The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." Editor & Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIO,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

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Mar.23,'59.-6m.*

☞ All kinds of blanks for sale at the Journal office.

SELECT POETRY.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple crowned;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dearest spot in all self-land,
To death they set apart;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost flung and broken lines;
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tassel'd head;
Within a stag-horned sumach grows
Fern leafed, with spikes of red.

There sheep that graze the neighboring plain,
Like white ghosts come and go;
The farm horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low mourns the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast;
The school girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified—
That he might read who ran—
The promptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Were, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept,
From beauty turned aside;
Nor missed they over those who slept,
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty nature loves to share,
The gift she hath for all;
The common light, the common air,
O'ercrept the grave yard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified,
It slept beneath the moon.

A SELECT STORY.

From Chambers' Journal.

I was apprenticed to a decorative painter, but being of a bold, and danger loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritine life, and having married and determined to stick to shore, I got work with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very cool head, and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and so I was soon a favorite hand with my master.

We had on one occasion to fasten a lightening conductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming choose myself and one Mr Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About a half dozen of us went that morning with a hand cart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or cradle. Having flown the kite, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.

Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stepped into the cradle, the men banteringly asked him if he hadn't a dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr Staming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already filled with starers.—Colly was quiet; and when I waved my cap to the people he said snappishly that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse those gaping fools, who, he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near to us but this straining rope, I began to see the peril of the under taking. What Colly thought of it, I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height.

Good heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away, without slacking speed in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that windlass the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprung up and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was on it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling line and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with affright; and the moment he got on the coping which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out, "where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray?" and so I said, very solemnly, "sit down, Iem; God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down."

The color of his face was a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward and forward so that I felt certain that he must topple over.

"Come, Jem, lad," I said, thinking to take the fright off him; "it's bad enough, but it can't be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arms around the rod—may be it will steady you."

"Where are you? and where is this rod?" he asked, in a very low voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he was gone blind with fright, and self preservation said, don't go near him; but when I remembered his new wedded wife, and that taking him all thro' he was always a very decent fellow; and I thought how I should have liked him to have done if I had been in his case; so I determined to run a bit of risk in his favor. Of course, I darst not get on my feet, but working myself on my hands, I got to him, and putting my arm around his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm around the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected every moment to see it come bodily down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were running round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and, by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board and carry him gently away towards the engine-house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterwards that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never thought about us; and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus were we left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cat calls, and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad.

Even now I tremble when I think of that time; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty, and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly—thank God, he had so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times, as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin, and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself towards me. I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice round that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that I was fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on to certain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he covered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom, and, by another good providence, I happened to have a bit of red lead pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "Get us down—Colly's gone mad." This I shut in my tobacco box, and was fortunate enough to drop it just at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I scrambled in myself, and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower, and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

He was in a madhouse for some months, and then went to scavengering, for he never could face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that adventure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Democratic State Address—Squatter Sovereignty Repudiated—A Slave Code Advocated.

As was anticipated at the time Mr. Robert Tyler, of Virginia, was appointed Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania, that gentleman has issued an address to the democracy he was imported to take charge of, in which he advocates the enactment of a Congressional Slave Code for the Territories. This advocacy is concealed under some very specious verbiage; but its aim is easily perceived, in spite of the flimsy attempt to conceal it.

It is well known that in 1856 the democracy of this State carried on the campaign on the ground that Congress was *not* sovereign in the territories, and that the people thereof *were* sovereign, and had therefore the right to regulate their own institutions in their own way.—Compare the doctrine then urged by the Buchanan party with the following, which we copy from the Address:

"We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the illegitimate assumptions of "Squatter Sovereignty." We are clearly of opinion that a Territory of the United States can, in no respect whatever, be regarded as either a Foreign or Sovereign State. Nor can it even, the Congress can pass no law for the government of the people, whose agency they, the States, through an expenditure of *their* treasure, and it may be *their* blood, have acquired the very territories in question, as so much public domain or "*common property*."

Where, let us ask, resides the right of eminent domain over a Territory of the United States? Is it not admitted by all to be with the Federal Government? Where shall we look for the right and power to ascertain and fix all Territorial boundaries? Is it not to the Federal Government? Where shall we seek the right and power and duty to dispose of all lands embraced in the Territory? The answer is, in the Federal Government. Where is the government of a Territory is lodged the Executive authority? It is lodged in the hands of a Federal Governor. Where is the Judicial power of a Territorial Government? In the keeping of a Federal Judiciary. Where is the Legislative power? Every one knows it did not exist, and that it could not legally exist, until called into being by the Federal Congress, in the organic act of Territorial Government.—In all these demonstrations of power, and here can be none others outside of them in a Territorial Government, we behold the direct, positive and tangible evidences of the presence of the sovereignty of the Government of the United States, excluding the pretensions of Squatter or Territorial Legislative Sovereignty, or Popular Sovereignty when used as a coercible term with these, as being alike untenable in fact and preposterous in logic."

