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Annie Laurie, as sung by Miss A. Mandervill,
Ave Maria, by Kucken,
Adieu to the Village, by Mrs. Elmes,
Auld Lang Syne, by Burns,
Bruise not my Heart, by Hargrave,
By the Sad Sea Waves, as sung by Parodi,
The Baby Show, by Colman,
Buttonwood Tree, by Winner,
Brides Farewell, by Williams,
Bonnie Bessie Gray, by Glover,
Bay of Biscay'o, as sung by Mrs. Parodi,
Come out sweet maiden, by Stewart,
Child of the Regiment, arranged by Glover,
Cot in the Valley, by Hewitt,
Carry Ray or Down the Willow Hollow, by Colman,
Death of Lady Wallace, by T. P. Campbell,
Darling Nelly Gray, by Handy,
Down the Burn Davy love, by Burns,
Death of Ringgold, by Cooledge,
Dream is Past, by Glover,
Dermot Astore, by Crouch,
Ever of Thee, by Hall,
Far, Far away from Thee, by Hewitt,
Farewell if ever Fondest Prayer, by Berriot,
Gaily through life wonder, by Verdi,
Gentle Annie, by Foster,
Genius of the Spring, by Maria B. Hawes,
Gleam of Autumn's Golden Days, by Colman,
Grave of Uncle True, by Colman Songs. 

Rainbow Schottisch,
Rochester Schottisch,
Ready Money Polka, by Bubna,
Rebecca Schottische, by James,
Remembrance Polka, by Hassler,
Renuie Polka, by Walker,
Rebecca Polka, by Wollandt,
Ringlet Polka, by Blasius,
Remembrance Quick Step, by Durocher,
Russian Grand March, by Spindler,
Russian March,

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Amanda Mazurka, by De Bubna, Anvil Chorus, (from Il Trovatore,) Anna Bolena Galop, Air Montagnard, simplified by Bellak, Album from La Traviata, arranged by Detta,

Drops of Water, by Ascher,
Don Pasquale Serenade, arranged by Spindler,
DrQuella Pira, from II Trovatore, by Tzorr,
Fierce Flames are Raging, by Tzorr,
Fille Du Regiment, by Spindler,
Gran Dio, from La Traviata, by Detta,
Gipsey Chorus, from La Traviata, by Detta,
Grave of Uncle True with variations, by Bubna,

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Hymn to the Virgin, by Schwing,
Home Sweet Home,
Hob Nob and The Morning Star,
In Whispers Soft, &c., by Detta,
Kate Darling and Life let us Cherish,
La Traviata a Fantasie, by Jungmann,
La Bayadere, by Bellak,
La Traviata, (drinking song,)
Lucy Neale and Dance Boatmen Dance,
Libiamo, from La Traviata, by Verdi,
Monastery Bell,

Libiamo, from La Traviata, by Verdi,
Monastery Bell,
Maiden's Prayer, by Spindler,
Macbeth, by Spindler,
Miserere, from Il Trovatore, by Max Tzorr,
Negro Medley, by Minnick,
Night Dews are Weeping,
Robert Le Diable,
Rigoletto,
Shower of Pearls, by Osborne,
'Twas Night and all was Still, by Tzorr,
Thou art the Stars, by Detta,
Weath of Flowers, Nos. 2, 3, 4 & 5, each
Waltzer and Air, from La Traviata, by Detta

Waltzer and Air, from La Traviata, by Detta, When in Conflict Fierce, by Tzorr, Huntingdon, Oct. 12, 1859.

ted the following plan:

The following amusing anecdote comes

er hard to keep up the table, and has adop-

"Who'll take a cent and do without his

The old man pulls out a pocket book full

supper?"
"I! I!" exclaim the children eager to

of red cents which he keeps for the occasion,

and after giving them one apiece, sends them

Next morning they look like starved Arabs.

"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm

It is needless to say that the cents were

A FATHER'S REVENCE.—Buena Vista, Ten-

nessee was the scene of a tragedy a few days since. Some weeks since Mr. John F. Jack-

son an opulent gentleman of that village, was

informed that his daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen years, had been seduced by Dr. F.

