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The Album.

Looking over the pages of an Album of a young lady find the two following pieces attracted our attention as being worthy of publication. We hope we shall be excused for the liberty we take in copying them:

DELECTATORY.—TO MISS E. H.

Like the future of your years
Are the pages of this book.
The future, with its smiles and tears,
And the past, with its joys and sorrows,
As you turn that future page,
Onward still from youth to age,
On this Album's blank shall be
Many a wish inscribed to thee.

Cheerful thoughts and kindly feelings,
Rescripts of the friendly mind,
All the tried heart's true revelations,
Prayers of friends and kindred kind.

When in after years you look
On the pages of this book,
May you there with pleasure read
Answers to the spirit's need,
That shall memory's fount of sorrow
With words of love and tones that thrill.

So may the pages of your life
As, day by day, you turn them o'er,
Be with pleasant recollections
Each one brighter than before!

Huntingdon, Jan. 25th, 1857. J. A. D.

TO MISS E. H.

Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble,
Noble in the way of time and years,
Time that leads to an eternal,
An eternal life sublime.

Life sublime in moral beauty,
Sublime that shall ever be,
Ever be to live that which is good,
Onward to the fountain free:

Free to every earnest seeker,
Seeker at the fount of youth,
Youth exultant in its beauty,
Beauty found in quest of truth.

February 21st, 1857. M. G.

AN APOLOGY FOR A "STOLEN KISS."

What harm in love's first evidence—
The pure—the chaste—the virtuous kiss,
The pledge that angels love not less,
The balmy breeze kiss the Earth,
The dew drop glistens on the flower,
While all proclaim its heavenly birth,
And blush beneath its magic power.

A kiss! why 'tis the soul's good morrow
Which like an angel's wings falls
Upon the spirit, bidding sorrow
Leave that spirit's gloomy halls.
Oh! when such kisses are bestowed,
When I can taste its thrilling bliss,
Della, methinks on lips like thine
I breathe my soul out in a kiss.

Office Run, July 4, 1857. AMANS INCOSGATES.

THYRZA.

La modestie est au mérite, ce que les ombres sont dans un tableau; elle lui donne de la force et du relief.

I
I view her! and oh! shall I ever forget,
A vision, whose loveliness I never meet,
And all my description so proudly defies.

II
Whose tresses no alms but can afford
As darkling they hallow the place where they rest,
Whose glorious eye, I declare, on my word
With more than ethereal light is beamed.

III
I cavied her little glowing hand as it lay
On lips finely chiselled as Greece ever knew,
And thought what a heaven would crown in Earth's day
If I were permitted to kiss of her.

IV
I cannot describe her! oh! Heavens! 'twere vain.
My name with astonishment chained to the spot,
Each meretricious name that treats with the sacred,
But I feel that her image can never be forgot.

Office Run, July 2, 1857. AMANS INCOSGATES.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE MORAL OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

LETTER FROM THE HON. CHARLES JARVIS.

The following letter, addressed by the Hon. Chas. Jarvis to a friend in Illinois, prior to the November election, we find in the *Bangor Democrat*:

MY DEAR FRIEND: It gave me pleasure to know that my letter was what you wanted, and that you had not surrendered your reason to the madness of the abolitionists by whom you are surrounded. The subject of negro slavery has for many years excited a deep and absorbing interest in my mind; aware that the deadly enemies of our institutions in England had availed themselves of it, as their last hope of subverting the Union by exciting sectional prejudices in the North against the South.

In the discussion of such a question, when requested by a friend who I knew had confidence in my sincerity, no fear of giving offence could prevent a full and candid expression of my views, and as they have been favorably received, the subject will now be continued.

Having in my last letter confined myself mainly to the constitutional question involved, proving that the free States are in no way responsible for negro slavery as not being within the scope of the powers delegated to the Congress of the United States; the moral of that institution will now be considered.

If the difference between the races is solely that of color; if the negro race is intellectually equal to the Caucasian, it ought not to be held in a state of subordination; for those whom God has made equal, human legislation ought not to make unequal. If, then, the United States had any cognizance of the subject, the abolitionists would be right, and slavery should be abolished as soon as it could be without a convulsion of the body politic. But if the negro is not equal to the white race, if the capability of the development of the mind of the one, is not equal to that of the other, then the conclusion is as irresistible that those whom God has made unequal, human legislation should not recognize as equal. In other words, that human laws and regulations should be in harmony with the providence of God. The abolitionist assumes the equal-

The Globe.