In 1856 "Squatter Sovereignty" was the watchword of the party; now, the party cannot subscribe to it!" On the contrary, it commands that the power of Congress in the territories is supreme, and that the interpretation of the constitutional power of Congress belongs the Supreme Court. So, the people of the territories are powerless—mere subjects of Congress *and* the Supreme Court. The Address goes on to say:

"We are opposed, however, to the introduction of any provision particularly protecting slave, or any other kind of property, into act organizing a Territorial Government. But if a Territory attempt nullification, or rebellion, in the shape of resistance to acts of Congress, or to judicial decisions in their proper logical and legal consequences, or to any other legitimate acts done in and by virtue of the constitutional authority of the United States over theme, then the Federal Government should announce interpose and put it down."

In other words, if a territorial legislature should undertake to exclude or prohibit Slavery, in contravention of the Dred Scott decision, it would be the duty of Congress at once to interpose and put down such an act of rebellion. If the territorial legislature opposes Slave Congress must interpose for the protection Slavery—an indirect and roundabout way of announcing the duty of Congress to enact a Congressional Slave Code.

The Democracy of this State, under the tagacious lead of Mr. Robert Tyler, of Virginia, are therefore plainly on the record as the friends of Congressional Intervention for the protection of Slavery in the territories. After quoting the pretentious resolution in the Cincinnati platform, which asserts that the people of a territory in forming a constitution have right to exclude slavery or not, as they please address goes on to say:

"This resolution distinctly represents the marked difference between the revolutionary efforts of the first squatters in a newly territory to abolish negro slavery or to prevent the introduction of slave property into a territory incompetent agency of territorial legislature and the constitutional and quiet exercise of the rights of sovereignty, by the people of a territory in the formation of a State Constitution with or without domestic slavery, as they may determine. In the meantime, the citizens of each and every State, being in all respects equal with each other under the Constitution, take their various kinds of property into the territory with them, and while in a territorial condition they and their property are all equally protected by the Constitution of the United States and the Dred Scott decision. We thus stand on the sure foundation of the Constitution and the Law, which sternly and justly denies *the arbitrary power of one set of settlers to confiscate the property of another set.*"

This is an emphatic affirmance of the doctrine that if ninety-nine hundredths of the people of a territory are opposed to slavery they can do nothing to prevent the other hundredth from bringing in slaves *ad libitum*. The right to hold slaves, there, in defiance of the popular will, is thus distinctly recognized; and by parity of reasoning, the right to hold slaves there in involves the duty, in those who recognize the right, of protecting it.

The whole address is a direct repudiation, not merely of the ground taken by the party in 1856, but of the positions now occupied by Mr. Douglas and his friends. It is a declaration of war against the Douglas men, and we cannot see how it is possible for any democrat who sympathises with Douglas, to give his support to the Democratic State Ticket. If any one of them does so, he does it upon the basis laid down in this address; and every vote given for Rowe and Wright will be claimed as a vote in favor of its repulsive and Anti-Democratic doctrines.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

WHY WE SHOULD GET MARRIED.

The New York City Mutual Life Insurance Company, have recently published some interesting statistics founded on the experience of the company. The following are interesting:

The average duration of human life is worked out in a very cool and systematic manner, and proves that the dangerous period for young America is—of course after infancy—the age of twenty or thereabouts. When a man gets to be thirty years of age his prospects of further existence are quite fair, but decrease rapidly from sixty. Some curious variations are, however, observable in this general rule for we find in the comparative security of life, namely, at ages twenty-seven and forty two for maxima, and at twenty four and thirty five for minima. In other words, the value of life or chance of living during the ensuing year increases from the age of twenty-four to twenty seven; decreases from the latter age to that of thirty-four; again rapidly increases from the age of thirty four to that of forty two after which the value again decreases, and with considerable regularity, to the close of life. Thus, those of our readers who are now in their twenty-seventh and those in their forty-second year, stand a better chance than less favored mortals of seeing the next anniversary of their birth. Notwithstanding this consoling reflection, we would not, however, advise them to go too much in the sun, to drink too freely of ice water, or to attempt to read President Buchanan's next message.

