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—PERSEVERE—

WILLIAM LEWIS,

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Select Poetry.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

The Light of Home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams
To love, and rest, and comfort, all;
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold and fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will kiss our name
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer onward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
That through the forest glows and spies!
It is the light of home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there;
And softly through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheering hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest hour
Around the light at home!

A Select Story.

A TRUE STORY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

On the 15th of November, 1856, a celebration of a peculiar character was held in a small village near Jena. It was an occasion of entirely a local nature, and might have passed unobserved and unknown to all, except the immediate vicinity, but for its connection with the battle that fifty years and one day before annihilated the power of Prussia. An account of it, however, was published in most of the German newspapers, and this circumstance, the sequel of the story which I am about to relate, was brought on. At the time the celebration took place, I was residing in Gotha, not more than fifty miles from the spot, and received the story almost in the very words of the chief actor in it. I am sorry that his name and that of the village have escaped my memory.

We must first go back to the 14th of October, 1806. On that day the windy uplands northeast of Jena witnessed the brief but terrible combat, which resulted in the triumphant march of the French army into Berlin eleven days afterward—during which time Prussia had lost 60,000 men, 65 standards, and 600 cannon. A portion of the French was encamped on the battle field, or quartered in the village around. The poor inhabitants overwhelmed by this sudden avalanche of war upon its quiet fields—where for a hundred years or more they had reaped their harvest in peace—submitted in helpless apathy while their houses and barns were plundered by the lawless soldiery. The battle was over but there was no lull in the blast of ruin. Through the clouds of cannon smoke which settled in the bosom of the deep valleys as the raw October evening came on, were heard in all directions, shrieks of fear, yells of rage or triumph, and cries of pain or lamentation.

Davoust—the "Butcher of Hamburg," as the Germans called him—took up his quarters for the night in one of the most convenient and comfortable houses which could be found in the neighborhood of the scene of slaughter. Here he rapidly issued orders for the disposition of the forces under his command, gave directions for the morrow, and received reports from his adjutant. He had taken his cloak, and was about retiring to an inner chamber for repose, when an officer entered. "Pardon me, General, he said, but there is a case which requires attention. The German *cavallie* must be taught to respect us. Ten soldiers of Company—of the Fourth Infantry, who quartered themselves in the village of Waldorf, (I use say), have been driven away by the people, and two or three of them are severely injured. Davoust's eye glittered, and his moustache curled like the lip of a manstiff, as he turned and halted a moment at the door of the bedroom. "Send a lieutenant and twenty men to the village, pick out ten of the vagabonds and shoot them down!" was the brief order. "Where is Waldorf?" he added, turning to one of those useful creatures who are always willing to act as guides and interpreters for the enemy in their own land.

"There is a village called Upper Waldorf which lies near the head of a small valley to the left; Middle Waldorf is on the other side of the hill, and Lower Waldorf about half an hour's distance beyond.

The marshal not caring to make more minute inquiries, went to bed. If ten men were shot, that was sufficient.

The next morning, at sunrise, Lieutenant Lamotte with twenty men marched over the trampled hills to seek Waldorf. It was a disagreeable business, and the sooner it was over the better. On reaching a ridge which overlooked the intersection of two or three valleys, more than one village was visible through the cold fog that was beginning to rise. "Out east Waldorf," inquired the officer of the man who had accompanied him. "Is Ober Waldorf?" answered the man, "is Ober Waldorf?" pointing to a village on the left. "En avant!" and in fifteen minutes more the Frenchmen marched into the little hamlet.

Halting in an open space between the church, and the two principal beer houses, the officer summoned the inhabitants together. The whole village was already awake, for few had slept during the night. Their ears were still stunned by the thunder of yesterday, and visions of burning and pillage still danced before their eyes. At the command of the lieutenant the soldiers seized all the male inhabitants, and forcibly placed them in a line before him. The women and children waited near in terrible anxiety, for no one understood the words which were spoken, and these ominous preparations led them to imagine the worst.

At this juncture, the son of the village pastor appeared upon the scene. He was a young man of twenty, who was studying theology, in order to become his father's successor, and fortunately had some knowledge of French. The appearance of things without, the cries and entreaties of the terrified people, told him that his help was wanted. He immediately addressed himself to Lieutenant Lamotte, and begged for an explanation of the proceedings.

