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The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 11, 1857. NO. 21.

The Housekeeper.

CURING BEEF AND PORK.—The following mode of curing beef and pork, we have perhaps given before, but it will bear re-publication:

To 1 gallon of water,
 Take 1/2 lbs. salt,
 1 lb. brown sugar,
 1 oz. saltpetre,
 1/2 oz. potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired.

Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar (which will not be a little,) rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say from four to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces, and the kind of meat. The meat must be well covered with the pickle and it should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to MAKE LARD CANDLES.—*Messrs. Editors*—Having been the recipient of many favors through the columns of your invaluable publications, I propose as far as in me lies, to cancel the obligations already incurred, and as the first installment, I shall offer a recipe for making hard, durable and clear burning candles of lard. The manufacture of lard candles is carried on to a considerable extent in some of the Western States, particularly Wisconsin, and being monopolized by the few has proved very lucrative. The following is the recipe in use:

To every 8 lbs. of lard, add one ounce nitric acid, and the manner of making is as follows: Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and mould the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle.

In order to make them resemble bona fide tallow candles, you have only to add a small proportion of pure bees-wax. J. A. Robison. *Belcher, N. Y. in Co. Genl.*

ALUM TO HARDEN CANDLES.—*Asa M. Holt* says—In the autumn of 1856 I killed a fat cow, and my housekeeper tried the tallow—then she made a parcel of mould candles from the tallow without using alum. Afterwards she made some of the same kind of tallow into candles by dipping. But before she dipped the candles, she dissolved alum in water and mixed it with the tallow of which she made the candles. The mould candles and the dipped candles were kept together, and in the hot weather in the last summer, while the dipped candles with which alum was used, were sufficiently hard and firm, and burned well, the mould candles which were made without alum, were so soft that they could not bear their own weight, but fell down in the candlesticks, and could not be used till the weather became cooler.

HARD SOAP FOR FAMILY USE.—Take two lbs. of clear grease to one pound of rosin; make this into soft soap, and while it is boiling, to every ten gallons of soap add one gallon of salt. Boil one hour after adding the salt. When it is done boiling, the soap will be at the top and the lye at the bottom.—Skim off the soap; keep it and gently stir it in a leaky vessel, so that the lye will all run out the same as buttermilk does out of butter; then work the soap as butter is worked until it is as thick as hasty pudding; then set it away to cool. Turpentine or tar will answer instead of rosin, but are not so good. Any refuse salt is good enough, or old pickle.

Another: Omit the rosin, and make as above. When the soap is skimmed off, and the lye all drained out, add boiling water to the soap, three parts water to four of soap; stir well together, and continue to stir it gently as long as it is thin enough to settle level.

VINEGAR.—The juice of one bushel of sugar beets will make from five to six gallons of vinegar equal to the best wine. Wash and grate the beets, express the juice, put the liquor into a barrel, cover the bung with gauze, and set in the sun, in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar may be obtained without any great trouble, and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

TO CLEANSE FEATHER BEDS.—Rub them over with a stiff brush, dipped in hot soapsuds. When clean, lay them on a shed or any other clean place, where the rain will fall on them. When thoroughly soaked, let them dry in a hot sun for six or seven successive days, shaking them up well and turning them over each day. They should be covered over with a thick cloth during the night; if exposed to the night air they will become damp and mildew.

TO CLEANSE MATTRESSES.—Hair mattresses that have become hard and dirty, can be made nearly as good as new by ripping them, washing the ticking, and picking the hair free from the bunches, and keeping it in a dry, airy place several days. Whenever the ticking gets dry, fill it lightly with hair, and tack it together.

A HINT FOR FARMERS.—It looks as though there might be something in this:

A farmer of Courtland county, New York, named Atla Burlingame—says that wheat can be prevented from spoiling in bins, in damp weather, if one dry brick is put in it for every five bushels of grain; and evenly distributed throughout the bin. We believe this. The brick everybody knows or ought to know, is a great absorber of moisture.

