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TUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP RAILROAD.—CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
On and after Wednesday, Sep. 3d, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows: UP TRAINS,

Leave Huntingdon at 7.40 A. M. & 4.00 P. M. Saxton " 9.40 A. M. Arrive at Hopewell " 10.15 A. M. DOWN TRAINS, Leave Hopewell at 10.45 P. M.
Saxton "11.20 P. M. & 6.30 P. M.
Arrive at Huntingdon 1.20 P. M. & 8.30 P. M.

ON SHOUP'S RUN BRANCH, a passenger car will connect with morning train from Huntingdon for Coalmont, Crawford, Barnet and Blair's Station, connecting at the latter place with Hack to Broad Top City, where first class hotel accommodations will be found.

J. J. LAWRENCE,

Sep. 5, 1860. ON'T FORGET,

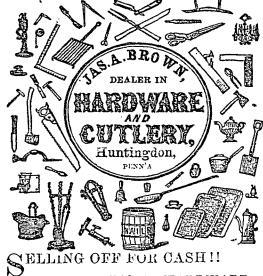
THE NEW STORE.

WALLACE & CLEMENT. Have just received another stock of new goods, such as DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &C., in the store room at the south-east corner of the Dirmond in the borough of Huntingdon, lately occupied as a Jew

ciry Store.

Their Stock has been carefully selected, and will be sold low for cash or country produce.

FLOUR, FISH, HAMS, SIDES, SHOULDERS, SALT, LARD, and provisions generally, kept constantly on hand on reasonable terms. Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860.



BARGAINS IN HARDWARE.

As "the nimble penny is better than the slow sixpence,"

and small profits in cash, are better than rexing ejessive book accounts, JAMES A. BROWN is now determined to sell off the large and splendid stock of Hardware, Paints, &c., which he has just brought from the east, at such low prices, as will induce every body to crowd in for a share of His stock includes a complete variety of BUILDING-HARDWARE, MECHANICS' TOOLS,

CUTLERY, HOLLOW-WARE,
OILS, PAINTS, SADDLERY,
VARNISHES, GLASS, CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS,
EEL IRON, CHAIN PUMPS, LEAD PIPE, MOROCCO, LINING SKINS, COAL OIL LAMPS and COAL OIL &c., &c., Together with a full assortment of everything pertaining to his line of business.

JAS. A. BROWN. Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860.

2,000 CUSTOMERS WANTED! NEW GOODS FOR FALL and WINTER.

BENJ. JACOBS Has received a fine assortment of DRY GOODS for the Spring and Summer season, comprising a very extensive assortment of LADIES DRESS GOODS,

DRY GOODS in general, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES, &c. &c. The public generally are requested to call and examine my goods—and his prices.

As I am determined to sell my Goods, all who call may

expect bargains.
Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.
BENJ. JACOBS, at the Cheap Corner. Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860.

DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.— Letters of administration on the estate of Peter Carty, late of the borough of Alexandria, dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted will make payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement. SAMUEL T. BROWN, Huntingdon, Oct. 10, 1860.-6t. Admr. them for settlement. SAN Huntingdon, Oct. 10, 1860.-6t.

THE SHIRLEYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY will re-open on Thursday, November 1st, 1860, for the winter Session of five months. Its location will compare favorably with any other in the country, The spacious and convenient edifice is well arranged for the comfortable residence of pupils, and provision is made for their thorough instruction in the useful and ornamental branches of education.

TERMS OF THE SESSION: Principal.

TTENTION !--

TRENTION!—

HEAD QUARTERS, Nov. 9th, 1860.

The Brigade Inspector and Field Officers of the 4th Brigade 14th Division of P. U. V. are hereby requested to meet in full uniform, at 1 o'clock, on Thursday the 22d inst., in the Grand Jury Room, for the purpose of auditing all just claims on the Military Fund of said Brigade, for the year 1860. All persons having such claims will then and there present them in proper form.

