

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.....\$ 37 1/2.....\$ 50
Two squares.....50.....75.....1 00
Three squares.....1 00.....1 50.....2 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.....\$2 00.....\$3 00
One square.....3 00.....5 00.....7 00
Two squares.....5 00.....7 00.....10 00
Three squares.....7 00.....10 00.....15 00
Four squares.....9 00.....13 00.....20 00
Half a column.....12 00.....18 00.....25 00
One column.....20 00.....30 00.....40 00
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, one year.....\$3 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....\$1 50
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

For the Farmer.

Young Farmers—How they may Practice Economy.

Although we may not approve of some of the items, such as brush drains, etc., in the following article, still the general spirit of the article is in accordance with well ascertained truths, and it may be read with profit by many of our readers. We have treated this subject so often, and in so many phrases, that we give the following without any further comment.

"I am not rich enough to be economical," said a young friend of ours, when we strongly recommended to him the profits of a certain improvement. "The want of means compels me to work constantly to disadvantage, and I cannot enjoy the privileges and profits of my richer neighbors." This is a difficulty in which many intelligent farmers have found themselves placed, and from which they would most gladly be extricated.

Innumerable instances are occurring in their daily practice, where they could secure golden results, had they only the lever of capital placed in their hands; but as they are now situated, they seem to themselves like the man who is digging the earth with his unassisted hands, or the one who is compelled to carry water in an egg shell, while their more fortunate neighbors are turning up the deep soil with the most perfect instruments, or sending streams of refreshment and fertility over their entire farms. Now, we are not about to plan a "royal road" of escape from this difficulty; it must be met and conquered.

If the attack is rightly made, the conquest will be comparatively easy; if wrongly, it will be the discouraging and formidable task of a life-time. The eager inquiry is now made, what is the easiest mode of conquest? We answer, the first and great leading means, is a large fund of thorough and practical knowledge.

The man who, by a close observation of results in his own practice and in the experience of others, in connection with the immense amount of useful suggestions, (to say nothing of distinct practical directions), contained in the best publications of the day possesses, even with a very short purse, a vast advantage over the short sighted, ignorant and unobservant capitalist. He will turn to advantage, even with his very limited means, a thousand resources which others would allow to sleep unemployed forever.

We once had occasion to observe the contrast in the condition of two young farmers, one of whom had a four hundred acre farm "left" to him; the other had but fifty acres, which he had paid for, in part, by previously laboring on a farm some years, by the month in summer, and teaching a district school in winter. The one had the capital of money which his own hands had never earned; the other possessed the more valuable capital of knowledge and indomitable perseverance.

The young heir was more interested in riding about, in parties, balls, and in jaunts to the city, than in the details of farming, and knew the contents of the tri-weekly political newspaper, and of a certain frivolous magazine much better than of any agricultural journal, or of Norton's Elements. His farm became an exact reflection of his own character. Fences were soon obscured by belts of alders, blackberries and burdocks, and buildings showed marks of premature age, and became dilapidated. There was a 20 acre marsh, which might have been drained, but it never was. And there was a patch of Canada thistles which filled one twelve acre field, and part of another, which he could have destroyed in one season, had he known how others had done. One hundred and eighty loads of manure, as estimated at any one time by a neighbor, were allowed to lie a whole year about his barn, without application. His cattle were of the long-horned, big-headed, sharp-backed breed. His swine were the Long-bristled Racers. His profits in farming may be easily guessed. There was a general complaint among his neighbors that his debts were never met within six months after the appointed pay-day, and that he endured a sharp dun with extraordinary patience. It is true, necessity drove him to retrench his expenses, and the improved examples about him induced him to amend his practice, but not until his farm was reduced to less than half its original size, by portions sold off at three different times to satisfy mortgages.

