The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 32.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat,

ARE POSITIVELY

CURABLE BY INHALATION.

Which conveys the remedies to the cavities in the lungs through the air passages, and coming in direct contact with the disease, neutralizes the tubercular matter, allays the cough, causes a free and easy expectoration, heals the lungs, purifies the blood, imparts renewed vitality to the nervous system, giving that tone and energy so indispensable for the restoration of health. To be able to state confidently that Consumption is curable by inhalation, is to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. It is as much under the control of medical treatment as any other formidable disease; ninety out of every hundred cases can be cured in the first stages, and fifty per cent. in the second; but in the third stage it is impossible to save more than five per cent., for the Lungs are so cut up by the disease as to bid defiance to medical skill. Even, however, in the last stages, Inhalation affords extraordinary relief to the suffering attending this fearful scourge which annually destroys ninety-five thousand persons in the United States alone; and a correct calculation shows that of the present population of the earth, eighty millions are destined to fill the Consumptive's graves.

Truly the quiver of death has no arrow so fatal as Consumption. In all ages it has been the great enemy of life, for it spares neither age nor sex, but sweeps off alike the brave, the beautiful, the graceful and the gifted. By the help of that Supreme Being from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, I am enabled to offer to the afflicted a permanent and speedy cure in Consumption. The first cause of tubercles is from impure blood, and the immediate effect produced by their deposition in the lungs is to prevent the free admission of air into the air cells, which causes a weakened vitality through the entire system. Then surely it is more rational to expect greater good from medicines entering the cavities of the lungs than those administered through the stomach; the patient will always find the lungs free and the breathing easy, after inhaling remedies. Thus, Inhalation is a local remedy, nevertheless it acts constitutionally and with more power and certainty than remedies administered by the stomach. To prove the powerful and direct influence of this mode of administration, chloroform inhaled will entirely destroy sensibility in a few minutes, paralyzing the entire nervous system, so that a limb may be amputated without the slightest pain; inhaling the ordinary burning gas will destroy life in a few hours.

The inhalation of ammonia will rouse the system when fainting or apparently dead. The odor of many of the medicines is perceptible in the skin a few minutes after being inhaled, and may be immediately detected in the blood. A convincing proof of the constitutional effects of inhalation, is the fact that sickness is always produced by breathing foul air—is not this positive evidence that proper remedies, carefully prepared and judiciously administered thro' the lungs should produce the happiest results? During eighteen years' practice, many thousands suffering from diseases of the lungs and throat, have been under my care, and I have effected many remarkable cures, even after the sufferers had been pronounced in the last stages, which fully satisfies me that consumption is no longer a fatal disease. My treatment of consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of tubercles, &c., enables me to distinguish, readily, the various forms of disease that simulate consumption, and apply the proper remedies, rarely being mistaken even in a single case. This familiarity, in connection with certain pathological and microscopic discoveries enables me to relieve the lungs from the effects of contracted chests, to enlarge the chest, purify the blood, impart to it renewed vitality, giving energy and tone to the entire system.

Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States and Canadas by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. But the cure would be more certain if the patient should pay me a visit, which would give me an opportunity to examine the lungs and enable me to prescribe with much greater certainty, and then the cure could be effected without my seeing the patient again.

G. W. GRAHAM, M. D.,
OFFICE, 1131 FILBERT STREET, (Old No. 109,)
Below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
August 5, '857.-1y.

Of all disease; the great, first cause
Springs from neglect of Nature's laws.

SUFFER NOT

When a cure is guaranteed in all stages of

SECRET DISEASES,

Self-Abuse, Nervous Debility, Strictures, Gleets, Gravel, Diabetes, Diseases of the Kidney and Bladder, Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula, Pains in the Bones and Ankles, Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Nose and Eyes, Ulcers upon the Body or Limbs, Cancers, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, St. Vita's Dance, and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Sexual Organs.