F. H. LANE, Nov. 14, 1860.—1t.

Brig. Gen.

TAPER! PAPER!! Note, Post, Commercial, Foolscap and Flatcap—a od assortment for sale by the ream, half ream, quire or

sheet, at
LEWIS' NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE. F you want Carpets and Oil Cloths, call at D. P. GWIN'S, where you will find the largestas

wanted some animal food."

WILLIAM LEWIS

---PERSEVERE.--

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

## HUNTINGDON, PA. NOVEMBER 21, 1860.

NO. 22.

Select Poetry.

THE TIME TO DIE.

BY J. H. E----R. It seemeth hard to de at morn, When love and joys are young, And scarce we've listened to the tale The siren hope hath sung. When dancing feet and songs of mirth Keep time to pleasure's merry call, It seems a dreary change for these-The coffin and the sable pall.

It seemeth hard to die at noon-In manhood's glorious pride-When every life-chord of the heart Is held by loved ones by our side, It seemeth hard to fold our hands-Our labor yet to leave undone-And follow Death's pale messenger From realms beyond the sun.

It seemeth hard to die at eve, When, resting from our day of toil, We hold our treasures to our hearts, As though the aim of Death to foil. Forgetting that the life of man Is as the twinkling of an eye-The flashing of a metor

Athwart the troubled sky.

But 'tis a blessed boon to die, At morning, neon, or night, When o'er our cherished hopes despair Hath shed a poisonous blight. When all we trusted, all we loved, Have sunk beneath Time's rolling wave 'Tis then a blessed boon to die.

And share with them the silent grave.

In his own time God calleth all-The king must leave his throne And journey, like the poorest man, Through Death's dark realm alone; And happiest he whose life can show The purest, most unsullied page, Though he were called in early youth,

In Interesting Sketch

Or wore the wintry crown of age.

MY PECK OF DIRT.

"What a fellow you are, Routitout, can't you let us enjoy our breakfast in peace?"good-humoredly remarked handsome Fred as he balanced on his fork the bright purple end of a polony at a bachelor's breakfast

Now old Routitout wasn't a bit of a curnothing could induce him to let it go until, like a puppy with a new rug, he had tugged it to pieces. The report of the debate in the House of Commons on the adulteration of cordingly he went into the subject, with which he was really well acquainted, with as quiet gentlemanly man of our party, "take a much gusto as Tom Sayers went in at the

Benicia Boy. "It's all very well to say, "I don't care for adulteration," he authoritatively exclaimed, "but you must; this breakfast table is built up of adulterations; take the polony you think so spicy, what will you say to findng your toes rotting off in a month or two,

like an old post in damp ground?" "Come, that won't do, old fellow, why should we take in dry rot with German sausages ?"

"My dear, boy, that is precisely what you must take your chance of, if you will eat these poison bags without inquiring; why, in all probability, that sausage is made from putrid meat-you may always suspect bad meat where there are high seasoning, and there are hundreds of instances on record of people rotting away at their extremities from eating these putrid German sausages."

We all looked up; Bob Saunders, in his amazement, spilt a spoonful of yelk down his handsome whiskers, and there was a general pause. There is nothing like opening a conversation with a startling fact, and this old Routitout knew full well, and proceeded to take instant advantage of the sensation he

had created. "Fact," said he, "here is an account" (pulling an old German newspaper out of his pocket) " of three German students who gradually rotted away from eating putrid sausages at Reidelberg."

"Well, they may keep their polonies for me," said Bob, "I stick to eggs; what can you make of them, old fellow?" "Why, in all probability, the one you are

eating ought to have been by this time a grandfatcher. Laid in some remote village of France this time last year, it has lain ever since pickled in lime water. The antiquity of your London eggs is marvellous. They come over here by the million at a time, and you don't suppose the continental hens hold monster meetings to suit the time of the exporter?"

