TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

per square for each insertion. 3 months. 6 months, 12 months.

Select Poetry.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. "Nay, waver not, but fold me thus, Pillowed upon thy faithful breast-Ah, let my worn and weary soul Pass forth to its eternal rest ! Ah! now I feel thy trembling breath ; I know these arms are folding me, Closer-still closer | This is death-My soul looks on eternity l

She stills the beating of her heart, She clasps him in a last embrace, Her white and trembling fingers part The damp locks from his pallid face. And there upon his cold white brow, Her grief in one wild kiss was given, And press'd as if 'twould draw him back, Back from the very gates of Heaven.

A sigh return'd, that last caress, As if some spirit from above. Had stirr'd deep waves of tenderness Within the fountains of his love. Death yielded to that holy kiss, His grey and gloomy shadows fled, And smiles of calm seraphic bliss Stood, like a glory o'er the dead !

THE BRIDE OF THE ABYSS. A TALE OF THE BLACK FOREST!

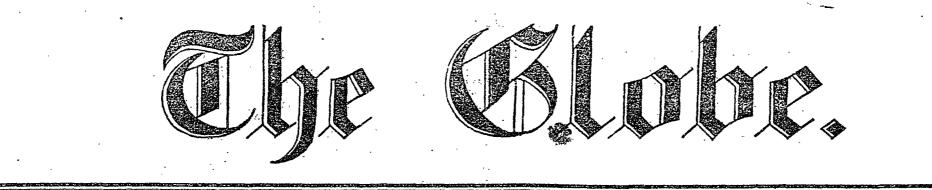
Select Story.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Day had deepened into twilight, and twilight into darkness, and the sombre mantle of night was now resting like an eternal canopy of desolation over the vast wilds of Bohemia, whose mighty solitudes are seldom broken by the steps of man. Near a small cottage on the outskirts of the great Black Forest, two persons were standing-the one a gloriously beautiful maiden of not more than seventeen summers; the other, a dark browed man's of twenty-five. A stronglimbed steed of glussy blackness was grazing near, evidently awaiting his master's call.

No pleasing subject forms the theme of conversation, it is apparent, for suddenly raising his hand and pointing toward the moon which came out from behind a dark bank of cloud, the man exclaims in a tone of

ago, when on this very spot, in the presence of yon shadowy crescent, I knelt at your feet and claimed your hand? You spurned me from you with scorn, and your hand was clasped by the miser—the old dotard, Craslin! You are now his betrothed! and you moon which towers in the heavens, is the



WILLIAM LEWIS,

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---PERSEVERE.---

Love in a Tunnel.

awoke from the spell that bound her senses -awoke and found the arm of Wallace encircling her waist, while the maddening flash of his dark eyes gleamed in the surrounding gloom. A vague feeling of terror seized upon her mind when she thought of Santano, the brigand, but as she gazed upon the cars of the Virginia Central Railroad.the face of him who held her and saw the features of Wallace Cameron, her first, her only love, the bandit and his crimes were

forgotten. "Wallace, what mean those cries? Why rush we thus swiftly along the forest-path? Whither do we ride?"

"Onward! Lulu, onward! Hark! those shouts swell nearer, clearer! A moment, Lulu, and we are safe ! Ha! a tangled thicket opposes our progress; the forest grows darker; the midnight shadow deepens; one more effort, Lulu, and we have foiled them !" He spurred the noble steed into the open-

ing brush-wood; the branches gave way before the resistless impetus of his mad charge, and quick as thought they were upon the other side of the dense copse, and standing upon a shelving rock that reached far out into blank space and hung over a fathomless abyss!

The horse, with a snort of terror, and trembling in every limb, recoiled from the brink of the precipice, and sank quivering back upon his haunches.