Such as Nervous Trembling, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, General Weakness, Dimness of Vision, with peculiar spots appearing before the eyes, Loss of Sight, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Eruptions upon the Face, Pain in the back and head, Female irregularities, and all improper discharges from both sexes. It matters not from what cause the disease originated, however long standing or obstinate the case, *recovery is certain*, and in a shorter time than a permanent cure can be effected by any other treatment, even after the disease has baffled the skill of eminent physicians and resisted all their means of cure. The medicines are pleasant without odor, causing no sickness and free from mercury or balsam. During twenty years of practice, I have rescued from the jaws of Death many thousands, who, in the last stages of the above mentioned diseases had been given up by their physicians to die, which warrants me in promising to the afflicted, who may place themselves under my care, a perfect and most speedy cure. Secret diseases are the greatest enemies to health, as they are the first cause of Consumption, Scrofula and many other diseases, and should be a terror to the human family. As a permanent cure is scarcely ever effected, a majority of the cases falling into the hands of incompetent persons, who not only fail to cure the diseases but ruin the constitution, filling the system with mercury, which with the disease, hastens the sufferer into a rapid Consumption.

But should the disease and the treatment not cause death speedily and the victim marries, the disease is entailed upon the children, who are born with feeble constitutions, and the current of life corrupted by a virus which betrays itself in Scrofula, Tetter, Ulcers, Eruptions, and other affections of the skin. Eyes, Throat and Lungs, entailing upon them a brief existence of suffering and consigning them to an early grave.

Self-abuse is another formidable enemy to health, for nothing else in the dread catalogue of human diseases causes so destructive a drain upon the system, drawing its thousands of victims through a few years of suffering down to an untimely grave. It destroys the Nervous system, rapidly wastes away the energies of life, causes mental derangement, prevents the proper development of the system, disqualifies for marriage, society, business, and all earthly happiness, and leaves the sufferer wrecked in body and mind, predisposed to consumption and a train of evils more to be dreaded than death itself. With the fullest confidence I assure the unfortunate victims of Self-Abuse that a speedy and permanent cure can be effected, and with the abandonment of ruinous practices my patients can be restored to robust, vigorous health.

The afflicted are cautioned against the use of Patent Medicines, for there are so many ingenious spares in the columns of the public prints to catch and rob the unwary sufferers that millions have their constitutions ruined by the vile compounds of quack doctors, or the equally poisonous nostrums vended as "Patent Medicines." I have carefully analyzed many of the so-called Patent Medicines and find that nearly all of them contain Corrosive Sublimate, which is one of the strongest preparations of mercury and a deadly poison, which instead of curing the disease disables the system for life.

Three-fourths of the patent medicines now in use are put up by unprincipled and ignorant persons, who do not understand even the alphabet of materia medica, and are equally as destitute of any knowledge of the human system, having only one object in view, and that to make money regardless of consequences.

Irregularities and all diseases of males and females treated on principles established by twenty years of practice, and sanctioned by thousands of the most remarkable cures. Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States and Canadas, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. Business correspondence strictly confidential. Address

J. SUMMERVILLE, M. D.,
OFFICE, No. 1131 FILBERT ST., (Old No. 109.)
Below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA.
Aug. 5, '57.-1y.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

COURT AFFAIRS—August Term, 1857.

SECOND WEEK.

McCutcheon vs James Entrekin.
J. Cresswell vs Robert Hare Powel,
Peter Crownover vs Daniel Shindle,
Samuel Beaty vs Wm. H. Wharton,
John Dougherty vs Abr. Taylor et al,
Weller, Kline & Ellis vs C. Coats,
Edwards for Stunkard vs Glasgows,
Joel Moore vs B. X. Blair et al,
Gemmill & Cresswell vs J. R. Cox, Admr.
Same vs Same,
Mary L. Trout vs Wm. H. King & Flenner,
John W. Glasgow vs John Brewster,
B. F. Glasgow vs. Same.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