"I am ordered to punish this village," answered the latter, "for your treatment of our soldiers last night. The marshal orders that ten of you must be shot. The only thing that I can do is, to allow you to draw lots among yourselves, or to point out those concerned in the outrage.

"But," continued the young man, "your General has been misinformed. No French soldiers have visited our village before you. We truly have been in great fear and anxiety the whole night; but the valley is deep and the village is partly concealed from view by the woods on the side. There are also the villages of Middle and Lower Waldorf, which lie further down in the open valley. You can satisfy yourself, sir, that this village is completely innocent; and I entreat you not to shed the blood of our harmless people."

"There is no time for investigation," said the officer. "I was ordered to proceed to Waldorf, and I am guided hither. I will wait till you make your choice of ten to be sacrificed, but have no authority to do more."

By this time the people had learned the fate in store for them. The women with tears and appealing gestures, crowded around the officer, begging him to spare their sons and husbands; the men stood silent, with bloodless faces and dumb, imploring eyes. The scene was evidently painful both to the officer and the soldiers, accustomed as they were to the unmerciful code of war. They were anxious to put an end to it and leave; but the clergyman's son inspired with the belief that the fate of ten men rested upon his efforts, continued to urge his plea with a zeal and eloquence that would not be set aside. Lieutenant Lamotte struggled awhile between his sense of duty and his natural humanity, while the young advocate appealed to his conscience and to the obedience which he owed to a higher commander than Davoust. Finally he consented to wait while a sergeant was dispatched to head quarters, accompanied by a peasant to show him the nearest way. A few lines hastily pencilled, stated the facts in the case, and asked further instructions.

Meanwhile the inhabitants waited in a state of suspense scarcely to be endured—Lieutenant Lamotte—who, as a thorough Frenchman, soon wearied of a painful emotion, and shaking it off at the risk of appearing heartless—said: "The morning is keen, and a walk before sunrise doesn't diminish the appetite; can you give us some refreshments from your hidden supplies?" At a word from the young man, many of the women brought together the coffee they had prepared for their own breakfast, with black bread, mugs of beer, and a small cheese or two—sufficient for a rough meal—of which the soldiers partook with the usual laughing comments on "la cristine *Allemande*." The company of victims looked on in silence, and more than once muttered gloomily: "We are feeding our executioners."

"Even if that should be true," said the young man, "it is but doing as Christ taught us. Whether or not we obtain Christian charity from these men, let us, at least, show them that we are Christians."

This solemn rebuke had its effect. A few of the men assisted in entertaining the soldiers, and the latter with their facility of fraternization, soon made themselves at home. As the stomach fills the heart also enlarges, and the men began to say among themselves: "It is a pity these men should be shot by mistake."

It was not long before the sergeant and his guide arrived. The former handed the Lieutenant a note, which he hastily tore open and read. "Waste no time in parley. It is indifferent which village is punished, an example must be made. Do your duty and return instantly." So ran the pitiless answer.

"Choose your men!" said the Lieutenant rising to his feet, and grinding his teeth to keep down his faltering heart. But now the lamentations broke out afresh. The women clung around the men that were dear to them, and many of the latter overcome by the general distress, uttered loud cries and prayers for mercy. The young man knelt down in front of them, saying to the officer: "I do not kneel to you; but I pray God that he will remove the sin of slaughter from your soul."

As the officer met his earnest eyes full of a sublime calmness and courage, his own suddenly filled with tears. He turned to the men who stood drawn up in a line before him, but no word was spoken. Their hands were in their proper places, according to drill regulations; and there were drops on many cheeks which they could not wipe away. There was a silent question in the officer's eye—a silent answer in theirs. The former turned hurriedly, beckoned the young man to him, and whispered in an agitated voice.

"My friend I will save you by stratagem." Choose ten of your most courageous men, place them in a line before me and I will order my men to shoot them through the head. At the instant I give the order to fire, they must fall flat on the ground; my soldiers will aim high, and no one will be injured. As soon as the volley is fired I will give the order to march; but no one must stir from his place until we are out of sight.

