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Select Poetry.

AFFECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Haste! messenger to heaven, and bear These tidings to the souls we love; Tell them we have been faithful here, Since they left us to dwell above.

Haste! tell them we do not forget, That we will remember ever; That when on earth our sun hath sot We shall meet no more to sever.

That our love is that which liveth, When from earth, friends pass away; And the tear affection giveth, On the sorrowing, parting day ;-

Seals the bond by which we know, We shall meet, no more to part; And that, freed from care and woe, Heart shall sweetly blend with heart.

A Select Story.

[Published by request of a lady correspondent.] THE FRETFUL HOUSEWIFE;

WHO'S TO BLAME

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

"That Mrs. Jenkins is an awful piece. don't see how Jenkins stands it, good easy soul; he lets her scold away, and never seems to mind it at all. Well, I reckon that's the best thing he can do, but I tell you now, if I had such a woman, I'd find some way to shut her up, and if I couldn't, I'd set fire to the house and run away by the light of it, for a scold I never would live with. Let's see, you came pretty nigh marrying Lydia yourself, didn't you? It seems to me there used to

be such a talk."

"Yes, I'll own up; we were engaged, as the young folks say, but things didu't prosper with me, and the wedding was put off, and we got a little cool; I believe I was to blame, and we agreed to part company; and I married Agnes, and Lydia turned about and married Joe."

This was said with a deep sigh, as if there was something struggling in the speaker's heart that was not uttered.

"I reckon you thank your stars for the deliverance," said the other speaker.

"I don't know," said the first, slowly .-"Lydia was one of the keenest, smartest girls in the country, and nobody ever thought of her turning out a scold; she was merry as a bird, and her wild song, as she tripped along with her milk pail in the morning, had no twang of the termagant in it. I used to think that she was one of the neatest and sweetest tempered of her sex. But she is mightily changed." And the man of forty sighed again, as he whittled the bit of pine

"There is no telling what a woman will be at forty, by the sign of eighteen; is not that so, Mrs. Tyler?"

This was addressed to a good looking, benevolent woman, who had joined the two former on the porch, where they were chatting away the twilight hour after their day's work. Not always," replied the lady addressed. "For a woman at eighteen may be moulded into an angel or demon, by the surroundings of her after life, sometimes.'

"We are talking of Mrs. Jenkins-she frets his life out of him."

"Better say he frets her's out of her." re-

plied the lady with spirit. "Never was there a pleasanter girl than Lydia when she married Joe Jenkins; active, energetic, orderly, ambitious and affectionate. She was calculated to make a home as happy as woman could. She was refined and delicate: Joe was coarse and rough; she was a beautiful, he could not tell the difference between a rose and a burdock; she was orderly and systematic, he was completely the reverse; she was warm and genial as a May morning, he as cold and repulsive as an icicle in November. So they commenced life, she worked hard, early and late, to get along; he loitered and laid in bed, made excuses, put off, procrastinated, let things go wrong, and, by his neglect and carclessness, doubled all her cares. I know just how it all began; for I lived with her five years; she never meant to be a scold, never; it came by degrees.—
"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she would say, "can't
you split me a little wood, my bread is almost ready for the oven."

"Yes, pretty soon—where's the axe?— Who had the axe? I wish the ugly children—"

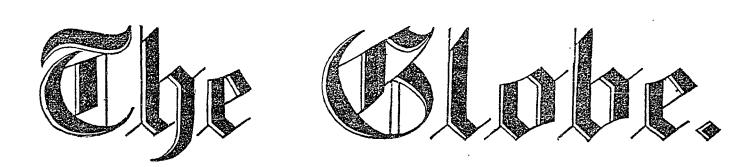
"Why, Mr. Jenkins, don't speak so-" "Well, it's enough to try the patience of Job—never can find anything when I want

"You should put it in its place then your-

self, when you use it."

