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WM. BREWSTER,

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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
permeates 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, arsenical, and other
ordered or unwholesome food, impure air, dirt
and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and
above all, by the venereal infection. What-
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-
stitution, descending from parents to children
unto the third and fourth generation. 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 and poisonous matter, which,
the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed
tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on
the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul cor-
ruption, which renders the blood, depresses
the energies of life, and that scrofulous con-
ditions not only suffer from general com-
plaints, but they have far less power to with-
stand the attacks of other diseases; conse-
quently, vast numbers perish by disorders
which, although not dangerous in their nature,
are still rendered fatal by this taint in the
system. Most of the consumption which
devastates the human family has its origin direct-
ly 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 in-
fection, and their health is undermined by it.
To cleanse it from the system, and to restore
the blood by an alterative medicine, and in-
vigorate it by healthy food and exercise.
Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
The most effective remedy which the medical
skill of our times can devise for this every-
where prevailing and fatal malady. It is com-
bined from the most active remedies 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 affec-
tions which arise from it, such as Eczema and
Scurvy, Dyspepsia, Sp. Assensio's Flux,
Rosa, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules,
Blotches, Blisters and Boils, Tumors, Tetters
and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,
Rheumatism, Syphilis and Mercurial Dis-
eases, Dropsy, Dysuria, Dentary, and,
indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIA-
TION 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 Sarsapa-
rilla 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 PHYSIC,
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 organ-
ism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring
healthy vitality. As a consequence of these
properties, the invalid 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.
Not only do they cure the every-day complaints
of every body, but also many formidable and
dangerous diseases. The agents below name, is
pleased to furnish gratis their American Almanac,
containing certificates of their cures and directions
for their use in the following complaints: Costive-
ness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disorders
of the Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid
Action of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite,
Jaundice, and other kindred complaints.
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 that can never be forgotten, and pro-
duced cures too numerous and too remarkable to
be forgotten.

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 nu-
merous are the cases of its cures, that almost
every section of country abounds in persons pub-
licly 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 the
climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon
the community have failed and been discarded, this
has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits
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PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 16, 1858.—ly.

SELECT POETRY.

The Beggar and the Christian.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

'Twas high communion! and within the gate
Of a proud temple, dedicate to God,
A beggar stood—a wretched, way-worn man;
Aged and sick, ragged and wo-begone;
Scathed by the storms of more than eighty years,
And stretching forth his palsied, shivering hand,
In supplication to the solemn throng,
Bound for the altar of the living God,
For charitable alms. There! there he stood,
In the mute eloquence of pining want,
Appealing to a brother Christian's love,
Within the portals of God's holy house.
And still he stood, and hundreds passed him by,
Bored by the clamor of the multitude,
Flaunting in silks, decked with nodding plumes,
Beiz'd out with flowers and rich array,
That might have put all quarters of the globe
In contribution and rich rivalry!
Not one in that bright throng—alas! not one,
Piously bent in sacrifice to God,
And meek commemoration of the blood
Shed by Almighty and Redeeming Grace,
Bestowed a tear, a thought, a passing glance,
On this poor, feeble, homeless, squallid wretch.
No liberal hand, moved by a feeling heart,
Administered relief! All seemed to shrink
From this sad remnant of mortality,
And off, I feared, in the anxiety of devotion,
That some proud pharisee, in fancied virtue,
Might trample down this humble petitioner,
In eager haste to his master's bidding.

Who that beholds a touching scene like this
On the Lord's day—a day of sacrifice—
Of Christian hope—of Christian penitence—
But scorns his nature. Twenty thousand prayers
Empty and formal, selfish and constrained,
Could not remove the blur on Christian virtue,
Thus publicly—thus wantonly displayed,
In the Lord's house, the refuge of his flock,
Against the very law that they profess.
Against the example of Redeeming Love,
The sacred bulwark of the Christian faith.
Why do you break the bread and drink the wine,
In memory of the Cross and Calvary,
And yet withhold a miserable mite
From Lazarus—your kind, your kin, brother?
From Lazarus—your kind, your kin, brother?
For such, at least, is your meek Saviour's creed,
As will be found in the verses of God,
Inscribed upon His book of final judgment,
By a Redeemer's hand, and in his blood!
Your offerings and your sacrifice are vain,
Vain all your faith, unanctified by force,
While thus you trample o'er an outcast brother,
And look with apathy on wretchedness
Enough to melt a heathen's heart.
How many of these Saints that joined the table,
Drank of the symbol wine and broke the bread
In dear remembrance of the Saviour's body,
Did it unworthily!