These words were instantly translated to the people, but so great was their panic that no one offered to move. The pastor's son then took his place, alone, in the vacant space before the line of soldiers. "I offer myself," said he, "as one trusting in God that all shall be saved; and I call upon those of you who have the hearts of men in your bodies to stand beside me." Young Conrad, a sturdy farmer, and but newly a bridegroom, joined—casting as he did so a single encouraging look upon his wife, who turned deadly pale but spoke not a word. One by one, as men who have resolved to face death—for the most of them had but a trembling half-confidence

in their escape—eight others walked out and took their places in the line. The women shuddered, and hid their eyes; the men looked steadily on, in the fascination of terror; and the little children in awed but ignorant curiosity. The place was silent as if devoid of life.

Again the Lieutenant surveyed his soldiers.

"Take aim!" he commanded. He continued—"aim at their heads that your work may be well done!" But though his voice was clear and strong, and the tenor of his words not to be mistaken, a clairvoyant flash of hidden meaning ran down the line, and the men understood him. Then came the last command:—"Fire!"—but the second which intervened between the word and the ringing volley the ten men were already falling. The cracks of the muskets and sound of their bodies were simultaneous. Without pausing an instant, the Lieutenant cried: "Right about wheel?" "Forward!" and the measured tramp of the soldiers rang down the narrow village street.

The women uncovered their eyes and gazed. There lay the ten men, motionless and apparently lifeless. With wild cries they gathered around them; but ere their exclamations of despair had turned into those of joy, the last of the soldiers had disappeared in the wood. Then followed weeping embraces, as all arose from the ground—laughter and sobs of hysterical joy. The pastor's son, uncovering his head, knelt down; and while all reverently followed his example, uttered an eloquent prayer of thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance.

What this young man had done was not suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing rested upon his labors and his life. In the course of time he became a clergyman, filling for a while his father's place for the people he had saved, but was afterwards led to a wider and more ambitious sphere. He was called to Leipzig, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and finally became known throughout Germany as the founder of the *Gustav Adolf Verein*, (Gustavus Adolphus Union), which has for its object of the dissemination of protestant principles by means of voluntary contributions. In some respects, it resembles the Home Mission of our country. Many churches built by this association are now scattered throughout the United States.

The inhabitants of Waldorf never forgot their pastor, nor he them. He came back, from time to time, to spend a few days in the quiet little village of his youth, in which the most eventful crisis of his life was passed.

In 1856, three out of the ten pseudo victims of Davoust were still living in their old homes, and the people besought them that the semi-centennial anniversary of such an event, deserved a special celebration. Dr. —, of Leipzig (formerly the pastor's son) was invited to be with them. He came, and would have come from the ends of the earth—and after a solemn religious service in the church, proceeded to the very spot on which he had stood and faced the French muskets, and there related to the children and grand children of those he had saved, the narrative which I have here given in less moving and eloquent words. Those who were present, described the scene as singularly impressive and affecting. The three old men sat near him as he spoke. And the emotions of that hour of trial was so vividly reproduced in their minds, that at the close, they laughed and wept as they had done on the same day fifty years before.

In conclusion, the speaker referred to the officer whose humane stratagem had preserved their lives. "Since that day," said he, "I have never heard of him. I did not even learn his name; but he is remembered in my prayers. Most probably he died a soldier's death on one of the many fields of slaughter which intervened between Jena and Waterloo; if he should be living it would cheer my last days on earth if I could reach him with a single word of gratitude."

In the same year there lived—and no doubt still is living—in Lyons, an invalid and pensioned captain of the Napoleonic wars. A life of vicissitudes, he found himself in old age, alone, forgotten, poor. His daily resort was a cafe, where he could see and read the principal European journals, and perhaps measure the changed politics of the present time by the experience of his past life.

One day in November, 1856, he entered the cafe, took his accustomed seat and picked up the nearest paper. It happened to be the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*; but he had spent some years in Germany, and understood the language tolerably. His attention was arrested by a letter dated Jena. "Jena," he thinks, "I was here too. What is going on there now?" He reads a little further: "Celebration at Waldorf—Waldorf? The name is familiar; where have I heard it?" As he continues his perusal, the old captain's excitement, so unusual a circumstance, attracts the attention of all the other *habitués* of the cafe. *Grand Dieu*, Davoust—Waldorf—the ten men—the pastor's son! Did I dream such a thing, or is this the same?—Forgotten for years—effaced by a hundred other military adventures—overlaid and lost in the crowded stores of a soldier's memory, the scene came to light again. The pastor's son still lived, still remembered, and thanked the preserver of his native village! Many a long year had passed since such a glow warmed the chambers of the old man's heart.