George Bell, farmer, Barree,
James Baker, mason, Cromwell,
David Barrick, farmer, West,
Jesse Cook, farmer, Tod,
George Cresswell, merchant, West,
Dorsey Green, iron master, Porter,
William P. Goshorn, farmer, Tell,
William Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark,
William H. Harper, merchant, Jackson,
John Henderson, Jr., farmer, Warriorsmark,
Hays Hamilton, manager, Franklin,
Frederick Hoover, farmer, Penn,
John Headings, blacksmith, Brady,
James Houting, farmer, Barree,
William Johnston, farmer, Warriorsmark,
John S Isett, iron master, Morris,
James Long, farmer, Shirley,
Joseph Law, merchant, Morris,
Isaac Lininger, cabinet-maker, Huntingdon,
John McCartney, farmer, Henderson,
Samuel K. Metts, farmer, Brady,
Jacob C. Miller, farmer, Barree,
William Meredith, carpenter, Brady,
Jonathan Miller, farmer, Clay,
Jacob Miller, gentleman, Huntingdon,
Jacob Neff, farmer, Porter,
Calvin Noble, mason, Cromwell,
Henry Nearhoof, farmer, Warriorsmark,
Joshua Price, farmer, Tell,
Charles Porter, merchant, Porter,
Joseph Reckets, laborer, Shirleysburg,
G. W. Robison, clerk, Shirley,
Geo. Sipes, Esq., merchant, Cromwell,
Abraham States, blacksmith, Walker,
James Simpson, farmer, Brady,
David Henderson, farmer, Franklin,

July 22, '57.

25 WITNESSES;

OR THE

FORGER CONVICTED.

John S. Dye, Author.

Who has had 10 years experience as a Banker and Publisher, and author of "A series of Lectures at the Broadway Tabernacle," when for 10 successive nights, over 50,000 People greeted him with rounds of applause, while he exhibited the manner in which Counterfeiters execute their frands, and the surest and shortest means of detecting them!

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April 22, 1857.-1y.

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BLANKS! BLANKS!

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Summons,	Vendue Notes,
Executions,	Constable's Sales,
Scire Facias,	Subpoenas,
Complaints,	Deeds,
Warrants,	Mortgages,
Commitments,	Bond to indemnify Constable, &c.

Select Poetry.

EARLY RISING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right."

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about the rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be abed,"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till its fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season,
But then he said it—lying—in his bed—
At ten o'clock, a. m.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we've passed in childhood, or—asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So, let us sleep, and give the maker praise;
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "served him right!—it's not at all surprising,
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

A Good Story.

LOVE IN THE BACKWOODS,

OR

[illegible]

'Talkin' of sprees, boys, put me in mind o' my young days—I should rather guess I was in for them myself, them times!'

This was said by an old man, whom we will introduce as Mr. James Waddle, or rather 'old Jim Waddle.' Everybody, (except the reader,) knows him and his *penchant* for yarn spinning. It is the evening of a military training day. There are a goodly number, after the company are dismisssed from duty who are lounging around, and now all gather around the aforesaid Jim, to hear the yarn to which he had already began the prelude and only awaits somebody to urge him to go on. This there are enough to do.—He then enquired what they would have—'one of his huntin' or courtin' sprees?'—The boys unanimously demanded the latter. Then, after requesting that none of them should laugh till after he got through with a few preliminary hems, he began [I wish I could report in his inimitable language verbatim et literatim.]