I did. I left it at the wood pile." "No you did not. You left it down by

the barn, when you were mending the bars."
"Humph! so I did." And off Joe would go after the axe, find the pigs in the corn for want of care in the fences, put off after the pigs on a full run, drive them out half a mile from the house, meet a neighbor, get upon the fence and talk an hour, forgetting all about the wood. In the meantime Lydia would run for the axe, chop her own wood, and manage somehow to have her bread all right, for nothing is ever wrong in her department, and Joe would not see nor know that he had in the slightest transgressed .-The house leaked down rain upon her head for nearly five years; and she could not induce him to mend the roof. The crops were never planted nor gathered in season. The fences were left till half he did raise was destroyed by unruly cattle. The cistern would leak by the year together, a man's labor a half a day would repair it. But he would go to town and stay three days in the week, and not get back till midnight. If she made a little garden, the gates were left off the hinges, and it was destroyed. He often laid ahed in the morning till called the third or fourth time to breakfast, while she milked



WILLIAM LEWIS, ---PERSEVERE.-- Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 3.

the cow with her babe in her arms, carried in wood and ran to the garden for what was needed. He always kept a great family and little help. I was but a child then. He never put anything in its place, left every thing where he used it, never cleaned his feet, or took the least pains to save her labor, and instead of helping her govern the boys as they grew up, by his own careless habits,

his waiting, putting off, and want of energy, he taught them to follow in his ways. Little by little Lydia learned to scold. Every day for a year she had to remind him that the bucket was down in the well, or the cistern pump needed mending. All these things she would have righted herself, but she never had money, for Joe's carelessness left him always in debt, and these debts were an excuse for everything. He would let ten dollars go to waste for the want of an hour's for the occasion, an upon a signal agreed, ascended her or the children for wasting cended from the ground. At 7 20, P. M., of paper in a letter. Easy and good natured for the most part, yet turbulent and abusive ty might arise at the start if they should atwhen things went wrong for him, as they usually did. Lydia's good humored, joyous disposition and gentleness of spirit, gradually wore out to him, though she was pleasant,

thing.
"It is no use," he says, "to try to please her. If he mends the cistern she will find fault about the roof, and if he stopped the leak she would want the spouts put up, and if that was done, she would remember that the garden was behind time, and when that distended. The boat contained 600 lbs. of was brought up, the door yard would need ballast, one bucket of water, one bucket of mowing or manuring, or the trees pruning, and so its no use." Poor wretched man. He never tried putting all to right at once, to see its effect. So for twenty-five years poor Mrs. Jenkins has toiled almost day and night to keep along, and by dint of fretting, coaxing, and toiling, has raised a pretty respectable family. But they all think "mother scolds," and her reason for all this quadrupled labor is a worn-out nervous system, a face wrinkled and old, a spirit broken, and the name of Fretful Housewife. Who's to blame? "I ask you candidly and seriously, gentlemen, if you could either of you be patient and forbearing at times, if you had to live with such a man as Joe Jenkins? He is lazy, dogmatical, slovenly and cold-hearted. be disposed of, and myself or La Mountain Lydia is exactly the reverse. There, there should proceed with the voyage alone. she is now driving the cows out of the cabbage, and there he is, as usual, down by the grocery smoking his pipe, and talking to old Phelps. He is half drunk. I suppose somebody will say his wife scolded him

"Hang his lazy picture," said the first speaker, "I believe all he does is to talk; he is good at that." The other got up and walked away, sighing:-

"Lydia ain't to blame."

iave been. this world of fretted women, who get a hard name, simply because somebody else never we got up and over the Mississippi, and well lives up to duty—good house-keepers, good under way, we saw Mr. Brooks land in a wives, good mothers, good neighbors—no clear place, about sunset.

At 8 30, P. M., the shades of the evening

Look at the other side of the picture. Husbands who are men perhaps of mind and ued light until after 9. Mr. La Mountain character, and even wealthy, yet so careless and neglectful of little things, so thoughtless of a wife's happiness, and so fearful of acting for herself, astorestricther to just what they think necessary, and, would be offended, and feel whole thing to his charge for the night with their dignity infringed upon, were she to the understanding to have me waked whentake the responsibility of hiring a man to ever he wanted the valve worked, and he took to chop her wood or spade her garden—thus curbing and fretting minds as earnest and independent as their own, and filling their had become completely distended, and where paths with little annoyances, that make the we found the current due east. Here it bewhole life a bitterness, simply because they pink of neatness, he a sloven; she loved the know and feel that these things are all unnecessary, and might be removed without an effort by the very hands that place them in

> great afflictions, than to be cheerful under constantly recurring petty vexations and it is a noticeable fact, that most fretful women bear unavoidable trials with patient fortitude .-There are peevish, fretful women, hosts of them, that have no excuse but a morbid temper. But in judging of the character of a woman, of whom the world says, "she does nothing amiss, but scolds," look at both sides of the question and see who is to blame. of the question and see who is to blame.

