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Barristers' and Solicitors' Notices, 2 00
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged accordingly to three terms.
Our prices for the printing of Blanks, Handbills, etc. are also increased.

The GLOBE
WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XXI. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1866. NO. 50.
TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.
-PERSEVERE-

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing in the best style every variety of Job Printing, such as HAND BILLS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, POSTERS, BILL HEADS, GARDS, CIRCULARS, BALL TICKETS, LABELS, &c., &c.
CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK.
LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

DR. A. B. LIGHT, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, having located at Huntingdon, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the town and vicinity.
DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community.
DR. D. P. MILLER, Office in room lately occupied by J. Simpson.
DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity.
BOYER & GARNER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Marketburg station.
ANDREW JOHNSTON, agent for the Niagara Insurance Company, Huntingdon.
GEO. SHAEFFER, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., Huntingdon.
M'CAHAN & SON, proprietors of Juniata Steam Mill, Huntingdon.
G. B. BRUMBAUGH & CO., dealers in fancy and staple goods, Marketburg.
W. M. LEWIS & CO., Family Groceries, Provision and Feed Store, Hunt. Pa.
W. M. MARCH & BRO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, &c.
W. M. LONG, Dealer in Candles, Nuts, Family Groceries, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON, Merchants, Huntingdon, Pa.
W. HARTON & MAGUIRE, Wholesale and retail dealers in foreign and domestic Hardware, Cutlery, &c., Railroad street, Huntingdon.
CHAS. H. ANDERSON, Dealer in all kinds of Lumber, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.
JAMES A. BROWN, Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.
H. ROMAN, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, &c.
D. P. GWIN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c., Huntingdon.
S. E. HENRY & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, and all kinds of Lumber, Huntingdon.
W. M. AFRICA, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, in the Diamond, Huntingdon.
JOHN H. WESTBROOK, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Confectionery, Huntingdon.
Z. YENTER, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon, Pa.
DONNELL & KLINE, PHOTOGRAPHERS, Huntingdon, Pa.
THOMAS G. STRICKLER & SON, Manufacturers of Brooches' Patent Brooch Head or Wrecker, Huntingdon.
J. M. GREENE & F. O. BEAVER, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturers.
M. GUTMAN & CO., Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Huntingdon, Pa.
B. M. GREENE, Dealer in Music, musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Huntingdon.
S. SHOEMAKER, Agent for the Magnetic Steam Engine, Huntingdon, Pa.
W. M. LEWIS, Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instruments, Huntingdon, Pa.
R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST.
J. E. GREENE, DENTIST.
THE subscribers having leased this Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. McVetty, are prepared to accommodate strangers, travelers, and citizens in good style.
MORRISON HOUSE, Huntingdon, Pa.
K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
M'ATTEN & SIFE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
AGENCY, FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS.
BENEDICT STEWART & LYTTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Just after the war, in the year '68, As soon as the boys were all scattered and bato, 'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got, To hang him by thral'-barlin' sich as were shot. There was thral by jury goin' on by daylight, And the martial law hangin' the lavins by night. It's them as was hard times for an honest gossiper; If he missed in the judges he'd meet the dragoon. An' whether the sojers or judges give sentence, The devil, a much time they allowed for repentance. An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin', Wid small share of restin', or atin', or sleepin', An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it, A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet. Unsheltered by night and unrested by day, With the heat for their barracks, revenge for their pay. An' the bravest an' hardest boy iv them all, Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall; His limbs were well set, an' his body was light, An' the lean-fagged hound had not leech half so white; But his face was as pale as the face of the dead, An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red. An' for all that, he wasn't an ugly young boy, For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye, So droll an' so wicked, so dact and so bright, Like a fire flash that crosses the depth of the night; An' he was the best mower that ever has been, An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen; An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare, An' the womin turn crazy, he done it so quare; An' by gorry! the whole world gev into him there. An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught, An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought, An' it's many the one can remember right well, The quare things he done, an' it's oft I heard tell How he lathered the yeoman, himself agin four, An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore. But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest, An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best. After many a brave action of power and pride, An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side, An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast, In the darkness of night he was taken at last. Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon, For the door of the prison must close on you soon; An' take your last look at her dim lovely light, That falls on the mountain and valley this night; One look at the village, one look at the flood, An' one at the sheltering, far distant wood, Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill, An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still; Farewell to the pattersn, the burlin' and wack, An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake. An' twelve sorners brought him to Maryborough jail, An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail. The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the strong hands wor bound, An' he laid down his length on the cold prison ground; The dreams of his childhood came over him there, As gentle and soft as the swate summer air, An' happy remembrance crowding on every thought, As fast as the foam flakes drift down on the river, Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by, Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his eye; But the tears didn't fall, for the pride at his heart Wouldn't suffer one dhrup down his pale cheek to start, An' he sprang to his feet, in the dark prison cave, An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave, By the hopes of the free and the cause of the brave, That when he was mouldering in the cold grave His enemies never should have it to boast; His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost, His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry, For undaunted he'd lived, and undaunted he'd die, As soon as a few weeks were over and gone, The terrible day iv trial kem on. There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand, An' sojers on guard, and dhyagoons sword in hand,

