W. LEWIS

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From the Flag of our Union. NIGHT.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

O the joy when night its mantle Weaves along the silent sky, And the "starry hosts of heaven" Peep from out their homes on high : When the moon's soft light is lending Newer beauty to the earth, And all nature seems to mirror Forth the peace that hailed its birth-

When some gentle zephyr bringeth Lulling music to the ear, Like some loving scraph whispering To us from the angel sphere; Then to give the soul's deep feeling To the magic of the hour, And to shrine within our spirit, All its beauty, all its power.

Earth can give no higher pleasure, None more holy, pure, than this; For the very heart seems laden With a calm angelic bliss. Give me, then, the penceful feeling -That belongeth to this hour, For my spirit then must worship The Creator of its power.

THE BROTHER HUNTERS.

POOR TOM'S FATE.

At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where the rocky slopes extended far linto, the cultivated settlements, and at no great distance from the bank of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp ridges of ice with which the extraordinary severe win-

They were two powerful looking fellows, as they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, and the elegant fringed leggins, the closely fitting and carefully soled moccasins showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods and not of those "land hunters" who especially at that day, had begun traversing the western part of the State in order to find out the most favorably situated districts, and purchase, or at least lay claim

"Bill," one of them at last said, as he stopped, "our searching is of no use-you see I was right; the stream here is too wide for ve to find a tree lying across it, and if I really went to work with my little tomahawk and felled one the nearest plane trees, it would not be long enough. Besides a heavy storm is gathering behind us and I think we should not do wrong were we-to make arrangements for passing this night better than the last; it will be bitterly cold.,?

"It's very annoying, though," Bill auswered his brother crossly, "that we should not reach the ravine over there to-night, for in the first place, we should find famous quarters in one of the numerous caves, and then, besides, I should have liked to looked for bears; there are sure to be some there.-The water's too gold for us to swim across, and the storm will not be a trifling one; so then, to work; where are old trees enough

about," Tom replied, looking all around him "and those still standing seem rotten and ready to fall. I do not much like the thought of camping here, for you know the story father told once about such a place."

"Nonsense 112 Bill said, laughingly.-"Can we find a better camping? The little stream runs along at our feet, there's plenty of wood close and handy, the young trees will furnish famous poles, and the bark there is first rate for roof.25

Tom made no further objection; the spot looked too in viting, and they were both soon engaged in raising a rough shelter for that night at least, which could afford the reffuge against the collecting storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished, and the next half hour found both under A co their quickly erected roof, watching the

piece of meat broiling in the fire. "It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned," Tom at length broke the silence, "only look, the water in the tin pan is frozen quite hard, and the wind has chopped round to him." to the north east; it blows confoundedly sharp

"Let it blow," Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket; "I am tired and want to sleep, Tom lay a couple of boughts on the fire before you turn in, and the one first awake to-morrow must

arouse the other." Midnight was past, and the fire had neary ly expired, but the two brothers slept firmly, and the icy north wind that howled over the

disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of ever loved me prove it now. Do not let me clouds had, however, collected together from perish here, slowly and horribly." various quarters; darkly threatening they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and bowed their leafless bran- this very night." ches as if in timid forebodings, of the approaching storm. A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurrican howl-

"Bill!" cried Tom, springing up in horror, "Bill, get up; we dare not lie down; see how of them cracking !"

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting-place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away into the gloom of the night. A lightning flash again burst forth from the clouds and the thunder deadened the sound of the howling storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the whole earth was torn from its foundation; far, far away on it came, like the crash of a thousand cannons; then nearer and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation

"Almighty God, a hurrican!" Tom cried, starting up in terror, for at the same moment the storm reached them. The giant trunks, which had withstood centuries, bowed like thin twigs, and with one blow, that struck terror to the hearts of the listeners, the whole forest was mowed level with the earth by the Tom now asked almost reproachfully.

hand of the Almighty.