Saturday Night.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world be without them? Those breathing moments in the broad and garish glare of noon; when pale yesterday looked beautiful through the shadows, and faces changed long ago, smiling sweetly; again in the hush, when one remembers the old folks at home.

Saturday nights make people human, set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to purpose, and Mr. Gager found me breathing do before the world turned them into wax drums, and jarred them to pieces with tat-

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron doored vaults come too with a bang; up goes the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business branches are free again. The door that ness branches are free again. The door that vigorated spirit of observation and interest had been ajar all the week, gently closes behind him, the world is shut out. Here are the treasures, and not in the vault, not in the light, the stars shone with a crystalline brilbook-save in the old family Bible-and not

May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday nights are was as visible below by reflection as above. nothing to you. Get a wife-get a home-

thank God, and take courage. The dim and dusty shops are swept, the hammer is thrown, the apron is doffed, and

the laborer bastens homeward. "Saturday night," faintly murmurs the languishing, as she turns wearily on her couch; "and is there another to come?"

Miscelluneons Rews.

The Great Balloon Voyage From St. Louis to New York in Eighteen Hours. Thrilling Adventures—A Plunge into Lake Ontario-Descent into a Tree-A Huge Limb Carried Away—Collapse in Another Tree—An Æronaut's Narratire. From the New York Tribune of July 5.]

Although it was intended to have started on ais voyage on the 23d of June, we were delayed in our preparations until the 1st of July. By 6 o'clock, P. M., the air-ship Atlantic was duly inflated, and while we were putting her in trim with ballast and provisions, Mr. Brooks, lessee of the St. Louis Museum, tach the fan-wheels to the shafts and wheelgearing, determined to omit that until we should be fairly under way next morning. Having had much experience in hard winds, as he used to say, to every one else. Now, to worry is grown a habit, and he takes it easy, never trying to please her in any one wicker-work car (which, with a good and strong concentric hoop, are life-preservers in these perils,) which was suspended between the boat and balloon, and about 8 feet above the former and within 6 feet of the hoop, so that the neck of the balloon hung in the basket-car whenever the balloon was fully ballast, one bucket of water, one bucket of lemonade, with an abundance of bread, wine, poultry and sandwiches, besides delicacies too numerous to enumerate, furnished by kind friends. Mr. La Mountain took command of the boat and ballast, and took his place on one end; Mr. Gager took the other end, and can, took his seat in the middle, with note book and pencil, as historian. Although Mr. Hyde was not in the original programme, we unanimously agreed to let him accompany us, provided it would not interfere with our ultimate design; and as it was arranged that, under any circumstances, when the balloon should fail, the boat and its occupants should should proceed with the voyage alone.

The basket contained 350 pounds of ballast, a barometer, wet and dry bulb, thermometer, besides a quantity of wines and provisions; and I took my place in the basket and charge of the valve rope, and as director of the general plan of the voyage, by the unanimous consent of the party engaged in this long devised enterprise. I must say here that Mr. La Mountain took in charge a part of the programme, that none but a cool head and a most accomplished æronaut could be He was thinking, no doubt, "what might | trusted with; and especially the night sail-At 7.20 P. M., we set sail from the There are a great many Lydia Jenkins' in Washington Square of St. Louis, and our we got up and over the Mississippi, and well

shut from our view the noble city of St. Louis and the Father of Waters, though it continhaving suffered from sickness on Thursday, and being too unwell to work hard under a burning sun at the inflation, left much hard whole thing to his charge for the night, with ever he wanted the valve worked, and he took it with alacrity. Before I went to sleep we had mounted to a height at which the balloon came chilly, and Mr. La Mountain, as well as all of us, suffered from the change of air; and with all the clothing we could put on us it was still uncomfortable, though the thermometer stood at 42, and the barometer at It is much easier for most minds to bear 23, and this was the lowest of both instruments during the whole voyage, except the crossing of Lake Ontario.

