

W. LEWIS

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons inter-ested, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office, at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allow-ance, at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Hunfingdon, in and for said county of Huntingdon, on Wednesday the 15th day of August next, to wit :

1. George Borst & Peter Burket, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Daniel Neff

ate of West township, dec'd. 2 John B. Given, surviving Executor of the last Will and Testament of Margaret Entrekiu late of Penn township, dec'd., (and interest ac-

ate of rein company the same. 3. Account of the Administration of the Es-tate of Margaret Entrekin, dec'd., by Thomas Enyeart, Esq., dec'd., (one of her Executors filed by) James E. Glasgow, Esq., one of the Administrators of said Thomas Enyeart, dec'd

Administrators of said Thomas Enycart, dee'd and Interest account accompanying the same. 4. Hance R. Campbell, Administrator of James Campbell, late of Shirley township dee'd, 5. Jacob Eby & Samuel McVitty, Adminis-trators of David Eby, late of Shirley township, dee'd dec'd.

6. George Guier, Jr., Administrator of Ben-jamin Nearhoof, late of Warriorsmark township. dec'd.

7. Henry Brewster, Esq. Administrator of Dawson C. Smawly, late of Shirley township, dac'd.

8. John Oaks, Acting Executor of James S. John Oaks, Acting Executor of James Tully, late of Jackson township, dec'd.
9. James D. Myton, William Myton & James Stewart, Administrators of J. W. Myton, late of Jackson township, dec'd.
10. Jonathan P. Roberts & Edward R. Rob-erts, Executors of the last Will and Testament of William Roberts, late of West township Jackson

dec'd.

11. Moses Greenland, Acting Executor of Nathan Greenland, late of Cass township. dcc'd, 12. Final account of Margaret Newell, Exec-utrix of the last Will and Testament of Andrew

Newell, late of West township dec'd. 13. Ann Miller, Executrix of Joseph Miller, late of Barree township, dec'd,

14. Elizabeth Boran, Executrix of Zachariah Boran, late of Union township, dec'd.

15. John Speek, Administrator of John Har. ker, late of Walker township, dec'd.

16. Benedict Stevens, Esq., Administrator of Samuel Hockenberry, late of Springfield township, dcc'd 17. James Chamberlain, Administrator of

Martin Gates, late of Franklin township, dec,d 18. The Trust Account of Peter Striker, one or the Executors of William Laird, late of Por-

ter township, dec'd. 19. Samuel M. Stewart, Administrator of James Mitchell, late of Jackson township,

dec'd. 20. Lewis Burchfield, Guardian of the Miner Children of John Patterson, dec'd.

21. James Potter, Guardian of Lucritia Pat-

ton, (formerly Lucritia Moore) as Minor Daugh-ter of Silas Moor, dee'd., now of full age. 22. James Porter, Guardian of Thomas Moore,

a minor Son of Silas Moore, dec'd. 23. Samuel Hagey, Administrator of Abraham Corbin, late af Henderson twnshin. dec'd.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.

Per annum, in advance, **\$1 50** "" if not paid in advance, **2 00** No paper discontinued until all arrearages re paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the ex-piration of the term subscribed for will be con-

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THE	LITTLE	FROCK	AND	SHOES.

BY BENJAMIN R. MITCHELL.

A little frock but slightly worn, Of blue and white delain,

With edging round the neck and sleeves Law folded neat and plain; Besides a little pair of shoes,

With here and there a flaw;

Lay half concealed among the things In mother's bureau drawer.

Summer had passed away from earth With all her sweetest tics,

The birds had left their summer haunts. For more congenial skies : The twilight breezes sweetly played Among the dews of even-An angel left his home on high,

To gather flowers for heaven!

The angel near and nearer came, Where sister sick did lie;

Then gently fanne'd her fadad cheek, And pointed to the sky !

The morning shone upon the bed, The autumn wind blew free,

The angel moved its silvery wings, And whispered "come with me!"

We gathered round her dying bed With hearts to weep and pray, And many were the tears we shed, When sister went away! No bitter tears had she to weep,

No sin to be forgiven, But closed her little eyes in sleep, To open them in heaven.