The hurricane raged further and further with frightful velocity; for miles around it overthrew the tall oaks, and hurled them like reeds to the ground; for miles around marked its path with desolation and destruction; but silence, grave-like silence, followed in its track, and rested over the widely-scat-ered trees; not a breath was stirring, and the calmness of death, after this horrifying outbreak of the elements, affected the poor heart of a mortal with a more agonizing shudder than it had felt even in the most terrible fury of the storm.

Bill had miraculously escaped, without even the slightest injury; clinging tightly to an immense tree that had previously fallen; another oak that had fell across it only served to save him as it guarden him from the other continually falling branches and smaller trees; but now, as soon as the first most pressing danger passed he jumped up and cried, filled with terror, to his brother.

"Tom-brother Tom-do answer Tom.

"All merciful Heavens!" the latter cried when he had quickly leaped over a couple of trees lying in his way, and with a blazing pine torch in his hand, stood before him he

songht. "All-merciful Heaven's !" he repeated in almost maddening agony, and covered his face with his hands, for close to him pale as a corpse, with both his thighs burried beneath an immense oak, which was shattered from top to bottom, lay his Tom, his brother, the playmate of his youth, the darling of his

"It's very cold," the unhappy man whispered, and looked up imploringly to the hunier, who apparently incapable of any further movement, stood near him as if hewn out of stone-"it's very cold, Bill; can't you bring me a little fire ?"

These words broke the charm which seemed to possess his half unconscious brother.
"Tom, Tom !" he cried, as he threw himself with groans on the mutilated body of his dearest companion.

"You hurt me, Bill, the latter entreated

my arm pains me, and it is so cold." "Wait, you shall have fire—in a few seconds," Bill now cried, as he sprung hastily up, "lie there a minute longer, and I'll fetch you some ashes, and then help you up—only a moment's patience;" and in haste he flew then, to work; here are old trees enough back to the still burning camp fire. Ah! he lying about, and a bark roof can be easily did not notice the features of the unhappy man, as he begged him to have patience.— "There are almost too many trees lying He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms could hold—the flames scorching his hunting shirt and hands—he did not notice it, and flew back to his brother's side; plenty of drift wood lay around, and in a few moments a bright, cheering fire flared by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried

> Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and madly threw himself on the tree, which a hundred men could not have raised, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

> Bill!" Tom gently begged him, "come here, come-give me your hand-that's right. And now, Bill-do you really love

> A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered the question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty suffocated every sound.

> "Will you do me a service?" Tom implored, drawing the unresisting man closer "A service!" Bill whispered—"a ser-

> vice! What can you ask that I would not do for you if it was in my power?"

"You promise to do it?" "What is it?" the hunter asked in ter-

"Take your rifle," Tom begged "and put an end to my sufferings." "Tom !" the brother cried, as he sprung up in horror.

"Put an end to my sufferings," thounhap- that day.

snow-clad hills into the valley, could not py man entreated. Bill! brother! if you

"I will save you if it cost me my life," Bili cried. "I will return with assistance

"That is not possiple," the poor fellow re-plied, sorrowfully shaking his head. "The next settlement is by the nearest road, at least fifteen miles from here; but the road you would have to take to go round the rocks and ravines, is twenty; and if you come back, if you brought fifty men with you what help could they give me?" Both my thighs are shattered, and the nearest doctor lives at Little Rock, hundreds of miles from one uncontrolable flood. They are the ed and tore through the narrow mountain rahere, and whither we scarce know the directhe old trees quiver; and you hear there's one tion. Bill will you let me lie here for days, and afterwards see me perish miserably ?"

of them cracking!"

"Hello!" Bill replied as he quickly threw off his blanket, "has it caught us? Hi! with pleasure; but don't require such a terribe, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the rible thing from me; it must be possible to save you—I have my tomahawk—I can cut this tree through-I can-

'Can you cure wounds like these ?" Tom interrupted him, and pointed with his hand to his thigh. It was a terrible sight, and the brother fell upon his knees with a groan.