Mr. La Mountain proposed to take the lower current as long as it would take us but a few points north of east, and I told him to do as he deemed best, and report his reckonas best I could, and in a few moments was sound asleep, and knew of nothing but repose until 11 30. P. M.

At this time Mr. La Mountain again mounted for the upper current; being desirous of making a little more easting, he hailed me to open the valve, as the balloon had become so tense, and the gas was rushing from the neck with a noise, but finding no answer from me, he suspected that I was being smothered in the gas, and he admonished Mr. Gager to mount to my car by a rope provided for that spasmodically, but a good shaking and the removal of the neck of the balloon from my face, with plenty of pure cold air around me, soon brought me back to a knowledge of what was going on, and I resolved to sleep no

more during the night. At midnight I felt quite well, with an inen was lit up with a mellow phosphorescent liancy, and the milky way looked like an illuminated stratum of cumulus clouds. Whenever we crossed water the heaven-lit dome So remarkable was this phosphorescent light of the atmosphere that the balloon looked translucent, and looked like light shining through oiled paper. We could also tell prairie from forest, and by keeping the eye for a moment downward we could see the roads, fences, fields, and even houses, quite distinctly at any elevation not over a mile, "Saturday night at last!" whispers the and even at the greatest elevation we could weeper over the dying; "and it is Sunday discern prairie from woodland, and from

ness and sparseness of the habitations below,

consultation, and a review of our ballast, we reaching the land. determined to risk the length of Lake Eric, and to test the notion that balloons cannot be trees into which we must inevitably dash, that kept up long over water, because of some pe- our worst perils were at hand but I still had culiar affinity of the two-notion that never a blind hope that we would be saved. I orhad any belief with me. Just as we merged | dered two men upon the valve rope, and we apon the Lake, a little steam screw that was struck within a hundred yards of the water, propelling up the river or bay headed for our among some scattered trees, our hook, which track, and some one aboard of her, very quaintly cried aloud to us: "That is the Lake ahead of you." Mr. La Mountain cried back, "Is it Lake Erie?" and the answer was, fearful rate. After dashing along this way "Yes, it is, and you had better look out."— for nearly a mile, crashing and breaking Our good friend, the propeller, finding that down trees, we were dashed most fearfully we discarded his kindness, rounded off again, | into the boughs of a tall elm, so that the bas-

and went his way up the river. Here we mounted up until the balloon got full, and the barometer fell to 23, in order to us too a little, but in another moment the make along near the southern shore of the Lake, but at Mr. La Mountain's suggestion, and at one swoop away went the limb, basket that we could make the city of Buffalo by and boat into the air a hundred feet, and I sailing but a few hundred feet above the sur- was afraid some of the crew were impaled face of the water. I opened the valve until we gradually sank to within five hundred feet of the water. Here we found a gentle gale not weighing less than six or eight hundred. of about a speed of a mile per minute, and | pounds, proved too much for the "Atlantic," we resolved tofloat on it until we should heave | and it brought her suddenly down upon the in sight of Buffalo, and then rise and sail over top of a very tall tree and collapsed her. It

voyage. We overtook seven steamboats, pas- between heaven and earth, in the most sorsed mutual salutations, and would soon leave rowful looking plight of machinery that can them flitting on the horizon in our rear. One be imagined. of these lonely travelers remarked as we pasfor our most easterly currant, so as to take
Buffalo in our track, but we circled up into
it between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, crosT. O. Whitney, town of Henderson, Jefferson sing Grand Island, leaving Buffulo to the right and Lockport to the left of us in our onward We will soon have the "Atlantic" rebuilt, lew York, but too far north to make the City of New York, it was agreed that we would make a landing near Rochester, detach the boat, leave out Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. La Mountain and myself pursue the voyage to a point at Boston or Portland. Accordingly we descended gradually, but before we got within a thousand feet of the earth, we found a most terrific gale sweeping along below. The woods roared like a host of Niagaras, the surface of the earth was filled with clouds of dust, and I told my friends certain destruction awaited us if we should touch the earth in that tornado. The huge 'Atlantic' was making a terrific sweep earthward; already were we near the tops of the trees of a tall forest, and I cried out somewhat excitedly, "for God's sake, heave overboard anything you can lay your hands on, La Mountain," and in another moment he responded "all right," standing on the side of the boat with a shaft and wheels, inten-