HORSE TALK.—The *New York Spirit of the Times* gives the following characteristics of a good horse:

1. His eyes, even when seen in the stable, are perfectly clear and transparent, and the pupils or apples of the eyes are alike in color and size.
2. On being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows; if, on the contrary, he should give vent to a dry, husky, short cough, beware of him—his wind is unsound.
3. His legs are smooth and clean; if you find bunches or puffs, or a difference in size, though he may not be lame, disease lurks there.
4. If broad and full between the eyes, he is susceptible of being trained to almost anything.
5. If some white or parti-colored, he is docile and gentle.

To trust religiously, to hope humbly, to desire nobly, to think rationally, to will resolutely, and to work earnestly,—may this be mine!—*Mrs. Jackson.*

He who is always his own counsellor will often have a fool for his client.

Interesting Miscellany.

Stick to your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointments that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to become dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, and what seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you, and you will find abundant verification of our assertion.

Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic, but for some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor; and after a hasty shallow preparation has taken up the saddle bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a bit more agreeable.

Here are two young clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk until he has money enough to commence business on his own account; the other can't wait, but starts off without capital and with a limited experience, and brings up after a few years in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes out at last with a fortune.

That young lawyer who becomes disheartened because briefs and cases die at crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who concluded that he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics, finally settled down into the character of a meddling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it—he hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up, mortgages his farm to raise money, goes to the land of gold, and after months of hard toil, comes home to begin again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the man in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man, stick to your business. It may be that you have mistaken your calling—if so, find it out as quickly as possible and change it; but don't let any uneasy desires to get along fast, or a dishonest calling, lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and there stick to it; if you are sticking type, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at the law, hold fast to that profession—pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously, and hopefully; if there is anything in you it will appear and turn to account in that as well, or better, than in any other calling—only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as speedily as possible, for the longer you stick to it the worse it will stick to you.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

Fruits of Civility.

Civility costs nothing, and considering it pays its way handsomely in all companies to say nothing of occasional chance advantages, it is a marvel that it is not more common—that it is not a universal virtue. Within a few years, a couple of gentlemen, one of them was a foreigner, visited the various locomotive workshops of Philadelphia. They called at the most prominent one first, stated their wishes to look through the establishment, and made some inquiries of a more specific character. They were shown through the establishment in a very indifferent manner, and no special pains were taken to give them any information beyond what their inquiries drew forth. The same results followed their visit to the several larger establishments. By some means they were induced to call on one of a third or fourth-rate character. The owner was a workman of limited means; but on the application of the strangers, his natural urbanity of manner prompted him not only to show all that he had, but to enter into a detailed explanation of the working of his establishment, and of the very superior manner in which he could conduct his factory, if additional facilities of capital were afforded him. The gentleman left him, not only favorably impressed towards him, but with the feeling that he thoroughly understood his business.

Within a year he was surprised with an invitation to St. Petersburg. The result was his locomotive establishment was moved there bodily. It was the agent of the Czar who had called on him in company with an American citizen. He has recently returned, having accumulated a large fortune, and still receives from his Russian workshops about a hundred thousand dollars a year. He invests his money in real estate, and has already laid the foundation for the largest fortune of any private individual in Philadelphia, and all the result of civility to a couple of strangers.—*Halt's Journal of Health.*

A Good Example.

Andrew Johnson, just elected to the U. S. Senate from Tennessee, had a very obscure origin and no educational advantages. After he married, his wife taught him his letters, and while he prosecuted his calling as a journeyman tailor, to support his family, he acquired the simplest rudiments of education. He served in the U. S. House of Representatives several years ago, and was recently Governor of Tennessee.

Industry brings its reward.

The way to Collect a Bill.