An' the court house so full that the people were bothered; An' attorneys and criers on the pint of being smothered; An' counsellors almost gev over for doad. An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead, An' the judge settled out so determinin' and big, With his gown on his back, an' an illegant new wig. An' silence was called, and the minute it was said, The court was as still as the heart of the dead, An' they heard but the opening of one prison lock. An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock. For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng, An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong, An' he saw that he had no hope, nor a friend; A chance to escape, nor a word to defend; An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone, As calm an' as cool as a statue of stone; An' they read a big writin', a yard long at least. An' Jim didn't understand it nor mind it a taste; An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff an' he says, "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plaze?" An' all held their breath in the silence of dread, An' Shamus O'Brien made answer an' said: "My lord, if ye ask me iv, in my lifetime, I thought any treason, or did any crimo That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here, The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear, Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow, Before God and the world, I would answer you no! But if you would ask me, as I think it like, If the rebellion I carried a pike, An' fought for old Ireland from the first to the close, An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes? I answer you yes; and I tell you agin, Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then In her cause I was willing my veins should run dher, An' that now for her sake I am ready to die on the ground. Then the silence was great, an' the jury lovely bright, An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light; By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed old chap; In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap, Then Shamus' mother, in the crowd standin' by, Called out to the judge, with a pitiful cry, "Oh, Judge, darlin', don't!—oh! don't say this word! The crulthur is young—have mercy, my lord! He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin'; You don't know him, my lord; oh! don't give him to ruin! He's the kindest crulthur, the tenderest hearted; Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted! Judge, mayvourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord, An' God will forgive you—oh! don't say the word!" That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken, When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken; An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother, The big tears were running fast, one after t'other, An' two or three times he endeavored to spake, But the strong manly voice use to falter and break; But at last, by the strength of his high mounting pride, He conquered and mastered his grief, swelling tide; An' says he, "Mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart, For sooner or later the dearest must part; An' God knows it's better than wadin' in fear, On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer, To lie in the grave, where the head, heart and breast, From thought, labor and sorrow forever shall rest. Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more, Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour; For I wish, when my head's layin' under the raven, No throo man can say that I died like a craven!" Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head, An' that minute the solemn death sentence was said. The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high, An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky— But why are the men standin' idle so late? An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street? What come they to talk of?—what come they to see? An' why does the long rope hang from the cross tree? Oh, Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast; May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last; Pray fast and pray strong, for the moment is nigh,

When shtroug, proud, an' great as you are, you must die. An' faster an' faster the crowds gathered there, Boys, horses and gingerbread, just like a fair. An' whiskey was sellin', and cusinmack too, An' old men and young women enjoyin' the view, An' old Tim Mulvaney, he made the remark, "There wasn't sich a sight since the days of Noah's ark." An' he gorry it was throve for him, for the devil a such a scrouge, Such devarian and crowds, was seen since the deluge. For thousands were gathered there if there was one, Waitin' until such time as the hangin' would come on. At last they threw open the big prison gate, An' out came the sheriffs and soldiers in state, An' a cart in the middle, and Shamus was in it, Not plaur, but prouder than ever that minute. An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien, A wild prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin', A wild yellin' sound kem on all by degrees, Like the sound of the lonesome winds blowin' through the trees. On, on, to the gallows the sheriffs are gone, An' the cart an' the sojers go steadily on; An' at every side swollin' round of the cart, A wild scrowl sound that'd open your heart. Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand, An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand; An' the priest having blessed him goes down to the ground, An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around. Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still, Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill; An' the rope him ready, his neck was made bare, For the grip iv the life-strangin' cord to prepare; An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer. But the good priest did more—for his hands he unboud, An' with one darrin' spring, Jim has leaped on the ground. Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and the clash goes the sabres, "He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!" Through the smoke and the horses, he's into the crowd— "By the heavens, he's free!" then the thunder more aloud, By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken, One shout that the dead of the world might awaken. To-night he'll be sleeping in Atherloo an' the devil's in the dice if you catch him agen. The sojers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that, An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat; Your sabers may glitter, your carbines go bang, But if you want hangin', it's yourself you may hang. For a swift bay will bear him to deep Bantry Bay, Where the tall ship is waiting to bear him away. Then soon o'er the broad blue Atlantic he'll be, In America, darlin', the land of the free!

