TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$1 50
Six months.....75
Three months.....50

A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (12 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two squares,	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three squares,	1 50	2 25	3 00

Over three week and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
Six lines or less,	$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
One square,	3 00	5 00	7 00
Two squares,	5 00	8 00	10 00
Three squares,	7 00	10 00	15 00
Four squares,	9 00	13 00	20 00
Half a column,	12 0)	16 00	24 00
One column,	20 00	30 00	50 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, one year.....$3 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$1 75

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

PROCLAMATION.—Whereas by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 24th day of January A. D. 1857, under the hands and seals of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 24th judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria; and the Hons. *Benjamin F. Patton* and John Brewster, his associates, Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try and determine all and every indictments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital, or felonies of death, and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 13th day) of January next, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coroner and Constables within said county be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a m., of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectively appertain.

Dated at Huntingdon the 18th of Mach, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and the 80th year of American Independence.

GRAFFUS MILLER, *Sheriff.*

PROCLAMATION.—Whereas by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 24th day of Jan., 1857, I am commanded to make Public Proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 3rd Monday (and 19th day) of January A. D., 1857, for the trial of all issues in said Court which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required.

Dated at Huntingdon the 11th of March, in the year of our Lord 1856, and the 80th year of American Independence.

GRAFFUS MILLER, *Sheriff.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Huntingdon, March 18, 1856.

TRIAL LIST FOR APRIL TERM, 1857.

FIRST WEEK.

Robert Wilson	vs Wm. Foster's Ex'rs
Huntingdon county	vs Andrew Robison's Exrs
Dumas	vs James Porter
Dr. P. Shoenberger's Ex'rs	vs A. P. Wilson et al
Stevens for use of Myton	vs Smith & Henry
John Fleming	vs B. N. Blair et al
Thos Clark's heirs	vs Brison Clark
George McCrum	vs Thomas Wilson
Davis Grow's Adm'r	vs Abednego Stevens
Michael Quarry	vs Wiss & Buchanan
Patrick Kelly	vs Penn'a Rail Road Co
Asa Corbin	vs John Dougherty et al
N. C. Decker	vs Boat & Buckingham

SECOND WEEK.

John G. Orlady	vs Gable's Exrs
John Penn Brock	vs John Savage
Same	vs Same
John M. Walter	vs David Varner
Union Trans. Co.	vs Penn & Ohio Trans. Co
Leonard Weaver	vs Lock & Snyder
Samuel Caldwell	vs Michael J. Martin
John Dougherty	vs Taylor, Wilson & Pettikon
Weiller, Kline & Ellis	vs Christian Coats
George Couch	vs The Insurance Co
Matthew Truman for use	vs Robert Hare Powel
Peter Long & wife	vs Daniel Roberts' Adm'r
Joice & Baugher	vs James Bricker
Mary E. Trout	vs Martin Flenner et al
Matson Walker	vs Andrew Walker
L. & S. Hecthl	vs John Jamison
Ettinger & Theadman	vs Huyett & Speeds
Barcroft, Beaver & Co	vs Joshua R. Cox's Adm'r
Isaac M. Acston	vs Same
Same	vs Same

M. F. CAMPBELL, Prot'y.

March 18, 1857.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance, at an Orphans' Court to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the County of Huntingdon, on Wednesday, the 15th day of April next, to wit:

1. John R. Hunter and George P. Wakefield, Executors of the last will and testament of John Wakefield, late of Barree township, deceased.
2. Thomas Weston and Martin Weston, Executors of the last will and testament of Wm. Weston, late of Warriorsmark township, dec'd.
3. Samuel McVitty, Executor of the last will, &c., of Jas. Ramsey, Esq., late of Shirleysburg dec'd.
4. Benedict Stevens, Executor of the last will, &c., of Benedict Stevens, Sr., late of Springfield township, dec'd.
5. George C. Bucher and Samuel Work, Executors of the last will, &c., of Joseph Work, late of Porter twp., dec'd.
6. Abraham Cresswell, Guardian of Anna Mary Borst, a minor child of Jacob Borst, late of West twp., dec'd.
7. Thomas E. Orbison, Administrator of David Burket, late of Shirley township, dec'd.
8. Peter Swoope, Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court, to make sale of the real estate of Peter Swoope, Sr., late of the borough of Huntingdon, dec'd.
9. George Hullman, Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to make sale of the real estate of George Henderson, late of West township, dec'd.
10. Peter Stryker, Administrator of the estate of John Stryker, late of West township, dec'd.
11. Samuel T. Brown, Esq., Administrator *de bonis non*, of the estate of Wm. Buchanan, late of Brady township, dec'd.
12. John Wareham Mattern and Susan Mattern, (now Susan Wills,) Administrators of the estate of Jacob S. Mattern, late of Franklin township, deceased.
13. Dr. John McCulloch, Administrator of the estate of Alex. McKibben, late of the borough of Huntingdon, dec'd.
14. John B. Given, Executor of the last will, &c., of John Shultz, late of Hopewell twp., dec'd.