ded for the working of the fan wheels, ready to heave it over should it become necessary. Mr. Hyde looked up to my car, and very solemnly said, "This is an exciting time, Professor. What shall we do?" "Trust to Providence and all our energies," said I.— We were fast running on to Lake Ontario, and oh! how terribly it was foaming, moaning and howling. I said "La Mountain, I have 150 pounds of ballast in my car yet, and a heavy valise, an Express bag, (sent to the U. S. Express Company's office in Broadway,

New York,) and a lot of provisions." "Well, if that won't do, I will cut up the boat for ballast, and we can keep above water until we reach the opposite shore," which was near a hundred miles off in the direction we were then going.

Here I handed my ballast down to La Mountain, as we were rapidly mounting above the terrific gale, believing that by that course we should at least get out of its main track.

Everything now indicated that we should perish in the water or on the land; and our only salvation was to keep affoat until we got out of the gale, if we could. I said, "You must all get into the basket, if you want to be saved, should we ever reach the land .-And I truly tell you that the perils of the land are even more terrible than those of the water, with our machines; and that it would be easier to meet death by drowning than to have our bodies mangld by dashing against rocks and trees." By this time Mr. Gager and Hyde had clambered into the basket with me. Mr. Hyde said very coolly, "I am prepared to die, but I would rather die on land than in the water." I said, "What do you say, Mr. Gager? He replied, "I would rather meet it on land; but do as you think best." Mr. La Mountain was busily engaged in collecting what he could for ballast. Everything was now valuable to us that had weight. Our carpet-bags, our instruments, the Express bag, our provisions, were all ready to go, and go they did, one after another, until we were reduced to the Express bag -that went overboard last.

We now described the shore forty miles ahead, peering between a sombre bank of clouds and the water horizon, but we were stood before me with the last pie in his hand. Whenever we halloed it was followed by a the boat upon the water sideways, staving in the boat upon the water sideways in the boa

ferential index to height. We always found | fearful jerks by two succeeding waves. La a response in numerous bow-wow-wows, and | Mountain stuck to the boat like a hero, but these, too, were always indicative of the full- lost his hat, and got a dash of the waves, but soon recovered and threw over the Express as we could hear them for many miles around | bag and the last remaining ballast, and cried us. Mr. La Mountain remarked that nobody out, "Be easy, gentlemen, I'll have her affoat lived in that country but dogs, or else the people barked like dogs, he having got a little out of humor, because nobody would tell him in what State we were collision and the him in what State we were sailing, and he track. I now proposed to swamp the boat gave up the inquiry, with the remark that it and balloon in the lake, and trust to being must be over some other country than Amer- picked up by the Young America, but the ica, as we had been moving along at a rapid | desire was that we should make the shore and try the land, and as we crossed the bow of At 3 A. M., Saturday, we came to a gen- the steamer they gave us a hearty hurrah. eral conclusion that we were somewhere over La Mountain had now cut out of the boat all the State of Indiana or Ohio. At 4 A. M., that he could, and we were within fifteen we passed a city, but could not make it out, | miles of the shore, the gale still raging below. but at 5 A. M., we discovered Lake Erie La Mountain might have remained in the ahead of us, and then concluded that the boat below, and jumped out at the first touchity we left a little south of our track must ing the earth, and I saw no impropriety in have been Fort Wayne. At 6 A. M., we that, as then we might have had another hour passed Toledo, and about an hour afterward or two to wait the lulling of the gale; but he we lowered on the margin of the Lake a little said he would share our fate, and he also north of Sandusky. After a few moments clambered into the basket, just as we were

I saw by the swaying to and fro of the lofty sounded us a good-by with his steam whistle, ket swung under and up through the crotch of the limb, and while the boat had caught in some of the other branches, and this brought "Atlantic" puffed up her huge proportions, it. This was a most interesting part of our was a fearful plunge, but it left us dangling

None of us were seriously injured, the sed him, "You are going it-like thunder."— many cords, the strong hoop made of wood At 10,20 A. M. we were skirting along the and iron, and the close wicker-work basket Canada shore and passed near the mouth of saving us from harm, as long as the machinthe Welland Canal, and soon began to mount ery hung together, and that could not have

course. Finding ourselves in the State of for what, I hope, may prove a more successnstration of what we proposed to do on this interesting occasion.

