HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. X, No. 27. HUNTINGDON, Pa., JULY 10, 1845. Whole No. 495

To Purchasers--Guarantee.

THE undersigned agent of the Pattentee, of the Stove, "*The Queen of the West*," understanding that the owners, or those concerned for them, of other and different patent Cooking Stoves, have threatened to bring suit against all who purchase and use any of "GUILDS PATENT COOKING STOVE --*The Queen of the West*." Now this is to inform all and every person who shall purchase and use said Stove that he will indemnify them from all costs or damage from any and all suits, brought by other Pattentees, or their agents, for any infringement of their patents, He gives this notice so that persons need not be under any fears because they have, while consulting their own interests and convenience, secured the superior advantages of this "*Queen*" not only of the *West*, but of the *East*.

ISRAEL GRAFFIUS.

July 24, 1844.

"QUEEN OF THE WEST"

COOKING STOVE,

For sale by I. GRAFIUS & SON, Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., cheap for cash or country produce at the market price.

The "Queen of the West" is an improvement on Hathaway's celebrated Hot Air Stove. There has never yet appeared any plan of a Cooking Stove that possesses the advantages that this one has. A much less quantity of fuel is required for any amount of cooking or baking by this stove than by any other.

Persons are requested to call and see before they purchase elsewhere.

July 3, 1844.

ALEXANDRIA

FOUNDRY!

I. GRAFIUS & SON,

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Huntingdon county, and the public generally, that they continue to carry on the

Copper, Tin and Sheet iron Business,

in all its branches, in Alexandria, where they manufacture and constantly keep on hand every description of ware in their line; such as

New and Splendid Wood Stoves

22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches long.

RADIATOR STOVES,

New Cooking Stoves of all kinds and

Also four sizes of Coal Stoves,

ALSO STOVE-PIPE, AND STOVES FINISHED

All kinds of castings done, for Forges, Sawmills and Threshing-machines. Also WAGON BOXES, MILL GUDGEONS, AND HOLLOW WARE; all of which is done in a workmanlike manner.

Also, *Copper, Dye, Wash, Fuller, Preserving, and Tea Kettles, for sale, wholesale and retail.*

Persons favoring this establishment with their custom may depend on having their orders executed with fidelity and despatch.

Old metal, copper, brass and pewter taken in exchange. Also wheat, rye, corn and oats taken at market price.

Alexandria, July 3. 1844.

NOTICE.—The subscriber respectfully requests all persons indebted to him for work done at the old establishment, previous to the 1st of November last, to call and settle their accounts without delay.

ISRAEL GRAFIUS.

July 3, 1844.

TAILORING

one in the best style and on short notice.

JACOB SNYDER

MOST respectfully informs his old friends and customers, and the public in general, that he still continues the

Tailoring Business,

at his old stand, two doors east of the Store of T. Read & Son, in the borough of Huntingdon, where he is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their work.

He receives, regularly, from New York, Scott's New York, Paris and London

FASHIONS

and he is determined to employ none but the best and most experienced workmen; and he gurantees to execute all orders in his line in the most fashionable and workmanlike manner, or according to the wishes and orders of his customers.

Thankful for the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received, he respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.

May 21, 1845.—tf.

LOST.--Was lost of Thursday last, the 27th ult., between Waterstreet and Hollidaysburg, a letter from Raymond & Cuiin, Havre De Grace, Md., to E. Henderson, Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., containing a statement of their account—also, their Note to the said E. Henderson, dated 21st inst., (March) for six hundred dollars, payable in four months, at the Western Bank, Philadelphia. Any person finding said letter, and leaving it with, or enclosing to, the Post Master, at Alexandria, Huntingdon co., with the said Note, will oblige the subscriber. Notice of the above loss has been given to the said Raymond & Cuiin--also the Western Bank, Philadelphia.

E. HENDERSON.

April 2, 1845.

Job Printing,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Jewelry! Jewelry!! Jewelry!