M. Bunch. He forthwith sought the man

who had brought disgrace upon his name,

and demanded that he should repair the wrong by marrying his victim. The Doctor

declined at the time, and Jackson gave him

three weeks to reconsider or leave the country.

At the expiration of time, Bunch still declin-

ing to heal the wounds he had inflicted, the

determined parent, restive with the sense of

wounded honor and desperation, shot Bunch

down in his office. He died instantly. Jack-

son delivered himself into custody, and when

our informant left, was in the Paris (Tenn.)

The old man calls them around, and with an

Bohemian Girl, Brighter than the Stars, by Max Tzorr, Cavatina, by Hunter, Drops of Water, by Ascher,

Bird Waltz, by Panormo, Brightest Eye, by Bellak, Dodgo Waltz, by Marsh, Diamond State Polka Waltz, by Marsh, Dreams of Youth Waltz, by Lenschow, Dawn Waltz, by H. Louel, Elfin Waltz, by H. Louel,

Elfin Waltz; Evening Sta Waltz, by Beyer, Excursi Faltz, by Magruder, Gertrum Fram Waltz, by Beethoven, Home as Waltz, Juan Grand Waltz,

Juan Gränd Waltz,
Jovial Waltz, by Herz,
Know Nothing Waltz, by Miss Clark,
Linden Waltz, by Czerny,
Mollie's Dream Waltz, by Reissiger,
Midnight-hour Waltz, by Wallace,
Moonbeam Waltz, by Bellak,
Morning Star Waltz, by Beyer,
Medallion Waltz, by Colman,
Ole Bull Waltz, by Allen,
Orange Waltz, by Marsh.

Orange Waltz, by Marsh, Prima Donna Waltzes, by Jullien, Redowa Waltz, by Labitzky, Shower of Diamonds, by Linter, Silver Lake Waltz, by Spindler,

Trivolian Waltz, Traviata.Waltz,

12½ 35 25

thus--

get the prize.

air of gravity asks-

biscuit for supper?"

forthcoming. Good plan.

jail .- Louisville Courier.

"He sleeps but not mid the Arctic snows," ins the memory of Dr. E. L. Kane, by Beckel," Hard times come again no more, by Foster, the memory of Dr. E. L. Kane, by Beckel,

Hard times come again no more, by Foster,

Hear me, Norma,

Here's a health to thee Mary, by Rodwell,

Home Sweet Home, by Bisbop,

Happy Moments now Returning, by Wieland, (Guitar,)

I'm dreaming of thee, by Lee,

I would not die in Spring time, by Moore,

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree, by Guernsey,

I've flowers to sell, by Golding,

I have no Mother now, by Mortimer,

In my Heart an Image Dwelleth, by Magruder.

I have no Joy but in thy Smile, by Gosden,

I'll pray for thee, from Donizetti,

In a Lone Quiet Spot, by Hewitt,

In Vain I Seek for Joys Abroad, by Ulmo,

I'm Leaving thee in sorrow, Annie, by Baker,

It is better to Laugh than be Sighing, by Donizetti,

I have no Mother now, by Magruder,

John Anderson my Jo, by Kuzeluch,

Juanita, Spanish Ballad, by Norton,

Kate Kearney, by Bradley,

Kattie Avourneen, by Crouch,

Kind Words will never Die, by Horace Waters,

Kiss me Quick and Go, by Buckley, (Guitar,)

