The Globe.

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $2,00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1867. NO. 18.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$2 00
Six months.....1 00
Three months.....50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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☞Ten lines of nonpareil make a square. About eight words constitute a line, so that any person can easily calculate a square in manuscript.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

Our prices for the printing of Blanks, Handbills, etc. are reasonably low.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

DR. R. R. WIESTLING most respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity.
Office that of the late Dr. Snare. mch13-1y*

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community.
Office, the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Luden on Hill street. ap10,1866

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '55.

R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 13, 1859.

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST. Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon. July 31, 1867.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

THE subscribers having leased this Hotel, lately occupied by Mr McNulty, are prepared to accommodate strangers, travelers, and citizens in good style. Every effort shall be made on our part to make all who stop with us feel at home. AULTZ & FEE, Proprietors. may2,1866

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon county and the traveling public generally that he has leased the Washington House on the corner of Hill and Charles street, in the borough of Huntingdon, and he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with a call. Will be pleased to receive a liberal share of public patronage. AUGUSTUS LETTERMAN.
July 31, '67-tf.

MORRISON HOUSE, Huntingdon, Pa.

I HAVE purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the traveling public. The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania.

☞I refer to my patrons who have formerly known me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel and Jackson House. JOSEPH MORRISON.
May 16, 1866-tf.

A. C. CLARKE, AGENT, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of SEGARS & TOBACCO, HUNTINGDON, PA. Next door to the Franklin House, in the Diamond. Country trade supplied. apl7'67

GEO. W. SWARTZ, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN WATCHES, Fine Gold JEWELRY, &c., &c., opposite J. A. Brown's Mammoth Hardware store. ☞Watches neatly repaired and warranted. Huntingdon, Sept 19, 1867 6m

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

AARON STEWARD, WATCHMAKER, Successor to Geo. W. Swartz, Has opened at his old stand on Hill street, opposite Brown's hardware store, a stock of all kinds of goods belonging to the trade. Watch and Clock Repairing promptly attended to by practical workmen. Huntingdon, April 10-6m

MILTON S. LYTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government collected without delay. se12'66

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Prompt attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Military and other claims of soldiers and their heirs against the State or Government collected without delay.
OFFICE—In the Brick Row, opposite the Court House Jan.1.1867

R. McMURTRIE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Hill street. HUNTINGDON, PA. Prompt attention will be given to the prosecution of the claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs, against the Government. au22,1866

JOHN SCOTT, SAMUEL T. BROWN, JOHN M. BAILEY. The name of this firm has been changed from SCOTT & BROWN, to SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, under which name they will hereafter conduct their practice as ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. PENSIONS, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government, will be promptly prosecuted. May 17, 1865-tf.

AGENCY, FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS.

ALL who may have any claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, can have their claims promptly collected by applying either in person or by letter to W. H. WOODS, Attorney at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. August 12, 1868.

JOHN BARE, W. H. WOODS, P. M. BARE, W. P. M'LAUGHLIN. JOHN BARE, & CO., Bankers, Huntingdon, Pa. Solect accounts from Banks, Bankers & others. Interest allowed on Deposits. All kinds of Securities, bought and sold for the usual commission. Special attention given to Government Securities. Collections made on all points. Persons depositing Gold and Silver will receive the same in return with interest. Oct. 17, 1866-tf.

STOVES, GRATES, RANGES, &C.

ANY of the above articles can be had by addressing the subscriber. Stoves of all kinds and sizes to suit the wants of all. We call the attention of the public to the AUTOCRAT COOKING STOVE, a stove beyond competition. It is a pretty pattern, good baker, with large oven, and suitable for either coal or wood. Stoves furnished at foundry prices. Any person wishing to purchase a stove without cooking utensils can do so, and the prices of all the articles will be deducted. All stoves warranted. Samples can be seen at Mr Hughe's store, Mill Creek, or at the residence of the subscriber. All parlor stoves furnished at low prices. Stoves delivered at any railroad station. D. WALKER, Airy Dale, Huntingdon county, Pa. se18-tf

LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS.