Vainly you hope to merit Heaven's blessing
By trampling on its creatures or its laws.
The holiest sacrifice, the richest incense,
Is that which issues from a contrite heart,
In double duty, both to Earth and Heaven.
Faith without works is dead; and prayer itself,
Though you should kneel away the altar stone,
Is poor assurance of celestial hope,
Unless thou LOV'ST THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

A SELECT STORY.

The Proud Heart Humbled.

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses,
neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."
The March night had darkened down
upon the little New England village of
Ashdale. It was a pretty place in the
summer lying between two hills, on whose
summits the ash trees lifted their arms to
the sky, all the long bright days, as if im-
poring a benediction, or spread them out
lovingly over the white houses nestled
round the one church in the vale below.
But to-night it wore a different aspect.
A storm was upon the hills. A lute snow
and rain were borne upon its wings, but
not much. Chiefly it was the force of the
rushing wind; shaking the leafless ash
trees; hustling against closed windows;
swinging the bell in the old church tower,
till it gave it rth now and then, a dirge like
peal, as if the dead were tolling their own
requiems.

Many homes there were where the wild
scene without seemed to heighten, by the
force of contrast, the blessed calm within—
homes where smiling infants slept warm
and still, through the twilight, in the soft
hush of mother's bosoms, and happy chil-
dren gathered round the knee of father or
grand sire, to hear again some simple story;
or thoughtful ones looked into the fire,
and fashioned from the embers brave cast-
les, in which they had never come to abide,
with ruined windows and blackened walls.
"The twilight of memory over all.
And the silence of death within."

But in one house no stories were told to
gladly listening ears—no soft evening
hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest—
no children's eager eyes looked into the
embers. It was the stately house, by far,
in the little village—a lofty mansion
gleaming white in the trees, with the roof
supported by massive pillars. No where
did the evening fire burn brighter, but in-
to it looked two old people, worn and sor-
rowful, with the shadows of grief and time
upon their shrivelled faces—who had for-
gotten long ago their youth's fair castles;
who look'd back over waste fields of mem-
ory, but not even setting sunrises gilded
the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat silently. They had sat silently
ever since they gathered. The lofty, well
furnished room was lighted only by the
wood fire's glow, and in the corners
strange shadows seemed to gather, beck-
oning hands, and white brows gleamed
spectrally through the darkness. To-
wards them, now and then, the wife look-
ed with anxious searching gaze; then
turned back towards the fire, and clasped
her hands over the heart that had learned
through many trials the hard lesson of pa-
tience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self conceit-
ed man. In his native town where he had
passed all his life, none stood higher in the
public esteem. Towards the poor he was
liberal—towards his neighbors, just and
friendly; yet, for all that, he was a hard

man, whose will was iron, whose habits
were granite. His wife had come to know
this, even in her honeymoon. The knowl-
edge was endorsed by her sad, waiting
face, restrained manners.

His daughter Caroline, his only child,
had learned it early, and her father became
to her almost as much an object of fear as
of tenderness.

And yet he loved them with a strength
which more yielding natures could not
have fathomed. When his child was first
put into his arms, when her frail, helpless
hands groped blindly at his own he felt
the strong thrill of father love sweep over
him. For the moment it swelled his soul,
irradiated his face, flooded his heart, but it
did not permanently change or soften his
nature. As she grew to womanhood, and
her bright head glanced in his path, she was
the fairest sight earth held, her ring-
ing voice the sweetest music. He never
gratified her whims, nor always yielded to
her reasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave
her hand to one whose father Judge How-
ard hated. James Huntly and he had
been young together, and a feud had arisen
between them which Rufus Howard's na-
ture allowed him neither to forget nor
forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson,
holier than philosophy loftier than all the
teachings of seers and sages, the lesson our
Saviour lived, wrought, and died to teach
of forgiveness even for our enemies—
prayer for those who have despicably
used us and persecuted us. His former
enemy was dead now, but not as the Judge's
hate, it had been transmitted, like real
estate, to the dead man's heir; and so he
forbade his daughter to marry him, and
sternly bade her to choose between parents
and lover. She inherited her father's
strong will, and she put her hand in Rich-
ard Huntly's and went forth—she would
not have been her father's child if she had
not—without a tear.

