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Select Poetry.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

O, time is sweet when roses meet, With spring's sweet breath around them; And sweet the cost when hearts are lost, And sweet the mind that still can find A star in darkest weather;

The few long known, whom years have shown With hearts that friendship blesses; A hand to cheer, perchance a tear, To soothe a friend's distresses;

O, this may we yet joy to see, And meet old friends together.

A Select Story.

KATE WOOD AND WON.

BY ROSELLA.

"What romps of girls Aunt Katie has; I never saw the like, in my life, of her Kate; she had on the schoolmaster's skates to-day, at school, and while he was hunting for them, most all noontime, she was gliding like a swan all over Moss pond, mixed in among the boys, while her laugh was as loud as theirs, only more ringing and joyous, and fuller of music," said Uncle Nat Hammond to his wife and daughters when he came home from the mill in the afternoon of a cold winter day.

"Well, now!" said Aunt Mercy, and she laughed until her whole body shook and laughed too. "Didn't Mr. Miles get his skates at all at noontime?"

"I don't know," said her husband, "for school wasn't taken up yet, when I came on home; but I guess not, for I called at the store, and while I was there young Harper came in, and he said when he came away Kate was still on the pond, and the teacher was watching her and laughing, from behind the big maple tree, and that he didn't seem a bit angry, for he overheard him say, just as he came up slyly behind him. 'God bless you, my sweet, wild Kate,' and that he got very red in the face when he saw that he had been overheard."

"It may turn out with Mr. Miles and Kate as it did with Kate's mother and her teacher, when she was young, for she was as wild a romp as Kate is; Kate comes honestly by her hoyden manners."

"How was that?" said Uncle Nat, as he took off his big caped, old-fashioned, drab overcoat, and hung it on its pin in the closet, then rubbing his hands, sat down to an afternoon lunch—a cup of coffee and hot buckwheat cakes and honey.

Aunt Mercy swept the wet footprints from the hearth, and took up her knitting, that lay in the cushioned rocking chair by the window.

"Why, you see, the winter before Kate was married, father lived up on Stony creek, on a rented farm, in a real backwoods settlement, and all of us grown girls went to district school that winter. Oh, we did have good times, I tell you! The scholars were all so united, and the winter was a mild, pleasant one, and the playground was grassy, and clean and spacious. The teacher was an excellent young man from the East, and as the healthful part of our education, he recommended exercise on the playground, and rambles on the surrounding hills. This just suited sister Kate, the pretty black-eyed romp. Many a time, the first fortnight of school, while she was whirling on one foot, or playing 'blackman' with the boys, I saw the teacher's pale face peeping out of a window, with his brow resting on his hand. No one thought of the like but myself, and from the very first I judged from his conduct towards Kate that he loved her better than any other girl in school. Her copies were always 'set' the prettiest, and were generally a sweet line or two of poetry; and if she carried her slate to him for assistance, his face lighted up with a real love smile that must have beamed warmly upon her. If any of the rest of us did the same he always said kindly, 'please wait till this class has recited,' or 'in a moment.'"

When "boarding round" and his week was at our house, in the evenings, after our lessons were all looked over, we would spread a mattress on the broad, gray-stone hearth for all to sit on, to crack nuts; we always reserved the corner for the master, as the ponderous jamb stone would keep the heat and the glare of the blaze off his forehead. And there we all clustered down together, cracking jokes, seasoned with merry peals of laughter. Ah, those were good old days of long, long ago!

One cold, frosty Christmas night, after we had eaten apples, and cakes, and nuts, Kate proposed that we should all go out and take a ride down the hill on the little hand sleds. To please her we consented. There were six sleds in all, belonging to big and little children, and there were six of us—the master, our brother Ben, the two girls and myself and Dick, the bound boy.

"I'm afraid I can't guide the sled right," said the teacher to Kate, as we all walked up the hill, through the orchard, up to the edge of Oak Grove, pulling our sleds after us.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Kate, "if it won't start when you are ready to go, you must hitch forward, with a foot sticking out on each side of the shaft, which you are to turn back and hold in your hands. If it turns to the right too much, pull your left heel into the snow a little, till you get it turned straight, not too much, or it will whirl right around. If you want to stop still, you must plow both your heels into the ground hard."

