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Select Poetry.

Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother.

At the funeral of a young man who died of the fever in New Orleans during the last autumn, an old lady came forward as the coffin was to be closed, and made the above request.

"Let me kiss him for his mother,"
He is friendless and alone;
By his death-couch stood no brother,
Breathed o'er him no mother's moan.

Stranger hands have smoothed his pillow,
Strangers lay him in the grave;
Come there not across the billow
Whispered prayers the loved to save?

Was not that fond mother pleading,
"Mid her cares, through silent night;
Or was she unwarned, unbelieved;
Shadowless her spirit's light?"

May the hand of Jesus hold her
When this wave of sorrow breaks;
May the Father's love enfold her,
Blessing even while He takes.

"Let me kiss him for his mother,"
For I bear a mother's heart;
Tenderly, though for another,
I can act the mother's part.

Age upon my frame is creeping,
But my heart is yet unchilled;
These old eyes are dim with weeping,
For the heart so lately stilled.

"Let me kiss him for his mother,"
On my lips her love shall rest;
"Let me kiss him for his mother,"
Ere the turf lies on his breast.

Select Story.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

BY GEORGE ARNIVAL.

The literary man is compelled, by the requirements of his profession, to associate with all sorts of characters and to visit all sorts of places. The artist, who only draws the external part of his subject, can find in the street, in the court-room, or in the theatre, an abundance of food for his pencil. But the writer, who must draw the characters and emotions of his personages, as well as their personal appearance, has to seek them in all places where their feelings and idiosyncrasies are exhibited in the strongest light.

In compliance with this professional demand, I once sought entrance to one of the largest and handsomest gaming-houses in New York. It is a matter of no small difficulty to obtain admission to such places, unless one is unsophisticated, and has plenty of money. The "knowing ones" are the very ones who cannot get in, and, paradoxical as it seems, the more verdant a man is, the more likely he is to have the doors opened to him.

For a week or ten days, then, I kept my eyes open for a chance to visit the house in question, but without avail, until one night, when I found a young man very drunk, lying on the pavement in Broadway. He was well dressed, wore diamonds and would have been robbed, doubtless, in a very few minutes, had I not come upon him just after he fell, and taken him under my protection. I called a carriage, placed him in it, and aroused him sufficiently to learn his address. Then, bidding the hackman drive to his lodgings, I accompanied him home, and by pouring cold water upon his head, sobered him enough to enable him to go to bed.

He thanked me sincerely for my assistance, and I left him, promising to call around and see him soon, in compliance with his pressing invitation.

Of course, I thought no more about it for several days, but one evening, while taking a "night-cap" at Florence's I saw him standing near me, talking with several sporting men who frequent that saloon. He recognized me—came to me and shook hands—inisted on my drinking with him, and he introduced me to his friends.

Here was my chance, evidently. This young fellow was inclined to do me any favor in his power, and he was just the sort of man to give me the "Open Sesame" to the great gambling-house I desired to visit.

I tried it, and found my expectations were not too sanguine. My new acquaintance was the brother-in-law of the proprietor of the house—I could not have come across a better man—and ere I parted with him, he had promised to come to my rooms the next night, and to escort me to the temple of fortune—and fate.

The following evening he kept his engagement, and we walked up Broadway together to a large and imposing house, whose door and window seemed hermetically sealed, and dark as the grave. My chamberlain rang the bell, and the door was opened at once by a negro—intelligent of face and neat of attire.

As soon as he recognized my companion he opened the inner door, and we passed in, to a suite of two spacious and elegant parlors. In the front room a long table was set, laden with a cold collation of roast meats, game, fowls, etc., and a handsome sideboard, of carved oak, displayed a tempting variety of wines and liquors, in flasks and flagons of Bohemian glass, silver and crystal, upon whose rainbow tints and metallic glitter the soft light of the heavy chandeliers played with an ever-changing and subdued lustre.

Walking through, into the rear parlor, I saw another long table, but somewhat differently occupied from the one first mentioned. A pack of playing cards were spread out upon it, in rows, with the odd ones by themselves at the end. On one side of the table a man sat, drawing the cards from another pack, placed in a small box of chased silver, and laying them in two piles. Opposite him, another man had a box with compartments, in which were arranged a quantity of ivory counters, of different colors, and I observed more of these lying upon the cards which were spread upon the table. At almost every

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 37.

ry card that the dealer drew from the silver box, these counters were changed—sometimes being taken up by the players who surrounded the table—sometimes by the man who presided over the box with compartments, and sometimes more were laid down.

