per square for each insertion.

3 months. 6 months. 12 months.

Six lines or less, \$1 50....\$3 00....\$5 00

Ono square, 3 00....\$7 00......7 00 Two squares, 5 00.

Three squares, 7 00.

Four squares, 9 00.

Half a column, 12 00. One column.

NEW GOODS,

ODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS,

AT BEN JACOBS' AT BEN JACOBS'

CHEAP CORNER. CHEAP CORNER.
BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large and

BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large and full assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, comprising a very extensive assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c.

His stock of CLOTHING for men and boys is complete—every article of wear will be found to be good and cheap. Full suits sold at greatly reduced prices—panic prices—which will be very low.

His entire stock of Goods will compare with any other in town, and the public will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

As I am determined to sell my goods, bargains may be expected, so all will do well to call.

Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.

BENJ JACOBS, Cheap Corner.

Huntingdon, April 6, 1859.

TEW MARBLE YARD IN HUNTINGDON,

ON MIFFLIN STREET, DETWEEN SMITH AND FRANKLIN.

JAMES M. GREEN informs the citizens of the county generally, that he has opened a MARBLE YARD at the above place, and is prepared to finish marble to order in the best workmanlike manner.

TOMB STONES, BUREAU and STAND TOPS, &c., furnished on short notice, and at reasonable prices.

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

Huntingdon, May 4, 1859-1y.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS,

CONFECTIONARIES & NOTIONS.

G. A. MILLER informs the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of GROCERIES, Confectionaries, &c., and that he will try to accommodate his customers with the best. Ite also has on hand an assortment of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats, and other goods.

Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

Dont forget the place, in the old Temperance Hall build-ig. [Huntingdon, April 20, 1859. TEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

AT

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.

D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia, with the largest and most beautiful assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

Ever brought to Huntingdon. Consisting of the most fashionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen; Black and Fancy Silks, all Wool Delaines, (all colors,) Spring Delains, Braize Delanes, Braizes, all colors; Debaize, Levella Cloth, Ducals, Alpacca, Plain and Silk Warp, Printed Berages, Brilliants, Plain and Colored Ginghams, Lawns and Prints of every description.

Also, a large lot of Dress Trimmings, Fringes, More-Antique Ribbon, Gimps, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Ribbons, Reed and Brass Hoops, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Necktics, Stocks, Zepher, French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Floss, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also, the best and cheapest assortment of Collars and Undersleves in town; Barred and Plain Jaconet, Mull Muslin. Swiss, Plain, Figured and dotted Skirts, Belts, Marsailles for Capes, and a variety of White Goods too numerous to mention.

ous to mention.

A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT of Bay State, Waterloo and Wool Shawis, Single and Double Brocha Shawis. Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinctts, Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans, Vestings, bleached and unblenched Muslins, sheeting and pillow-case Muslins, Nankeen, Ticking, Checks, Table, Diaper, Crash, Flannels, Sack Flannels, Cauton Flannels, Blankets, &c. Also, a large lot of Silk and Colored Straw Bonnets, of the latest styles, which will be sold cheaper than can be had in Huntingdon.

HATS and CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, the largest and cheapest assortment in town.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BUCKETS, CHURNS, TUBS, BUTTER BOWLS, BROOMS, BRUSHES, &c. CARPETS and OIL CLOTH. FISH, SALT, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, and all goods usually kept in a country store. Kentucky Jeans, Vestings, bleached and unbleached Mus-

My old customers, and as many new ones as can crowd in, are respectfully requested to call and examine my goods.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods, at the Highest Market Prices.

D. P. GWIN. Huntingdon, April 6, 1859.

TOIKES PEAK GOLD! Cannot rival in attraction the superb stock of SPRING

and SUMMER Goods now being received and opened by FISHER & M'MURTRIE. This stock has been selected with great care, and the public are cordially invited to call and examine

It comprises all the late styles of Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Poil De Chevre, Robes A'Lez, Organdics, Jacconets, Lawns, Challis, Plain and Figured Berages, Crape Marets, Plain and Colored Chintzes, French and

Crape Marets, Plain and Colored Chintzes, French and English Ginghams, Amaranths, Valentias, Alpaccas, De Bage, Prints. &c., &c.