HEMLOCK, PINE BILL STUFF, Boards, Plank, Shingles, Plastering and Shingling Lath, constantly on hand. Worked Flooring, Sash, Blinds, Doors, Door and Window Frames, furnished at manufacturers' prices. Grain and country product generally bought at market rates. WAGONER & BRO., Phillipsburg, Centre co., Pa. aug28-tf

CARPETING OF ALL KINDS at CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

ALL KINDS OF TOBACCO wholesale and retail, at CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

PURE SPICES at CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

Gratuitous Advertisements.

[The following Cards are published gratuitously. Merchants and business men generally who advertise liberally in the columns of THE GLOBE for six months or longer, will have their Cards inserted here during the continuance of their advertisement. Otherwise, special Business Cards inserted at the usual rates.]

DR. W. M. BREWSTER, McConnellstown. [Cures by Elictropathy.]

B. M. GREENE, Dealer in Music, musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Huntingdon.

WM. LEWIS, Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instruments, Huntingdon, Pa.

W. P. RUDOLPH, Dealer in Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Huntingdon.

ROBLEY & MARSH, Merchant Tailors, Huntingdon, Pa.

H. GREENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Huntingdon, Pa.

C. H. MILLER & SON, Dealers in all kinds of Fine Leather, Findings, &c., Huntingdon.

M'CAHAN & SON, proprietors of Juniata Steam Pearl Mill, Huntingdon.

J. M. GREENE & F. O. BEAVER, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturers.

WM. WILLIAMS, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturer.

JAMES HIGGENS, Manufacturer of Furniture and Cabinet Ware, Huntingdon, Pa.

J. M. WISE, Manufacturer of Furniture, &c, Huntingdon. Undertaking attended to

WHARTON & MAGUIRE, Wholesale and retail dealers in foreign and domestic Hardware, Cutlery, &c., Railroad street, Huntingdon.

JAMES A. BROWN, Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.

WM. AFRICA, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, in the Diamond, Huntingdon, Pa.

JOHN H. WESTBROOK, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Confectionery, Huntingdon.

GEO. SHAEFFER, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gutters, &c., Huntingdon.

A. L. LEWIS, Wholesale and retail Merchant, Leister's New Building, Huntingdon.

JOHNSTON & WATTSON, Merchants, Main st., east of Washington Hotel, Huntingdon

GLAZIER & BRO., Retail Merchants, Washington st., near the Jail, Huntingdon.

Z. YENTER, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon, Pa.

WM. MARCH & BRO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, &c.

CUNNINGHAM & CARMON, Merchants, Huntingdon, Pa.

H. ROMAN, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps,

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 Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon.

☞For neat JOB PRINTING, call at the "GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE," at Huntingdon, Pa.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO THE LADIES.—Do you really intend to cease wearing the beautiful styles now so prevalent, or dress less elegantly, because the rebel Jeff. Davis, was captured in Fashionable Female attire? One moment's calm reflection will surely serve to change your rash resolve. The angels had too much good sense to lay aside their pure chaste robes of white, because they had for a time served to hide the deformities of that Prince of Rebels, the Devil. Can you err in following the example of Angels? Then having made up your minds that you will continue to dress tastefully regardless of rebel acts, *do not forget to call at the store of the subscribers, who will be happy at all times to furnish you with such articles of dress as you may desire.* Urge your fathers, husbands, brothers, neighbors and children to visit the same store. They can here be suited in good articles of Boots, Shoes, Clothing Material, Hats, Caps, Queensware and a general assortment of Groceries, on as reasonable terms as at any House in town. Store on Southeast corner of the Diamond, Huntingdon, Pa.
may 31, 1865. FRANCIS B. WALLACE.

THE LAMB IMPROVED FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE.