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men. Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed its fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterwards, he requested him to fire it out the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming "I must be reserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. The young man afterwards became known as Lord Oliver. Two brothers were one occasion walking together when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the Great Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind. The holy St. Augustine, having to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide, who by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him. Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed his head, and immediately delivered him. When Oliver Cromwell was an infant a monkey scratched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector. All were unavailing; his would be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the child alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the water had well quenched his ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue. At the siege of Leicester a young soldier about seventeen years of age was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made to this man vent. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterwards became the author of the "Pilgrims Progress." Doddridge when born, was so weakly an infant it was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world. John Wesley, when a child was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded. John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself set in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in a window, purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table. Many years have now elapsed since the subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water, off St. Helena; one of them peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesly, Duke of Wellington.

Patent Love Letters. DEAR MISS:—After long consideration and much meditation upon the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strange inclination to become your relation. If this obligation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of PETER H. PORTATION. P. S.—I solicit the acceptance of the love and approbation, and propose the annexation of the lives and destination of Peter H. Portation and Marie Moderation. THE ANSWER. DEAR PETER:—I have perused your oration with great deliberation and a little consideration at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. After mature deliberation and serious contemplation, I fear your proclamation is filled with adulation, or rather multiplication, of words of like termination, though different in signification. But as I admire association, and am in favor of annexation, I acknowledge my approbation, and indeed my inclination, to accept with gratification the love and adoration set forth in your declaration. And with preparation, love, and animation, remain with resignation, and rejoice in the appellation of Mrs. PETER H. PORTATION. P. S.—I suggest the information that we meet in consultation, and make some preparation for the final consummation of the intended annexation; when I will bear the same relation to your home and occupation that Mrs. Peter H. Portation then bears to myself. MARIE MODERATION. BARNUM SAYS that printers' ink is the best friend he ever had. He invested in it largely by judicious advertising, and prospered accordingly.

Temperance. In a recent lecture before one of the Temperance Societies of New York City, Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune said: There is no new truth. All truth is from the beginning, and it is only error that takes new forms. I shall have nothing new therefore to entertain you with, but shall only repeat the thoughts of those who have previously addressed you, or rehearse a few facts that seem encouraging to those who labor in the cause of Temperance. The suggestions of the appetite arose and appeal alike, giving every individual who uses liquor a species of sensual gratification. Our arguments, however, reach but few. Nevertheless, the habit of deep drinking, among educated and refined persons, is not so prevalent as it was formerly. Gentleman do not now, neither in England or the Continent, drain bottle after bottle from dinner until midnight. It was their common habit to do so; and they died by scores, at the age of 50 years, of gout and other diseases, caused mainly by drinking, where now but few victims are to be found. In this fact is to be found the proof of the substantial progress. It is the result of the Teetotal movement. With or without our help the sentiment has moved forward. In New England the same progress has been made. It was formerly the common habit of the smaller farmers to drink while at their labor, and the belief was that liquor was a necessity to those who were compelled to use great muscular exertion. I have heard men 50 years of age, who had spent their lives upon their farms, assert that they had never moved a day without rum. Now this belief does not exist, and liquor is not regarded as necessary to enable them to accomplish their work. It was also once regarded as a social duty to offer liquor to visitors, just as when they deemed one hungry they would offer food. Liquor was even used at funerals, and on occasions when it was not produced it was regarded as evidence of want of respect for the dead. Joy and sorrow alike demanded it then; now it is not generally thought of in connection with either emotion. There is nowhere so much drunkenness as there was formerly, even within my early recollection. The Temperance movement or something else has brought a great improvement. By our help or in spite of it there has been progress among the decent and respectable classes. There are still many who drink very largely, and quarrels, riots and other crimes that grow out of the habit, are frequent; but within 32 years American society has become comparatively abstemious, and if the progress was only felt among the members of the Temperance societies there might be danger, but it is felt in the social condition of all classes. It is not, however, sufficient that men should be temperate. The rumrunner dislikes drunkards, for they injure his business, and drink is a nuisance; but will tell you that they love temperance. Drunkenness is an abuse; temperance, they say, is drinking to exhilaration, not to stupidity. I unfold another idea. In so far as you are at all affected by alcoholic stimulants, you are poisoned. Temperance is in using in moderation what is useful and wholesome, and abstaining totally from what is poisonous and harmful. Intemperance is an excess in the use of wholesome articles, and any use at all of articles which are hurtful. Alcohol is pernicious in its nature, and no man was ever intoxicated who was not poisoned. Alcohol and the vital forces are deadly enemies. When it is taken into the stomach they rally to expel the intruder and stimulation is the reaction caused by the effort on the part of the enemy. Men who drink largely without getting drunk are injured more than if they were stimulated; Drunkenness is one of God's benign exhibitions of patience. If you know a drinker, pray God that in every case he be made drunk. It is not intoxication, in any vulgar sense, that is ought to dread, but the corruption of blood and brain which is the result of drinking. God pities men who will drink by making them drunk. The speaker then referred to the custom of offering wine to New Year's callers; urging his hearers to refrain from it in future, and said there was liberty in taking the pledge, for even the unprincipled respected principle, and one who refused to drink on these grounds would never be tempted. THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.—A writer in the Round Table, in tracing resemblances in the animal kingdom, says: "Strolling up Broadway of a pleasant afternoon we have met apes, bulls, sheep, goats, frogs, doves, wolves, poodles, mastiffs, lizards, swans, bears, mice, leopards, chameleons, eagles, pigeons, and other counterparts of the human kind, disguised in human forms. They arrayed after the manner of human kind. To one thoroughly imbued with this branch of physiognomy the multitude affords a constant study."