'When I wur a boy, you know, daddy, moved from Virginia to Kaintuck. I'd been born and foutched up on the fronteers and Kaintuck was a perfect paradise for me to hunt bars and Injins. But I forgot you wan't a courtin' story. Well, altho' I was always cuttin' up some devilry with the boys, yet somehow, I was a leetle shy snd skeery amongst the gals, I liked the critters prodidiously, but about the only way I could show it was by castin' sheep's eyes in abundance at them.—We had meetin's as well as frolics sometimes. When the preacher was a preachin' tender heartedness, brotherly kindness and love, I wasn't a thinkin'o' nothin' else. I used to set where I could look at the girls in the face—and then gaze at sum purty one, till she'd blush as red as a pepper-pod. Then I felt so queer about the gizzard, and wished an earthquake would come, and throw me right into her lap! I was in love, but I couldn't tell who I loved most. There was Peggy Masonhammer, a mighty fine gal, even in her tow-linen frock; her cheeks wur as full as a China pig's and as red as a turkey gobler's and then thar was Sally Perkins, with her gloriously stripped home-made cotton frock besides her bar and eyes as black as ink; and then thar was dimple checked, blue-eyed Lottie Smith, who always toted her shoes and stockin's in hand till she got in sight of meetin'. Well, o' these three I could'nt tell for my life which I liked best—sometimes one, and sometimes another—but allus the last one I look't at. But when Squire Crumpton came to our diggins, his two gals took the shine off the rest of 'em, 'specially his oldest one' Betsy. I shan't attempt to describe her, but when I tell you she had a calico frock, with yaller flowers as big as your hand—brass ear bobs, besides naif o' dozen string o' beads as large as the end o' your little finger, you may think she was a charmer—I did anyhow. Of all the magnum bonum charmers I ever seed, she was the magnum bumcumest! When I first seed her, 'twas at Deacon Snook's meetin'. I fastened my eyes upon her her's met mine—she looked steadfastly, then smiled a charmin' smile, and blushed and looked down. Lordy! thar was a flutterin' then, equal to a saw mill, 'tween my two jacket pockets. I felt I was a goner. From that hour I was too big for my breeches grandfather had been married in before the War, and came off at his knees, but as he was tall and I wasn't, they came below three or four inches.—Agin the next meetin' I was prepared to cut a big stiff; Sister Sal, for the purpose, starched and ironed my new fine shirt as stiff and sleek as a sheet of new tin. This shirt had the finest kind of flax linen in the bosom and collar, but the invisible part of it was course tow, with a hem that would cable a steamboat. Now while Sal was smoothin' the rinkles near the said hem with an iron just hot from the fire, down stairs slips one of the tarnal brats, knockin' the breath out on't. It was Saturday night, snd she was the only one up, and run to it in course, but afore it come to, the iron had very decidedly made its mark—that is, burnt two holes in the extremity of my linen. Next mornin' I put it on as it was—then dadd's true blues—then the first regular pair of shoes I'd ever had. I was sixteen jist, that Sunday mornin', and in my new riggin' felt my self a man, and resolved that if Betsy Crumpton was at meetin' I axt her for her company—and get it!—Walkin' by her side I felt as light as nothin'—I skeercely touched the ground I walked on. But I shant tell the fine things I thought and said to her on the way, and more after I got home. (Oh yes, we know said several voices.) No, you'll have enough without that—you're [illegible] the story yet.

She kept me up late, say two o'clock and in spite of the novelty, (it being the first time) I got sleepy. Now the Squire had just come to the parts, and put up a one-story log cabin, and the whole family, 'cept some of the young ones, slept below. I was a little bashful 'bout gom' to bed thar, but I was three miles from home, and it rained like blue blazes. I had to do it, and did without exposin' the blanks in my linen. I resolved to be up afore any one else in the mornin', on the same account and some others.