" Lift your head, Lulu, and gaze around ! Gaze upon yonder thunder-voiced cataractupon this shelving rock-above at the fullorbed moon-below, the dark abyss where dwells eternal midnight! Is it not a beautiful scene, Lulu-a pleasant place where-" "Wallace, 'tis a fearful place ! -the dread cataract of Bohmer ! Ha, my brain reelsmy senses falter ! I-

". Lulu, in life thou hast been mine, and why, when the blood-hounds bay and the imprecations of my enemies are ringing like a knell of death in my ears, should I part with thee? Why should I seek to escape to foreign lands, and return after a long lapse of years to find the roses withered on thy cheek, the glance of youth fled from thy beaming eyes? Mine hast thou been in life, mine shalt thou be in death ! Nay, start not dearest, nor tremble. Gather closer to me and pillow thy head upon my shoulder !---Closer, closer, Lulu; thy bosom to mine-thy hand to mine! Thy heart 1 is its pulsations with love for me? It speaks in thy heaving bosom! Dost fear the abyss? Dost dread the leap? Ha, ha! Lulu, the moon is bright and gleams upon our nuptial couch! The cataract fills the air with thunder; 'tis our but owing to the darkness and the uncertainmarriage music! Mine hast thou been in life! and-"

"Thine in death! thine forever !" shrieked the maiden, raising her fair arms in the moonlight, while her dark eyes gleanred with supernatural lustre. "Thine in Time! thine in Eternity! fare-

well, life! farewell, hope! Thine; Wallace;

Mother, Home, and Religion. Many amusing anecdotes of ventriloquists [From Life Illustrated.] have been published, and many more told, DEAR READER :--- I have lived in this world that have not been published. But we think twenty-eight years, and now can think of but there are few ventriloquil incidents that will one word in our language sweeter than home, and that is mother. How closely they are alcompare with one we witnessed recently on lied! Sweetly the thoughts of home and We have read anecdotes of Nichols, Kenmother come to the heart of the lonely wanworthy, Love, Sutton, Harrington and Blitz, derer in his midnight musings, perhaps tosbut think the following actual occurrence will bear favorable mention, side by side

with either. The cars left Charlottsville, Va., for Staunton, at 22 m., and entered the tunnel, which is very long and very dark, about half past 1 p. m. We had hardly been shut out from daylight, when a noise was heard in the rear end of the last car. The conductor and several passengers, who were standing on the platform, entered the car with a view to discover the cause of the disturbance. But owing to the extreme darkness, nothing could be seen. While patiently waiting to hear the slightest movement, which might explain the excitement, a boisterous noise, resembling the are the scenes of my child-hood; when, but

sound produced by fervent kissing, and at the same moment a female voice was heard ex- how impatiently we waited her return and exclaiming, "Get out you brute ! Let me alone ! I'll call the conductor ! Keep your hands off

sir! This is shameful !" "Where is he !" cried the conductor in an angry tone, approaching the direction whence

the sounds proceeded. "Here !" says the lady, "this end of the car, arrest him! he insulted me shamefully -here he is again ! Will you let me alone? I think it a burning shame that a respectable lady should be treated in this manner?" "Get in the ladies' car then !" shouted a

gruff voice. "You have no business here !" ductor, seizing the individual he supposed No matter how well qualified she may be, guilty of a misdemeanor.

"You needn't grab me," said a husky-voiced old man; "I didn't touch her; I haven't seen a woman in the car !"

The conductor seemed confused, and retraced his steps to the forward end of the car .----Again the voice was heard, apparently in the

"Here he is again, conductor ! Go away ! quit! let me alone! this is shameful! Keep: your hands to yourself, sir! I'll leave the car! You follow if you dare !"

This language was followed by an explosion resembling the concussion of two lips.--All was confusion. The sympathizing passengers were all standing up, highly excited ; ty that existed from whence the sounds proceeded, nothing was done. A noise like the children will imitate and grow up much af-rustling of silk was heard, the rear door of ter the examples that are set them at home. the car opened and then closed with a banging sound, making the extraordinary stillness which followed fearful to contemplate, which fearfulness increased to horror, when the

nor The following poem from the San Francisco Golden Era, is not only Homeric in style, but complete in itself, for it ends in

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the total annihilation of the combatants: "On a pine wood shed, in an alley dark, where scattered moonbeams, sifting through a row of tottering chimneys and an awning torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth with stiff and tense-drawn muscle and peculiar tread, a cat.

