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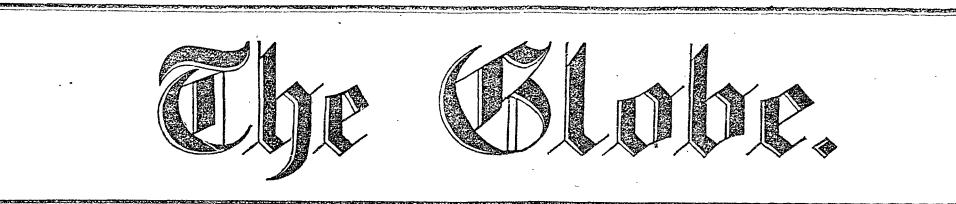
cording to these terms.

IST OF GRAND JURORS for a

IST OF GRAND JURORS for a Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon in and for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 11th day of April, A. D. 1350: Joseph Cunningham, farmer, Cass. James Chamberlain, inn keeper, Warriorsmark. Wm. Daughenbaugh, shoemaker, Brady. George Eby, farmer, Shirloy. James W. Galbraith, farmer, Shirley. Samuel Gregory, farmer, West. David Hicks, Esq., blacksmith, Cromwell. Wm. S. Huldebrand, carpenter, Huntingdon. Ellisha B. Hissong, potter, Cassvillo. Adam Keith, farmer, Tod. George Lamp, farmer, Detter. John Munnick, farmer, Dublin. William Miller, farmer, Houderson. Hudolph Neff, farmer, Jackson. Martin Shank, farmer, Jackson. Martin Shank, farmer, Warriorsmark. Washington Stewart, farmer, Franklin. Washington Stewart, farmer, Franklin. Jacob Sharp, mechanic, Brady. Thomas Strickler, plasterer, Huntingdon. George Walker, carpenter, Alexandria. Adam Warfel, blacksmith, Brady. John Whittaker, sr., gentleman, Huntingdon. Daniel P. Knode, farmer, Porter. John Armon, farmer, Barree.

TRAVERSE JURORS-FIRST WEEK. John Baker, Esq., mason, Shirley. Peter M. Bare, clerk, Union. Charles Bowersox, Shirley. Israel Baker, farmer, Tod. David Barrick, farmer, West. Hiran Brown, farmer, Springfield. James Condorn, laborer, Brady Thomas Covenhoven, farmer, Barree. Thomas Covenhoven, farmer, Barree, Isaac Curfman, farmer, Tod. John Carver, farmer, Barree, Henry Cornpropst, Huntingdon, Isaac Donaldson, laborer, Hopewell, James Duff, mason, Jackson, James Entrekin, farmer, Hopewell, Alexander Ewing, teacher, Franklin, Perry O. Etchison, shoemaker, Cromwell, A. W. Evans, merchant, Cass. Benjami, Wink, farmer, Cass. Benjamin Fink, farmer, Cass. Samuel Friedley, farmer, Ifenderson, Jacob S. Gelrett, potter, Cassville. Calch Greenland, farmer, Cass. John Gayton, farmer, Union. Joon Gayton, farmer, Union. William Glass, carpenter, Jackson. Jacob Hight, farmer, Brady. Moses Hamer, farmer, Walker. Robert Henderson, farmer, Warriorsmark. Robert Henderson, farmer, Warriorsmark, William Huey, farmer, Dublin, John Hagey, farmer, Tell, John S. Henderson, Iaborer, Shirley, Daniel Isenberg, farmer, Shirley, John Kesselring, farmer, Springfield, John Morrison, farmer, Springfield, James McCartney, farmer, Henderson, Charles G. McLaughlin, blacksmith, Shirley, Valuet Warson, farmer, Dublin, Shirley, Charles G. McLaughlin, blacksmith, Shirley Robert Morrow, farmer, Dublin. William Miller, farmer, West. Henry Myers, blacksmith, Shirleysburg, Richard Newman, manufacturer, Franklin. David Parsons, farmer, Tell. Thomas F. Stewart, farmer, West. John Shaffer, farmer, Morris. David R. Stonebraker, farmer, Jackson. Luba Shaver, Vso, farmer, Shirley. John Shaver, Esq., farmer, Shirley. George B. Weaver, farmer, Hopewell. John Weight, farmer, Franklin. Calob Wakefield, farmer, Brady. John Westbrook, Huntingdon William P. Taylor, Carpenter, Clay.