From that time, for ten years, her name
had been a forbidden word. Letters she
had written at first during her banishment,
but they had been sent back unopened,
and for years no voice or token had come
to tell whether she were dead or living.
Therefore the mother looked shudderingly
into the shadow haunted corners in the
long twilight, and almost believed she
saw there the face for which her mother's
heart had yearned momentally all these
years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too—Oh,
if she had not known it! every outline of
that sad waiting face, every thread of that
silver hair, was dearer to him now than the
brilliant roses crowning the girl bride he had
chosen, but his lips never soothed away the
sadness of that patient face.

"It's a terrible night," he said at length,
rousing himself from his long slumber.
In the pause after his words you could hear
how the wind shook the house, groaned
among the trees and sighed along the gar-
den walks.

"Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered
with a shudder. "God grant no poor soul
may be out in it, shelterless."
"Amen. I would take in my worst en-
emy on such a night as this."
His worst enemy; but would he have
taken in his own child; the daughter with
his blood in her veins, fed once at his
board, warmed at his hearth? If this
question crossed his wife's mind, she gave
it no utterance.

"Shall I light the candles, Rufus?" she
asked meekly.

"Yes, it is almost bed time. I had for-
gotten how long we were sitting in the dark.
I will read now, and then we shall be bet-
ter in bed."

He drew towards him the Bible, which
lay between the candles she had lighted—
it had been his habit, for years, to read a
chapter of it nightly. Somehow, to-night,
the pages opened at the beautiful, ever new
story of the prodigal son. Judge
Howard read it through calmly, but his
hand trembled as he shut the Book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused,
as if his pride were still too strong to per-
mit him to confess himself in the wrong.
But soon he proceeded. "Hannah, I do
suppose that was written for an example
to those who should seek to be numbered
with the children of God. He is our Fa-
ther, and his arms are ever open to the
wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely
about Caroline. She should not have dis-
obeyed me, but—do I never disobey God,
and where should I be, if He measured
out to me such measures as I have to her?
Oh, Hannah, I never felt before how much
I needed to be forgiven."

The mother's tears were falling still and
fast—she could not answer. There was
silence for a moment and then again the
Judge said, restlessly—"Hannah!" and
she looked up into his white, moved face.

"Hannah, could we find her? Do you
think she lives still—our only child?"

"God knows, my husband. Sometimes
I think that she is dead. I see her face
on dark nights, and it wears a look of heav-
enly peace. In the winds I hear a voice
that sounds like hers, and she seems try-
ing to tell me she has found rest. But no,
no—her face kindled—she is not dead.
I feel it in my soul—God will let us see
her once more—I am her mother. I shall
not die till my kisses have rested on her
cheek, my hand touched her hair; I be-
lieve I have a promise. Rufus."

"God grant it, Hannah," and after those
words they both sat listening—listening—
listening.

They had not heard the door open, but
now a step sounded in the hall, and the
door of the room where they sat, was soft-
ly unclasped. They both started up—per-
haps they half expected to see Caroline,
but it was only their next neighbor, hold-
ing by the hand a child. She spoke ear-
gently, in a half concealed way, which they

did not seem, apparently, then to notice.
"This child came to my house, Judge,
but I hadn't room to keep her, so I brought
her over here. Will you take her in?"
"Surely, surely. Come here, poor
child."

Who had ever heard Judge Howard's
voice so gentle? The little girl seemed
somewhat reassured by it. She crept to
his knee and lifted up her face. The
Judge bent over her. Whose were those
blue, deep eyes? Where had he seen
that peculiar shade of hair, like the shell
of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those
small, sweet features, that wistful mouth
and delicate chin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you? What
is your name?"

"Grace," and the child trembled visi-
bly.

