The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $1,50 a year in advance.

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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

When we hear the music ringing,
Thro' the bright celestial dome,
When sweet Angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

Chorus—
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining,
Fondly round us, as before?

Chorus—Shall we know, &c.

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright:
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Chorus—Shall we know, &c.

Oh! ye weary, sad and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers:
"We shall know each other there!"

Chorus—We shall know, &c.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

Shall we sing in heaven forever,
Shall we sing? Shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven forever
In that happy land? [land,
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
They that meet shall sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love forever,
In that happy land!

Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land? In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land? [land,
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
Saints and angels sing forever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land? In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land? [land,
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land? In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land? [land,
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
Teachers and scholars meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land? In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land? [land,
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
We shall know our blessed Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there forever,
In that happy land!

PROFANITY IN THE CARS.—A writer in one of our exchanges has the following to say about what has been observed by many persons, viz: the rapid increase of profanity and vulgarity in the cars:

'Ears polite are shocked by profanity in the cars running on different railroads. To so great an extent has this come that ladies having respect for themselves have been compelled to change cars because of the shocking and lamentable want of common decency, as exhibited by some of the passengers. If a gentleman out of polite defference to the ladies, should happen to even gently reprimand the uncouth and vulgar fellows, instead of having a desirable effect it seems to make them worse. In such cases the conductors should turn the self condemned immoralists out of the cars.—The boards of railroads have long since passed stringent resolutions to prevent smoking in the ladies' car and a special car is attached, for the smokers' benefit. The smoke of a cigar is not offensive to people, as a general thing, but the smoke of immorality suggestive of 'fire and brimstone,' is entirely too stifling to everybody except the low, the vulgar, and the vile; and it should not be permitted to impregnate the atmosphere of a public passenger car, or any other place where promiscuous crowds of people are apt to collect. It is an intolerable nuisance, and with a view to its abatement we would suggest the propriety of attaching a profane car in front of that occupied by smokers, for the accommodation of those who have no regard for the laws of God or for the feelings of those who may be within the sound of their voices."

☞ Time is money.

GREAT EATERS.

Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten they endure torments so distressing in their nature, as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines to eat moderately, when eating time comes, and which, when satified, leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of their health; when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increases until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history. Particular inquiry will almost invariably elicit the fact, that a fat person, however rubicund and jolly, is never well; and yet they are envied.

While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never, for a single day, without some symptoms, some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually have no spare flesh, are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of the centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his hundred and fortieth year.

Kentigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eight-five yrs. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was one hundred and sixty nine years old when he died. Old Parr lived to a hundred and fifty three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer, and coarse bread. The favorite food of Henry Francisco, who lived to see one hundred and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Mr. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbbry, Mass., who died aged one hundred and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son Michael, by similar means, lived to be a hundred and three years old. Father Cull, a Methodist clergyman died at the age of a hundred and five, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal. From these statements nine general readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is healthy, as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legitimately follow.—The only inference that can be safely drawn is from the only fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labor tend to a great age.

As to the healthfulness and life-protecting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did, and omit all others, but by doing all he did; that is, work steadily as well as eat mainly a particular dish.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ A colored sentinel was recently marching on his beat in the streets of Norfolk, Va., when a white man, passing by, shouldered him insolently off the sidewalk, quite into the street.—The soldier, on recovering himself, called out:

'White man, halt!"

The white man, Southerner-like, went straight on. The sable sentinel brought his musket to a present arms, cocked it, and hailed again:

'White man, halt, or I'll fire!'

The white man, hearing *shoot* in the tone, halted, and faced about.

'White man,' continued the sentry, peremptorily, 'come here!'

He did so.

'White man,' said the soldier again, 'me no care one cent 'bout dis partick-lar Cuffey; but white man *bound to respeck dis uniform*, (striking his breast) White man, move on!'

☞ 'I should think these omnibus wheels must be fatigued after running all day,' observed Sam. 'Well, yes,' replied Seth, taking a squint at them, they do appear to be tired.'

The Age of Man.