His name was Norval; on yonder neigh-boring shed his father fought the cats that came in squads from streets beyond Dupont, in search of food and strange adventure.

Grim war was courted; and twisted tail and spine upheaving in fantastic curve, and claws distended, and ears flatly pressed impending strife.

With eyes a-gleam and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with tail a-wag triumphantly.

Then with an imprecation and a growlperhaps an oath in direst vengeance hissedhe started back, and, crooked in body like a letter S, or rather like a U inverted, stood in

fierce expectancy. 'Twas well. With eye-balls glaring and ears aslant, and open mouth in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slow up a post from out the dark below a head appeared.

A dreadful tocsin of determined strife young Norval uttered ; then, with a face unblanched and moustache standing straight before his osen and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitations to the foe.

Approaching the other, and, with prepara-tions dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they warked, with tails uplifted and backs high in the air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate.

Twice round the roof they went in circle, each with eye upon the foe intently bent; then sidewise moving, as is wont with cats, gave one long-drawn, terrific, savage yaw, and buckled in.

The fur flew. A mist of hair hung over the battle-field. High 'bove the din of passing wagons rose the dreadful tumult of the son at the old farm-house eighty-three years struggling cats. So gleamed their eyes in frenzy, that to me, who saw the conflicts from a window near, naught else was plain but fiery balls that moved in orbits most eccentric.

An hour they struggled in tempestuous might, then faint and fainter grew the squall of war, until all sound was hushed. Then went I forth with lantern, and the field surveyed. What saw I?

Six claws-one ear-of teeth, perhaps a handful; and save fur, nought except

Chauncy Lewis and the Boy Soldier.

A boy of fifteen years of age was standing before the open door of a Connecticut farm. house with a little fowling piece upon his shoulder, while a matronly looking woman was standing in the doorway and gazing with

was standing in the door way one gazing with moistened eyes upon him. "Go my son," she said, but remember when amid the smoke and heat of battle, the sentence in the blessed book I have given you, 'the merciful shall obtain mercy.'

"but our company is waiting, and now farewell !"

she spoke, "and may he who has for two score years watched over the mother protect the son !

A cloud of smoke hung over and enveloped the blood stained soil of Bunker's Hill. A noble looking man, in the uniform of an American General was slowly retreating with his face to the foe. The sharp report of a single rifle was heard, and Warren fell! A young soldier-almost a boy, sprang towards him and lifted his head ; at the same instant came charging at him with leveled bayo-

net. To draw an old rusty horse pistol from his breast, present and fire it at the approaching foe, was but the work of a moment. The grenadier fell wounded, and seizing the sword of Warren, which had fallen from his grasp, the soldier boy ran and raised it over the red coat to dispatch him.

But why does he pause when the sword is uplifted, and allow it to fall slowly to his side, and then turn away and strike not?

He remembers the injunction of that against a head thrown back defiantly, told of mother, whom two months ago he left in the open door of the farm-house. Remember my son, amid the heat and smoke of battle, "The merciful shall obtain mercy." The tide of battle had swept like a whirlwind over the plains of Trenton. The British cavalry had ridden with irresistable force over a detachment of men and boys, forming a portion of the left wing of the American army, and among the dead and dying lay a boyish soldier, wounded, and with his right arm broken.

A merciless party of Hessians, were ranging over the field murdering and plundering those who had fallen. They approached the boy-soldier who dauntlessly awaited the im-pending death, and one of them drawing his sword was about to plunge it into the boy's side, when a gigantic red-coated grenadier rushed between the boy and the murderous

Hessians, and struck up the weapon. "Hold ruffians! that boy spared my life at Bunker Hill. It is now my turn," and raising him in his strong arms, he bore him from the bloody soil to a place of safety.