Old Squire Tobin was a slow walker but slower pay. Blessed with abundant means he was considered ultimately good for any debt he might contract, but he had contracted a habit of holding on to his money, until forced by extra opportunity to fork over. "There goes the old Squire," said Brown the merchant; "I've had a bill of five dollars and fifty cents against him for eighteen months, and if I have asked him once for it I have done so twenty times; but he has either not got with him, or he will call tomorrow, or, if not in a good humor, he will swear like a trooper, at my impudence at dunning him at unseasonable times."

Now there was one Joe Harkins, a wagsish sort of a fellow, who heard the complaint of merchant Brown, and resolved upon some fun.

"Come, now, Brown," said Joe, "what will you bet I can't get the money from the old Squire before he gets home?"

"A new hat," said Brown.

"Enough said," said Joe.

While Brown was hunting the bill, Joe disguised himself in a striped blanket and slouched hat. Thus equipped, with the bill in his hand he took after the squire.

"Hello, is your name Squire Tobin?"

"Yes," answered the squire with a snarl, "what is that to you?"

"I have a little bill, sir—collecting for merchant Brown, sir."

"Merchant Brown can go to thunder, sir," said the Squire, "I've got no money for him; you must call again."

Joe bowed politely, slipped down the alley just in time to head the Squire at the next corner.

"Oh, sir," said Joe, stopping suddenly, "is your name Tobin?"

"Tobin, sir, is my name."

"Here is a little bill, sir, from merchant Brown."

"Zounds! sir," replied the Squire, "Didn't I meet you just around the corner?"

"Meet me?" replied Joe, "guess it was I—another of Brown's collectors."

"Then I suppose merchant Brown has two red striped collectors dogging my steps; I won't pay it, sir, to day, begone?" The old Squire, as he said this, brought down his stick hard upon the pavement and toddled on.

Joe, nothing daunted, took advantage of another alley, and by a rapid movement in a few minutes placed himself once more in front of the Squire. The old man's bile was making him mutter and growl as he walked along, and now and then giving point to his anger, by very emphatic nods of his cane on the sidewalk. When within about twenty feet of each other, the old Squire espied his friend once more in front. Squire Tobin stopped—and raising his cane exclaimed:

"You infernal insolent puppy, what do you mean?"

Joe, affecting great astonishment, checked up within a safe distance, and replied:

"Mean, sir? You surprise me, sir; I don't know you, sir."

"Ain't you merchant Brown's collector that dunned me five minutes ago?"

"Me, sir?" replied Joe, "I am one of merchant Brown's collectors, to be sure; but I don't know you, sir."

"My name is Tobin, sir," rejoined the irritated Squire, "and you look like the fellow that stopped me twice before."

"Impossible! sir," replied Joe, "it must have been some other of merchant Brown's collectors. You see, sir, there are forty of us, all wrapped in red striped blankets—and, by the by, Mr. Tobin, I think I have a small bill against you."

"Forty red striped collectors, and each one after me," ejaculated the Squire. Damn me, I must put a stop to this; they will all overtake me before I reach home." Saying which, he took out his wallet and quietly settled merchant Brown's bill of \$5 50.

Joe thanked the Squire and moved off; but as the Squire had another square to travel before reaching home, Joe could not resist the temptation to head him off just once more. He accordingly made another circuit, and came in collision with the angry old man ere he was noticed.

"Zounds! zounds! stranger," vociferated the Squire. "What—?" Here he caught sight of the red striped blanket, as Joe disengaging himself from the old man, took to his heels. Squire Tobin's cudgel was fiercely hurled after Joe, accompanied with a heavy curse upon merchant Brown and his forty collectors in red striped blankets.

It is unnecessary to say, that Joe Harkins was seen next day topped off with a bran new hat.

A Little German Story.

A countryman one day returning from the city took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks, soft, plum-like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for his mother. In the evening ere the children had retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking—

"How do you like the soft rosy apples?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the oldest boy; it is a beautiful fruit, so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved a stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Bright and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks for regarding the future with care, and it is becoming in a young husband-man."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest, "besides which mother gave me half of her's. O! it tasted so sweet and melting in my mouth."