Few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, 'choked with passion,' has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the hog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the Guinea pig six or seven. They number all their proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of two times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all animals, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal scarcely feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself in the fire of his own reflection.

Mysteries and Miseries of Fishing.

An editor gives the following "experience" in fishing:

We got one worm and laid the slimy thing down upon the earth, and proceeded to dig for another. When we had captured another, we discovered that number one had squirmed around in an insane manner and reentered the earth. This occurred several times. We were in a quandary. We solicited our friend, in a very gentlemanly manner, to come and watch the worms, which he very abruptly refused to do, unless upon commission, preferring to rest his body upon an ancient root, in imitation of the letter Z, and affected to be highly amused.

We scorned his assistance when we found we couldn't get it, and dug worms in a desperate manner, producing the nasty things in such abundance that they were in each other's way, and could not escape. We arranged the tackle and dropped a line, "hoping to find the finny tribe in the same state of health." We fished and fished. There was nothing but minnows—myriads of nibbling minnows. They had not, apparently, tasted food for several weeks. After feeding away about a barrel of worms, and digging up about an acre or so of ground, we began to experience some indignation. Job, in the sorest state of his carbuncles, could not have remained patient. One minnow, which, if possible seemed more voracious than the rest, excited our indignation. In the heat of our excitement, we regret to say, we hooked him in the bowels, and instead of a feeling of anguish, generally excited by a sense of guilt, we gloried in the remorseless act. After serving several other minnows in the same way, and having walked out some distance on a log, we were amazed to find our retreat cut off by a bumblebee's nest, and two cursed snakes in the root of the tree, over which we had passed. The great alternative of taking four feet of water, or being bitten by the images of satan, or stung to death by bumblebee's, was presented. We chose the former, and after buffetting with the waves of the 'raging canawl,' we reached the shore in safety, firmly convinced that Izaak Walton, (peaceful soul,) was, in his palmiest days, to say the least of them 'hard up' for amusement.

WHAT PRESIDENT LINCOLN THINKS OF GRANT.—In reply to a question in regard to the present military prospect, Mr. Lincoln, with that peculiar smile which he always puts on when about to tell a good story, said: 'Well, sir, your question reminds me of a little anecdote about the automaton chess player, which many years ago astonished the world by its skill in that game. After a while the automaton was challenged by a celebrated player, who, to his great chagrin, was beaten twice by the machine. At the end of the second game, the player, significantly pointing his finger at the automaton, exclaimed, in a very decided tone, '*There's a man in it!*' And this, sir, is just the secret of our present success.'

A Lesson for Wayward boys.

About a year ago, the anxious face of a poor woman in search of her lost boy, was familiar on the railroad in the northern part of Ohio. Her name was CATHARINE BUCK, and she lived in the vicinity of Columbus. The following was the story of her affliction which she told such sympathizing strangers as were prompted to address her. She was a widow with an only child, a wayward boy of about twelve years.—In that boy centered all her hopes and fears. One day she corrected him for some offence, and on that day he disappeared from home.

She made inquiries for him in the neighborhood as soon as his absence was discovered, but heard nothing of him. Thinking that he had joined some military company and gone to the war, she made a visit to the various camps she could hear of, but although she found many boys of her son's age not one of them gave her heart that nameless thrill which a mother feels at the discovery of her missing offspring.—Restless and anxious, she would return home (home no more without her boy, poor heart!) to again start out upon her weary and fruitless search.

Her wild and haggard countenance upon which a settled grief had traced heavy lines, became familiar upon the railroad, and she was allowed to go and come as she pleased, no conductor troubled her for a ticket or fare. Her story was known, and her affliction gave her immunities that nothing else could have obtained. At the depot on the arrival and departure of trains, she would be seen scanning the moving throng, and there was but one image on her mind—that of her wayward and idolized boy. Her form would be seen gliding through the "soldier train," that was bearing away volunteers to the war, and the coarsest soldier checked his mirth and withheld the rude jest when he saw that pale and sorrowful face, and caught the anxious unsettled glance of her eye as she scanned the countenances before her.