Please call and see this valuable Machine, and the work which it produces. Machines with all the appurtenances, for sale at the low price of $55, and warranted as represented. CALL AND SEE IT.
—Room, on WASHINGTON Street, (opposite the "GLOBE" Printing office,) HUNTINGDON, Pa.
An assortment of Knit Goods on hand, for sale, and made to order on short notice, Such as Ladies,' Misses', and Children's Stockings, Gents' Woolen and Cotton Socks also, Scarfs, Afghans, Pulse Warmers, Caps, Tidys, &c.
☞The LAMB KNITTING Machine is very simple, and finishes its work; capable of producing more than a dozen different stitches; it is unlike any other Machine of the kind in the market; it will do the work of twenty women and is suitable for institutes as well as families.
It is complete in every particular, and without a wheel

FARMERS

And their LADIES should see this Machine in operation, so REMEMBER the place and do not fail to see it.
WASHINGTON STREET, (Opposite the "GLOBE" Office.)
HUNTINGDON, Penn'a.
jly31-67-tf S. M. LONGWELL, Agt.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH LIKENESS, CALL AT DONNELL & KLINE'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY *On Hill Street, two doors west of Lewis' Book Store.* CALL AND SEE SPECIMENS.
Huntingdon, Oct 4, '65-tf.

MONEY! ECONOMY IS MONEY SAVED!

The subscriber is permanently located in Huntingdon, and is prepared to purchase, or repair in the best style, and expeditiously, broken UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS. All articles intrusted to him will be returned to the residence of the owner as soon as repaired. Umbrellas and parasols for repair can be left at his residence on St. Clair street near Benedict's.
may2,1866tf WM. FENTIMAN.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS FOR SALE AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE. HUNTINGDON, PENNA.

IF YOU WANT the BEST SYRUP, go to CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

SEGARS.—Best quality of Segars smb7 at CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

COURT AFFAIRS.

PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 24th of August, A. D. 1867, under the hands and seal of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 24th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, composed of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria counties; and the Hons. Anthony J. Beaver and David Clarkson, his associates, Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try and determine all and every indictments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital, or felonies of death, and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated, for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 11th day) of NOVEMBER, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners, be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coroner and Constables within said county, be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m. of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectively appertain.
Dated at Huntingdon, the 23d of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, and the 91st year of American Independence.
JAS. F. BATHURST, *Sheriff.*

PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 24th of August, A. D. 1867, I am commanded to make public Proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 3rd Monday (and 18th day) of NOVEMBER, 1867, for the trial of all issues in said Court which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required.
Dated at Huntingdon, the 23d of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, and the 91st year of American Independence.
JAS. F. BATHURST, *Sheriff.*

TRIAL LIST. NOVEMBER TERM, 1867.

FIRST WEEK.

W. W. & D. S. Entrekin f u	vs	Michael Stone.
Same	vs	Same.
Jacob Russell	vs	John B. Weaver.
Joseph B. Wilson	vs	John W. Scott.
John Snyder	vs	H. & B. T. R. R. Co.
John F. Herron	vs	David Blair.
Robert Love	vs	Wm. Owen's wife.

SECOND WEEK.

The Com. of Penna. ex rel	vs	Harriet Millet.
Wm. W. Paul & Co.	vs	Benj. F. Baker, et al.
P. M. Lytle	vs	John W. Mattern.
Wm. A. Orbison	vs	Thomas Turney and wife.
Milton Bell	vs	John McElwee.
Mary Bupy	vs	John K. McCahan.
Thomas Turley and wife	vs	M. B. McGrath, et al.
Samuel Aulls	vs	Jacob Bobletz, et al.
Wilson & Petrikin	vs	Simon Cohn, et al.
Jacob Dorman	vs	John Fulton, et al.
John Bell, et al,	vs	John Morgan, et al.
C. W. Reinendorfer	vs	The bor. of Huntingdon.
William McFarland's guardians	vs	The Mifflin Centre Co. R. R. Co.
Wm. M. Weigley	vs	John W. Mattern.

