

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. VIII, No. 32.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., August 23, 1843.

Whole No. 306

**THEODORE H. CREMER,**

**FORMS.**  
The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.  
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

**W. H. MORRIS, R. M. KIRKBRIDE,**  
**WILLIAM H. MORRIS & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS

**Commission Merchants,**  
HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND  
HAVING taken the large and commodious Wharf and Warehouse situated directly on the Canal Basin, are now prepared to receive consignments of goods for transshipment or sale.  
A general assortment of Groceries, &c., consisting of Lard and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Sp. m. Oil and Candles, White, Yellow and Brown Soaps, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., together with all kinds of Spices and Paints—and also ready made Clothing will be kept constantly on hand and disposed of on city terms or exchanged for country produce, Coal, &c.  
April 19 1843.—3m.

**THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE,**  
ANNUITY AND TRUST  
COMPANY  
OF PHILADELPHIA.  
Office No. 159 Chestnut Street.

Make insurances of lives, grant annuities and Endowments, and receive and execute Trusts.  
Rates for insuring \$100 on a single life.  
Age. For 1 year. For 7 years. For life.  
annually. annually.  
20 \$0 91 \$0 95 \$1 77  
30 1 31 1 36 2 36  
40 1 69 1 83 3 20  
50 1 96 2 09 4 60  
60 4 35 4 91 7 00  
EXAMPLE:—A person aged 30 years, by paying the company \$1 31 would secure to his family on his death \$1000 dollars—or for \$13 10 he secures to them \$10000—or for \$13 60 annually for 7 years, he secures to them \$10000 should he die during the 7 years—or for \$23 60 paid annually during life he provides for them 1000 dollars whenever he dies—for \$65 50 they would receive 5000 dollars should he die in one year.  
Further particulars respecting Life Insurance, Annuities, or management of Estates and property confided to them, may be had at the office.  
B. W. RICHARDS, President.  
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary.  
Phil'a. April 19, 1843.—6m.

**DAY, GERRISH & CO.,**  
GENERAL PRODUCE,  
Commission and Forwarding  
Merchants.

Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.  
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Midway's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as also to receive and forward goods to all points on the Juniata, and North and West branches of the Susquehanna Rivers, via the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.  
This establishment has many advantages over any other in the city in point of room and convenience for the accommodation of boats and produce. Being one of the largest wharves on the Delaware, and the stores extending from Water street to Delaware Front. Five or six boats may at the same time be loading and discharging. The usual facilities will be given on all consignments entrusted to their charge, which will be thank fully received and meet with prompt attention. Salt, Fish and Plaster, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price.  
References, Philadelphia.  
J. Ridgway, Esq. J. Brock, son & Co  
Jacob Lex & Son Waterman & Osbourn  
Mulford & Alter Scull & Thompson  
Wilson, Seiger & Bro E. J. Etting & Bro  
Bray, Barcroft & Co Morris, Patterson & Co  
Lower & Barrow.  
Lewistown.  
J & J Milliken A & G Blimyer  
Patterson & Horner J McCoy, Esq.  
Water street.  
Stewart & Horrell E. W. Wike, Esq.  
February 8, 1843.—6m.

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
Leghorn and Straw Bonnets,  
PALM LEAF AND LEGHORN HATS.

Merchants and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is full and extensive, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers, at No. 168 Market, street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.  
GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.  
Pila. Feb. 6, 1843.—6m.

**BLANK DEEDS,** of an improved form, for sale at this office.  
Also **BLANK PETITIONS FOR NATURALIZATION.**

## POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### TO A COQUETTE.

BY J. L. CIST.

Ay! thou art false!—as false as fair,  
As yonder charming April sky;  
Alas! that one with charms so rare,  
Should seek alone to please the eye;  
Like the deceitful fruits that grow  
Around the Dead Sea's arid waste;  
Which to the sight are fair as thou,  
But dust and ashes to the taste!