"I wish you would turn the conversation," Bob replied. "I taste the lime quite strong, and must wash it down with a cup of coffee." "Bean-flour, you mean," replied his tormentor, "and possibly something worse .--Just turn it over in your mouth again, and see if there is a saw-dust smack in it. The fine dark Mocho you get in the New Cut, for iustance, is adulterated with mahogony saw-

My friend, Ned Allen, a bit of a heavy swell, who affected to admire now and then a plebian thing, struck in here in his lisping

Well. I musth declare the finesth cup of coffee I ever tasthted was at four o'clock in the morning at an itinerant coffee stand, after Lady Charlotte's ball-'twas really deli-

cious !''

I saw old Routitout's eye twinkle, as much as to say, "now thou art delivered into my hands. Fine body in it, eh! Such a horse doggy' man as you should have recognized the flavor of, &c., &c." "Good God! what can you mean?" ex-

claimed Ned. "Oh! nothing, nothing; no doubt you felt sinking after that old skinflint's supper, and

"Animal food in coffee, prepostwous!" "Ah! my dear friend, I don't like to dis- D. P. D?"

turb your equanimity, but it is a noted fact that the strong coffees used by the itinerant over in the borough, where they dry and pulverise horses' blood for the sake of adulterating cheap coffees; and the cream, how do you think they could give you such lucious cream in your coffee at a penny a cup?why, simple enough, they thicken it with calves' brains. If you don't believe me, read Rugg on London Milk,' and see what he found in it with his microscope."

"Well, I'm safe, then," I interposed, "as

I never touch anything but the best green." "That's just the mistake you reading men rlways make," he replied, "I dare say you innocently believe that green tea is made of the young and tender leaves of the plant, but the real truth is, it is black tea paintedpainted and bloomed like a worn outold hag."
Old Routitout dipped his huge fist into the caddy and took out ahandful of young Hyson, and held it side-ways to the light on his open hand: "Do you see that beautiful pearly green color, that called the glaze-a mixture of tumeric and Prussian blue. Think, my dear fellow, of the dose of poison you have been regularly taking night and morning; perhaps you can now account for that dreadful night-mare you had last night. Old Sarah, the first and great Duchess of Marlborough, used to say that she was born before nerves came into fashion; and she never said a truer thing, for green tea came in about her time, and 'the cup that cheers, but not inebriates,' began to do its deadly work upon us

"Do the Chinese drink green tea?" I inquired. "Yes," he replied, "the real young spouts of the shrnb, but not the glazed abomination sent over here;—that is manufactured by

Britons."

them expressly to suit the barbarians." "But is there no tea wholesome?" we all cried in astonishment. "Yes," retorted old Routitout, tartly, 'your good strong Congou at 3s. 4d, is generally pure; black tea is mostly pure unless you happen to get some old tea leaves re-

dried. There are people who go about to clubtastes like hay, be sure that there has been a "Have an anchovy, Bob?" "They ain't anchovies," interposed our us."

mudgeon, but when he took up any subject to give you real anchovies at a shilling a bottle? I tell you what they are, though, Dutch fish colored and flavored to suit the market: that red paste in which they swim is bole armenian, a ferruginous earth. You must eat food, unluckily, just caught his eye, and ac- your peck of dirt before you die, you know." "My dear Mr. Routitout," interposed a

pinch of snuff to restore your eqanimity. Our quiet friend might just as well have trodden at that moment on the tail of a puff

Old Routitout took a pinch with mock serenity, and said, "Yes if I wished to be poisoned." "Do you ever feel a weakness in your

wrists, my dear friend, eh?" "Good gracious me ! no, sir. "Well, then, if you will only persist long

enough in taking this kind of snuff, you will gradually find your hands fall powerless at the wrist like the paws of a kangaroo." Here was another sensation, and we all looked for some explanation.

