

The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

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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 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, filthy habits, the depressing rages, and, above all, by the venereal infection. What ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children, and is the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rule of him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition in 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 renders 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 fatal in themselves, are still rendered fatal by the 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 internal organs, 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 restore the blood by an alternative 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 remedies that have been discovered for the cure of this disorder of 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 ERYTHEMA, and SKIN DISEASES, ANEMIA, PILES, ROSA, or ERYTHELMA, PINPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BRUISES AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, KING'S EVIL, RHEUMATISM, SPITTING BLOOD, DIARRHOEA, DROPSY, DYSENTERY, DYSURIA, and INDEMENT, 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 PHYSIC, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can be removed, and the system purified. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. The agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Action of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Headache, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumption 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, no 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.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 16, 1858.—ly.

A POPULAR SONG.

Massa's in the Cold Ground.

BY E. P. CHRISTY.

Round the meadow am a ringing
The darkies' mournful song,
While the mocking-bird is singing,
Happy as the day is long.
Where the ivy is a creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old massa is a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

Down in the corn-field
Hear that mournful sound;
All the darkies are a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling,
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.

Now the strange tree is blooming
On the sandy shore,
Now the summer days are coming,
Massa never call no more.

Down in the corn-field,
Massa made the darkies low him,
He always was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him.

Mourning, for he leave them behind,
I cannot work before to-morrow,
So many tear-drops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow

Picking on the old banjo.
Down in the corn-field.

Local Correspondence.

For the "Journal."

Sunday School Celebration.

It was my privilege recently to attend a Sunday School celebration, which awakened an interest and produced an impression such as it seldom has been my privilege to witness. A brief account of the same, we think, cannot fail to interest your many readers, and we trust awaken a deeper interest among them in behalf of the S. S. cause. This celebration was held on Wednesday, September 14th, in a beautiful grove, on the farm of Mr. Moore, at the foot of Tuscarora mountain, near Blair's mills, Tellip., in the southeastern corner of our county—almost on the identical spot where the same exercises of H. W. H. Franklin, Perry and Junata meet. This ground had recently been occupied by a Methodist camp meeting and many of the tents were yet standing. The day was beautiful, a warm, bright sun, and a gentle breeze. Arrangements had been made for all the schools to meet at the Presbyterian church, of Upper Tuscarora Valley, of which the Rev. G. Van Arsdale is the Stated Supply, and who has borne a conspicuous part in getting up this celebration.

About nine o'clock the schools began to arrive in large wagons, drawn by four, six and eight horses. But such wagons! and such loads of living freight we never saw before. Our school, just established this summer, in a destitute place, numbered one hundred and nine teachers and scholars, and these were all brought in two wagons. The wagons were all beautifully decked with evergreens, and the horses adorned with flags. Some schools came singing beautiful hymns, whilst others brought the beautiful, soul-stirring music of the fife and drum. One delegation after another arrived, till the whole company around the church, was one dense mass of human beings. And still they come! Excitement was now raised to the highest pitch. The walls and valleys echo with the martial music of fife and drum, the chief marshal rides to and fro through the crowd making arrangements for the march and giving the word of command; the banners and flags float upon the breeze whilst the eyes of hundreds of children sparkle with delight, and clap'd their little hands for joy, saying one to another, 'this is the celebration.' Indeed, Mr. Editor, it was worth a ride fifteen or twenty miles, to witness the enthusiasm manifested.—One individual remarked to us, he came forty miles, and was amply compensated.

About ten o'clock the word of command was given to march to the camp ground—about a mile distant. This parade was perhaps the most imposing spectacle of the day, and much credit is due to Col. Noss, of Nossville, Chief Marshal, for the good order observed. First in the march was the Band, followed by the Orators of the day; then came the choir; next the schools—thirteen in number, defiled in regular order, followed by hundreds of citizens, and a long train of vehicles, the whole not less than half a mile in length.