I deemed thee once all love and truth—  
I thought thee good beyond compare;  
Alas! 'twas but a dream of youth,  
As fleeting as 'twas bright and fair.  
Fool that I was!—I might have known  
That truth is not in woman kind;  
Nor had I looked for it alone,  
From thee, had love not made me blind!

I loved thee as but few have loved—  
Thy truth how fondly I believed;  
Thy guile how bitterly have proved—  
I trusted, loved, and am deceived.  
But go! I seek not to upbraid,  
I would not have thee love me now;  
For surely never yet was maid  
So fair—so loved—so false as thou!

Thou go! and spread out all thy wiles,  
And other captives seek to snare;  
Go lavish those deceitful smiles,  
Fair as thyself, and false as fair!  
Ay, go! and to another breathe,  
The vows once fondly breathed to me;  
And bid him o'er thy forehead wreath  
The chaplet I had twined for thee!

And, if thou mayst, be happy still,  
And, if thou canst, my love forget!  
Yet every pulse of mine shall thrill  
With untold blessings on thee yet;  
And still, what'er may be my fate,  
And whatso'er thy lot may be,  
I'll pray thou ne'er may'st need regret  
His loss, who would have died for thee!

## FLOWERS.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll  
Inscribed with holy truth,  
A lesson that around the heart  
Should keep the dew of youth;  
Bright missals from angelic throngs  
In every by-way left,  
How were the earth of glory shorn  
Were it of flowers bereft.  
The fissured rock they press,  
The desert wild, with heat and sand,  
Shares too their blessedness;  
And whereso'er the weary heart  
Turns in its dim despair,  
The meek eye blossoms upward looks,  
Inviting it to prayer!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

### The Beauty of Naples—Visit to Pompeii—Ruins, &c.

NAPLES, MAY, 1843.

The Neapolitan maxim "See Naples and then die" is not so egotistical. The man who dies without seeing it, that is in one of its most favorable aspects loses no ordinary pleasure. There is a combination of scenery here to be found nowhere else—particular portions of it may be seen in every country. But here is a beautiful bay, islands, cities, villages, palaces, vineyards, plants, mountains and volcanoes gathered into one "coup d'œil."  
There is the grandeur of the past and the beauty of the present; ruined temples, and perfect ones; living cities and buried ones, and over them all a sky that would make any country lovely, however rugged.  
Day before yesterday I rode out to Pompeii. At 8 o'clock I landed from the steamboat—at 10 I was on my way from the city of the dead. It lies 12 miles distant, and in the clear air and new objects that surrounded me, I forgot the object that had hurried me away. Now an old looking vehicle would pass us; whose shape we could hardly make out, from the number of ragged, dirty beings that covered it—standing, sitting, lying, and indeed piled up in every direction, so as to occupy the least possible space. I counted on several of these two wheeled one horse vehicles, ten persons. There would sit a row of miserable looking women outside their houses all engaged in the same occupation.—Often a little urchin would be sitting on the ground with his head between the knees of a woman, who was busy with his head, while behind her stood a third performing the same kind of service and all forming a group both ludicrous and revolting. In another direction would stand a man in the streets with a plate in one hand while from the other lifted over his head, which was thrown back to a horizontal position, hung in tempting profusion long strings of macaroni, which disappeared around his neck like young snakes in the throat of his mother. A little girl would pass along leading a pig by a string which gambled around her like a playful dog.— Thus we passed along through poetic Torre del Greco and the ancient Oplonti, and then emerged into the open country, where the piled up lava and the barren hill sides reminded us that we were approaching a scene of volcanic fury. Yet here and there were green patches from which the bean sent forth its fragrance, contrasting strangely with the lava walls that enclosed them.