That evening he wrote to Dr. —, in Leipzig. He was ill, and but a few months distant from his last hour; but the soldier's letter seemed like a Providential answer to his prayers, and brightened the flickering close of his life. A manly and affectionate correspondence was carried on between the two while the latter lived. The circumstance became public, and the deed was officially recognized in a way most flattering to the pride of Captain Lamotte. The Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, and the King of Saxony conferred upon him the order of their respective houses, which were followed soon afterward by the cross of the legion of honor from Louis Napoleon, and an increase of his

pension, which assured him ease and comfort the rest of his life. A translation of the doctor's narrative, published in the French papers, drew attention to him, and he was no longer a neglected frequenter of the cafe. He was known and honored, even without his three orders.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again after many days."

The Advantages of Poverty.

Of course by this we do not mean that penury and want are beneficial, but that to be so far relatively poor as to feel that one's circumstances do not come up to one's wants and expectations and desires, while it has its obvious disadvantages, is also highly useful and advantageous to most men in several respects. As to *happiness*, for instance. Take two young men of equal health and education, one notoriously rich and the other not worth a cent, and the poor man will, in more than half the number of instances, be the most cheerful and happy man of the two. He will have fewer indulgences and excesses to react upon his system, fewer sources of anxiety and dread, fewer unemployed hours to let the mind turn in broodingly upon itself. He is compelled to be at work regularly, lives carefully, sleeps soundly and is happy. There is many a young man who begins life cheerful and happy, but who increases regularly in riches and in size, in the comforts of home and the luxuries and refinements of an advancing position, and yet, as he does this, will confess that he is not so happy now, rolling in wealth, as twenty years ago when worth nothing but a clear head, a brisk pair of hands, and the conviction that the world was before him.

And as to the prospect even of becoming wealthy, the poor man at starting is, on the whole, we believe, better off than the young man who receives an inheritance to begin with. Facts show this. True, money grows and paves the way finely to success. "The gift of the wise man maketh room for him." But the ways of getting rid of money also grow, and much faster in every young man who has more money in his purse than he knows what to do with. We have known young men not spending more than two hundred dollars a year yet moving always in the best society, and we have known young men to get through nearer twenty thousand without being really respectable or half so happy. Habits of frugality, forethought and calculation as to where the means were to come from for anything wanted, are the necessary foundations of enduring wealth. Without these, no matter how rich a man may be to-day, either he or his children will get through it in a very short time. So far from a capital to begin with being necessary to operate upon, the want of capital often teaches the poor man superior financial wisdom and economy.

As to fame, few rich men, at the beginning of life, ever win it in any pursuit that requires labor or peril. It is the children tugging at the lawyer's gown that makes him an eloquent pleader at the bar. In fact, strong necessities and pressing wants do more to elicit genius and develop greatness than can well be described. A man rolling in wealth and luxury has too many enticements to ease to climb the rugged path of lofty achievement. As to care there is no comparison. The poor man has nothing to lose, while the rich live in perpetual dread. The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. They are not so sure that their friends are true and disinterested. It has often been said that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. But the real fact is exactly the other way. It is adversity that makes real friends and prosperity that tries them.

And now, as to the next generation. Are the children of wealthy or of poor parents, (those parents being of equal intelligence and character,) most likely to prosper? The strongest, healthiest, finest men, grow up from boys who have to do all they can for a living. It is possible, no doubt, for the children of the wealthy to be thus brought up.

You do not find a hundred, or more, of them are emperors and puny, without the same mental strength and fortitude which those of a more hardy training exhibit. The habit of self-reliance is the foundation of all independence of character, and this is closely connected with every virtue. Yet none are so self-reliant as the poor.