TRAVERSE JURORS-SECOND WEEK. Jacob Barnet, farmer, Cass. Daniel Beck, blacksmith, Morris. J. S. Berkstresser, merchant, Carbon. William Couch, farmer, Barce. Valentine Crouse, innkceper, Brady. Nicholas Cresswell, gentleman, Alexandria. Henry S. Dell, farmer, Jackson.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XIV.

----PERSEVERE.---

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 30, 1859.

Select Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! a word so often said, The heedless mind forgets its meaning; 'Tis only when some heart lies dead, On which our own was leaning. We hear in maddening music roll That last "good night," along the soul.

Good night! in tones that never die, It peals along the quickening ear, And tender gales of memory Forever wait it near, When stilled the voice-oh, crush of pain-That 1., or shall breatho "good night" again.

Good night! it mocks us from the grave, It overleaps that strange world's bound, From whence there flows no backward wave; It calls from out the ground On every side, around, above, Good night, good night, to life and love.

Good night! oh, wherefore fades away The light that lived in that dear word? Why follows that good night no day? Why are our souls so stirred? Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more, Good night! thy time of toil is o'er.

Good night! now cometh gentle sleep, And tears that fall like welcome rain, Good night! oh, holy, blest and deep The rest that follows pain; How should we reach God's upper light, If life's long day had no "Good night?"

A Select Story.

[From the Red, White and Blue.] THE POISONED ARROW.

A STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY CAPT. M. D. ALEXANDER, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

We would carry our reader back some thir-ty years to the times when civilization was slowly approaching the western wilds, and when the spirit of adventure led the hardy pioneers out from their native villages to the domain of the red man. One lovely morning in June, two travelers, both well mounted, drew their reins upon the banks of the Mississippi, where now stands the flourishing town of Red King. As their vision took in the wide range of water, prairie and bluff

same.

it to his side. A sudden faintness seemed to ed again, as she murmured sadlyseize upon him, yet with the other hand he scooped up the liquid, and commenced the ascent. But ere he could reach the top of the bluff, he sank exhausted upon the sward.-Had not the large trunk of a tree intervened, he would undoubtedly have rolled down the mountain again.

"This cursed arrow must be poisoned !" he thought, "for I can feel its influence stealing through my system, numbing and paralyzing my every faculty. If I could but make Barton hear! What ho! brother! Barton !"

So rapid had been the action of the irritating agent, wherewith the weapon had been charged, that his voice seemed to have become affected, and he could do little more than whisper. Meanwhile, Barton had become somewhat annoyed at his brother's absence. He had half a mind to commence an that great sun I swear-"" attack upon the venison which was fast "No! not for me! The great Manitou growing cold, but he bethought him that he had better look down upon the fiver, to see what detained the youngster. He stood upon the edge of the bluff, but as far as he could see, there were no signs of the missing brother. Barton now grew anxious, he could form no satisfactory reason for this disappearance.-There could be but one solution of the mystery ; the Dacotahs must have been watching them, and succeeded in capturing Harry.-This conclusion arrived at, he turned to look far up the river, where arose upon the still air a tall column of smoke, that told him that he was near some Indian encampment.

"Yes, it must be so!" he muttered, as an agony of feeling stole across his soul. "My poor brother has been made, thus early in his frontier experience, a prisoner, by those us notice experience, a prisoner, by those cursed savages. But he shall be rescued, or if too late for that, avenged !" Without further delay, he unhitched his horse from the limb to which it had been fas-

tened while quietly grazing, replaced his saddle, examined the priming of his rifle, and vaulted upon his animal.

"Now Barbary," he almost shouted, "you must bear your part nobly in this enterprise. We must bring back my brother, or return not at all."