For bachelors—those very Ishmaels of society, who find everybody's hands against them—we have little that is consolatory.—If they consult the interests of the Life Insurance companies, and feel any desire to possess length of days and live long in the land, they will at once rush to matrimony, for, though the annual mortality among husbands at the younger ages is excessively high, two hundred and ninety-three young husbands *under twenty years old* dying to every sixty-seven bachelors of the same age, yet the annual mortality of bachelors who may be above the age of twenty is from seventy-four to forty-one per cent greater than that among husbands.—At least that is the result of statistics of French mortality, and may hold good to a greater or less extent in the United States. Thus, the duty of every honest man is to take care of himself until he is twenty, then take a wife, and then take out an insurance policy on his life.

Here are a few more of the French statistics, interesting to women. It appears that they can exist in unmarried life better than the stronger sex, for, while one hundred married men die, one hundred and seventy-four bachelors yield up the ghost; whereas only eighty-eight spinsters take their final leave. This is for the ages between twenty and thirty. When between forty and fifty years old, one hundred and seventy-two bachelors and one hundred and thirty-eight spinsters die to one hundred married people of the same age. Indeed vital statistics are uncompromising as to the matrimonial question. The sum total of all their figures seems to be, "You must marry."

☞ Coffee is as much improved by washing before roasting as potatoes before cooking, for those who dislike to drink dirt.

Kossuth Has Some Sense Left.

The ex Governor of Hungary has issued the following proclamation, which has some sprinkling of common sense in it:

To the Hungarian Exiles Residing in the United States.—At the time of the late Crimean war several of my exiled countrymen brought great misery upon themselves by throwing up their situations, and leaving the United States for Europe, not taking care to ascertain whether or not circumstances warrauted the step.

I fear the present state of European affairs, together with partly vague, partly exaggerated, partly unfounded reports, may have a similar effect.

I consider it, therefore, to be my duty to warn my exiled fellow countrymen in America, that *it is not yet time for them to move.*

Grave considerations forbid my entering on premature explanations. Suffice it to say that, though the sky is brightening promisingly, we have yet great difficulties to overcome.

Due care is taken not only of the interest of our country, but also especially of their personal interests.

They shall be duly apprised in due time. But the time has not yet come. Let them patiently, let them confidently wait. Any inconsiderate rashness might bring personal ruin on them, without the slightest advantage to the public cause.

KOSSUTH.

LONDON, England, June 9, 1859.

Kossuth's advice to his countrymen, to stay where they are well off, is good. He has probably discovered that the Emperor and the King of Sardinia have counted him "out" in the Italian fight. They undoubtedly regard him as too much of a political philosopher for practical purposes, and would rather read his address in the papers than admit him into their counsels. Garibaldi is on the scene of action, and they cannot squarely and openly repudiate him, but they are very careful not to afford him any encouragement, or apprise him of their plans. If he makes a successful dash on his own hook, they quietly accept the benefit of it, without troubling themselves to mention his name in their despatches.

A New Way to Collect an Old Debt.

agencies for the collection of debt in New York, viz: Burling, who shakes his palsied hand at his unfortunate victim till sheer weariness and terror compel payment, and that dashing one-horse turn-out which makes such inconveniently long calls before the recusant debtor's door. In Buffalo it appears they have, just at this time, a similar institution in the shape of a woman, known as "the knitting lady," who every day sits knitting in front of the residence of her debtor on Seven street. She has regular and large audiences, and her tale is received with the warmest sympathy. The feeling only reaches toward the delinquent debtor, and seeks nothing beyond simple justice to an indignant widow, who has been rendered penniless through the neglect of this individual to pay. And so she sits, and will sit forever, until she sees the color of his money.

And that woman, always knitting, still is sitting,
On the chair she every morning plants before her debtor's door;
And her eyes have all the seeming of a female who is deeming
She will give the man a steaming
If he does not pay her score,
And he thinks this knitting stockings
Is the *darndest* kind of bore.

WHAT OUR FINE FRUITS HAVE SPRUNG FROM.—The peach, originally, was a poisonous almond. Its flesh parts were then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

The nectarine and apricot are natural hybridations between the peach and plum.

The cherry was originally a berry like fruit, and cultivation has given each berry a seperate stem, and improved its quality. The common mazzard is the original of the present kind of cherries.

The common wild pear is even inferior to the choke pear, and still, by cultivation it has come to rank among our finest fruits.

The cabbage originally came from Germany, and is nothing more than common sea kale. Its cultivation has produced the present cabbage and its different acclimations the different kinds; while its hybridations with other similar plants have produced the cauliflower.

This shews the benefits of cultivation in the vegetable world; but the change which cultivation has effected in the mind of man, is infinitely greater.