Life is but an empty dream, by Westrop,

Litlee Lee, by Glover,

Long and Weary Day,

Little Nell, by Boswell,

List to the Convent Bells, by Blockley,

Lavs of the Night, by Glover. Long and Weary Day,
Little Nell, by Boswell,
List to the Convent Bells, by Blockley,
Lays of the Night, by Glover,
Leia, by Hargrave,
Lilly Clyde, by Hargrave,
Litly Clyde, by Hargrave,
Let us Meet, by Colman,
My Mother Dear, by Lover,
My Native Island, by Langlotz,
My Native Home, by Deems,
My Sister Dear, by Auber,
My Mountain Kate, by Hewitt,
Moonlight on the Ocean, by Beckel,
May Breeze, by Kappes,
Memory, ballad, by H. G. Thunder,
Music and her Sister Song, by Glover,
Maniac Mother, by Hargrave,
Marseilles Hymn, by De Lisle,
Massa's Old Plantation, by Lake,
My Native Land Adieu, by Belisle,
Maiden of the Rhine,
Nestle thou Little One, by Maison,
Natalic, the Miller's Daughter, by Bochsa,
Oh! No they shall not see me weep, Oh! No they shall not see me weep, 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! No we never talk in French,
Oh! Whisper what thou Feelest, by Richards,
Old Jessie, by Converse, (Guitar,)
Pop goes the Weasel, by Converse, (Guitar,)
Strike the harp gently, by Woodbury,
Serenade, by Schubert,
Scouthing You Connet Help Liking, by Taylor Seriance, by Schubert, Something You Cannot Help Liking, by Taylor, Speak Gently, by Morse, Sancta Mater, a Vesper Hymn, by Colman, Sancta Mater, a Vesper Hymn, by Colman, Star Spangled Banner, Shells of the Ocean, by Cherry, Ship Wrecked Sea Boy, by Forte, Sunny Hours of Childhood, by Parodi, Sleep Gentle Mother, by Lemon, Standard Watch, by Lindpaintner, The Longing, by Porter, Teach Oh! Teach me to Forget, by Bishop, Tempest of the Heart, by Parodi, The Heart That's Ever Thine, by Jullien, The Judian Captive or the Absent Lover, M. The Heart That's Ever Thine, by Jullien,
The Indian Cuptive or the Absent Lover, Magruder, 25
The dearest spot on earth to me is home, by Wrighton, 25
Troubadour's Song, by Verdi,
Twenty Years Ago, by Langlotz, 25
Vilikins and his Dinah, 25
Vilikins and his Dinah, 25
Walley of Chamouni, by Glover, 25
What's home without a mother, by Hawthorne, 26
What are the Wild Waves Saying, by Glover, 25

Within a Mile of Edinburg, by Scotch, Yankee Doodle, as sung by Mad. T. Parodi Schottisches, Polkas, Quick Steps, Marches, Dances, &c. Adrianna Polka, by Mack,
Amelia Polka,
Affection Schottisch, by Southgate,
Amulet Schottisch, by Mrs. Saylor,
Amelia Schottisch, by Cooper,
Annie Laurie Schottisch, by Winner,
Amateur set of Polkas, by Bellak, each
Aeolian Polka, by Colman,
Agricultural Quick Step, by Beck,
Brother Jonathan Polka, by Porter,
Bella Donna Schottisch, by Holden,
Bohemian Polka, by Houser,
Coral Schottisch, by Kleber,
Circassian Polka, by De 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 Szemeleuvi,
Deliciosa Polka, Adrianna Polka, by Mack, Daybreak Polka, by Szemeleuyi, Deliciosa Polka, Dahlia Gallopade, by Dister, Durangs Hornpipe and Money Musk, Dandy Jimand Old Dan Tucker, Edinburg Schottisch, by Kerseen, Emma Polka, by Miss Emma Todd, Eugenia Polka, by Wallersteine, Electric Qnick Step, by Bnrcheim, Engenia Dance, by Bubna, Four Bells Polka, by Cook, Five Bells Polka, by Cook, Fairfield Schottisch, by Colman, Fountain Schottisch, by Magruder, Fairy Lake Schottisch, by Mack, Fanny-Ole Schottisch, by John, Fairy Lake Schottisch, by Mack,
Fanny-Ole Schottisch, by John,
Fillibuster Polka, by Thunder,
Few Days or Go-a-head Quick Step, by Magruder,
Gipsey Polka, by Bubna,
Gipsey Schottische,
Grand Russian March,
Gallopade Quadrille,
Haud Organ Polka, by Lisle,
Henrietta Polka, by Pfieffer,
Hard Up Schottisch, by Bubna,
Hero's Quick Step, by Schmidt,
Hail Columbia, Hero's Quick Step, by Schmidt,
Hail Columbia,
Harrisburg Serenade March, by H. Coyle,
Jenny Lind's Favorite Polka, by Wallerstein,
John Allen Schottisch, by Clark,
Josephine Mazurk Dance,
Katy-Did Polka, by Jullien,
Lancers Quadrille, by Bubna,
Love Schottisch, by Cook,
Love, Pleasure and Mirth Gallop,