We laid her in the earth's green breast, Down by the village green Where gently weeps the dewy grass, And summer flowers are seen ; And often when dear mother goes To get her things to use. I see her drop a silent tear On sister's frock and shoes.

HUNTINGDON, AUGUST 8, 1855.

about John Meade, and made myself quite miserable. What can't be cured must be endisagreeable, and like a guardian ? Come, dured." confess you love this penniless nephew of

we can't cure they must endure !" "Exactly so," said Peter.

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary. "And there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And "And there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And Mr. Collett this day was too fill to leave his what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over ! Hav'n't I two nephews? Why could'nt you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one?— Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney— Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney. Patients can do as much for themselves. I be-Peter Finch-considering he's an attorneyis a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvass for ever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

mine,"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was an-nounced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speech-es expressive of sorrow at the nature of their

visit. At last, stopping them, "Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and, for anything I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case, now," said Mr. Collett: "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I know something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth : so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had 1 for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? "What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a

working man has s right to; and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the Devil; or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy-what do you think?

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value "Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy,

go on !" "What results from charitable aid ?" con-

brougham already.

Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them ; they're all desseminate the fact of the crops having been

John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I am going to make my will to-day, and I don't know how to act about your true condition is thoroughly known, can be

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch "no notice ought to be taken of her.---She made an obstinate and unworthy match and let her abide the consequences l'

"Now for your opinion John," said Mr. Collett.

very well."

destitute."

the great systole and diastole of the body "Destitute is she?" said John. "With children too! Why this is another case, sir. time the next crop comes in. Van surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Whatever loss or risks the producer or

The error in this case lies in supposing

Speculation in Produce.

ests. I am going to make my will to-day, and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your and I don't know how to act about your true condition is thoroughly known, can be written up or down with as much facility as a thimble-rigger manifests in transferring his 'little joker'' from cup to cup. That the crops this year are generally excellent, beyond precedent, admits of but little doubt, and to expect to 'write up'' high prices, on any ground whatever, would be like quelling Niagara.
bich brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methold ist in despair. Well, Briggs the oilman died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me asking for assistance. Now I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes? "My mind is quite made up," said Peter "My mind is quite made up," said the speculation is a state of the country, and "My mind is quite made up," said Peter "My mind is quite made up," said the target of the speculation is a state of the country and there is

ricultural annual results of the country, and if it can in isolated instances exceed in the reaction cannot be durable-it can only benefit a limited number-and the business must

Collett. "Upon my word I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of a worldly man. "What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remark-ed, Finch. Can't she carry on the oil-man's business? I dare say it will support her very well.?" egraph. present year as contrasted with that of past "Why no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died seasons, and in which under cover of an ap-a bankrupt, and his widow and children are parent increase, the harvest of 1855 was evidently underrated, has called forth more ac-Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the ab-not ing acts more perniciously than the ab-"To be sure !" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs' family are the people to do something for her. She must not expect everything from us must she John ?"

