TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance...... Six months...... Three months.....\$1 50 75 50 A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engage-ment.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. per square for each insertion. S months. 6 months. 12 months.

cording to these terms.

Select Poetry.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

How sweet 'tis to return Where once we're happy been, Though paler now life's lamp may burn, And years have rolled between.

And if those eyes beam welcome yet

That wept our parting then, O, in the smiles of friends thus met We live whole years again ! They tell us of a fount that flow'd

In happier days of yore, Whose waters bright fresh youth bestowed, Alss the fount's no more !

But smiling mem'ry still appears, Presents her cup and when Wo sip the sweets of vanish'd years We live those years again.

Interesting Miscelluny

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or there-abouts ; one of those men who seem born to pass through the world all alone. Save this peculiarity there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours. It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping a day to give him an opportunity to look about. Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accusted by a child, who ran up to him exclaiming: "Father, I want you to buy me some can-

Father ! was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title !-- IIe could not

believe it. "Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.

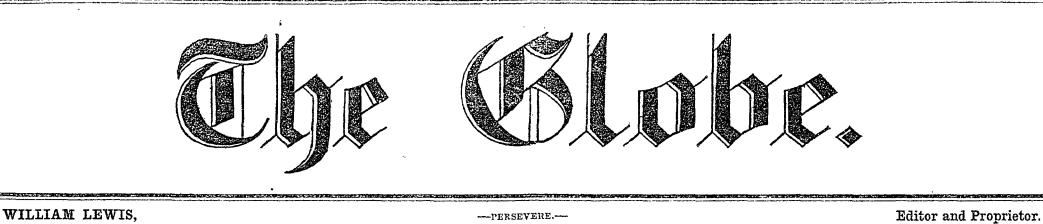
"I spoke to you, father," said the little one, surprised.

"Really, thought Brown," this is very embarrassing. I am not your father," said he, "What is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently think-ing it a good joke. "What a funny father you are," she said, "but aint you going to buy me some candy ?"

"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you will not call me father any more," said he, nervously.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered. Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, where he actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl. In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother. "O, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought me." "You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady ; "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you until night." ' Jones-I, madam," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's not my name. I am Eliscene depicted : phalet Brown, of W., and this is the first time I have ever been in this city." "Good heavens, Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name have you ?-Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife.' Mrs. Jones' tone was defiant, and this only served to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment. "I havn't any wife, madam-I never had one. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married !" " And do you intend to palm off this tale on me?" said Mrs. Jones with excitement.---"If you are not married, I would like to know who I am ?" "I have no doubt you are a most respectis Jones, but mine is Brown, madam, and always was."



HUNTINGDON, PA., SEPTEMBER 2, 1857.

my name is Brown. And yet I don't think Womanly Accomplishments. I am Jones. In spite of all I will insist that The following truthful and well-timed remy name is Brown."

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It Times: is necessary that your wife be removed immediately. Will you order a carriage?" Brown saw that it was of no use to protract the discussion by a denial. IIc, therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

VOL. XIII.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who was somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her. What, are you not going with her yourself ?"

"Why, no; why should I?" "Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the mob around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition when so many seemed so fully of them who could, if it were necessary, convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed make the family bread, and prepare the hot

the lady in. "Where shall I drive ?" asked the driver " I-I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "Where do you wish to be carried to, Mrs.

Jones?" "Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones. "Where is that?" asked the driver.

"I don't know," said Mr. Brown.

" No. 19 II _____ street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing scornfully fault of our ladies that they cannot, and do at Mr. Brown.

the lady; "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which you drove me." " Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones,"

asked Mr. Brown with anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jones. "Then," said he, resignedly, "I suppose I

ecollection of this house."

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, ment of all when a man was discovered scat- tage in having a millionaire for a father, ed in an arm chair, who was the very fac since she had to work four hours every day simile of Mr. Brown, in form, features, and at her piano.

-which is my husband?"

where this mishap occurred.