We Met by Chance, by Kucken,
We Met, 'twas in a Crowd, by Bayly,
When Night comes over the Plain, by Jeffreys,
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies, by Ball,
When the Swallows Homeward Fly, by Abt,

When in Hours of Anxious Sadr

WILLIAM LEWIS.

-PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 16.

HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 12, 1859. VOL. XV. La Bella Donna Schottisch, by Holden,
Lover's Dream Schottisch, by Kerk,
Love Not Quick Step, by Hartman,
Lancaster Quick Step, by H. Coyle,
Ladies Reception March, by Frailey,
Letitia Mazurka, Dance, by Bubna,
Mandaline Polka, by Mack,
Musidora Polka Mazurka, by Talexy,
Mountain Sylph Polka,
Maryland Institute Schottisch, by Magruder,
My Partner's Polka, by Magruder,
My Partner's Polka, by Magruder,
Morgan Schottisch, by Bubna,
Mount Vernon Polka, by Mirtle,
Mount Pleasant Polka, by Boyer,
Marseillaise Hymn, by Spindler,
New York Ledger Schottisch, by Magruder,
New York Ledger Schottisch, by Magruder,
New York Ledger Schottisch, by Bubna,
Our American Cousin Polka, by Jarvis,
Opera House Polka, by Kerk,
Ocean Wave, by Russel,
Polka Des Zouaves, by Prince.
Pretty Dear Schottisch,
Peak Family Schottisch, by Kerk,
Pin Cushion Polka,
President's March,
Rainbow Schottisch,
Rochester Schottisch,
Ready Money Polka, by Bubna,

Original Poetry.

THE DAISY.

BY MISS MARY RANKIN. Tho' bordered with silver and centered with gold, Yet few in the daisy can beauty behold. Beneath the proud foot unthinkingly trod, 'Tis crushed in its meekness upon the cold sward.

Ah! say not 'tis vile-Omnipotent power Hath shaded and formed this delicate flower; 'Tis then not in vain, that wisdom and skill, Displayed in this flower bath a purpose to fill.

When the day-god takes up his march through the sky He tenderly kisses the tear from its eye; The unconscious beauty awakes from its dreams And basks the day long in his bright golden beams.

Like a miniature sun, so dazzling and bright, Reflecting the rays of its borrowed light, It smilingly greets us, on the hill or the green, Thus lending enchantment where e'er it is seen.

Ah! well I remember, in the morning of youth, The zest it gave duty-the incentive to truth-And now this bright gem, when crushed to the sward, Throws back its bright blushes and looks up to God.

So meek and so mild, so patient and true, Its fidelity seemed my young heart to woo,-As o'er it I bent-it seemed whispering kind, And bade me look upwards true pleasures to find.

Then say not 'tis vain, "gold embossed flower!" Oft hath it cheered in adversitie's hour !-And taught me celestial joys to admire, And ever and purely to Heaven aspire.

# A Bariety.

Divorced by Mistake.