"You think you are taking uothing but powdered tobacco," said our old friend, glar-ing at the snuffer, "but I tell you there is either chromate of potash, chromate of lead, or red lead in it to give it a color, and you get saturnine poisoning as a consequence. "Come, take a pickle?" archly interposed that incorrigible Bob, determined to rile our tormentor, "the vinegar won't disagree with

"You are verdant enough to suppose that is the natural color of the vegetable, I suppose?" retorted old Routitout, harpooning a gherkin with his fork.

"To be sure I am, my Diogonese," that youth replied; "come get out your tub and descant.

'Then give Diogonese a steel fork, a knitting needle-anything of bright steel will do to touch this verdant lie, and show you the ugly venomous thing it contains, Now, let that knife remain in the jar for an hour, and perhaps we shall learn the secret of these verdant pickles. The very vinegar is falsi-

"While you are about it you way as well

attack the whole cruet stand !" 'Durham Mustard,' for instance, is a delu-sion and a snare. There's scarcely a bit of mustard that you can get pure at any price. This stuff is nothing more than ninety-five per cent, of wheaten flour, just a dash of pure mustard, turmetic to paint it up to concert pitch, and black pepper to make it sting: and you have been laboring under the delusion all the while that you have been eating mustard, sir."

"'Pon my honor, I have," replied Bob;

but what about the vinegar?" "When do you particularly like vinegar?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I like a dash gether?" I inquired. "What remedy have on a native, taken standing at an oyster stall, just to cool one's coppers after the -opera."

"Just so," said Mr. Routitout, gravely drawing from his pocket a note book. "I'll let Dr. Hassell have a word with you-this with sugar: it is in low coffee-houses and oyster-stalls that such is not uncommonly met with." So you see, my friend, you are in the habit of 'cooling your coppers' with vit-

riol, sir, vitriol!" "Now, then," said Bob, not half liking it. serve out the pepper, my boy." "Well, pepper-what you call pepper-is mainly flour and linseed meal, flavored with

"What in the name of all that is sacred is have, and never, by any chance, have it pure; comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the and as they can't afford to have suspected arbones."—Prov. xvi: 24.

"Oh, D. P. D. is short for dust of pepper dust-the sweepings of the mills. The mancoffee stand keepers get their flavor from the ufacturers supply it to the grocers in barrels, knuckers' yard. There are manufactories so that they can falsify at pleasure." so that they can falsify at pleasure." "Don't forget the soy while you are about

> "Well, that's nothing more than treacle and salt, so says Hassell, and the fish-sauce nothing but vinegar and catsup colored-with what do you think?" "Can't tell."

"Minute chips of charred deal !" "Come," I interposed, "after all the disa-greeables, allow me to recommend you one of these sweetmeats. What will you have? -a mutton chop, a rasher of bacon, or an oyster—or here's a cock colored to life." "Charming bird, certainly; and so you

recommend this cock for a delicate stomach?" "Well, drop it in your pocket, and I dare say one of the little Routitouts will not make wry faces about it."

"Won't they? I think I know something a weed?" about this amiable bird. Look at his bright yellow beak—well, that's only chromate of the only lead, and those blood-red wattles-there is nothing more injurious in their colors than vermillion. Those beautiful stripes of yellow on the wings are gamboge, and the verdant stand on which he is strutting is arseniate of copper, or Scheele's green—three deadly poisons and adrastic purge! Perhaps now

"A slight indigestion, perhaps, that a dose of gray powder would put to rights in a day."

"I am very glad you mentioned grey-powder—mercury and chalk that should be; for

let me tell you, you may find the remedy wrese than the disease."

Why, do you know, sir," he said, raising his voice, "that they sometimes make this infantile remedy out of the scrapings of looking-glasses?"
"And what are the scrapings of looking-

glasses composed of?"