So far, then, the chief advantage of wealth is the means it affords of superior mental cultivation, superior books, and apparatus of learning of all kinds. This is the chief advantage of it. Where wealth is only regarded as capital, the principal of which is only to make the possessor more wise and powerful for good—there, it is a blessing and one of the greatest of blessings. But directly any man feels wealthy—that is, that he has more money than he knows how and needs to use, as capital for higher good and more extended usefulness—then his money becomes an injury to him and not a blessing. Many, with a little assistance, surmount the evils of poverty in obtaining an education, and everything else—few that of too much wealth. In one State at least, even a University education is without charge. Many work their way through, and those who do, almost always make the best scholars. Indeed, some of those now among the highest literary men in the land, have worked their way through college from the carpenter's bench or by personal labor. Facts like these should remove the discontent of those whose lives are spent in visions of what they would accomplish had they only the pecuniary advantages of others around them.—*Dollar Newspaper*.

Boys and girls here is a word for you; get out of bed early in the morning—sing, dance and jump till your eyes are fairly open, do your chores and morning work with a will, and then run off to school with a light heart and clear head, and you will be happy all day. The active boy makes the active man, and the slow, mooping, listless, lazy man was once the boy who grumbled when he had a lesson to learn. Wake up then, and off to school.

Faddy's Coon Hunting.

An Irishman of our acquaintance named Michael O'Rodger, who settled in this part of the country some years ago, lately received an unexpected visit from his brother Pat, who was direct from the sod. Mike heartily welcomed his brother and resolved to do every thing in his power to make his visit an agreeable one. Accordingly at the end of the second day after Pat's arrival, which had been spent by them in general carousal, Mike armed his brother with a shillelah, and immediately led off in the direction of the corn field, about a half mile distant, where he assured Pat that they would enjoy a rare evening's coon hunting.

The night was too dark to distinguish the objects of their search at any great distance, but on entering the field and setting up a yell they soon discovered by the rustling of the corn stalks in various directions that they had been successful in routing several of them from their hiding places.

Mike's keen eyes were now fixed upon a large tree, which stood a few yards distant, and he soon had the satisfaction of detecting an object moving up its trunk at a rapid rate. This he knew to be a coon, and with a shout of joy he rushed towards the tree calling his brother to follow up. In a moment the two sportsmen were under the tree. Mike prepared to climb, and directed Pat how to act when the coon reached the ground.

"He'll be after makin' a great noise to get away," said Mike, "but for your life don't let him escape ye."

"Och, be off up the tree wid ye," answered Pat flourishing his shillelah, evidently growing impatient for the sport, "niver fear but I'll put an end to him when he comes down." Mike now commenced climbing the tree with all possible haste and succeeded very well in the ascent until he reached the first branches and become hid from the gaze of the brother, when he paused a moment to ascertain in what part of the tree the coon had taken lodging. While matters were in this state, the coon made a sudden move among the branches which so startled Mike that he unfortunately let go his hold and fell headlong to the ground.

Pat supposing him to be the coon, rushed furiously upon him with his shillelah, and commenced that delightful operation of putting an end to him.

"Murder! murder!" cried Mike, attempting to raise his feet, "in the name of St. Patrick don't be after bating me to death!" "Ye needn't be givin' me any uv of your dirty excuses; shure my brother could me ye'd be after makin' a great noise to get away, but not a tut ye'll move out o' this alive."

Mike now supposing his brother to be crazy, thought it time to struggle for life, so seizing Pat by the legs he succeeded in throwing him to the ground, whereupon a rough and tumble fight commenced which lasted for some time without either of the brothers uttering a word.

After a violent contest, however, Mike came off victorious, Pat being so completely subdued as to render him helpless. But fearing it was not all over with him, he began to call wildly for Mike to hasten down the tree and assist him, or the "ugly baste" would have his life.

By this time Mike fully comprehended the error into which his brother had fallen, and commenced every means in his power to bring him to his senses, which after a great deal of persuasion he succeeded in doing.

But the coon was allowed to escape unharmed, as neither of the adventurers felt in a humor for continuing the hunt that night. Indeed it was Pat's first hunting scrape, and he swore by all the saints it would be the last.

Benjamin Franklin's Integrity.

But few have it in their power to do as much good or evil as printers. We know they all glory in Dr. Franklin as a father, and are wont to mention his name with veneration. Happy would it be for them if they would read the following, with a resolution to imitate it:

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece to publish in his newspaper; being very busy, he begged the gentleman to leave it for consideration. The next day the author called, and asked his opinion of it. Franklin replied: "Why, sir, I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. Being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two penny loaf, on which, with a mug of cold water, supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred and party passion, for a luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage, without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid court:

"Meal, please your Majesty, is a half penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."