This was the game of Faro.

The players were the interesting feature of the place to my eye, and after I had been introduced to the proprietor, and drank a glass of sherry with him, I took a seat near the board, and studied the characters of those around it.

The dealer had a very striking face—a dark yellowish-brown complexion, piercing black eyes, overarching by heavy sable brows, and a short, bristly beard, of pure blue-black tint, covering the lower part of his face. He was expensively dressed, but in bad taste, with a crimson velvet waistcoat, ornamented by an enormous gold chain, flashy plaid pantaloons, a red and white plaid neck-tie, with embroidered ends, a velvet-faced blue coat, and an open-work shirt-front, supporting an immense cluster diamond pin.

My eyes turned from the glare and glitter of this obtrusive costume, to find relief in a more tasteful outfit. The majority of the players were middle-aged, respectable looking men, with clean-shaven faces and black suits of fine broadcloth. These men were mostly merchants, lawyers, doctors, and other well-to-do professional men, who came here to kill time with the excitement of play, while their wives were killing time with the excitement of dancing or intrigue, at some fashionable evening party.

Such is the social fabric of high life in New York!

There were also a few regular sporting men of the conventional type—fellows with dyed moustaches, of luxuriant growth, and protruding under-jaws,—fellows with elaborately curled hair, and snowy kid gloves—with a conceited swagger, and a hardened, vicious expression of countenance—but fewer of these than I had expected to see. As a general thing, this class is employed in "roping in" victims. They hang about the hotels and theatre, to secure innocent countrymen, who have bricks in their hats and rocks in their pockets, and receive as their wages a high percentage on all that the faro bank makes off their dupes.

But the only really interesting person I saw, at this table, was a young man—hardly more than a boy—who sat quietly in a corner, with his head leaning listlessly upon his hand. He was what I should call a *beau ideal* of youthful beauty, and every gesture and movement he made bespoke the elegant, high-bred, leisurely gentleman. He could not have been more than twenty years old, and had that fine, clear, red and white complexion that so few young men in the city keep, even to that age. His eyes were dark blue, large, and full of soul; his hair wavy, and of a beautiful golden brown; his features regular, expressive, and delicately chiseled; his mouth firm, but mobile just shaded a little by a small blond moustache; and his hands white, dimpled, delicate, and cared for like those of a woman. One might have sworn that he resembled his mother, whoever she might be.

His dress was quiet, plain, but perfectly tasteful and elegant; and as he sat there idly contemplating the shifting fortunes of that board of grief and pain—of woe and winning—he was a perfect picture in himself.

I asked the proprietor who he was.

"His name is Harry," said he; "I don't know his last name, though he has played here every night for some weeks. He is a queer fellow, and don't seem to care whether he wins or loses. He is in luck to-night, and you see he doesn't seem pleased, especially. Night before last he lost three thousand dollars, and was just as quiet about it."

Supper was now announced, and feeling hungry, I proceeded to the front parlor. The cold lunch had been removed, and a gorgeous supper set in its place. Every delicacy and luxury that a complete *cuisine* could produce was upon the board, and the wines were of the most expensive and delicious brands. While at supper, the gentlemanly proprietor gave me a slight insight into the game of faro, and on returning to the table I invested a five dollar bill, merely as a sort of initiation fee. I had the satisfaction of losing three dollars at first, then of winning three—five—ten—and so on, with an occasional loss—for I placed my "chips," as the counters are called, on different cards—until I had won some twenty or thirty dollars. The next card was against me, and my whole pile was swept off much to my consternation.

In the interim, Harry—the young man who had so much interested me—had been accumulating quite a pile of "chips," red, blue and white. Every card seemed to favor him, and the proprietor's brother-in-law told me that his winnings must amount to nearly two thousand dollars. Satisfied with what I had seen, I departed for the night, but with a resolve that I would return shortly, to study my young friend Harry. There seemed something about him more interesting than the others.

The next day I saw him in Broadway, riding in a handsome open carriage, with one of the most beautiful and celebrated courtizans of the city.

"Hallo!" said a friend with me, "there goes young Seaville, with his mistress!"

"Who is he?"