Womens's Help for Farmers' Families. A large part of our farmer's wives are over-worked. What with the boarding of the farm hands, the dairy, and all the other unavoidable parts of the routine of daily

marred, and too often the worn-out mother fails to live out half her days. constant complaints from all parts of the

an oven; and it would be as difficult to find be more readily met. On the contrary, they ery act of his worthless life, to blast all hope an American woman who did not understand are vastly more likely to be multiplied.— to plunge him in deeper agony, and to hur-

though machines are fast lessening the evil

supply your wants. There are enough fami- | the man of God, kneeling by his bedside, but which it is not at all necessary we should lies in our cities, who, if comfortable provi-mention, lately remarked in confidence to sion were made for them, would be glad to calls for water! water! now, ere he takes up ous and saving, and fond of working the adds force to the devouring fire.

do well. sought for the embarrassing mistake. It or two of recreation in the kitchen, and to you would scarcely miss it, and would be struggle, his ruined soul staggers into the The Philosophy and Beauty of Mannei's was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was whom bread-making would be a delight com- | sure to want more than the worth of it in | spirit land, to receive its sentence. Pity, delighted to think that after all he was not pared with the labor of learning music. We work, and the convenience of having help at compassion, humanity, would let the vail Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot.— would not be understood as objecting to the hand when wanted, must be great. You are drop here, and cover up till the great assize, Mr. Brown has not since visited the place piano, but a change from that instrument to not obliged to hire either men or women the doom of the deluded, misguided wretch: the kneading trough would not be at all inju- when not needed, as they can support them- but Divine truth has said "all drunkards

What a spectacle is this? What a lesson does it teach? The destruction of man's corporeal frame, is not pleasant under any circumstances. The taking down his frail 'clay tabernacle," even when he hopes to ensoured, the beauty of mind and soul is But when we see a moral streched upon his out, and far less liable to sprout again than We believe most families would gladly hire ted with him or his either past, present or fu-barstant complete for the use of erone which the state of more assistance, if possible, but there are ture; that does not present the most horrible country, of a lack of girls who will consent to hire into farmer's families. It is evident that we cannot expect much of this kind of bed of straw, with parched lips, bloated counhelp from American girls. Either they have tenance and blood shot eyes, the very perinsufficient health, or their fathers are able | sonification of ruin. Tossing upon his hard to support them without, or they are too and comfortless couch, panting for breath and proud to "work out," as it is called. And calling for help, but all in vain. Death girls of foreign birth if they have been even marks him for his victim; and now if for a for a short time in the city, can seldom be while he is relieved from frightful ghosts and persuaded thereafter to go into the country. On the other hand, while luxury is every-ordered imagination, conscience, the sleepless where gaining ground, there is small chance monitor, with redoubled vigor assails his still are vastly more likely to be multiplied.— The demand is likely to increase, while the supply diminishes. The same want is felt to a considerable ex-tent by the farmers in their out-door work, the up has afrightened spirit into the presence of his God. How loudly and bitterly does of God. He prays, but it is the angry im-

a few acres of ground to go with it, and rent advance, the fires of hell. The soothing this to some tenant who will be likely to voice of mercy and the plaintive prayer of go into the country. The Germans are his habitation where "one drop" will not be almost always good tenants-neat, industri- allowed him; but ah! the cool draught only will obviate one great objection to fall plow-

ground. Welsh and sometimes English and Friends gather around to take a last fare-Scotch families can also be found who will well, and as his tremulous hand is extended to bid them adicu, thoughts of the past and The advantages resulting from such an arrangement are numerous. You can easily spare the land, the fire wood, &c., indeed and with one strong agonizing, convulsive lyes from their own share of the ground: shall have their portion in the lake that burn-

Fall Plowing.

The advantages of fall plowing may be enumerated as follows :

1. In the autumn, the team having become inured to work through the summer, is more vigorous and better prepared for labor than in the spring, and other farm work is less pressing in its demands upon the time and attention than in that bustling period. Let all the plowing be done which is possible in the fall, and still the spring work would give abundant employment to the farmer and his teams, in drawing manure, cross plowing,

cultivating, harrowing, &c. 2. In the fall, low, moist lands are generally in better condition for plowing than in spring time. We say generally, for this sea-son low, moist lands are decidedly moist at present. Still, we cannot hope for any better state very early next year, and if plowed as they should be, wet lands will suffer very little from water through the winter.