JUST received, a stock of the most magnificient Jewelry ever came up the Pike. Consisting of GOLD PATTENT LEVERS, *Ladies* GOLD ANCHOR LEVERS, *full jewelled*, SILVER PATENT LEVERS, double and single cased, SILVER ANCHOR LEVERS *full jeweled, double and single cased* ENGLISH WATCHES, *Imitation Levers*, QUARTIER and FRENCH WATCHES, &c. &c. Also

Gold Fob Chains, and Seals,

of the most fashionable patterns. Gold Pencils, Spectacles, Guard Chains, Key's, Breacelets sett with topaz, Medalions, Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Breast Pins, sett with topaz, amethist, &c. &c. Mineature Cases, Silk Purces, Coral Beads, Pocket Beeks, Musical Boxes, Mathematical Instruments, Silver Spectacles, Table Spoons, Tea and Salt Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Lowends pattent Silver Pencils, Razors of the finest quality, HENRY CLAY penknives, a superior article, Steel Pens, Spy Glasses, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Platina Points, &c. &c. All the above articles will be sold cheaper than ever heretofore.

Clock and Watch repairing done as usual, very cheap for cash.

A large assortment of eight day and thirty hour Clocks will be sold very cheap.

All watches sold will be warranted for one year, and a written *guarrantee* given, that if not found equal to warranty it will (during that period) be put in order without expense, or if injured, may be exchanged for any other watch of equal value. The warranty is considered void, should the watch, with which it is given, be put into the hands of another watch maker.

D. BUOY.

Huntingdon, April 10, 1844.

Rockdale Foundry.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, that he still continues to carry on business at the Rockdale Foundry, on Clover Creek, two miles from Williamsburg, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, of the best materials and workmanship, and with promptness and despatch.

He will keep constantly on hand stoves of every description, such as

Cooking, Ten Plate,

PARLOR, COAL, ROTARY, and WOOD STOVES;

LIVING-TON PLOUGHS, Anvils, Hammers, Hollow Ware, and every kind of castings necessary for forges, mills or machinery of any description; wagon boxes of all descriptions, &c., which can be had on as good terms as they can be had at any other foundry in the county or state.

Remember the Rockdale Foundry.

☞ Old metal taken in exchange for any castings.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

☞ Mr. K. has recently purchased the pattent right of a cooking stove for Huntingdon county—the stove will be set up by him and warranted to the purchaser to be as good as any in the State—orders furnished.

July 17, 1844.—tf.

COME THIS WAY!

EXTENSIVE

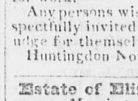
Carriage Manufactory

HENRY SMITH

MOST respectfully informs the citizens of the borough and county of Huntingdon, the public generally, and his old friends and customers in particular, that he still continues the

Coach Making Business

in all its various branches, at his old stand, in Main street in the borough of Huntingdon nearly opposite the 'Journal' printing office where he has constantly on hand every description of



Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs & Dearborns,

which he will sell low for cash or on reasonable terms.

All kinds of work in his line made to order, on the shortest notice, in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER

And all kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch.

Country produce will be taken in exchange for work.

Any persons wishing to purchase are respectfully invited to call and examine and judge for themselves.

Huntingdon Nov. 29, 1843.

Estate of Elizabeth Shaw, late of *Morris township deceased.*

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said deceased have been granted to the subscribers. All persons therefore indebted to the estate of said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to

JOHN KELLER, Ex'r.

April 30, 1845.—6t Morris tp.

CAUTION.

We the subscribers, hereby caution all persons against purchasing, or in any way taking a note given by us to George Smith, of Henderson township, Huntingdon county, dated on or about the 12th day of February last, for three hundred and fifty-five dollars, payable in blooms, in Huntingdon, one hundred days after date—the said Judgment note having been obtained from us by fraud and without consideration, and will therefore not be paid, and the law will not compel us to pay it.

SAMUEL FICKES,
JOHN FICKES.

March 26, 1845.—3t.

PUBLISHED BY

THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

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 arrearages 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.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE IRISH HEART.