JOHN WISE. STANWIN HALL, ALBANY, July 3, 1859. Reminiscence of School Life.

BY MENDOZA. We were a precious set of fellows at old Friend Ralph's school some ten years since.

Ralph, our teacher, was a quiet Quaker gentleman, one who loved his pupils and governed them after a manner peculiarly his own. We all loved him, yet our young heads were always filled with mischievous plans for troubling the good old man.

Ralph was a single gentleman, and old Peggy, his housekeeper, ruled with undisputed sway in-door. We all loved good Peggy, too, but her pies we loved still better; and when, for an instant, the little cupboard in the kitchen entry was left ajar, we took advantage of it instanter. Our frequent visits were discovered and reported to old Ralph, who said nothing more than, "Let the young lads eat until it paineth them." And we did eat until Peggy hired the carpenter to put a new lock on the cupboard-door, and our feasting was over.

Three weeks passed away, and one day Peggy made a fine batch of pies. We sighed feelingly as we watched the good dame carefully lock the door, that shut us from the feast. We could not sleep that night while beneath our room lay shelves of pumpkin-pies.

"Jim," said my room-mate, "make haste and dress; we will have a feast yet. An idee has struck me. You know the flooring of our room is rickety, and the closet is just beneath us. Now as there is but a single floor, we can easily lift the boards and get into the closet. You are the lightest—so you must go down and pass up the fixins!" With this information, I prepared to descend into the closet, my chum having lifted, with some trouble, a narrow board in the floor of our chamber. Down I went, safely at first, but an unlucky slip caused me to land on a large pudding which besmeared me in an uncomfortable manner.

"Here, Bill, you thief!" I loudly whispered, as I passed up a pie, "take this one, and stand by for another." But no hand was put out to take the pie, while I thought the door of our room grated upon its hinges.—
"Bill, you raseal, why don't you take the pie?"
whispered I again. Soon a hand was thrust
into my face, and supposing it to be my
friend's, I put the pie into the hand. Soon the hand was thrust into my face again. In the highest glee, I cried out:

"You pig! how many pies can you eat?"
"All!" was the low response.
"And you shall have all if they are geta-

ble," was my ready response. Pie after pie was passed up-there were

eighteen in all. "There is not another one down here, Bill," I softly said.

"Then thee mayest come up, James, and we will eat them," was the startling response

that came to my ears.

swooping at a fearful rate upon the turbulent Beside him, trembling, stood my chum, and ning breeze its luxuriating branches, amid water, and, in another moment, crash went I discovered to my shame that I had passed | which the monkeys chattered and the parrots

THE LATE ELECTION .- We are unable to inform our readers how many delegates the Democratic party has elected to the Constitutional Convention, but sufficient is known to show that they have the power to procure the formation of a white man's Constitution, ex-cluding from the future State free negroes as well as slaves. This will give white men the full benefit of the free labor system. Besides, when it is known that white men will not be compelled to labor side by side with negroes, as they will not, if all are excluded, white laboring men and women will emigrate to the State and fully supply the demand. Only such a Constitution can be ratified by our

From the result of the late election, it is clear that nearly, if not quite, every county in the Territory will cast a Democratic majority at our succeeding elections. Let the Democracy of our county perfect their county organizations. Township clubs should be organized, and Democrats induced to subscribe or Democratic papers.

Every territory that has ever entered the Union has done so as a Democratic State, and Kansas is about to enjoy the same honor.— Leavenworth (Kansas) National Democrat,

The Immortal Fifty-six.