We at length reached the gate of the ancient city, where we left our carriages, and commenced the strangest city promenade I ever made. We first entered the house of Diomed, one of the aristocrats of the city. We descended into the damp, dark

wine cellar, where the bones of his family were found, whither they fled for safety from the storm of ashes and fire that overwhelmed them. There, against the side of the wall, amid the earthen wine-jars that still stood as they did on the last day of that wild tempest, was the outstretched arm and the breast and the head of her who had fallen against it in her death-agony. Nothing remained but the bone and jewels to tell the sad story of her torture and suffocation in that dread hour. But I cannot go into details. They have been written over a hundred times. There were baths, and dressing and dining rooms, and work-shops, and wheel-worn streets, where the living multitude had moved, and luxuriated and toiled. We saw tombs that were themselves entombed. We saw the room for washing the dead, where the living were suddenly buried unwashed and uncoffined; the shops, with the marks of the tumbler still fresh in the smooth marble; the milestones that still turned to the hand in the self-same way they turned nearly two thousand years ago. There too was the brothel and theatre and dancing hall. The secret orifice through which the priest sent his voice to the statue, to delude the people into the belief that God had spoken, was now disclosed. I walked through the house of a poet, into his garished sleeping apartments, forming, in their silence, a part in a greater drama than he ever conceived. I stood before the tavern with the rings yet entire to which the horses were fastened, and where the bones of a mother and her three children were found locked in each other's arms. Temples were overthrown with their altars. The niches in which stood the gods were left empty, and the altars before them, on which smoked the sacrifice, were silent and lonely. Columns fallen across each other in the Courts just as that wild hurricane had left them, pieces of the architrave blocking up the entrances they had surmounted, told how fierce the overthrow and shock had been. One house was evidently that of a rich man. Mosaic floors representing battle scenes, precious stones, still imbedded in the pavements of his corridors, long colonnades, and all the appurtenances of luxury, attested the unbounded wealth of the owner. But no bodies were found in it. The rich man had fled with his portable wealth before the storm came. We passed through the temple of Jupiter, the court of justice, the forum, the market-place, and emerged into the country.

looked back on the disintegrated city, beyond on Vesuvius. There it stood, solemn, grand and lonely, sending up its steady column of smoke, a perpetual and living tombstone over the dead at its feet. I could see the track of the lava on its wild and fiery march for the sea, and could imagine just now the cloud of ashes and cinders rose from the summit and came flying toward the deserted city. Foot after foot it piled itself in the streets, over the thresholds, over the windows, and so on till it reached 20 or 30 feet above the tops of the houses. I could behold the sea where the younger Pliny came, and impelled by a fatal curiosity, would land, till, blinded and suffocated, he too fell with the victims that perished.

From this we went to the amphitheatre, where the gladiatorial shows were held. It is a magnificent area of an oval form, and sufficiently capacious to hold 15 or 20,000 spectators. There were the dens where the lions were kept, and there the very arena in which men fought and fell. I stood at one end and shouted, and the answering echo came back clear and distinct as a second voice. It enhanced the solitude. Some have imagined that spectators were assembled here at the time of the overthrow of the city, and as they felt the first step of the mighty earthquake that heralded its doom, they rushed in dismay from their seats. But this could not be, for Pompeii did not fall by an earthquake, it was and the mountain, long before the eruption, gave and its temples and arts, hear but the voice ominous sound of the coming blow. Dio relates that spectres lined the summit of the mountains and unearthly shapes flitted around its trembling top when we saw from the make of the happiness of man. Why is it that its confinement thro' the cracks and shooting into the upper air.

Pliny himself says in his epistle that we saw from the fine palaces he enters but five times a year?—Misenus, 15 or 20 miles distant from Naples on the other side, a cloud rising from the mountain in thy stranger, merely that a few lazy nobles may shape of a pine tree, and shortly after embarked for the city. The groaning mountain was reeling about! Italy abounds in lovely scenery, and is the sea of fire that boiled under her and struggle in classic associations; but he must be a stupid for freedom. It was not a time for amusement or a heartless one who can see and feel Terrified men, and women ran for the sea; that thing else. As I wander through the grounds of fled back affrighted from its shores, so that princely noble, I enjoy the beauty and taste that Pliny could not land before the city, but was found me, until mounting some point of view I to proceed to Stabia. The following mounaiaik down upon a lovely country filled with half sulphureous air, the quivering earth, would not men, and then I could hang him on one of his city even so dissolute as Pompeii gather to plain oaks. There stands a glorious statue, but unappreciated. Consternation reigns—there lies a living sufferer. There is a magnificent street, and drove the frightened inhabitants awestruck, but on its simple steps are heaps of rags that their dwellings. This is doubtless the reason envelope a living, suffering man. But I will so few bodies were found. Those that pose by quoting the language of an Italian, who were slaves or those who tarried till some long time on this subject, column or wall blocked up their path, and few a long sigh and said we must wait our time, sending cinders blinded their sight as they la pazienza e la confienza sono sempre el ritornello about for a way of egress. Fear and dark! Troubadour," patience and trust are ever the day was turned into night,) might have erudite of the Troubadour. Yes—patience and other beyond the power of moving. Affidence; for the ridiculous farce of Kings will standing on the pavement those terror strike an end and humanity yet shake off its rags zens stood on 2000 years ago and was laid lay aside its shame, and assert and take its long the same mountain they gazed on with suithheld rights.