"What a glare of light this is! Oh, delicious! I want nothing rarer than this world!" said Kate, in all the exuberant joy that was brimming over the fun-loving heart.

We got to the top of the hill, and placed our sleds in a row, Kate behind, so as to have the longest ride.

"Make ready," said Dick, "take aim," said the master, in a voice by no means as joyous as the occasion demanded.

"Fire!" shouted Kate, in a voice ringing among the old oaks, like the notes of a bugle. Away we flew, like a line of winged swallows, the fine frosted particles of flying snow cutting into our faces, and powdering our clothes.

"Faster, sir!" shouted Kate, distinctly, above the noise of the gliding runners.

"I'll pass, by your leave!" and she flew circling round the teacher, and came like the chain of lightning down the hill, and past the wood pile, steadily through the open gate, when her sled jumped with a leap across the gutter in the street, and away she went down the road, as though riding a wild steed who had never felt the curb or rein. Under the elm tree, she stopped and looked around just in time to see the master's unmanageable sled plunge over the top of the milk-house, which stood close in under the ledge that skirted the hill.

We had all stopped our sleds at the gate, except Jennie, who had run through the closed side gate, and bore it off with her, into the gutter, and Ben, who had run up the wood pile, and fell back with his sled on top of him, and half a cord of ranked stove wood rattling about his ears.

We all ran, laughing, to the milk-house, while the most uproarious merriment from under the elm greeted us.

Poor teacher! his fall had been no cause of fun for him, for he lay insensible, with the blood flowing from a gash in his handsome white forehead.

Dick ran to Kate, with his finger on his mouth, a token of silence; but she could understand no dumb signs, for she lay in the snow yet, in convulsions of laughter.

Father helped carry him into the house, and we bathed his face with camphor, until life returned. It was several days before he could continue his school.

"Are you sorry for me, Katie?" he said plaintively, as he leaned back on the pillows in the rocking chair, when he detected traces of tears in Kate's black eyes.

"Yes," said she, "for I am to blame," and the pent up tears burst forth anew.

"No you are not, Kate," said he kindly; "but let us leave such sport for children, and we will spend our evenings studying Astronomy. I will teach you these bright, starry eyes. Oh, Kate," and softer grew his manly voice—"you will ripen into a glorious woman if you lay aside your over-sportiveness, and merriest moods, and seek to beautify your mind, and make it worthy of the beautiful casket that enshrines it. Will you, Kate?" and he took her hand in his; so pale and thin. She rose in tears and left the room.

"What a good influence the master exerts in our family! have you observed it, father?" said his mother one evening.

"Yes, bless him!" was the answer.

"I've been thinking, because of his good influence, and because he has poor health, and boarding round gives him a fresh cold every few days, we'd better have him board here the rest of the term, said my mother, in all the mirth and goodness of her motherly, womanly nature.

"Very well, Mercy," and my father went on with his whittling.

With many thanks to my poor mother, the master accepted the kind offer, and then the front bed room was his, and called the master's room.

We all observed, with joy and surprise, that our Kate was surely growing more womanly, more firm in her good resolves, and though very cheerful still, was far less rude and wild. We made better progress in our studies now that the teacher was with us, and that winter, in our after years, was one to be pleasantly remembered.

One day at school, in the morning, the teacher stood looking out from a back window, watching the little boys and girls carrying stones up to the top of a steep knoll behind the house. They carried them to the top, then one at a time rolled them down the steep.

Looking round upon the circle of girls who sat busied with light sewing, knitting, and embroidery, his eyes sparkled with a new idea, as he said, but by your work, girls, and before school takes up, let us all go and join those merry little ones in a round of play.

"Oh, come!" said Kate, with all her old spirit wide awakened from its sleep, and she jumped up, dropping her work, while her pool of floss and thimble rolled across the floor, do! do!! and then catching his eyes spread over her face and neck.