Os the sound of the fleet footsteps died in the distance, and an unbroken silence brooded once more over the spot, there shot from the opposite bank a light canoe propelled by the practised hands of a young and beautiful forest maiden. With the rapidity of lightning it sped across the waters and touched at the wide range of water, prairie and bluin ning it sped across the waters and touched at recognised it, ne could not check his steed that lay spread out before them, a look of satisfaction seemed to light up the features of each, for surely their gaze never rested on a lovelier spot. After a few moment's silence the elder of the two dismounted from his steed, and metioned to his companion to do the steed, and metioned to his companion to do the pain, throw his arms wildly above his head,

"Nay, Barton, I prefer the landscape as and sink almost insensible back again. She

"No, no! it must not be! This has been a pleasing dream to the forest maid, but it cannot be realized. In a few moons Harry would tire of his Indian bride, and would long for the associations that he had abandoned. Better leave me now than then." "Ahtawahta believes that there is truth in

the heart?" "Yes! but affection may grow cold-----" "Listen to me dearest! My life was preserved by you, and to you it should be devolove that can be answered by possession. I will be sweet to thee when thou art old." could not breathe a word of harm to you! I have left no one in the far off home of my

will not hear an oath. I am yours forever! If in some future hour your heart should wander back to the friends of earlier days, I mine as well as thine. And we shall be to will bid you depart and lay me down to die. At least you will be mine till then."

She did not longer hesitate, but with an impassioned gesture, clung about his neck, while Harry imprinted innumerable kisses upon her yielding lips. As they stood thus, the sound of horses

hoofs falling rapidly upon the soft turf, roused them from their absorption—at the same moment one of the two squws that had been in attendance upon the youthful pair, rushed in and spoke a few hurried words to Ahtawahta, and left the hut again.

in pursuit of a white man, who is urging his horse towards the crossing here. Let us go forth, for we may save him." "It may be my brother !" exclaimed Harry "it to a white man, who is urging his horse towards the crossing here. Let us go forth, for we may save him." And she answered, "I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am

with a glad smile, as they passed hand in hand out into the forest. Soon the pursuers and pursued appeared in the distance. Har-ry at once recognized in the white man his how bright they are." brother.

be killed !"

"Not so! He is my brother now," answered the maiden proudly, " and not one of our tribe shall dare to molest him."

As the horseman drew near, Harry cried, "Stop, brother! Barton, do you not know me? It is your brother Harry that calls." Although the rider heard the voice and recognised it, he could not check his steed until he had fairly reached the edge of the river. Altawahta placed herself directly in the way of the pursuers, and with a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause. A short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause a short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause a short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause a short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause a short parley ensued at a motion bade them pause a short parley ensued at a motion bring the pause a short parley ensued at a motion bring the pause bate parley and the pause a short parley ensued at a motion bring the pause a short parley ensued at a motion bring the pause bate parley ensued at a motion bring the pause bate pause a short parley ensued at a motion bring the pause bate the end of which the Dacotahs turned their | ed it."

they had come. Barton soon made known to his brother the NO. 40.

Editor and Proprietor.

Hope and Memory. BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNY.

A little baby lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. served by you, and to you it should be devo-ted. Do not suppose that I wish merely to repay the debt—that I can never do; but over and above all other considerations is the little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book that

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by childhood, for whose society I can languish. the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, Fear not, then, my truth, for by the light of and said "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sang thee."

But Memory said, "Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be him as sisters all his life long.

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept pence-fully, they sat silently by his sid, e weaving rainbow tissues into dreams, When he woke, they came with the lark, to bid him good

morning, and he gave a hand to each. List they stord they before the stord they before a man, be stord they be stored to a stored they be stored they be stored they

of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am look backward to what you have encountered, weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my but always forward to what is within your key. But the gems that thou didst give me grasp. The world owes every man a com-

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put "It is he! it is Barton. Heavens! he will forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in

a heavenly flight. The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven. But Hope lay It is an ignoble spirit that leads a young man down at its threshold and gently expired, as to borrow instead of bequeathing means. Go

bade them pause. A short parley ensued at world. It is now thine. Jesus hath redeem-

Physical Education.

An able writer expaciating on the well-es- honorable to eat the crust you have earned.

A Smart Women.

A nice, respectable lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worser half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson.