3. Stiff, heavy soils, plowed in autumn; undergo, by the action of water and frost, a more thorough disintegration-clays are pulverized and crumbled, and heavy loams and hard pan lands are acted upon, in like manner and with like benefit.

4. Heavy, coarse swards, full of rank weeds ter a building not made with hands, in the upper skies, has something melancholy in it. But when we see a morel structure bid

5. Fall plowing disturbs the "winter ar-rangements" of numerous worms and insects and must destroy a large number of these pests, and also their eggs and larvae. This is a minor advantage, but one worthy of consideration, especially on lands infested with the wire worm.

The principle objections to fall plowing are these:

1. The loss of that fresh friable condition readily permeable to air and moisture, and the consolidation of the soil by long exposure to changing and stormy weather. This, ous objection to plowing in autumn.

2. The loss of vegetable matter and the gasses of the same, while in a state of decav, is another disadvantage. The latter is but a small loss if the work is done late in the fall, but often on hill-sides, a large part

practice may be appropriately followed by brief directions for performing the work.

 Do it in the best manner.
Throw up low lands in narrow beds and cut cross furrows and drains sufficient to carry off at once all surface water. This

3. Plow deep and narrow furrows-such will best secure the action of the ameliorating influences of frost upon the soil. A rough-broken surface is better than a smooth one for this purpose.-Rural New Yorker.

Manners are the garments of the spirit-the eternal clothing of the being, in which char-acter ultimates itself. If the character be simple and sincere, the manners will be at one with it—will be the natural outbirth of its traits and peculiarities. If it be complex and self-seeking, the manner will be artifi-cial, affected, or insincere. Some persons make up, put on, take off, alter, or patch their manners to suit times and seasons. with as much facility, and as little apparent consciousness of duplicity, as if they were treating their clothes in like fashion. The fine lady of this class may be polished to the last degree, when, arrayed in silks and laces, she glides over the rich carpet of the drawing-room-and yet, with her servant at home, she is possibly less the lady than they or, worse still, the fine lady, married, perhaps, to a fine gentleman of character similar to her own, in the privacy of domestic life carries on a civil war with him, in which all restraint of courtesy is set aside. The best manners possible are the simple bringing down of the perfect law of charity into the most external ultimates of social life. Until character tends at all times and in all places, and towards all persons, to ultimate itself in manners of thorough courtesy, it is not building itself upon a sure foundation. This is the golden rule of true manners.

marks we take from the New York Daily A recent English publication on the science of bread baking, states that in the work, there needs to be extra hands to do it, county of Suffolk, England, every woman and when these cannot be, or are not furknows to make bread, and in the town of nished, health suffers, the temper is often Bary, which has 60,000 inhabitants, there

are but two public bakeries. These facts will surprise our own countrywomen, very few of whom, we fear, know anything more of the art of making bread than they do about making watches. We do not know how many noble ladies there may be in the county of Suffolk; but there are, probably, a good many who wear titles, and who be ong to the upper crust of society. It is certainly greatly to the credit of the women of England that there are so many make the family bread, and prepare the hot rolls for their husband's breakfast. Bread making is not one of the accomplishments which American women think it necessary for them to be acquainted with; every parlor has a piano, but very few kitchens have the use of one, as to find one who knew how to use the other. But it is not altogether the

not, understand the art of making bread.-"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones," said In the country every family must make its own bread, but it is questionable economy to keep a private bakery in the city.

It is not the economy of bread-making which makes it so desirable that every woman should understand the art, but because it shows a familiarty with domestic affairs am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly which is necessary to the economy and com-convinced this morning that my name was fort of every household. The daughter of a Brown, and to tell the truth, I have not any merchant residing in a city, the name of but, good Heavens! conceive the astonish- her friend, that she did not see any advan-

every other respect. "Gracious!" ejaculated the lady, "which is by no means a solitary one; and there is The hard case of this unhappy young lady no doubt that there are a great many daught-An explanation was given, mystery was ers of millionaires who would be very glad leared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon was to change the slavery of the piano for an hour

The Drunkard's Death.