Well, what became of the young fifty acre farmer, we are asked. He has ceased to be a "fifty acre farmer." He began by examining closely what improvement could be made, of whatever character and kind, whether cheap or expensive. Among these he was compelled to select first the cheap improvements, or those which promised the largest profits for the smallest outlay. One of these was the draining of a three acre alder swamp, a large portion of which he did with his own hands in autumn, between seeding and husking. He had read of Judge Buel's success with brush drains; he constructed all the side or secondary channels by filling them at the bottom with the brush cut from the ground, which enabled him to accomplish the work at less than half the usual price. These brush drains have now stood many years, and the brush being wholly excluded from the external air, has not decayed, and they carry off the little water required, being numerous, and at regular intervals. Now, observe the result: The alder swamp would not have sold originally for five dollars an acre; it now brings crops of corn, broom-corn and meadow grass, more than paying the interest on a hundred and fifty dollars per acre, besides all expenses. He doubled his manure by draining, from the most peaty portion of this drained swamp, large quantities of muck to his farm yard, where it was kept comparatively dry till wanted, under a cheap slab and straw shed. By paying a small sum yearly, he was enabled to improve immensely the breed of his cattle, sheep and

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., SEPTEMBER 16, 1857.

NO. 13.

swine, and which he thinks has returned the money thus expended at least twenty-fold.—The same keen attention to his business in other points, enabled him to effect many additional improvements, among which we may briefly mention a cheap and simple horse power of his own construction, consisting of a rope running on the ends of radiating arms, which enabled him by means of one or two horses, as necessity required, to thresh his grain, saw his wood, drive his churn, turn his grindstone, and split picket-lath. It is true, he has now thrown this rude machine aside for the greatly improved endless chain-power, but it answered his purpose for the time, before the days of improved machinery. But among all his outlays for the sake of economy, there is none which he thinks has repaid him equal to the subscription money applied in taking two agricultural periodicals, costing two dollars and a half yearly, besides postage, and which, in connection with his own experience and good judgment, have been the chief guides in most of his great improvements. He has been enabled to add sixty more acres to his land, and the whole presents a beautiful specimen of neat, finished and profitable farming.

Note of this is fiction. It was gradually accomplished by years of constant, intelligent perseverance.

A great loss occurs to the majority of farmers from too meagre an expenditure for implements—the effective medium for the action of all the labor. The eagerness to secure big farms, at the cost of their profitable culture, is a most fruitful source of bad husbandry. We observe by the last census, that the cash value of farms in the Union is over three thousand million dollars, and the value of farm implements only a hundred and fifty millions; that is, each farm worth three thousand dollars, has, on an average, only a hundred and fifty dollars worth of plows, cultivators, rollers, carts, wagons, harrows, fanning mills, straw-cutters, root slicers, harness, shovels, spades, forks, hoes, horse and hand rakes, scythes, cradles, axes, hammers, sleds, wood saws, hay knives, ox yokes, chains, &c. &c., to say nothing of reapers, grain drills and threshing machines, which may possibly be borrowed or hired. Instead of only \$150, all these cannot be had of good construction and quality, for much less than \$500, leaving a deficiency of about \$350 to be made up by slipshod cultivation and by borrowing. In England, where taxes, poor-rates, rents and tithes, constitute together an enormous drawback on the profits of farming, and where, consequently, every operation must be performed to the best possible advantage, no one need hope for success who does not possess an amount of capital equal to forty dollars per acre, for procuring implements, animals, seeds, manure and labor.

"No prudent man," says the Mark Lane Express, "ought to rent more than he has that amount, at least, of available capital to go on with." If, therefore, our farmers generally laid down, at the commencement of their labors, the great fundamental principle that capital as well as farms is indispensable to success—that they might as well undertake to run a car on a single rail, as to farm with land only, or capital—that they must especially lay in a heavy amount of that most efficient of all kinds of capital, thorough knowledge—they need no longer complain that they have a machine they cannot profitably manage—a locomotive without fuel, or without a competent engineer to take charge of its levers.—Albany Cultivator.

Ten Rules to be observed in making Butter.

In making good butter there are several nice operations to be gone through with, which require an eye to cleanliness, forethought and experience.