We once saw the woman at a depot on the Cleveland and Columbus road. She had been engaged in her fruitless search for three months. A compassionate bystander was attempting to soothe her by telling her that her son was doubtless taken care of somewhere. She said she would be happy if she only knew that he was not suffering from hunger and she could not sleep, for the picture of her boy without shelter was constantly on her mind Her anxiety and grief had made fearful inroads upon a countenance that must have been prepossessing once (she was only in middle life) and there was a strange glittering in her eye that betokened insanity.

In the following brief paragraph in a recent number of the Cleveland *Herald*, we find the sequel to the sad story of Catharine Buck:

"KILLED BY THE CARS.—An insane woman was lately killed by the cars on the Atlantic and great Western Railroad, near West Greenville, Pa. She was sitting on the track and made no effort to escape until it was to late.—The cow-catcher caught her, throwing her down an embankment and killing her instantly. Her name was Catharine Buck."

The weary is at rest. What a lesson is the above to wayward, thoughtless boys, who think running away from home such a brave achievement. A loving mother driven to insanity and death.

To a Mother.

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is? It is an immortal being; destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy or miserable! You, the mother! you, who gave it birth, the mother of its being, are also the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided—its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? The child may be a liar; you can prevent it. It may be a drunkard; you can prevent it. It may be an atheist; you can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and of mischief to others; you can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before; you can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things—will you or will you not? Look at the innocent. Tell me again, will you save it? Will you watch over it? Will you teach it, discipline it, pray for it? Or *will* you, in vain search of pleasure, or in gaiety, or fashion, or folly, or in the chase of any other bauble or even household cares, neglect the soul of that child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil temptation—to ruin?

Rebel Spy Shot and Captured.

On Friday last, Latshaw, the enrolling officer for Franklin township, Adams county, met a suspicious looking character on the road, and questioned him as to his residence. He answered that he resided in that township, but when interrogated as to the names of his neighbors, he found that Mr. Latshaw was likely to detect him and he said he had made a mistake—that he resided beyond Mercersburg. From his confused and unsatisfactory statement, Mr. Latshaw felt it his duty to arrest him, and he did so. The prisoner made no resistance, but proposed to walk back to New Salem; but on the way he took the first favorable oportunity to jump the fence and run away. The officer pursued, and was joined by the people of the neighborhood; and after a chase of about three hours, he was recaptured without being injured. Officer Latshaw then bound his feet together, and started for Chambersburg to deliver the prisoner to Captain Eyster, the Provost-Marshal. Latshaw and the prisoner were in a single-seated buggy, and Mr. Slonaker rode behind on horseback. When in the South Mountain, the prisoner managed quietly to get his feet loose, and when opposite a dense thicket of laurel, he sprang from the buggy into the bushes. Mr. Slonaker fired at him and lodged a ball in his shouldior, making a slight wound, but it did not arrest the prisoner. Latshaw immediately jumped from the buggy and rushed into the thicket after him, and called to him twice to halt or he would fire; but the prisoner continued to get away as fast as possible. Latshaw fired and struck him in the hip, shattering the bone badly, and of course arresting his progress. He at once called out that he was mortally wounded. Mr. Slonaker went up to him, while Latshaw pursued his horse, and the prisoner told him that he was fatally injured—that he could not live long, and at once admitted that he was a rebel spy, and had met a just fate. He gave his name as Lloyd, and stated that he had been in this section making observations for the benefit of the rebels.

He is a man of about forty years of age, stoutly built, with dark hair and goatee, is quite intelligent, and has evidently been a laboring man. It is more than probable that he is a rebel officer. On his person was found a belt with nearly $100 of gold, and had Chattanooga and Virginia rebel money and a little Pennsylvania currency. He represents himself as a native of Lee county, Virginia, but says he lived in Missouri for some years and was about to return to Lee county. He had a letter, with the date and place where it was written torn off, which refers from a journey to be undertaken, and certain information to be conveyed; but it furnishes no clue to parties in complicity with him. He had also a Cincinnati paper of the 28th ult. in his pocket, from which we think it probable that he passed thro' that place several weeks ago. He was in this town a few days before he was arrested; tried to sell some gold at the bank, and very carefully scanned a map of the county hanging in the bank.