"Indeed!" answered his father, "thou hast not acted prudently. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second one, "which my little brother threw

away, cracked it, and eaten the kernel; it was as sweet as a nut to the taste; my peach I have sold for so much money that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "beware, my boy of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" asked the father returning to his son, who frankly and openly replied:

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on the bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud, "brother Edmund!"

Edmund was still and silent, and his mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English Railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side on one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station, and suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down" his companion "a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose you haven't invented engine bells yet?"

"Well, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells but can't use them on our railroads. We run so tarmal fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact!" said the Yankee; "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles, but they wouldn't either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate—hurricanes were now and then blowing over the train. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on screaming like a trooper. It screamed awfully but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the road side, and the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, and broken wagon, and dead engineer, lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along mixed up with some frightful oath that I heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow, he was dead before his voice got to him."

"After that we tried lights," supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so strong that the chickens waked up all along the road supposing it was morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light close behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they could not sleep with so much light in the night time.

"Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when a train was in sight, and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles."

But I can't say as that is true—the rest I know to be so!"

The Fading One.

Did you ever see some member of a family fading away—gradually, yet surely, beyond all human help, wasting under the power of disease? Around the house, perhaps—going out for the short walk or the gentle ride; able, it may be, to see friends, and pleasures of life; but growing weaker day by day, suffering, enduring, but slowly fading. Did you ever see a friend thus as pieces by pieces the clayey tabernacle was being taken down and the spirit plunging itself for its right, as soon as its prison chains fall off?

Such an one I saw recently—and who has now gone to her eternal home. It was very touching to watch the solitude of all the family for their drooping form. The arrangements for the visit had been made with reference to her wishes; the temperature of the room must be regulated for her comfort; the easiest chair had been for her use. The mother's eye watched her as she passed around the room, with a mother's anxiety; the sisters anticipated every wish of her heart; the little brothers hushed their noisy legs and stepped more gently in her presence.

I watched her weakness as she turned upon her loved ones for support, apparently unconscious of all their attentions—receiving them as freely as they were given—and thought what a beautiful provision of a merciful Providence is the family! It is indeed a relic of Eden left to us yet unbroken, primitive heaven-blessedness. If the world were one great Commune of Socialism, as some would seem to desire in these days of sickness, we might dwell enough in youth, and health, and vigor, but what would become of the fading ones in this selfish world?

We may well be grateful for family comforts. We may well prize them if we have them unmarred by sickness or death, for but a few families escape a great while. And when they come what consideration should induce us to spare any attention which can be given to smooth the pathway to the tomb? No lapse of time can ever take away the bitterness of the recollection of unkindness at such a time, after the grave has closed, over the lost one.

Speak gently to your fading ones. Bear patiently with all the humors and caprices of a mind weakened by disease. Consider no self-denial too great to be borne. But especially point often to the necessity of being at any time prepared for death. If possible, disrobe death of its terrors by making it familiar and holding free intercourse upon the great themes of the soul's immortality and its eternal home. Such efforts will bring con-

solation in the hour of sorrow, when all the weary watchings and night vigils and trials of patience shall be forgotten.

Deceiving Children.

I was spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and, what then seemed to me, one who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's—it was a small social gathering of friends, therefore she was very desirous of attending; but her child demanded her presence with him. After undressing him, and hearing him say his prayers, she said:

"Willie, did you see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied; "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, very; now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell."

"Oh, yes, mother do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone," thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go with you; won't you stay?"

"No, Willie, the man won't sell it if I don't go to night; so be a good boy."

He did no more, but quietly lay down.

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street; if you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course."

"Injury!" she repeated, "why, what harm have I done? I did not tell him I would see the man—I only asked him if I should."

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the difference now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late.—You have yourself grafted a thorn in your young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or club the point, to make it less piercing.—On your return he will not see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayer than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all he could to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "mother gone so long."