J. R. SIMPSON, Proth'y.
Prothonotary's Office, Oct. 14, 1867.

GRAND JURORS.

Alexander Buggs, farmer, Tell
George Berkstresser, farmer, Hopewell
Abraham Buckwalter, farmer, Juniata
Hezekiah Ewing, farmer, Franklin
Henry Hawn, farmer, Juniata
William Jeffries, farmer, Tell.
John Moyer, blacksmith, Cassville
John Noble, pumpmaker, Cassville
John Numer, farmer, Henderson
Benjamin Neff, farmer, Porter
John Neff, farmer, West
Daniel Piper, farmer, Oneida
Henry Peightal, farmer, Walker
Jacob Rider, carpenter, Warriorsmark
James T. Read, Coalmont
Harris Richison, farmer, Hopewell
George W. States, Walker
David Summers, farmer, Hopewell
John Taylor, farmer, Shirley
John R. Thompson, merchant, Warriormark
Samuel Thompson, farmer, Franklin
Jacob Weaver, farmer, Hopewell
James Ward, farmer, Walker
William P. Davis, farmer, West

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Jacob Baker, carpenter, Alexandria
Eli P. Brumbaugh, farmer, Hopewell
Peter H. Burket, farmer, Warriorsmark
Samuel Barr, farmer, Jackson
William Bricker, teamster, Huntingdon
Caleb Brown, Jr., farmer, Shirley
William Bice, carpenter, Franklin
Henry Cornpropst, farmer, Barree
Mordecai Chilcote, farmer, Tod
John Carmon, mason, Huntingdon
William Christy, J. P., Alexandria
James Cree, merchant, Dublin
Samuel Croyles, farmer, Barree
George Chilcote, farmer, Tod
Hugh B. Cunningham, gentleman, Porter
Abraham Carothers, inn keeper, Orbisonia
Benjamin F. Douglass, clerk, Shirley
Joseph Forest, farmer, Barree
Charles Geissinger, farmer, Union
Alexander Gettys, farmer, Barree
Robert Gehrett, J. P., Orbisonia
Benson M. Greene, musician, Huntingdon
Joseph Hannah, farmer, Porter
Andrew S. Harrison, Huntingdon
William Harper, merchant, Jackson
Joseph Hudson, farmer, Dublin
Jacob Isett, farmer, Penn
John Johnston, farmer, Porter
Thomas Keenan, R R boss, Penn
Isaac Lininger, cabinet maker, Huntingdon
Michael M. Logan, teacher, Cromwell
Nathaniel Lytle, saddler, Morris
Benjamin P. Lytle, J P, Hopewell
John S. Miller, gentleman, Huntingdon
David Miller, farmer, Tod
Jacob Nearhoof, farmer, Warriorsmark
David Painter, manager, Brady
Levi Putt, farmer, Hopewell
John Read, druggist, Huntingdon
George W. Stewart, farmer, Franklin
John Smith, farmer, Barree
Benjamin Sprankle, farmer, Morris
William White, laborer, Walker
Isaac Wagoner, farmer, Brady
Abraham Weight, farmer, Franklin
William Wright, farmer, Union
Pennet Wakefield, farmer, Brady
John T. Whittaker, farmer, Porter