"The same Katie yet," said he, laughing and enjoying her pretty embarrassment.

At the foot of the hill we each selected a round stone, as large as we could carry with ease, and climbed with them up to the summit.

"We have the royalist kind of a play to-day, master," said little Lucie Gorham; "you see we call it telling fortunes; the way the stone we throw rolls down hill, is just the way we are to be, and act, and get along in life."

"Ah, you winsome little sibil," said he; "but if it don't roll at all, what then, Lucie?"

"Why, if it stops soon, the one that started it ain't going to live long," was her earnest reply. A merry laugh from us, at her originality, made her hang her head and shy off to an older sister.

"Well, let us try Lucie's game, then," said the teacher. "Mary Vail, you roll first."

"A straight-forward, upright life is to be yours, Mary; neither temptation, nor malice nor slander will harm you, for you will walk straight ahead in the line of duty," said the teacher, looking towards Lucie, with a mock air of seriousness.

And so we all rolled each stone down the hill until it came to the turn of the master or Kate, "Now it's your turn, Kate," said he; "I'll wait till the last and have the best fortune of any." Kate stood near the teacher, as she let her's fall from her hands, and at the same moment, either purposely or accidentally, his dropped too.

Would you believe it? They rolled along side by side, steady keeping even pace with each other—no knocks, but perfect unity—if large stones impeded their way, they skipped over them, and trotted, and capered, and gambled along together as nicely as Deacon Elliot's span of dapple greys.

Then as they came to where the hill stretched off into a gentle swell, their pace slackened, and they moved along side by side until they rested in among the dry flags and sicks that grew on the bank of Crystal Creek, and there with a low splash, not half so loud as a grassy sod falling upon a coffin they dropped over the bank, three seconds apart.

"You two would work together well," said Lucie; but there was no word dropped from the master's trembling lips in reply, and Kate her head was turned aside examining some fossils that Lina Rice had found on the brow of the hill.

To hide the teacher's visible embarrassment, I laughed heartily, and said that it was a real funny play of Lucie's, after all.

We all ran down the hill to school, and I observed that Kate tried to keep away from the master, by linking her arms in with a girl on either side of her. I guess she began to see matters in a true light.

That evening there was a taffy party at Nora Grove's house, to which the whole neighborhood was invited, besides the teacher and all his scholars. It was sugaring off times in the old sugar camp, and Squire Grove had told Nora to invite everybody, and we might spend the evening in the big old kitchen, and that we might have three pails of syrup to make into taffy, sugar wax and sugar. The teacher said, when he dismissed in the evening, we must not wear silk aprons to the party, or head dresses, and the boys must not wear their Sunday vests or nice neck ties, for it would mar the pleasure of the party if any of us had on clothes that would be easily spoiled.

We three girls wore pink gingham dresses and white aprons, and mother made the master wear one of father's homespun linen-coats, to save his nice black cloth one, for she said taffy was as bad as tar on one's clothes.

I thought Kate never did look sweeter than she did that night. The waist of her small checked pink gingham dress was gathered all behind and before on to a belt, her white jaconet apron was full and short, her brown wavy hair was done up plain, white glossy fragrant geranium leaves were fastened in her hair behind, and around so as to almost lie on the left temple. Her cheek wore an unusual glow and her eyes deeper tenderness, while a smile, born of joy that was holy in its pure new happiness, radiated about her sweet lips. That day's nooning had told her a revelation.

Mrs. Grove put on her sun bonnet and went to the sugar camp with her husband, saying, we would enjoy the evening sports better if there were no old folks about.

Carrie Hill and our Dick superintended the boiling, while the rest of us amused ourselves looking over Mr. Grove's books and Nora's hair book, and scrap book, and album and magazines, and geological specimens. As soon as the specimens were boiled enough, Dick called us, and we had fine sport making candy wax, and sugar, in that great old kitchen, with its wide fire place and massive jambs.