HENRY GLAZIER, Register.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
Huntingdon, March 18, 1857.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS for a Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon in and for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 13th day of April, 1857.

Brice Blair, farmer, Dublin.
Michael Baker, carpenter, Porter.
Alexander S. Briggs, farmer, Tell.
Philip Crouse, tailor, Cassville.
James B. Carothers, farmer, Morris.
John M. Cunningham, carpenter, Huntingdon.
William L. Couch, farmer, Barree.
David Enyeart, farmer, Walker.
John Foster, farmer, Shirley.
John Graffius, tinner, Warriorsmark.
Jacob Hoover, farmer, Penn.
Robert F. Haslett, innkeeper, Morris.
Geo. W. Hazard, farmer, Union.
Robert Johnston, farmer, Jackson.
John Lee, miller, Walker.
Thomas Osborn, farmer, Jackson.
Isaac Oatenkirk, farmer, Brady.
John F. Parsons, farmer, Tell.
Livingston Robb, farmer, Walker.
Wm. Stapleton, farmer, Tod.
David Swoope, jr., carpenter, Clay.
Andrew Smith, farmer, Union.
William Walker, carpenter, Porter.
Elias B. Wilson, J. P., Cassville.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

William Africa, shoemaker, Huntingdon.
Alexander Appleby, farmer, Dublin.
Samuel Berman, farmer, Shirley.
Jacob Brumbaugh, farmer, Penn.
John C. Bolinger, farmer, Cromwell.
Richard Cunningham, farmer, Jackson.
Isaac Curfman, farmer, Tod.
Joseph Cornelius, farmer, Cromwell.
Jacob H. Dell, farmer, Cass.
John Duffey, mason, Springfield.
Gideon Elias, surveyor, Tod.
Martin Flenner, wagonmaker, Walker.
Robert Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
Jonathan Frazier, tanner, Jackson.
Michael Flesher, farmer, Jackson.
James Goodman, carpenter, Huntingdon.
Hiram Grady, farmer, Henderson.
Austin Green, mechanic, Cassville.
John Griffith, farmer, Tod.
John Hewit, farmer, Porter.
Thomas Hamer, jr., farmer, West.
Samuel Harvey, farmer, Shirley.
Solomon Houck, farmer, Tod.
Daniel Knode, farmer, Porter.
Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntingdon.
Abraham McCoy, brickmaker, Huntingdon.
William Morgan, farmer, Shirley.
William C. McCauley, tanner, Brady.
Asa Price, farmer, Cromwell.
John S. Pheasant, farmer, Union.
Charles Rhinehart, farmer, Clay.
John Shaffer, farmer, Morris.
Philip Slinnitzer, farmer, Barree.
Peter Shaver of Samuel, clerk, Shirley.
Peter Shaffer, farmer, Morris.
David Snare, J. P., Huntingdon.
Jacob Snyder, tailor, Huntingdon.
William Simes, clerk, Franklin.
Thomas Weston, Esq., J. P., Warriorsmark.
Thomas Wilson, J. P., Barree.
F. B. Wallace, blacksmith, Huntingdon.
Armstrong Willoughby, tailor, Huntingdon,
Leonard Weaver, farmer, Hopewell.
Thomas Whittaker, farmer, Porter.
Jacob Walters, farmer, Franklin.
Samuel Wall, merchant, Penn.
John Kinch, blacksmith, Franklin.
John Rung, gentleman, West.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