look, as if it were conscious of the ruin at its feet. The excavations are more extensive than I supposed, and the effect of the clear light of the sun and the open sky on the deserted pavements is peculiar and solemn. A visit to it is an episode in a man's life he can never forget. An old column or a broken wall left of a once populous city interests us. We stand and muse over the ruined pile till it becomes eloquent with the history of the past. If one single complete temple be found, how it increases the interest. But to wander through a whole city standing as its inhabitants left it in their sudden fear, increases tenfold the vividness of the picture. The little household things meeting us at every turn, give specially to the whole. As I strolled from apartment to apartment, I almost expected to meet some one within the door. I felt like an intruder as I passed into the sleeping rooms of others—as if I were entering the private apartments of those who were merely absent on a ride or a visit. The scenes were familiar, and it appeared but a short time since the eyes of those who occupied the dwelling rested on the same objects. In turning the corners of the streets it would hardly have surprised me to have met the inhabitants just returning and looking on me as a stranger and an intruder. It required an effort to convince myself that these streets and these dwellings were thronged and occupied for the last time nearly 2,000 years ago. I assure you the struggle was not to call up the past, but to shake it off—and when I finally stood at the gate and gave a farewell look to the lonely city that faintly shone in the light of the setting sun, a feeling of indescribable sadness stole over me, and I rode away without the wish ever to see it again.

But the view of the bay, and the careless laughing groups we met at every step, and the restored spirits. The streets were filled with loungers, all expressing in their manners and looks the Neapolitan maxim, "dolce far niente," (it is sweet to do nothing. You have heard of the bright eyes and raven-tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans, but I can assure you there is none of it here, i. e. among the lower classes. The only difference I can detect between them and our Indians is that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, and the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft, bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I have ever heard of. I was shocked to see a man to view them in a favorable way, and prepared light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I could not see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty, sleek-headed slanders. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population thriving in filth and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. Wholesome food, comfortable apartments, and cleanly clothing, are indispensable to physical beauty; and these the Italians, except the upper classes, do not have. "Tlthy dens in which they are crammed, the tatter-torn garments in which they are but half hid, and tattered faces of hundreds of unfed women and children that meet me at every step, as I enter the city at night, overthrow all the pleasures of the day, and retire to my room angry with that political and social system that requires two-thirds to die of starvation, that the other may die of surfeit. The Bay of Naples has fine palaces, while thousands of subjects have not one blanket.

In talk of travelling when the mind is matured, advise every one who wishes to enjoy Italy to go to it before he has ever thought of the irregularities and miseries of the world. Let him come into beautiful clime while the imagination holds sway and life is a golden dream. He then and the mountain, long before the eruption, gave and its temples and arts, hear but the voice ominous sound of the coming blow. Dio relates that spectres lined the summit of the mountains and unearthly shapes flitted around its trembling top when we saw from the make of the happiness of man. Why is it that its confinement thro' the cracks and shooting into the upper air.