A beautiful assortment of Spring Shawls, round and square corners, all colors. A full stock of Ladies' Fine Collars, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, such as Collars, Cravats, Ties, Stocks, Hosiery, Shirts, Gauze and Silk Undershirts, Drawers, &c.

We have a fine selection of Mantillas. Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauntlets, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Silk, Extension Skirts, Hoops of all kinds, &c.

Also—Tickings, Osnaburg, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, all prices; Colored and White Cambrics, Barred and Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, Tarleton, and many other articles which comprise the line of WHITE and DOMESTIC GOODS. French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Denims, Blue Drills, Flannels, Lindseys, Comforts, Blank-

Hats, Caps, and Bonnets, of every variety and Style.
A Good Stock of GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENS

WARE, BOOTS and SHOES, WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, which will be sold *Cheap*.

We also deal in PLASTER, FISH, SALT, and all kinds of GRAINS, and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequalled by any. We deliver all packages or parcels of Merchandise, free of charge, at the Depots of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Railroads.

COME ONE, COME ALL, and be convinced that the Merchandise, and the convenience of the trade of the convenience of the

tropolitan is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

FISHER & M'MURTRIE.

Huntingdon, April 6, 1859.

\$10,000 REWARD!!

MOSE-S STROUS, Will risk the above sum that he can Sell Goods, to every-body, at prices to suit the times. His stock has been re-newed for SPRING and SUMMER, and he invites all to

old and young.
GROCERIES, of the best; QUEENSWARE, &c., &c.

GROCERIES, of the best; QUEENSWARE, &c., &c.

The public generally are earnestly invited to call and
examine my new stock of Goods, and be convinced that I
can accommodate with Goods and Prices, all who are looking out for great bargains.

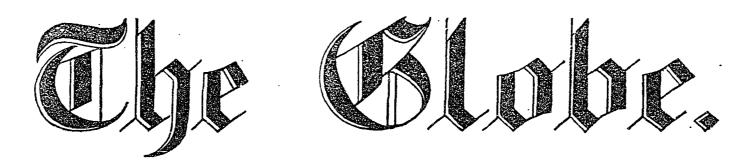
All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for
Goods.

MOSES STROUS.

Huntingdon, April 6, 1859.

POOK BINDING.
Old Books. Magazines, or publications of any kind,
bound to order, if left at LEWIS' BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

CT. VINCENT AND VISITATION MANUALS, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY AND MUSIC STORE.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.---

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., SEPTEMBER 21, 1859.

NO. 13.

Select Poetry. WELCOME HOME. BY J. BOLINGBROKE REYNOLDS. The summer hours, all gay with flowers Have fled into the past,

And autumn days, with purple haze, Have come again at last: But oh, those summer hours were long Without the music of thy song. The trees were green, and every scene

Was radient with light, The birds sang sweet 'mid summer heat, The days were long and bright; But brighter far those days I ween In thy sweet presence would have been

The summer breeze played 'mong the trees, Swept o'er the fields of grain, And sighing through the pine and yew, Awoke a sweet refrain; But oh, that strain to me so sweet,

The flowers that bloomed are now entombed, The hills are turning gray, And silently from every tree The leaves are dropping way;

Thy voice alone could make complete.

And as the lights of summer flee, With swelling heart I wait for thee. I've waited long, but soon thy song Shall stir again my lyre,

The spirit free shall wake in me The old poetic fire; Then come, my gentle angel, come Where all will welcome thee-at home.

A Variety.

The First Game of Euchre.