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

WILLIAM LEWIS,
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ty of the races—I assume the contrary.—Which assumption is founded in truth?

In support of my hypothesis, the condition of the race, (for history or even tradition it has none), may be adduced from the earliest ages; the past and present situation of Africa; a past and a present which leaves no rational hope for the future. The stereotyped expression of the abolitionist, his first, his last, his only reason for the inferiority of the race is, that the negro has been imbruted by slavery. This is as false as it is foolish; it is in direct contradiction to the experience of the world. The only perceptible advance ever made by the race has been in this country, under the patriarchal control of the whites at the south; there the race has been in a measure humanized.

As the beasts of the field and the birds of the air were endowed with instinctive powers to enable them to fill their allotted station in the scale of being, without the capability of making any advance, so was the negro adapted for the situation of a slave, and he is fitted for no other.

His indiscriminate massacre of the whites, men, women and children, the negro achieved independence in St. Domingo, but it was only to fall back into his original state of barbarism in Africa; and an island once the finest and most highly cultivated in the West Indies, is now fast relapsing into a desert. In Jamaica the slaves were liberated by the English government and placed in a state of political equality with the whites; the result has been the abandonment of the island by the white population; the cohabitation of blacks and whites in a state of equality will always be attended by the destruction of the one or the other race. The population of Kingston, the capital of the island, in the space of twenty-two years, has fallen off from 25,000 to 8,000, or over two-thirds. Many of the plantations have been abandoned for want of hands to carry them on, the negroes live on the spontaneous productions of the soil, spend their days basking in the sun, and the exports of the island have fallen off over three-fourths.

Slavery is the natural condition of the negro race now, as it has been from time immemorial, throughout the world. In our country it is the only condition of the race consistent with its increase and improvement. Slavery in the United States, whatever it may have been to the whites, has been to the negro race a blessing, not a curse; and slavery, and the race would be exterminated. The three millions of negroes now in our country as slaves, are better clothed, better fed, better cared for in youth and age than any other portion of the same race in the known world; treated more like men and brothers than the laboring population of England or of the continent of Europe.

To the Caucasian race, never contented, always aspiring, ever looking upward, slavery is indeed "a terrible evil."

The captive thrush may brook his cage
The prisoned eagle dies with rage.

But it is the natural state of the negro, his appropriate sphere, that in which he is the happiest and best subserves his own interest and that of his humanity at large. The present unfortunate state of our country has arisen from the base, selfish, truckling spirit of politicians, avoiding the question and not speaking the plain truth. The negro is a negro, not because he has a black skin, woolly head, crooked legs, and his feet set on near the middle; not because he has a thick skull and a thick skin, the first enabling him to butt like a ram, and the second to endure the full rays of a tropical sun; not because of other characteristics too disgusting to mention, but on account of the mental inferiority of the race, as is recorded in history. To these marked distinctions are to be attributed the instinctive repugnance of our race to the intermarriage of blacks and whites; an instinctive repugnance enforced by law, to preserve the superior race from unavoidable degradation; hence the necessity in the minds of the demoted abolitionists for a new constitution, a new Bible and a new God.

The negro is indolent, and if left to himself, he has no incentive to conquer that indolence; he is content to live on the spontaneous productions of the earth, and having gorged himself to satiety he lies down and sleeps in the sun; but he can be made to work, and is improved by labor both in body and mind; nor does labor diminish the amount of his enjoyments, for his task done, he laughs, sings and dances with the greatest zest. In this respect the negro differs from the Indian of the American continent, who in every way his superior in intellect and in inventive powers, but who cannot be enslaved or made to work any more than the partridge of our woods can be domesticated. It was the knowledge of this difference between the races, the incompetency of the Indian and capability of the negro to endure labor, which instigated the good Las Casas to advocate the introduction of negroes into the West Indies, in order to relieve the Indian.

The aborigines of our country, where they are, they have perished; but the 375,000 negroes which have been imported have increased to over 3,000,000, the ratio of increase having been greater than that of the whites, and so much greater as to be even a cause of alarm.

But though we may deny his equality, yet that is no excuse for the abuse of the negro; but as he can work without injury to himself, he ought to be made to work, it is for his own advantage, as well as for the benefit of the whole human race; without the enforced labor of the negro, the most productive portion of the earth would remain unimproved. If a man and a brother, he is an imbecile brother and must be cared for and protected and profitably employed where he can be without injury to himself; such is his situation at the South, and how preferable to that at the North, where he is treated neither as a man nor a brother, neither as a freeman or a slave; and where his standing is similar to that of the Pariahs in Asia.

Why the negro was made inferior is known only to Him who created man; that he is in-

ferior is a self-evident fact, and by facts was made to be governed in the management of the affairs of this world. Constituted as the negro is, slavery or subjection to the whites is his natural condition in this country, the only one compatible with the welfare, happiness, and even existence of the two races. Stupid as are the slaves of the South, even they are conscious of the superiority of their situation to that of the anomalous position of the blacks at the North, with no one on whom to depend; with no one to whom they can look for love and kindness in remembrance of past services; kicked, cuffed and abused by every ruffian in the community, and no one to whom they can appeal for redress of their wrongs; and the consciousness is evinced by their common expression: "Poor, miserable free nigger," when speaking of this degraded class.

The abolitionists claim, "par excellence," to be philanthropists, and their right to the assumption is unquestionable as that of the participants in the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the appellation of Christians; or that of the Sans Culottes and the fish women in Paris in the days of the French revolution to the rank of patriots.

The agitation of the question of negro slavery, if it did not originate, has been fostered and encouraged from the other side of the Atlantic. The insane excitement on the question in the Northern States is to be attributed to the mental dependence of our country on English literature, and to a want of due self-respect. If the aristocracy of England take any real interest in the rights of man there is ample field for its exertion without leaving the island of Great Britain. What good motive could actuate the Duchess of Sutherland in behalf of the negroes of America? a woman who could depopulate hundreds of thousands of acres of her hereditary possessions in the north of Scotland to convert them into an immense sheep walk; who could expel from their wretched tenements thousands of the dependents of her family, and turn them out homeless and homeless on the world, in the sordid expectation of increasing the aggregate of her overgrown income.

This act exceeds in atrocity the massacre of Glencoe by the royal butcher Cumberland; or the expulsion of the French settlers of Acadia, by the orders of the English government; for the first were subjects who had been rebels, and the last were alien enemies, but the poor creatures expelled by this disgrace and humanity and womanhood, were the subjects of our Union and break down the institutions of our country.

From the height of their fictitious elevation above the masses, they look down upon all laborers as on a dead level, they make no discrimination between black and white.—Negro and Caucasian laborers may associate and herd together, for they are equals in their estimation, but no white laborer must come between the wind and their nobility.—In our own country the abolitionists are the ignorant or willing tools of this English aristocracy, and here at the North those who feel themselves superior to white laborers, who despise the Irish as an inferior race, are the most devout negro worshippers.

But whether on this or the other side of the Atlantic, the hereditary or moneyed aristocracy who think at all, have one common object in view, not to elevate the negro, for that is beyond their power, but to degrade the white laborer to his level and thus render our form of government impracticable, by the infusion into the mass of the people an inferior race of men who have evinced that they were incompetent to sustain freedom.—In this object I have full confidence they will be disappointed, and that our country will be rescued from the madness of fanaticism and the machinations of demagogues and traitors.

A BRACE OF BOYS' COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his young days he taught a boys' school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

ON INDUSTRY.—It is a bad thing for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the site.

Here is another:

ON THE SEASONS.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring, but as for me give me liberty or give me death.

The end.

THE LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The West Tennessee Whig announces the death of Mr. Miles Darden, near Lexington, in that State, and says: "The deceased was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world.—His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet and four inches.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The Richmond *American* gives the following recipe for Blackberry Wine. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, then strain off the liquor into a cask to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked under similar influence before.

William L. Marcy.

From the Boston Post.

