thinkers and the benevolent, it is certain that the exceptions are rare, where the moral training of the mother is not according to her best capacity, surrounding circumstances considered, for the benefit and advantage of her offspring. The mother's influence is often counteracted by the habits and examples of the father; in such case, the maternal parent is not responsible if her care and teachings are of no avail.

Home education, where the parents are united in sentiment, leaves its impression upon the mind and heart, which can never be totally cradicated. The principal cause of so many departures from the path of right, is evil associations. The mother, en-gaged in her household affairs, has, among the majority of those who are dependent upon their labors for a livelihood, but little time to devote to her children; and as soon as they are able to walk by themselves they seek playmates, and the youthful mind is readily impressed for good or evil, according to the disposition of the associations. The effect of these impressions are more lasting, in most cases, than the influence and example of parents. If mothers were placed in circumstances so that they could give the proper attention to their children, and if they had the co-operation of their husbands, there would be less vice in the world.

Home education is the best for the youthful mind. The most determined man in ton Democrat.

Friends in Prosperity.

One of the hardest, trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided, was a pretense, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivelous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity those superficial earthlings are mere specks on the

horizon! But a true friend sits in the centre, and is there at all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealors, the difference being that in the for-mer our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men. there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearnings than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnamity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our sides real friends, before the company to look at the wound. [He removed a large piece of kelp and revealed a could not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amid plaudits of angels.-North American Review.

> Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the paper which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill it fifty times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price: Every parent, whose son is at school, should supply im with a paper. I still remember what a difference there was between those of my sechoolmates who had, and those who had not access to a newspaper. Other things being equal, the first were decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition. at least. The reason is plain, they have command of more facts. Youths will pursue newspapers with delight, when they will read nothing else.—Judge Longstreet.

ENCOURAGE BENEVOLENCE.—Good deeds are very fruitful; for out of one good action of ours God produces a thousand, the harvest whereof is perpetual. Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all succession of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, besides they are presently comfortable to the doer. are also exemplary to others; as they are more beneficial to others are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommodious, I would seek after them for the conscience of their own goodness; how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them for they are so profitable to myself and others, and to myself in others.-

An ignorant fellow who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect n the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake he committed the service of baptism, instead of that of the communion, so when the clergyman asked him in the church, "wilt thou have this woman to be your wife?" the bridegroom answered in a verv solemn tone:

"I renounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool!" to which he replied: "All this I steadily believe."

FLATTERY.—The difference between praise and flattery is worth attending to. It is the difference between true coin and counterfeit. Praise is the expression of real sentiments; flattery of pretended sentiments. One is the homage of the heart; the other an artifice of the mind. The true and base coins circulate freely in society-and most people are so eager for them, that they do not stop to distinguish the genuine currency from the coun-

A wise man endeavors to shine in himself; a fool to outshine others; the first is humbled by a sense of his own infirmities; the last lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in others. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation: and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

A small boy in Madison, Indiana, recently recited in Sunday School, 2,233 verses from the Bible, which he had committed to memory during the evenings of six preceding days. He is capable of committing 200 verses