It was a cold and windy night in January the snow was spreading the earth with her mantle of white; there was a continued ringing of sleigh bells. Look! one, two, three, four sleighs are running by us. What can this mean? Oh, yes, there is a party at Judson's to-night. On they went, a gleaming of sleighs, horses, pretty faces, and a waving of handkerchiefs. The jingle of the bells has ceased-the sleighs have stopped before the palatial dwelling of Mr. Judson, lights are in the hall, lights are in the parlor-in fact the whole house is illuminated.

Servants in livery are at the door, and on the broad stone steps, to attend to the wants of the young and the gay, who have just alighted. Many peals of laughter welcome the invited; there is indeed a musical expression on the countenance of the assembled; the piano is playing soft accompaniments to the melody of song; "a dance, a dance, let's have a dancy," is echoed from two or three, eager to "trip the light fantastic toe."

Now all have joined in the mazy dance; all seem to enjoy themselves; fun to our heart's content is the motto by which all seem to be | by the Church; they have no female outcasts, inspired; the dancing has ceased, and tables few doctors, and pay no salaries to their preachproduced, and all save one are playing euchre. Cards of different kinds are turned up as trumps on the different tables.

"One, two, three—only three are playing at this table," exclaimed Lizzie May, looking around impatiently-"only three; for my part I despise that miserable cut-throat game of three; only one more is wanted to make the set. We have him—there he is," pointing to Harry James, who was reclining lazily upon the sofa.

"I thank you, he does not play," said his friend, Mr. Reed, "or he would have joined us at the very first."

"No matter," answered Lizzie, "we can learn him. I will ask him at any rate."— And she hastily joined Harry. "You seem to be forsaken to-night, Harry. You are alone and without enjoyment. We want a partner, come join us," said Lizzie.
"I cannot play," answered Harry. "I

hardly know the name of cards, save the various tricks the experienced players resort to." "We'll not cheat you, Harry," retorted Lizzie, "its only euchre; you are not afraid, Harry! if you are, the fates preserve you."

"I am not afraid, Lizzie. I'm no coward. As for cards, I have no choice for them; to learn and play well would require diligent application. I don't wish to become a pupil again," said Harry.

'Come, Harry, be a pupil of mine," said Lizzie with earnestness.

There was a strange fascination in Lizzie, thought Harry, as he felt himself impelled to learn the game of euchre—to become a pupil of Lizzie's. The temptation was there; he felt the tempter struggling in his mind against the precepts he had learned in his earliest maturity. Suffice it to say that Harry played the remainder of the evening.

Six months have rolled around, and in that time things will have their change; for Harry they had their change. Rumor has it that Harry James plays wonderfully well; in fact, many who know him, say he is lucky. There he goes; his troubled countenance and careworn face bespeak a change, Harry does not resemble the same man at all, when last I saw him at Judson's party; that open manly countenance, that modest expression is gone. So Harry is a gambler! What a desperate situation; he's a desperate player, too, newed for SPRING and SUMDER, and he invites all to call and examine for themselves.

His stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, OF ALL KINDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Such as Summer Coats, Frock Coats, Dress Coats, Jackets, Vests. Pants, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, of all sizes, for oldered young. and drinks to excess when ill luck frowns he was once a fine young man, the idol of so-ciety, beloved by all who knew him; and there he goes—a gambler. I think, by his countenance, by his careless and haggard look, that he has lost heavily at play lately. He has just turned the corner—he's running. The thought flashed upon me as I saw him hurry, that he was a fugitive from justice.— ROCERIES, &c., &c.—Call at the cheap store of BENJ. JACOBS. All kinds of counquicken his pace; now he's bounding along try produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices with maniac speed. My God! he's entering quicken his pace; now he's bounding along with maniac speed. My God! he's entering the gate at the residence of Lizzie May .-See him—he opens the door, not stopping to ring the bell. I was on the steps after him; I called him by name—he turned around; there was a satanic expression in his countenance; he means no good, was my hasty though firm conclusion.