Some evenings since, as he was leaving, solid evenings since, as no was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back—she would not be lonely—she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a ver-itable mice, under that hypocracy, and resolved to be avenged. About 8 o'clock "an individual," about his size, might have been seen creeping cautiously along to the door, and noiselessly Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots —a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stopped, pulled of his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eye," he made tracks for the bed-room. There he was kneeling at the bed-side, coat and vest off, and his head on the pillow. Miserable villain-his time had come.

"Say your prayers, villain-your time is short"-and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission.

"Help! murder! watch! Oh, is that you?" and Madame popped her little head up from

the foot of the bed. Benedict seized the body, and it was-a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made up for the occasion.

"I say, my dear, what does all this mean ?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look.

"Well, dear," replied the wife, "I did get lonely after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure, I didn't think you'd suspect----'' "There, there," said the chagrined hus-

band, " say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you."

Benedict repeated, "Now I lay me down," etc., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present .-- Chattanooga Advertiser.

How Poor Young Men May Succeed.

Young man are you poor and without the

sion. Whatever you resolve upon, do it ear-ly; follow it steadily and untiring; never success; and men have only to adopt will and action to them.

To repine over a want of money and prop-erty, to start out in the world with, and over the want of the props of influential relatives, is unmanly. Let a young man strive to create a fortune, rather than seek to inherit one.

is unable to support himself, and is whining around, and begging the influence of others, to get him into employment! Feel, under all circumstances, that it is more noble, more

Levi Evans, Esq., J. Carbon E. S. Everhart, boss, Huntingdon, Abraham Fultz, carpenter, Brady. Isaac Gorsuch, blacksmith, Cromwell. Robert Green, farmer, Oneida. James Gwin, gentleman, Huntingdon. David Grove, merchant, Huntingdon. John Hust, farmer, Barree. Richard D. Heck, farmer, Cromwell. David Honseholder, laborer, Walker. Solomon Isenberg, blacksmith, Morris. John Ingram, farmer, Franklin. Henry Jamison, grocer, Brady. John Kiney, farmer, Franklin. Robert Green, farmer, Oneida. John Kiney, farmer, Franklin, John Kiney, farmer, Franklin. John Love, farmer, Barree. A. J. McCoy, miller, Franklin. Isaac Martin, farmer, Porter, John Moutgomery, mechanic, Brady. John Morrow, farmer, Dublin. James Magee, farmer, Dublin. Wm, Oaks, farmer, Barree. Thomas E. Orbison, merchant, Cromwell. John Shoop, Jr., farmer, Uuion, Valentine Smittle, farmer, Tell. Levi Smith, farmer, Union. George Wakefield, farmer, Shirley. Milton Woodcock, grocer, Carbon. March 23, 1859.

TRIAL LIST FOR APRIL TERM FIRST WEEK. **H** 1859. vs. Eby, Cunningham & Herr. vs. Smith & Davis. vs. Jona. McWilliams. Andrew Patrick, Jr. John Savage, William Curry R. Hare Powell. H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co. vs.Jacob Crisswell Leonard Weaver vs.John Savage. Jno. McCanless, et. al. John Garner vs. Clement's heirs James Wall Glasgow & Bair Sami, Caldwell's admr. vs. Jona, Wall. vs. Caleb Brown. vs. B. X. Blair & Co. John B. Weavers, use vs. Jacob Russle. vs. Jno. Shope. Peter Etniro SECOND WEEK. Boker, Bro. & Co. Jno. P. Brock vs. A. P. Wilson. John Savage. Jno. T. Shirley. James Entriken. Jacob Russle vs.Margaret Hamilton vs. Valentine Crouse G. W. Speer. II. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co. Fleming Holliday Eph. Ross David Foster vs. Wm. McNite. James Entriken. Wm. Hays. Cristain Price. Kirkpatrick & Son Jos. Kinsel's admr. vs.vs. Bell, Garrettson & Co. David Rupert vs. Isaac Sharrer. Frederick Schneider. vs. vs. Nicholas Schank. Entriken & Drhere. Jno. Y. Hay. James Pattison. Jas. Sarton for use Win. Weaver D. Houtz, Assigneo Samuel Doran Tams, Jones & Co. vs.vs. vs. Jas. Entriken, Garnishee Jno. Dougherty. vs. Wm. McMullin. Ann McMullin James Findley. Samo Huntingdon, March 23, 1859.