at an unnatural level. State charity is state Confound it, I am for letting her have the consumer is exposed to, they are as nothing compared with those of the broker who "Oh, John, John ! What a break down !" manages the transfer. If he can by any desaid Mr. Collett, "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turn back at the second step! Here's a good traveller for gyou, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave the stormer woure to your different men. Cood sterner ways to very different men. Good ery year, owing to the greater diffusion of inbye both of you. I've no voice to talk any formation-thanks to the press-it becomes a far more difficult matter to blind the produ-He pressed their hands and they left the cers as to the true state of the demand and But while, thus regarding the broker, or buyer and seller of crops, as one who derives "As soon as the funeral was over, the will profit from both the farmer and the consumer, we should beware of regarding him as the enemy of both. In all times and counfairs. The group that sat around him pre- tries, those who speculate in the means of served a decorus appearance of disinterested. [life have been regarded somewhat in the ness; and the usual preamble to the will hav- light of slave-dealers, and justly enough ing been listened to with breathless attention, when, like the English government in India, they have locked up vast magazines of provisions amid a population dying of faminein order to keep up the price! But it is unjust to regard the grain merchant in our ly by marrying an oilman: the sum of four thousand pounds: being fully persuaded that her lost dignity if she could even find it impossible in the United States, owing to and see him, they can't come at once. The contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw again, would do nothing to provide her with the extent and immensity of the market, and John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch very soon be corrected by that popular tonground his teeth-but in a quiet respectable ic known as "manifestations of the will of the people." The laborer is worthy of his God. All humanity in every age affords unhire; the broker deserves his profit, and it mistakable proof of the necessity to its nature may be seriously doubted whether those of some species of worship. But that of idols who speculate in cereal products, find it in the long run, better than any other business. If this be true it is also evident that eventually the public are no losers. In France these difficulties are greatly modified, by Government's regulating the price of bread. Such a system is inapplicable in this country, nor will it ere long be needed, as it appears evident enough, from such statistics as we have chanced on, that whoever have been the losers of late years, they certainly have not been the farmers.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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names-how John Meade broke into a deliri- ware of such illusive arguments. Rememum of joy-how Mary Sutton cried first and ber, that that secret monitor, Conscience, is the only safeguard you have to shield you "That is to say," returned John, "what "Exactly so," said Peter. Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his Meade; and her husband has actually be-Meade; actually gun the great historical picture; Peter Finch has taken to discouning bills and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his impel you to sin, and you annihilates the last vestige of virtue left in your heart.

Reader, pause for one moment and reflect —you to whom the gay and giddy scenes of life possess an alluring charm—whose minds We have recently seen articles in several exchanges, in which reasons are earnestly are captivated by those transient pleasures set forth why the press should not generally which gratify only while their indulgence in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English and the doctors grope in Latin. "You are too sceptical, sir," said John Meade. "Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice Peter and Labs. and the lact of the distribution in the fact of the distribution in the fact of the fact of the fact of the distribution in the distribution in the fact of the distribution in the distribution interests, while distribution in the distribut lasts. You are placed in the midst of a cre-His wisdom and greatness. The world is overflowing with subjects of interest and value to your present and future welfare.— Time and eternity are for your reflection .--The design of your own creation is pregnant with import. Why will you loiter idly in the meshes of indolence and apathy, cr worse, pursue unmitigated follies, vitiating the mind, corrupting the fountains of thought with vile unworthy indulgences, and making your very existence a mockery? You will not be always young-time, on unerring pinions, is bearing you on to eternity,—and shall you leave no trace of your flight behind, save the indelible evidences of a fruitless or dissipated life? Believe me, there is a responsibility resting upon you-there is a work for you to do, which it is a crime to shrink from.

Awake, then, to a sense of your position. You certainly posses some talent—a predilec-tion for some useful and honorable pursuit, earlier part of the season in thus creating a which you may turn to good account. Cast reaction on the first depression in prices, this off the habiliments of mental idleness, and assume the garb of industry and perseverance. Study nature-human and divine-convert your mind into a storchouse of intellectual treasures, and so far as in you lay fulfil the purposes of your creation.-Germantown Tel-

Scolding in the Pulpit.

The minister who habitually scolds and raps the feelings of his church, ought to be converted to a milder course, or leave his occupation for one where his depravity will not do the mischief which it does in the pulpit. The following, which was written by a friend to a minister, conveys some useful hints, and therefore we print it ;--"No man was ever scolded out of sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be poked, though he will growl even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of itself can counterfeit with more succes than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks that he is skilfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grade that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison.---When he has performed this -noble task he wonders that they are not converted. "He has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in them of a truth," he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in an error will pity me, and endeavor calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not therefore easy to conceive out of what ground a minister can justify a conduct which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him if he were not himself deluded."-Buffalo Christian Advocate.

24. Partial Accounts of John Giffort Administrator of Joseph Gifford, late of Shirley township, dec'd.

25. Final Accounts of James Wall, Acting Executor of John Wall, late of West township, dec'd.

26. The Supplemental Account of James Saxton, Acting Executor of the last Will and Tostament of William Foster, late of West township dec'd. HENRY GLAZIER, Register.