grasp. From his side pocket he pulls out a | which very little could be done, and improverevolver. I saw him as he presented it; the ment was out of the question—and I am rays of the setting sun were peering through amazed that so much has been well done here the glass sides of the hall door; it was glistening in the way of building, tilling, planting trees, tening in the sun. My God! he'll fire if I &c. Of course this city is far ahead of any don't release him! release him, and he per-rival, being the spiritual metropolis and the haps will murder the inmates. No use to earliest settled; but I am assured that the cry help, for the door is closed—no one can valley of Utah Lake is better cultivated than hear me. Imagine the horror that filled me at that moment of anxious suspense.— I did release him; he stood by me, not streets, refreshed by rivulets of bright, sparkmoving an inch. He bent his head, and, ling, dancing water, and shaded by rows of whispering, said:

"They say I'm mad! I'm as sane as my accusers! One thing more," and stamping his foot vehemently, he exclaimed, "I'm a murderer! I played for money! its lost! lost! sun-dried brick) are uniformly low and genall! lost! lost! and as my antagonist coolly than on family to a dwelling, and rarely but there is seldom more attractive to the states. The houses (of abode or merely sun-dried brick) are uniformly low and generally lost! and as my antagonist coolly than on family to a dwelling, and rarely but there is seldom more division. pocketed my pile, I shot him through and through. Oh, God! I'm a murderer! No time for repentance! The officers are upon me. Tell them they'll find my body here!— One sentence more—I die by my own hand! to follow the example. Apricots and grapes no power on earth can keep me from it! - are grown, though not yet abundant; so of Look you, Miss Lizzie, I come to torture you in my dying hour! One year ago when things went merry as a marriage bell, I became your pupil in the game of euchre; before that I abhorred the game. You seduced me to it! You, by your flattering manner, inaugurated a sad era in my life's history.-I am now a ruined man! an enemy in society because I'm a murderer! Life has no charms for me. Hope has fled-all's lost !-You, that witnessed the first lesson in my downfall, shall witness the last act of my life's misery! To my parents—tell them, for me, that I died in my sins, without a hope of forgiveness! and tell to the world, and to dry; in winter cold and stormy; and though young men, especially, that the way to avoid my fate is to avoid the shoal upon which I selves, they are apt to resent the insult by was shipwrecked! Hark! hark!" he exclaimed; "I hear footseps without! It's the police! They have traced me here!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words than, putting the revolver to his head, he ended his existence. A loud report was heard, and arable land at all. Ultimately, the valleys the soul of Harry James was launched into

eternity by his own hand. Thus ended that fearful tragedy that began with "only a single game of euchre."

Life in Utah Territory.

Horace Greeley, whose description of his journeyings across the plains have so much interested newspaper readers, gives us the following account of his observations among our fellow citizens of Utah: These Mormons are in the main an indus-

trious, frugal, hard working people. Few of them are habitual idlers; few live by profession or pursuits that require no physical exertion. They make work for but few lawyers -I know but four among them-their differences and disputes are usually settled in and at least, the leaders say portion of them use Tea and Coffee. Formerly they drank little or no Liquor; but, since the Army came in last year, money and whisky have both been more abundant, and now they drink considerably. More than a thousand barrels of whisky have been sold in this city within the last year, at an average of not less than \$8 per gallon, making the total cost to consumers over \$250,000, whereof the Mormons have paid at least half. If they had thrown instead \$150,000 in hard cash into the deepest part of Salt Lake, it would have been far better for them. The appetite they are acquiring or renewing will cling to them after the Army and its influx of cash shall have departed; and the saints who now drink Valley, but before they suspect that they care