"Harry Seaville. He is rich as a Rothschild, and is making ducks and drakes of his money—using himself up, and breaking his mother's heart, as fast as he can. Serves her right, too; it's all her fault."

"How so?"

"He was over head and ears in love with a little sewing girl who did some work for his lady mother, and wanted to marry her. Of course Madame set her foot down that he shouldn't—she had rather see him in his coffin, any day. The girl was pretty, refined, lady-like, and all that—all she wanted was money and opportunities to make her as great a belle as Mrs. Seaville herself was, when she was first married. But her ladyship said 'no,' and poor Harry gave it up after a long struggle, which nearly killed both him and his mother, for both were proud as Luci-

fer, and hated to give in to anybody. The poor sewing girl took it to heart, and died.—Harry said nothing, but he has been going it ever since with a perfect rush. He gives that woman more money than would support you and me together in style—he gambles, drinks like a fish, and seems to have devoted himself to going to the d—l as fast as he possibly can!"

The carriage passed us at this moment, and I saw the poor fellow—a little pale by daylight—faultlessly dressed, and evidently an object of great pride and affection to the splendid, bold beauty who sat in front of him, but with the same pensive, listless look that he wore the night before—a look of settled melancholy and abstraction, like that of one who seeks only to forget the past—and pride. It was plain that his thoughts were far away, and he heeded the haughty "Empress Arabella," as she was called, no more than he did myself.

The next night, curiosity prompted me to drop in again at the gaming-house, and I found Harry there, as usual, but losing, this time, as much as he won the preceding evening, with the same quiet coolness.

The next, and the next night, he was still there, and lost immense sums. For some two weeks, I made it a habit to look in, for a few minutes, and found him always at his corner, after twelve o'clock. Earlier in the evening, I had seen him, on several occasions in a private box at the opera or theatre, with the "Empress Arabella," still elegant, still handsome and stylish, but still with that weary, *ennuyee* look, that ever haunted his fine face.

Of course, his money could not last forever. His extravagance was tremendous, and when a little excited by wine—which was rare, although he drank with perfect recklessness—he did not seem to understand that money had any value. I met him in many places, and found him throwing his gold away like dirt everywhere. A short time must inevitably bring it to an end, and so it did!

One night, the play was high, at the gaming-house, and the players were excited, so I stopped longer than usual to witness the scene. Harry was there, of course, and began to show unmistakable signs of the dissipation into which he had so persistently plunged himself. For a wonder he had been by playing low, but soon won a few hundred, which he immediately reinvested. His winnings grew apace, until they amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. He took the "chips," and going into the front parlor, drank an entire bottle of champagne, and ate some supper, cheerfully chatting with the proprietor of the house.

Just before he returned to the gaming-table, he carelessly remarked, showing his handful of counters, "There is every dollar I own in this world. I came here with one hundred, and luck has made it fifteen hundred. I'm going to put that all on one card, and double it, or lose it!"

In other houses, where the bets were limited to small sums, this would not have been allowed, but this bank allowed unlimited betting, and Harry placed his entire pile of "chips" upon a single card.

The dealer went on mechanically drawing forth his kings, queens, and knaves, and in a few moments, Harry's counters were swept off for the benefit of the bank.

He smiled faintly, as he saw them go, and arising from the table, approached the proprietor, who was talking with me, near the door.

"I don't know," said Harry, laying his hand on my companion's arm, "whether I have lost more than I have won here, or not, during the last two months, but I've been a pretty regular customer, I know."

"You have indeed, sir, and I hope you have always been treated well."

"Excellently well, thank you. You know I told you, a few minutes ago, that I was going to risk all I had."

"Yes."

"Well I lost it, and am going to bid you good-bye. I've got through playing faro."

"I hope not, sir."

"Yes; forever. Here is my hand—good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir. I know you'll think better of your resolution. 'Better luck, next time,' maybe."

"I shall never try it."

The young man took the proprietor's hand, nodded an adieu to the rest of the company, and passed through to the front parlor.

He was so quiet—so gentlemanly—under the loss of his last cent, that I could not but wonder what he would do now, and unconsciously, I followed him with my eyes, trying to fancy how he would like nothing for a living.

He walked to the mantle piece, glanced in the heavy-framed plate glass mirror, adjusted his cravat, and after fumbling a moment in his pocket, withdrew his hand—placed it inside his waistcoat—stood still a second, and then, staggering backward a few steps, fell upon the carpet.