Register's Office, Huntingdon, July 18, '55

SHERIFF'S SALES.

DY virtue of writs of Vend. Exp. and Fira Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Please of Huntingdon county, and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Court House nineteen, Her beautiful, blooming face, and in the borough of Huntingdon, on Wednesday active, light and upright figure, were in in the borough of Huntingdon, on Wednesday the 15th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, the following described Real Estate, to wit:

A tract of land in Dublin township, Huntingdon county, situated on the road lead-ing from Burnt Cabins to Shade Gap and bounded by lands of William Bratton on the north, George Kelly on the cast, Abraham Long on the south, and John Atkinson on the west, containing two hundred acres more or less with about sixty acres cleared, having thereon creeted a two story log house and lot barn, with an orchard of good bearing apple and peach trees and a spring of never failing water. Scized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of John Bingham dec'd & Manson Bingham. The interest of said dec'd being in the hands of Daniel Tague, Esq., adm. ALSO.

All the right, title and interest of De. fendant of, in and to the following property to wit: a lot of land situate in Franklin township Huntingdon county, bounded on the south by the Juniata river, on the west by Dr. A. Me-Pherren and on the north by Abraham Weight, containing thirtcen acres, more or less, on which are crected two dwelling houses and a stable, one of the houses two stories high, weatherboarded and painted white, the other house one story and a half high. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jeremiah Wagoner.

ALSO,

All that Certain Plantation, Tract, piece or parcel of land, situate in Shirley town-ship, Huntingdon county, east of Drakes' Ferry, adjoining the Juniata river, lands of John Sharrer, Nicholas and William Shaver, Andrew Pollock's heirs and others, containing one hundred and seventy six acres, or thereabouts, on part of which the town of Mount Union is laid out, excepting and excluding from said levy, the ground now in possession of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and the following town lots in the recorded plan of said town of Mount Union, being numbered respectively, Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24,1, 2, 7, 10, 13, 16, 23, 8, 9, 14, 17, 33 and 74-and the lot of ground in the possession of the Methodist Episcopal Church and on which meeting house stands and the following lots which were sold on original Vend. Exponas, to wit : lots No. 58, 59, 60 and 69, sold to J. J. M'Elhany-and lots No. 83 and 84, sold to John Bare and lots No. 95 and 96, to George W. Speer. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Dougherty. JOSHUA GREENLAND,

Sheriff's Office, Muntingdon, July 17, 1855.

FROM THE HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa near Walton on-Thames, sat, one evening at dusk an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst the companion had certainly not reached strong contrast with the worn countenance tell us all about the last new novel." and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meede nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a duty is simple in the extreme-only to help Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you food, or clothing or shelter. me to die, and take what I choose to leave must be must be must hem in my will ! Pooh! when I was a married." young man, I'd have done it for my uncle "Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said with the utmost celerity. But the world's John. "It was that confounded Peter, with getting quite heartless."

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir !' mean ?" said he. D'ye think I shan't die ? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billey Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner-to the great sorrow (and advantage, of his affectionate relatives !--Give me a glass of the doctor's Ugh! stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett; after having contemplated | conquor, John, and you deserve to conquer." it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down. "I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said

he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir !' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat ! None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings asd dislike-

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father and you are quite right" said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent-a capital fellow ! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred ! he loved me-I'm man ! But ! like your spirit." sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child-and it isn't every friend would do that!

"A kind and generous protector you have been !"

"Well, I don't know ; I've tried not to be a AND, Sheriff. Speak roughly to you good, prudent, worldly advice of supply and demand; poor people must be how people find the wind copy a bequest of given you good, prudent, worldly advice of supply and demand; poor people must be How Peter Finch stormed, and called

tinued Peter. "The value of labor is kept You surely ought to notice her-to assist robbery; private charity is public wrong." "That's it, Peter !" said Mr. Collett .---"What do you think of our philosophy, John ?"

"I don't like it; I don't belive it !" said John, "You were quite right to give the man a shilling: l'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would-would you !" said Mr. Collett. You'r very generous with your shil-ling. Would you fly in the face of all ortho-

dox political economy, you vandal !" "Yes," said John, "as the vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John !" said Mr Collet, "we shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John,

They conversed on varions topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night. Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the

next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest-of our interest. What occa-sion for you to be so violent last night, and must be more careful, or we shall never be

his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly

out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary." "Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary "but an iceberg floats—think of that, John.

Remember every time you offend Mr. Col-lett you please Mr. Finch. "So I do," said John. "Yes; I'll remem-

ber that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard hearted," said Mary: "just a little prefer. to begin with; You would only stoop to John "May I gain my deserts, then !" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr.

Collett will do nothing for us?" "Ah, how indeed ?" said Mary. "But here's our friend Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together."

""And so saying she withdrew. "What, Meade !" said Peter Finch, as he sadly. Roads shamefully muddy ! Pigs allowed to walk on the footpath." "Dreadful !" exclaimed John.

"I say-you came out pretty strong last talked about. night." said Peter. "Quite defied the old

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

hundred a year."

more. I'll think over all you have said." room. The old man was too weak to speak supply.

the next day, and in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

was read by a confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's afthe man of business read the following in a clear voice :

"I bequeath to my niece Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her fami-

manner.

The man of business went on reading. "Having always been of the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independant being-and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living-I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my old friend Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single, as she may

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again-but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philantrophy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As entered. "Skulking indoors on a fine morning these tendancies are by no means such as like this! I've been all through the village. can advance him in the world, I bequeath Not an ugly place-but wants looking after him the sum of ten thousand pounds-hoping that he will be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture-which as yet he has only

As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way and is so certain to get on in life, that I "When I was a youth, I was a little that should only insult him by offering him aid romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see of admiration for his mental acuteness I ven-poor people miserable, but what is the use of ture to hope that he will accept a bequest of

Address to Young Men.

There are many young men in the community who are inclined to pursue the proper course in life, yet who are liable to be led away by the various delusive temptations that surround them, urged on as they are by the impulsive influence of youth, and the dangerous indulgence given to the inborn passions of their natures. To this class 1 wish to appeal.

This beautiful earth on which we live, was not created by God as a place of amusement and pastime only, and man placed thereon to squander life in the pursuit of temporal pleasures and gratifications; nor were the passion and impulses of his nature given him as a means to debase his moral and physical being. If each of us could become fully impressed with these truths, there would be less of degeneracy and recklessness, and more of pure, virtuous thought and action ex- charity we bestow and the mercy we obtain, isting around us. But man's proneness to | err, prompts him to still the admonitions of conscience by the insiduous reasoning that the world was made for enjoyment, pleasure and licentiousness, and that a merciful Providence will overlook our deficiencies. Be-

The Christian Religion.

It has been suggested, and with peculiar force, that the Christian is the only system of religion which makes man's duties toward man parallel with his duties toward of some species of worship. But that of idols and man-imagined deities, loses sight, in its almost every phase, of what is due by subject to subject, in the one end of appeasing or propiciating their common sovereign. In the early ages children were passed through fire by their parents; in latter times whole hecatombs of human beings were sacrificed; still later, we find the deities of refinement itself, in its most boasted superiority, sanctioning by example, if not by precept, every kind and degree of crime. In our own day the deluded but conscience-stricken father has thrown himself into the mangling arms of an awful death; the mother stifled her infant's cries in the adorable mire of a sacred stream; the son and daughter doomed the last hours of their aged parents to horrible and lingering torture.

But the most determined atheists- the most apathetical sceptics have thought the Christian religion at least "a good thing for society and government," "a necessity for the lower classes of the people," &c. A few have had the mad and egotistic confidence in human wisdom, to affirm, that any school of philosophy or any ethical sagacity of men could approach the perfection of that law, which, strictly obeyed, would render earth a Paradise and people it with angels—the Gol-den Rule. This is alone able to solve the great problem of Happiness. That system, which gave it birth, can alone reconcile our obligations to heaven and to the world, the -alane discover one word which shall embrace the whole of the law and the prophets -Love.-Country Gentleman

T Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.