- 1. On milking clean, fast yet gently, regularly twice a day, depends the success of the dairyman. Bad milkers should not be tolerated in a herd; better pay double the price for good ones.
2. Straining is quite simple, but it should be borne in mind that two pans about half full each will produce a greater amount of cream than the same milk if in but one pan; the reason of this is the greater surface.
3. Scalding is quite an important feature in the way of making butter in cool weather; the cream rises much quicker, milk keeps sweet longer, the butter is of a better color, and churns in one half the time.
4. Skimming should always be done before the milk becomes loppered; otherwise much of the cream turns into whey and is lost.
5. Churning, whether by hand or otherwise, should occupy fifty minutes.
6. Washing in cold soft water is one of its preserving qualities, and should be continued until it shows no color of the milk by the use of the ladle; very hard water is highly charged with lime, and must in a measure impart to it alkaline properties.
7. Salting is necessarily done with the best kind of ground salt; the quantity varies according to the state it is taken from the churn; if soft, more—if hard, less; always taking taste for the surest guide.
8. First working, after about twenty-four hours, is for the purpose of giving it greater compactness.
9. Second working takes place at the time of packing, and when the butter has dissolved the salt, that the brine may be worked out.
10. Packing is done with the hands or with a butter mallet; and when butter is put into wooden vessels, they should be soaked two or three days in strong brine before using. After each packing, cover the butter with a wet cloth, and put a layer of salt upon it; in this way the salt can easily be removed at any time, by simply taking hold of the edges of the cloth.
Butter made in this way will keep any length of time required.

Ho who prays as he ought, will endeavor to live as he prays. He that can live in sin, and abide in the ordinary duties of prayer, never prays as he ought. A truly gracious praying frame is utterly inconsistent with the love of or reserve for any son.

Stirring the Soil.

Few farmers disbelieve, in fact, in the advantages of thoroughly pulverizing and stirring the soil, yet many are so faint in faith or indolent in practice, as not to show appreciation of it. It is a matter which needs no argument, as every observant man, who has worked in the soil a half dozen years is perfectly aware. The finer the particles of earth, and the looser it is kept by cultivation, the better will crops requiring open culture, thrive. In all manipulations of the soil this is the great object aimed at, and the more effectually it is done the better. The Corn crop would be all the better, if the cultivator were passed through it once a week until "knee high." It is an old song among gardeners, that

"The more we hoe, The more we grow."

The Gardener's Text Book says:—Hoeing is of benefit even when there are no weeds to destroy; and in fact it should be the object to keep, rather than to get them out of beds. Hoeing makes the ground sweet, and open to the atmosphere; whereby the crops are much sooner brought to maturity, and in greater perfection. Strange as it may seem, keeping the surface light and porous, will prevent the parching effect of drought.—Thus, in a dry season, a well-tilled garden suffers less than a field of grain on the opposite side of the fence.

During the day time, the loose soil imbibes heat freely, and transmits it to the most distant rootlets, securing to them that warmth which is so essential to a vigorous growth; but at the approach of evening, when the temperature of the air falls, a reverse action takes place, and the heat is radiated or thrown off quite as rapidly as it was received. If, on a hot day, you fill a pitcher with cold water, in a few moments you will find the outside covered with drops of moisture, and it is a common expression that the "pitcher sweats." Instead, however, of the drops having been drawn through the pores of the vessel like vapor condensed from the surrounding air upon the cold pitcher. So with the soil at evening; as soon as by the radiation of heat it becomes colder than the atmosphere, that moisture which we call dew is condensed, and transmitted to the roots. The extent of this beautiful operation is just in proportion to the looseness of the surface. Thus Cobbet says, "A man will raise more moisture with a hoe or spade, in a day, than he can pour on the earth out of a watering-pot in a month."

Interesting Miscellany.

What is Home Without a Daughter? Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of home but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine.

We know a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years:—

"Full of gentleness of calmest hope, Of sweet and quiet joy!"

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, a more reverential affection for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her! did her father and her mother; and of how many pictures of the future was she subject.

"It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. "Fearful!" It is maddening—it is a truth that is linked with despair.

Suddenly like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that the Lord had need of her.—She meekly bowed her head—and, at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last month was hallowed by her death. She went and came back no more! Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was hers reposes among the congenial charms of nature and art; they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of a truth, "a home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedar, but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon."

KINDNESS.—Would it not please you to pick up a string of gold, diamonds and precious stones, as you pass along the street?—It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant words, as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost—of which none can deprive you. Speak to that orphan child. See the diamonds drop from her cheek. Take the hand of that friendless boy. Bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected. A joy suffices his cheek more brilliant than the most splendid precious stones. By the wayside mid the drop words and smiles to the poor, and drop words and smiles to cheer and bless.

You will feel happier, when resting on your pillow at the close of the day, than if you had picked up a score of perishing diamonds. The latter fade and crumble in time—the former grows brighter with age, and produces happier reflections forever.