"I cannot murder you," he gently said. "And do you call that murder? Oh, Bill he continued, "could you only fancy the pain I am now suffering, you would take compas-sion—would not let me beg in vain."

"I will give you a rifle—don't make me my brother's murderer," Bill groaned. "My right arm is also broken; I cannot

"Tom !" the powerful man sobbed, as he threw himself by his brother's side, what is it you want of me?" "What did you lately do to Nestor when

the bear had torn him so terribly?" "I shot him." "He was your favorite dog."

"And you loved him more than me?"-"Oh! why did I not heed your warning when we last night reached this unhappy

spot? why did I not avoid the decayed trees that threatened us on all sides? why—" "Bill ?" the unhappy man interrupted him, do you mean to free me from my tor-

"I will!" the poor fellow sobbed on his brother's neck. They held one another in as he thinks of his own happy home, from cold embrace for a long while, but when Tom which a tyrant's commands rudely tore him; tried to unloose his hold, his brother only and there is the tear of the exile, as standing held him the tighter. Day at length broke on the shores of some distant country, he in the east, and the sun shone on the chaos of wildly scattered trees around.
"Let us part," Tom whispered, be a

He quickly pushed his brother back, and

he at length stood up.

"Well then, be it so! I see you are right.
It is impossible to save you. I know, too, that I should have asked the same of you in a similar case, and you would not have refused me: Pray to God for the last time, and pray too for me, that he may forgive me

side of his brother, who looked affectionately

"I am ready;" said the latter with a smile,
"do not tremble and God reward you for your kindness-good-bye! He offered him his hand as he turned his face away.

"Brother!" the tortured hunter cried, in agony; and he threw himself again on his breast. Once again they held each other in a cold embrace, till Tom entreated gently, "do not delay any longer." With a hasty bound conscious by the side of the brother he had

What more have I to tell? Shall I describe how he awoke and piled branch upon branch on his brothers corpse, so that wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away, and wrestled with death for many months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by friends? No! enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from his bed, and try to fly—on an expedition against some plundering Creeks a compassionate bullet put an end to his life, and friends buried him where he fell! But his memory is still retained in that neighborhood, and when a hunter camps at night, and turns an enquiring glance towards the giant trunks which menacingly surround him, then a gentle prayer of even the roughest and wildest of the band arises, and whispers, "God preserve me from poor Tom's fate."

Dobbs in the Legislature.

Owing to a new phase in politics, Dobbs was elected to the Legislature. Though gratified, he was also a little intimidated by the honor, and but for the thought that he was not necessarily obliged to speak, would have declined serving. As it was, he accep-

All things went on smoothly for a time. Mr. Dobbs could vote on other people's motions though he could'nt make any himself. One unlucky day, however, the proceedings being rather dull, and Mr. Dobbs rather thirsty, he concluded to go down to Coverley's and get a glass of lemonade. As he rose to leave the hall, he caught the Speaker's eye. The Speaker supposed he intended to started as if he had been shot. The assembled wisdom of the State had their eyes fixed upon him. He pulled out his pocket handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, and no motion before the House," said the Speaker- "Then I—l"—The silence was breathless. "I—I—" Dobbs could'nt think of any-

thing to say. But a bright idea came to him, and he finished the sentence-"I move we adjourn." The motion didn't go, but Dobbs did and nothing more was seen of him for

From the Waverly Magazine. TEARS.

BY J. J. WIGGENS.

'The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new. And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew. And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.'

Tears are the crystal drops which are the emblems of man's weakness, of man's affecheart's impulses, which, excited by some thought or external object, and which, unable to find relief in words, declare themselves

by this unuttered language.