## From the United States Gazette

### RESPECT REMEMBERED.

"Whenever a Russian meets a funeral procession, he takes off his hat, and stands uncovered until it passes—a mark of respect for the dead, which is becoming, and worthy of imitation."  
It is a custom worthy of commendation. If the heart is ever softened to delicate impressions, it is when wrung by the loss of some delicate one.—The most trifling kindness, having the deprivation as a motive, is dearly felt and lastingly cherished.—And he who, in the hour of agony for the death of a relative, comes to us with sympathy, or only at a distance denies himself an ordinary indulgence, that he may show respect to our grief, may ever after claim our kindest consideration.

More than forty years ago, there was seen in the county of Plymouth, a funeral train moving solemnly along the highway, towards the common burying ground of the town. They were carrying to the last earthly abode one who, in the fullness of years, had sunk away to rest after a life of constant excellence, of much active benevolence, of more passive virtue. The neighborhood had shared in her bounty and devotion, but her family had witnessed her patient resignation, her pious hope. When such a one is buried in the primitive society that then distinguished that portion of the State, a solemnity pervades the vicinity, and accordingly, the cortege was long; and it passed upwards towards the burial place, it seemed from the silence around, as if every one had lost a mother, and was cherishing the recollection of her eminent virtues.

In the train was a boy, then about ten years of age. He was pale with much grief and long anxiety, and nervously sensitive to all that was around. He had lived in the measured kindness of the deceased, and had thought then, as he thinks now, that her virtues had been equalled by few on this earth; and the respectful quiet that marked the solemnities of the afternoon, was soothing to his boyish feelings, and he hoped that nothing would disturb the deep, tomb-like silence that pervaded the scene. Not a sentence he knew would be spoken at the grave, save the few words of the sexton, who, lifting his hat when the coffin had been lowered into the narrow house, would say, as he always had said, in a low murmuring voice, "I will see that the rest be done in decency and order." The solemn bow of the chief mourner would be the only response, and the "was booming" to the child to think that his feelings would not be disturbed, nor his grief rendered clamorous by pointed allusions to the virtues of the dead, and his own irreparable loss.

But as the procession gained the brow of a gentle rising in the road, there was discovered approaching a large team of oxen, dragging timber to the ship yard, and driven by a young man who, to ignorance, added drunkenness, and its consequent manners.—His passage through the village was invariably marked by the loud utterance of every kind of indecency, vulgarity and profanity; and the threats to make him amenable to the law had only been answered by oaths to take private vengeance on the complainant.

The child, who knew this, trembled at the desecration that was likely to ensue. He had seen female delicacy outraged by the backguard, and "the hoary head," which in that country was "a crown of glory," insulted by his indelicate jeering; and the funeral train of one so much respected—the wife, too of the very man who had threatened to punish his impunities—would be an opportunity to display his contempt for the decency of society, and his revenge for wholesome censure, too good, too rare, to be neglected. His voice was heard at a distance shouting to his cattle, and the wind bore towards the mourners several of the wretch's favorite blasphemies, and gave a sickening foretaste of what was to shock their feelings.

At length the head of the funeral was opposite the team, and the mourning lad trembled at the thought of the outrage to which his feelings were to be subjected. He would have stepped forward and besought the teamster to spare him; but if age and station had been powerless, what could a child do? and he turned his tearful eye upon the offensive man, and moved on with his fellow mourners.  
The noisy driver stepped rapidly forward and stopped his cattle, without uttering a word. Then moving slowly backwards towards the wagon, he turned himself towards the funeral train, his whip to his left hand, bare head, and stood half bowed in respectful silence until the whole procession had moved past, then slowly covering himself, he silently goaded his team into motion, and went forward on his business.

The feelings of the boy, at that moment, cannot be described; but he made, as an offering to the remains of the beloved dead, a solemn vow that he would, should circumstances ever warrant the act, repay the man for his timely remembrance of the virtues of the departed, and grief of the mourners.  
But the boy was not likely to find the opportunity of repaying that debt which he never forgot.—He found a residence hundreds of miles from the fixed home of the man.

Thirty years after that event, he who in boyhood had registered the vow under such circumstances was in the city of Boston on a visit; and willing to compare the appliances of the government of that city with those of a southern metropolis, with which he was connected, he took his seat one morning in the Police Court. One person about fifty years of age, had, at his own request, his case postponed until all his fellow offenders should be dealt with.  
"What is your name?" said the magistrate.

