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The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

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Interesting Miscellany.

From Life Illustrated.

Wanted---A Wife.

I wish somebody would make me a New Year's present of a good wife! Here I am, nearly thirty-five years old, and a bachelor yet. I'm sure it's not *my* fault. I don't at all relish coming home at night to a lonely room, and yawning all the evening over a stupid book, without a soul to speak to. I don't fancy darning my own stockings and sewing on my own shirt buttons. Boarding-house life isn't the greatest luxury in the world, especially when the invalid chairs and broken tables in the establishment are pensioned off in your room, and the Biddy uses your hair-brush, and anoints herself with your *millefleurs!*

I'd like a rosy wife, and a cheerful home, as well as anybody. I'd like to think, at my daily labors down-town, of a pair of bright eyes, looking up and down the street to see if I'm coming, of a kettle singing at the fire, and a pair of slippers put down to warm by hands that exactly correspond with the bright eyes.

But I don't know where all the *good* wives have gone! I have read of them and heard about them, and I know they once existed, but the race is now extinct. I've examined all the young ladies of my acquaintance, and not one of them realizes my idea of what a wife should be. I want a gentle, loving companion, to sit at my fire-side, to cheer my existence, console my sorrows, and share my joys—an economical, domestic helpmate, to make a *home* for me. Ah, if I could only find such a person!

I don't want a wife who goes rustling about in satins and silks—who plays *divinely* on the piano, and don't know how to make a shirt—who can embroider on velvet and paint in water colors, and hasn't the least idea of the ingredients necessary to form an apple pie!

I don't want a wife who dances the Lancers with a hole in the toe of her silk stocking. I don't want a wife who is too "nervous" to see to the affairs of her household, but who is perfectly capable of fashionable dissipations—who goes into strong hysterics because I don't engage a box at the opera, and shops on Broadway, wasting all my income in "great bargains!" and I don't want a wife who reads novels and works in worsted, with a poodle dog on her lap, while the meat is burning down stairs, in the kitchen, and the pudding is baked to a cinder!

There's the catalogue of the things I don't want, and now I will enumerate the things I do want.

I want a neat, stirring little wife, whose nicely fitting dress is made by her own hands—who can make a loaf of bread, roast a turkey, or cook a beefsteak—who regards a hole in her husband's coat as a reflection on her housewifely character, and who can talk about news, and even politics, as well as about new dresses and new fashions—who is lady in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and who looks upon a husband as something nearer and dearer than a mere machine to pay her bills, and hold her fan and handkerchief at parties!

Now, Mr. Editor, do you know of any such woman as this? My female acquaintances are all pretty wax-doll creatures, with white, richly ringed hands and pale faces, who don't know exactly where the kitchen is, and would faint away if you mention a wash tub or a frying pan in their presence! They are very passable drawing room ornaments, but as to ever becoming thrifty, creditable wives, one might as well marry the revolving ladies in the windows on Broadway!

Won't somebody give me a bit of advice? Am I to die an old bachelor, or am I to marry a huge crinoline, an infinitesimal bonnet, and a pair of yellow kid gloves, with a woman inside of 'em?

RALPH REDBLOSSOM.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.—At a recent term of the Circuit Court of Jones county, Miss., three men named Lynes were indicted for larceny. In order to dispose of the principal witness against them, a man named Charles Landrum, the accused, employed a ruffian named Hitower to murder him, agreeing to give a daughter of the elder Lynes in marriage and a considerable amount of property. On the night of the 14th ult., Hitower went to the house of the victim and shot him with a rifle, while sitting at his own fireside, surrounded by his family. Circumstances caused the guilty party to be suspected, when they were arrested, and Hitower made a clean breast of it, telling of the agreement above stated. He and the Lynes were all committed to await trial.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.—Both branches of the Virginia Legislature have passed a bill providing for the conveyance to the State of Virginia of the birthplace of Washington, and the home and graves of his progenitors in America. The adoption of this measure may be regarded as a patriotic prelude to the consummation of the noble enterprise in which the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association is engaged. The bill appropriates $5,000 to enclose the place with an iron fence, and to erect substantial tablets to "commemorate for the rising generation those notable spots," as required by Lewis W. Washington in his offer of conveyance.