"Why, an amalgam of tin, antimony, and arsenic, as a foil for the mercury. They sell houses to collect old tea-leaves, not to brush this abominable stuff at 8d. a pound, and if carpets with, but to re-curl and dye, and sell you happen to buy gray powder in a low you happen to buy gray powder in a low again. If you happen to take a cup that neighborhood, you stand a very good chance of getting some of it. Not content with poisadulterate the drugs we depend upon to cure

"Well upon my word," said Bob, "here we've been jollying at this elegant dejeuner a la fourchette, and eating all the delicacies of not breakfast ready? the mornings are long the season, when in comes this learned wretch enough." and turns all into gall and wormwood. Let us see what we've really taken. Why there's a whole paint-box of paints to begin with—

Prussian blue, turmeric, blue armenian—" "Stop a bit," cried old Routitout, "these preserves look very red—there's cochineal in hem; put down cochineal."

"Very well, cochineal-blue, yellow, red and scarlet-four coats of paint for delicate stomachs."

"Now, then for minerals; sulphur in the sulphuric acid, lead in my friend's rappee." Stop a minute," eagerly interposed Routitout, "again let me examine the knife," and rushing to the pickle jar he triumphantly returned, "Copper! I told you so-look at the coating on the knife. Copper, by jingo!"

"Very well-lead copper. "And if any of you had happened to have addition of mercury and arseniate of copper, a pretty metalic currency to put into your blood's circulation with your breakfast, and antimony, mercury and asenic, alias gray with a vengeance," and old Routitout laughed a demoniac laugh, "and, stop a bit, you have not done yet-there's lime in the eggs, sand in the sugar, horse-blood in the coffee, and perhaps, mahogany saw-dust! just throw these little items in to make it 'thick and

slab." "Bob," said I, turning very briskly upon our tormentor, "let's wash our mouth's out with a glass of beer."

"Here's to you," he said watching with his clear blue eye the 'beaded bubbles wink-

ing at the brim.' "I dare say now you think that fine head is a recommendation to your tipple. The author of a practical treatise on brewing, however, lets us into a secret; the heading he tells us, is a mixture of half alum and half copperas ground to a fine powder, and is so called for giving to porter and ales the beautiful head of froth which constitutes one "Nothing easier in the world. That prime of its peculiar properties, and which landlords are so anxious to raise to gratify their customers. That fine flavor of malt is produced by mixing salts of steel with coculus indicus, Spanish liquorice, treacle, tobacco and salt."

"But there's nothing of the kind in pale ale," I replied. "Well," said he, in a half disappointed tone, "they used to talk about strychnine,

though I believe that's all bosh, but you can't "But what's the use of disenchanting us ful. "There, Sally," he says "won't that deny the camomiles." in this way, if tradesmen are all robbers to- help you?"

we ?" "That's just the thing the House of Commons at this very moment are trying to give you. Mr. Scholefield's bill on the adulteration of food, which was originally intended is what he says for your especial comfort: to hit the adulterator very hard, is emascula- go with me; and he carries her into the sit-We have found some samples of vinegar to ted enough, for fear of interfering with trade; ting-room.—"Pussy has had her breakfast," consist of little else but sulphuric acid colored but there will be some protection for the in- he said to sissy; "now will she think your with sugar; it is in low coffee-houses and telligent classes, it is true. Any articles sus- woolly dog a real dog? Let's show it to her." pected of being adulterated, may be publicly Sissy put down her plaything, a little woolanalyzed and if found to be sophisticated, the ly dog and sure enough, puss, as soon as she guilty party will be liable to a fine; this will saw it, bushed her tail and backed up her

ticles analyzed, they must go the wall, as of brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer, to see if the 'iron-tailed in sack-cloth and ashes, and suffer his moral pillory! One or two rogues thus exposed sand out of the sugar, and the burnt beans out of the coffee, &c., &.

"Now then, old fellow, as yo have worked yourself round into good humor again, take

bacco grown in the Camberwell cabbage beds --but it's all fudge."
"Come," said I, "let's take a constitutional in the fresh air after this lecture?"

principe, on which his mouth closed with immense satisfaction to all parties concerned.

Mliscelluneous.