His thigh wound is very serious, but not necessarily mortal, and his recovery is altogether probable. He is now in the hospital in this place, in the custody of Gen Couch, and will, we learn, be sent to Fort Mifflin as soon as he recovers sufficiently to be removed.—*Chambersburg [Pa.] Repository, May 25th.*

GEN. GRANT.—A "LITTLE" INCIDENT.—The Nashville correspondent of the Chicago Journal relates the following:

Speaking of Grant's campaign, I wish here to put on record a little incident, which I have never yet seen in print, and which was communicated to me by an officer some time since, and which might have been contraband once, but is not now, since the plans of the Eastern campaign have been developed.

While General Grant was in front of Vicksburg, he was conversing with several officers on the subject of the capture of Richmond. 'Can it be taken, General?' asked one of these.—'With ease,' was the reply. 'By the Peninsula?' contiued the querist. 'No,' responded the General. 'If I had the charge of the matter, I would want two large armies; one to move directly on Lee, and the other to land at City Point, and cut communications to the southward. Lee would then be compelled to fall back, and the army from the north could press, and if possible, defeat him.

'If he would open up communication again with the cotton States, he must fight the army south of the James; and to do this, he must cross his whole force; otherwise he could be defeated in detail. If he did so cross, the Northern army could take Richmond; if he did not, that from the south could move up the heights south of the river James, and shell and destroy the city.'

I communicated this fact to two confidential friends the day Grant was first called to Washington; and now, for the first time, make it public. At the time the remarks were made, the General had no thought of being called to the position he now occupies.

☞ A lady who kept a pet-bear in New Hudson, New York, was eaten up by the playful creature recently.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

S. B. CHANEY, Editor,

To whom all communications on the subject of Education should be addressed.

The School Room as a Teacher.

[From the Pa., School Journal.]

"We should do our utmost," says Goethe, "to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself." Teachers and School Committees, quite as much as other people, may profit by this admonition of the "many sided" German. They are too apt to take it for granted, that the beautiful encourages itself, and that it is the useful which demands their utmost efforts in its behalf. How slow teachers are to recognize the fact, that the love of the beautiful is as much a part of man's nature as the memory or the reasoning powers, and that it demands no less than they, early and continued culture!

The school room should be a teacher in this department of education. It will be a teacher, whether you wish it or not, whether you are aware of it or not. If it is neat and tasteful in its finish and furniture, it teaches a lesson of neatness and good taste to its inmates, even if they are the lowest class of children to be found in a large city. The beauty of the place has a powerful influence over the personal habits of the pupils. To those unfortunate creatures, all whose infantile impressions and associations have been those of filth and degredation, the parlor like school room is continually teaching lessons, which their more favored mates, who have comfortable and cheerful homes, have been *learning from the very cradle.* In the neat and well ordered school room, they first see the beauty of neatness and order. Their daily stay within its pleasant precincts gradually refines and elevates their taste, which before was low and grovelling. No lessons that they learn at school are more precious than these mute teachings of the objects about them.

On the other hand, a dilapidated hovel of a school house is a teacher of a very different character. It is "a corruptor of youth." It confirms the careless and slovenly in their bad habits, or at any rate, leaves them no better than it finds them. Those who have learned to love neatness at home come to associate the school room with all that is cheerless and uncomfortable; and their views of the studies which they must pursue within its walls soon take the same gloomy coloring. They think of going to school, as the mechanic thinks of going to his narrow and dirty workshop. They go, as to unpleasant work that must be done, and return glad, like the mechanic, to have finished the task, and to be at the cheerful fireside again. This should not be so. All the appointments of the school house should be such, that the child who has a pleasant home, may feel *at home*, with home comforts and conveniences around him.