By actual count it was found there were over eight hundred children in the line of march. Each teacher accompanied their class. Each school was headed by an appropriate banner, not expensive, yet beautiful and neat, ornamented very tastefully with evergreen and flowers. Several of these banners had inscribed on them beautiful mottoes. We noticed the following: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' In

the name of God we will set up our banner.' 'Choose you this day, whom you will serve.' 'Feed my lambs.' 'The fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom.' On one we observed, the simple, but emphatic motto, 'Onward.' On another, two hearts entwined together, and over them the word 'Union.' Not the least interesting feature in the procession, was a band of little girls dressed in white, and beautifully decked with myrtle and roses. We saw one little girl in the possession, who, we were informed, had committed to memory, this summer, the New Testament as far as Gallatians, and she hopes to complete the book before the school closes in the fall.

This is one of the blessed effects flowing from Sunday Schools. The minds of the young are richly stored with the precious truths of God's word, which are as a lamp in their path through all the journey of life. The religious exercises of the day, were under the direction of Rev. G. Van Arsdale. After singing the opening ode commencing with

"We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise,"
prayer was offered appropriate to the occasion, in which all united. Several addresses were delivered, varying in style and ability, but each adapted to do good, and was well received by the large and attentive audience. Time and space will not allow us to notice these particularly; we simply remark they were worthy of the men, the theme and the occasion.

The interests of the occasion were greatly increased by the excellent performance of the choir, of which all spoke in praise. There was a spirit about their singing we seldom hear. And when we sang the parting hymn,

"How pleasant thus to dwell below,
In the fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know,
The good shall meet above,"

many were affected to tears.

The dinner and refreshments provided were partaken of with a good relish, during a part of which time, the band played some of their choicest music. This was another interesting part of the programme.

embracing as it did—persons of all denominations, denominational differences were forgotten, all was peace—nothing passed to mar the beauty of the scene, and those who were engaged resolved to devote themselves more entirely to the Sunday School cause. About four o'clock the assembly dispersed in good order. All were highly pleased with the order of the day.

A FRIEND OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

For the "Journal."

MR. EDITOR—On the 2nd inst. we had the pleasure of attending a Sunday School celebration, at Marklesburg, and happy to say, in our estimation was one that was hard to surpass, considering the opposition with which it was attended in getting it up. We understand that quite a number of objections were formed by those who opposed it—one of which was, that it was gotten up by "a few strips of boys, who had no authority to do so." Now the question occurs, Who sustains and carries on the Sunday School in the vicinity of Marklesburg? We think we are safe in replying that it is none other than those so-called boys, who are now censured as being the instigation of the past celebration. If this is all the objection that can be made, we say—Success to the boys. We again say if the older portion of the Sunday School patrons have so shamefully failed to comprehend the benefits of the Sunday School cause, and have stooped so low as to censure and ridicule those who are endeavoring to instruct and encourage the young, that they are fastly resuming the principles of the original American. And last but not least if those persons fail in the future as they certainly have in the past to instruct the young in obtaining a moral education; these young men must and undoubtedly will take their places as teachers and patrons of the glorious Sunday School cause. DEFENDANT.

Select Miscellany.

ROTHSCHILD;

And how he made his Fortune.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

It was towards the end of September, 1793, after having appealed to all nations to engage in breaking the scepter of tyranny, the French Convention raised and dispersed over Europe an army of three hundred thousand men, destined to serve as a support to its revolutionary doctrines.

Great and small, powerful and weak despots alike fell before them, one and all, on the wings of fear. Many among them at the approach of the republican troops

did not take time to pack up their treasures.

A German prince, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, seeing the revolutionary flag on the borders of his State, had sufficient courage and coolness "not" to imitate those who ran away with empty pockets. He packed up his diamonds, with two or three millions of thalers, and took the road to Frankfurt, where he thought he would be able to place his fortunes securely.—Once arrived in the old imperial city, he hurried to the dwelling of a petty Jewish banker, named Meyer Rothschild, who had more children than dollars, but was a skillful archaeologist.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel having a passion for the antique, professed, great admiration for the Jew's science.

For five or six years Meyer had been the furnisher of his Serene Highness's medal-maker. He kept up a succinct correspondence, and the prince had never had cause to complain at a dishonest sale, nor any kind of deception in their mutual affairs. To this man did the prince confide his six millions of property.