NO. 11.

and forbidding aspect? Life is gone-propthat our wants will be simplified, and thus conscious soul, and brings up before him ev- on soils of a light character, is a very seriprecation of a doomed spirit, demanding of of the soluble and floating organic matter is here. Not so in-doors, and the question has his Maker a speedler discharge. The wild washed away by the heavy rains of winter become an important one, how is this grow-ing evil to be met? The most feasible plan that we can suggest is this:—Build a cheap, though comfortable house on one corner of your farm, fence off a few acres of ground to go with it and rent of whiter a specific discharge. The wild glare of his secreted eyes—his restless toss-ing—his reching hiceough, and his deep hol-low groans, tell us how hard it is for a drunk-wife and children, kindle in his bosom, in a few acres of ground to go with it and rent

"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking the child by the arm and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman ?"

"Why, that is father," was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hands in his.

' You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you ? You you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband. The voice of na-ture in the child, should overwhelm you. I'd at once conceived a plan for taking revenge like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying her candy? I would like you to answer that. But I presume you never saw her in your life ?"

"I never did; on my honor I never did. I told her I would give her some candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribed your own child not to call you father ! Oh, Mr. Jones, this is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world ?"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without any warning, she fell back on the sidewalk in a fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Mr. Jones, is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Mr. Brown.

"I don't know. She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her !" stammered Mr. Brown.

"Why, it's Mrs. Jones-aint it?" he rejoined.

"Perhaps it is; but I'm not Mr. Jones." cause of this excitement which must have niture for the debt. The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and having occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directannounced her good fortune to the poor wo-Jv.'

Poor Brown was dumb-founded.

"I wonder," thought he, "whether it is possible that I am really Jones, and I have boy said when he fell in the molasses barrel. as dead as Julius Cæsar.

man walked awey.

A Scene of Retribution.

In Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte A picture representing the sale of a quan- Bronte, there is a very pretty picture, drawn tity of old furniture, seized for rent, was ex- from real life, representing that heroic and hibited, some years back, in the window of a accomplished girl, the author of Wuthering dealer in the Place de la Madeleine, Paris, Heights, engaged in kneading bread while and attracted considerable attention. In the she studied the German grammar open before foreground was placed a poor woman, hold- her. Domestic misery, from the misery of self, too, would relieve the women of part of the other day. They were picked in the orching in her arms a child, and watching with a domestics, is now the rule in the majority of sorrowful eye the progress of the sale. The American families; but this would not be the could probably board any other hands that the same day; and some in flour barrels and sweet face of the child stood in strong con- case if there were more of our countrywomen trast to the distressed countenance of the who understood the art of bread making, like poor mother. Further back were the person- the ladies of Suffolk; or who studied their ages connected with the sale, represented grammars with their delicate hands in the with great vigor. The following is stated by kneading trough, like the gentle Charlotte

the Lyons Journal to be the history of the Bronte.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT .- In many cases of A few years since the painter of the picture in question, an eminent artist at Lyons, disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is can probably hire them steadily by the week composition. For instance, it will preserve while passing through the Rue des Terreaux a certain cure. In the violent internal or month. By hiring them thus occasion- dry straw. In the above instance, the line approached a number of persons who were aching, termed cholic, add a teaspoonful of ally, from childhood, they would learn your on the barrels probably excluded the air and gathered together witnessing the sale of the salt to a pint of cold water-drink it and go furniture of the poor workman. A woman to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies was seated on the pavement with a child in known. The same will revive a person who her arms. The painter spoke to her, and seems almost dead from receiving a very

was told that the furniture which was being heavy fall, &c. sold belonged to her; that her husband had In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost lately died, and leaving her with the child in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient she had in her arms : that she struggled hard sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; to maintain herself by working day and if not, the head must be sponged with cold night, and submitting to every privation, and 'water, until the sense return, when salt will that her landlord had at length seized her completely restore the patient from the lethfurniture for some month's rent which was argy.