"So Tired."

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON. "Weary of life? ah no—but of life's wo; Weary of its troubles and its cares! Would to rest—because so well I know What draughts the hand of passion still prepares.

"So tired!" A little child came panting in from play, the other night, and climbing into its mother's lap, laid his head upon her bosom, and uttered those two words. I saw the fond young mother brush the golden hair from the darling's moist forehead, and press her lips again and again to the flushed cheeks. The shadows of evening were falling fast around us, and the birds had already sung themselves to sleep. Little shoes and stockings were drawn off and laid aside—little weary feet bathed and cooled—a little night dress took the place of the pretty blue frock and white apron, and the boy was quiet. With a sigh of satisfaction he nestled closer in her arms; his blue eyes closed, and her cradle song grew lower and lower as his breath came longer and more regularly through his parted lips. Happy sleep of childhood! She arose and went softly to her own room, to lay him in his little crib, and I was left alone. Heaven knows what memory of a time when I, too, was cradled upon a loving breast—when the dead mother, whose face I cannot remember, sung to me in the twilight—came over me as I took up the infant's cry.

"So tired!" A man of business—a man whose name is a bond on Wall street—Went to bed last night, and he lay on his back, and he thought of the words that fell from his lips? Tired of his gay and busy life, of his elegant home, his fair daughters, and his fashionable wife? Tired of these, and longing for the little red farm-house among the hills of his native home, where he used to play, a bare-footed, light hearted boy? Even so, strange as it may seem! Yet not so much for the farm house, as for the happiness and innocence that staid behind it, and which he can never hope to find in his dusty office, or splendid home.

"So tired!" She has been a loving wife and indulgent mother. Six strong sons had she reared beside that cottage hearth, but the grave has claimed them all but two, and those the world has taken. The husband of her youth died long ago; and to day, her sixtieth birthday, she sits alone in the deserted homestead. To her boys she is "the old woman," to the brilliant wives, "a good old thing, but so old fashioned;" to their homes and their children almost a stranger. Her tears fall fast as she thinks of them in the distant city, gay, prosperous, wealthy, and happy, yet not remembering her on this day, even a line to say, "Dear mother; I love you." This is her reward for years of toil, care and anxiety. She has outlived her generation, and when she dies, she will hardly be missed by those to whom she has given health and strength, and life itself. Poor, lonely old woman! Well may the bitter tears fall fast well may you long to die! For this is often the return for love and devotion that has outwatched the stars, and seen the moon grow pale!

"So tired!" Yes, turn from the brilliant crowd that listens eagerly for every word you utter, fair songstress, and heed what your heart is saying. Words of fire may fall from your rapid pen—your own wild soul may stamp its impress upon the page before you—the world may place the crown of laurel upon your bowed head—but it will be a diadem of thorns. In the height of triumph—in the fever of success—there will come a sudden pause, and the iron will enter your soul as you remember that one voice is silent, and one face still, calm, and cold. Fame, wealth, success—oh! what are these to happiness? Vanity—vanity all, and the vexation of spirit; and you bow your head and weep to think it should be so!

"So tired!" Oh! little child, not yet released from thy mother's care, it would be better for thee to sleep in the tranquil sleep of death, within the shelter of her arms, than to tread the path which we are treading. There are sharp thorns hidden among the fairest flowers—there are the treacherous quicksands in the sweetest valleys. Good help thee, boy, for only a hand from heaven can load thee safely there. The golden hair will turn to silver, it may be, and the blue eye will wear an anxious look, before the painful journey is half done, and evil shapes will mock and mutter when thy heart faileth thee, and thy steps are faint.

"So tired!" My boy, cling closer to thy mother's breast! For a day will surely come when thy lips will utter these self-same words, and she will not be beside thee, to hush thee into forgetfulness of all thy trouble. God help thee, then, and lead thee to the only refuge where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!"

WHITENESS FRUIT TREES.—In some agricultural works, we find the practice of whitewashing fruit trees recommended as a preventive of disease. In many sections this practice has prevailed extensively, yet a slight examination will satisfy any one that the fruit orchards thus treated are not in better condition than those upon which white-wash has not been used. Analogy leads us to the inference that a clean, healthy skin is to the human body as the bark of the tree is to the case of animals. The functions performed by the skin of the one, and the bark of the other, are, in many respects, analogous; and in the case of the latter, it is generally well known that any prominent, or even temporary obstruction of the cutaneous organs, is certain to produce disease.—Maine Farmer.