There is the tear of the child, who pursues the gaudily colored butterfly over fields and hedges, through brambles and mire, and when at last he reaches the object of his chase, by his impatient and unskillful grasp destroys at once its frail beauties and the reward of his labors; and from his little bosom, heaving with emotion, the tear of mingled disappointment and passion springs to his eye, and he casts the remains of the

quivering insect beneath his feet. There is the tear of the maiden, as she waits, expecting her lover, at the trysting place, and with eager eye she pierces the thick shade around her, or gazes down the moonlit path-but he comes not-or as in her solitude she reads the cold words of his short missive, the tear of blighted affections stole down her cheek.

There, too, are the tears of the mourner as she kneels beside the clay-cold corpse of a the gloomy precincts of the grave will soon shut out from her view, and she bedews the outpourings of a grief-stricken heart.

And there too, is the tear of sympathy which denotes a heart that mingles in our sorrows and has a fellow feeling for our infirmities.

There is the tear of the prisoner, as he gazes through the narrow grating of the gloomy cell which has been his living tomb for years, upon the light-hearted crowd thronging past, totally unconscious of his misery, and sighs and there is the tear of the exile, as standing pictures to himself the green fields, the lofnative land.

There is the tear of joy which comes from a heart too full to relieve itself by a smile or a laugh, but, like the rainbow, the promise of a pleasant day, which needs a moist sky to display its briliant hues, as the eye, brightened by joy, shines with a clearer lustre

through its covering of pearly dew. And there too is the hypocritical tear, which so well simulates the appearance of

heart, but it is distilled drop by drop from the French manners." furnace of passion; and there is the tear of vengeance, the drops of liquid fire, which is like the weeping of marble in a quarry, surrounded by flames, or the hissing of the moist oak amid the crackling blaze.

There is the tear of the patriot as driven by the enemy to the mountain fastnesses, he gazes from thence on his native valley, and sees the smoking ruins of his own fireside and the corpses of his kinsman, and perhaps | most pitiable objects in society is the man the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle of his own family, lying in their own fields. to his cheek, and lay the next moment un- Irving relates a touching incident in his conquest of Grenada, that, Baabdil, the unfortu- to think of the value of his immortal pownate monarch with his small band of followers | ers, and with all these noble faculties cultivawhen leaving Grenada, paused on the sum- ted and prepared for an honorable activity, mit of a lofty hill, and as they gazed on the shining minarets and battlements of the Al- fluence over the public mind; with no interhamra, and the valley blooming with ver- est in the concerns of his country, or even dure, with the silver stream of the Xenil his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, winding through its midst, the heart of the without object or character, with no hand to monarch, softened by misfortune, could no lift and no effort to put forth to help the longer contain itself—"Allah Achbar! God right or defeat the wrong. Who can think Never-Failing Garden Preserver, or Hen is great !! said he, but the words of resigna- with any calmness of such a miserable en- Walker. It consists of a small instrument, tion died on his lips, and he burst into tears. terprise? Never permit your influence to something like a spur, only considerably longome would say it is unmanly to weep, go into hostility to the cause of truth and ger which is attached to the him.

that tears are the refuge of woman and children, but we are not yet sunk so low that we have not a spark of feeling left in our hearts. Our Saviour was the noblest of men, of undaunted courage, yet he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" he wept at the grave of Lazarus, lamented over Jerusalem, and shed tears of blood in the garden of Gethsemane. Alexander the Great went when he had no more worlds to conquer; and that, too, when excited by the martial tones of Homer's Iliad, he rested not in his conquering career until he shad reached the banks of the Ganges. And doubtless numerous other instances might be cited, of condescended to tears, when the chord of their sympathies or their affections had been stricken.

There are some who, rendered callous by long commingling with the world, listen in stolid apathy to the recital of distress, and others whose hearts are hardened to such a degree of emotionless inflexibility, that nothing less than some mighty influence can sof-

ten their stony obduracy.