We ran to him, and saw a crimson stain, gradually enlarging itself upon his shirt bosom. I drew his hand from his breast, and found, tightly clenched in it, a little parlor-pistol, which would make no noise—not so much as the popping of a champagne cork—especially when fired underneath the vest and coat.

Before we could raise him and lay him upon a sofa, he was dead. The ball had penetrated his heart, and his feverish, sad life of unnatural gaiety was over!

The affair was hushed up by the proprietor, who did not wish it to be known as occurring in his house, and by Mrs. Seaville, who did not wish it to be known at all. They buried the poor boy, as a last act of leniency, beside the grave of his love, and let us hope, tenderly and charitably, that he had not sinned too deeply to be permitted to meet her above, in a land where the stern laws of caste cannot sunder two hearts that beat only for each other.

The Printer and His Types.

In our July number, we inserted a beautiful extract from the pen of Bayard Taylor, the printer traveler, which pleased us so much and has been copied so extensively, that we this month insert another by the same author which will at once command itself to the craft, everywhere.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people, than the "art preservative"—the achievement of types.

Every day, their life long, they are accustomed to read newspapers, to find fault with its statements, its arrangement, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roughish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some with a waste letter or two in it—but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine, they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered upon the backs of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of ink fingers, that compose the printer's "case,"—noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their place in growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there if he only has a little chart to work by, how many facts in small handfuls, how much truth and chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hands a stanza of Gray's *Elegy*, or a motley upon Grimes' all buttoned up before. Now he 'sets' a puppy missing' and now 'Paradise Lost'; he arranges a bride in 'SMALL CAPS,' and a sonnet in 'nonpareil'; he announces that the languishing 'live,' in one sentence—transposes the word and depletes the days that are few and 'evil,' in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand like a clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line, letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing of the ear but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding yesterday, announce a funeral to-morrow—perhaps in the self same letters.

They are elements to make a world of—those types are, a world with something in it, as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer, and as grand as autumn flowers that frost cannot wilt, fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the log book of the age; it tells at what rate the world is running; we cannot find our "reckoning" without it.

True, the green grocer may bundle up a pound of candles in our last expressed thoughts but it is only coming to the base uses, as its letters have done times innumerable.

We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he cannot make of living oaks—a bridge for time, that he can fling it over the chasm of the dead years and walk safely back upon the shadowy sea into the far past. The singer shall not end his song, nor the true soul be eloquent more.

The realm of the Press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that has given utterance to a sentiment that is not lost—a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hour, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or hope on a heavy heart.

He may meet with that sentiment many years after it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders if indeed he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could.

It seems like the voice of his former self calling to its parent, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think—to remember—why he wrote it—where were his readers then, and whether they have gone—what he was then, and how much he has changed. So he muses, until he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he is really looking upon something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentence that he could wish unwritten—that it is a better part of him—a shred from a garment of immortality he shall leave behind him when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent halls of death.—*Printers' News Letter.*

OBEYING ORDERS.—A certain General of the United States Army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him!

"What is Silver Tail dead?" asked Pat.

"What is that to you?" said the officer, "do as I bid you, and ask me no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in about two hours returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the General.

"Skinning your horse, your honor."

"Did it take you two hours to perform the operation?"

"No, your honor, but then you see it took me about half an hour to catch the horse."

"Catch him! Fire and furies! was he alive?"

"Yes, your honor, and I could not skin him alive, you know."

"Skin him alive, did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, your honor! and sure you know I must obey orders without asking questions."

Cincinnati has 1668 drinking saloons.

A Silent Couple.

There floated about the papers a story of a Cincinnati couple, who had not exchanged a word during twenty years of married life; they were not mutes, however. The *Baltimore Dispatch* tells of a similar instance.

The parties were wealthy and highly respectable. They had a numerous family of children, who had grown up, and were all in flourishing circumstances, and troops of grandchildren, who frequently visited them. They were falling into the sea and yellow leaf, and were both tottering to the tomb at the age of nearly eighty; but though they had lived under the same roof, eaten at the same table, entertained the same friends, received the frequent visits of their children and grandchildren, they had not exchanged a word for forty years.