anything for liquor. As yet, I believe, they have few or no drunkards; but there is nothing more deceitful than the appetite for liquors. As yet, Utah has not yet a single export of any kind; the army supplies her with cash; when that is gone. her people will see harder times. She ought to manufacture almost everything she consumes, or foreign debt will overwhelm her .-Yet, up to this hour, her manufacturing energies have been most unhappily directed.— Some \$200,000 was expended in preparations for iron making at a place called Cedar City; but the ore, though rich, would not flux, and the enterprise had to be totally abandoned, leaving the capital a dead loss. Wool and Flax can be grown here cheaply and abundantly; yet, owing to the troubles last year, no spinning and weaving machinery has yet been put in operation—I believe some is now coming up from St. Louis. An attempt to grow Cotton is likely to prove a failure, as might have been predicted. The winters are long and cold here for the latitude, and the Saints must make cloth or shiver. I trust

they will soon be able to clothe themselves. Sugar is another necessary of life which they have had bad luck with. They can grow the beet very well, but it is said to yield little or no sugar-because, it is supposed, of an excess of alkali in the soil. The Sorghum has not yet been turned to much account, but it is to be. Common brown sugar sells here at 60c. per lb.; coffee about the same; in the newer settlements, they are of course still ter the other light fell from his pole, and higher. All sorts of imported goods cost Blondin was left in impenetrable darkness. twice to six or eight times their prices in the States; even quack medicines (so called) and vellow covered novels are sold at double the prices borne on their labels or covers. Consider that the people came hither over a thousand miles mainly of desert, after reaching the Missouri, which was many hundreds if not thousands of miles from their former homes—that they generally reached these valleys in the fall, which afforded them excellent chances of starvation before they could raise a crop-that they have been constantly invested and begged or stolen from by the Indians whose game they killed or scared away, and who feel that they have a right to live here so long as there are cattle or crops to live on—that the valleys are lofty, narrow, allers." A shout on the bank announced his and parched by intense drouth from May to safe arrival home. Thus ended M. Blondin's November-that implements and seeds are night walking. scarcely to be obtained short of three month's journey, and then at an enormous cost-that

A moment more and I had him in my hostilities with the Federal Government, in this, though Prove, its county seat, is far behind the city, which, with its broad, regular young but thrifty trees, mainly Locust and Bitter Cottonwood, is already more attractive one dwelling on a lot of an acre and a quarter. The gardens are well filled with peach,

apple and other fruit trees, whereof the peach, already bears profusely, and the others begin with cobble stones lain in clay mortar, which seems to stand very well. That of Brigham Young's garden and grounds is nine or ten feet thick at the base, and cost some \$60 per rod. Undoubtedly this people are steadily

increasing in wealth and comfort. Still, the average life in Utah is a hard one. Many more day's faithful labor are required to support a family here than in Kansas, or any of the States. The climate is secattle are usually allowed to shirk for themdying. Crickets and grasshoppers swarm in myriads, and often devour all before them .-Wood is scarce and poor. Irrigation is laborious and expensive; as yet, it has not been found practicable to irrigate one fourth of the will be generally irrigated; but this will require very costly dams and canals. Frost is very destructive here; Indian corn rarely es-

capes it wholly, and wheat often suffers from it. Wheat, oats, corn, barley, rye, are grown at about equal cost per bushel—\$2 may, be taken as their average price; wheat is unusually heavy, though this year it is threatened to be relatively light. I estimate that one hundred and fifty days' faithful labor in Kansas will produce as large an aggregate of the necessaries of life—food, clothing, fuel—as three hundred just such days work in Utah. Hence, the adults have generally a toil-worn, anxious look, and many of them are older in frame than in years. I ardently hope it may not always be thus.

The Rival Rope Walkers. De Lave Lowers Himself to the Water and Blondin takes a Night Walk.