That was the last I know'd till wakened by the hounds [half a dozen of which slept under the bed] a pullin' the covers off'n me. Holy Heavens! The sun two hours high, and breakfast on the table, and me abed! Jist as I was goin' to spring out, in pops the old woman with a plate o' venison. It was dog days you know, and she cook't in a shanty. I possomed sleep till she went out again, then looked for my trowsers—thar they war in the jaws of the pups at the foot of the bed! I made a mighty lunge over the footboard to re-take them, but oh, horrors my head down and my feet up. What's the matter thinks I—but it flasht across my mind in a minute that the hole in my linen was over the post, and a tall post tu. I kicked and floundered and flounced, but all to no purpose, I could'n get down. I strained to break the hem, but it was all no go. Jist now all the hounds commenced yellin' so furiously that the old woman and both gals run in to see what was up, and when they seed it was me they ran out agin—one begin to holler for the Squire, while tothers, through the crack, battled with fishin' poles the cursed hounds that wur wullen me. Oh, I tho't of Abslam and everybody else that ever did hang, but he dinn't hang with the wrong end up, and that was consolation I had not. I'd cust my fate like Boston, but I remembered I b'longed to meetin' and it was agin the rules. I did, howsomever, think some mighty hard words if I did'nt speak 'em! But all that did'nt do no good. I could'nt make nothin' by pullin' down'ards, so I thought I'd climb up the post, and unloose myself that way. I had nearly succeded, when one of the unmannerly pups attacked me in the rear, and loosin' my holt fell in a knot—decidedly peelin' off my linen—the button busted off and I come out full length on the floor; in precisely the same fix as Job came into the world! The next I was under the bed where the everlastin' pups had dragged my trowsers. I cufft them off, but every time I attempted to put one leg partly on, the infernal whelps would pull the other. I worried this way some time when the puncheon gave way, and I fell through in a trough of soap under the house! Gosh! I tho't I was in a pit that's bottomless. I sprung for life, but in doing this I threw myself into the face and stomach of Squire Crumpton, who was comin' on the run, 'specin' that the Injins was massacrein' the whole family. The collision threw him down hill, and I followed suit, heels over head to the bottom. Here I recovered my understanding, and without any apologies, or even one word, I struck a bee line for home, jist as I was, in all my *native purity*, at a speed that split the winds, my toe nails striking fire at every stump. But, b'oys I never went within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's afterwards—nor did I ever cast sheep's eyes at Betsy again, let alone gallant her home.'

Miscellany.

For the Huntingdon Journal.

EDUCATION.--NO. 2.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

In my last I proposed suggesting what we deem the only true system of morals to be taught in our schools.

If the family sanctuary is properly sustained, and proper moral training mingled with the education of our youth in schools, our Republican institutions will be perpetuated. They will constantly advance in glory and purity. They will attract the attention of all nations, sap the foundations of thrones, drive despots from their strongholds and last larking places. They will break the captives' bonds and set all the prisoners free.

But, if we neglect the moral training of the present, and of future generations, we care not how brilliantly the intellectual powers of the mind are unfolded, our country is destined to become 'Babylonish.' Our civil institutions will crumble away in the hands of designing politicians, and the last hope of the political world will be lost. And instead of handing down to future generations the glorious privileges bequeathed to us by our patriotic sires, we will entail upon them the curse of dragging out a miserable existence under the iron hand of tyranny.

If, then, moral training is of such vast importance in our civil government, an earnest inquiry after the best system, is the duty of every good citizen. We do no propose the sympathetic system of Dr. Adam Smith; the oscillating moral code of David Hume; the laughing system of Thomas Paine; nor yet the dancing, sentimental, and licentious morals of Rosseau. Nor can we trust the more plausible system of Warburton, Beatham and others, who make "conduciveness to happiness the ground of moral obligation, and confound the idea of the right and the useful." This low system of utilitarianism is perhaps more dangerous than the grosser codes of morals advocated by men of lower claims to respectability. It excludes the idea of God from civil government, rejects his higher law, as a rule of action, and substitutes in its place the wisdom of man. This it shall be our duty to show, has never been equal to a healthy performance of political duty in the absence of Divine direction.

But we want for our schools a moral system, as durable as the throne of God, whether considered in the abstract or concrete.

And it will now be anticipated that, we prefer the *Bible* as a class-book in all our schools. Notwithstanding many of our modern Ciceros, claim the right to educate a generation to govern the world, where the puritanical friends of the Bible have left the stage of action; and who repudiate the sacred volume as a thing too obsolete for their refined literary taste, and therefore, in some instances, insidiously, and others, impudently, banish it from our schools.

Modern philosophers, so-called, think that they have made the grand discovery, that the mind or soul is the result of physical organization, and that the Bible is a cunningly devised fable, which should be banished from our schools, and from the whole civilized world. But it is believed by others that this is a question of last importance. A question, the practical answer to which is to decide our future destiny, and the destiny of the world.

