TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

VOL. XIV.

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Music and her Sister Song, by Glover,
Maniac Mother, by Hargrave,
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Massa's Old Plantation, by Lake,
My Native Land Adieu, by Belisle,
Maiden of the Rhine,
Nestle thou Little One, by Maison,
Natalie, the Miller's Daughter, by Bochsa,
Oh! No they shall, not see me weep,
Oh! Soon Return, by Hewitt,
Oh! Cast that Shadow from thy Brow,
Oh! Let me Weep, by Colman.

Oh! Let me Weep, by Colman,
Oh! No we never talk in French,
Oh! Whisper what thou Feelest, by Richards, Old Jessie, by Converse, (Guitar.)

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Shells of the Ocean, by Cherry,

Shells of the Ocean, by Forte,

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The Longing, by Porter,

Teach Oh! Teach me to Forget, by Bishop,

The Heart That's Ever Thine, by Jullien,

The Heart That's Ever Thine, by Jullien,

The Indian Captive or the Absent Lover, Magruder.

Troubadour's Song, by Verdi,

Twenty Years Ago, by Langlotz,

Villkins and his Dinah,

Valley of Chamouni, by Glover,

What's home without a mother, by Hawthorne,

What are the Wild Waves Saying, by Glover,

We Met, 'twas in a Crowd, by Bayly,

When Night comes over the Plain, by Jeffreys,

When Night comes over the Plain, by Jeffreys,

When Indures of Anxious Sadness,

When Indures of Anxious Sadness,

Within a Mile of Edinburg, by Scotch,

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Something You Cannot Help Liking, by Taylor,

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Amateur set of Polkas, by Bellak, cach
Acolian Polka, by Colman,
Agricultural Quick Step, by Beek,
Brother Jonathan Polka, by Porter,
Bella Donna Schottisch, by Holden,
Bohemian Polka, by Houser,
Coral Schottisch, by Kleber,
Circassian Polka, by Be Albert.
Cherry Valley Polka Brilliant, by Bubna,
College Hornpipe, Fisher's Hornpipe,
Come Soldiers Come Quick Step,
Douglas grand march, by Walker,
Diamond Schottisch, by Saylor,
Daybreak Polka, by Szemeleuyi,
Deliciosa Polka, Adrianna Polka, by Mack, Daliciosa Polka, Dahlia Gallopade, by Dister, Durangs Hornpipe and Money Musk, Dandy Jim and Old Dan Tucker, Durangs Hornpipe and Money Musk,
Dandy Jim and Old Dan Tucker,
Edinburg Schottisch, by Kerseen,
Emma Polka, by Miss Emma Todd,
Eugenia Polka, by Miss Emma Todd,
Eugenia Polka, by Wallersteine,
Electric Qnick Step, by Burcheim,
Eugenia Dance, by Bubna,
Four Bells Polka, by Cook,
Five Bells Polka, by Cook,
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Fountain Schottisch, by Magruder,
Fairy Lake Schottisch, by Magruder,
Fairy Lake Schottisch, by John,
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Few Days or Go-a-head Quick Step, by Magruder,
Gipsey Polka, by Bubna,
Gipsey Schottische,
Grand Russian March,
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Hail Columbia,
Harrisburg Screnade March, by H. Coyle,
Jenny Lind's Favorite Polka, by Wallerstein,
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Lancers Quadrille, by Bubna,
Love Schottisch, by Cook,
Love, Pleasure and Mirth Gallop.



WILLIAM LEWIS. ---PERSEVERE.--

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 15, 1859.

Select Poetry.

REMEMBERED BLISS.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE. Alas! alas! I did not think, Amid past hours of deep delight, That aught could break the golden link That then between us seemed so bright. We little dream what time may bring; The heart is a mysterious thing; A change came o'er thy gentle brow,

And we are but as strangers now. Yet sometimes in my sadder moods, Amid the scenes of toil and strife, And oft in woodland solitudes, Afar from dark and busy life, Thy image rises to my eye As bright as in the days gone by; Thy voice, low, musical, and clear, Steals like a spirit's on my ear; The vanished joys come wildly back Along life's dark and arid track: Old thoughts within my bosom stir.

And I am still thy worshipper. The bird that o'er my pathway flies, The fleeting vision of a dream, The star that lights awhile the skies, Then turns away its silver beam-These, these are emblems to my heart Of what thou wast, of what thou art, The bird, the dream, the star are flown, And I am left alone-alone; Yet still I hear with sweet delight The song the bird sangin her flight; The dream with all its fairy train Still haunts the chambers of my brain; And often when I gaze afar Through tears where beamed the vanished star, It seems again to burn on high, The glory of my clouded sky. And on its lovely disk I trace

Select Story.

The pictured image of thy face.

Its Eden-light upon me burst.

And kneel in worship as when first

THE CRUSADER'S TEMPTATION; --OR,--

THE ENCHANTRESS OF THE OLD TOWER. BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

Arthur Templeton, a young and noble knight, was proceeding on a special mission from the camp of the returning Crusaders to the Count Fontenay's castle, some twelve miles distant. He had been entrusted by one Baron Rodney, the Commander of the Christian host, with a letter to the Baron, and ordered to proceed in advance of the army, that the old Count might make preparations for the reception of his old comrade and particular friend.

The young crusader had already proceeded and two-thirds of the distance he had to freshing bed. traverse. He was near his native village, which even lay beside the route he was called upon to pass, and it was very natural that his thoughts should revert to the friends and relatives he expected to meet, after his two years of strife and wandering in the holy land. He was a brave and most honorable young knight, but was not returning with the honors he had expressed the hope of winning, when two years before, he bade adieu to the idol of his heart, the gentle maiden, Edith

Brenneth. "I wonder," he soliloquized, as he rode along, "how dear Edith will receive me, when she knows that I am the same poor knight I was two years ago? Her stern old father said I never should have his daughter unless I returned powerful and honoredalas for his resolution! I can only tell them that the Baron Rodney has spared no pains to keep me in the back ground, and I suspect even that he has prevented all knowledge of my meritorous services from reaching the village. Faith! what if my suspicion should prove true—that the Baron himself is in love with Edith? Guess I'll call up my faithful squire, and consult him again on the subject."

He reined in his horse, looking behind him, and waited till his follower rode in view, then he beckoned him to hasten. The man put spurs to his somewhat jaded steed, and soon reached his master's side, when the question which had risen in Arthur's thought was much of the drug; they almost poisoned you; only discussed. The squire, who was a mid- but do you feel better?" dle-aged, quiet sort of an individual, did not allowed the knight to think and reason as he pleased.

Suddenly, upon passing an old tower, a short distance in advance of his squire, the crusader was startled at seeing three beautiful young girls, who were seated on the green sward near the foot of the ruined edifice, with a repast of choice delicacies and wines before them, which they were enjoying in the noontide shade. No sooner did their eyes rest upon the knight, than they started up, hastening towards him, and causing him to rein in his steed.

"Sir knight," cried one of the gay beauties, in the sweetest of tones, "will you not come and join us in our pleasant repast?-We can refresh you a little, give your jaded beast some fresh grass, and thereafter you can proceed so much more rapidly that you will lose no time by accepting our

cheer." "Fair maiden, I am charged with a message, and cannot delay-

Nay, but you will arrive full as soon.-Do not turn a deaf ear to our appeals, for, as a true knight, thou shouldst be ready to hear the wrongs we have to narrate to

"Faith, I will tarry for a few moments, if so be that you will excuse my dust-covered squire, attire. It were a difficult thing for mortal fairies as yourselves!"

bewildered by his eyes and his thoughts. - | other?"

Dismounting, he led the horse to a pile of newly cut grasss, indicated to him by one of the girls, and then attended them to their rustic board. The servant, on riding up, and Edith. Wondering at all he had endured himself at length on the green sward under | between the Count's retainers and the crusaered upon him by his charming hosts.

"You spoke of your mistress" said the himself at the nobleman's feet. "Arise, my son, and kneel n

"She is on yonder tower." The quick eye of Arthur caught a glimpse of a white dress, as the wind blew out its long train from behind one of the raised corners of the old battlements of the tower, but face to flush and his form to tremble. he could not see the face, nor even the figure of the wearer.

"You will certainly go and pay your de-voirs, sir knight?" pleaded one of the girls, faithful squire!" with her most bewitching smile.

The knight hesitated; but the mention of curiosity, that he finally concluded to gratify not. Now I am satisfied, and so is your king,

put you must proceed to the tower alone," py, and none the less so because your enesaid one of the girls. "The ascent is easy mies are dead!" and direct; you cannot miss the way to the spot where our lady is standing."

The knight bowed, promising to come back in a moment and take his leave of the girls, and then went to the tower. After some difficulty, he made his way to the battlements, but no sign of any woman was seen, and all his correct in the chades of trailight relief. his search, in the shades of twilight, which duct Fontenay, who had laid a plot to abhad now commenced casting their shadows duct the lady Edith. There a happy and around him, was fruitless.

"I am tricked," he finally muttered. "I Ah, my head! how it whirls! and how obscure and thick are my thoughts becoming! Those girls were certainly fairies, and they have drugged or poisoned the wine!"

He made his way back to the spot where he he resolved on proceeding afoot.

But everything seemed strange to his vision, it seemed to him but a moment. On recovering his senses, he found that the green sward sky above him; he was in a splendidly furseveral miles in advance of the crusaders, nished apartment, and lying in a soft and re-

> around; his eye speedily rested on an open letter, which lay upon the coverlid within his reach. He instantly seized it, recognizing it as the sealed document with which he The mass of old. greasy woolen read as follows:-

"To THE COUNT FONTENAY .- On receipt of neth. From your old friend and servant, THE BARON RODNEY.

night?"

"And so," soliloquized Arthur, "this is they have evidently shown me a great favor in thus preventing me from bearing this letter to its destination."

A soft step beside the bed caused the knight to start and turn his face in that direction .--He beheld the object of his long cherished affection, Edith Brenneth, who clasped him in her arms, and showered repeated kisses on his cheeks and lips.

"Oh, my Edith!" said the knight. "Is it indeed you?" "Yes, dear Arthur," and there were tears of joy in her eyes. "My maids gave you too

" Almost well, dearest, and your presence venture to express any decided opinion, but will soon effect a perfect cure. But was it

you who laid the little plot to prevent me from falling a victim to Baron Rodney?" " Yes."

"But how did you know that the Baron had such a murderous design?" "By my father." "Your father! And pray, have you learned from the same source that I have won

none of those honors and rewards I was led to expect?" "No, no; but I have learned from him all your noble and generous deeds-of your bravery and discretion—of those honors you have earned, but which the Baron Rodney

has prevented you from receiving!" "Is it possible that your father is aware of all this?' "None better. He has faithfully reported to me all your movements, since the

day you left our native village for the holy land." "And how has he been able to gather all these accounts?"

"He shall tell you himself." The door opened, and the crusader's squire made his apperance, at the same instant that sounds of a fierce combat were heard proceed-

ing from the neighboring wood.
"What is that?" asked Arthur of the

"A fight between the Baron Rodney and man to resist the invitation of such charming the Count Fontenay. While your message was retained, I sent a challenge to the Count, "Flattering knight! if you think thus of which invited him to meet the Baron in deadour attractions, what will you say to those of ly conflict. The Count has eagerly complied, our mistress, the fair lady Edith?" "Edith!" queried the knight, looking from the tower. I have only to say, that I hope one to the other of the maidens, as if equally | and expect the two wretches will destroy each

The young knight, on arising and passing seeing his master thus engaged, lost no time | during the last few hours, he continued sevin baiting his own steed, and then threw eral moments looking out upon the struggle the trees, where he lay motionless, while the ders. When he at last turned to his squire crusader partook of the dainties spread be- for some information, he saw that the stern fore him, and answered the questions show- old Count of Brenneth had taken his place in the room. Startled and anxious, he cast

"Arise, my son, and kneel no more, save when we shall all bow together, including your Edith, and worship the true God!" A suspicion suddenly took possesion of the

"Is it possible?" he cried. "Blind that I was not to see it sooner! For two years,

young knight's heart—one which caused his

"True, my son, because I discovered that my Edith was greatly attached to you, and the name of Edith had caused him so much wished to know whether you were worthy or

it, saying to himself:—

"It will require but a moment, and then I will hurry on my way."

"Rut you must proceed to the tower alone,"

"It will require but a moment, and then I lute your beloved, and may you both be happy, and none the less so because your energy of the street."

"Harry, I've a good notion to which your corn out in the street!"

"Hush! hush!" said Harry, "don't talk dat way, for you make me feel bad! for if

He pointed, as he spoke, to several of his servants, who were bringing the dead bodies honorable life awaited them all, and the crusader was well satisfied with the result of his will instantly return and leave this evil spot. temptation, as it had given him the gentle Ah, my head! how it whirls! and how ob-

A Miracle of Art.

In almost every parlor the object that first attracts the eye is the soft fabric, enwrought had left the three maidens; but a single, with beautiful colors, that covers the centre glance showed him that they were gone with table and the piano. Do our ladies know every vestige of their late presence. He then from what materials this downy cloth, blushperceived the absence of his horse. Alarmed, ing with bouquets of flowers or fruit, upon he commenced calling his squire. Receiving which their gloved hands rests so cosily, is which their gloved hands rests so cosily, is no answer, he proceeded to the spot where he | made? Have they an idea that it was woven had seen his squire dismount, and found that from the wool of Angola or Thibet, and comes his man and the horse he had ridden were also missing. Still he called till he felt himself confused and half insensible, and then urious habits—this soft ornament, rich with Tyrian dyes, and variegated with figures that and it was not long before his sight grew so almost rival the richness of nature herself, indistinct that he did not know where we was once hung in tattered shreds from the beggoing. Finally, he sank down in a troubled gar's back, was begrimed with the filth of sleep, and slumbered several hours, although the foulest retreat of obscurest poverty; was saturated with every filthy compound, and feeted with the vilest odors. Rags that have was no longer beneath him, nor the bright | been swept into the streets, and picked out of the mire with the ragman's crook; tattered garments, no longer capable of concealing the nakedness of pauperism itself, that would "Where am I?" he murmured, looking no longer hang upon the trampler's limbs, by the ingenuity of art have been resurrected,

The mass of old, greasy woolen rags subhad been entrusted by Baron Rodney, and | mitted to a process which is one of the miracles of modern art, is prepared for respinning, and comes out of the manufacturer's this, by Arthur Templeton, Knight, you will | hands an object upon which an eye cultivaplease cause the bearer to be put out of the | ted to appreciate the beautiful, loves to dwell. way, as I am fearful lest he trouble me in my The metamorphosis of the crawling worm proposed union with the Lady Edith Bren- into the painted-winged butterfly, is not more wonderful. Science and art have not made a greater progress in any other department, "P. S.—Can you accommodate me and a than in the utilization of worse than refuse few retainers at your eastle for the coming | materials, by converting it into the most costly fabrics.

The imagination of those radiant with the sort of message I was desired to carry to health and beauty, and proud of the gifts of the count. Whoever may be these maidens, nature and providence, may find a profitable field for exercise as the eye rests upon the rich ornament that covers the piano or the table, by traveling back to the abodes of poverty, where want grins a ghastly smile and vice degrades that image of God, and there finding the materials that now contribute to deck their bowers of taste. We know not by what singular associations the objects which contribute to our luxury, link us with the abodes and habits of wretchedness. We think not how much that now adorns our person and marks us as the possessors of competence, and the participants in the richest bounties of Providence, comes from the very haunts of impurity and uncleanness.

> Envy.-Envy is a mean passion. It neither consults reason nor waits until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the applicances that can be brought to bear upon its subject. Like the cormorant, it eats out the substance of everything outside of itself and then turns and preys upon its own vitality; and, strange to say, that in feeding upon itself, it grows and strengthens and becomes more capable of performing its destructive work .-The envious person can never be happy .-The thing is impossible. As well expect the cormorant to be out of pain and experience pleasure with its sharp beak on its own heart, and drawing forth the fluid by which its life is sustained. If the silly bird that drinks its own blood can be at rest and satisfied, then may an envious man pronounce himself contented. But while the wound is open and bleeding, the process of destruction must be going on; and the result is inevitable. When the last drop is drawn forth, the work is finished. Envy destroys itself with the destruc-tion of its possessor. But the worst of all is that while envy is doing its work of destruction in the heart that entertains it, none of the parties are at all hurt or disquieted. The vile passion can only prey upon itself. It can do no harm outside of the poor mistakon bosom that affords it a harbor.

Lawyers have grown so very genteel, they have altered their very name and nature. Once upon a time they used to be called attorneys-now, forsooth, they are solicitors: formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but banisters will do; and nice bangoing down stairs to the deuco.—Sam Slick. | hind.

The nearest approach that Harry was ever NO. 51. known to make towards losing his temper, was about ten years ago. He had a plan whereby he preserved his corn perfectly fresh and green till December or January; and at that season of the year, he would go out and make the streets resound with his cry of "Hot Corn! hot corn! pipin—just come out de bilin' pot!" and he realized a handsome profit from its sale.

During the year in question, Harry was unfortunate, as his corn decayed; and out of a large quantity he had put away, he only saved enough to go out with, one or two

Wouldn't Get Mad.

Old Harry Brewer, or "Hot-Corn Harry." as he was more familiarly known about the

east side of town, was for many years d

shining light in one of our African churches; and was, by long odds, the most powerful exhorter of the congregation. Old Harry was, most undoubtedly, a good Christian;

and proved it by living up to the precepts he taught. His extreme good nature was proverbial, and many a bet was lost and won by the young men of Grand street and the Bow-

ery, in vain attempts to make Harry lose his temper. "Go way, boys, go way!" was his answer, when they played their wild pranks upon him. "De good Booksays: When any

one smites on de one cheek, you must turn

him de oder."

In the early part of December, Harry's voice was heard in the Bowery singing his well known song; and in one of the bar-rooms a bet was made that Harry could be thrown off his guard. In a few moments, Harry entered the bar-room, and set his bucket on the floor; but before he could get ready for business, he was being pulled around in all sorts of ways. One pulled him by the whiskers, another by the coat-tail; and altogether he was being made anything but comfortable. But all that could be got from Harry was: "Go way, boys, go way!"

All attempts to provoke him farther, failed; and, a last resort, one of the young men took

you frow my corn in de street now, you must ruin de old darkey. Ain't had no wood to saw hardly dis fall, and no white-washing. My wife been sick dis two months, and my corn's all rotted; and I ain't got nuffin' to

'pend on, but de Lord!"
"Well, Harry!" said he who held the bucket, "you have got a good backer, so here goes the corn!" and suiting the action to the word, he threw the corn into the

Harry looked very sadly after his proper-ty; and, as he picked up his empty bucket, he said :--

"De Lord's will be done!" and then started on a brisk trot from the scene of his temptation, as he resolved not to give way to the wrath he felt rising within him. In Elizabeth street, a new building was in the course of erection, and into the cellar of this building Harry descended, while the young men who had followed him, crept stealthily after, to see what he would do.

Away back in a far corner Harry went. out of hearing from the street, and there. upon his knees, he gave vent to his feelings

in this wise:—
"Oh, Lord! I'se most tempted to git mad, but I won't do it for the sake of a pail ob corn. Dem was the wickedest boys that I eber got amongst; but you made 'em, and I won't complain. It's a hard case, and you know I ain't hab no work most dis fall, and Hannah's sick; and I only a little corn, and dem wicked boys trowed it mose all away.-But I won't git mad at 'em; for you hab say dat justice am yourn. But give 'em justice, and make 'em repent of deir evil ways .-Take 'em, oh, Lord! and hold 'em ober the bottomless pit, and shake 'em! and if your a mind to, singe 'em a wery little; but, oh! good Lord, be wery careful, and don't letem fall in; and when it feels so hot dey 'gin and wrought into the tasteful fabrics that to repent, den let 'em go agin, and dey'll be better men!"

His prayer ended, Harry came forth, looking as good-natured as ever; and the young men, who were in waiting for him, took him back into the bar-room, and the proceeds of the bet, five dollars, was handed over to him, which amply remunerated him for the loss of his stock in trade.—N. Y. Mercury.

A PRINTING OFFICE ANECDOTE.—A young English lad, just "come over," became an apprentice in a printing office, to "learn the trade." When learning the letter boxes in the "case," he asked the printer's "devil," a mischievous young scamp, where the E box was. The "devil" pointed him to the L box. After having studied over the "case" long enough to know all the "boxess" of the alphabet, the foreman asked him to "go over," them, naming each letter-box: the juvenile John Bull did so, and got them: all right except E and L.

"You've got those two mixed up," remarked the foreman. "Well," replied the young Englisher, "hiasked that party (pointing to the 'devil,') where HE was, and 'e pointed 's finger to

The foreman gave the "devil" a sharp look, and he grinned satanically.—Chicago Sun-

day Leader. "WE'LL MARRY THIS FALL."-I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to:

marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar, and everything bad :: I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angeland all; she fell in my arms like a wearysome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall."

"My lad," said a traveler to a little boy whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?" "Mammy's washing it." "Have you no other?" "No other!" exclaimed the urchin, in surprise, "would you want aboy to have a thousand shirts?"

CULTIVATED WOMEN .- Sheridan said, beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends. the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

From the small hollow of the dice-box arise, fear, rage, convulsion, tears, blasphemies—as many as ever flew from the box. isters they are for a feller to lean upon that's of Pandoria; and not even hope remains be-