Immediately afterwards Frankfurt surrendered to the French troops, and Meyer Rothschild was completely ruined. Like the phoenix, he rose, however, from the ashes of his former self, and became richer than ever; but the Landgrave's property remained untouched.

The ruin of the banker had led Prince Hesse-Cassel to believe that all his property was swallowed up, of course; but a faint hope led him to Frankfurt in 1802.

"I am as poor as Job," said he to Rothschild.

"You poor! my lord! I have your deposit in perfect safety. I have increased it even. I can restore you the whole with five per cent interest."

Thus it was that the house of Rothschild became arch-millionaire.

Old Meyer died in 1812. At his death, he had five sons, Amelmo, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James promise to remain Jews, and never disunite their interests.

James, the youngest of the family, and the hero of this notice, obtained for his share of the enormous wealth possessed by his family in 1814, two hundred millions of francs. France borrowed this to pay its debts.

A financial alliance had been organized by the brothers, embracing the five capitals of Europe—Frankfort, Vienna, Naples, London and Paris. Their house lent to the Russian and Austrian Emperors, to the Kings of Prussia, England, Denmark, Naples and Sardinia.

They were informed of the least fluctuation in public funds of different commercial headquarters. They only operated in what was certain, and their operations were wrapped in impenetrable secrecy, a sure guarantee of success in speculation.

Nothing could now arrest these Jews, they were the creditors of kings, and of nations. From one end of the continent to the other, kings loaded them with honors. They were made byrons, and their posterity of both sexes enabled by letters patent at the court of Vienna. The King of Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt received them among their Aulic counselors. All kinds of orders and crosses were worn by these children of Israel—and the haughty autocrat of the north loaded them with titles and with respect.

Three of the sons of old Meyer seem to have inherited his genius in financial matters. Nathan, Solomon and James.

Nathan made a fortune of thirty million francs, which he quadrupled by the invasion of 1815. This celebrated financier died in 1836.

James Rothschild wished at one time to cause his wife to be received at court, (he had married his own niece, the daughter of his brother Solomon.) This kind of marriage is authorized by the law of Moses. This lady—Madame de Rothschild a true lady—of great distinction in her manners, would have appeared at great advantage at the Tuilleries. Unfortunately the Duchess of Angoulême was consulted. Greatly scandalized, she exclaimed—

"The place of a Duchess to a Jewess! Do you forget that the king is his Very Christian highness?"

The Baroness and Baron had to renounce their ambitious hope. The king who was too proud to offer income into Banl, was compelled, with all other European monarchs, to do without the assistance of Baron Rothschild.

James Rothschild is noted for his meanness. He gave five thousand florins to the poor of Frankfurt, which in proportion to his fortune, was the same as if he had given two cents.

At a fair a pretty lady asked him to give something to the poor, and held out her bag to him. He had already dropped something into it when her head was turned away.

"I had already given something," "Beg your pardon," said the lady, "I believe it—but I did not see it."

"And I," said the witty Princess C., who stood by, "I saw it but I do not believe it."

On another occasion, when it was stated that Baron Rothschild had lost ten louis at cards, without saying a word.

"Ah!" said Scrite, "I believe it, deep grief is mute!"

The same Baron de Rothschild was capable of acts of marvellous generosity.

Repulsed by the old court, the Baroness Rothschild was welcomed by the new one.

Under Louis Philippe, Rothschild flourished like a 'green bay tree.'

Henry Heine, the writer, though cordially received by the banker made him sometimes the subject of his merry jests.

"What does Lacryma-Christi mean?" asked the Jew—*propria* to some splendid wine on the table.

"It means that Christ shed tears when Jews drank such wine as this," said Heine.

The Baron was obliged to laugh. A deputy once asked Rothschild (who was sometimes very rude,) whether his health was good.

"Good enough," said the Baron.

"And Madame la Barronne, is well, I hope?"

"What business is that of yours?" answered Rothschild.

He amused himself sometimes with humiliating those who only tolerated his society on account of his wealth, and had the insolence to receive the Ambassador of Vienna without offering him a seat.

On another occasion, when the Prince of Wurttemberg was dining with him—

"Paul," said he, "will you have some of the stew?"

The Prince looked at him, and then turning to his servant, who stood beside him, he said, "I am speaking to you," exclaimed he, and rising immediately, left the table and the house.

He sometimes, by way of a choice witicism, says to those who come to his house, which costs three millions—

"Have you done me the honor to come to this dog-hennel?"

"Baron," said Heine to him, "you may say such things to yourself, if you like, but it is not polite to say them to other people."

Belac's 'Baron Nuemgen,' is Baron Rothschild. He paid six thousand crowns to suppress this character from his works.

Rothschild occasionally makes a joke at the expense of the 'faithful' themselves. His nephew said he would give a thousand francs to know the author of a certain book.

"Nothing is easier, nephew—advertise the reward, and if it is a Jew who wrote it, he will come for the money."

Rothschild tried to beat down the price asked him by Horace Vernet, for his portrait, which the artist refused to paint for less than five hundred francs. The financier ran away in horror. Vernet stopped him, and told him he would do it for nothing.

It stands in the picture of La Smala, the old man running away with the basket of gold and jewels. Sordid avarice and fright are depicted there as they had been on Rothschild's face when running away from the artist's studio.

Louis Philippe was obliged to mortgage Madame Adelaide's property on one occasion, in order to 'screw a loan' out of the old Baron. He sent thirty thousand francs to Mare Considere, and when complimented on his generosity answered,

"Oh! I shall get back double."

Felix S—, a commercial man of great merit, wished to borrow a hundred thousand francs of Rothschild, for a vast enterprise, the banker refused the loan; 'But come with me,' said he, 'you shall have it without costing anything.'

He took him to the Bourse, walked arm-in-arm with him a few moments, and then left him. Scarcely had they parted, when as Rothschild expected, twenty capitalists went up to the man honored by the intimacy of the 'king of finance,' and placed their money and credit at his disposal.

Baron Rothschild has declared France to be the richest country in the world.

At Rothschild's house is one great curiosity, the sword of Henry the Fourth, carried by him at Aques and at Irvy. It was bought by the Baron for sixteen hundred francs, at the sale of the Monville collection. Poor, proud sword! it never thought to come to such a pass!

The game killed by the Baron's guests at his hunting parties, is sold by the Baron!

As regards appearances the Baron is no Adonis, although he attempts to be very gallant to ladies.

A lady, (a marchioness,) gave orders to her coachman, to upset her in front of the Baron's hotel. She pretended to faint, and was carried into the house. The Baron was holding salts to her nose, and pressed her hand, when she opened her eyes, languidly, and said,

"It is not salts, I want, my dear Baron, but bank-notes!"

The Archbishop of Malines, on one occasion, bade Rothschild pass first—he did so.

"Monsieur," said Heine, who stood by, 'my friend may be thought rude—but you know the Old Testament precedes the New.'

Servian Lapoint, the shoemaker, who makes verses like a shoemaker, and shoes like a poet, applied to Madame de Rothschild to assist a poor family, and was refused; the next day he related his rebuff in a newspaper of vast circulation, with the additional words:

"The rich man who knows of misery, and does not aid it, ought to be branded with a red hot iron."

One morning a lady who met with a similar reception, told a story about Madame de Rothschild having run over a blind man in the street, and said that she left him there, after throwing her purse full of gold at him, without taking him home for fear his blood would soil her carriage cushion.

A coachman having restored to him a pocket-book full of bank-notes of immense value:

"Give five hundred francs to the foot-soldier," said Rothschild.

Cremieux, the celebrated lawyer, once visited him.

"Are you really Mr. Rothschild the banker?" answered Cremieux, it seems to me that you are not.

"Madame Rothschild is sixty-three years of age. Hoping he may grow less stingy, we bid him good-bye."

ELPHANT BATHING IN INDIA.

Beyond the dhoby, in cleaner water by comparison, a bevy of elephants are enjoying their morning bath. And they do enjoy it, indeed! See how they roll away like so many porpoises, right under the flood, and leave the mahouts shouting and groping with their feet for the unstable black islands which after a time rise up above the surface. Look at the great jets they blow up over their backs, and listen to the deep breath of pleasure or the shrill flourish of delight with which they lie down on the sand while their attendants knead them all over. These great creatures are so sagacious, so sensitive to kindness, that even in their wild state I cannot feel any sympathy for those who delight in killing them and calling it sport! But these elephants, fond as I am of them, are, it must be admitted, dangerous playmates. In our camp there were no less than nine 'koonie' or 'murderers' which have killed their mahouts or other attendants.

One huge criminal, with a speckled forehead and proboscis, is guilty of the murder of no less than three unfortunate natives. This magnificent wild monster, which belonged to Sir Hugh Wheeler, was carried off by the Neva, and was delivered up to us by the Rajah of Ferruckabad, died a few days ago immediately after carrying some officers to church. His 'weakness' was fine French rolls, which he swallowed as an alderman would take Cocker's pills, and the twinkle of his eye, as he gulped the loaf down, and gave a gentle sigh out of his proboscis proclaimed the Sybarite.

I used to take great delight in observing the creatures at bath in the river which flows by our camp.

They came down in files, trumpeting gaily in anticipation of the treat, and floundered into the waters of the Goomete, like so many porty Bruxellers enjoying the pea soup of Ostend. Each takes a long, deep drink, putting his proboscis into the water, and then discharging the contents of it when filled by suction, into the cavernous maw. Having thus filled up a wrinkle or two in his side, he deposits himself boldly into the stream, so that one side lies out of water, and the tip of his proboscis is kept above the surface for air. On this exposed island the mahouts labor diligently, washing the beasts and rubbing with hard brushes, cleaning his ears, kneading and shampooing him, while the pachyderm emits little squeaks of satisfaction, and he is very angry indeed if he does not get his share of manipulation.

POETRY

WOULD YOU.

BY ALFRED WARD.

Baby crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair or thumbs your 'ee,
Would you think it was 'nt pretty?
Tell me, could you?

If you owned 'the baby,' would you?
Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby,
Wants some cash to make a "spec" if—
And you would refuse her—may be?—
Could you, should you?

If you owned "the woman," would you?
Little labor, little strife,
Little care and little cot;
Would you sigh for single life?
Would you murmur at your lot?
Tell me, should you?

If you owned "the cottage," would you?
Health and comfort, children fair,
Wife to meet you at your door,
Fond hearts throbbing for you there?
Tell me, would you ask for more?
Should you—could you?

If you owned "the ready," would you?
Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to night,"

"What!—do you work for a living," she inquired, with astonishment.

"Certainly," said he, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of mechanic," she said.

That was the last time the young mechanic visited the silly flirt. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for a wife.

The young 'lady' (?) who disliked the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grog shops; and she (soft, verdant, silly, miserable girl,) is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children!

You dislike the name of mechanic, eh? you who brothers are but dressed loafers of a young man for being a mechanic—

one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures. Beware, young woman, how you treat the young men who work for a living. Far better discard the well-fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness, and pomposity, and take to affection the callous-handed, intelligent, and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, for having turned their backs to honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.—

In this country no man or woman should be respected who will not work, bodily or mentally, and who curl up their lips with scorn when introduced to a hard-working man. The curse of God and every human being who has the least amount of common sense, ever rest upon such ladies as despise the noble mechanics.

A HARD SUBJECT.

An 'Old Soaker,' who lives in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head, and very sensibly, too, that it was about time for him to be considering his probable future condition, and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B., the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued:

Old S.—It's your doctrine, boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer immersion, isn't it?

Mr. B.—Yes, Mr. S., it is a fundamental doctrine of our church, that a man to be regenerated must repent of his sins, and be immersed.

Old S.—Well, boss, after repentin' of his sins, and bein' bled under, if he flashes in the pan, then what?

Mr. B.—Although 'backsliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sins