"Johnson, sir; James Johnson is the name by which I shall go to-day."

"You are charged," continued the magistrate, "with very riotous conduct, resulting in destruction of property to the amount of five dollars. What have you to say for yourself, James?"

"Nothing—nothing at all; but having lived a life of wretched dissipation, making miserable my relatives, and especially my immediate family, two years ago I set manfully to work, and reformed my habits and my manners, and grew into the confidence of a few of my neighbors. I came into the city yesterday, and an old rum acquaintance led me on."

"You will be fined," said the magistrate "only two dollars, and stand committed until that and five dollars injury are paid."

Johnson had not seven dollars—and he took his handkerchief from his hat at his side, and wiped the thick perspiration from his forehead.

The stranger from the South looked into the hat as he leaned over the railing, and saw written, "Homer ———." The first was an unusual name, and the whole was that of the noisy waggon.—Leaning forward, he whispered into the ear of the prisoner the inquiry whether he was from B———?

The man started, but seeing only a stranger said "he had lived there once."

"Then," said the other, "there is seven dollars to pay the magistrate."

The man paid the Clerk, and met his friend at the door.

"You were trusted with money when you came to the city?"

"Yes, but I have lost it, and with it lost all.—Nine out of ten sneered at my profession of reform; and the tenth, who trusted me, and has been deceived will now be my enemy."

"How much is the deficiency?"

"It is ——— dollars, a sum wholly beyond my means, and as effectual to destroy me, as if it were thousands. My wife and my children, too, who had begun to rise in the community, by my propitiosities—they must fall, and I am doubly lost."

"There are ——— dollars," said the stranger.—"Your name is not James Johnson, though there scarcely needs an apology for concealing your real name."

"But who are you that thus rescues a stranger from distress, and permits him to continue to hope for respect?"

"I do remember the funeral of Mrs. ———, in K———, thirty years ago, when you paused to let the train of mourners pass, with unwonted evidence of respect?"

"I scarcely remember that, but never did my folly betray me into disrespect in the presence of a funeral. That was the last spark in the ashes of my homely virtues. It was never quenched; and it was at the grave of a friend that that spark kindled anew the flame of popery in me, and led to those good resolves which I last night broke."

"It is that particular act, my friend," said the stranger, "which, after thirty years I am enabled to notice."

——— returned to his family, and five years afterwards died a decent man, in the midst of the respect of the nine that had distrusted his repentance.

THE SABBATH.—"I have found," says the great Lord Chief Justice Hale, "by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observance of the duty of Sunday has ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that has been begun has been blessed and prosperous to me: And, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unhappy to my own secular employments. So that I could easily make an estimate of my success the week following, by the manner of my passing this day. And I do not write this lightly, but by long and sound experience."

TRIALS.—A Christian without trials would be like a mill without wind or water; the contrivance and design of the wheel-work inside would be unnoticed and unknown, without something to put it in motion without. Nor would our graces grow, unless they were called into exercise; the trials and difficulties we meet with not only prove, but also strengthen the graces of the Spirit. If a person were to sit still, without making use of his legs or his arms, he would probably soon lose the power of moving at all; but by walking and working, he becomes strong and active.—Rev. J. Newton.

AMUSEMENT VS. DRINKING.—A singing and dancing people is certainly higher in the scale of morality than a setting people. The national ball and the national dance open the way to every department of poetry and music; when people have reached this point, it is easy to awaken the feeling for every kind and degree of art. The hundreds who resort to a museum cannot at the same time be setting at an ale-house or a gin-shop. Nor is this all; they will soon come to feel the boundless disparity that exists between men whom art raises into demigods, and animals in human shape degraded by drunkenness below the level of brutes: It is an error to suppose that Christianity forbids the education of man by the forms, the influences, the conceptions of art: it forbids only those perversions and misapplications of art, which the noble and the uncorrupted among the Greeks equally rejected.—Russer's England.