The following is a list of the immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with their places of birth and their profes-

sions:—
Josiah Bartlett, born at Amesbury, Mass., Nov. 1729, physician. William Whipple, born in Kittery, Maine,

Matthew Thornton, born in Ireland, 1741,

ohysician. John Hancock, born in Quincy, Mass. 1737, physician.

Samuel Adams, born in Boston, 1722, mer-John Adams, born at Quincy, Mass., 1735

Robert Treat Paine, born at Boston, 1732

Eldridge Gerry, born at Marblehead, Mass. 1744, merchant.

Stephen Hopkins, born at Providence, R , 1707, merchant. William Ellery, born at Newport, R. I.

1727, lawyer. Roger Sherman, born at Newton, Mass. 1721. shoemaker.

William Wilkins, born in Connecticut 1731, gentleman. Oliver Wolcott, born in Connecticut, 1721

hysician. William Floyd, born at Long Island, N. Y., 1724, farmer. Philip Livingston, born at Albany, N. Y.

1716, merchant. Francis Lewis, born at Landaff, Wales, .731, gentleman. Lewis Morris, born at Harlam, N. Y., 1726

Richard Stockton, born at Princeton, N. J. 1730, lawyer.

John Witherspoon, born at Edinburg, Scotland, 1722, minister. Francis Hopkins, born at Philadelphia,

1734, lawyer. John Hart, born in Huntingdon county, Pa., farmer.

Abraham Clark, born at Elizabethtown J. J., 1730, lawyer. Robert Morris, born in England, 1734,

nerchant. Benjamin Rush, born in Byberry, Pa.

1735, physician. Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston, 1705 printer.

John Morton, born in Ridley, Pa., 1724, surveyor.

George Clymer, born at Philadelphia, 1739, merchant. James Smith, born in Ireland, 1715, lawyer.

George Taylor, born in Ireland, 1716, phy-James Wilson, born in Scotland, gentleman

George Ross, born in Newcastle, Del., 1730, Cæsar Rodney, born at Dover, Del., 1730,

George Reed, born in Maryland, 1734, Thomas McKean, born in Chester county,

Pa., 1739, lawyer. Samuel Chase, born in Maryland, 1741

William Paco, born in Maryland, 1740, Thomas Stone, born at Pointon, Maryland,

1734, lawyer. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, born at Annapolis, Md., 1737, lawyer.

George Wythe, born on Chesapeake Bay,

Richard Henry Lee, born in Virginia, 1732, Thomas Jefferson, born in Virginia, 1743; lawver.

Benjamin Harrison, born at Berkley, Virginia, farmer.
Thomas Nelson, Jr., born in York, Virginia, 1738, gentleman. Francis Lightfoot Lee, born in Virginia,

1734, farmer. Carter Braxton, born in Virginia, 1726, gentleman. William Hooper, born in Boston, 1742,

awver. Joseph Hewes, born in Kingston, N. J., 1730, lawyer.
John Penn, born in Virginia, 1741, lawyer.
Edward Rutledge, born at Charleston, S.

C., 1745, lawyer.
Thomas Lynch, Jr., born in South Carolina, 1740, lawyer. Themas Haywood, born in South Carolina,

745, lawyer. Arthur Middletown, born in South Carolina, 1743, lawyer. Button Gwinnet, England, 1732, merchant.

George Walton, born in Virginia, 1740, Lyman Hall, born in Wallingford, Connecticut, 1721, physician. Samuel Huntington, born in Connecticut,

The following is a pretty good bur-lesque on the patent medicine advertisements

of the day: Oil of brickbats and compound unadulterated concentrated syrup of paving stones, manufactured only by Dr. Humbugbas Hollowbelly, and sold only by his regular authorized agents. Beware of counterfeits.

CERTIFICATE. Dr. Hollowbelly-Dear Sir: I kicked the bucket last night, but while the undertaker was placing me in the coffin, a vial of your Essential Oil burst in his pocket and streamed down into my face-I opened my eyes,

sneezed, and then got up.

The shroud having received a portion of the oil, instantly took root in the floor and expanded into beautiful cotton stalks, each filled with bursting pods; the coffin rose on one end, sprouted forth shoots, and grew into As I crawled out of the cupboard, old Ralph a magnificent mahogany tree, which burst off the roof of my house and wafted into the eve-