A True Story.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the older ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen.", they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme: and though James, early in his boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about, it was his delight to gather the May gowans that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the "pathies,"* side by side, orthand in hand gathgathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young majden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from his daily labor whistling like a black-bird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry gingle of St. Patrick's day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Paudeen O'Rafferty. At dancing, too he excelled all the lads of the neighborhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part-reel, four-part-reel, or rowly powly to the tune of the Dusty Miller, or The Rake of Bally-shanny, with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lassies declared they could see the tune upon his feet.† He was a comely lad too, and at weddings and Christmas carousels none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-colored vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his *cawbeen*‡ set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favorite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest, industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gaiety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a pleasant jaunting car; and in the farm-house and the jaunting car, Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, sure he would send for *her*. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathise with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America, and every penny that she could earn at her spinning wheel was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbors from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last storing away some little comfort in his sea-box.—Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time, "and Jimmy, *mavourneen*,‡ if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting *me*? You *will* send for your own Nora soon?"

"Forget *you!*" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom. "When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, maybe I'll forget you, *mavourneen dheelish*."§

Amid oft repeated words of love and blessing, he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them *all* in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this. The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or bad examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into evil courses, indade!" she exclaimed; "Shame be on you for spaking that same! and he the dacentest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford.—You don't know the heart of him as I do, or you'd never be after spaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on you, and indade it is. But och, *wurra h dheelish*,‖ let him not sicken and die in the strange country, and the sister not there to do for him!" And overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a brief letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to enquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Troth, and *he'd* do well anywhere. He was always a dacent, clane, spirited boy, as there was widin a great ways of him. Divil a man in the ten parishes could dance the Ballihorum jig wid him, any how."

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the distant post office; for he promised if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill fronting the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and again, and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbor, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him for the love of heaven, to ascertain whether James was dead or alive and send them word as soon as possible. The Irishman to whom this urgent epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant rail-road, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious enquiries for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:—

"*Dear Friends:*—Black and heavy is my hart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison concernin a bit of paper which he passed or money.—Sorra a one of the nabors but will be lettin down the tears when they hear of the same. I don't know the rights in the case; but I never will believe he was a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is put upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half any how. I have not seen James sense I come to Amerikey; but I heern tell of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your harts from sinkin down with this hevy sorrow.

Your friend and nabor,

MIKE MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief in that poor and honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eyes; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Och, wo to the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us. Such a dacent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him."

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the hart of him better than any of you does; and I know he never had intiation to do anything that would bring to blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both weeny things. I'll go to Amirica, and find out all about it, and write you word."

"You go to Amerikey!" exclaimed her mother.—"Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *colleen machree*,¶ or you'd niver spake thim words."

"And would'nt he follow *me* to the ends of the earth if the black troube was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness. "There was always kindness in him for all human crathurs; but he loved me better nor all the world. Never a one had a bad word agin him, but nobody knew the hart of him as I did. Proud was I out of him and lonesome is my hart without him. And is it I will lave him alone wid his trouble? Troth, not if there was ten oceans between us."

This vehemance subsided after awhile, and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood. That their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day their frugal meals were removed almost untasted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately, as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning wheel the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first persisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it and she said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work and her eyes were red with weeping. At last she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears and stepped out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on the old familiar hills and fields, on the potatoe patch where she and James had worked together for many a day, on the old well, by the side of which the Maygowans grew, and on the clear white cabin where the dear old ones slept. She passed into the little shed that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donkey's neck, and kissed the cow that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the old homestead, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend. The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, she prayed in an agony of sorrow, "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, perhaps niver to see them agin, till the judgment day, Thou, oh! Father in Heaven, will forgive me; for Thou seest I *can* not leave him alone wid his great trouble!"

Then crossing herself, and looking toward the beloved home of her childhood, she said, in a stifled voice, "The Mothor of Glory be wid ye, and bless and keep ye all."

Half blinded with tears, she wended her way over the moon lighted hills, and when her favorite cow called as usual for her milking pail, in the first blush of the morning, she was already far on her way to Dublin.

* * * * * * *

And had James been criminal? In the eye of the law he had been; but his sister was right when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up and entered into a conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he enquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it,' said the stranger, "for I am going away in a hurry and have no time to get one made."

James was as unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars to send for his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch too," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars.

James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to the transfer. Some weeks after when he went to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which better educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much, by no fault of his own. Since it was put off on me, I will just put it off upon somebody else.—Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly, but as he had admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit, which he passed, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He passed three bills and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigor, he might have been sentenced to the state prison for fifteen years; but apperances were so much in his favor that the Court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a laboring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was, indeed, a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong, concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administration, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and willful crimes.