Ah! how those parting words of his moth er again rang through his brain and made sweet music in his soul. "Remember my son, when amid the smoke and heat of bat tle, that 'The merciful shall obtain mercy.'' It never was forgotten, and when a little

more than two years ago, I stood above the venerated form and gazed upon the calm features of the aged boy soldier, whose life had peacefully gone out, like the last flickering of a candle which has burned down in its socket, I thought of those words and in imagination could see the parting of mother and

An Editor in Heaven.

ago.

A paper published in a neighboring State, after giving a long obituary of a deceased brother of the quill, thus, in glowing stains, concludës :

"Are we not glad also that such an editor is in Heaven?"

"There the cry of 'more copy' shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate.---There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height, and need him no more .--There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited, not a clap of his thunder stolen-and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in Heaven."

sing upon a feverish couch without a mother's gentle hand to bathe his burning brow. And when the hearts of nature's erring chil-

dren have become hardened by crime or have grown callous from contact with the cold charities of a selfish world, and all else has lost power to move, still these household words -home and mother-act with magical influence upon the seared casements of their hearts, causing the portals to fly open and

the briny tears to course their way down many an aged and sun-browned cheek. How sincerely do we pity those who in their youth are deprived of a true mother's care! Indelibly impressed upon my mind for a day perhaps, our guardan angel left us,

rapturously we welcomed her back! Or, if prostrated by disease, with what anguish of heart did we long and pray for her recovery, and how happy we were when she was again permitted to be the life and light of home !---Even now, after the lapse of many years, and a family of nine children have grown up to manhood and womanhood, and some of them homes of their own, I still feel that home is

not home without a mother's love. But there must be another influence co-operating with a mother's love, to make home what God designed it should be. Religion

uff voice. "You have no business here !" must have its dwelling place upon the alter "She has a right here !" replied the con- of home, that alter within the mother's heart. mentally and physically-and 'tis very important she should be-yet we still hold that she is materially incompetent to discharge the responsible duties of wife and mother, if her actions be not hallowed by religion's holy influence. The marriage vow should only be entered into in the love and fear of God, with an eye single to his glory and the improve-

ment of our race. Sabbath, and hung up, garment-like, in the wearer's wardrobe, from Monday morning till the next Sabbath. No! Give us more of that every-day home religion that shines brighter there than elsewhere-that feels and practically performs what it professes. Ex-

ample is more powerful than precept, and children will imitate and grow up much af-'Tis useless to preach to them, if we do not practice before them what we preach. Give us more such homes as these, and

then there will be more of that "Good Samarconductor announced that the lady must have | itan" spirit diffused throughout the world,

Editor and Proprietor.

"I will not forget it, mother," he replied,

"Good bye, my son," she kissed him as

a giant grenadier in the British uniform,

same that beheld me honest and industrious, but now beholds me branded with the name of outcast ! aye, of felon !"

"Wallace, your words are wild-your manner strange !" exclaimed the maiden, throwing her white arms upward in the moonlight with a gesture of surprise; "I am betrothed to another, Wallace, but as 1 have ever been true to you in heart, bear me witness, that it is not from love that I am the betrothed of the wealthy Craslin !" and her voice was subdued in time, and her words were spoken fast and hurried.

"My father, Wallace, is old, very old, and his late intercourse with the world has chafed his mind, and strengthened his love for gold, and-and-"

"And I am poor, and the heir of poverty, you would say, Lulu." The young man interrupted her with a bitter sneer.

"Craslin is old and trembling on the very verge of the grave, but Lulu, he has gold ! ha, ha, gold !" "Hist, Wallace ! my father is at home, and

should he hear you, harm might come. I would say naught to displease you, and yet said it, and his words are as irrevocable as the decrees of destiny !"