Remembrance Quick Step, by Durocher,
Russian Grand March, by Spindler,
Russian March,
Reception Grand March, by Wiesel,
Silveretta Polka, by Kyle,
Sonowdrop Schottisch, by Edwards,
Sonow Flake Schottisch, by Bellak,
Sonotag Bolka, by D'Albert,
Sonotag Polka, by D'Albert,
Saratoga Polka, by Korponay,
Sultan Polka,
Star Company Polka, by Winner,
Star Company Polka, by Winner,
Star Company Polka, by Stayman,
Star Company Polka, by Stayman,
Spanish Retreat Quick Step,
Spanish Retreat Quick Step,
Storm March Gallop, by Bilse,
Sailor Boy's Set; Rat-Catcher's Daughter, &c.,
Spanish Dance, Nos. 1 & 2,
Tulip Orange Polka Mazurka, by Jourdan,
The Gerald Polka, by Hogan,
Three Bells Polka, by Gook,
Thistle Schottisch, by Winner,
Traviata Quadrille, by Bellak,
The Titus March,
Uncle True set of Cotillions, by Marsh,
Uncle True set of Cotillions, by Marsh One winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs on the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from his bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who by the way, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a form! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but wanted to get a charter for a turnpike or plankroad to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow. Well, they with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments .-First, suppers mainly composed of oysters with rich background of venison; second, iquors in great plenty, from "Jersey light

ning," which is a kind of locomotive at full champagne. To speak in plain prose, the divorce man gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast, under the molifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and the turnpike bills; and Jones

and Smith-a copy of each bill in their pocket-went home rejoicing, over many miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlor, his pretty wife beside him-how pretty she did look !-and five of her children over-hearing the other five studying their lessons in the corner of

ton. "A turnpike, my dear; I am one of the directors and will be President. It will set me up love: we can send our children to the boarding school, and live in style out of the

upon the good results of his mission to Tren-

toll. Here is the charter, honey." "Let me see it," said the pretty little wife, who was one of the nicest of wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face. "Let me see it," as she leaned over Mr. Smith's shoulder.

But all at once Smith's vissage grew long; Smith's wife's vissage grew black .-Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath. "Blast us, wife, those infernal scoundrels

at Trenton have gone and divorced us!" It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the names of Smith and Smith's wife, appeared in frightfully legible letters. Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner

A man having a large family found it rathof her apron. "Here's a turnpike," said she sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children staring At evening, just before supper, he calls his children around him and addresses them me in the face, I ain't your wife! Here's a turnpike."

"Blast the pike and the Legislature and-" Well the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, enacted into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's town had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife to put on her bonnet, and arm and arm they proceeded to the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the good man, as he saw them enter. Smith looking like the last of June shad, Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron-"Goodness bless me, what's the matter ?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off," replied Smith. "Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman with expanded fingers and awful eyes; "are you drunk, or what is the matter with you?" However, he finally married them over

straightway and would not take a fee: the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone that he might give vent to a surpressed laugh that was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their children. The little Smiths never knew that their father and mother had ever been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment. Meanwhile, and on the same night Jones

returned to his native town-Burlington, I believe-and sought at once the fine black eyes which he hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa a white ker-chief tied carelessly around her white throat, they crumbled in my hands. I reached the and now I'm a tumbler myself."

her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin; "the fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married to-night. I knew how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper-or was it a breakfast did the business for them. "Put on your bon-

dearest." The widow, who was among widows as peaches among apples, put on her bonnet and took Jones's arm, and-

net and let us go to the preacher's at once,

"Just look how handsome it is put on parch ment?" cried Jones, pulling out the document before her; "here's the law that says that right as he represented his soul's frightful Jacob Jones and Ann Caroline Jones are descent into perdition. He paused a minute Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder she did look.

"Odear!" she said, with her rosy lips, and sank back, half-fainting on the sofa.

"O blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her rustling the fatal parchment in his hand; 'here's a lot of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It is a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply by the Legislature of New Jersey incorporated into a turnpike company and what made it worse, authorized to run from Burlington to Bristol!

When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a little apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will observe the extreme hopelessness of Jone's case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man who gave them the champagne supper-or was it the breakfast?" cried Jones in agony. "If they had chartered me a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it. So it did.

"And ain't you divorced?" said Eliza, a tear running down each cheek. "No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, and what's worse the Leg-

islature is adjourned, and gone home drunk

and won't be back to Trenton till next year. It was a hard case. The mistake (?) had occurred on the last day of the session, when legistors and transcribing clerks were laboring under a champagne breakfast. 'Smith's name had been

put where Jones's ought to have been, and 'wisey wersey," as the Latin poet has it.