How to HAVE A LOVING WIFE.—A correspondent sends the following to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after your marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a truant as when a miss; don't make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when you "first knew her"; don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold because it does not come on the table "better house"; don't grumble about squalling babies if you can not afford to keep up a "nursery"; and remember that "baby may take after his papa" in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco and thus shorten your nerves, spoil your temper, and make your lips and breath a nuisance and complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your supper and tell your tired wife the good news you have heard, and do not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge"; and let her afterwards learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember your own nerves, but try to be; let whiskey, tobacco, and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife; live a decent, Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences. HOW TO HAVE A KIND HUSBAND.—A correspondent of the Home Journal gives a recipe for making or keeping a good natured husband: "Keep his liver in prime condition, with the requisite degree of stiffness; never let him know the want of a button; give him well broiled beefsteak, wholesome bread, and a sparkling cup of coffee for his breakfast; keep squalling babies and broken crockery out of sight; do not annoy him with the blunders and extravagances of "Biddy"; greet his evening arrival with a clean, lightsome face, well combed hair, and a welcome kiss; have ready a cheerful supper, a bright fire on the grate, a snug chair with comfortable gown and slippers; be merry, and tell him some agreeable news; finally, give him a well made bed in a cosy chamber." AVOID SWEARING.—An oath is the wrath of a perturbed spirit. It is more. A man of high moral standing would rather treat an offender with contempt, than sin in his ungodliness by uttering an oath. It is vulgar. Altogether too low for a decent man. It is cowardly. Implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred and refined. It is indecent, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears. It is foolish. Want of decency is want of sense. It is abusive—to the mind which conceived the oath, to the tongue which uttered it and to the person to whom it is aimed. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be as a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them starts out from his head. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of the wise and good. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not be grieved at a guiltless who takes His name in vain. A load was recently found embedded in a block of magnesian limestone stratum, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the earth's surface, and eight feet from any spring water vein, at Dyke House Quarry, Harlow, England. The cavity was no larger than the animal's foot, and presented the appearance of being an exact cast of it. The eyes of the singular stranger shown with unusual brilliancy and it was full of vivacity on its liberation. It appeared, whom first discovered, desirous, to perform the process of respiration, but evidently experienced some difficulty, and the only sign of success consisted of a "barking" noise it continued to make on being touched. Mr. Taylor, an eminent local geologist, gives it as his opinion that the load must be at least six thousand years old. One very cold night a doctor was aroused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked, "Who's there?" "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply. "My opinion is," says a married woman, "that if men were always straightforward in their ways and actions, there would be fewer 'tottering limbs' borne to our doors—especially at night—and no getting up shakily in the morning." Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that a "little difference" frequently make many enemies, while a "little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred. An old lady, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It ain't a week since I lost my best hon, and now Mr. Sinclair has gone too, poor man!" A South Carolina editor says that money is now so scarce in that State, that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other that their respective owners have to introduce them. VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.