Philosophy and fact are with the "Farmer," in our opinion.

Words are but little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their power. Fitly spoken they fall like sunshine, the dew, and fertilizing rain; but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail and the desolating tempest.

The Grandeur of Nature.

We live peacefully on the surface of the earth, while oceans of fire roll beneath our feet. In the interior of the globe the everlasting forge is at work. How dreadful must an earthquake be, when we are told by Pliny that twelve cities in Asia Minor were swallowed in one night. Not a vestige remained—they were lost in the tremendous forever! Millions of beings have been swallowed up while flying for safety. In the bowels of the earth Nature performs her wonders at the same moment that she is firing the heavens with her lightnings. Her thunders roll above our heads and beneath our feet, where the eye of mortal man never penetrated. In the vast vortex of the volcano the universal forge empties its melted metals. The roar of Etna has been the knell of thousands, when it poured forth its cataract of fire over one of the fairest portions of the earth, and swept into ruins ages of industry. In the reign of Titus Vespasian, in the year 70, the volcano of Vesuvius dashed its fiery billows to the clouds, and buried in burning lava the cities of Herculaneum, Stabie and Pompeii, which then flourished near Naples. In the streets once busy with the hum of industry, and where the celebrated ancients walked, the modern philosopher now stands and ruminates upon fallen grandeur. While the inhabitants were unmindful of the danger which awaited them; while they were busied with the plans of wealth and greatness, the irresistible flood of fire came roaring from the mountain, and shrouded them in eternal night. Seventeen centuries have rolled over them, and their lonely habitations and works remain as their monuments. They were swept away in the torrent of time—the waves of ages have settled over them, and art alone has preserved her memory. Great Nature, how sublime are all thy works!

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Earth has some sacred spots, where we feel like loosing the shoes from our feet, and treading with reverence; where common words of social converse seem rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been pledged, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh, how thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space, to visit them. But of all the spots on this green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have once loved and cherished—our brothers, or our children. Hence, in all ages, the better part of mankind have chosen and loved spots of the dead; and on these spots they have loved to wander, at evening, in meditation. But of all places, even among the charnel houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a mother's grave.

There sleeps the nurse of our infancy—the guide of our youth—the counsellor of all our riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake. With sentiments like these I turned aside from the gates of life to the narrow habitation of the dead. I wandered among those who commenced life with me in hope. Here distinctions are now forgotten; at least by the slumbers around me. I saw the rich and the great, who scorned the poor, and slumped there, as if infected by the plague, quietly sleeping by their side.

The Kitchen.

Talk of the parlor with its touch-me-not elegance—we care not for it. Let its covered magnificent riot in darkness, its red velvet lie in shrouds—its pictures gaze dimly through crapes, its splendid piano stand dumb in its linen cover—its worsted roses and pinks, and gill flowers remain unplucked in dark corners, its carpet bloom unseen.—Let shutters and double curtains exclude every ray of light; it is welcome to its darkness and its solitude, while we can have the pleasant, airy, yellow floored, uncarpeted kitchen.

This is the place for renunciation; the kitchen with bright shelves and clean white tables, white with time. The kitchen with its comfortable old easy chairs and broad shining hearth, and crackling, blazing fire.

We do not mean the kitchen in the great house, where lady servants have entire control, and the lady of the house never sets her foot within its precincts, but the homely comfortable kitchen of the well-to-do working man, where the tea-kettles sing together and the little children prattle around the mother, while hands set the table for tea. There may be snow in the gleaming, or sun arrows lodged in the tops of trees—there may be city walls about, or blue water and undulating hills. It matters not—in such a place, everything smacks of pure comfort.

Make the kitchen attractive and pleasant by all means. How absurd to keep one room in constant state, as it were, for the pleasure of a chance call, or a few party-going friends. We wish not further evidence of a bad house-keeper, than to see her parlor in full dress, her kitchen down at the heel, and her chambers in confusion. Make your home-place the most agreeable, or if your many duties allow not time to attend to them as thoroughly as you wish to its adornment and refinement, throw open the doors of your best room and let your family enjoy it. Pray, who should not?—Boston Cultivator.