### The Maniac's Sermon. A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.

speed, reduced to liquor shape, to Newark Two sermons had been preached during the the editor so happy. It was "my love," forenoon, and the "horn" had been blown, announcing the third. The people flocked into the meeting by thousands, for a popular divine was to preach at that hour.

The eloquent minister arose. All was instantly hushed, and the stillness of midnight reigned in that vast assembly. He opened a book and read therefrom, softly, sweetly, musically, a hymn which he requested the congregation to sing.

The music of a camp meeting! Who that has ever heard it has not paused to drink the rich melody into the soul? It comes with a grandeur vet softness and sweetness that can be heard no where else. The measured strains of a multitude of voices, united in charming the room, Smith was induced to expatiate | melody and unbroken by walls, swell in solemn grandeur and roll deliciously through the forests, awaking re-echoing cadence on every hand, and

"Untwisting all the charms that tie The hidden soul of harmony."

After the hymn had been sung the minister offered up a brief, eloquent prayer and then resumed his seat. He had taken the Bible on his knee and was searching for his text, when he and the whole congregation were startled by the appearance of the Maniac Smith.

The young lunatic, who was known to nearly all present, ascended the pulpit with folded arms, bowed head, and slow and steady pace. Facing the immense congregation, he gazed carefully around, and amid breathless silence spread forth his hands, and in the most thrilling manner, said:

"Your music is the music of heaven. The

it with their songs to the lips of angels above, who will convey it as sweet incense to the omnipotent throne of God. Joy is thine, O Israel, You possess the living soul that rejoices in the glory of immortality. My soul is dead! A cherished child of pity, I became recreant to the God that gave me being, and sold my life, my happiness, my immor-tality to the prince of Darkness. Like the traveller who has a trodden path before him, but is attracted to dangerous places by the gaudy show of some poisonous flower, I have wandered to my death! My feet were placed in the straight and narrow way, were covered with the sandals of piety, and the Christian staff was placed in my hands, and yet, O God! I wandered to my death! The gaudy bauble of vice, the showy, yet thorny flowers of wickedness drew me aside. I left the smooth surface and ascended to the mountains of trouble and yet I gained not the object of my pursuit. On I dashed, reckless and indifferent to my fate. The wicked one, who sought my destruction, led me on, and | pudding," she shricked with every dish. I, cursed with remorse, followed. I knew I was plunging into ruin, with a soul already accursed, what cared I? Voluntarily I had sought death and it came, It was one night, growing feebler, until we just distinctly reand oh! it was a fearful night to me. Exhausted, doomed, and accursed, I was still clambering up the mountain of sin. I came to a chasm deep and fearful. The lightnings of heaven flashed about me, and the thunder menced jumping up and down. Then, thank of Omnipotence pealed in my ears. I felt Heaven, we awake and found it was a dream. myself moving towards the fearful chasm !- | This dreamed has determined us-wa shall Death, eternal death, stared me in the face, and I screamed piteously for help. No one came to aid me. My companions in vice listened not to my cries, and to whom I had sold my soul derided me in mockery! I was moved on nearer and nearer to the precipice. a college supper party. "Tis strange how Frantically I grasped each shrub, and rock,

edge of the precipice! I glanced into the deep abyss of death! Oh! terror! I plead to heaven for mercy, but great God it was too

My sin covered soul trembled with the agony it suffered, and was piteous in its appeals. But the thunder told me, "Too late," and gracious heavens, my own cowardly soul told me "Too late!" I felt myself going over the precipice. I clung with the tenacity to everything within my reach, but nothing could save me. I shrieked! I groaned!— Down to perdition went my soul!

Here the maniac paused. His vivid portraiture of his career had startled the whole congregation, some of whom shrieked out-

only. Then calmly again, he softly said:
"I am living without a soul! You people of God may sing your praises, for it is as sweet incense to your souls. But you sinners must repent this day, or your souls will go after mine over that deep, dark, fearful abyss into hell! Will you repent, or go with me into eternal perdition?"