GOOD TASTE IN DRESS.—A young lady, in one of the leading circles at Washington, was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress, at an evening party. She replied: "I am glad you like my dress; it cost just eleven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself!" When our young ladies pride themselves upon the home manufacture and cheapness of their attire, instead of the expensiveness and foreign importation, we shall have fewer "broken" fathers and husbands.

"Much remains unsung," as the tomcat remarked to the brickbat, when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

From the N. Y. Dutchman.

A Case of Imagination.

We were the witness of a very ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which, we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors, and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly frightened from our propriety, by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming:—

"For God's sake, help me to see what is the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons!" Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half-frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprise mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with or confine him as a madman. The latter we came very near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon part of the pantaloons, just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" asked we at last.

"The matter!" he exclaimed, "Oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg! Some infernal lizard or scorpion, I expect! Oh! I can't let go; I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it move just then! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah, I feel it again."

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time, at a respectable distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snake's, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly object or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing the pile of rubbish there in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning," he clenched his fist more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda, we believed he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time, two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"O, I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I cannot bend my knee! If I do, it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit."

"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I will crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left this last effort must have killed it.

He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and as straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were looking on in almost breathless silence, to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way, should it be alive, when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside of my drawers. "It's alive, too—I feel it!—quick—give me the knife again!"

Another incision was made—in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo, out came *his wife's stocking!*

How the stocking ever got there, we are unable to say; but there it certainly was, and such a laugh that followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no *yarn*.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN PARIS.—The President's Message was published in full by all the Parisian journals. It was telegraphed through from Liverpool to Paris, in five hours and a half—the same time was required to telegraph it to London. But the two copies came over the different wires, and while the copy sent to London was in English, that to Paris was in French. This fact shows the importance given to the message. The comments of the press upon the document are various. The *Debats* says that it approaches, more than any previous Message, the style of an address from a throne of Europe. But the *Debats* is alone in the criticism.

The *Charivari* pretends to have been informed by its correspondent at Washington, that Mr. Buchanan was present in the House during the reading, with his pockets full of revolvers; and that not satisfied with the reception given to the document, he shot at the clerk, the speaker, and several members of the oppostion; and then, on his way home through Pennsylvania, emptied the rest of the barrels on the passers by. The *Charivari* asserts that Gen. Walker himself wrote that part of the Message which refers to his own movements, and insists on treating the President as a confirmed fillibuster.

NINETEEN MONTHS WITHOUT FOOD—DEATH.—We learn from the Albany Times that Mrs. Hayes, of the town of Day, Saratoga county, N. Y., who had lived 19 months without food or drink, died a week or two ago. She remained insensible for fifteen months of the period, and up to a few days of her death, when she seemed to revive, and spoke occasionally. After her death, her body was opened and a snake five feet long and half an inch thick was taken from the stomach! It was alive when removed, but died soon after. The case is a very remarkable one, and it is to be regretted that it was not subjected to scientific examination.

"What is he Worth?"

It is an every day question, "What is he worth?" Yet how few ask it in the right spirit? For men have come to restrict the phrase to the amount of money that had been amassed, departing from the good old meaning, which implied rather the virtues one possessed. "What is he worthy," should be the question now; or, that is, "what is he worth," expressed originally. Mere intellectual qualities, often mere constitutional energy, may lead to fortune, without either refinement or goodness, and frequently even because of the absence of either, or both.—The possession of wealth is, therefore, no certain criterion of worth. It does not, indeed, prove a man as some would assert, to be inferior morally to his race, in general; but neither is it a guarantee that he is better.—There have been virtuous men on thrones as well as in private life. There have been heroes, saints and martyrs among the poor, as well as in higher stations. The various conditions of men bring different temptations, from which none are exempt. But each station in life has its advantages, so that no man is justified in doing wrong on the plea that his circumstances compelled it.