There are, also, afflictions and sorrows which cannot find a vent in tears, and there is an agony of the spirit, and a torment of address the House, and accordingly annount the soul, which dry up a fountain of grief.—ced in a loud voice—"Mr. Dobbs." Dobbs It would seem as if the emotions and sympathies of the heart had been paralized by some powerful shock; and with what pain do we behold one, who, having received some severe blow to the mind, yet whose glazed eye feeling it necessary to say something, blundis unmoistened, whose form is unbowed, and dered out—"Second the motion" "There is whose heart, apparently, emotionless. Bywhose heart, apparently, emotionless. Byron well expresses it in his Giaour-

"I wished but for a single tear, At something welcome, new, and dear: I wished it then, 1 wish it still, Despair is stronger than my will." Honesty and industry combined will

these two important virtues.

A Good Recommendation. "Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's hat to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great

deal of work, if I ain't so very old.

"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, "Oh no indeed, sir; my father died, and

mother is very poor, and I want to do some-thing to help her. She let me come.

"Well, sonny, where are your letters of re-commendation? Con't take any boy without

Here was a damper. Willie had never hought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teachers, or from some proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now what should he do. He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the working of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain ppened to the blank page and read:

"Willie Graham, presented as a reward for egular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School

Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School Teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seashe kneels beside the clay-cold corpse of a man, and, clapping Willie heartily on the beloved husband, or an idolized child, whom shoulder, he said:—"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me; and, if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother.

> A Touching Custom .- A common custom in Paris, which impresses a stranger favorably, is that of the lifting or taking off the hat when a funeral passes. A writer on this subject relates the following:

Some years since, we were one of that rushing crowd ever pouring up and down Broadway. When in front of old St. Paul's, all eyes were attracted by the appearance of the crew of the French war vessel La Belle Poule, which then visited the United States under the command of the Prince de Jointy hills, and the azure skies of his own, his ville. The crew were in their naval dress uniform, bright and beautiful, and were saun-

tering along seeing sights.
"All at once they stopped, and formed a line, faced inward, and uncovered. How exquisite and touching was the scene when we discovered in that thoughtless, busy, hurrying crowd, a man of foreign birth, evidently poor and friendless, under whose arm was a tiny coffin, and by his side the stricken mother. They were in search for a burial place nunters walked wrapped in their blankets, along the stream, and seemed to be looking for a place, where they could cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows

They were two powerful looking fellows

They were two powerful looking fellows

Tour snare.

Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle, but he center have fetch his rifle, but he center have dead and unheed-cence, or serves, by its being the oozing from the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of a deceitful mind, to content the muddy pool of for their babe, and were jostled and unheed-

A Word for Young Men.

Extract from an address delivered before the graduating class of Rutger's College, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen:

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, datiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may, live above work and without it. Among the whose mind has not been trained by the discipline of education; who has learned how ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no invirtue. So live that, with the Cristian poet, you may truthfully say that

"If your country stand not by your skill, At least your follies have not wrought her full."

Marriage. Marriage should be emblematic of the

to build matrimonial happiness on physical Palladium says an agency has been opened sympathy of heart responding to heart; but in Oswego for the sale of these machines .the mental adaption, and a similarity of It must be "hard scratching" about Oswego, views relative to the grand principle of ac- even for hens without fetters. tion and events of society, should also be taken into consideration; for the bodily perfection must fade, the ardor of affection may men who great in courage or in mind, have | cool or be diverted into another channel, but the minds fixity of purpose is more to be de- now?" said a chap whom the inebriated inpended upon, its energies diminishing but dividual had just run against. "Why-hic slowly with increasing years. A marriage -why," said the fellow, so drunk he was founded upon this mutual understanding has hardly able to articulate; "the fact is, a lot but little chance of being wrecked. Both of my friends have been betting liquor on parties finding the self-same mental beauty the race to-day, and they've got me to hold they once admired, and constantly deriving the stakes!" from each other benefit of mutual interchange of thought, they live together as monitors; their two beings have become insidiously chained by habit, and they really form but one personality, though having, it is true, a masculine and feminine side.