One of the greatest statesmen of the country has fallen! William L. Marcy is no more! He began his long, brilliant and noble public career as one of a little gallant band which, in the war of 1812, captured the first flag that was taken from our enemy; and his last great duty was four years of as remarkable administrative service as the annals of our State Department can show. In all the varied stations he occupied, it is no more than just to say that he fulfilled public expectation; and while he won the confidence of his political friends, he commanded the respect of his political opponents. His sudden death, at Ballston, N. Y., cannot fail to produce a deep sensation of sorrow throughout our nation—we may say, throughout the civilized world; for no statesman of the present day was more widely known or more universally respected. He achieved his great reputation and exalted public positions by his innate mental power, purity of character, patriotic instincts, and indomitable industry.

Mr. Marcy was born in Stanbridge, Mass., in 1786, and graduated at Brown University in 1808, when he removed to Troy, New York. In this place he studied law, and commenced the practice of this profession.—He took a bold part in sustaining the war, and was one of the early New York Volunteers to rally around the national standard. Soon after the close of the war, in 1816, he was appointed Recorder of the City of Troy; and five years later, in 1821, he removed to Albany, which has continued to be his place of residence ever since.

This was the date of the commencement of his brilliant state career, for in 1821, he was appointed adjutant general. Two years later, when New York was prosecuting with so much energy its system of internal improvements, Mr. Marcy was transferred to its finance department. It was at a critical period, and all parties bore willing tributes to eminent administrative talent which he then exhibited in the maturing the measures which placed the credit of the Empire state on a firm foundation.

In August, 1828, Mr. Marcy was appointed by Governor Pitchee, to the office of judge of the supreme court, a selection most satisfactory to the bar and to the Democratic party. His judicial career justified this partiality, and three years later, when Judge Marcy was elected to the United States Senate, he left the bench with the general regrets of the able and learned legal profession. At this time he was the confidential friend of Martin Van Buren; and was in the full maturity of his great intellectual powers. A political opponent—Judge Hammond—pays to Judge Marcy, at this period of his life, a beautiful tribute. "He was a scholar and a good and ripe one; of elevation of mind; of integrity and impartiality as a judge, and a most accomplished and able political writer. Judge Marcy, so far from seeking or intruding for the office of Senator, accepted it with hesitation and reluctance. He had hardly occupied this post two years, when he was nominated by the Democratic party for the office of Governor, where he remained six years. In this position Mr. Marcy, by his firmness and ability; by the just weight of a high personal character, and an already large experience, acquired the almost universal confidence of the people. They saw in him the quality of statesmanship; for he was no successful wire-puller, who had chattered his principles for place; but an honest public servant, who labored intelligently for the common good. It was in 1836, when the pestilential anti-slavery agitation commenced, that Governor Marcy threw against it, in a message, the weight of his official position—uttering the views of a patriot and a statesman.

After service as a member of the Board of Commissioners to adjust the claims of our citizens on Mexico, President Polk invited Mr. Marcy into his Cabinet as Secretary of War. Here he added to a large reputation. To his wisdom and administrative talent are the country largely indebted for the glorious results of the Mexican war. Then his military experience in active service of the 1812 war, and as Adjutant General, were turned to noble account; and his State papers are a monument of his comprehension of plan and vigor of execution. We would not pluck a leaf from the laurel wreaths of our military hero, yet we would not forget that it was he who prevented the jealousies and quarrels of some of our Generals from jeopardizing on the fields of Mexico, our National rights and interests.

The last pre-eminent service Mr. Marcy rendered, we have from time to time chronicled; we mean his four years administration of the State Department in President Pierce's administration. His masterly State papers will be among the unimpeachable records of the country. His sagacity, foresight, accurate observation, sound judgment, untiring industry, and admirable execution, have commanded the praise and respect of the candid and intelligent of his countrymen. He has added new glories to the American name; and he did it by his quiet way of asking of foreign powers nothing but what was right and of submitting to nothing that was wrong. His vast knowledge of international law; his keen and unerring logic; his quick and grasping comprehension; were exhibited in his official correspondence and other State papers, in a manner that arrested the attention and excited the admiration of all Europe.

Thus, at a ripe old age, has William L. Marcy gone to rest. A great man has fallen! One who has sustained, from youth to age, the rights, interests and honor of his country; whose personal integrity of character was never admitted, who added to a scholarly knowledge of men the ripest and most varied scholarship, and whose native talent and thorough culture always enabled him to rise to the mark of his responsibilities and his duties.