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Simon Bales, farmer, Henderson
Samuel Brooks, J. P., Coalmont
Thomas Cesney, farmer, Tell
Henry Carman, wagonmaker, Morris
Nicholas Crum, miller, Tod
David Cesney, farmer, Dublin
Andrew J. Donaldson, farmer, Carbon
William Eckley, farmer, Barree
James Franks, farmer, Jackson
Robert Fleming, farmer, Jackson
Jesse Fisher, farmer, Franklin
John Gansimore, farmer, Warriorsmark
Abraham Grubb, carpenter, Walker
George Hawn, farmer, Brady
William M. Heaton, merchant, Cassville
Benjamin Isenberg, farmer, Porter
George W. Kuhn, grocer, Morris
David Long, farmer, Shirley
Samuel Lathero, farmer, Shirley
William Long, inn keeper, Huntingdon
Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntingdon
Samuel McVitty, Esq., tanner, Clay
William Moore, merchant, West
John Madden, farmer, Springfield
Samuel Mattern, merchant, Franklin
Andrew Myton, farmer, West
Abraham Megahan, J. P., Penn
Jacob Prough, Jr., farmer, Oneida
John M. Smith, farmer, Jackson
Jacob Stever, farmer, Cass
Samuel Steffey, inn keeper, Jackson
Isaac Taylor, farmer, Tod
Franklin Wolfkill, farmer, Brady
John F. Wright, farmer, Union
Anthony White, laborer, Walker
Samuel H. Anderson, farmer, Springfield

☞School Books of all kinds for sale at Lewis' Book Store. tf.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

[For the Globe.]

DEATH.

BY GIPSEY WILDE.

Withering, blighting, cruel Death;
Borne on the wings of a pitiless heath,
Like the sweep of a Typhoon gust;
Ruthlessly old and young alike,
He bears along in one vast dyke,
Into the vault of Dust.

Fearful and dark are the myriad aisles,
Lurid and ghastly the narrow defiles,
Through which he crowds the souls;
His agents are legions, who wander o'er earth,
Forging bolts of destruction and death,
Horrid, hadean ghouls;

But 'tis only here, the vision of sin,
With its cruel suffering and horrid din,
Can rack the mortal with woe;
'Tis only on earth, his minions are free
To throw the lance of agony,
That hurls us above or below.

Our idols are laid 'neath the turf every day,
And still the great grief knows no decay,
Nor do we feel less forsaken;
We look into Death's dark, blank night,
With faces pitiful, cold and white,
And wonder why, they are taken?

Like a smooth glassy lake, whose depth is ne'er seen
Though the gleam of its waves is as bright as the [sheen]
Of star-worlds, that spangle the night;
So the River of Death to us is unknown;
To us, its mysteries never are shown,
Nor the barques of human freight.

They are borne through suffering on to the shore,
By an unseen pilot ferried o'er
Into the silent land;
We know not on this earth-side,
What those mariners bettide,
When they reach the hidden strand.

Do sombre hosts raise the Iron Gate,
Usher them to an uncertain fate,
Down through Plutonia's realm?
Do they fall 'mid dark and dreamless space,
Till they reach the depth of the fiend race,
By horrors overwhelmed?

Do bands of seraphs with spirits bright,
Bear them up through either light,
To the glories of the Eternal?
Do they find the diamond, the crown and the robe,
Do they walk with those in that blest abode,
Who blaze in splendor supernal?

Who knoweth the mystery—an Isis veiled,
A book ever open yet ever sealed,
Where all the world's bartered
Aye sold to Death for weal or woe,
For joys above or doom below—
For one of those Hythes all are chartered.

DISADVANTAGES OF INFANCY.

BY JOHN QUILL.

A friend of mine who lives in Oldcastle, Del., writes to me in an indignant manner about a thing that he considers "fudge and nonsense." He is a practical man of about forty-eight years; he has also two daughters and an inflammatory rheumatism in his left leg.

In religion he is a democrat, and he always votes the Reformed Dutch ticket. Although he is in the hardware business, he says he thinks he would make a good Indian fighter, for he wouldn't scalp well. His head is as bald as a slate roof, and a gentle savage might clutch and grab all over it for a hold, and he couldn't get the very first particle of purchase, because it's so slippery.

But that is neither here nor there, although it is rather more there than here. He writes in regard to a piece of popular folly. Forgive his freedom of style, for he is eccentric, and wherever it seems as if he was just going to swear, but the language bears the appearance of having been altered by me, the gentle reader must reflect that at these points the rheumatism probably gave him a twist and caused him to get up and howl.