Wednesday was another great day at Genesee Falls, and Niagara. De Lave's performances are thus described by the Rochester Democrat:

De Lave appeared at 4 o'clock precisely, having strapped on his back a chair and a salver, upon which were a lot of small cakes which were to serve as his lunch. He immediately took up his pole and started out .-When about the middle of the chasm he stopped and sat down. Taking the chair from his back, he adjusted it on the rope, seated himself in it, and composedly ate up the cakes from the salver, which lay in his lap during the operation. Having concluded his meal, he threw overboard his chair and a little will find themselves as thirsty as their | salver, and proceeded to the west side of the river, stopping once or twice to lie down, stand on one foot, etc. After a delay of ten minutes, he started again, till he got over the brink of the falls, and then he carried out his promise to lower himself down to the sheet of water and dip a draught from the flood. He tied his balance pole to the rope, slided down and took a drink, and then returned to the rope above with great ease .--The rest of the performances were of the usual character. Many did not stay to see the thing through.

Blondin, not to be excelled, astonished the natives by taking a night walk, which is thus described by the Buffalo Courier: Blondin dressed himself in a linen suit,

with his frock he has so often worn, armed himself with his balancing pole, to which he had attached some brilliant lights of various colors, and then sending forth a rocket, which pierced far up into the deep blue, he proceeded rapidly down the rope, and was dis-tinctly visible upon either side. Unfortunately, the light upon one end of the pole became detached and fell into the river. The sight was not so pretty as it would have been had not this occurred. When about midway he took a seat to rest, or perhaps get a better view of the scene. Not satisfied with beholding things above and around him, he finally inverted himself and looked down in the water. It was so dark, we think, he did not see much. Standing on his head at night on a rope over the chasm of the Niagara must be sport! Arising, he passed on. Soon af-Above, around, beneath, all was dark .-Nothing more was heard or seen of him until a shout from the opposite shore announced that he had safely crossed the flood. At a little after, he started on his return, surrounded with fireworks, consisting of Roman candles, which gave a pleasing appearance. He was literally enveloped in a blaze. When about midway, he laid down his pole, and stood up erect—inverted. Then he suspended himself below the rope by the heels, and there he remained, drumming on his chest, until his campfires were all extinguished.— There he was left as before, in utter darkness. A live Yankee, who was standing by, said he wondered if he would "stay there

Silent contempt is the gentleman's they have had one year of virtual and costly | way to vent his anger.

"Kind Words Can Never Die." "Kind words can never die: Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Stored in the breast."

How very few of us really know the value f kind words, or even think of the happiness they bring to those around us? We are too heedless of the words we speak, too apt to forget, in the joys and cares of our own lives, that there are others near, weary and suffering, to whom our kindness perhaps may come as rays of heaven's own sunlight, brightening and cheering into new life their wornout spirits. We, who are young and thoughtless, just entering upon the realities of lifewho have still around us the loving tones and soft smiles of friends—to whom the trials and weariness of our path on earth are yet unknown; however dear to us may be the gentle voices of love, however we may cherish the blessings of home-do not, cannot know the full value of kind words. Those only who have felt the want of them can know their inestimable worth. He who has wandered in foreign lands, far from home and friends; he who has lain sick and lonely beneath a distant sky, seeing around him only strange faces, and hearing only unknown tongues, can tell how more than welcome would have been the speech of his own land, heard in the kind, familiar tones of friend-

"Kind words can never die," though long years may have swept over the earth since the time when they were spoken; though the lips that gave them utterance may have long been hushed; the heart from which they flowed been long buried beneath the green turf—yet they are not lost, their memory still lives a cherished and blest influence from the past.
"Kind words make happy homes."

That home alone, however high or lowly, is blest, where love and gentleness reign; for

what are kind words but types of these heaven-born qualities? "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and where kindly thoughts fill our outward life, the outward life will show them forth in kind and gentle words. They are the links in the chain which binds together the forms that cluster around the fireside. They are the guardian angels at the alters of domestic peace and happiness; the gentle ministering spirits that hover around the head of infant innocence, ever ready to gladden the heart by some mission of love; ever active to sooth the angry spirit of contention with the oil of their charity. Home is not home without them; when kind words are unheard in the dwelling, and all the graces that follow their footsteps have fled with them, then indeed is home no longer the resting-place of the heart. The sunlight of love has left the sky of life, and the dark night of sorrow is broading overhead, starless and drear.