A dark cloud of hopeless passion swept like a pall of death over the countenance of the man, as, seizing her by the hand, he exclaimed passionately:

"Lulu ! had you been true you might have saved me, but now I am lost forever! Lula! turn your eyes from me, turn your face from my gaze, while I tell you the secret that rises from my bursting heart! Listen! I am-Oh, God ! I am-Santano, the Brigand! and you, Lulu, you ! have made me what I am l"

As though some dread spirit had turned her blood to ice and her face to marble, mute and motionless the maiden stood. Not a word, not a whisper came from her lips-not a sigh heaved her bosom. Her eyes, full and dark, gazed upon the form of the speaker in a wild, quivering glance, her hands dropped powerless by her side, and the man looked upon the form before him as though he beheld a spirit of the invisable world!

"Yes! Lulu, I am indeed the terrible Santano, the demon of the Black Forest! But | We profess to be charitable, we profess to hark! those shouts! they come! the bloodhounds are on my track! They tread in est poverty, we speak of silver and gold, and my very footsteps! Ha! but I will foil this world's goods, as "trash," and all the them l"

He spoke to his steed, and grasping the maiden by the hand, in a moment was in the saddle with her in his arms. Applying the spur, he plunged into the forest, while the baying of blood-hounds and the shouts of stones," and yet how much better are we, armed men came ringing upon the stillness of the air.

Deeper and deeper the bandit struck into the dark recesses of the forest, and the interwoven branches began to cast a midnight shade upon the mossy turf of the wood-path, which the rays of the moon might not illuminate or enliven with a single flash of light.--The roar of waters, the deep yet regular sound of a cataract rushing over a ledge of rocks, now filled the air, and for a moment drowned the bay of the blood-hounds and the selves wings and fly away, and when he shall shouts of the pursuers.

thine alone!" With clasped hands, face to face, and lip to lip, the spurs were sunk rowel-deep in the

side of the already maddened steed; there was a mighty spring-a rushing sound in the darkness of the abyss, and as the horse and. silently back through the tunnel, expecting riders vanished in the deep gloom forever, the shelving rock echoed to the trembling footsteps of a grey-haired man, who raised his hands on high and gazed into the fathomless void; while above the baying of the hounds, the shouts of the pursuers, and the eternal thunder of the cataract, arose the words:

"Ha, ha! Lulu, in death we are united !" "Is He Rich."

Friend Harlow, of the Greenbier Era, discourses very lucidly under this head, as follows: How often is this question asked ! Ilus an acquaintance married a husband--"is herich!"

s the first inquiry propounded by his friends? Not, "is he honest, industrious, sober, and honorable," but, "is he rich ?" Not, has he a mind that distinguishes him among his fellow men, and calls forth their homage and adoration, but "is he rich ?" "has he the dolyou must go. However, much I may love adoration, but "is he rich ?" "has he the dol-you, I can never be yours; my father has else—a manly heart, a master intellect. he may be upright, steady and industrious, but if he lacks the "dimes and dollars, the dollars and dimes," he is but "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." The great sin of our country is *idolatry*—an idolatry as degrading, yet as complete as that of the Hindoo, or Pharisee ; yea, more degrading, for there is something awfully grand and impressible in the majestic river, ever moving onward, yet silently, to the great sea, and in the gorgeous luminary of day, as he comes forth from the chambers of night heralded by streaming fire ; but we bow down to the Dollar-the dull senseless Dollar, and make it a God! We work for it by day, we lay in our beds and dream of it by night, we go to the Sanctuary of Christ, and instead of meditating upon His amazing love, we suffer the

Dollar to come in and take possession in our thoughts!

Our lives are spent in the service of our real god-Dollar; we bring upon our children in the nurture of the Dollar, we teach them that the Dollar, is the main thing to be gained, we teach it by precept and by example. feel for the poor, we profess respect for honwhile we are hypocrites, and liars, for we think more of our god-Dollar than of our Sa-vior Jesus Christ! We have missionary enterprises on foot and we talk pathetically of the poor heathen bowing down to "stocks and bowing down to silver and gold? With as much propriety may they send preachers to us, as we to them. The practices of men all around us believe their professions—thay profess to be the followers of Christ, and they are the followers of the Dollar. If the realization of the Dollar involves the selling of the widow's only bed, or the orphan's last dress, they are people, professed christians too, who would not hesitate an instant. "Is he rich?" Yes, he is rich, but riches shall take to themstrive to enter heaven, and shall not be able.