It is probable that James never felt the degrees of compunction that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him that if he had sinned against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt most keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good old mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labor with thieves and murderers tore his soul with anguish.—He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better to suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace. Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and bound of his step were gone. Day by day he grew more disconsolate and stupid.

He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had received permission to see her. He followed silently and wondering who it could be; and a moment after he was locked in his sister's arms. For some time nothing but sobs were audible. They looked mournfully in each other's faces, then fell on each other's necks and wept again.

"And so you knew me, *mavourneen?*" said Nora, at last, trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you!" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "*A cushla machree*,** and would'nt I know your shadow on the wall in the darkest cellar they could put me in? But who came wid you, *mavourneen?*

"Troth and it was alone I come. I run away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to lave the good father and mother, when they had spoke agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do anything displasing to God. But Jimmy, *machree*, my heart was breakin' widout you: and I couldn't lave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure its long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us known of your misfortin."

The poor fellow wept afresh at the assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God be praised for the words you spake," replied Nora. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart, for who should know that better nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, *mavourneen*. The music's in my hart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be out of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, *dheelish*, the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking dowh. "They will say I am a convict."

"Sorra a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm-hearted girl. "Don't I know the heart that is in you? Did'nt I say there was no sin in your intintions, though you *was* shut up in this bad place? If there had been—if the black murder had been within you, is it Nora would be after laving you alone wid your sin and your shame? Troth, I would weary the saints in heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there was no sin in your hart; and proud I am of you, *a suillish machree*,†† and bad luck to the roge that brought you into all this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent.

"You will come again?" said James, imploringly. "You will come to me again, *acushla machree?*"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was again the rules. But when I told them how I came alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot spake together. But it will be comfort, *mavourneen*, to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain says I may stay with his family; and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you *a villish*.‡‡ The same moon shines here that used to shine on us when we had our May dances on the green, in dear old Ireland; and when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think maybe Nora, is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlint, wid the shamrock and gowan in her hair. I will work, and lay by money for you: and when you come out of this bad place it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, *a suillish machree*."

The young man smiled as he had not smiled for years. He kissed his sister tenderly, as he answered, "Ah, Nora, *mavourneen*, its yourself that was always too good to me. God's blessing be wid you, *acushla machree*. It will go hard wid me but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure its no goodness at all," replied Nora. "Is it yourself would be after leaving *me* alone, and I in the great trouble! Hut, tut, Jimmy, avick. Sure its nothing at all. Any body would do it. You're as dacent and clever a lad as iver you was. Sing that to your heart, *mavourneen*. Its Nora will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, but with eyes streaming with tears, she bade her beloved brother farewell. He embraced her with vehement tenderness, and, with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labor. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

"*Hope's* sunshine lingered on his prison wall,
And love looked in upon his solitude."

Nora remained with the kind-hearted chaplain, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing.—When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and lead him forth into the blessed sunshine and the free air. Rev. John Lucky, the chaplain, whose name will live in the grateful election of many a poor prisoner, received them into his house, cheered and strengthened their hearts by kind words and judicious counsel, and sent them to the office of the prison Association, No. 13 Pine street, New York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him tools, to be paid for if he should ever be able to do so, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic. At this place he would have remained, had not his employer needed a journeyman thoroughly versed in his trade. It is the policy at Sing Sing not to allow the prisoners to learn all the branches of any business, lest they should come into competition with mechanics out of the prison. What James had been accustomed to do he did with great industry and expertness; but he could not do all the mechanic required, and was therefore kindly and honorably dismissed.

Had he been dishonest, he might have gone off with the tools; but he came to the office of the Association, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them. They of of course, consented very cordially, and told him to remember that as long as he behaved well, they would always be his friends in need. His sister was with him, like his shadow, and their earnest expressions of gratitude were truly affecting.

They are doing well, and doubtless will do well. May the blessing of our Father be with them.—They are two of the kindest hearts, and most transparent souls among that reverent, loving, confiding, but impulsive people, who above all others, deserve to be called the little children of the nations.

*Potatoes. †Cap. ‡Darling. §Sweet darling. ‖Sweet Virgin. ¶Pet of my heart. **Pulse of my heart. ††Light of heart. ‡‡Dear.