We need kind words all along our way on come at the wedding-feast, and the buried They are angel messengers to earth's service. weary children, "rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and weeping with them that weep." As the evening dew-drops coming down from the skies, fall upon the fair young flowers, freshening them into new life, so do the gentle voices of kindness come upon the human heart. And as the little summer streams, bubbling up in glad music, greet the coming of the cheering sunshine, so does the grateful spirit spring forth to meet their touch-Oh! could we only know how much of usefulness, lies within our power by the simple means of love, how many we might bless with our sympathy, we should not be so sparing of it.

"Oh! deem it not an idle thing, An angry word to speak; The look you wear, the thoughts you bring, A heart may heal or break."

Kind words cost us nothing; and yet to those around us they may be blest. There are, in the crowded streets of our cities, thousands of the poor and needy, the weary and the afflicted, those with whom fortune has dealt harshly, to whom, though we cannot give things of great value, our sympathy and kindness may be doubly welcome. There are many of our brothers and sisters, lost and fallen now, who are travelling with us the same green earth, who in earlier days were as happy and as innocent as any of us, and who even now, could they be reclaimed from their lives of recklessness and vice, might yet shine forth as "stars in the heaven of the redeemed." Then let us strive to make our lives those of love and mercy. Let kind thoughts dwell largely in our hearts, and kind words ever make up our speech; that our way through this life may be traced by the simple crosses of charity and love rather than by the stately pillars of pride and renown. And let it be our constant aim to remember and fulfill the gentle command: "Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—We visited a few days since a spot somewhat memorable as having been the scene of a duel. The position of the duelists about eight paces, was marked by two trees, one of which bears the initials of one of the party's entire name cut into the bark; the other bears only the initial of the last name of the other party. The tree under which the party stood who was killed, is dead, having, as we are credibly informed, gradually decayed from the time .---The other tree is singularly typical of the condition of the surviving party, who is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, standing, as it does, with the lower branches full of life and verdure, while its top is dead and leafless. Strange thoughts crowded our mind, as we stood and gazed upon these unfortu- joyed." nate witnesses to an unfortunate deed .-Georgetown Journal.

FEMALE POPULARITY.—If a woman wishes to be a general favorite with her female acquaintances, she has only to permit them to outdress her. The more intent they are on gewgaws and decorations, the more profound will be the respect for her who totally disregards them. Let any one look amongst his or her friends and see if she who is most beloved is not one of less pretensions to fancy than those around her.

all eternity, a source of pure, unspeakable joy and honor. For, says Paul himself to ais converts, "what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" And what happiness can we conceive of, as greater, what glory brighter, than to be the means of rescuing a human soul from eternal despair, and of placing him eternally secure in the regions of the blessed? We almost envy the happiness of the man who rescues a fellow-creature from drowning, or fire, or from any more temporal disaster .-What then must be the bliss in store for him, who knows that when he shall come to tread the heavenly plains, he will be greeted by the presence of those who have been converted and brought to that bright abode by his faithfulness?

The Teacher's Crown.

What will men not do to obtain a crown?

Even to gain lower advantages of a wordly

kind, such as riches, office, fame, or rank, they will gladly spend long years of toil, pain and self-denial. To acquire a fortune, a man will begin in boyhood, and serve a tedious

apprenticeship to his craft, and will then bend all his energies, day and night, summer and winter, for twenty, thirty, forty years, if haply, at the the end of that time, he may be rich. When the prize is not a certain amount of wealth, not an ordinary

office of honor or emolument, but a crowna station the very highest that is known

among men—what will men not do to obtain

it? What labors will they not count sweet, in order to win it? Through what crimes,

even, will they not plunge, in order to reach

it? Cæsar, to be lord of Rome, hesitated not

to overthrow the ancient laws and liberties of his country, and to involve unnumbered thousands of his countrymen in carnage, The imperial Cæsar had long passed to his

account, when another man in that wide em-

pire coveted and gained a crown. The bright

mmortal garland, however, that adorned his

brow, was no earthly diadem. The gems

that enriched it were souls saved from eter-

nal death. Every sinner converted through

his ministry, was an additional jewel in that

bright chaplet. Every redeemed one that now walks the streets of the New Jerusalem,

in consequence of the labors of the great

Apostle to the Gentiles, will be to him through

Suppose a man were solemnly to devote his whole life to the conversion of one soul?— Suppose he were to begin in childhood a life of studious preparation, and after long years of preliminary study, were to give his whole thoughts and energies, from the age of twen-ty till he were four-score, and should thereby succeed in the conversion and salvation of one soul, will any one say who knows the worth of the soul, that that man has not labored to a good and adequate end? that he has not gained more, infinitely more, than did Astor, or Girard, or Rothschild, in heaping up their millions? or than did Cæsar or Napoleon, inconquering province, and kingdoms?

The joy and crown of the apostle may be ours. We may not have his towering abilities. We certainly have not his special gifts and commission. But there probably does not live a Christian, so moderate in talents, so humble in position, who might not, if he would, be the means of making some one else a Christian. There is not a disciple of the Lord Jesus, no matter how feeble, no matter how lowly, no matter how young, who ought not distinctly to propose it to himself, as an aim never to be lost sight of, that before he dies, he shall be able to point to at least one converted soul, and say, "Behold, thou art my joy and crown of rejoicing."

The Sahbath School teacher of all Christians, should set this hope steadily before him. No one else sows the seed of the word on such hopeful soil. In no other part of the earth; in joy and sorrow; alike are they wel- Master's vineyard are the returns for labor so sure and so prompt. A large majority of all who become Christians are converted before they become men and women. A very large proportion of those who are admitted to the church, come from the Sabbath School. It is believed that it would be without a parallel that a teacher should labor faithfully, consistently, persistently, in training a class of Sabbath School scholars, and trying to bring them to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and yet none of them, sooner or later, be converted. We may not always live to see it. But we serve a faithful Master, and his blessings will follow faithful labors in his

> Getting to Heaven by Way of New Orleans.

> The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following;

We have a Methodist preacher here who is a jolly wag. A few days since, a young man who had been attached to his church and who was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell.

"And so you are going to that degenerated olace, New Orleans, are you?" "Yes, sir; but I don't expect to be influ-

enced by an extraneous, pressure of any kind," responded the young man, with considerable earnestness.

"Well, I am glad to see you so confident, I hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there? " No; not particularly." "Well, I do; you'll find wanton women in

the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll find gay company, and night brawling, and gambling and dissipation, and running after the lusts of the old man Adam."

"Still, sir, I hope to combat these successfully."

"I hope you will, my dear christian brother," was the reply. "I hope you will and let me give you this much for your consolation in case you should fall from grace. The tempter is worse than the sin, and the greater the temptation, the more merit there is in resisting it. The man who goes to Heaven by way of New Orleans, is sure to have twice as high a place in eternal glory as he who reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania."

"The Rocky Mountains," says Horace Greeley, "with their grand, aromatic forests, their glassy glades, their frequent springs, and dancing streams of the brightest, sweetest water, their pure, elastic atmosphere, and their unequalled game and fish, are destined to be a favorite resort to civilized man. I never visited a region where physical life could be more surely prolonged or fully en-

I plows, I sows, I reaps, I mows, I gets up wood for winter, I digs, I hoes, and taters grows, and, for what I knows, I'm indebted to the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows, right from the printing press; so off I goes in these ere clothes, and settles up -I guess,

Sanctified afflictions are like so many artificers working on a pious man's crown to make it more bright and massive,