A WIFE WORTH HAVING—HER PRAYER.—"Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world, make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever Amen."

How Do You Spend Your Evenings?

Young man, how do you spend your evenings? Answer this question, and we can tell you, almost to a certainty, what will be your future character. In our view, more depends upon the manner in which young men pass this season, as it regards their course and conduct years to come, than upon anything else. We have been an observer of men and things for the last twenty years, and can point to many a youth, who has caused weeping and sorrow in his family, disgraced his name, and is now an outcast in the world, or has sunk to a dishonored grave, who commenced his career of vice, when he broke away from wholesome restraint, and spent his evenings in the company of the abandoned. On the contrary, we know many estimable young men—the pride and hope of their friends—who are working their way to favor and wealth, who spend their evenings in some useful pursuits.

Young man listen to us, and take heed to our words—not that we wish to deprive you of a single pleasure, or debar you from any innocent amusement. We entreat you, be particular *where* and *how* you pass your evening hours. If you lounge about the bar-room, partaking of the vulgar conversation that is introduced, and join the ribald song, or stand at the corner of the streets, using profane language, or waste your time at dance-houses, or in the sensual club room, you will soon so habituate yourself to low blackguardism and vile conversation, that no young man who respects himself will be found in your company, and your future life will be mapped before you, in living, lamentable characters. Think, therefore, and ere it is too late, change your ways and lay down a career of usefulness and respectability, discharging all your duties to God and to man, and thus securing to yourself contentment in the present world, and the hope of a glorious immortality in the world to come.

A Story for Boys.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie.

"Go on my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again here, till the day of judgment."

The youth went his way, and the party he trekked with were assailed with robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said—

"Forty dinars are sown up in my garments."

He laughed, thinking he jested.

Another asked him the same question and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him the same question, and he said—

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sown in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open and found the money.

"And how came you to tell this," said the chief.

"Because," said the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it."

"You have been our leader in sin," they said to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue," and they immediately made restitution on the boy's hand.

There is a good moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The sentiments infused into the breast of a child are again transferred from breast to breast.

SQUIRE W.'S MISTAKE.—A correspondent of the *Mobile Tribune* tells the following:—Old Squire W. is an honest jovial soul, with a few religious scruples—fond of a hearty laugh or a good joke at any time.—He relates the following on himself as an actual occurrence:

"One night, boys, I had a very strange dream, I thought I was about to go to heaven. A long ladder, like Jacob's, reached from the ground towards the 'good place,' and it was on this ladder that I went up. When I reached the top, I found a space of seven or eight feet intervening between the last round and the celestial gate. I could see within, and catch glimpses of the things inside.—Peter stood at the entrance—he leaned over—reached out his hands and told me to jump. I did jump, boys, and got one of the d—ds falling you ever heard of—for I found myself sprawling on the floor, having jumped out of bed, while I was trying to jump to heaven."

OBEDIENCE TO THE MOTHER.—"Come away; come instantly, or I will call your father," I heard a mother say to her child, who was playing in the street before her window. I did not stop to learn the result, but I pitied the poor mother who had not power within herself to control her child, and who so unhesitatingly declared her inefficiency.

A mother should never thus appeal to the father's authority to strengthen her own, nor should she admit, by thought, word, or deed, that her power is inferior to his. God never made it inferior, and he requires as prompt obedience to the one as to the other. The mother who allows herself thus to appeal to another, is continually weakening the authority she should exercise over her children.—She is herself teaching them to disobey the commandment which inculcates obedience to parents, for what child can honor a mother too weak to govern him?

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand and pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.—*Taylor*.

The following advertisement under the head of a "Wife Wanted," is in the *Batesville, (Ark.) News*:

"Any gal what's got a bed, coffee pot, and skillet, knows how to cut out britches, can make a huntin' shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services until death parts both of us."

"Friend Mallady, I am pleased that thee has such a fine organ in thy church."—"But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in church?" "So I am," replied friend Tommy, "but then, if thy worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."