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seen from this position," answered his com- bent over him, and in a sweet whisper, panion, "I shall keep my saddle until you said : are ready to remount."

"We shall go no farther !" Barton replied, " If we are to pitch our tents in the wildermay not find a greener spot, or one that we should like better. See this grove of pines! a little labor will transform it into a rustic palace, where Barton and Harry Newson may find the rest they are in pursuit of."

"So be it, then," Harry answered, as he threw himself from his horse, and unslung the rifle from his back. "When we started, I agreed to abide by your selection, and I ever before set his foot upon this solitude, never pressed the rich soil beneath us.---Let us be the first to awake the slumbering echoes."

Ere his brother could stop him, Harry raised his rifle to his shoulder, and pulled the trigger. From crag to crag, from valley to valley, the sound of the report flew, disturbing the stillness that had hitherto been almost felt, and driving many a feathered resident screaming into the air.

"You will learn better in time, Harry !" Barton said. "Never again waste a shot, even for a whim. You may need all your ammunition ere long. We are now in the territory of the Dacotahs, and must keep a careful watch against surprise."

"You surely are not alarmed at our absence from the settlements, or fearful of the Indians?"

"No! I only wish to meet them in the broad light of day, face to face. We shall soon make friends of them if they approach us thus; but they may not stop to form friendships if they come upon us unaware."

"I have felt your powers of pursuasion, and judging from their influence upon me, cannot doubt your winning qualities. For myself not being so gifted, I shall keep my riffe always ready to act as an interpreter." "Come, then, let us prepare a shelter.--We can so weave these boughs as to form a very respectable house for the present. Out with your hatchet man, and to work."

"Suppose I make a fire, and roast this piece of venison. We shall be hungry when our task is done."

"Always providing for the appetite!-Well, be it so. Be careful, however, that you do not let your fire get among the dry branches, else we shall have a general conflagration." "We will postpone such a pyrotechnic

display until the fourth of the coming month.

In conversation like to this passed two or three hours, during which the brothers worked industriously, and found that they had, when the venison was ready for them, provided a very comfortable cabin.

"I will just dip my cup in the stream there," said Harry, "and try the properties of this water, hold on ! put up your knife until I return. We must start fair ! I object to your cutting off the finest pieces in idvance."

"Nay, you need not indulge any alarm, you shall have the first cut; hurry then, for am almost famishing."

Harry sprang down the bank, and bent over the swift current. As he was in the act

"Come with me! the warrior's arrow has wounded the white bird, who flew to our forests for a home; but Ahtawahta will save the ness, brother mine, let it be here, for we life of the pale face. Quick, to my canoe, or the chieftains of my tribe will discover us. I saw you fall from yonder grove, watched the movements of the Dacotahs, and am here to save you. Ahtawahta is not very strong; but she can at least guide you to her hut among the bushes there. You will die if you do not come."

With such gentle words the maiden strove to rouse him for the effort, and finally sucshall not question it now. This is indeed a ceeded. He had sense enough remaining to lovely place! Surely no white man has know that if he did not accompany her, his hours of life were numbered. He had heard of the medicinal knowedge that the Indians possessed, and he doubted not that she could aid him.

"My brother ?" he said faintly.

"Will return to this spot, and await your coming; he has gone to seek you. He will never leave until he meets you again. When the sickness has passed, Ahtawahta will bring you here. Come, ere the warriors of my race shall discover you ?"

By a series of painful efforts Harry at last reached the canoe, into which he was assisted by his fair guide.

" Now you must trust yourself to Ahtawahta, who by the help of the great spirit will draw this arrow from your arm, and heal the wound. She would thus atone for the cruelty of him who drew the bow."

As Harry felt himself lifted from the frail barque, he cast a grateful look upon his preserver, and became unconscious.

CHAPTER II.