"John," says he, "if there's any one thing I'm more disgusted with than another, it is this idea that is going around, that it is a good thing to be young again. Every girl in this town who has got a piano, is banging away at it, morning and night, until you would think they would burst the lids off the old music boxes, and at the same time bellowing out songs about the advantages of babyhood. 'I would I were a boy again,' sing they, just as if they ever could be boys again, when they were anything else but girls. 'Rock me to sleep, mother,' 'Give me back my childhood days,' etc. These were hacked away at until you would actually think it was a good thing to be an infant.

"But it ain't, I'll leave it to any sensible grown person, if they would like to go back to the time when they were mewing, squalling, hiccoughing babies? How would you like to be dressed in frocks about a mile too long for you, and have a lot of old rags and one thing and another wrapped around you so you could hardly breathe?

"But ain't that the way they treat babies? Don't you know that they pin your clothes on, and if a pin happens to jab into your flesh at any place, that is the very identical spot some person or other is a going to grab you by and hold on like grim death while you yell?

"And ain't you cognizant of the fact, also, that while you are lying asleep in the cradle, with the flies blistering you and lifting the blood out of the top of your bald head, and you, very probably, writhing with a first class stomach ache, just as like as not your mother is standing over you, and suggesting that the angels are whispering to you, because you happen to forget your agony for a minute and smile?

"That's so, Gus. And you must be aware of how they stick at you a bottle filled with curds and whey, and with a gum thing on a nozzle, and how you can suck for a week and then the curds won't come through, and you start your music because you don't like that whey of taking your diet.

"And then when they once get your insides crammed full, what do they do? Why, in all human probability, some old hag, who is a friend of the family, drops in and gets grip on you, and when you cry because you have the good taste not to admire her style of beauty, she commits ravages on the English language, and jolts you up and down until you have about a pound and a half of garlicky butter inside of you, and you get dyspepsia because you haven't got gastric juice enough to digest a lot of grease.

"That is what babies have to endure. It is one of the penalties of having been born. Infancy? Why, I tell you I would rather any time be born an old man and live backward, taking the chances of dying in the middle life.

"I know, also, the abominable way they have of dragging up your petticoats and setting you on the floor to see if you can walk, while every minute you find yourself growing bandy-legged, and probably getting deformed for life, with a dead certainty of never getting a pair of pantaloons to set right on you afterward.

"It's malice, my boy, malice aforethought, and there is no more use of denying that they do it on purpose, than there is to say that your father don't hate you when he tosses you up and down in the air, and with murder rankling in his heart, tries to commit infanticide by jolting some of your organs out of place or dislocating a joint.

"Any man, my boy, who desires to go back and endure this unutterable agony ain't in his right mind, and he ought to be looked after to see that he don't go around and set fire to the premises.

"As for nurses, I suppose you know what they are designed for, don't you? I suppose you are aware that they kiss you and slobber over you when your mother is around, and spank you like the very nation to relieve their pent-up feelings when her back is turned.—And they call them dry nurses, too. Dry? I should think they were, for every intelligent infant knows that they take you in and lay you on the pantry shelf, while they go through the rum and old ale, and breathe on you until you are nearly suffocated and feel like falling into a fit.

"And then don't they strap you in a gig, and then take you out and cook you for hours in the boiling sun, yes, literally cook, I say, and this, without any regard to the fact that they are absent minded, and just as like as not, when they get you home, let you hang for an hour or more by one leg until your head begins to swell with apoplexy.

"Want to be a baby again, do you, and would like your mother to rock you to sleep? I should think so. And she used to do it, didn't she? In your second Summer, for instance, when you were cutting your teeth, and had cholera infantum on you so strong that I thought you would die. Did she rock you to sleep then? Not much. I reckon the old man used to get out of bed in his night shirt and growl savagely as he picked you up like any piece of old carrion, and kept the wrong hold on you while he walked you up and down, and then when you wouldn't keep quiet, instead of rocking you to sleep he went and got down a bottle of some soothing poison and endeavored to kill you off with a teaspoonful.