As she was thus hurriedly borne along then he will understand how hard it is for a into the recesses of the forest, the maiden | "camel to go through the eye of a needle.

stepped off the platform, as there was no car and more true religion in our churches.

attached. The cars were stopped by the signal rope, and a lantern procured, when the passengers matter; but I do believe that the greater resheaded by the conductor, groped slowly and ponsibility rests with mothers. momentarily to discover the mutilated re-mains of the unfortunate female. But after this great and glorious cause? "Truly the momentarily to discover the mutilated researching back to the mouth of the tunnel. nothing was found, and they sadly retraced their steps.

Upon arriving at the train, a passenger suggested that the cause of the excitement be arrested; and in the cars went the party searching every seat until they came to a person, leaning forward on the back of a seat in front of him, apparently asleep. The conductor roughly shook the sleeper, when he raised his head, when, lo ! and behold, it was Wyman, the ventriloquist.

The party very reluctantly swallowed the unmitigated "sell," The cars started and sped on to their place of destination, having been detained one hour over time.

ONE HOUR.-There was once a lad who at fourteen was apprenticed to a soap boiler .---One of his resolutions was to read one hour a day, or at least at that rate; and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his master said when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the old squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty-five hundred and fifty-five hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days, equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months; nearly a year reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl. "I have broken your china vase !" Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome litthe thing, always in mischief-go up stairs until I send for you." And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with, and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen a fault. With a disappointed, dis-heartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life! Oh ! what were a thousand vases in comparison!

AN IRISH LOVE LETTER.-Och Paddy! swate Paddy! if I was yer daddy, I'd kill you with kisses entirely ; if I was your brother, and likewise your mother, I'd see that you went to bed airly. To taste of your breath I would starve me to death, and lay of my hoops altogether; to just have a taste of your arm on me waist, and larf at the manest of weather. Dear Paddy be mine, me own swate valentine—ye'll find me both gentle and civil; our life we will spind to an illigent ind, and care may go dance the divil.

It is said that a roasted onion bound most inverate toothache in a few minutes .---Simple, but worth trying.

Do not understand us to mean that husbands and fathers have nothing to do in this ring I knew it. The ear was-but we'll let

solitary tail. That tail was Norval's-by a the matter pass. The tail will do without the ear."

19 "A woman who loves unsought deserves the scorn of the man she loves.' A Western lady thus comments upon the

above: "Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that, never see another bonnet! May no white dimpled arms ever encicle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts .---May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dicky-strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart learn to beat faster-except with indignation at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning." We feel greatly inclined to say Amen to

that praver, horrible as would be the condition of him in whose behalf the lady's fervent prayer might be answered. But when the indignant fair one adds :

"And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his brain throbs with pain, as though an earthquake was brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico."

We must hold back our assent to the malediction, and dare wager our gold pen against the largest nugget, California or Austrailia ever produced, that herself would be the first to hasten to the poor wretch's sick which reveal the nature of woman, tenderly soothe and nurse the afflicted one.

A Speech on Scolding Wives.

At a Young Men's Debating Society, somewhere out in Illinois, the question of discussion was, "Which is the greatest evil-a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?" After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion. Permission being granted, he delivered himself in this way:

"Mr. President-I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters .--They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait till they have had one upwards of eight years, and hammered and jammered and jawed at all the while-wait until they have been scolded because the fire wouldn't burn; because the oven was too hot; because the cow kicked over the milk; because the sun shined; because the hens didn't lay : because the butter wouldn't come ; because they are too soon for dinner; because they are one minute too late; because they slapped the cured the place of "street scavenger," in a young ones; because they tore their trowsers village in the aforesaid county. How true it or because they did anything, (whether they is-whatsoever one soweth, that shall he could help it or not,) before they begin to talk of the evils of a scolding wife ; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammer and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than a din din of a scolding wife. Yes sir-ee, them's my sentiments .--To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little negro is to a dark night."