Mr. Marcy was an ornament and a leader of the Democratic party. He was of the Jeffersonian school of politics, and since 1812, has been with the great National party in all its fierce struggles. Much has he contributed to the success of the good old cause. But he

has been over an open and honorable partisan—never virulent towards his opponents. He was one of whom the party was justly proud. Throughout his varied career—in all the exalted and responsible offices he held—amid all the bitterness of party crimination and recrimination—no one has been so reckless as to breathe an intimation impugning his personal honor and integrity.

In his manners he was sometimes abrupt; but, in all his acts, honest. He was a Democrat by nature—a sincere believer in the Jeffersonian doctrine of the capacity of the people to govern themselves, and a despiser of all that frippery, tinsel and display employed to give one man a factitious superiority over his brother man. He was quick to discover and acknowledge moral, intellectual and patriotic worth in whatever sphere of life they were exhibited, and always anxious for their just appreciation by others. As a friend he was constant; as an opponent, frank and bold; in all the social ties of life, genial and affectionate; as a public servant scrupulously faithful and conscientious, and capable, beyond rivalry. As a man, he has left a bright example for the son, the parent, the husband, the neighbor and the friend. As a statesman, he has achieved a renown that will endure as long as those glorious institutions of the country he loved so well, shall stand as liberty's shield.

Wasteful Servants.

In speaking of the high prices of articles of food as increasing family expenses, we touched but a portion of the causes which make what was once a competence now an insufficient income. Probably no small percentage of this increased outlay might be saved, and with the reduction of the expenses of living, a great addition made to our actual comfort. As we have already ventured upon forbidden ground, and interfered with the peculiar province of the ladies, we may repeat or increase our offence without incurring any further rebuke from them.

When two ladies meet, whose acquaintance is more intimate than that of mere formality, the chances are ten to one that the conversation will turn before the close upon the manners and vexations which grow out of the wretched incompetence of the class who offer themselves as domestic servants. Nor is this at all to be wondered at. The present state of things is full of vexation and discomfort.

Private families are subjected to all sorts of inconvenience and waste by the incompetency of the domestics. Wages are paid which are quite sufficient to command good service; and yet while the average price is even more than at public houses and hotels, the labor performed is ridiculously disproportioned to the price.

Any woman who can speak English feels herself entitled to demand full price, whether she knows anything of her duties or not.—We remember a few years since that a lady took in a fresh emigrant as servant, upon the recommendation and interposition of her grocer, a thrifty tradesman, long a resident in the city, though a native of the same country as Bridget. The woman proved actively useful; and, upon the lady's expositing, more in sorrow than in anger, but quite angrily enough, with the patron and next friend of the new servant, the man replied: "Sure, you needn't be hard on the woman, for she never set foot on anything but a clay flure before you took her in." "Why did you send her to me, then?" "Sure she's quick, and will learn."

The idea of paying "going wages" to a woman whom you are to teach the most simple part of her employment, is quite as absurd as it would be to give a man who had never seen a ledger a book keeper's salary. Until servant woman's wages bear some proper relation to their usefulness, we must look for no economy and no comfort in house-keeping.—Poor servants are the cause of endless waste; and in this country, private housekeepers seldom obtain any other than miserable return for extravagant wages.

Housekeepers must defend themselves by being housekeepers indeed, after the old-fashioned thorough manner. They must insist upon a proper performance of their work by domestics, and if they are incompetent, dismiss them, or retain them only upon payment proportioned to their capacity. American families are entirely too much at the mercy of their servants. These people come into the house strangers, and remain scarce long enough to become anything else. They have often no attachment to the family in which they are employed. Sure that if they lose a place they shall be immediately caught up by some other person in desperate haste to escape the suspicion of being a day without attendants, the kitchen cabinet is absolute.

The family is under the terror of the ever ready threat of the departure of the indignant Abigail. It is the mistress who is usually discharged, and not the servant. Of all the hindrances of economy and thrift, poor domestic servants are worst, particularly when the needful oversight is remitted or forgotten. Prime beef at two lewies a pound is too valuable a commodity to be thus spoiled. And yet how much is wasted among us in this way enough of itself to keep up the price of food.

Dying Words of Noted Persons.

A death bet's a detector of the heart.
Here tried dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same.

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"Kiss me, Hardy."—Lord Nelson.
"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
"Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die."—Athena.
"Give Dayrolles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
"God preserve the Emperor."—Hayden.
"The adversary ceases to beat."—Haller.