These modern lights, with their glimmering satellites, however they may differ in magnitude and power, generally acquiesce this thing, that if the intellectual powers are well cultivated, but little or no attention need be given to the moral and religious teaching of the Bible. They would have you believe that it was either the fruit of puritanical fanaticism, or of a designing priesthood, cunningly devised for the promotion of their own aggrandizement, and for the suppression of every noble aspiration of the human mind.

And it is very unfortunate that many who profess to be Christians, whenever they have power, imprison the Bible in the monastery or convent, banish it from common schools, and seal it against the people by fines and imprisonment.

It is assumed by the enemies of religious training, that man, by nature, is a progressive being, and that by the unassisted light of nature, he can, by human literature alone, arrive at the highest conceivable state of perfection. And you are frequently pointed to the progress of the nineteenth century as evidence of the fact.

But, whilst it is freely admitted, that the light of nature is shining round, objectively, with such grandeur as to invite the admiration of undepraved intellectual beings and promote the most laudable aspirations, they must have closed their eyes upon the history of past ages, who will contend that man, subjectively considered, is capable of arriving at the contemplated state of perfection unaided by a revelation from Heaven.

We cannot safely trust the government of our schools in the hands of those philosophers who hate and repudiate the Christian religion because of its holiness, and the restraint which it lays upon their own conduct; and who boast of their high mental attainments independent of the Bible, ignorant as they appear to be of its salutary effects upon that society with which they have been constantly surrounded, and still more ignorant of the influence, either directly or indirectly, of that society upon themselves. The rising generation must not be left to the tutorage of those who believe that the whole man is mortal, that the mind or soul is the result of physical organization, and that eternal sleep is the result of the disorganization of our bodies; and thus destroy that sanction of high Heaven, the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, without which our highly appreciated civil government would soon be melted down or burnt up in dark and dismal anarchy.

It will not do to boast of the progress of human science in a land of Bibles, independent of its influence. They might as well point us to a sturdy oak, which has braved the storms of Heaven for centuries, to prove thus progressed and endured, without the genial beams of the sun, or the fructifying atmosphere with which it is surrounded. As well might they point us to man in the most refined condition to prove that he derived his being from some of the meanest earthly creatures, and that he had arrived at his present state of perfection through a succession of developments without a single touch of the hand of Omnipotence; or, as well might they endeavor to satisfy us that there is no connection between cause and effect, and consequently that our world, with all its magnificence, might have been the result of blind chance, as to attempt to satisfy the honest inquirers after truth that they are under any obligations to them for their learned inovations. And they can only hope that their sophistry will tell upon the minds of those who are restless under the moral restraints of the Bible, or who have not observed its effects upon the civilized world.

And now we will proceed to interrogate ancient and modern history, for the effects of Divine Revelation upon the world.—Leaving its religious and comforting tendency in the hands of theologicians, knowing as we do, that they are sufficient to repel all infidel invasions upon their province.

But perhaps it is better for us to reserve what we have to say upon the subject for another communication. H. B. C.

A Good Domestic Medicine.—The following is an excellent preparation of bark in the form of beer—very agreeable to the taste. A gallon of water, a handful of hops; boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then remove from the fire and add a quarter of a pound of yellow bark, cover and infuse nearly two hours; add one or two heaping tablespoonsful of ginger. In fifteen minutes after strain off, and when about as warm as new milk add half a pint of yeast and a pint of molasses, keep rather warm until fermentation takes place, or froth appears on the surface; bottle it, and add a little of the essence of winter-green. A favorite receipt of a very eminent physician.—*The Homestead.*

Preparation of Sap Green.—Make a strong solution or extract of unripe blackberries, of any other plant yielding a green juice; subject it to evaporation at a very low heat. When the liquid has become as thick as molasses, pour it into a mould and expose it to the heat of the sun, or of a slow oven; the rest of the watery particles will slowly evaporate, and leave a cake of sap-green.

Queer Bits.

☞ Extensive—Miss ——'s hoops.

☞ Our farmers have generally secured their crops in their barns.

☞ Sugar is coming down. It has already fallen a cent and a-half on the pound.

☞ There is an English statute, where one-half goes to the King, and the other half to the informer—the penalty being *fourteen years transportation!*

☞ The Chicago Democrat states that eight hundred persons and firms in that city have paid the liquor license of $50 each, making a revenue of $40,000.

☞ When a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes-line without counting all of the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

☞ The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Some schoolmasters can do it in less than two.

☞ "See here, my friend, you are drunk." "To be sure I am, and have been for three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temperance mission: he lectures, and I set the frightful example!"

☞ Of seventy-five negroes in Albemarle county, Va., emancipated under Captain Jas. H. Terrell's will, and sent to Liberia, last December, nineteen died in four months after landing upon the coast of Africa.

Our Father Adam—

"He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzl'd and charm'd he call'd that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose."

☞ Speaking of prayers, reminds us of one we once heard at a Methodist revival in a neighboring town. The speaker becoming animated burst forth with, "O Lord, manifest thyself to us to-night; come right down through the roof and I'll pay for the shingles!" The effect may be imagined.

☞ Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said, "Well, Grizzle, you needn't kick round so and wear all the sheets out, if you ——"

☞ The editor of the St. Louis Leader, while passing via Cincinnati to the Railroad Celebration at Baltimore, found some cause to insinuate that Cincinnati was a 'picayune town;' whereat the Cincinnati Commercial calls the said Leader editor a "pernicious bloat." Hollidaysburg, Pa., may "look up;" a "one-horse town" is a fair match for a "picayune" one.

☞ An inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, reads as follows:—"John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." This, says the North Carolinian, reminds us of one on a tombstone near San Diego, which runs as follows:—"This yere is sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skakren, who cam to his deth by bein shot whith Coli's revolver—one of the old kind brass mountid and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

☞ The Springfield Republican tells a story of a coal dealer and an insurance officer who were conversing, when the latter suggested cigars, and jocularly offered to pay if the coal dealer, P., would get them. "Agreed," was the word, and Mr. P. received ten cents, went off and bought a couple of cigars. Mr. F., the insurance man, sat still in his chair, received his cigar, and after puffing and squeezing and punching, remarked that P. had better luck with the cigar he was puffing away upon, than had fallen to his own lot. 'I shouldn't wonder,' replied P., "*for I gave eight cents for mine, and only two for yours!*"

☞ Some young scoundrel who had no better occupation, yesterday sent us the following parody. We only wish we knew his name, that we might publish it, and sentence him to universal coventry-dom, on the part of the fair sex whose dear right is "to expand" as they deem fit:

HOOPS.

Roll on, ye monstrous whale-bone hoops—roll on!
Ten thousand squibs are launched at you in vain
Man marks the world in its resistless course,
But cannot touch the hoops; they laugh to scorn,
Jokes, punsters, clergymen, the press and all;
And when they die—as die they surely must—
'Twill be because they have gone their appointed rounds.

☞ There is a vast deal of a certain kind of originality about negro composition. Take this example of an illustration, lately used by a colored exhorter at an evening meeting not a thousand miles from Huntingdon:—"My bredren, God bless your souls. 'ligion is like de Juniata riber. In de spring come de fresh, and he bring in all de ole logs, slabs, and stick dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carries dem a down de current. Bimeby de water go down; den a log cotch here on dis island, den a slab get cotched on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes; and dere they lay, sittin' and dryin' till comes nodder fresh. Jus so dere comesival 'ligion; dis ole sinner brought in, dat ole backslider brought back; an' all the folks seem ah comin'—and mighty good times. But, bredren, God bless your souls! bimeby 'ival's gone; den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin; den dat backslider is cotched where he was afore, on jus' sich a rock; den one arter anoder got 'ligion lies long de shore ah, and dere dey lie till nodder 'vival. Beloved bredren, God bless your souls ah, git deep in de current!" How many a divine has waded through the logical "divisions" of a discourse which has not, in its whole compass so forcible an illustration as this?