> of craft.

10 Young man, one of the first things you should consider is to build up a character. Allow us to tell you one thing about it, which we have learned from observation. It must be built like a pyramid to be firm and lasting -broad at the base. Then the foundation, must be good, or even a pyramid would crack and fall to pieces. Get a reputation from early boyhood, for truth, honesty and industry, obedience to parents and teachers, and above all, piety. By and by your character will be as firm as a pyramid; a host of calumniators could not overthrow it. But if youth and early life is bad, to build a character on such a beginning, would be almost as difficult as to build and poise a pyramid on its apex.

ner-Death is an unwelcome guest and terrible at all times. When the grim monster approaches the aged, we are not so much shocked; we have all along expected him; chamber, and with those tender ministries but when the young and beautiful perish, when the destroying angel crosses our tresh-old and the voice that created our music becomes silent, 'tis then that a great shadow settles upon our home, that time and circumstance can hardly remove.

Use of KNOWLEDGE .-- Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God, to the use and advantage of man.

PRECOCIOUS .-- A little friend of ours was ecently asked the question-

"Who made you ?" Placing his hand a few inches from the floor, he answered :

"God made so much, and I grew the rest alone."

DOF A father consulted a friend as to whether he had better give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth and limited means, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation. "I would give my daughter," was the reply, "to a man without money, rather than to money without a man."

An Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed. "You black divil! cry enough, I'll fight till I die." "So'll I, boss !" sung out the darkey, "I always does."

"So there's another rupture of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs Partington, as she put on her specks. "The papers tell us about the burning lather, running down the moun-tuin, but they don't tell us how it got a fire."

habits of dissipation-but lost thereby that charming and characteristic title-"a ladies' man." Not so, however, with his companion. He did not like application to his books, and did not find pleasure in their study. He was fond of company, found his chief and highest delight in parties, balls, &c. He was ready to accept an invitation to attend a dancing party, any where within twenty miles. He was the idol of the young misses --was called by that sweet, charming, and most endearing of titles, "a ladies' man." Time passed on, and the young men en-

gaged in the active scenes of life. The former was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. The latter sealso reap. This interesting sketch is a veritable history, and names could be given, were it necessary. It will serve just as well, however, to illustrate the lives of multitudes of young men in and out of Essex county .---Remember, young man, that understanding is a well-spring of life, and he that hath it shall be able to shun the evil that besetteth upon the wrist, on the pulse, will stop the his path of life. How much better is it to get wisdom than gold; and understanding than silver.-Boston Transcript.

harvest is great, but the laborers are few." Aims in Life.

When will woman awake to her interests

Young man! are the aims of thy life such as these? Dost thou improve thy hours of leisure, such as occur in the intervals of labor and business, in reading, in study, in meditation, in profitable conversation? If so, thou art acting wisely; for thou wilt thus lay up for thyself a portion that will stay by thee, in every trial and conflict incident upon life's pilgrimage. Not so, however, with that young man who finds his chief and almost only pleasure in the gratifying of his appetites and passions. A dark future awaits him. While the former is at home in the evenings with his books, the latter is abroad with his convivial companions, wasting his time and money, and by his vicious practices and sensual indulgences, is enfeebling both body and mind .--In this way his character is corrupted and destroyed, though he may, for awhile, keep up his reputation, which, however, will not last long after character, its only sure foundation, is ruined. Beware then, young man, how thou spendest thy time! As is thy

childhood, youth, and early manhood, so will

be thy maturer life. Three terms being

given, it is nowise difficult to find the fourth,

In a town in "Old Essex County," more

than half a century ago, were two lads at-

tending the same school, the one a studious

youth, who took fast hold of instruction, dili-

gently employing every opportunity to get

knowledge and wisdom and understanding.

He avoided those places of amusement where

the young waste so much time, and form

or final result!