"Let the light enter."—Gatha.
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
"What is there no bribing death."—Cardinal Beaufort.
"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Madame de Staël.
"Be serious."—Grotius.
"Into thy hand, O Lord!"—Tasso.
"It is small, very small, indeed," (clasping her neck.)—Anne Boyleyn.
"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself," (ascending the scaffold.)—Sir Thomas Moore.
"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.
"I feel as if I were myself again."—Walter Scott.
"I resign myself to God, and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.
"It is well."—Washington.
"Independence forever."—Adams.
"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
"I wish you to understand the true principles of government, I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more."—Harrison.
"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.
"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick V. of Denmark.
"You spoke of refreshments, my Amelia; take my last notes; sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart.
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Evanston.
"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles IV.
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mozart.

ELOPEMENTS.—As a general rule we agree with the writer of the following remarks on "Elopecments." Still there may be some peculiar cases in which a life's happiness depends on a moment's violation of the rigid proprieties of life. We conceive, however, that these cases are so rare as to be the exceptions.

Runaway matches seem to be marked with Divine displeasure. I have never heard of a happy one. Not far from us resides a widow lady who eloped from an excellent mother, when young, with a worthless young man.—She is now the mother of three grown daughters, every one of which has eloped and left her—the youngest only last June, at fifteen years of age—and she was left desolate and broken hearted. Thus is the example of the mother followed by the children, and who can she blame but herself? But the worst remains to be told: "The oldest has already been deserted by her husband, who has gone to California, and she had to seek shelter in the home of her childhood; the second daughter is suing for a divorce, though she had not been thirteen months married.

Al, girls! never in an unheeded hour, place your hand in that of a young man who would counsel you thus to leave your paternal home! It is cruel to deprive those who have courted you, and with sweet hope look forward to the day of your marriage beneath their own roof; it is cruel to rob them of their happiness. It is their blessed privilege to bless your union, to witness your own and your husband's joy. How can you rob them of their participation in that joyous bridal, towards which they have been so many years looking forward? Daughters who elope, wrest from their parents that crowning joy of a father's life—the gratification of seeing their daughters married at their own fireside. A bridal elsewhere is unnatural, and God's blessing will not follow it.

A SOFT PLACE.—"I was down to see the widow, yesterday," said Tim's uncle, "and she gave me back-bones for dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked and laughed and chatted, and run on, she being out and in occasionally, and we had a full dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to back bones. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because every body knows I love back-bones, and I flattered myself she had cooked them on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and I thought I could see it in her too.

So after dinner, while setting close beside the widow, I fancied her both felt softer comfortable than I know I did. I felt that had fallen over head and ears and heat in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked, she had fallen teeth and toe nails in love with me. She appeared just for all the world like she thought it was a coming, that I was going to court her. Presently, I couldn't help it, I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked, when I had placed it there, in my blindest tones, Tim, for I had no other, I felt that she was expressing, I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity right into her—"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place, I ever had my hand in all my life."

"Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said in melting and winning tones—

"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

"In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gave, very gently, Tim, quietly laid it on my neck—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet."

"Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you mustn't; but mind, it wasn't go any further."—New York Spirit of the Times.

THE SPIDER AND THE TOAD.—A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—The following singular relation is furnished by a correspondent of the Boston Traveller, as having been witnessed by a person now living, though occurring more than forty years ago, about sixteen miles from this city: The narrator said, that while walking in the field he saw a large black field spider, considered of the most venomous species, contending with a common sized toad. The spider, being very quick in its movements, would get upon the back of the toad and bite it, when the toad, with its fore paws would drive off the spider. It would then hop to a plain, which was growing near by, and bite it, and then return to the spider. After seeing this repeated several times, and noticing that each time the toad was bitten it went to the plain, the spectator thought he would pull up the plain and watch the result. He did so. Being again bitten and the plain not to be found, the toad soon began to swell and show other indications of being poisoned, and died in a short time. If the plain which grows so abundantly near almost every dwelling in this vicinity, was such an immediate and effectual remedy to the toad, for the bite of the spider, can we not reasonably infer that it would be an effectual cure for man for the bite of the same insect?

Wisdom and virtue are the greatest beauty; but it is an advantage to a diamond to be well set.