"Grace Huntly," said the neighbor's
voice, grown somewhat quivering now—
"Grace Huntly. You cannot help know-
ing the face, Judge. It is a copy of the
one which belonged once to the brightest
and prettiest girl in Ashdale."

"The old man—he looked very old now,
shaken by the tempest in his strong heart,
as the wind shook the tree outside—drew
the child to his bosom with an eager, hun-
gry look. His arms closed around her as
if they would hold her there forever.

"My child, my child!" burst like a sob
from his lips, and then he bent over her sit-
tently. At first his wife stood by in mute
amazement, her face almost as white as the
cap border which trembled around it.—
Now a thought pierced her quick and keen
as the thrust of a sword. She drew near
and looked piteously into the neighbor's
eyes.

"Is she an orphan? Where is her moth-
er?"

The Judge heard her, and lifted up his
head.

"Yes," he cried, "where is Caroline?
Have you and tell me where is Caroline?"
Before the woman could answer, an
eager voice called—Here, father, mother,
here! and from the hall where she had
been lingering, half in fear, Judge How-
ard's own child came in. It was to the
mother's breast to which she clung first—
the mother's arms which clasped her with
such passionate clinging, and then she
trotted forward, and threw herself down
at her father's feet.

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say,
but the Judge would not hear her. The
angel had troubled, at length, the deep
water of his soul, and the wave of healing
overflowed his heart. He saw now, in its
true light, the self will and the unforgiv-
ing spirit which had been the sin of his
life. He sank upon his knees, his arms
enfolded his daughter and her child, and
his old wife crept to his side, and knelt
beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh
heard, as she closed the door, and left the
now united family to themselves, this
prayer:

"Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive those that trespass against us."
Judge Howard had not uttered it before
for ten years.

After that night the Judge's mansion
was not only the stately, but the happiest
home in Ashdale. Caroline Huntly
had borne long as she could, the burden
of weight on her heart, and when it had
grown too heavy to be endured, she started
with her child for home. The stage had
set them down that stormy night in her
native village, and the forgiveness for which
she had secretly dared to hope had ex-
panded into welcome.

The old people could not again spare
their daughter, and they summoned Rich-
ard Huntly home. A son he proved, of
whom any father might be proud, and in
after years no shadows brooded over the
peaceful dwelling, where once more chil-
dren's feet danced round the hearthfire and
children's fancies built castles in the em-
bers—no shadows, until that last darkness
which will rise the calm morning of eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reminiscence of School Life.

We were a precious set of fellows at
old Friend Ralph's school some ten years
since.

Ralph, our teacher, was a quiet Quaker
gentleman, one who loved his pupils and
governed them after a manner peculiarly
his own. We all loved him, yet our young
heads were always filled with mischievous
plans for troubling the good old man.

Ralph was a single gentleman, and old
Peggy, his housekeeper, ruled with un-
disputed sway in door. We all loved old
Peggy, too, but her pies we loved still
better; and when for an instant, the little
cupboard in the kitchen entry was left
open, we took advantage of it instantly.

Our frequent visits were discovered and
reported to old Ralph, who said nothing
more than, "Let the young lads eat until
it pineth them." And we did eat until
Peggy hired the carpenter to put a new
lock on the cupboard door and our teasing
was over.

Three weeks passed away, and one day
Peggy made a fine batch of pies. We
sighed longingly as we watched the good
dame carefully lock the door, that shut us
from the feast. We could not sleep that
night while beneath our room lay shelves
of pumpkin pies.

"Jim," said my room mate, "make
haste and dress; we will have a feast yet.
An idea has struck me. You know the
flooring of our room is rickety, and the
closet is just beneath us. Now as there is
but a single floor, we can easily lift the
boards and get into the closet. You are
the lightest—so you must go down and

pass up the fixings!" With this infor-
mation I prepared to descend into the closet,
my chum having lifted, with some trouble,
a narrow board in the floor of our cham-
ber. Down I went, safely at first, but an
unlucky slip caused me to land on a large
pumpkin which besmeared me in an un-
comfortable manner.