We would have the school room, not merely neat and clean and well furnished, but *beautiful* withal. We would add to what is merely *useful* in its appointments, something purely *ornamental*; not simply a graceful finish to the useful, but something whose chief or only use is its beauty, and the lessons which that beauty teaches. It is not enough that the house has "all the modern improvements," that its walls are girt with blackboards and hung with maps and charts. We want to see, besides all this, some work of art—a bust, a statuette, a painting, or an engraving.

In very few school rooms in Massachusetts, have we found anything of the kind. In one High School room, we saw every available place adorned with busts, and statuettes, and engravings. A friend of ours called it "the pleasantest school room in the State;" but it is these works of art which make it so. Without them, it would compare unfavorably with scores of school rooms that we have visited.—With these, there is a home like charm about it, which you feel as soon as you enter. Plato and Socrates, Demosthenes and Cicero, excellent copies from the antique marbles, look down upon you from the walls; with Washington and Franklin, not less noble heads of these latter days. Statuettes of Galileo and Bowditch remind the young student of the trials and the triumphs of great men who have led the van in scientific discovery and research; while Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Tasso, Ariosto, and other bards whose songs resound through the ages, admonish him that the priests of the beautiful, no less than the pioneers of scientific progress, have their unfading laurels. Engravings of the Landing of the Pilgrims, the Death of Warren on Buker Hill, and other scenes in American history, are perpetual lessons of loyalty and patriotism; silently telling the school boy what a price his fathers paid, in toil and anguish, and blood, for the blessings he enjoys to day.

But some one says, "All that is very well, but we cannot afford to buy pictures and statuary for our school rooms: it is hard enough to get the useful things that are needed." We reply, that we would not have the town or the city furnish these works of art; though the time will come when they will be considered as much a part of the necessary furniture of the school house, as the blackboards, and maps, and charts. We would look for them to the liberality of individuals interested in the welfare of the school. In the case to which we alluded above, nearly all the statuary and engravings were the gift of one man; not a wealthy man; not better able to make such gifts to a school, than men to be found in almost any New England community.

But we must postpone to another month, the remainder of what we meant to say. We shall hope to show that our school houses may be made beautiful, as well as neat and convenient, and that, too, with very little cost, either of effort or money.—*Mass. Teacher.—Res. Editor.*

The Seven Ancient Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the old world were:

1st. The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 feet high, built by Cares, A D, 288, occupied twelve years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes thirty six years, and was thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass.

2nd. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen, thirty years in building, and has now stood at least three thousand years.

3d. The Aqueducts of Rome, designed by Appius Claudius, the censor.

4th. The Labyrinth of Psammatichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall 1000 houses and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods.

5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 281, B C. It was erected as a light house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble and a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen nearly a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed around the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place.

6th. The Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness.

7th. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, sixth king of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars, seventy feet long. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber cyprus. It was destroyed by fire B C 265.

AN INTERESTING STORY.—"Shon mine Shon," said a worthy German to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language; "Shon, mine Shon, come here, and I will dell you little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a drue story, or a make believe?"

"O, a true story, of course," answered John.

"Ferry vell den. Dere was once a good nice oldt shentleman (shoost like me, and he had von dirty liddle boy (shoost like you,) andt von day he heard him schwearing like a young fillain, as he vas. So he vent to der winklo (corner) and took out a cow-hides (shoost as I am toing now,) and and he der dirty liddle plackguard by de collar (dis way, you see;) and vollopped him shoost so! and den mine tear Shon, he pull his ears dis way, and smacked his face dat way, and den dell him to go widout his supper, shoost as you will do dis efening."

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST ANECDOTE.—A gentleman just returned from Washington relates the following incident that transpired at the White House the other day. Some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissions and omissions of the administration. The President heard them patiently and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, you would shake the cable or keep shouting out to him—Blondin stand up a little straighter—Blondin stoop a little more—or a little faster—lean a little more to the North—lean a litle more to the South? Not; you would hold your breath as well as tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence and we'll get you safe across.

☞ An Irishman, by way of illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it!