When we were quite done, and had fixed our candy away to cool on the shelves in the pantry, Dick proposed a game of "blind man's buff." And the chairs were all set on the porch, and we took off our shoes so as to slip around slyly. Dick made a capital blind man, for his arms were so long and muscular; he could take great swatches, like a mower in a meadow, and gather us in laughing and dodging, and holding our hands over our mouths, and slipping about on tiptoes. Oh, it was rare good sport, but better yet when Kate was blindfolded and caught the teacher by the long lined tail of his borrowed coat, and hung dangling to it until she had twisted it up like a stout cable, and through very weariness had to let him go. Oh, what merry shouts went up then in that old kitchen.

Little Lucie Gorham, said Ella Heth, and Ida Clarke just rolled on the porch and laughed, and brother Ben said he did wish that old dyspeptic, Mr. Sigler, was only there awhile, for surely a miraculous cure could be performed. It was bright moonlight, and some of the smaller ones proposed a game of "Silly bang," so we all went out into Uncle Grove's yard among his trees and shrubbery, to have one more good play before we went home.

Jimmy Grove and Kate stood by the base, which was a large beech tree in the centre of the yard with covered eyes, counting sixty, while all the rest of us hid ourselves. There was a good many of us, and it took a long while for us to hide.

At last Carrie Myer called out "all ready," and the search began. I was hid behind the kitchen door, and as Jimmy came in the kitchen I ran out and reached the base untouched. Nora Grove was hid round the corner of the house, and as Jim's step sounded near her she started for the base, and looking over her shoulder to see how near he was, she ran her head, shaking full of brown curls, into a young lousie tree that grew up close to the window. Dear Nora! she begged of us not to dispose of her after the manner of poor Abolem; and it took along time to get her curls unloosed, but the play stopped for that game, while the girls helped her out.

The next game Nora and brother Ben stood at the base and counted, while the rest hid. I hid in an old wheat bin in a waste cabin

that stood a few rods from the house away back in the dark corner of it, and I hardly hushed my noise breaking, when I heard a step come in at the door, and some one crouch down in the old corner near me. An instant more and a light tread came in and ran into the same old closet. It was sister Kate, I knew by the pink dress and neat apron.

"Is this you, Katie, darling?" I heard whispered in the same schoolmaster's voice. "Oh! you are here, master?" was the frightened reply, and Kate darted out, but only a step, for his hand held her arm, as he bowed his face down close to her's, and his tones were low and musical as a soft ripple of a rill in a meadow.

"Dear Katie, can we not walk through life? more than mother or sister do I love you?" and his trembling voice was hushed in tears.

A womanly curiosity made me peep out and lean forward just in time to see my blushing Kate burst in tears too, and lay her hand in his. They stood by the old paper window, and through the broken roof streamed down the moonlight, with a silvery sheen enveloping them. They stood side by side and wept, and though my own eyes were full of tears, I wondered why they should weep.

"Do you love me, Kate?" said his low, sad voice, and he drew the weeping girl to his side and looked into her face.

Kate! frank, noble, honest Kate—how I loved her when I saw her, in all the beautiful faith of true womanhood, raise her hand to his brow, and push back his soft brown hair, look into his eyes and whisper, "Dear Louis! dearer than all the world beside," and then, with a touching grace bent forward for the seal of betrothal. Reverently as a benediction, and as holily was the first kiss laid upon her forehead.

"Darling! mine!" said his glad, full soul, and the words dropped as pure as pearls. Just then hasty steps came up to the cabin door, and the teacher had merely time to slip in the closet out of sight, while Kate's dress exposed her hiding place.

After she ran and had been gone a moment he followed, and when he was out of sight, I ran too. They never knew, even to this day, that I witnessed their avowal and betrothal. I never told them yet; it was a scene too holy to make merry over. After that Kate didn't go to school any more.—They were married the following year, and moved to Connecticut, and staid there till her little Kate was two or three years old, and then they came to Ohio to reside.

"And is uncle Louis the very same schoolmaster?" said Annie, with wide open eyes and parted lips.