"Here, Bill, you thief!" I loudly whis-
pered, as I passed up a pie, "take this
one, and stand by for another." But no
hand was put out to take the pie, while I
thought the door of our room grated upon
its hinges. "Bill, you rascal why don't
you take the pie?" whispered I again.—
Soon a hand was thrust into my face, and
supposing it to be my friend's, I put the
pie into the hand. Soon the hand was
thrust into my face again. In the highest
glee, I cried out:

"You pig! how many pies can you
eat!"

"All!" was the low response.

"And you shall have all if they are
gettable," was my ready response.

"There is not another one down here,
Bill," I slyly said.

"Then they mayest come up, James,
and we will eat them," was the startling
response that came to my ears.

As I crawled out of the cupboard, old
Ralph stood before me with the last pie in
his hand. Beside him trembling stood
my chum, and I discovered to my shame
that I had passed up all the pies, not to
my room-mate, but to my teacher, Ralph.

OLD VIRGINIA.

An Illinois Sucker took a great dislike to
a foolish young Virginian who was a fel-
low-passenger with him on one of the Mis-
sissippi steamboats. I was on the boat
(said D. Cecil Doolittle,) and saw the whole
affair. The Virginian was continually
combing his hair, brushing his clothes, or
dusting his boots—to all which movements
the Sucker took exceptions, as being what
he termed, "a leetle too darned nice, by
half." He finally drew up his chair beside
the Virginian and began—

"What might you be from stranger?"

"I am from Virginia, sir," politely
answered the gent.

"From old Virginy, I's'pose," says the
Sucker.

"Yes, sir, old Virginia," was the reply.

"You poity high up in the pictures
that, I suppose?"

"I don't know what you mean by that re-
mark, sir."

"Oh, nuthin'," says the Sucker, "but
that you are desperate rich, and have been
brought up right nice."

"If the information will gratify you, in
any way," says the gent patronizingly,
smoothing down his hair, "I belong to one
of the first families."

"Oh, in course," answered the Sucker.
"Well stranger, bein' as you belong to the
firsts I'll just give you two of the fattest
shouts in all Illinois if you'll only find me
a feller that belongs to one of the second
Virginian families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir,"
says the Virginian.

"No, stranger, not an atom," answered
the Sucker, "but I never seed one of the
second family, and I'd gin you to get a
sight of one of 'em. I know you are one
of the fust, cause you look just like John
Randolph."

This mollified the Virginian—the hint
of a resemblance to the statesman was
flattering to his feelings, and he accord-
ingly acknowledged relationship to the
orator.

"He, you know, descended from the
origin'g, Pocahontas."

"You are right sir," answered the other.

"Well stranger," said the Sucker, "do
you know that is another queer thing allys
puzzles me, and it's this—I never seed a
Virginian that didn't claim to be either
descended from an Injin, John Randolph,
or a nigger?"

We need not add that the Sucker rolled
off his chair—suddenly! They were sepa-
rated instantly within our inner life's sweet
often painful remembrances of the past—
Strange that an old tune should thus effect
the bosom of humanity. But true it is,
that the visible world is so inseparably con-
nected with the inward and invisible por-
tion of our nature. For we often find,
"though slight withal the thing may be,"
touching a particular chord within the me-
retrite trifle, such as an old tune, a look,
a tone of voice carries us back to past times,
may be our childhood's days—those sweet
days of hope and love. Oh! how will
an old tune bring forth to our view that
golden period of our existence! How distinct-
ly we behold in our imagination some
familiar spot where we have often met and
parted from those we loved! How visible
we catch the smile of a long lost, but well
remembered and much loved friend! How
audible we hear the voice of tender love
and kindly admonitions! these and a thou-
sand other by gone scenes and associations
are portrayed to the mind's eye at the vi-
brations of an old tune. Aye, and with
what determined tenacity the soul clings
to and revels amid the realizations of the past
—"dark as Erebus" must that soul be
which has not some fire kindled within it
at the sound of the past; 'causal must
be the heart that is not filled with emotions
of joy or regret at the mention of so much
a sentence as the past. Dried up indeed
must be the rivulets of that heart whose
flood gates will not send forth a glittering
stream at the remembrance of the past,
produced by the soul awakening echoes of
an old tune.

FORMATION OF COAL.