Four months had passed ere Harry was again able to leave the mats whereon he had reposed, in an utter prostration. The fever had at last left him, but he was very weak. Ahtawahta had clung to him with a singular devotion, and had been true to her promise. Aided by a couple of aged squaws, she had brought him from the very gates of death far on to health. We find her now, after tho lapse of so many weeks, still by his side, either administering some restorative or sitting at his feet, listening to the strange stories of the white man's home.

"You will soon leave the wilderness," sighed the maiden, "and I shall see you no more. Four moons have passed since I saw you-they have been happy days to me, but we must part. Look from this door upon the scene without. Already the leaves are withering and dying in the cool autumn blasts. Ere long the storm king will ride upon the wind, and wrap earth in its cold embrace. You will go to meet the warm hearts that watch you, while Ahtawahta will grow cold as the snow. The winter will blight her very heart."

Harry turned from the contemplation of the landscape to the bright eyes of the fair child of nature beside him. He read in their him. dark meaning, words that sent the warm flush to his cheek. His arm rested upon her shoulder and almost encircled her neck, join-

ing his hands he pressed her to his bosom. "Ahtawahta," he whispered, "I love you, and must never leave this spot. Be mine, and let me here live and die !"

With a glad smile the maiden raised her of dipping up the water, an arrow from moist lips to his; but ere he could press them, birds? Truly the goodness of God is seen in some unseen bow pierced his arm, and pinned | a shadow stole across her face, her head droop- | all his works.

tribes of Indians in search of the lost one, very soon of itself run down the finest origiuntil his hopes died out, and he turned to re- nal constitution, especially if commenced too trace his steps; how he had been met by early in life, refers to some interesting facts those who were following him, and had to by way of illustration, to which we would run for his life.

Harry Newson and his Indian bride lived spot where they first met, for he never left means for the renovation of the physical conher in life.

A Lesson for Boys and Girls.

Young readers, do you know the little animals-birds, beasts, and insects, are good mechanics, skilled in business and building ture. At Cambridge, the Faculty are patis done systematically, with neatness and despatch. Nor do they idle, lounge about, or stop to play, till the work is done, and well done.

The Otter and the Heron are the fishermen, though they use neither line nor net. The Otter we seldom see, for he works his traps | cultivate and cherish sports and develop the mostly under water; but the Heron may often be seen standing with his long, thin legs in the shallow part of the stream, suddenly plunging his long bill below the surface

and bringing up a fish. Ants are day laborers, and very industriple of industry.

"Ants freely work without disguise, Their ways consider and be wise

The swallow is a fly-catcher; and the number that he daily catches would astonish you. You often see him in his vocation skimming along the surface of the brook or pond.

The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder and a mason; a very good workman at all these trades. He fells the small trees with his teeth, and after he has built his house, he plasters it carefully with his tail trowel. The wasp is a paper maker, in his building. IIis paper is water-proof, and made of materials that no other paper maker would use. Look at the curious wasps' and hornets' paper

dwellings-not patented are they? Singing birds are amateur musicians, and excel all others in harmony. Hardly can we decide which of them excels-the lark, the robin, the thrush, or the nightingale.

"On the feathery wing they rove, And wake with hormony the grove."

The fire fly and the glow-worm are lamplighters. The bee is a professor of geometry; for he constructs his cell so scientifically, that the least possible amount of materials is formed into the largest spaces, with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells. Nor can the best herstruction of his cells. Nor can the best here ply. metrical scalers among us preserve provis- ply. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; do they

The caterpiller is a silk spinner, far excelling any other in his line of business; in-

supply any silk worth the name without girls all play it." With what wonderful properties and powers has it pleased our lleavenly Father to how they play it."

endow the lowly creatures! Young friends, is not this wonderful, marvelously wonderful? Who endowed these and chews the end of his tail, and that brings animals with wisdom? God! Who of us out the music." could make cells or honcy like the bee, silk like the silk worm, or music like the singing ace of that evening.

call the attention of our readers.