The effect of this was more than terrific .-Screams arose from the gay and giddy in the

congregation. A year or two before, this young man was brought home one evening insensibly drunk. The next morning found him the victim of a terrible fever, brought on by his sensual indulgence and extravagant course of life. Of that fever he was, after many fearful days, and much tender care by his relatives, cured, but it left him a raving maniac. So fearful were his mad efforts, it became necessary to keep him in a Lunatic Asylum, to keep him from perpetrating mischief on himself and others. He remained there until within a few weeks of the camp meeting, when he became sufficiently restored to be returned to the custody of his family. He was still insane, but was mild and obedient, and under these circumstances he was taken with the family to the camp meeting, the utmost vigilance being exercised over him.

Young men! beware of the cup! the destroyer of the soul!

An Editor's Dream.

A bachelor editor, out west, who had received from the fair hand of a bride, a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the results of his remarkable experi-

We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, blessed with an easy conscience, and soon snored prodigiously.

The god of dreams gently touched us, and It was eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning. in fancy we were married! Never was a lit-"dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh, that the dream had broken off here! But no! some evil genius had put it into the head of our ducky to have a pudding for dinner, just to please her lord. In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the happy pudding moment had arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.
"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make

this ?"

"Yes, love, don't you think it is very nice?" "'Tis the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life." "Plumb pudding, ducky," suggested my

"Oh, no, my dearest wife, bread pudding. was always extremely fond of 'em.'

"Call that bread pudding?" asked my wife, while her lips slightly curled with contempt. "Certainly, my dear-reckon I have had enough at the Sherwood House to knowbread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad; plumb pudding is harder to make than bread pudding, and more expensive, and a great deal better. This is plumb pudding, sir!" and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry.— I'm sure it is very good, if it is bread pud-

ding."
"You mean wretch," replied my wife in a higher tone, "you know it's plumb pudding." "Then, ma'am, it's so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himpretty birds in yonder tree tops are bearing | self wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding,

and the meanest kind at that." "It is plumb pudding!" rose above the din, as we had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smash across our head.

"Bread pudding," we groaned, in a rage, as a chicken left our hand, and flying with extremely swift motion across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plumb pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where we had been disposing the first part of our dinner.

"Bread pudding forever!" shouted we in defiance, unsuccessfully dodging the soup tureen, and falling beneath the greasy contents.

"Plumb pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling on our head the dishes with no gentle hand, then in rapid succession followed the war cry, "Plumb

"Bread pudding," in smothered tones came collect it had grown into a whisper. "Plumb never marry.

"'Tis strange," uttered a young Verdant Green as he staggered back to his room after his first initiation into the mysteries of evil communications corrupt good maners .- The Words We Speak.

Our words are imperishable. Like winged messengers, they go forth, but never to be recalled—never to die. They have a mighty power for good or evil through all time; and before the great white throne they will be swift witnesses for or against us. Within the massive walls of a gloomy building, a nobleman was undergoing inquisition as to certain acts of his previous life. He had been told that nothing he might say should be divulged or recorded, and he spoke freely.— But soon, behind the arras, his ear caught the sharp clicking sound of a pen which re-corded every word he uttered; and by those words was he to be judged. Do we remember that there is an ear that catches every word we utter, no matter how lightly, how scoffingly, how secretly spoken? and by these words shall we one day be acquitted or condemned. The words we speak have a mighty power; and there are words angels might covet to utter. There are words of comfort to the afflicted.. There are sad hearts that need comfort everywhere; and there are words of blame and cold indifference, or feigned sympathy, that fall like lead upon the stricken spirit; and there are blessed heart-words of cheer, which bear up the soul and enables it to look out from the dark night of its troubles, and discern the lining of the gloomy cloud.