To almost every one the cause was a mystery, and an impenetrable one, for neither husband nor wife would bear from any person the slightest allusion to the subject. Yet there was one, an old servant, almost as old as her master and mistress, who did know, but she kept the secret faithfully. It was whispered however, that jealousy was the cause. The husband had found in the possession of his wife some letters from a former suitor, which she heedlessly, perhaps thoughtlessly, preserved. Impetuous and unjust accusations followed. The indignant wife told her jealous husband she would never speak to him again, but for the sake of her children would not leave him. She kept her word with persistent obstinacy, and he followed the same course. They appeared absolutely indifferent to each other's existence.

At length the old man died. The wife had not come near him in his last sickness, and she even came not to look upon the corpse until they were about closing the coffin, and bearing him from the house in which they had dwelt so singularly together for nearly half a century, when with a firm though feeble step she entered the room, walked to the coffin, gazed a few moments at his features, now motionless in death, and without a word a tear, or even the shadow of an expression on her wrinkled face, went back again, unassisted, to her apartment. The funeral took place, and during the absorbing proceedings of time she was left alone. After the funeral cortege had departed, and was out of sight the old servant repaired to the room of her mistress. She noticed she was sitting very still in her chair, looking apparently out of the window. Seeing her continue motionless, she spoke to her, but there was no answer.—She went to her—she was dead!

Future Equality.

We stand upon common ground. The Great Leveller will knock at your door, Sir Millionaire, as well as at mine; and we must both open to him, whether we bid him welcome with our hearts or not. Roll along, then, in your chariot, nor heed the poor pedestrian who drags his blistered feet over the hard side-walk. Stoop not at the imploring voice of the ragged mendicant. We are all travelling the same way, and shall ultimately reach the same inn—the grave. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The weary is there not consolation in the assurance?

Courage, then, storm-beaten journeyers over the desert of life! Toil on yet, while amid trials and tears. The goal is at hand—your home—your heaven of rest! Hand the man of this world, who has laid up stores for many years and spoken peace to his own soul, afflict or oppress you? Forgive him! He is your fellow-traveller to the land of souls—he will soon stand upon an equality with yourself. His treasures cannot bribe the Spoiler. His gold may soon become cankered, and his fine gold be dim.

Let not the rich be unduly elated, nor the poor unduly depressed; for in the great community of the Dead there is nothing known of inequality. Let the proud be humbled at the thought, and the humble, lifted up.

Come neighbor, thy hand! We will trudge along Life's uneven road together, if you please, and encourage each other so to live—will it not be the better way?—that when our summons comes to depart hence,

"We go—not like the quarry slave at night Scourged to his dungeon—but sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, approach our grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

BRAINS.—An American sloop-of-war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoiter. In the course of his travels, he entered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," says one, "you belong to the United States, I see."

"Right," was the answer.

"Now, what would you do to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for bumboat?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out!" returned our lieutenant, with great coolness.

There was silence among her majesty's servants for a moment; but finally one of them, more muddled than the rest, managed to stammer out:

"W—well, Yank, I say it!"

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly:

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no brains to blow out!"

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero invited to join the mess.

An exchange (edited we presume, by some musty, fusty, rusty, crusty old bachelor,) says "love is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too near." You're "off your eggs," old covvey. Love is a Paradise here below; the celestial sunshine and ambrosial fruits of which none but SENSIBLE people are permitted to enjoy.

Duty can never have too much of our diligence, nor too little of our confidence.

Variety in Creation.

There are 50,000 species of plants on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History of Paris. The whole number of species in earth and sea can not be less than four or five thousand. These are of all sizes, from the invisible forests in a bit of mouldiness to the towering trees of Malibar, 50 feet in circumference, and the banians whose shoots cover a circumference of five acres. Each of these has a complicated system of vessels for the circulation of its juices. Some trees have leaves narrow and short; others, as the talipot of Ceylon—have leaves so large that one of them can shelter fifteen or twenty men.—Some exuviate their leaves annually, as a whole robe, leaving the tree nude, its bare stem towering and its branches spreading themselves uncovered in the sky; while the leaves of others drop off one by one, new ones constantly growing in the place of the dismembered ones, and the tree retaining its perpetual verdure.

There have actually been ascertained, in the animal kingdom, about 60,000 species of living creatures. There are 600 species of mammalia—those that suckle their young—the most of which are quadrupeds. Of birds, there are 4,000 species; of fishes, 3,000; of reptiles, 700; and of insects, 44,000 species. Besides these, there are 3,000 species of shell-fish, and not less than eighty or one hundred thousand species of animalcules invisible to the naked eye!