Every year, he says, we perceive the evito see a flourishing town grow up upon the dences of increased inattention to all sorts of stitution in our large citics. In Boston, where twenty years ago, hardly a child was born without the seeds of consumption in its lungs, there is, in many of the best families, a marked physical improvement, the results of culoperations? This is true; and what they do ronizing cricket and rowing matches, because they have found the tendency to a physical decay so strong among the best students, without something of the kind. The yachting clubs of New York and Newport, the bathing in summer, and the skating in winterin fact, the general tendency everywhere to physique, afford a proof of the felt necessity of more attention to health. Mere sports, though they may abate the tendency to decline, are not enough to avert slow and sure decay. A man's duties must be so arranged as to embrace a fair share of physical exercise, or else ous in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in daytime, if you can! They set us an examthese sports in this country, they are not indigenious; many of them, like cricket, not adapted to the extreme heat of our summer weather, which is quite unknown in England, and many others, very apt to produce habits of dissipation, quite as injurious as the evils they would cure.

But it is not so much in the physical culture of men as of women, that the chief defect of our present social system lies. Our women are pretty at seventeen and old at twenty. The English nobility set a much higher value on beauty of form and figure than we do, and a really fine-looking girl without a penny or fortune, is thought a better match by the most calculating wealthy parents, than a dough-faced specimen of fashionable breeding with quite a fortune. It is by the introduction of new blood that the stock of the

most ancient families is preserved. Among ourselve while all invigorating habits and sports ought to be encouraged, it is not from those cultivated as foreign sports that we have most to hope. It should be rather the development of our national resources.

New Music .--- "Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?" asked a young lady of a

western green-looking customer. "Ob, very universally, Miss," was the re-

use the plano mostly ?" "Never, Miss. The instrument that we

deed we could not learn an art that would have out our way is the Swinette, and the

"O, dear, I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is, and

"Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each one takes one of these under her arm

Western "green" was the lion for the bal-

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various events that he had passed through as | tablished truth that intellectual culture, car- | than to flourish with coppers inherited. You he followed for months the trails of different | ried on without sufficient bodily exercise, will | may lift your head proudly to face and confront the noblest among us, when you are concious of being the architect of your own fortunes. Young man are" you poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your actions and looks, what the poet said in words :

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth, And boasts his titles and his lands, Who takes his name and heritage From out a father's dying hands."

Anecdote of General Washington. From the New Haven News.7

During sixty years resident in New York t was my custom when the birthday of Washington came round, to get the following anecdote inserted in one or two of the daily papers. A good story is not the worse for being twice told, nor a good sermon the worse for being twice read. In 1796, I heard the farmer referred to, narrate the following incident. Said he :---

"When the British army held possession of New York, and Washington with the American army lay near West Point. one morning I went out at sun-rise to bring home the cows. In passing a clump of brush-wood I heard a meaning sound like a person in distress. On nearing the spot I heard the words of a man at prayer. I listened behind a tree. The man came forth-it was George Washington, the Captain of the Lord's host in North America."

This farmer was a member of the Society of Friends, who, being opposed to war under any pretext, was lukewarm, and in some cases opposed to the cause of the country. This farmer was a tory. However, having seen the General enter the camp, he went to his own house, and said to his wife, "Martha, we must not oppose this war any longer.---This morning I heard the man George Washington send up a prayer to Heaven for his country, and I know it will be heard." This Friend dwelt between the lines of the two armies, and subsequently gave Washington many items concerning the movements of the enemy, which rendered good service to the American cause.

From this incident we may infer that Washington rose with the sun to pray for his country, he fought for her at meridian. and watched for her at midnight.

Now, Mr. Printer, I advise every editor of a newspaper between Montauk point and the Rocky Mountains, if three drops of American blood is running in their veins, that they insert this anecdote in their daily or weekly journal every twenty-second of February, (Washington's birth-day,) as long as trees grow and water runs.

I voted three years while Washington was President-I married three bonnie Yankee lasses-this, I think, is being naturalized enough, in all good conscience. I therefore hold myself an American to all intents and purposes. This day I enter my 87th year.

GRANT THORBURN. New Haven, Feb. 18, 1859.

PLEASANT YOUTH !-- "My son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the oneand twenty youth, looking up to find an answer, "I don't know: but suppose we call it John H. Samplin & Father,"