"The very same," said her mother, "and it is not a fortnight since I heard you wondering how he got that scar on his forehead, just under his hair. You know that he got it when he took his last ride on a hand-sled."

"Ladies' Home Magazine."

A PETRIFYING STREAM.—There is a little stream in Shasta Valley, California, which possesses the property of encrusting everything which falls into its waters with a complete coat of stone. Flowers, leaves, grass, pine buds, and things of that sort, will become completely encased in the course of a week or so, retaining in the process their natural form.—Exchange.

There are several lakes, rivers and streams in the world which petrify wood, changing it into stone, but none so rapidly as the above California stream, so far as we are aware. It must be very strongly charged with the carbonate of lime. There is a dropping spring at Knarensboro, England, which possesses petrifying powers nearly as great. We have seen willow baskets, birds' nests, and various curious articles, said to have been transformed into stone by this spring, in the course of a few months' exposure.—Scientific American.

Success.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor; always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—Longfellow.

RURAL HOMES.—As every man's house is the proper theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self fruition, the home of those most dearly cherished by him and the place where his possessor enjoys the most of his true comfort and happiness, it may well deserve his most earnest consideration how he can best apply the means he proposes to appropriate to building a house, so as to make it not only a shelter from cold and heat—from storm and sunshine—a habitation where himself and family may be lodged and fed, but that it may be so arranged, constructed and adorned, as to make it as comfortable, convenient, expressive, and beautiful as the circumstances of the case will admit.

AN IRISH "CLIMBER."—On Saturday afternoon some people on Staten Island were engaged getting ship timber from a forest. A tree, some sixty feet high, had been dug around, and a man sent to fasten a line at the top, so as to pull it down in a certain direction. Soon after reaching his destination, the consternation of the few spectators, the tree began to fall. The man clung to the trunk of the falling tree, and landed on the ground, with the tree above him. The company hastily gathered around, expecting to see the mangled remains of the climber. Judge of their surprise when they were thus saluted, "Ah, boss, an' shure didn't I bring her down nice!"

Girls at Home.

There are two kind of girls; one is that kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c.; and whose chief delight is in such things; the other is the kind that appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway.

Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right education will modify both a little, and unite their characters in one. Girls are not made altogether for home, any more than boys are. Society would be of but little worth without girls, without women. The first pleasure and duty of every woman should be at home; her next should relate to the refinement and well being of society. But in order that she may benefit and adorn society, she must first know how to benefit and adorn home.—Hence all girls, rich and poor alike, should be early and well instructed in all the duties and cares of home. From the cellar to the garret, she should know all that is to be done. From the kitchen to the parlor she should be complete mistress. All the interests of home should be familiar to her as household words. Neither idleness, folly or indifference should prevent her from engaging heartily in all the concerns of home life. This will be to her a school more valuable than the seminary or the ladies' college.

It behooves mothers therefore to feel that they are teachers of the first dignity in position. Their daughters will be much what they make them. The home education will lay the true foundation of character. It will fix the true principles of life in the young girl's mind. It will give her an insight into domestic duties and teach her that to be useful is one great end of life. Book education can easily follow a good home training; but good home training is not apt to follow the education of the schools. Girls well taught at home are the girls that appear well everywhere. Give us the well read girls and we shall have no need of any other. They will make the true woman.

A Strong-Minded Woman.

Mr. Clayton, author of a book on the Criméan campaign, met, in his journey, with a strong-minded woman. He says:—"We next touched at Malta, taking on board a few fresh passengers in lieu of some we landed there. Among the new comers was a lady of most violent temper, so ungovernable that she hated mortally all who did not agree entirely with her ideas upon everything. Her husband informed us that before his marriage, he was warned by several of the lady's fiery disposition, and, to test the accuracy of the information, one evening, as he sat next to her at supper, he managed cleverly to jog the servant's elbow, as a plate of mock-turtle soup was offered her, which of course was upset over the young lady's white dress of tulle lace. No complaint, not even a frown, being evinced, the delighted tutor concluded that what he had heard was a mistake, and that his inamorata had the temper of a lamb which had been fed upon mashed potatoes, and as harmless as water gruel. So the marriage took place; but soon the lady's real character displayed itself, as is always the case after marriage, but never before, and his wife, like a human Stromboli, was subject to her eruptions every ten minutes, upon a fair average."