due him. The artist was much affected by In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm this simple recital, and enquired who was water, with mustard added; and the legs are sure the advantage will be mutual.— to this fact he attributed the preservation ber landlord. There he is prelied the mutual the legs are sure the advantage will be mutual. able lady," said Mr. Brown, " and I conjection in simple refaind the endured who was watch, with mataria and ender legs there her landlord. There he is, replied the poor briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from ture from what you have said, that your name woman, pointing to a man who was watching the peck, and a cool apartment procured if woman, pointing to a man who was watching the neck, and a cool apartment procured if the progress of the sale, and he was recogni- possible. In many cases of severe bleeding zed by the painter as a person who was sus- at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, pected of having amassed a considerable for- | Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt tune by usury so that to make an appeal to completely stayed the blood. his feelings on behalf of the poor widow In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the would be useless. The artist was consider- part with strong brine for an hour, then

ing within himself what other plan he could bind on some salt with a rag. adopt to benefit her, when the crier announ-In toothache, warm salt and water held to

ced a picture for sale. It was a miserable the part, and renewed two or three times, daub, which in the summer the poor woman will relieve in most cases. If the gums be hear what that innocent child says, and yet had used to hide the hole in the wall through affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the

on the landlord. He went over, examined and drink it also twice a day until cured. the picture with great attention, and then Salt will expel worms, if used in the food called out with a loud voice, One hundred in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; francs! The landlord was astonished at the but salt meat is injurious if used much.bid, but conceiving that a picture for which Scientific American.

so eminent an artist could offer, was worth FRIAR'S CHICKEN.-Cut up four pounds of more than double, boldly offered 200f. Five knuckle of veal; season it with white pephundred! said the painter, and the contest per and salt: put it into a soup-pan and let between the two bidders became so animated it boil slowly till the meat drops from the that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at 2,200f! The purchaser bone. Then strain it off. Have ready a then addressed the painter: In seeing an pair of young fowls skinned, and cut up as artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the pic- you carve them at table. Season them with ture, I supposed that it must be valuable. white pepper, salt, and mace. Put them Now tell me, sir, at what do you estimate its into the soup, add a handful of chopped value? About three francs and a half, re- parsley, and let them boil. When the pieces plied the painter, but I would not give that of chicken are all quite tender, have ready for it. You are surely jesting, said the land- four or five eggs well beaten. Stir the eggs lord, for you bid as high as 2,100 francs for it. That is true, replied the artist, and I will the fire lest it curdle. Serve up the chicken tell you why I did so. You are in possession in the soup. Rabbits may be substituted for fowls. of the handsome income of 25,000f. a year,

and have seized on the furniture of a poor To CURE A RING WORM .- The following woman for a debt of 200f. I wished to give receipt for the cure of ring worms is fur-"Perhaps it is; but I'm not Mr. Jones." "Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust you are not the she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize on your fur- He says it is infallible:

Heat a shovel to a bright red-cover it with grains of Indian corn-press them with a cold flat iron. They will burn to a coal

and exude an oil on the surface of the flat iron, with which rub the ring worm, and

neither are you obliged to retain them as eth with fire and brimstone." tenants if they prove lawless.

One cause of the scarcity of farm laborers is this: You generally insist upon hiring Λ correspondent of the New Jersey FARMER single men. A man with a family could be | says:

more easily obtained, and by boarding himtheir burthen. Moreover, the tenant family and, and on the same day, and were put away might be required, and thus materially lessen some in line barrels. Those in the flour barthe crushing labors of the house-wife.

would commonly be glad to get the job of of the same variety. washing and ironing for the family, or they Under certain circumstances, it is well wants than any fresh importations.

The advantage of such an arrangement must, we think, be great to you; and in return you should make it advantageous to them. Let them have the place on such terms as will make it an object for them to Ohio Cultirator.

"Don't Stay Long."

our exchanges.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant; but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love-of source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband," and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence-every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight; and finding that he was not, I thought that I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "not yet." "Don't stay long, husband," and I again

thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives to say "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make the homes and hearts happy, for they are gems seldom to be replaced. You cannot find, amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say, for here, in our own sweet home, is a loving heart, whose

music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon and here are pure lips unsolled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

TRUE.—The only back-biters that ever did good in this world-leeches.

