



BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for
SECRET DISEASES.—Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys, and all those Peculiar Affections arising from a **SECRET HABIT**, particularly the youth of both sexes, which if not cured, produces **Constitutional Debility**, rendering **Marriage impossible**, and in the end destroys both **Mind and Body**.

YOUNG MEN Especially, who have become the victims of **Solitary Vice**, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entrusted listing Senators with the thunders of eloquence or worked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J., and be restored to perfect health.

DR. JOHNSTON, Office No. 7 **SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, SEVEN DOORS FROM BALTIMORE STEAMBOAT DEPOT UP THE STEPS.** BE PARTICULAR in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.
A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TO TWO DAYS.
 Take Notice—Dr. Johnston's Office is in his dwelling, UP THE STEPS. His very extensive practice is a sufficient guarantee that he is the only proper Physician to apply to.

DR. JOHNSTON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known, many wonderful withering in the ears and hands, when deep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.—It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrid disease owing to the Unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who by the use of that deadly poison Mercury, ruin the Constitution, causing the most serious symptoms of this dreadful disease to make their appearance, such as affections of the head, throat, nose, skin, etc.; progressing with frightful rapidity till death puts a period to their dreadful suffering, by sending them to that **Downy** whence no traveler returns.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body.

MARRIAGE, should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect gloomy, and the path dark, and filled with the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.—Dr. J. addresses young men, and all who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgence.
IMPUSSANCE.—These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz. Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Digestive Functions, General Debility Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

Mentally.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded; Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirit, Evil Propensities, Aversion to Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, &c. are some of the evils produced.
 Thousands of persons of all ages, can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, have a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J., and be restored to perfect health.

OFFICE, No. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, Baltimore, Md.
ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.—N. B. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.
TO STRANGERS.—The many thousands cured at this Institution within the last ten years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. J., witness by the Reporters of the papers, and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, is a sufficient guarantee that the afflicted will find a skillful and honorable physician.

As there are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves as Physicians, ruining the health of the afflicted, Dr. Johnston would say to those unacquainted with his reputation that his **Credentials or Diplomas** always hang in his office.

WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS immediately cured, and full vigor restored.
ALL LETTERS POST PAID—REMEDIES SENT BY MAIL.
 Jan. 8, 1852.—ly.

Hardware Cheaper.
JOHN A. NEFF, for many years in the house of Mr. Buchler & Bro., desires to inform his friends of Huntingdon county that he has connected himself with the firm of Messrs. **Lower & Barron**, No. 174, North Third Street, 3rd door above Vine Street, where he will be pleased to offer every article in the **HARDWARE LINE** at much lower prices than ever before in this native county.

Philad'a, March 20, 1851.—tf.

Are you Insured?
 If not, insure your property at once in the Cumberland Valley Mutual Insurance Company. Apply to **GEO. W. SPEER, Agent**, Bridgeport, Pa.

H. W. SMITH, DENTIST, HUNTINGDON, PA.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

Of the County of Huntingdon from the 12th day of January, A. D. 1851, up to the 10th day of January, A. D. 1852, including both days.

Receipts.
 Amount in Treasury at last settlement, \$1615 49
 1847. Lemuel Green, Cass, 17 46
 John H. Stonebraker, Franklin, 45 00
 Daniel G. Logan, Cromwell, 13 39
 John Conrad, Franklin, 55
 Robert Madden, Springfield, 28 40
 Levi Smith, Union, 9 60
 John Stewart, Barree, 45 00
 Daniel Curfman, Clay, 3 61
 Daniel Conrad, Franklin, 60 00
 Henry Elias, Tod, 44 02
 Samuel Henry, Barree, 409 00
 Jesse Yocum, Brady, 133 68
 David Stever, Cass, 30 44
 Kenzie L. Green, Clay, 76 16
 David Barlett, Cromwell, 290 75
 William Appleby, Dublin, 234 99
 John L. Travis, Franklin, 315 00
 J. Davis Hight, Henderson, 145 14
 David Mountain, Hopewell, 395 00
 Peter Shaffer, Morris, 105 00
 William Dean, Penn., 622 58
 John Bisbit, Porter, 209 43
 Samuel Bowman, Shirley, 111 12
 Henry Cramer, Springfield, 203 06
 Abraham Hegie, Tell, 72 06
 George Keith, Tod, 203 06
 William Pheasant, Union, 72 06
 William B. White, Walker, 245 00
 B. Hutchison Warriorsmark, 14 12
 John Hewit, West, 540 16
 John Love, Barree, 511 00
 Jesse Yocum, Brady, 287 00
 David Myerly, Cass, 189 00
 William Cunningham, Clay, 170 87
 Daniel Teague, Cromwell, 182 00
 James Cree, Dublin, 562 00
 Samuel Mattern, Franklin, 995 00
 John Marks, Henderson, 177 00
 Jacob Weaver, Hopewell, 705 00
 John Smith, Jackson, 500 00
 Joseph Isenberg, Morris, 442 00
 John Grove, Penn., 799 40
 Daniel Neff, Porter, 375 00
 Isaac Sharrer, Shirley, 54 00
 John Brown, Springfield, 305 12
 Jonathan Briggs, Tell, 165 12
 Jesse Cook, Tod, 135 00
 Moses Swoope, Union, 558 50
 Azzariah Sacketts, Warriorsmark, 632 00
 Charles Green, West, 571 00
 Amount received of County tax on Unsettled Lands, 22 34
 School tax, 8 67
 Road tax, 14 19
 Amount of Redemption money on Unsettled Lands received since last settlement, 50 41
 Amount paid by Fisher & McMurtrie for old bridge across Crooked Creek sold at public outcry, 15 00
 16447 45

Expenses.
 Attorney General and others on criminal prosecutions, 683 36
 Grand and Traverse Jurors, Court Crier, Tipstaffs, &c., 3147 25
 Constables making returns and advertising Spring Elections, &c., 246 04
 Assessors, 316 87
 Judges, Inspectors and Clerks of Election, 616 69
 Sundry persons premium on Wild Cats and Foxes, 283 50
 Road and Bridge Viewers and Damages, 396 84
 Inquisitions on dead bodies, 34 62
 Commissioners—
 Joshua Greenland, in full, 4 57
 Benjamin Leas, 62 00
 Isaac Heigthal, 20 00
 Eliel Smith, 20 00
 William Hutchison, 81 50
 Auditors—
 James Gillam, for 1850, \$3 00
 Thomas Fisher, " 4 50
 Thomas Fisher, 1851, 10 50
 William Ramsey, " 13 50
 Kenzie L. Green, " 10 50
 J. Smith, in full as Clerk to the Commissioners, 240 00
 Henry W. Miller, on account as Clerk to the Commissioners, for 1851, 250 00
 John Reed, Esq., on account of his salary as counsel for Commissioners for 1850, 20 00
 Poor House Commissioners, 63 00
 County Printing—
 James Clark, \$69 00
 William Lewis, " 70 25
 In full of a Judgment, Nicholas Hewit vs Huntingdon County, 731 33
 Sundry persons, interest on County Bonds, &c., 253 14
 For Repairs for Court House and Jail, 436 82
 Coal and Wood for " 197 00
 Chairs for Jury Box in Court Room, 24 00
 Merchandise for Court House, 36 93
 For Casting and Stone for Meridian Line, 24 66
 Jane Keim, washing for county prisoners, 20 00
 Mary Gibson, sweeping and scrubbing Court House, &c., 20 00
 Docket for Recorder's office, Postage, 23 65
 Judicial Return Judge, 7 10
 Ballot boxes for elections, 3 50
 W. H. King, for attending to Elections and Return Judges 8 years, 16 00
 Sundry persons retuning orders for land sold at Treasurer's sale, &c., 40 02
 Sundry Supervisors' road tax on unsettled lands, 23 50
 Sundry School Treasurers' school tax on unsettled lands, 36 87
 Sundry persons, redemption money of unsettled lands sold by Treasurer, 49 56
 Bridge—
 John Robinson, in full of bridge at Draka's Ferry, 1000 00
 Wallace and Patton in full of Union Furnace Bridge, 150 00
 McVety & McKinstry, in full of a bridge across mill race of George Eby, 1125 00
 Alexander Garmon on account of a bridge across Raystown Branch at Hawns, 1900 00
 Expenses of Poor House, 1000 00
 William B. Leas on account of Real Estate, 1000 00

M. F. Campbell for recording Title Deeds, 9 75
 A. K. Cornyn, for services as Director of the Poor, 10 00
 John S. Isett, " 12 00
 John Morrison, " 12 00
 For a Blank Book, 2 00
 Elliot Robley, " 5 00
 Treasurer's Commission on \$26,922 56 at 1 1/2 per cent, 403 82
 Balance in the Treasury, 353 02
 14647 45

In testimony of the correctness of the above account we have hereunto set our hands this 10th day of January, A. D. 1852.

ISAAC PEIGHTAL, ROBERT STITT, ELIEL SMITH, Commissioners.
 We the undersigned Auditors of the County of Huntingdon, do hereby certify that we have examined the orders of the Commissioners of said county, and the receipts for the same, for and during the past year and find a balance in the Treasury of Three Hundred and Fifty-three Dollars and two cents.
 Given under our hands this 10th day of January, A. D. 1852.

THOS. FISHER, K. L. GREEN, DAVID PARKER, Auditors.

County Tax.
 List of Outstanding balances due 10th January 1852, by the following Collectors, viz:

1840, S. Robinson, Allegheny, \$466 33
1846, C. Cowden, Barree, 29 01
Jacob Kough, Porter, 352 08
1847, Thos. W. Neely, Dublin, 12 50
J. H. Stonebraker, Franklin, 99 39
Wm. B. Smith, Jackson, 24 58
1848, Conrad Curfman, Cass, 9 00
John Conrad, Franklin, 25 00
Wm. McGarvey, Shirley, 87 85
Mordecai Chilcote, Tod, 11 99
1849, James Neely, Dublin, 97
Daniel Conrad, Franklin, 72 72
Henry Elias, Tod, 5 02
1850, Samuel Henry, Barree, 2 85
J. Davis Hight, Henderson, 116 63
David Mountain, Hopewell, 16 79
Peter Shaffer, Morris, 88
Wm. Dean, Esq., Penn., 103 34
Henry Cramer, Springfield, 11 90
Wm. B. White, Walker, 95 89
1851, Jesse Yocum, Brady, 287 97
John Love, Barree, 465 35
David Myerly, Cass, 98 77
Wm. Cunningham, Clay, 164 11
† Daniel Teague, Cromwell, 346 91
† James Cree, Dublin, 228 92
† Samuel Mattern, Franklin, 763 35
† John Marks, Henderson, 638 18
† Jacob Weaver, Hopewell, 243 14
† John Smith, Jackson, 175 64
† Joseph Isenberg, Morris, 334 04
† John Grove, Penn., 175 84
† John Neff, Porter, 641 51
† Daniel Brown, Springfield, 159 56
† Isaac Sharrer, Shirley, 774 27
† Jonathan Briggs, Tell, 34 21
† Jesse Cook, Tod, 258 06
† Moses Swoope, Union, 142 13
† Thomas Dean, Walker, 481 23
† A. Sacketts, Warriors' rk, 389 55
† Charles Green, West, 1236 54

* Since paid in full.
 † Since paid in part.
 Given under our hands the 10th January, 1852.

ISAAC PEIGHTAL, ROBERT STITT, ELIEL SMITH, Commissioners.

Orphan's Court Sale.
 By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Huntingdon County; will be offered at Public Sale on the premises, on Thursday the 26th day of February, A. D. 1852 at one o'clock P. M., As the property of Dr. David Eitler, late of Warriorsmark, dec'd.

A certain Lot of Ground, situate in the said town of Warriorsmark, containing one quarter of acre, and having a TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, frame stable, and other buildings thereon erected.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money on the confirmation of the sale; the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by Bonds and Mortgage.
JOHN T. MATHEWS, BENJAMIN F. PATTON, Esq., Adm'r By order of the COURT.
 M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk.
 January 29 1852.

OLS, GLUE, TURPENTINE, Sand, Paints, Paint Brushes, Sand paper &c. &c., at the cheap store of **BRICKER & LENNEY.**
BUTTER, Eggs, Rags, Lard, Clover Seed, Grain, Potatoes, &c., taken in exchange for goods at market prices at the new store of **BRICKER & LENNEY.**

SCOTT TRIUMPHANT!
Splendid stock of WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY, at Philadelphia prices. Just received at **Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store**, three doors west of P. Reed & Son's Store. The public are respectfully solicited to call and see.

For sale, or Rent.
 The Farm, on which I at present reside nearly opposite the Borough of Huntingdon.
JOHN McCAGHAN.
 Oct 2, 1851.—tf.

ADIES Good Pens and Pencils at the Cheap Store.

"Where Now is Henry Clay?"
 This question was not long since tauntingly asked by a Locofoco of a Whig.—The latter thus answers through the Louisville Journal:

Where is he? Ask the mighty host Of freemen in our native land? A million voices will respond, While each one proudly clasps his hand To his warm heart, and with a tear For him they honor, answer—HERE!
 Where is he? In the frozen North, In the vast empire of the West, In the sweet lowlands of the South, That rallying name is known and blest: On land, the watch word of the free— The sailor shouts it on the sea!
 Where is he? Far beyond the reach Of his fierce, unforgiving foe— In vain does malice strive to crush Colossal genius with his blows— The arrows winged with envious aim, Break, on the bright shield of his fame!
 Where is he? When the would-be great, The party pygmies of the day, Are all forgot, mankind will weep Around the hallowed grave of CLAY!
 Where then will be their names who dare Defame him? Echo answers—where!

[From Hendley's Sacred Scenes and Characters.]
SAMUEL AND SAUL.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

One evening, just as the sun was setting over the hills of Palestine, a host was seen encamped in a beautiful valley, through which wandered a clear stream, and over whose green surface, woods and fields, and flocks and herds, were scattered in endless variety and profusion. The white tents dotted the landscape far and wide, standing against the green background distinct as a fleet of snowy sails against a storm cloud on the sea; while long rows of chariots glittered between, and gay standards floated above, and groups of officers and ranks of soldiers moved about, giving animation and life to the scene. At intervals came triumphant bursts of music; and the thrilling strains of the trumpet arose and fell over the plain, till the echoes were lost in the woods beyond. And the evening sun was shining on all this, tipping the tents of thousands of lance points with silver, and flashing back from burnished armor, till the eye became dazzled with the splendor.

On a gentle eminence that overlooked this glittering plain, was spread the tent of the king. Of ample dimensions, and decorated with gorgeous hangings and costly ornaments, it looked like a fairy palace there upon the swelling hill top. Underneath its spreading canopy sat the monarch himself, looking thoughtfully upon the prospect below him. It was a scene to stir a warrior's heart, for every one of those countless tents that stood bathed in the sunlight, contained soldiers true and tried; and all the vast host at his feet was but a single instrument in his hand. At the blast of his trumpet, that plain would tremble under the tread of armed men, twice ten thousand lances shake in the departing sunbeams, and, at his command, rank upon rank would rush all steadily upon a stand of leveled spears. They had often crowded after him to battle, had stood a wall of iron about him in the hour of peril; he had heard their shouts of defiance ring over the clash of arms and tumults of the fray—ay, and their shouts of victory, too, louder than all as they drove the broken and shattered forces of the enemy before them. Well, then, might the sight of that tented host send the flush of pride to the monarch's brow, and fill his heart with exultant feelings.

But, alas, no color came to that marble face; pale and anxious the chieftain sat and gazed, his brow knit in gloomy thought, and care resting like a cloud upon his countenance. No food had passed his lips all day, yet something more than fasting had wrought that haggard look and bowed that regal head. The white tents sparkling the field, the chariots beside them, the shining ranks of warriors, the triumphant strains of music, the glorious landscape smiling in the setting sun, the hum of the mighty host, were all unheeded. He saw them not, he heard them not; his troubled soul was busy amid other scenes, struggling with far other thoughts. Another army rose before him—a host of sins, in ghastly array, in whose dread aspect no relenting could be seen. And, worse than all, the oracles of God were dumb; to his earnest questioning no response had been given; the Urim and Thummim ceased to be irradiated at his call, and silence and darkness rested on the ark of God. And now, as he thought of his crimes, and the silence of God, and of the battle on the morrow.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them," and he saw his army routed and slain, and himself and his throne trampled under foot. No wonder the waving banners below him brought no glow to his wan and wasted features.

As the light of day disappeared, and the fires began to be kindled in the broad encampment, he entered his tent; and, putting on a disguise, stole forth, and, as a last resort, turned his steps towards the house of a sojourner, and asked that Samuel might be raised from the dead.

THE INTERVIEW.

Scarcely had his request been made, when a stately form arose before him, clad in a dark mantle, his long gray locks and beard falling upon his breast and shoulders. It was Samuel—the same Samuel who had anointed him king over Israel, and for so long a time had been the pillar of his throne; the dread and fearless prophet who so often had withstood him to his face, and hurled the malediction of Heaven upon him; whose last curse, backed with the startling declaration, "The strength of Israel will not lie nor repent," still rang in his ears. The frightened monarch stood dumb and powerless before the dread spirit; he had evoked from the land of shadows, when the deep sepulchral tones of the prophet broke the silence, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" "I am sore distressed," murmured the king "for the Philistines make war upon me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor dreams; therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest tell me what I shall do."

"Wherefore," answered the spirit, "dost thou ask me, seeing the Lord has departed from thee and is become thine enemy?"—He would only repeat over again the curse of former days; and his words fell like a funeral knell on the ears of the monarch, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thy hand, and given it to thy neighbor David. Not only has the throne gone, but the dynasty closes with thee, and thy family is disinherited for ever for thy sins.—Nor is this all: the battle to-morrow shall go against thee, for the Lord will deliver Israel with thee into the hands of the Philistines; and"—the prophet's voice here made the heart of the listener stand still in his bosom—"and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." The thunder-bolt had fallen, and the utter silence that followed was broken only by the shock of the king's body as he fell lifeless and headlong upon the earth. No shriek, no groan, told when and how deep the blow struck; that heavy fall was more startling than language.

The fearful apparition sunk away, and Saul was left alone with the night.
 The next morning found the king in his tent, nerved for the worst, and to those who saw him, as his servants buckled on his armour, he appeared the same as ever; save that a deeper pallor was on his cheek than thought can ever give—the pallor of despair. Nevertheless the trumpets were ordered to sound, and soon the plain shook with the preparation of arms. Chieftains, each with his retainers behind him, marched forth, prancing steeds and chariots of war followed, banners and lances and helmets fluttered and flashed in the morning sunlight, and all was hope and confidence in the army. As the troops defiled before the royal tent, shouts of "long live the king!" rent the air. Ah, with what a sudden death chill those shouts fell upon his heart; that host was going forth to be slaughtered, and that bright sun in its course was to witness the loss of his army, his throne, his sons and his life. Perhaps he cheered his desponding spirit with the vain hope that God might yet be appeased, or that Samuel had spoken falsely; at all events, he was determined to battle nobly for his crown. As his guard closed sternly around him, the determination written on his brow betokened a bloody day, and a fierce struggle, even with fate itself.

The hostile armies met, and rank after rank, troop after troop, rushed to the onset. The Hebrew sword drank blood; and the shout of Israel went up as thrilling and strong as ever it rose from Mount Zion itself. And never before did their monarch lead them so steadily and fiercely on—or give his royal person so freely to the foe. But courage, and heroism, and desperate daring were alike unavailing; the sentence was writ on high, and Israel was scattered before her foes. Vainly did their leaders rally them again and again to the charge. Vainly did the three princes, the sons of Saul, call on their followers to emulate their example, as they threw themselves on the foe.—Vainly did the king himself lead on his troops, while the blood from his wounded side trickled over his armour. God was against them all, and in every side. The three sons of the king fell one after another, bravely battling for their father's throne and Israel's honor, till at last Jonathan, the noblest and bravest of them all, fell lifeless on the hill side. The wounded monarch, hard hit by the archers, at last turned and fled for his life; but, finding no way to escape, he stopped and commanded his armor-bearer to stab him to the heart, "Lest," said the dying man, "these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me." His armor-bearer

refusing to commit the horrid deed, he placed the hilt of his own sword upon the ground and fell upon it. His faithful armor-bearer followed his example, and he and the king and his three sons lay corpses together on the mountain of Gilboa.
 The prophecy was fulfilled—the curse had fallen—and morning once more broke on the land of Israel.

OLD MR. THEYSAY.

Who has not heard of the world-renowned Mr. Theysay? His fame is familiar with all men, everywhere. The high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, honored and despised, civilized and barbarian, Catholic and Protestant, Musselmans and Christian; all nations, kindreds, tribes and tongues, have heard of Mr. Theysay. His name is almost a household word.—But who has ever given the world a history of this eminent personage? Numerous as biographies are, no one has ever yet written and published the life of Mr. Theysay. Pardon me if I undertake the task of writing a brief history of him.
His Parentage.—His father's name is Slander; his mother's, Tattle; of his genealogy, nothing more is known. He was born in the town of Evil Report, in the Kingdom of Sin.
His Age.—It is not known in what precise age of the world Mr. Theysay was born. It is my opinion that he was born soon after Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden. If I am correct in this opinion, he must by this time be very far advanced in life, and we should naturally expect to witness in him all the evidences of feeble old age—gray hairs, sunken eyes and palsied limbs. But he is really as strong and active, as fresh and fair, as hale and hearty, as he ever was. Remarkable old creature!
His Education.—Mr. Theysay's education is very limited. What knowledge he has obtained, is principally from hearsay; hence he does not have any correct knowledge of anything. His deficient education has ever been a serious embarrassment to him, for he never dares to make a positive assertion, but guesses its so, and so on.
His Personal Appearance.—I have spoken of him as being as strong, as active, etc., as he ever was. But who has ever seen Mr. Theysay? Have you? Has any one? If any one has, I know not the man. In my opinion he is an intangible as Prof. Bush's resurrection body, which we can neither see, handle, analyze, nor describe. But we know he exists, because everybody is talking about him. And I have come to the paradoxical conclusion, that he exists, and does not exist, is everywhere and now here; is responsible and irresponsible—a sort of 'will o' the wisp, jack with the lantern' kind of being, whose personal appearance can never be described.
His Character.—He is distinguished for wickedness.
 1. He is a slanderer.
 2. A deceiver.
 3. A liar.
 4. A peace-breaker.
 5. Everything that is bad, without possessing one redeeming quality.
 Reader, is Mr. Theysay in your family? Drive him thence. Harbor him not for a moment. Listen not to his vile slanders. He will involve you in trouble, while he will escape.
 Christian brother, has he visited your little religious community? Beware of him! He will cause divisions to spring up among you. Let him influence you, and your once prosperous society will be destroyed.

A PASS WORD.—Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass-word at the battle of Fontenay, at the time the great Saxe was marshal.
 "The pass-word is Saxe; now don't forget it Pat," said the Colonel.
 "Sacks! Faith and I will not!—Wasn't my father a miller?"
 "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post.
 Pat looked as confidently as possible, and in a sort of a whispered howl, replied: "Bags! yer honor."

To undertake to reason a girl out of love, is as absurd as would be the attempt to extinguish Vesuvius with a two ounce syringe. The only thing that will break a love fit, is hard work and "biled pork"—Good advice and indolence only makes things "wuss."

An affecting calamity occurred, recently, at a large fire at Buffalo. A man was sitting up to watch the corpse of his child, and in the course of the night fell asleep in his chair. The fire broke out, and the smoke, as is supposed, suffocated him before he was aware of his danger.—Both the father and the child were consumed.