"How is it, my dear?" said the happy husband, "that, having such a bad temper, you stood the ordeal by soup so well?"

"Why," answered the lady, "I may have appeared indifferent at the time, but good heavens! you should only have gone into my room a little while afterwards, and seen the marks of my teeth on the bed-post!"

MIRTH A MEDICINE.—I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness intruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth, may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—Arnold's Ills of Proverbs.

ALL ANIMALS CAN TALK.—At the annual meeting of the association for the advancement of science, held lately at Boston, it was shown that, after all, there are no "dumb beasts." Dr. Gibbon read a very interesting paper on the language of animals. He says that "every variety of animated being possesses some means of intelligible communication. Each creature, by peculiar sounds or signs of correspondence, has a language understood by its own kind, and sometimes learnt by others. Emotions of caution, affection and fear—of joy, gratitude and grief—are disclosed by simple tones of voice, or by impressive gestures, to signalize feelings, strictly comprehended, and often answered. Insects and birds, fish and beasts, thus express themselves—in distinct languages, signified, spoken and seen, heard and felt." He illustrated his theory by stating familiar facts relative to domestic animals.—Home Journal.

COOL IMPUDENCE.—The editor of a western paper owes a bank about \$1000, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper—"There is a large collection of the autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank each accompanied with a note in the hand writing of the autographist. We learn they have cost the bank a great deal of money. They paid over a thousand dollars for ours. We hope great care is taken to preserve these Capital and interesting relics, as should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be easily collected again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times."

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him even to the grave.

The first interest of a country, is the honor of its public men.

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6th. Because, in these extraordinary inducements, can hardly fail to accomplish the object of the publishers without further efforts, yet they have determined to continue through the year.

THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER.

To any person who will get up a club of twenty-four subscribers, either at one or more post offices, we will present a splendid Library, consisting of over Forty of the Best Volumes, embracing the most popular works in the market. The club may be formed at the club price, \$2 a year, or you may order the engraving of "The Last Supper" to each subscriber. List and description of the Library, and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Over 200 Libraries, of 40 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance with this offer, and we should be glad of an opportunity to furnish a Library to every school teacher, or to some one of every post-office in the country.

AGENTS GETTING RICH!!!

THE SUCCESS WHICH OUR AGENTS ARE MEETING WITH IS MOST ASTONISHING. Among the many specimens of this fact, we are permitted to publish the following:

GENESEE: The following facts in relation to what our Agents are doing in this State, are of a most interesting and profitable nature. The Rev. John E. Jordan, of this place, has made, since the first of Christmas, over \$4,000 in his agency. M. D. Smith, of Helderberg, has made over \$2,000. You are at liberty to make \$8 per day on each sub-agent employed by him, and Messrs. Wetmore & Evans, of Oregon, Mo., your agents in that county, are making from \$5 to \$25 per day, and your humble servant has made, since the 17th day of last January, over \$1,700, besides paying for 300 acres of land out of the business worth over \$1,000. You are at liberty to publish this statement, if you like, and to refer to any of the parties named. DANIEL GREGG, Carrollton, Mo.

With such inducements as we offer, anybody can get subscribers. We invite every person to an agency of employment, and every lady who desires a pleasant money-making occupation to apply at once for an agency. Applicants should include a reference for a name in our Magazine, which will always be forwarded with answer to application by return mail. March 24, 1858—Gm.

As we desire to place in the hands of every person who proposes to get up a club, and also of every agent, a copy of the engraving of "The Last Supper," we will send the applicant, on sending us \$3, will receive the engraving, post-paid, by return mail, also specimens of our publication and one of the numbered subscription receipts, entitling the holder to the engraving one year and to the same of the distribution. This offer is made