LIME BARRELS FOR PRESERVING APPLES .-

"I had occasion to overhaul some apples rels were much decayed, while those in the The women of such families, too, are un- lime barrels were sound, and but very few usually hardy as well as industrious, and showed any signs of decay. The apples were

would come in by the day and clean house, known that lime acts as an antiseptic, though &c., and if there be girls in the family, you under other circumstances it accelerates deways, and be much more likely to meet your absolved the moisture given off by the apples, and thus counteracted two of the principal causes of decay.

We also see it stated that apples have been preserved perfectly in salt barrels. A correspondent of the Scientific American says he purchased five barrels of choice apples last leave the city and hire with you. Make fall from one pile and put them in his cellar. their home a comfortable one, pay fair wages, | On the first of April he found that those in take no advantage over ignorance or hum- four of the barrels were mostly decayed, ble position; in short-do as you would be while those in the other were perfectly good done by. Let there be freedom on both sides and sound! Upon examination he found of the fruit. We ate perfectly sound apples on the 20th of this month (July) which had been kept without any unusual care. Perhaps It is rarely, indeed, that we have read any- the most important part of preserving apples thing more truthfully pathetic than the sub- and other fruit, is to pick them carefully by joined waif, which we find floating among hand from the trees and to avoid bruising them.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A FARMER ?- The Louisville Courier pays the following tribute to the occupation of the farmer :

"If a young man wants to engage in a business that will insure him in middle life the greatest amount of leisure time, there is her grief when the light of his smile, the nothing more so than farming. If he has an independent turn of mind let him be a farmer. If he wants to engage in a healthy occupation, let him till the soil. In short, if he would be independent let him get a spot of earth, keep within his means, shun the lawyer, be temperate to avoid the doctor, be honest that he may have a clear conscience, improve the soil so as to leave the world better than he found it, and then if he cannot live happy and die contented there is no hope for him.

> UNPLEASANT .- Scene-A private parlor-Mr. Thompson, a rich merchant, spending the evening with his brother and wife. Entrance of Julia their daughter, a girl of six zenrs.

Julia-No, I don't love you at all! Pa, (who has an eye on his brother's last will and testament)-O, yes, Julia, you love our uncle don't you? Julia-No I don't love him.

Julia-Pa don't want me to tell. Unsuspicious Pa-Oh yes, my dear tell un-

Julia, (after thinking a moment)-Well, its because you don't die and leave me your money. Pa said you would, but you don't. Grand Tableau-wife screams-husband wears, and uncle makes a hasty exit.

LABOR and prudence relieve us from three great ovils-vice, want and indolence.

A Dead Nigger.

When the cholera was at its worst in 1849 in New Orleans, an old negro who had weathered the yellow fever many times, at length got frightened at the havor which the new disease was making among all classes. His master one night heard him praying to "the angel of the lord," by the light of a tallow candle, "to spare him dis time-to let him live a little longer and den take him to glory." But he concluded his prayer by professing perfect submission to the will of "the angel of the lord," even should be be called for to go immediately on his long journey .--Sambo's master determined to test the sincerity of this last profession. He knocked loud and distinct at his door.

"Who dar?" asked Sambo. "The angel of the Lord," was answered.

"What you want?"

"I have called for Sambo."

The master heard the candle suddenly ex-. tinguished with a whoof, and Sambo energetically answered.

"He not here! dat nigger is been dead dis three weeks."

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD .--- It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate, feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtues of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotton!-Dickens.

Mar An intelligent lady, whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to the child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure .- The boy understood his mother's sense of corruption of an oath. which, with the taste of the suds, produced the desired result. The practice if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

Ber" Boys," said a colored individual, disclosing a small coffin which he carried along Broadway under his cloak-"Boys, don't laugh-I's a funeral."

Uncle-Why don't you love me?

Mr. Thompson-My dear don't you love ne?