Some forms of life require a moist atmosphere, others a dry one. A blue water-lily grows in the canals of Alexandria, which, when the water evaporates from the beds of the canals, dries up; and when the water is again in the canals, it again grows and blossoms. And some of the lowest animals may be completely dried and kept in this state for any length of time, but when they are again moistened, they resume the functions of life. Some plants are adapted only to particular climates; others grow in different climates; but they do not flourish equally well in these. As a tree which in the Southern States attains a height of 100 feet, at Great Slave Lake, the Northern limit at which it is found becomes dwarfed to a shrub of only five feet high. Life, both vegetable and animal, is infinitely modified; but in all cases its best development is only under those conditions to which it is specially adapted. "How manifold are thy works, O God! in wisdom thou hast made them all."—*Life Illustrated.*

The Appropriation Bill for 1860.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 14, 1859.

The following is an abstract of the Appropriation bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. Some of the items are estimated where the precise sum is not stated:—

Governor's salary,	\$4,000
Secretary of Commonwealth,	2,000
Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth,	1,400
Auditor General,	2,000
Surveyor General,	1,600
Attorney General,	3,000
Adjutant General,	600
Superintendent of Common Schools,	1,700
State Treasurer,	1,700
Expenses and clerk hire in Executive and State Departments,	8,775
Expenses and clerk hire in Auditor General's Department,	9,100
Expenses and clerk hire in Surveyor General's Department,	9,535
Clerk to Attorney General,	800
Clerk hire and expense of School Department,	6,160
Clerk hire and expense of Treasury Department,	6,500
State Library,	2,585
Legislature,	150,000
Public printing and binding,	30,000
Distributing laws,	700
Water and gas,	2,000
Miscellaneous expenses,	3,000
Common Schools,	280,000
Pensions and Gratuities,	10,000
Judges of Supreme Court,	18,700
Law Judges of Philadelphia,	16,800
Allegheeny county,	8,400
" " in State,	55,000
Associate Judges,	25,000
Interest on State debt,	2,000,000
Guaranteed interest,	18,517
Western Penitentiary,	10,458
Eastern,	12,895
House of Refuge, Philadelphia,	20,000
" " " Pittsburgh,	18,500
Western Pennsylvania Hospital,	5,000
To erect buildings for same,	20,000
State Lunatic Hospital,	20,000
Blind Asylum,	22,000
Deaf and Dumb Asylum,	23,000
Idiotic School,	25,000
Northern Home for Friendless Children,	5,000
Asylum for Indigent Women,	5,000
Howard Association of Philadelphia,	1,000
Superintendent Public Printing,	800
Legislative Record about,	4,000
Fire Companies of Harrisburg,	500
Salaries of Tonnage Agents,	1,200
Estimated appropriations not specified,	50,000
	\$3,924,000

A MAN'S BRAINS KNOCKED OUT, AND YET HE STILL LIVES.—The *Eau Claire* (Wis.) *Telegraph* narrates the following singular case of surgery. The case is that of James Campbell, a laborer in the employ of George C. Irvine, Esq., of Dunn county, whose brains were literally knocked out by the falling of a tree, some six weeks ago, and strange to say, he is not only still living, but has regained all his faculties, and bids fair to recover his usual sound health. Dr. Crocker, of Dunnville, the surgeon in attendance, thus describes the case: "I found the patient lying insensible, with a large hole broken into the left side of the skull just over the ear, both the left frontal and parietal bones shattered, and two pieces, one an inch and a half by two inches square driven completely into the brain, and portions of the brain protruding. After removing the fragments of the bone, I then removed three-fourths of a wine glass of brain, in conjunction with three pieces of the tree, which had also been driven quite into his head. From the first there was a copious discharge of thin watery fluid from the ear, of course through the Eustachian tube. I considered the case hopeless, as for several days after the first dressing the brain continued to ooze out, and pieces as large as a walnut sloughed off before the wound began to cicatrize. The case presents also a remarkable mental phenomenon which will interest *phrenologists*. The patient, before the accident, was never known to sing or whistle in his life—but no sooner was he able to speak than he began to sing with perfect correctness, and now displays a taste for music amounting to a passion.

A genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world: "First, the ordinary fool; second, the fool who is one and don't know it; third, the fool, who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool."