BY W. LEWIS.

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No paper discontinued until all arrearages

A failure to notify a discontinuance at the ex- my power to make you happy, so long as biration of the term subscribed for will be con- Heaven shall spare us together. Will you be A failure to notify a discontinuance at the extidered a new engagement.

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## THE MERRY HEART.

Tis well to have a merry heart, However short we stay; There's wisdom in a merry heart, Whatever the world may say.

Philosophy may lift its head And find out many a flaw, But give me the philosopher That's happy with a straw. If life but brings us happiness,

It brings us, we are told, What's hard to buy, tho' rich ones try With all their heaps of gold; Then laugh away, let others say Whate'er they will of mirth Who laughs the most may truly boast He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in the merry heart, A moral beauty, too; It shows the heart's an honest heart. That's paid each man his due:

And lent a share of what's to spare, Despite of wisdom's fears, And makes the check less sorrow speak, The eye weep fewer tears. The sun may shroud itself in cloud,

The tempest wrath begin; It finds a spark to cheer the dark, Its sunlight is within: Then laugh away, let others say

Whate'er they will of mirth; Who laughs the most may truly boast He's got the wealth of earth.

## THE BLANK HOME.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY C. N. LUCKEY. 'Here, James,' said Mr. Urner, 'it is five o'clock, and no busy body will trouble us after this hour. Take this, my boy, and a happy New Year to you, and your sister and mother. And James, you needn't come down at all to-morrow. Don't thank me. Is the shutter his side—' we had a note from her' heavy? Here, let me help you;' and John Urner bustled about the shop until everything was closed and barred; and after bidding James good night, with a light heart the man of honest soul wended his way to his little

home. His little home! Yes, it was a little home, but in the same manner that his five-feet-ten frame contained a heart large enough to fill the universe and dispense happiness everywhere, the soul of that little home was his life, and more than the gaudiest palace to thing kind for you now.

What were the outside movements of the world to him, save so far as that he heaved a sigh of sympathy for the distressed, and smiled with the happy, when that little home engrossed his heart, his head, and hand. And his heart is honest, and his brain is

thoughtful, and his hand is labor-loving, for the repose and peace of that little home. And now, on New Year's eve, with a bundle under his arm, he is hastening homeward to hide the present from Mary till morning

dawns, when he heard a plaintive voice, at his side, trembling and nervous, 'Charity, John Urner's hand is always open in answer

to that appeal, and as he places a coin within the hand of poverty, he turns to look upon the beseeching sufferer, and passes. -

'Just about Mary's size, poor creature.— Shan't I turn back and ask her if I can't serve her farther? Oh, no! she's gone.-Poor girl. Thank Heaven, in my selfish vein, she, the little woman of the soft eyes, will never suffer. Never, at least, while God spares my health;' and he swung his arm as though confident that he was well able to protect the gentle, faithful, loving creature, who depended upon him for care and nourishing love.

And how proud John was of her utter dependence and entire confidence in him, and he wondered how he could ever doubt that she had loved him, when he looked into her sweet, pensive eye; and what a thrill of joy he felt as he pressed the fond kiss upon her gentle brow, I cannot tell you; but suffice it,

John was very, very happy. 'Mary,' he softly said, as he entered the It was strange! Mary had always flown

'Mary!' he spoke again, as he stopped at the door of the sitting room.

Still no answer. He entered the neat little kitchen. ' Mary!

he again said. Silence, dull silence. He sat down. The fire was blazing bravely on the hearth. The table was set, with its neat white cloth, but

no-Mary. the closet, 'she has gone to get something ness, to mock the abject misery of their carfor our merry New Year. But I wish the rier, and touched the floor. 'I have suffered in their hours of freedom from control.

And I say if I, under these circumstances.

dear, good little woman would come back .-It'll be dark before long.?

shook the dwindling faggots. The flames burst forth again, more lively.

Blaze away! It's like my feelings now.'

And Urner looked through the mirror of

Per annum, in advance, \$1 50 comfortably situated in life, though not able if not paid in advance, 200 to offer to you all the allurements that a more the was so treacherous to you, his best and favored suitor might. I ask you to take my heart and hand, and I will do everything in

> my little wife? And her blue eyes gazed up into his, while her lovely countenance beamed with a blush of truthful modesty, and she answered him,

His heart throbbed with soul-felt love and gratitude. He pressed a virtuous kiss upon

her brow, and so—they were married. He had been so happy ever since, and she appeared so, too, till within a day or two, and now some event, of which he had no knowledge, appeared to have cast a slight shade

over her countenance. He knows that if it were proper he would have learned from her own lips what had occurred to cast a ray of gloom over the sun of his life. Oh, there was no doubt here-no room for doubt!

'I wonder if Henry will ever join himself in wedlock to some dear woman. Ah! if he knew how happy I was, he would not live the rambling, reckless life he does! He is a noble fellow, though, and I wish him all good fortune. Ah! what is that? A note-and directed to me? I suppose some business letter, and Mary has placed it on my plate that I may get it immediately on my arrival. Good, careful soul! Who can it be from? It's unusual for a business letter to be directed to my residence.

He breaks the seal and reads. As he peruses the note his face flushes, then turns pale, and for a moment sits like a statue, gazing upon the hand that held the letter. The let-

ter has fallen on the floor. 'Great God! spare me! It cannot be!'-And he strives to reach the missive, but is unable to move. The note reads thus:

'I have gone. God knows that I am wretched. Do not mourn for me. I am unworthy your thought or remembrance. But I love him, your cousin, and have gone to share his ot. Pray for the erring, Mary.' Gone! fled! from the heart that had almost

worshipped her—the hand that had constantly been lifted upward in prayer for her peace and perfect happiness:

It cannot be !—Oh, no! He rises, goes up stairs, returns, and falls into the chair. Her

wardrobe was stripped. 'This is no place for me.' He started from

his chair and seized his hat. A knock came at the door. 'It is she !- she has returned! Oh, Heaven,

I thank thee! He again fell back and buried his face within his hands. 'Oh! can we do anything for you. Jear Mr. Urner ?1

The voice was sweet and plaintive -so like ' James and I have called on you because--because'—the light form approaching to

The wretched man groaned. 'It was a short note; it only said you had met with an affliction—that we must come and comfort you, because you loved us; and I am sure we love you, do we not, James ?

The boy, who had stood with hanging head and cap in hand, mumbled 'Yes.' 'And so we came to comfort you.' passed her tiny arm around his neck. 'May we not love you? You have been so good and kind to us and mother; let us do some-

She spoke so beseechingly, as though her heart and not her tongue gave utterance to her prayer.

John Urner raised his head. The fire still burned brightly. The table was there, so neatly arranged by her hands, as though fate was determined to make his wound more grievous.

He brushed back his hair, and taking the tiny girl upon his lap, he kissed her.
'Oh, thank you, thank you,' she said, and laid her head trustingly upon his breast.

It was so like her, in olden days-days of brightness gone forever. Look up! There's Heaven and Faith,' said John Urner's soul to him. 'I will,' he

answered; and he did.

They went to the table, and little Ellen brought forth the supper. There was anguish in his soul. He tried to appear calm, but he would mechanically gaze around, and her form was not there.

A time passed—to him a very, very long time; and one night it appeared to him like Christmas again—he was sitting in that same place with Ellen upon his knee. There was a knock at the door; and as Ellen opened it, he heard a voice:

Charity, sir! He had heard those tones before, but he could not tell where—and using the same words.

'Bid her come in, Ellen dear,' he said. The woman trembled as she spoke. "She uttered: 'I have come a long, long way, and I am cold and weary. A sinner like me is always cold and weary... I am on an errand of penitence, and she advanced towards him and stood by him.

'I left my home—a happy home, and a It was strange! Mary had always flown good husband, long, long ago. (He felt a into his arms before he had fairly entered the thrill of anguish through his whole frame.) Another person poured evil words into my ears—one whom my honest husband had ting table. I had no money to purchase a loved and esteemed highly, and I fell. I have candle or oil; in winter it was rarely that I travelled far, to ask him to forgive me, and could get any light, but of the fire, and only let me die at his feet.

'Mary!' ejaculated John, rising, convulsively pressing his hand to his forehead. She fell at his feet.

'Oh, hear me!' she wailed forth, pitious-'I have it,' he muttered, and running to from beneath her hood, as if, in their loveli whistling, and bawling of at least half a score ecloset. 'she has gone to get something so long—so terribly—pity me. I know I And I say, if I, under these circumstances, have wronged you. I know I have plunged could encounter and overcome the task—if He took hold of the irons and heartily a dagger into your noble heart, and destroyed there can be, in the whole world, a your peace forever. I have journeyed many, youth who can find an excuse for the nonmany miles to beg your forgiveness and your | performance.-Cabbet. blessing, and then to die.

She ceased for a moment, and he nervously grasped the hand of the frail child who stood it was three years ago, and he had said to by him, looking up into his face, as though the daughter of his dear friend: 'Mary, dear, I to join her pleadings with those of the sup-

He was so treacherous to you. his best and confiding friend, lured me from you, and then deserted me. I have begged my way here. You cannot refuse me.

He still looked upward. a long, long time ago, your arm protected me your love nourished me, and I was happy to perform its part, and hear the groaning in doing good. I banished the happy spirit and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of from your hearthstone; but I am miserable shuttles, and the buz of spindles, which unand want to die. Will you not forgive me?

' Mary ! he ejaculated. He looked, and before him stood her he fabrics from the loved so well—his darling wife. On the the silk-worm. chair by his side was the hood and cloak, and

the basket set upon the table.
'Here, dear John,' she said, 'see! here is nice pie and cake I have brought from my friend Hetty's, who insisted upon my calling for them for our supper, and they are so nice. She laid them upon the table.

John stood motionless. Had it been all a lream, then ? The door opened, and Ellen and James en-

tered. 'See! dear husband! Here are your porteges. I insisted upon your joining us, and my calling for them was what kept me so late. You did not get anxious, did you,

dear.21 He answered nothing, but pressed a kiss upon her lips. It was a happy supper to John Urner, for the light of his life was there. God bless

them both! He never realized his dream of the BLANK Home.

A Young Man's Character. No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will not sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth, will be of inconceivable value to him in all remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, Can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look

back upon this? It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chas-tened and elevating. Thus the mind hath in its own power the selection of its themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thoughts; if they only realized how frightful were the depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul-they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The

ployed in the service of vice. The cultivation of an amiable, elevated, organ, is not moistened with this same faithand glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of ful servant? How is our blood, that free so common." nature and all the sublimities of truth, invigo. liquid to circulate through our veins without rates the intellect, gives the will independence of the baser passions, and to the affec-tions that power of adhesion to whatever is pure and good and grand, which is adapted the water's brink? And the faithful dog, patolead out the whole nature of man into those tiently following his master's track—how earlies and beginning to snake his connidence in the permanency of the water's brink? And the faithful dog, patolead out the whole nature of man into those tiently following his master's track—how earlies and he did not live to see, his associates in scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be

most effectually reached. The opportunities for exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow-men, are so many that it really is worth while to live. The heart which is truly evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexpressibly rich, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches forth for things that remain for us, to the true dignity of his nature, can find free scope for his in-

tellect, all-aspiring themes for the heart. The Death of a Child.

. It was a bright morning when we followed her to her rest, but we brought back with us only darkness. The home which she sunned and made musical, was as gloomy as a cavern, and so it remains. A few days ago, it faded out, and the lark that sang at the gate

has fallen with an arrow in his breast. And when the night came on, how it brought a new measure-fully heaped-of lonely agony. How we sought to sleep, and were awakened by her blessed voice—her pattering foot falls—her thrilling touch! It did indeed seem as if she were there. But when we looked around and saw her not, then, the truth returned like a sudden blow, and we sank again into the troubled waters. She lies in her little coffin. There are rosebuds in her hand, and a wreath of myrtle encircle her brow of alsoaster. The leaves fall solemnly, the wind moans like a chained beast about her dismal den. It is hard to leave her there—it seems so cold and

dreary for the child, and yet we know it must

be—and because it must be, it is. THE WILL AND THE WAY .- I learned grammar when I was a soldier on the pay of six-pence a day. The edge of my seat to study on, my knapsack, my book-case, and a bit of board, lying on my lap was my wrimy turn even at that. To buy a pen or a piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of starvation. I had not a moment of time that Lould call my own; and I had to read and of the most thoughtless men-and that too

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee after this fashion-10ac.

A DROP OF WATER.

How common, and yet how beautiful, and how pure is a drop of water! See it, as it is-This was once my happy home. Here, landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful supplying myriads of fair purchasers with

> Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth, to renew its verdure and increase ing heat of a summer's sun! And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs, and the grass; though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffeting of the winter's tempest? This is but water which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant. crystals. The snow, too-what is that but raised, should be avoided. They are more these same pure drops, thrown into chrystals dangerous than to expose the whole person by winter's icy hand?—and does not the to a brisk wind, because the current of air first summer's sun return them to the same removes the air from the part exposed, which

limpid **%**rops ? ly pursues its course from the mountain' stop, down the declivity, over the cliff and through the plain, with it everything in its course?— "Coughs and co place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the HoangHo!

How piercing are those pure limpid drops!
How do they find their way into the depth of the earth, and even the solid rock! How many thousand streams hidden from our view

The west are subsequent period. The greatest than at any subsequent period. The greatest by mountain masses, are steadily pursuing than at any subsequent period. The greatest their courses, deep from the surface which sufferers in this way are remarkable for great forms our standing place for a few short days! precocity of understanding and delicate bod-In the air too, how it diffuses itself! Where can a particle of air be found which does not table powers and leaving their dull competicontain an atom of water.

How much would a famishing man give sustenance?—or rather, where do we not use of the former."

How gladly does the faithful horse, or the gerly does he lap the water from the clear fountain he meets in his way!

comfort, rendered liquid and limpid by a

southern sun! Whose heart ought not to overflow with ed across the mighty but yeilding ocean ?-

Ventilation and Early Education.

the same abundant and constant Giver?

an almost criminal indifference in regard to on husks and cling to shadows, and their the health of their scholars, and knowing that presence is one continual lie. Dutchman, many parents as well as teachers, are ignorant | you were right. Fom Dick, the merchant of the most simple physiological facts, I have wears an imperial, faultless gloves and unhad the following extracts printed for circulation. I wish to know if you will be kind self as he moves along Broadway, that his enough to have them printed in all the papers sugar is sanded—his brandy watered—his of your county, and to desire the editors to floor marble dusted, and every eatable thing republish them every three months, unless multiplied by substraction—a new process you find in their papers articles upon the same known only to cheats. It is the business of subjects more worthy of consideration.

siderable trouble, that you will be willing to ceit. attend to this matter; as I have reason to think that the Superintendents generally feel a great interest in whatever conduces to the advantage of the scholar.

"School-rooms should be ventilated .-When pupils breathe for a series of years vi- one effort! Skirts have swollen to that extiated air, their health is affected, and very frequently the seeds of consumption and oth- them to pass through without considerable er fatal diseases are sown. A school-room thirty feet square, and eight feet high, contains 7200 cubic feet of air. This room will seat 60 pupils, and, allowing 10 cubic feet to each pupil per minute, all the air in the room | bag-matting, crinoline, and the deuce knows will be vitiated in 12 minutes; or allowing what, which now inhabit the ladies dress. 7 cubic feet, (the least allowed by any physiologist,) all will be vittated in 171 minutes. In all school rooms where there is not adequate ventilation, there should be a recess of a few minutes every hour. During this time ing along the street a la 'pointer' style-

pletely changed. we eat and drink; filter turbid water, and ces a little lump like a bonnet was discernafastidiously avoid drinking from a cup that | ble on the top of the skirt pyramid; at three may have been pressed to the lips of a friend, 'paces distant the imbedded voice of a female

sues from the rock, to supply the spring and successfrom the rock, to supply the spring and —exhalations offensive to a certain extent, expression resembling boiled onions—lips —exhalations offensive to a certain extent, expression resembling boiled onions—lips through the plains, and its torrents over the from most healthy, but particularly injurious like unto thin sandwiches with a bit of dis-

afflicted with disease. ing it we are insensible of the gradual change der the direction of their fair attendants, are of the air, nevertheless the change is not the less certain. Interest and humanity require fabrics from the cotton plant, the sheep, and that we should attend to the subject of ventilation. Doubtless the teachers of our land could do much to stay the progress of disease

and suffering by attention to this matter." "The change that is effected in the blood while passing through the lungs not only depends upon the purity of the air, but the amount inspired. Scholars and persons who its animation? How useful is the gentle sit much of the time should frequently during dew, in its nightly visits to allay the scorch the day, breathe full and deep, so that the ing heat of a summer's sun! And the an- smallest air-cells may be fully filled with air; while exercising the lungs, the shoulders should be thrown back and the head held

erect." "An equal temperature of all parts of the system promotes health. Currents of air that reach small portions of the body, as from small apertures or from a window slightly disturbs the circulation of the blood, and cau-The majestic river, and the boundless ses disease usually in the form of a cold.— Very bad colds are often induced by sitting ocean, what are they? Are they not made up of drops of water? How the river steadisurrounded by damp clothes, and teachers are often to blame for allowing it; their ne-

"Coughs and colds may be speedily cured How many mighty ships does the ocean float by abstaining from food and drinking no upon its bosom! How many fishes sport in more than a gill of fluid in 24 hours, or by its waters! How does it form a lodging putting the body in a profuse perspiration." "The evils arising from excessive or illtimed exercise of the brain, or any of its parts are numerous. At any time of life excessive mental exertion is hurtful, but in early youth, ies. Instead of straining their already irritors to ripen at leisure, a systematic attempt ought to be made to rouse to action the lanfor a few of those pure limpid drops of wa- guid faculties of the latter, while no pains may add, with no less assurance, that the

power of books to excite the imagination is it? Which portion of the food that we have a fearful element of moral death when em-What part of our body, which limb, which quent intervals of exercise in the open air inorgan, is not moistened with this same faith- stead of enforcing the continued confinement

"Scheating each Oder."

Duchy wasn't far from right; his residence in this country has Yankeefied him some, The feathered tribe, also—how far and how quick their flight, that they may exchange the northern ice for the same common feathers and broadcloth—and alas! they go "about de streets, scheating each oder." She who sails before us with the majesty of Eve, conscious that she is "cutting a gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure dash;" her head high, her looks haughty, liquid, which his own hand has deposited in cheats herself and others into the idea that the deep, and diffused through the floating air she is happy. Her satin is the richest, her and the solid earth? Is it the farmer, whose cloth the finest, her colors the choicest. There fields, by the gentle dew and the abundant is a smile upon her up turned face which the rain bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, heavens do not reflect; and never will, till whose saw, lathe, spindle and shuttle, are the heart is honest and the conscience right moved by this faithful servant? Is it the before God. And at our side steals another merchani, on his return from the noise and who is "scheating." That glorious form perplexities of business to the table of his comes of cotton wadding-those tinted cheeks family, richly supplied with the varieties and and the rich complexion, of cosmetics. Her the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, husband moves by her side—and every moproduced by the abundant rain, and transport | ment of the time she is "cheating" him .--Others have her smiles—others her honeyed Is it the physician, on his administering to words—Oh! what a cheat she is! You his patient some gentle beverage, or a more would hardly believe that these three gay active healer of the disease which threatens? girls, yonder, clothed in all the might and Is it the clergyman, whose profession it is to power of fashion, breakfasted on a herring, seemed like heaven-but now the stars have | make others feel-and that by feeling him- and slept under a carpet, for lack of comforself that the slightest favor and the richest table clothing. Yet so they did. They are blessings are from the same source, and from cheating, desperately. They mean to make some poor fellow imagine that they have plenty, and are rich and genteel. Poor things! they cheat themselves of comfort, SIR :- Believing that many teachers evince and honesty at the same time. They live approachable boots; is congratulating himmost people's lives, thus to cheat themselves I believe that some good can be done in and others. They love to live under a deluthis way, and although it may cost you con- sion, and cover themselves with a veil of de- men. How would be who loved and served

Skirts.

Oh! Venus de Medicis! such skirts and vaists! How can we embrace them at all?-Positively there is no getting around them in tent of fashion, no door is wide enough for squeezing. Real belles' of the fashion now seem like moving bells, literally, so that mullets and men have to steer well in the streets else they will run against ropes, hoops, and completely takes up the side-walks. As for the girl-by Jove-she seems no where! The other day we happen to see two of the 'dumpy' kind of moving bells of fashion, sailthe doors and windows should be open so hands close and skirts out. At forty paces that the air of the school room should be com- distant they seemed like miniature pyramids of silk; at twenty paces a strong smell of We carefully remove impurities from what | cologne water and other essences; at ten pa-

yet we go into places of assembly and draw in the dress could be heard; at two paces into our mouths and thence to our lungs, air four ringlets of slim appearance resembling loaded with the effluvia from the lungs, skin, two cat tails dipped in molasses were disand clothing of every individual in the room, covered—two eyes of weak and consumptive cliffs, add to the richness and beauty of the and loathsome when coming from those colored beefsteak sticking out, thin and dryand cheeks 'rouged' with nien fun. (Chinese No room is well ventilated unless as much colored.) This was all that could create in pure air is brought into it, as the occupants us the impression or imagination, that the vitiate at every respiration. While occupy- above things, dry goods, etc., formed—a woman! We moved aside to allow canvass ropes and hoops to pass, and went an our way rejoicing that such was not our share of what happy husbands like to term, 'O! my honey !

Letter from General Cass.

The following letter from the venerable Lewis Cass, was written to the recent lestival in Boston, in honor of the birth day of Daniel Webster:

WASHINGTON, JAN. 10, 1856. DEAR SIR: I cannot accept your invitation to meet the friends of Mr. Webster on the 18th inst., the anniversary of his birth day, in order to interchange recollections of the patriot and orator and statesman, because my public duties will necessarily detain me here! To these and other high claims to distinction in life and to fame in death, he added for me the association of early youth, and the kindness and friendship of mature age, as well as of declining years. I have read with deep and mournful interest the extract from his letter to you, which you were good enough to enclose, written at the termination of the struggle which attended the compromise measures of 1850, in which he says that General Cass, General Rusk, Mr. Dickinson, &c., have agreed that since our entrance upon the stage of public action no crisis has occurred fraught with so much danger to the institutions of the country as that through which it has just passed, and that, in all human probability, no other of so great moment will occur again during the remainder of, our lives, and therefore we will hereafter be friends, let our political differences on minor

subjects be what they may." This tribute of affectionate regard to coadutors in a common struggle against a common peril from him whose services were so pre-eminent will be cherished, I am sure, with proud recollection by all of us, to whom these words of kindness now come from the tomb. You say that this engagement on the part of our lamented friend was, to your personal knowledge, faithfully kept. It was so. I know it and rejoice at it. And I believe I ter? And where do we use it in our daily ought to be spared to moderate the activity conviction you express of the same fidelity to this bond of union and esteem on the part of those who co-operated with him is equally well founded, and that, though death has dissolved the connexion, yet his name and his same are dear to them, and will ever find in them zealous advocates and defenders.

The grave closed upon this great statesman and American before another crisis, fraught "A Durchman describes New Yorkers, as | evil passions and imminent danger, had come patient ox, on his toilsome journey, arrive at berry fine peeples, who 'go about de streets to shake his confidence in the permanency of that work of patriotism—the whole country, indeed-now sees that we have again fallen upon evil times, and that the fountains of agitation are broken up, and the waters are out over the land. There is no master spirit to say Peace, he still, and to be heard and heeded. Our trust is in the people of this great republican confederation, and yet more in the God of their fathers and their own God, who guided and guarded us through the dreary wilderness of the revolution, and brought us to a condition of freedom and prosperity of which the history of the world furnishes no previous example. Would that the eloquent accents, which are now mute in death; would that the burning words of him whose birth you propose to commemorate, and of his great compeer of the West, though dead, yet living in the hearts of his countrymen, could now be heard warning the American people of the dangers impending over them, and calling them to the support of that Union and constitution which have done so much for them and their fathers, and are destined to do so much more for them and for their children, if not sacrificed upon the altar of a new Moloch, whose victims may be the institutions of our country.

> er-pressing effort to create and perpetuate the divisions between the North and the South, we shall find that we cannot live together in peace, and shall have to live together in war. And what such a condition would bring with it, between independent countries, thus situated, once friends, but become enemies, the impressive narrative of the fate of the Grecian Republics teaches us as plainly as the future can be taught by the lessons of the past. Your own State took a glorious part in the war of independence, and it contributed ably and faithfully to the adoption of the constitution. Her great deeds and great names are inscribed upon the pages of our history, and upon the hearts of our country. her so well and whose love and service were so honorable to her-how would he deplore the position she has assumed towards the government of our common country, and the solemn provisions of its constitution, were he now living to witness the triumph of sectional feelings over the dictates of duty and patriotism? Let us hope that this is but, a temporary delusion, and that it will soon pass away, leaving our institutions unscathed, and the fraternal tie which still binds us together unimpaired. I am, dear sir, with much regard, respectfully yours, LEWIS CASS.
> PETER HARVEY, Esq., Boston.

If this sectional agitation goes on, this 'ev-

There are but two reasons why we don't trust a man: one because we don't know him, and the other because we do: -"Overcome evil with good," as the

glar with the family Bible. A lady who is a strict observer of eti: queite, being unable to go to church on Sun\* day, sent her card.

gentleman said when he knocked down a bur-

Sawbones, the celebrated German aura geon, has succeeded in amputating "a limb