James Bell, Esq., farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Cramer, farmer, Tell.
James Cree, farmer, Dublin.
Hugh Cunningham, farmer, Porter.
David Colestock, farmer, Huntingdon.
John Duff, farmer, Jackson.
Thomas Duffey, farmer, Springfield.
John Eberly, farmer, West.
Martin Fleming, farmer, Brady.
David H. Foster, merchant, Hopewell.
John Gaghagan, carpenter, Porter.
Joshua Green, farmer, Barree.
John Grafius, laborer, West.
Caleb Greenland, farmer, Cass.
George Hight, farmer, Tod.
John Hewel, farmer, West.
Jacob H. Knode, farmer, West.
Hugh King, farmer, Shirley.
James Kerr, farmer, Brady.
John P. Murphy, shoemaker, West.
George Myerly, farmer, Springfield.
Franklin B. Neely, farmer, Dublin.
John A. Nash, printer, Huntingdon.
Henry P. Newinghaus, gentleman, Huntingdon.
Christian Feightal, tailor, Barree.
Jacob Spanogle, farmer, Shirley.
John Simpson, farmer, Huntingdon.
Henry W. Swoope, farmer, Porter.
Samuel Smith, farmer, Union.
Valentine Smittle, farmer, Tell.
James Stevens, farmer, Clay.
William P. Taylor, carpenter, Clay.
John Weston, farmer, Union.
John Whittaker, gentleman, Huntingdon.
Richard Wills, cabinet-maker, Warriorsmark.
Michael Ware, farmer, West.

Huntingdon, March 18, 1857.

MUSIC.—MRS. HANEGAR respectfully announces to her numerous patrons and friends that she will continue, as heretofore, to give lessons on the Piano, Melodeon and Guitar, at her residence in the old Presbyterian Church, or at the residence of pupils in town.

She is in monthly receipt of all the new music published at the first musical houses in the country, and will furnish pupils and others with any piece required.

She will also teach the German and French languages. Numerous references given.

Huntingdon, February 4, 1857.

NO LIBRARY IS COMPETE WITHOUT IT.—TESTIMONY OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND PURCHASERS.—MAGNIFICENT WORK OF HISTORY!—A WHOLE LIBRARY IN ITSELF!—COST $11,000—70 MAPS—700 ENGRAVINGS.—A HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS.

From the earliest period to the present time, the history of every nation, ancient and modern, being separately given. By S. G. GOODRICH, author of several works of History, 'Peter Parley's Tales,' &c.

It is believed that the above work will be very acceptable to the American public. It is the result of years of toil and labor, assisted in his researches by several scholars of known ability, and has been got up at a great expense by the proprietors. No pains have been spared in the execution of the Illustrations and Maps, which are prepared expressly for this work. Indeed, all the other historical writing of Mr. Goodrich, sink into insignificance, when compared to this, the result of his riper and maturer years. It is admitted that one hundred dollars could not purchase the same matter in any other shape, and the publishers confidently expect, in consideration of the great literary value of the work, the large sum expended in preparing it for the press, and the exceedingly moderate price at which it is offered, that it will be favorably received by every lover of good books. Many of our first scholars, divines and gentlemen, who have examined the work, have given it their unqualified approbation and commendation, which it richly deserves.

UNIFORM RETAIL PRICES.

In one volume, Turkey Morocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Back and Sides.....$6,00
In one volume, Turkey Morocco, Marble Edge, Full Gilt.....8.00
In two volumes, Turkey Morocco, Marble Edge.....7,00
In two volumes, Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge and Full Gilt Sides.....10,00
In two volumes, Full, Heavy Stamped Cloth, Sprinkled Edge.....6.00

Many of our Agents having been told when soliciting subscribers, that this work would soon be sold in Bookstores, and at a reduced price, we hereby give notice, as Sole Publishers of it, it will not be sold in Bookstores at any price, and will be offered by our canvassing Agents only, who have the sole right of sale in their respective districts, except that where we have not appointed an agent, WE will send copies by mail, postage pre-paid, to any part of the United States, upon receipt of the retail price.

N. B.—The one volume copies, weighing over four pounds, cannot be sent through the mail, but the two volume copies can be mailed as two books.

Miller, Orton & Mulligan, Publishers, No. 25, Park Row, N. Y. For sale by GEO. BERGSTRESSER,
MILL CREEK, Hunt. Co., Pa.

☞ Also, Agent for Dr. Kane's works.

Feb. 11, 1857.

A CARD.—To Teachers and all whom it may Concern: The undersigned are making preparations to open a Normal School in Huntingdon County; and we design making it a permanent Institution. The Instructors will be persons who have been educated in Normal schools, and who are known to be eminent in their profession—in the didactic art. Our advertisement will appear as soon as our correspondence with the Faculty can be completed. We desire to open the school in April.

ALBERT OWEN,
Huntingdon, Feb. 11, 1857. F. H. LANE.

A HOUSE FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell the HOUSE and THREE LOTS OF GROUND he now occupies in the North East corner of the borough of Huntingdon. The house is a two-story frame, nearly new. For further information enquire of A. J. WHITE.

February 11, 1857.

NEW DRY GOODS FOR SPRING OF 1857.

FASHIONABLE SILKS,
SILK ROBES, Flounced,
BLACK SILKS, extra gloss,
SPRING DRESS GOODS,
NEW SPRING SHAWLS,
BRITISH & FRENCH CHINTZES,
LAWN & LAWN ROBES,
SHAWLS, of the newest fashions.

Staple Linen Goods, Blankets, Quilts, Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, &c.

Gentlemen's Wear and full stock of Goods for Boys' Clothing.

Bargains daily received from New York and Philadelphia Auctions.

Wholesale buyers are invited to give us an early call.

EYRE & LANDELL,
4th and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

☞ Terms Nett Cash, and prices low.

March 4, 1857-3m.

SAMUEL M. MECUTCHEN, MILLWRIGHT AND BURR MILL STONE MANUFACTURER. Sole Proprietor of Johnson's highly approved and much improved SMUT AND SCREENING MACHINE: Improved IRON CONCAVE BRAN DUSTER, THE PREMIUM MACHINE FOR MILLERS.

Residence: NO. 64 QUEEN Street, (18th Ward,) address Kensington Post Office.

Shop: HAYDOCK Street, below Front, Philadelphia.

Cocalico Mill Stones, Mill Irons, Smutt Machines, Patent Mill Bush, Portable Mills, Stretched Belting, Cement and Screen Wire,

SQUARE MESHED BOLTING CLOTHS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 25, 1857.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration have been granted to me upon the Estate of Samuel Thompson, late of Shirley twp., dec'd. All persons indebted are requested to make payment and those having claims to present them to me.

JAMES MURPHY,
Petersburg, Feb. 20, 1857.* Administrator.

TUSCARORA FEMALE SEMINARY, at *Academia, Juniata county, Pa.*

The advantages and attractions of this Institution are such as pertain to a thorough and comprehensive system of education, combining artistic, literary, scientific, hygienic and moral culture—and a location in a very healthful region, away from towns and villages and in the midst of charming scenery. Expenses, $120 per annum; including music, $150. The summer session will commence May 5th.

E. HINDS, Principal.

March 11, 1857.4t.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII. HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 8, 1857. NO. 42.

Select Poetry.

MEMORY.

Wandering on the shores of mem'ry,
Gathering up the fragments, cast
By the surging waves of feeling,
From the ocean of the past.
Here a shell and there a pebble,
With its edges worn away
By the rolling of the waters—
By the dashing of the spray.

Some lie smooth, and many-tinted,
High upon the glist'ning sand;
Others, sharp and freshly scattered,
Wound when taken in the hand.
Here are wrecks of by-gone treasures,
Garnered in our early years;
Gathered now in hidden caverns,
Crusted with the salt of tears.

Every hope and every sorrow
That the world has ever known,
Vessels launched in youth's bright hour
On this shadowy beach are thrown.
Here are pleasure-boats that glided
O'er smooth waters for awhile;
There rich argosies of feeling,
Freighted with a kiss or smile.

Joy that vanished ere 'twas tasted
Is but sea-weed, wet with spray;
Eagerly we seek to grasp it—
Lo! its beauties fade away;
Floating in the distant future,
It was dipped with rainbow dyes;
But upon the sands of mem'ry
Now in tangled masses lies.

Here are wrecks of early friendships,
Living only in the past;
Vessels which were far too fragile
To withstand misfortune's blast.
By them nobler barks are lying—
Barks that weathered every gale,
Till on death their life-boats shattered,
They were never known to fail.

Round about are remnants lying
Of the cargoes which they bore,
And on each these words are graven:
"Friend, we've only gone before."
Oh, it gives both pain and pleasure
To reflect that when we die,
Shattered on the sands of mem'ry,
We in other hearts will lie.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE CHARGE OF MAY.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

There was a day when an old man with white hair sat alone in a small chamber of a national mansion, his spare but muscular figure resting on an arm-chair, his hands clasped, and his deep blue eyes gazing thro' the winter sky. The brow of the old man furrowed with wrinkles, his hair rising in straight masses, white as the driven snow, his sunken cheeks traversed by marked lines, and thin lips, fixedly compressed, all announced a long and stormy life. All the marks of an iron will were written upon his face.

His name I need not tell you was Andrew Jackson, and he sat alone in the White House.

A visitor entered without being announced; and stood before the President in the form of a boy of nineteen, clad in a coarse round jacket and trousers, and covered from head to foot with mud. As he stood before the President, cap in hand, the dark hair falling in damp clusters about his white forehead, the old man could not help surveying at a rapid glance, the muscular beauty of his figure, the broad chest, the sinewy arms, the head placed proudly on the firm shoulders.

"Your business?" said the old man, in his short, abrupt way.

"There is a Lieutenancy vacant in the Dragoons. Will you give it to me?"

And dashing back the dark hair which fell over his face, the boy, as if frightened at his boldness, bowed low before the President.

The old man could not restrain that smile. It wreathed his firm lip, and shone from his clear eyes.

"You enter my chamber unannounced, covered from head to foot with mud—you tell me that a lieutenancy is vacant, and ask me to give it to you. Who are you?"

"Charles May!" The boy did not bow this time, but with his right hand on his hip, stood like a wild young Indian, erect, in the presence of the President.

"What claim have you to a commission?" Again the Hero surveyed him, again he faintly smiled.

"Such as you see!" exclaimed the boy, as his dark eyes shone with that dare-devil light, while his form swelled in every muscle, as with the conscious pride of his manly strength and beauty. "Would you—" he bent forward, sweeping aside his curls once more, while a smile began to break over his lips—"Would you like to see me ride? My horse is at the door. You see I came post haste for this commission!"

Silently the old man followed the boy, and together they went forth from the White House. It was a clear cold Winter's day; the wind tossed the President's white hairs, and the leafless trees stood boldly out against the blue sky. Before the portals of the White House, with the rein thrown loosely on his neck, stood a magnificent horse, his dark hide smoking foam. He uttered a shrill neigh as his boy-master sprang with a bound into the saddle, and in a flash was gone, skimming like a swallow down the road, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze.

The old man looked after them, the horse and his rider, and knew not which to admire most, the athletic beauty of the boy, or the tempestuous vigor of the horse.

Thrice they threaded the avenues in front of the White House, and at last stood panting before the President, the boy leaned over the neck of his steed, as he coolly exclaimed—"Well—how do you like me?"

"Do you think you could kill an Indian?" the President said, taking him by the hand; as he leaped from his horse.

"Aye—and eat him afterward?" cried the boy, ringing out his fierce laugh as he read his fate in the old man's eyes.

"You had better come in and get your commission," and the hero of New Orleans led the way into the White House.

There came a night, when an old man—President no longer—sat in the silent chamber of his Hermitage Home, a picture of age trembling on the verge of Eternity. The light that stood upon his table revealed his shrunken form resting against the pillows which cushioned his arm-chair and the death-like pallor of his venerable face. In that face, with its white hair, and massive forehead, everything seemed already dead, except the eyes. Their deep gray-blue shone with the fire of New Orleans, as the old man with his long, white fingers, grasped a letter postmarked "Washington."

"They ask me to designate the man who shall lead our army, in case the annexation of Texas brings on a war with Mexico"—his voice, deep-toned and thrilling, even in that hour of decrepitude and decay, rung through the silence of the chamber. "There is only one man who can do it, and his name is Zachary Taylor."

It was a dark hour when this boy and this General, both appointed at the suggestion or by the voice of the Man of the Hermitage, met in the Battle of Resaca de la Palma.

By the blaze of cannon, and beneath the canopy of battle smoke, we will behold the meeting.

"Capt. May, you must take that battery!"

As the old man uttered these words he pointed far across the ravine with his sword. It was like the glare of a volcano—the steady blaze of that battery, pouring from the darkness of the chapparal.

Before him, summoned from the rear by his commander, rose the form of a splendid soldier, whose hair, waving in long masses, swept his broad shoulders, while his beard fell over his muscular chest. Hair and beard as dark as midnight, framed a determined face, surmounted by a small cap, glittering with a single golden tassel. The young warrior bestrode a magnificent charger, broad in the chest, small in the head, delicate in each slender limb, and with the nostrils quivering as though they shot forth jets of flame.—That steed was black as death.

Without a word, the soldier turned to his men.

Eighty-four forms, with throats and breasts bare, eighty-four battle horses, eighty-four sabres, that rose in the clutch of naked arms, and flashed their lightning over eighty-four faces, knit in every feature with battle fire.

"Men, follow!" shouted the young commander, who had been created a soldier by the hand of Jackson, as his tall form rose in the stirrups, and the battle breeze played with his long black hair.

There was no response in words, but you should have seen those horses quiver beneath the spur, and spring and launch away. Down upon the sod with one terrible beat came the sound of their hoofs, while through the air rose in glittering circle those battle scimitars.

Four yards in front rode May, himself and his horse the object of a thousand eyes, so certain was the death that loomed before him. Proudly in his warrior beauty he rode that steed, his hair floating from beneath his cap in raven curls upon the wind.

He turns his head—his men see his face with stern lip and knit brow; they feel the fire of his eyes, they hear—not "Men, forward!" but "Men, follow!" and away, like an immense battle engine composed of eighty-four men and horses, woven together by swords—away and on they dash.

They near the ravine; old Taylor follows them with hushed breath, aye, clutching his sword hilt he sees the golden tassel of May, gleaming in the cannon flash.

They are on the verge of the ravine. May still in front, his charger flinging the earth from beneath him, with colossal leaps, when, from among the cannon, starts up a half-clad figure, red with blood, and begrimmed with powder.

It is Ridgely, who, to-day, has sworn to wear the mantle of Ringgold, and to wear it well! At once his eyes catch the light now blazing in the eyes of May, and springing to the cannon, he shouts—

"One moment, my comrade, and I will draw their fire!"

The word is not passed from his lips when his cannon speak out to the battery across the ravine. His flash, his smoke have not gone, but hark! Did you hear that storm of copper balls clatter against his cannon, did you see it dig the earth beneath the hoofs of May's squadron.

"Men, follow!" Did you see that face gleaming with battle fire, that scimitar cutting its glittering circle in the air? Those men can hold their shouts no longer. Rending the air with cries. Hark! The whole army echo them. They strike their spurs, and, worried into madness, their horses whirl on and thunder away to the deadly ravine.

The old man, Taylor, said, after the battle, that he never felt his heart beat as it did then.

For it was a glorious sight to see that young man, May, at the head of his squadron, dashing across the ravine, four yards in advance of his foremost man, while long and dark behind him was stretched the solid line of warriors and their steeds.

Through the windows of the clouds some gleams of sunlight fall—they light the golden tassel on the cap—they glitter on the upraised sword—they illumine the dark horse and his rider with their warm glow—they revealed the battery—you see it, above the further bank of the ravine, frowning death from every muzzle.

Nearer and nearer, up and on! Never heed the death before you, though it is terrible. Never mind the leap, though it is terrible. But up the bank and over the cannon—hurrah! At this dread moment, just as his horse rises for the charge—May turns and sees the sword of the brave Inge on his right, turns again and reads his own soul written in the fire of Sacket's eye.

To his men once more he turns, his hair floating back behind him, he points to the cannon, to the steep bank and the certain death, and as though inviting them, one and all, to his bridal feast, he says—

"COME!"

They did come. It would have made your blood dance to see it. As one man they whirled up the bank, following May's sword as they would a banner, and striking madly home, as they heard, through the roar of battle they heard it, that word of frenzy, "Come!"