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another.—As the snow gathers so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a single action, but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Try to do good.

A Trickster.

That Wilmot is nothing but a tricky politician is fully shown by his career. The first we ever heard of him, was an insane movement to elect Col. R. M. Johnston, a slave-holder, President. This speculation failed.

For some time after this he behaved pretty well, and got to Congress. He there distinguished himself by voting for the repeal of the tariff of '42, for which nearly all his present supporters denounced him as a traitor to Pennsylvania, and a dough-faced truckler to the south. Frightened by their denunciations, he offered his anti-slavery proviso, at the instance of the Van Buren's, in order to defend himself against the accusations of the whigs. In 1848 he pledged himself to support the nominee of the Baltimore convention for President, which pledge he violated, and supported Van Buren.

The next we heard of him he was boring the legislature for a new judicial district in his locality, with a view to the Judgeship.—He begged the democrats to do this, in order that he might "get out of politics for a while" and then come back again to the democratic party. The district was made for him, he was elected Judge, but he did not "get out of politics," and in 1851 supported Col. Bigler for Governor. In 1852 he was an active supporter of Gen. Pierce.—During the know-nothing furor of 1854, he professed to be with that party and wanted to be its nominee for United States Senator. Failing in this he assisted in defeating its nominee, and then joined with the abolitionists to get up a "republican" party, and thus put down the know-nothings. There never was an instance in which he acted with the whigs, but he always denounced them with much bitterness.

He never stood well with the democratic party, and never attained any position in it. His plotting, drivelling, tricky disposition is well exemplified by a recent transaction. To make people believe he has some faith in his election he resigns his Judgeship, but very careful was he not to do it until within less than three months of the election. Had he resigned three months before, the people of the district would have elected a Judge this fall for the term of ten years, but as three months do not elapse between his resignation and election, the Governor appoints until the second election, a year hence! So, Mr. Wilmot can be defeated this fall for Governor and obtain his Judgeship again in a year.

This is characteristic of the man. His whole political career stamps him as a mere trickster, and his last act establishes the fact beyond controversy.

Do the people want such a man for Governor? If they take him they may depend they will have "to pay the pipes."—Clinton Democrat.

Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and conventionalities of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak, and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond this. At the base of all his ease and refinement, and tact and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others, but how he may respect, how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position of every one with whom he is brought in contact—that he may give to each his due honor.—He studies how he may avoid touching upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, or of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority—never ridicules, never boasts, never makes a display of his own powers, or rank, or advantages; never indulges in habits which may be offensive to others.

WAIT.—Of course it is very hard to wait. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty or in doubt; whether for the fulfillment of a promise or the arrival of a "shippload of money," waiting is tedious, and one feels that patience is a virtue. Young Hopeful cannot wait for dinner, and spoils, his appetite and digestion with apples and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority, and borrows.—Tell people to wait, and they answer that life is all waiting; and have waited long enough, and waiting makes fools. Yet waiting is the school of moral strength. The grandest achievements have to be waited for. Small minds are always fizzing and leaking; so when the time comes, they are found either stale or empty. London Times.

Dr. Franklin in England in the year 1775, was asked by a nobleman what would satisfy the Americans? He answered that it might be compromised in a few "Re's," which he immediately wrote on a piece of paper—thus:—

- Re-call your forces.
Re-store Castle William.
Re-pair the damages done in Boston.
Re-peal your unconstitutional acts.
Re-nounce your pretensions to taxes.
Re-fund the duties you have extorted.—
After this,
Re-quire and
Re-ceive payment for the destroyed tea and with the voluntary grants of the Colonies, and then
Re-joice in a happy
Re-conciliation.

Avoid, as you value the prosperity of your own souls, and your mutual peace and comfort, all idle disputings about words to no profit, observing that "strife of words are not only barren of profit, but productive of envy, railing and evil surmising."

There is a gentleman in Boston so polite that he begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down. Being good natured he always grants it.

Never expect to go to the throne of grace, without having some stumbling block thrown in your way. Satan hates prayer, and always tries to hinder it.

I say, my little son, where does the right hand road go? "Don't know, sir; 'tain't been nowhere since we lived here."

Brown says that though "brevity is the soul of wit," it is "no joke" to be short on change. Brown knows.