Few people have any conception of the
process by which those immense deposits
of combustible matter were prepared, from
which the fuel of the world in all coming
time, so long as fuel shall be required, is
to be supplied—not of the peculiar condi-
tion of the earth and its surroundings dur-
ing the long period occupied by that might-
y chemical elaboration. The thought
that during the slow lapse of these uncount-
ed years, and indeed during the almost
inconceivable ages that had preceded
them, no living voice broke upon the still-
ness of eternity, and no moving thing
that had life existed above the surface of
the waters, is one of the peculiar interest
and grandeur. Yet that such was the
fact is made evident by the unerring record
of the great Architect himself upon his
work.

In coal beds, traces of peculiar vege-
tation have been found, more luxuriant than
any which now exist upon the earth.

This peculiarity, with the fact that no
air-breathing animals existed previous to
the formation of coal beds, led to the be-
lief that carbon existed in the atmosphere
in the form of carbonic acid gas in such
quantities as to prevent the existence of
animals breathing air. How solitary
must have been the earth during the peri-
od of coal formation. No birds fluttered
from branch to branch amid the dense foli-
age, and no living creature traversed its
plains or tread its lonely forests. Verdure
flourished and beauty shown upon the

surface, but the essential charms of life
were wanting. Silence, too, reigned
throughout the world, broken only by the
hoarse thunders of the earthquake, as the
pent up fires vainly endeavored to burst
through the bonds that confined them.

But this gigantic race of vegetation
absorbed the carbon from the air. As fast
as those plants died and fell to the earth
they were succeeded by others, which in
their turn died and fell to the earth; and
in this manner an immense mass of vege-
table substance was accumulated, which,
upon subsequent fermentation, was
changed into a mass of coal. The calling
into existence of this race of plants was
the great purifying process of the world.
They were not of a nature to sustain ani-
mal life, but after they had succeeded in
absorbing the person in the atmosphere,
and rendering the earth fit for the habita-
tion of air breathing creatures, such plants
were produced.

The vegetation of the coal period differ-
ed from that of the present day, in the fact
that nearly all of the plants grew on the
inside; whereas, nine-tenths grow on the
outside. They were somewhat analogous
to the fern, etc., of our tropics. All the
plants found as low as the coal strata,
were of orders which induced the belief
that throughout our planet generally,
even as far north as Melville Island, coal
is to be found, and that in searching for it,
it may be proper to dig or core; and when
at last we find the beds of coal, they will
be found to be regularly arranged between
a roof and floor of coal slate or shale.

But it by no means follows that beds of
slate and shale necessarily indicate coal,
of the primary series would scarcely
contain any combustible, unless it were
plumbago, or possibly a little anthracite.

The geological laws of coal are very
strict, and a thorough acquaintance with
them is the only safeguard against fruitless
enterprises.—Prof. Silliman, in *Winter's
Wonder of Geology.*

A Family Opposed to Newspapers.

The man who didn't take the news-
papers, was in town on the 4th. He brought
his whole family in a two horse wagon.
He still believed that general Taylor was
President, and wanted to know if the
"Kansaskatians" had taken Cuba, and if so,
where they had taken it. He had sold
corn for thirty cents—the price being fifty-
five—but on going to deposit the money,
they told him it was mostly counterfeit.

The only hard money he had was some
three cent pieces; and these some sharper
had run on him for half a dime. One of
the boys went to a blacksmith's shop
to be measured for a pair of shoes, and
another mistook the market house for a
church. After hanging his hat on the
meat hook, he piously took a seat on the
butcher's stall, and listened to an auction-
eer, when he took to be the preacher.—
He left before "meetin'" was out, and had
no second opinion of the "sermon."

One of the girls took a lot of seed ions
to the post office to trade them off for a
letter. The oldest boy had sold two
conkisks, and was on a bust. When
last seen he had called for a glass of soda
and water, and he was bound to give it a
fair trial.—Some "town fellow" came in
and called for a leasome with a fly in it;
whereupon our sharp friend turned his
back and quietly wiped several flies into
his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and
tried to get him to subscribe, but he would
not listen to it. He was opposed to inter-
nal improvements, and he thought "larnin"
was a wicked invention. None of his
family ever learnt to read, but one boy,
and he taught school awhile and then went
to study in divinity!

An Old Tune.

How often, while wending our way
through the difficult soul harrowing pas-
sages of this transitory life