"You may say what you please, but it ain't in human nature to like that sort of thing. No man wants to go back to any such first principle as that. An inscrutable Providence has ordained that you cannot be born at the age of twenty-one. You have to be a baby, whether you want to or not, and its all very well to put up with it and to endure it with Christian resignation, but to want to be a baby again is all driveling nonsense, and the people who are anxious about it ought to be fed on pap or compelled to suck a bottle for their daily bread, until they get cured of their folly."

☞The Wicked may escape human laws, but can never fly from natural consequences. He who abandons himself to intemperance, will shorten his existence. If addicted to vice, he will perish under fatal habits. Look into the hearts of those wretches whose countenances would disguise their anguished consciences. See the covetous miser, haggard and emaciated, groaning under wealth acquired by the sacrifice of himself. View the gay voluptuary, secretly suffering under a broken constitution. See the liar, deprived of all confidence; the icy heart of ingratitude, which no acts of kindness can dissolve; the iron soul of the inexorable, whom the sight of misfortune could never soften; the vindictive, nourishing in his bosom the gnawing vipers that consume him. Observe the sleep of the murderer, the iniquitous judge, or the oppressor, whose couches are surrounded by the torches of the furies Avoiding their errors, and finding our consciences the constant abodes of quietness and peace, we shall be happy in the enjoyment of a lasting satisfaction and self-congratulation.

☞It is an ill thing for a man not to know the gauge of his own stomach, nor to consider that men do many things in their drink that they are ashamed of when sober: drunkenness being nothing but a voluntary madness, it emboldens men to undertake all sorts of mischief; it both irritates wickedness, and discovers it; it does not only make men vicious, but shows them to be so; and the end of it is either shame or repentance.

☞If you happen to fall into company where the talk runs into party, obscenity, scandal, folly, or vice of any kind, you had better pass for morose or unsocial among people whose good opinion is not worth having, than shock your own conscience by joining in conversation which you must disapprove of.

☞The most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth.

Division of Color.

Fred Douglas has given his views of the situation, which are intended as a warning to his Republican associates. Fred don't mean that one complexion shall absorb everything. What he intends to accomplish is thus explained:

Somebody yesterday asked Fred Douglas (black man) why he didn't go down South along with the rest of the Republican orators, to help enlighten the minds of the freedmen, as to their political duties, etc.

"Because, said Fred., "I want to train alone. I want to wait until those mean whites get through with their talk, and then I will begin. I notice that in all the speeches that Wilson, Kelley, and the rest of them have been making the colored folks at Richmond, Mobile, New Orleans and other places, nothing is ever said about giving the colored men Vice President of their own color. But they have got to make that concession to us, and that is just what I am going down South to tell our folks to insist upon."

"But, Fred., do you think the Radical managers will accede to that arrangement?"

"I have no doubt of it, sar; none at all. Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley say they are in favor of it, and what they say has got to be done. They are the men who run the Republican party along with old Ben. Butler, and whoever would run with that party must do as they say."

"But, do you think, if they nominate Grant for President, that Grant will consent to have a darkey on the same ticket as Vice?"

"Don't think anything about it, sar, Grant only counts one. It is not for Grant, or any other man to dictate to the people. We are the people. Grant is one of our servants, sar. If he does not like his company, let him resign. Plenty of others, sar, ready to take his place; plenty of others sar."

"But, even if they nominate a darkey for Vice President, what good will that do you or your race?"

"Don't talk foolish, child. It will do us a heap of good. In de first place, it will make a colored man presiding officer of the Senate, and then, as the President may die, he may be President of the United States. That's my plan of reconstruction, sar, the Union will never be restored, and the country will never have peace."