As one mass of bared chests, leaping horses and dazzling scimetars, they charged upon the bank; the cannon's fire rushed into their faces; Inge, even as his shout rang on the air, was laid a mangled thing beneath his steed, his throat torn open by a cannon shot, Sacket was buried beneath his horse, and seven dragoons fell at the battery's muzzles, their blood and brains whirling into their comrades' eyes.

Still May is yonder, above the cloud, his horse rioting over heaps of dead, as with his sabre, circling round his flowing hair, he cuts his way through the living wall, and says to his comrades, "Come!"

All around him, friend and foe, their swords locked together—yonder the blaze of musketry showering the iron hail upon his band—beneath his horse's feet the deadly cannon and ghastly corse, still that young soldier riots on, for Taylor has said, "Silence that Battery," and he will do it.

The Mexicans are driven from their guns; their cannon are silenced, and May's heroic band, scattering among the mazes of the Chaparal, are entangled in a wall of bayonets. Once more the combat deepens, and dies the sod in blood. Hedged in by that wall of wood, May gathers eight of his men, and hews his way toward the captured battery. As his charger rears, his sword circles above his head and sinks blow after blow into the foemen's throats. To the left a shout is heard; the Americans, led on by Graham and Pleasanton and Winship, have silenced the battery there, while the whole fury of the Mexican army seems concentrated to crush May and his band.

As he went through their locked ranks so he comes back. Everywhere his men know him by his hair, waving in dark masses; his golden tinseled cap; his sword—they know it too, and wherever it falls hear the gurgling groan of mortal agony.

Back to the captured cannon he cuts his way, and on the brink of the ravine beholds a sight that fires his blood.

A solitary Mexican stands there, reaching forth his arm in all the frenzy of a brave man's despair; he entreats his countrymen to turn, to man the battery once more, and hurl its fury on the foe. They shrink back appalled before that dark horse and its rider, May! The Mexican, a gallant young man, whose handsome features can scarcely be distinguished on account of the blood which covers them, while his rent uniform bears testimony to his deeds in that day's carnage, clenches his hands, as he flings his curse in the face of his flying countrymen, and then, lighted match in hand, springs to the cannon. A moment and its fire will scatter ten American soldiers in the dust.

Even as the brave Mexican bends near the cannon, the dark charger, with one tremendous leap, is there, and the sword of May is circling over his head.

"Yield!" shouted the voice which only a few moments ago, when rushing to the death, said—"Come!"

The Mexican beheld the gallant form before him, and handed Captain May his sword.

"General La Vega is a prisoner," he said, and stood with folded arms amid the corses of his mangled soldiers.

You see May delivered his prisoner into the charge of the brave Lieutenant Stephens, who—when Inge fell—dashed bravely on.

Then would you look for May once more—gaze through that wall of bayonets, beneath that gloomy cloud, and behold him crashing into the whirlpool of the fight, his long hair, his sweeping beard, and sword that never for an instant stays its lightning career, making him look like the embodied demon of this battle day.

In the rear of the battle behold this picture; where May dashed like a thunderbolt from his side, Gen. Taylor, in his familiar brown coat, still remains. Near him, gazing on the battle with interest keen as his own, the stout form, the stern visage of his brother soldier, Twiggs. They have followed with flashing eyes the course of May, they have seen him charge, and seen his men and horses hurled back in their blood, while still he thundered on. At this moment the brave La Vega is led into the presence of Taylor, his arms folded over his breast, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

As the noble-hearted General expresses his sorrow that the captive's lot has fallen on one so brave, as in obedience to the command of Twiggs, the soldiers, arranged in battle order, salute the prisoner with presented arms, there comes rushing to the scene the form of May, mounted on his well-known charger.

"General, you have told me to silence that battery. I have done it."

He placed in the hands of Zachary Taylor, the sword of the brave La Vega.