THE LAST DODGE-A novel mode of evaling the Sunday law has just been discovered in New-York. The Courier states that a keeper of a Lager Beer celler in the Bowery, for the purpose of evading the law requiring him to close his place on Sunday, has been in the hibit of holding pretended religious services therein, officiating himself as the leader of ceremonies. He takes the Bible, reads a chapter or two, serves each of his hearers with a glass of beer, and takes up a collection. As the Constitution probably did not contemplate so much liberty of coninsure you a fortune. Try then, to obtain science, the arrangement was interfered with by the police.

The Female Mind.

VOL. 10, NO. 51.

The influence of the female mind over the stronger mind of man, is greater, perhaps, than many are willing to acknowledge. Its pperations are various, and some men strug-

gle fearfully to disengage themselves from it. But this we believe, that more or less, all men have felt its power; and those perhaps have experienced it to the greatest extent who would have it supposed they despised it most. A woman loses many of her charms, and consequently, much of her power in the opinion of many, when she ranges herself on the side of that which is wrong; while it is impossible to calculate the influence of virtuous woman, when that influence is exercised with tenderness and modesty. The ruin produced by a bad woman may be sudden and violent, and compared to the bursting of a volcano, or the overflowings of the ocean; but the influence of a virtuous woman are like the gentle dew and norning showers, which decend silently and softly and are known only by their effects in the smiling aspect of the valleys and the weight of the autumnal branches.

Truth in Conversation.

The love of truth is the stimulous of all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches, but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquire-willing to communicate, and more willing to receive -contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge. Speech without it is but a babble; rhetoric is more loisy but less useful than the tinman's trade. When the love of truth fires up the passions, puts its lightning into the brain, then men may know that a prophet is among them.— This is the spring of all heroism, and clothes the martyr with a flame that outshines the flame that kills him. Compared with this, the emulations of argument, the pungencies of sarcasm, the pride of logic, the pomp of declamation, are as the sounds of automata o the voice of man.

Profits on Poultry.

Few farmers expect to realize anything of ny amount from their poultry. Hens are eft to take care of themselves, as a general hing, while sheep and other animals, from which they cannot possibly realize so large a per cent on the cost, occupy the whole of the preeders time and attention. Now let us suppose that a man owns 300 hens, and takes care of them as he ought. He selects six acres of respectable land; makes a good fence around it, and divides it in the middle. He outs up a good warm building, 12 feet by 40. n one of these three acre yards he keeps his hens during the summer, ploughing it once in two or three weeks for their bensfit. The other yard he plants to corn; the crop being sufficient to keep his hens through the winter. They lay, on an average, two hundred eggs each per anum, or 6,-000 a year, in all, which worth, at a low estimate \$600. The hens should be changed from one yard to the other every year. $-D_{0l}$. Newspaper.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD .- No object is more oleasing than a meek and obedient child .--He reflects honor upon his parents, for their wise management. He enjoys much ease and pleasure to the utmost limit of what is fit. He promises excellency and usefulness; to be, when age has matured the understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans, who have neither father or mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent-it is its own master-peevish, forward, headstrong, blind; born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable himself, but worthless; and a plague to all who in future will be connected with him.

ANTI-SCRATCHING MACHINE.-The Yankee who invented the "Patent Hen Pursuader" has found his match in another who has brought out as invention called the "Patent ger, which is attached to the hind part of the hen's leg, pointing at an angle of forty-five degrees toward the ground. When the hen with this instrument on her legs enters the garden in the spring after seeds, she puts her foot forward to scratch, the "walker" catches in the ground and forces her forward; and thus she is walked, in her efforts to scratch, union of mind, and heart to heart. It is well entirely out of the garden. The Oswego

> A fellow at a race course was staggering about the track, with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo! what's the matter

> Let no man be too proud to work,-Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of idleness and dishonesty.

> WHEN WE ARE DEAD .-- 1. There wil! be some honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as we are robed for the grave—fewer, probably, than we now suppose. Out of a small circle, how soon we shall be forgotten! A single leaf from a boundless forest fallen! That is all.

> Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful:

Save your dimes and the dollars will save themselves.