It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiselessly into the room supposing him asleep; but he heard her and said:—

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten? I kept awake to see it, and was so sleepy."

"No, my dear; the man would not sell her."

"Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, mother?"

"He did not say just that, but I thought he meant so."

"I did want it so bad; mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears started to his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks. The mother's glistened also. As she knelt to kiss them away, he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it so bad." She turned her dewy eyes towards me, saying—

"You have led me to see my error. Never will I again, let what will be the consequence, deceive my child to please myself."

Mothers are you practising the same deception? If you are, pause and think of the consequences ere it is too late. Does it not lessen your confidence in a person when you find out they have been deceiving you? Will it not also that of your children in you, when they become old enough to detect it? Besides, it would be very strange if they themselves did not imitate you in things of more importance.

It is the pride and joy of a mother's heart to gain and retain the entire confidence of her child, and it is in her power to do so if she but exercise that power by precept and example.—*New York Independent.*

How to Tell.

Here is a 'bit of advice' to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really 'courting' them, or only paying them 'polite attentions.' The confounding the one with the other has been the source of very much trouble, both before and since the era of Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell:—

A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a 'white satin under that gauze,' &c., at the very moment that the gallant she half loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off!

Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between 'polite attentions' and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and therefore it is necessary that the damsel should be on the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong.

First, then, if a young man greets you in a loud, free and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hands; stares you straight in the eye, with his mouth wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he eats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticizes your curls, or falls

to be foolish fifty times every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him say what he will to the contrary.

On the other hand, if he be merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see if your tea is sufficiently sweetened, your dear person well wrapped up when you go out into the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red and his nose only blanches, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may go ahead and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the right one is found beyond a doubt, after which you can go on and love and court and be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.

We consider this advice so sensible, that although it is somewhat open to the charge of bluntness, we have no hesitation in pressing it upon the attention of our lady readers.

Reliability.

There are many individuals in society who can never be depended upon. They are good, easy souls, according to the general understanding, and are over ready to make promises. But performances with them is quite a different affair. They are uncertain, vacillating, and altogether unreliable. A sad system, and one that is apt to get them into many difficulties. Too much importance cannot be attached to reliability. It is a priceless quality. It may be counted upon at all times and seasons and under all circumstances. A pledge is given, a promise is made, and the utmost confidence may be felt in their fulfillment. With too many however, eye with the great multitude of mankind, the system is otherwise. Their insincerity characterizes the promise in the first place, or hesitation and change take place soon after, and thus the word is forfeited, the character soiled and all future confidence is destroyed. And this applies as well to the little as to the great things of life.

It is too much the habit with the thoughtless, to regard the non-fulfillment of small engagements as of no importance whatever. They will agree to meet their friend or that at a certain time or place, and then will treat the whole matter with indifference or contempt, utterly regardless of the indirect insult conveyed in such trifling, as well as the waste of moments and hours, which to another may be precious. Indeed, individuals who are prompt and punctual in little things, are seldom remiss in great. If they are attentive to the ordinary courtesies of life and society, they will, in the majority of cases, be found truthful, manly, high-minded and honorable. There is, indeed, great virtue in reliability.—It adorns, dignifies, and elevates the character. A reliable man is always a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a prudent counselor and trust-worthy friend. He is a man of conscience and of principle, and his words and deeds are thus influenced and controlled by considerations of the highest and purest descriptions. He may be depended upon as well in the hour of misfortune as the day of prosperity. His advice will be received with respect and confidence, his professions will always be characterized by sincerity and veracity.

A Novel Meeting.

Dr. Splint attends a masquerade ball. In the motley and happy throng he falls in with a fair pilgrim in black silk, whose charming person, snow-white neck, and bewitching, coquettish airs, awaken in his soul the most rapturous love. She casts upon him looks of languishing tenderness; he revels in the hope of having made a blissful conquest.—He musters up his courage and ventures to address her.