The question should be, "is he worthy?" not "is he rich?" Wealth dies with its possessor. Its influences on descendants is as often for evil as for good. But a life of probity is an example for one's children; it moulds them to be good and noble also; it is with all true souls, a more cherished heritage than even lands and tenements. A community in which virtue is the standard is always happy and prosperous. A nation where riches are all in all, has begun already to decay. When Rome was proud of the frugal life of her citizens, when she could point to a Cincinnatus leaving his plow to become Dictator, she was still full of youth and energy; she was still master of her own destiny. But when vast estates, troops of slaves, licentiate banquets, and the possession of millions became the ambition of all men, then Rome was rotten to the core, because profligacy laughed down honest worth, because men had ceased to be heroic, and had become utterly selfish and sensual. And as it was with Rome, so it has been with every other nation which has fallen of its own fault.—Few, too, have been the people who have perished without fault. The more "what is he worth?" becomes the test, the worse for a country. Let it be asked rather "in what is he worthy?"

The Hands.

Nothing contributes more to the elegance and refinement of a lady's appearance, than a beautiful hand. A well-formed hand, white and soft, with tapering, rosy-tinted fingers and polished nails, is a rare gift, but where Nature has denied symmetry of form and outline, it is easy, by proper care and attention, to obtain a delicacy of color and grace of movement which will place it sufficiently near the standard of beauty to render it attractive. Gloves should be worn at every opportunity, and these ought invariably to be of kid or soft leather. Silk gloves or mittens, although a pretty contrivance, are far from fulfilling the desired object. Night gloves are considered best, from the unctuous substances with which they are prepared, to make the hands white and soft, but they are attended with inconvenience, besides being very unwholesome. A moderately warm bran poultice laid on the hands about once during a week is a very excellent application. It must be remembered that the color of the skin of the hands, in common with that of the whole body, is dependent, in a great measure, on the general state of the health. The hands should be washed in *tepid* water, as cold hardens them, and predisposes to roughness and chaps, while water, beyond a certain heat, makes them shrivelled and wrinkled. In drying them they ought to be well rubbed with a moderately coarse towel, as friction always promotes a soft and polished surface. Stains from ink or other causes should be immediately removed with salt and lemon juice—a bottle of this mixture should stand ready for use on every toilet. The soaps to be preferred are such as are freest from all alkaline impurities. The palm of the hand and the tips of the fingers should be of a pale pink color. The growth and preservation of the nails depend, in a great degree, upon the treatment they receive; they ought to be frequently cut in a circular form, neither too flat nor too pointed. The root, which is sometimes called the half moon, from its crescent shape, should be always visible. It is whiter than the rest of the nail, and is connected with the vessels which supply the nail with nutriment for its growth and preservation.—When the nails are disposed to break, some simple pomade should be frequently applied, and salt freely partaken of in the daily diet. A piece of sponge, dipped in oil of roses and fine emery powder, gently rubbed on the nails, gives them a polish and removes all inequalities.

THE BRIDE.—She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love. Her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

She stood by the wash-tub when her twenty-fifth birth day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of the immediate supply of food. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas! Mary, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have music, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

Look on the bright side of everything.

Terrible Details of the Earthquake at Naples.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, under date of Jan. 2, says:—I proceed to give further details from the provinces regarding the all-absorbing subject of the earthquake. The official journal of Wednesday night enumerates sixty-one other places which had suffered in their buildings, and many in their population. Under the name of each place is given a description of the disaster, and this last report alone gives the number of several—say 4000 or 5000 additional known to have suffered. Then are described the other casualties—people maimed and crushed, others drawn out alive after a fearful sepulture of eight days, reminding us of how many more might have been saved, had proper exertions been made. The latest accounts, too, awaken considerable apprehensions of further disaster. The whole district of Sala is agitated by continual movements of the earth, stronger by night than by day, and these are preceded by fearful detonations. Moreover, about 9 o'clock P. M., of the 28th ult., and 6 and half-past 7 P. M. of the 29th ult., three strong shocks, lasting ten or twelve seconds, were felt, followed by others less intense.

In Potenza, too, on the evening of the 29th, about a quarter to 7 P. M., a strong undulatory shock was felt, and other light ones during the night. No injury was done, but the population all rushed out into some open space.

Here in Naples it is said that since the 16th ult., we have had up to Christmas eve 49 shocks, and it may readily be believed. Almost every one finds some trace of them in his house; the shocks, too, which were felt in Potenza on the evening of the 29th, were felt in Naples, and in some cases created great alarm. However, every one looks to Vesuvius for safety, and on that night it was in violent movement. People who reside at Resina tell me that during the whole night the shocks from the mountains were of the most violent and continuous character. Every three minutes it appeared as if a desperate man were trying to wrench open the doors and windows. Nothing, however, took place. I have also reports to give you from private persons who have visited the scene of ruin. They describe the country in many places as crossed with fissures, which, at first, had been very wide, but now had much closed. During the whole time of their visit the ground was heaving beneath them. There was universal panic and grief, and no light part of it arose from the fact that there was no one to search beneath the ruins or to bury the dead. I speak of the 21st and 22d ult., that is to say, of six days after the date of the disaster. Letters from Brienza of the 31st ult., say that no relief has been as yet received.—My informants, in wandering through Polla, could get no food, and even bread was wanting in many places. Those who were dug out alive—some after six or eight days of living burial—awoke to famine and death. The details which I received are more horrible than can be easily conceived.

Since writing the above, other and more afflicting details have arrived of the desolation occasioned by the earthquake. Laurenzana, Tito, Brienza, Marsicanuovo, have almost entirely disappeared. The King himself says that upwards of 15,000 have perished, and from what I heard, says my very sensible informant, the real number must be nearly double. People who have come from the spot report that the groans of the sufferers were heard from beneath the ruins several days after the disaster, and that, horrible to relate, on some bodies being taken out, it was found that they had devoured a portion of their arms. There were none to aid them, none to extricate the dying, none to bury the dead, none to give bread to the famishing.—Thousands of soldiers are maintained at the expense of the State, to support 'order,' but they could not be sent to save thousands from perishing. Many steamers were lying in harbor, the expensive toys of the sovereign, but with one or two tardy exceptions, they have remained snug in port. People cannot refrain from comparing the tardiness displayed on the present melancholy occasion with the promptitude displayed in the month of June last, when rebels landed in Sapri."

A BAD MARK.—It is a bad sign for a boy to be seen throwing stones at every dog, or pig, or bird he sees in the street. It shows that such a boy has an unfeeling heart. He don't care how much suffering he may cause a poor innocent bird, or animal. What if he breaks a wing or a leg—he only laughs at the agony which he has caused. Boys, never cultivate such a cruel disposition.—Never cause anything that has feelings, pain, if you can possibly help it. I am afraid if you begin with tormenting the poor, innocent brutes, you can, after awhile, injure your playmates and associates. Some have already been seen to throw stones at poor boys just for the fun of it, or rather, to gratify the evil disposition of their hearts. Ah! many men have been hung for murder, or they have been sent to the State Prison, just because they cultivated such bad dispositions when they were boys like you. They commenced becoming cruel to animals first, and then to boys, and so, little by little, their hearts became hardened till they could even kill a man. Think of this the next time you are tempted to pick up a stone to throw at any innocent thing that has life and feeling.—*Children's Friend.*

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—Some years since a correspondent of the Boston Cultivator recommended potash for this purpose. The rats troubled him very much, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme measures to effect their expulsion from his premises. He pounded up potash and strewed it around their holes, and rubbed some under the boards and on the sides where they came through. The next night he heard a squealing among them, which he supposes was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair, or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any further annoyance.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Arithmetical Progression.

While engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I used to have for a customer in cheap cigars, one of those knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than advance science. You could not make him believe that—oh, no! Tell him there were no regalia cigars that cost forty dollars per thousand! it might do to stuff down the throat of one of them that knew no better; he was none of them. And so it was with everything; he always know best. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject was, in order to hear himself draw forth. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him, and at length I did succeed in laying him out as flat as a flounder.

It was Saturday afternoon, he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself, to deal out his usual portion; but I was awake for him.

"Captain," said I, "I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go into a speculation, now is your time."

"As how," said he.

"Why, you see these fifteen boxes of cigars, well, there are two hundred and fifty in each box, and I will let you have the whole fifteen at a low rate, providing you take them all."

"Very well," said my friend, "let us hear the conditions."

"You give me one cent for the first box, two cents for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, doubling on every box."

"Done," said he, "fetch on your cigars,—Suppose you think I have not money enough—eh?

"Not at all, so let us proceed. Here is your first box."

He drew from his pocket a leathern purse, and out of it a handful of coin.

"And here is your cent," said he, depositing a green discolored copper on the counter.

"Here is your second box."

"Here is your two cents."

"Very well, here is your third box."

"And here is your four cents," said he chuckling.

"Here is your fourth box."

"Exactly. And here is your eight cents! ha! ha! ha! old fellow go on.

"Here is your fifth box," said I handing down another.

"And here is your sixteen cents."

"Here is your sixth box."

"And—ha! ha! ha! here is your thirty two cents."

"Here is your seventh box."

"And here—ha! ha! the joke is getting too rich—here is your sixty four cents and half your cigars are gone."

"Here is your eighth box," said I assuming a cold indifference that perfectly surprised the fellow.

"And here is your dollar and twenty-eight cents."

"Here is your ninth box."

"Here is your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty six cents."

"Here is your tenth box."

He drew his wallet thoughtfully and on the slate made a small calculation.

"And here is your five dollars and twelve cents."

"Here is your eleventh box."

"And here is your—twice five is ten, twice twelve twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents."

At this stage of the game he had got quite docile, and I continued—

"Here is your twelfth box; hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents."

Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrow-fat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sum.

"Here is your thirteenth box; pile out forty dollars and ninety-six cents."

"If I do, I shall, but I will not." With that he left, and I have never been able to get near him since.

Women and Marriage.

Robert Southey, in a chapter on 'Marriage,' delivers himself as follows:

"A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side; women have so little of the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinion of their sex.

"Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying there are more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife."

COATING FOR IRON.—Remember that rust and corrosion are more injurious to iron tools during the period of their idleness or disuse, than the wear of them. To obviate effectually, this evil, it is necessary only to cleanse them thoroughly when they are to be laid aside for the season, and apply to them a coat of rosin, one part; beef's tallow, or oil, one part, with a little lampblack; the whole being solved and fused over a slow fire and put on with a common paint brush, while warm. All iron implements, such as plows, harrows, cultivators, as well as wheels and all other tools, composed either wholly or in part of iron, should be frayed with this or some similar unguent, and carefully housed. Treated in this manner a very considerable saving will be effected, and at slight expense. Some prefer the use of paints, formed by the admixture of linseed oil and white lead, lampblack, venitian red, or Spanish brown; but although this has a somewhat neater and more tasty appearnce, on the whole, it is no more durable and much more expensive than the first named article.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to the letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but we prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed by woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"Do you think tho?" responded the dominie, for he *very* perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and thee her."

"Ith Mith P——— within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to they to Mith P——— that I with to thpeak to her a moment."

Miss P——— appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you; I'll thoon explain by bithness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My frienth think I'd better marry, and recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, realy Mr. Sm—,"

"There—don't thay another word. I will call thith day week for your reply. Good day."

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P———'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Cannot, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your anther ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in Mr. Smith."

"Can't indeed, ma'm. Pleath anther me. Yeth or no."

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. *I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—*"

"*I perfectly understand you,* Mith P———. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready ma'am."

He called on that day week at the hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily several years.—*Exchange Paper.*

SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.—The following is from Hall's *Journal of Health:*

"From extended and close observations the following general deductions seem to be warranted:

1. Infantile vaccination is an almost perfect safeguard until the fourteenth year. 2. At the beginning of fourteen the system gradually loses its capability of resistance, until about twenty-one, when many persons become almost as liable to small-pox as if they had not been vaccinated. 3. This liability remains in full force until about forty-two, when the susceptibility begins to decline, and continues for seven years to grow less and less, becoming extinct at about fifty, the period of life when the general revolution of the body begins to take place, during which the system yields to decay, or takes a new lease of life for two or three terms of seven years each. 4. The grand practical use to be made of these sentiments is: Let every youth be vaccinated on entering fourteen; let several attempts be made so as to be certain of safety. As the malady is more likely to prevail in cities during the winter, special attention is invited to the subject at this time."

A WIFE POISONED BY A SLAVE.—Great excitement exists in Henry county, Ky., in consequence of the poisoning of Mrs. Porter by a slave woman, who, it is alleged, has long been on terms of intimacy with the husband. The Shelby *News*, after giving an account of the death, of Mrs. Porter, says:

The female slave, after having been apprised of the certainty of her conviction and punishment, made a full confession, deeply implicating Porter, the husband of the deceased. She says that Porter has been trying to get her to kill Mrs. P. for several months, threatening to kill her if she did not. That P. told her that he would bear with it no longer if she did'nt kill his wife; that that was the last time he would ask her; if she refused he would cut her throat—or words to that effect. He gave her strychnine and told her how to use it. She did not want to use it; had nothing against Mrs. Porter, and believed she was a good woman, but she feared P. would kill her, and did it to save her life.

She says Porter came to see her, at her master's, on the night after the poisoning, and told her not to be uneasy; that the doctor's were going to take the stomach out and send it to Louisville to be examined; but they would find no poison in it—it had lodged in her throat, and they never would find it. Porter has been arrested.

CANDY AND POISON.—A paper on "Colored Confectionery," was recently read before the British Association at Montreal, from which we condense some valuable and novel information. We learn that for economy's sake, confectioners, in coloring their candies, &c., have recourse for their greens to Brunswick green, carbonate of copper, or arsenite of copper; for the yellows, to chromate of lead or gamboge; for their reds, to red lead, vermillion or cinnabar, and for their whites, to white lead. These are only a few of the pernicious coloring agents used, and they are among the deadliest of poisons. The way in which the poisons are laid on, also deserves a word of passing remark. In some instances a very thin coating of the coloring matter is used, so as to spread over a very large surface a small portion of the material used; but in other cases the very reverse is the fact, and in one instance was procured from a piece of ornamental table confectionery not the size of a sugar almond, a quantity of arsenite of copper sufficient to destroy the life of a healthy adult. Confectioners have no reason to use these poisons, for there are harmless vegetable colors enough to answer their purpose.

The Belleville (N. J.,) Democrat of January 16, published a letter, dated November 30, 1857, from a young man who started across the plains last summer for California, giving some account of the adventures of himself and nine companions among the mormons, which are most extraordinary, if true. He states that they were robbed of everything, stripped, and tied to trees for three days and nights. They finally escaped while their guard was asleep, and overtook Colonel Johnston's command. Colonel Johnston sent out two companies of dragoons, who killed twenty Mormons, and took thirty of them prisoners. They afterwards took Fort Bridger, killing eighty Mormons, taking ten prisoners, and loosing twelve men.

At Lockport, N. Y., on Friday night last, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt, accompanied with a loud rumbling noise resembling the rolling of wheels over a pavement.