ONE WAY AND THE OTHER. "Father," said a woman to her husband

one morning "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man, in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes; if you want them, get them." "I don't know who should, if you can't." ressurrection from the teapot. Hundreds of oning and loading our food with all sorts of answered the wife, catching the spirit of her loses its hold upon those physical organs tons of it are made in London yearly." oning and loading our food with all sorts of husband; and the spirit once caught, she car- through which it communicates with the outried it down stairs into the kitchen, where she er world. All the bodily functions that sus-

"Sally!" she cried, "why in the world is position, the frame finds repose from all other

until now had been doing her best; but catch- peace with all men. But a touch, a sound, ing her mistress's tone, she quite lost her temper. "The wonder is breakfast's got at all," she muttered; while her mistress went out, and little Joe came in from the wood-house.

"Cross creature!" cried little Joe, pouting may go back to days of innocence, but a and pulling off his shoe, which, for mischief, touch awakens him to the deep consciousness or not knowing what else to do, he swung at of guilt that, even in his dreams, dogs him the cat lapping her milk. The shoe sent the like an avenger, robbing him of "Nature's cat one way and the cup another, and the milk in a puddle.

"You mischievous puppy!" cried Sally, giv- happy. ing little Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting room.

Joe in a terrible pet, fell upon his little

sweetened your tooth with that cock of magnificient plumage, there would have been an little toy her auntie gave her, making it bark in a wheezy tone no dog was ever guilty of. "Give it to me!" cried Joe, snatching it from her hand; whereupon Susy burst into for a gentle alterative to-morrow morning an angry cry. Joe's mother struck him for it, and he set up a howl equal to any young powder, would be likely to set matters right cub in a bear's den; so that by the time breakfast was ready, the family sky was dark and squally as it could well be; for crossness of the speaker, when one thing is declared

> THE OTHER WAY. "Father," said a woman to her husband, one morning, "the boys want some new

shoes." "Yes, I suppose it is most time," answers the husband; "but I can't so well spare the money just now. I wonder if I could not black them nicely up, to make them answer

a little longer. Let's see now." "Do not trouble youself with them, husband," said the wife. Let me try and see what a gloss I can put on them; maybe they'll look as good as new. And away she tripped down stairs into the kitchen. "Sally," she said, "you are a little behind in breakfast, but I'll help you. No wonder; the green wood troubles you, I'm afraid."

"Please, no," answers Sally, " I'll fetch breakfast on the table in a minute;" and Sally stirs about with cheerful briskness, while little Joe comes in and asks to have his shoe tied.

"In a moment, deary," answers Sally, while I run down and get some kindlings; your ma wants breakfast." "Let me go," says little Joe; "I'll bring you some beauties," and away scampers the

"Yes, deary," cries Sally; "now let me tie your shoe." And while she does it, Joe is looking at pussy lapping her milk.

"Pussy's had her breakfast," said Joe,

and I'll take up her cup, lest somebody should step on it and break it. Come, pussy, lead to the better class of tradesman warrant- back, just ready for a fight; but pretty soon ing their goods as pure, and the middle and | she saw her mistake, and ran under the table, upper classes will, in the end. reap the bene- as if afraid to be laughed at. How the chilfit of Dr. Hassall's investigations, and Mr. dren did laugh; and what a pleasant break-Scholefield's bill-but as for the poor, God fast that was, where kindness was the larghelp them! They pay dear for what they est dish; for "pleasant words are as a honey-

"PEACEABLE SECESSION." On this point Daniel Webster spoke in his last great speech in the Senate, on the 7th of March, 1850. Hear him:

Mr. President:-I should much prefer to have heard, from every member on this floor, declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody, that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "Secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their poitical services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the Great Deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in old. We want a little touch of French des-potism in these matters. Every drop of milk harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off, without convulsion, may look the next hour cow has been guilty of diluting it-if so the to see the heavenly bodies rush from their whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the spheres and jostle against each other in the gutter—the Paris milk is very pure in conse- realms of space, without causing the wreck quence. If a tradesman adulterates any ar- of the Universe. There can be no such thing ticle of food offered for sale, he is first fined, as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession and then made publicly to confess his fault, is an utter impossibility. Is the great Conby means of a placed in his window, stitution under which we live—covering this setting forth the exact nature of the trick he whole country—is it to be thawed and melted has played upon his customers. Imagine away by secession, as the snows on the moun-some of our leading tradesmen obliged to sit tain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off?-No, sir! I will not state what might produce would have a marvelous effect in keeping the | the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce. I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, in its two-fold character.

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! "Not the slightest objection in life, for it's | The concurrent agreement of all the members the only thing to be got unsophisticated— of this great Republic to separate! A volunthere is plenty of bad tobacco, it is true—but tary separation, with alimony on the one side we know it is tobacco. There are many tales | and on the other! Why, what would be the going, about the fine qualities of British to- result? Where is the line to be drawn?-What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with poisons and adrastic purge! Perhaps now you would like one of your younkers to have a suck at this game pullet?"

Not so bad as that, old fellow!" I replied, furtively dropping out of my pocket a colored bonbon intended for the litte one at home.—
"A slight indigestion, perhaps, that a dose of gray powder would put to rights in a day."

"I am very glad you mentioned grey-powder—mercury and chalk that should be: for amongst us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grand-children would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and grati-

DEATH'S YOUNGER BROTHER.

Some one has fancifully named sleep that state of unconsciousness nearest allied to the dreamless rest of the grave. And yet, how different! It is but the body that slumbers -the mind is ever active, and never quite quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward tain life go on with unimpaired regularity, state. activities.

Wondrously like death is the quiet repose "This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who of the infant, or of him whose mind is at

awakens to intense life. But not like death is the sleep of him who lies down companioned by a perturbed conscience. With starts, and cries, and fearful "Tie my shoe Sally," said he.

"Go away," cried Sally, "and not pester me at breakfast time.

"It is my shoe Sally, and not pester me at breakfast time.

"Go away," cried Sally, and not pester me at breakfast time. sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and causing him to rise unrefreshed, and still more un-

> Only a mind at rest, and a peaceful conscience, can indeed make sleep quiet-so quiet and serene, as truly to deserve the name of "Death's Younger Brother,"

A MEAN VICE.

Lying is one of the meanest of vices. Aristotle lays it down for a maxim, that a brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth; and Pluetarch calls lying the vice of a slave. Lying in discourse is a disagreement between the speech and the mind is catching, and "the beginning of strife is and another meant, and words are no image as when one letteth out water."—Prov. xvii: of thoughts. Hence it will follow, that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is no liar in repeating his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition. Lying is a breach of the articles of social commerce, and an invasion upon the fundamental rights of society. Lying has a ruinous tendency; it strikes a damp upon business and pleasure, and dissolves the cement of society. Like gunpowder, it is all noise and smoke: it darkens the air, disturbs the sight; and blows up as far as it reaches. Nobody can close with a liar; there is danger in the correspondence; and more than that, we naturally bate those who make it their business to deceive us. Were lying universal, it would destrov

> ages insignificant, and almost confine our knowledge to our five senses. Why was Adam the best runner that

> the credit of books and records, make the past

ever lived? Because he was the first in the human race. Reading serves for delight, for orna-

ment, and for capacity; it improves nature, and is perfected by experience. It is better that a man's own works, than that another man's words should praise

him. Both the Graces and the Furies are represented by the poets under the figure of

woman. If you would talk much, you should particularly endeavor to talk well; he always

peaks too much who speaks ill. The Arabians say-" it is not good to

jest with God, Death or the Devil. All nature is busy, and an idler,

therefore, a monster in creation. A true spirit of religion enlivens as well as composes the soul.

Ambition never looks behind it-a fatalerror in many cases.