☞ The Washington Constitution says that "we owe Spain a flogging." Perhaps "we" do, but "we" are not remarkable for promptitude of payment, and Spain can in this case, no doubt afford to wait.

☞ Don't always be speaking of self.

EXTRACT.

From the oration delivered in Peoria, on the 4th inst., by our former townsman, Wm. McGalliard, Esq., we select the concluding paragraph. The leading topic of the oration was the Declaration of Independence, its history and its bearings upon the past, present and future of political history,—and concluded as follows:

When the tide of progress and civilization surging from the rising to the setting of the sun, halting on the verge of the Pacific, shall roll in a flood from North to South over this wide continent,—from Polar snows to torrid heats,—when the Aztec of Mexico,—the Amazon and the Spaniard of the South and the Islands of the Gulf shall be merged with us,—when this new world shall be consecrated to Liberty,—*what, what* will be the boast of those, who in future ages shall stand here and count us among the ancients of the Earth? Archimedes proudly said—"give me where to stand and I'll move the Earth!" Fellow-citizens, *our* nation is to be that Archimedes' lever,—our soil, the place. We are reserved for a high and noble destiny. This glorious declaration has but begun a work whose consummation time only can reveal. The wide world is the arena where the athlete in the pride and strength of his manhood shall perform exploits before which the deeds of his youth shall pale. For as Hercules the babe, who from his cradle, with infantile arm, strangled the serpent, was but a dim presage of Hercules the man who slew the Nemean Lion, so too, America has yet to give the grandest proofs of her greatness and glory. Her mission and her glorious destiny is the emancipation, the fraternizing of the nations of the earth. When this declaration shall have accomplished this end—its purpose and its promise will be fulfilled. We are but the vanguard in the march of myriad hosts, upon whose banners shall be inscribed "Liberty." From our mount of privilege, we say to the down trodden nations, the day of their jubilee is dawning upon the mountain tops.

Open the ponderous tones of History see how through the ages, the great idea of Civil Liberty has been growing in hearts of men. Time has not weakened it, failure has not blighted, despair has not quenched it, oppression has not smothered it.

The same spirit which wrested the Magna Charta from the reluctant hands of a Runnymede Moor and drove another from a throne, the same holy ardor that burned in the soul of a Winkling and Adolphus, a Cromwell, a Kosciusco and a Bozzaris is the same which testified and witnessed its purpose in the baptism of blood at Lexington and Bunker Hill. It lives and burns unquenched and unquenchable in the heart of a Kossuth, a Hugo and a Mazzini, and millions of souls in Italy, France and Germany to day. From out the entangled imbroglio of wars, treaties, alliances and leagues—the destiny of nations is revolving to a sure and certain conclusion. So sure as the laws of God and of nature are immutable, we may hope that the day will come when empire's glory and empire's self shall fall, when freedom's flag shall wave over royal palaces, when senates shall sit in chambers of kings.

De Soto and his weary followers, wandering for months through the trackless forests of a new and unexplored continent, through danger and fatigue and toil, stand at the close of a summer day as the radiant sun-god sinks in glory in the boundless plains of the west, stand for the first time on the banks of the swelling and majestic Mississippi. Its broad glassy waters lay flashing in the summer's sun, their origin and destiny unknown. Thousands of miles to the north, down the slopes of the Rocky Mountains flow the rills that swelled the tide before them, and weary leagues to the south it mingled in the ocean, whose waters went circling round the globe. As the glory and the beauty of the scene burst upon the souls, as they stand still, silent and gaze with welling hearts, those sturdy, gallant and brave old cavaliers, weep the silent tears of joy and then—O! listen to the mighty shout that makes the welkin ring, as they claim the land this mighty river drains, for their God and their king. So too, to-day, we standing here at the close of another cycle of our national existence, rapt in admiration of the greatness and the glory we have attained—our origin embosomed in the distant past, and our future stretching away in limitless expance before us, will make the welkin ring with the joyful shout as we claim for Liberty and for God, the nations of the earth.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Young man, never content yourself with the idea of having a common place wife. You want one who will stimulate you, stir you up, keep you moving, joke you on your weak points, and make something of you. Don't be afraid that you cannot get such a wife.—We very well remember the reply which a gentleman who happened to combine the qualities of wit and common sense, made to a young man who expressed a fear that a certain young lady of great beauty and attainments would dismiss him if he should become serious. 'My friend' said the wit, 'women infinitely more beautiful and accomplished than she is, have married men infinitely uglier and meaner than you.'

These two lines which look so solemn,
Were put in here to fill his column.