There were other queries about to be submitted to the distinguished man and brother, but just at this moment Reverend Doctor Cheever came along, and after introducing Fred. to a blushing damsel (who was hanging lovingly on his arm,) the whole party vanished in the direction of the office of the *Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"DON'T STAY LONG."—It is rarely, indeed, that we have read anything more truthfully pathetic than the subjoined waif, which we find floating among our exchanges. Would that every husband in our land might read and profit by it:

"Don't stay long, husband!" said a young bride tenderly in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told the whole vast depth of woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he was not in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I again thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in her great arm chair and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

Oh, you that have wives to say—"Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try just a little to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You can not find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say—for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast to lay your head upon, and her pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you kisses for coming back so soon.

☞A sketch writer in California delivered a Sunday School address, which is better than anything Mark Twain can do, and of which the following is an example:

"You boys ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer time, when June roses were mowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday Schools for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best hat on!"

☞A verdant young man entered a fancy store in a city out west, recently, while the lady proprietor was arranging a lot of perfumery. She enquired of him if he would not like to have some musk bags to put in his drawers. After a close examination of the article, he told the young lady that he did not wear "drawers."

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Objects to serenading: A young gentleman in Darby was anxious to serenade his charmer. He blows the cornet and the bass drum in a most artistic and highly inflated manner.—As a drummist he is without a peer. A bass-drum is not exactly the thing to serenade a lady with. Neither is a cornet. He desired company on his serenading expedition, and engaged the services of a colored guitarist.—They were going it, these two, at a high old rate, mixing the music of the guitar and cornet in a sort of musical punch, healthful and inspiring. But the gal, the dulcenia, the divinity in a waterfall and a gored dress, didn't like it. She raised the window; she drew from its hidden recesses a utensil; her beautiful lips unclosed; she spoke in strains as musical as the first low whispered notes of love: "Now, see here, if you darkies don't go away from there, I'll make things unpleasant for you." And she would have done it.—They left before the fall.

A boy's first composition: The Terre Haute, Indiana, Album gives the following essay on "The Ox," from one of its young contributors, just as it came from his pen: "Oxen is a very slow animal; they are good to break ground up. I would drather have horses if they didn't have kolick, which they say is wind collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerer for to keep horses than an ox. If there was no horses the people would have to wheel there wood on a wheelbarrer. It would take them two or three days to wheel a cord a mile. Cows is useful too. I have heard some say that if they had to be tother or an ox they would be a cow. But I think when it cum to have their tits pulled of a cold morning they would wish they wasn't, for oxen dont generally have calves. If I had to be any I would rather be a heffer, but if I couldnt be a heffer, and had to be both, I would be a ox.

A short sermon; A certain Madam Cresswell, infamously celebrated in the plays of Charles the Second's time, died in Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds to have a sermon preached in which nothing but what was well of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was as follows; "All I shall say of her is this: 'She was born well, she married well, she lived well, and she died well—for she was born at Shad-well, married to Cresswell, she lived at Clarkee-well, and died at Bridewell.'"

A distinguished clergyman in a Connecticut town recently attended a circus on the same afternoon on which he engaged to officiate at a funeral, and, watch in hand, enjoyed the evolutions in the ring till compelled reluctantly to leave and fulfill his funeral engagement. He had, says an eye witness the sympathy of the entire audience.

One of the laziest men in this country resides in Iowa. As a sample of his inertia, we would mention that the only reason he don't get married is because he is too lazy to stand up.—Whenever he feels like gaping he has to employ a small boy to pull open his mouth. Wonder if he ever eats, and how does he make money to pay the boy.

Some wag in England hit off the salvage mania there, a few years ago, by issuing a prospectus for a joint stock company to drain the Red Sea, to recover the valuables that the Egyptians lost when Pharoah and his host were overwhelmed by the rushing waters in their pursuit of the children of Israel.

Among the patents granted last week was one by a Jerseyman for "improved composition for sausages." We have heard of a mixture of dog, red flannel and turnips, as a composition for sausage, but it is not likely that it was ever patented. What the improvement may be we are at a loss to imagine.

The way it is done in Utah: At a late Tabernacle meeting one of the Mormon elders read