There are words of counsel to the young, to the tempted, the erring. Speak them earnestly, affectionately, and though the waves of circumstances may soon waft them away from your observation, yet such is God's husbandry, that if uttered in faith and with prayer, he will take care that on an earthly or heavenly shore the reaper shall rejoice that he was a sower. There are kind words; how little they cost, how priceless they are! Harsh words beget harshness; and fretful words, like a certain little insect, sling us into a feverish impatience. But who can resist the charm of kind loving words? The heart expands beneath them as to the sunshine, and they make us happier

and better. It was said of the gifted Mrs. Fry, that she had a wise, kind word for all, and those kind words unlocked stony hearts, as well as prison doors, and made her a blessed visitant to the criminal and the outcast. Then there are cheerful words, and why should we dole them out with such miserly care? They ought to form the atmosphere of our homes, and to be habitual in all our social intercourse. We have so many weaknesses, so many crosses, so much that is down hill in life, that the habit of thinking and speaking cheerfully is invaluable. But there are other words against which we should pray. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." There are words of falsehoods and deceit. They lurk in our expressions of civility, our professions of friendship, our transactions of business.-How early do children, even, begin to weave a web of deceit, and how carefully should those who train them watch against this sin, and, by example and precept, teach them always and everywhere to speak the truth.— There are slanderous words—how mischievous they are! There are the words of the tale-bearers, that breed suspicions and jealousies in neighborhoods, and between families. There are envious words and flattering words, which are no better. Then there is the long list of idle words, or by-words as they are called. How many there are, who shudder at an oath, who yet break the spirit of the third commandment, by constantly interlarding their conversation by expletives. But there is another class

which we would gladly refer-they are the words of eternal life. Cornelius sent for Peter that he might speak words to him .-What blessed words those were! will they not be remembered with joy by both speaker and hearer throughout all eternity? As we pass along through the world, God will often let us speak a word for him; and if we seek his aid, he will make it a word of power and comfort, a word in season, to him that is

> "Speak gently; 'tis a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy, which it may bring, Eternity shall tell."

Adventures of a Morning-Gown.

A lady was anxious to make her husband present on the occasion of his birthday, and as it happened to fall in winter, and at that time a severe winter, she thought a comfortable morning-gown would be a most useful acquisition to his domestic comforts. She went to a shop and purchased a fine Persian Pattern merino and well-wadded morninggown. She had forgotten the exact height of her husband; but, to make sure of its usefulness, she thought best to purchase one rather too long than too short. The day was rather wet; her husband returned in the afternoon from his office, and she presented him with the new article of comfort; and he fancied it indeed a great comfort after he had put off his wet clothes. But it was too long -about ten inches too long.

"Oh, never mind, my dear," said the affectionate wife, "I can easily shorten it to suit you."

They had a party in the evening; they were very merry. And after they had gone to bed, the wind was making such a noise, and the rain so dashing against the window, that the lady could not sleep; her husband however slept soundly. She arose without disturbing him, took the morning-gown, and commenced her work, cutting off about the length of ten inches-to make it suit her husband's stature—and went to bed again. She had to rise early next morning. The husband slept well, which is frequently the case after a merry evening party. Scarcely had the lady left the room, when her sister—a. good-natured, elderly lady, who lived with them-stole into the room upon tip-toe, in order not to disturb her brother-in-law, and took. the morning-gown. Hastening to her room, she cut off ten inches as she knew on the previous evening it was too long for him. An hour after, the master awoke, and was anxious to surprise his affectionate wife. He rang the bell; the servant came up and askedhis pleasure; upon which he requested her to wrap up the morning-gown and carry it to his tailor to make it ten inches shorter.— Scarcely was the morning-gown returned from: the tailor, when the good wife stepped in .-The husband had just arisen, and proposed now to surprise his wife and enjoy his comfort. But how surprised was his better half to see her husband in a fine Persian pattern merino shooting-jacket, instead of a comfortable morning-gown.

The way to kill a printer is to always pay him on the presentation of his bill, for such an unexpected phenomenon will cause a rush of blood to the head and throw him into apoplexy.

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people, who profess to expect salvation, go to church with-