OVERWORKING THE BRAIN.—An intelligent writer in one of our large cities, gives a note of warning which many, in the present excitement and rush of our country, would do well to heed. "In one of our lunatic asylums," he says, "there are now several gentlemen, all of whom were, one year ago, in full health and active business, and in each of these cases mental aberration is traceable directly to overworking the brain. They are men of wealth and social eminence, and, until their sad affliction, were distinguished for usefulness in the church and the community. But to these, we must add, perhaps, thousands of cases, in which premature old age, or permanent ill-health, and mental imbecility, have arisen from similar causes. Paralysis, apoplexy, softening of the brain, and spinal affections, are kindred diseases, and striking down our scholars, jurists, physicians and professors with fearful frequency. In our great cities, business is pushed to the highest point of human endurance.

☞ "Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said, as he plunged into the water, when he saw a boy pick up a stone.

"I Must Go."

A common word, yet how full of meaning! "The school-bell is ringing," says the innocent little prattler, at play; "I must go." "The hour of labor has come," says the man of toil, "and I must go." "A dying parishioner has sent for me," says the clergyman, "and I must go." "Another weary, cheerless, thankless day calls me to the sanctum," says the editor, "and I must go." "I have a weighty case on hand to-day, demanding all my time and attention," says the lawyer, "and I must go!" and the universal motto of the age is echoed on every side, by old and young, high and low, rich and poor, happy and miserable.

All must go, all are going, and yet the restless, heaving, surging tide of humanity is never gone. We might, perhaps, introduce this expressive phrase into scenes of greater length, and of more than ordinary interest; but having other thoughts and other duties to look after, we, too, "must go," and be content to sketch one or two.

"'Tis getting late," says the lover to the loved one; "and I must go; must bid farewell, for a time, to those charmed, blissful hours, once more to mingle in the cares and perplexities of a busy world." Then clasping her fondly to his bosom, and passionately pressing those sweet lips to his own, he is gone till those happy days may return; or perchance till he may lead the gentle charmer of his life a willing captive to the hymeneal altar.

One short year rolls round and how changed the scene! Again, as then, it is night.—A wan, pale being, of emaciated and fragile form, is lying on her dying couch. The long weary days and weary nights have passed away. Her hours of anguish are no more. The insidious destroyer has done its work. Friends near and dear are around her—a tender husband bends over her—but these cannot arrest the hand of disease, or postpone the parting hour. "Hark! the angels are whispering "come!" and I must go; countless shining ones in white are waiting for me. I must go! Farewell till we meet in heaven!" The snowy hand falls lifeless, nerveless by her side; a smile of ineffable sweetness and beauty rests on those pallid, marble features, and she is gone—gone forever!

Gentle reader, like her when the last of earth shall come, may you hear the welcoming of whispering angels—like her, respond, "I MUST GO!"

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following waif, afloat on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths beautifully set forth: "Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise, and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of Nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and that flower that blossoms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footstep. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

THE PARTING HOUR.—The hour is coming and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and to the best—the hour is coming when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, this body, which is now warm and active in life, shall be cold and motionless in death. The countenance will be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature; but our reluctance to reflect on it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection are in vain.—We know that we are sentenced to die; and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it haunts us in solitude, it follows us in society, it lies down with us at night, it awakens with us in the morning. Irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.—I like to see fifteen or twenty young men parade themselves in front of the meeting-house on the Sabbath, and stare at the ladies as they pass; it shows they are fond of making observations.

I like to see young ladies laugh and play at religious meetings; it shows they possess fine feelings and take an interest in serious things.

I like to see young ladies walk out late at night; it shows they are not afraid.

I like to see ladies place themselves at a door or window to make witty remarks on people as they pass; it shows they are always minding their own business.

I like to hear young ladies slander each other; it is a sign their characters stand fair.

LOOK OUT.—When a stranger offers to sell you an article for half its value, look out.

When a note becomes due, and you don't happen to have the necessary funds to meet it, look out.

When a young lady has "turned the first corner," and sees no connubial prospect ahead, it is natural she should look out.

When you find a man doing more business than you are, and you want to know the reason, look at the advertisement he has in the newspaper and look out.

Look out for rain when the almanac tells you to, and if it don't come, why you can keep looking out.

PICTURE OF LIFE.—In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine seems to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit! But when we have attained it, how different the prospect on the other side! We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is a portentious cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but virtue, like the streaming sunshine, will clothe it with light as a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

☞ Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent? Because it is a secreter (sea critter) of great sighs (size.)