

# The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

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## SONG OF THE SUMMER FLOWERS.

We come with smiles of gladness,  
Tho' we're followed by decay;  
And we claim a kindly welcome,  
For we have not long to stay.  
Grant us a gleam of sunshine,  
A kiss from summer's breeze,  
A few of heaven's dew-drops—  
We ask no more than these.

Then in your daily pathway,  
So cheerfully we'll bloom,  
And round your pleasant dwellings  
We'll lavish rich perfume.  
Your hours of toil we'll sweeten,  
We'll smile away your care;  
And we'll ever bid your sorrows  
A holy aspect wear.

There are many human blossoms  
With natures like our own,  
Whose bloom, from earth's fair bowers,  
May be as quickly gone.  
Such, pure pale buds of beauty,  
Are the angels of life's way,  
Oh, cherish them with kindness,  
While in your homes they stay!

Give them plenty of Love's sunshine,  
With pity's gentle dew;  
And let the breath of tenderness  
Their every step pursue.  
Then, while they dwell among you,  
They'll brighten all your hours;  
And when they pass to heaven,  
They'll go gently, like the flowers.

## The Farmers' High School.

The Board of Trustees of the "Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania," met in Harrisburg, on Tuesday, July 17, 1855, pursuant to adjournment. Members present, Messrs. James Gowen, Frederick Watts, Wm. Jessup, A. L. Elwyn, James Miles, H. N. McAllister, John Strohm, A. O. Heister and Robert C. Walker.

On motion of John Strohm, FREDERICK WATTS was called to the chair.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to view the several farms proposed to be donated to the Farmers' High School, made the following report, which was adopted:

To the Board of Trustees of the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania.—Your committee to whom was assigned the duty of making an examination of the several points proposed for the location of "The Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania," report that they have been engaged for the last ten days making such an examination as will enable them to put the board in possession of the facts in relation to the subject. The first place visited was Centre county, where Gen. James Irvin proposes to donate to the institution either of three farms of two hundred acres each, which lie contiguous to each other, at the junctions of Penns and Nitany valleys, with the preemption right to two hundred acres more, adjoining either, at any time within five years. The land is worth now, sixty dollars an acre. This additional quantity, Gen. Irvin proposes to lease to the institution until the expiration of the five years, at a reasonable rent. This point is situated about the centre of the united valleys, about twenty miles north of the Pennsylvania railroad, at the mouth of Spruce Creek, and eight miles south of Bellefonte. The land is a fine quality of limestone, sufficiently rolling in its surface, all cleared and fenced but about thirty acres on each farm; there is no stream of water upon the surface of either, but water is easily obtained by digging. The land is comparatively new, having been all cleared within a few years, and the grain now growing upon it shows the great fertility of the soil.

The next point we visited was in Erie county, where Judge Miles proposes to give to the Institution two hundred acres of land, which is situated about eighteen miles west of the city of Erie, and lies above the mouth of Elk Creek, between the railroad which bounds it on the south, and the lake shore. This land is in its character a sandy loam, highly fertile, with about one hundred acres cleared and cultivated, and the residue in heavy timber, of oak, hickory, chestnut, ash and hemlock: this point in its situation, is commanding and beautiful. Judge Miles will also give a preemption right to any additional quantity of land which may be desired, at sixty dollars an acre.

Your committee next viewed the estate of Geo. A. Bayard, Esq., of Allegheny county, situated on the Youghageny river, about three miles from its mouth, and eighteen miles from the city of Pittsburgh. This estate consists of six hundred acres of free stone land, worth at present prices thirty-five dollars an acre. There has been a very large expenditure upon this estate, in the erection of buildings, fences and other improvements, which are made of the most substantial and durable materials. A large brick mansion has just been erected, and is yet unfinished; there are two large barns and many dwelling houses on the

property, all of which are built of cut stone; running water is abundant, and the whole property lies in a bend of the Youghageny river which is navigated by steamboats at all seasons of the year. Mr. Bayard proposes to sell this property to the institution, at such a price, and upon such terms, as to time of payment, as would make the purchase desirable and profitable.

We were then invited to view the estate of Col. Elias Baker, situated on the Pennsylvania railroad, about two miles south west of Altoona in Blair county. Col. Baker offers gratuitously two hundred acres of land, all of which is cleared and fenced, except about forty acres, and lies on both sides of the railroad; that on the south side, about sixty acres is of a very good quality of free-stone land and that on the north, is a good quality of slate land. There are upwards of two hundred acres more in the tract which may be purchased at twenty-five dollars an acre. This land is finely watered, Mill Creek passing through it, and over-head water can be brought to any buildings which might be erected upon the premises from a large and unfailing spring. These are the only points which have been examined by your committee, but since their return, they have received a communication informing them that Mr. H. Easton, of Franklin county, offers to donate for the purposes of "The Farmers' High School" two hundred acres of land, of the value of sixty dollars an acre upon condition of its location there, or that he will contribute liberally, with others, to induce its location anywhere within the county of Franklin.

In the examination made by your committee, they were accompanied by several members of the Board, Messrs. Robert C. Walker, H. N. McAllister, Hon. Wm. Jessup, and Hon. A. O. Heister, of whose opinion and counsel we had the advantage. It was a remark, common to us all, that the feelings of interest of the people of Pennsylvania had never been awakened to the importance of this subject. Everywhere we went, and every one we saw, seemed to increase the impression, that this of all things else, is what Pennsylvania wants—a place where farmers may safely and cheaply educate their sons in the science and practice of agriculture.

There is not one point viewed by your committee which would not be eligible for the location of "The Farmers' High School." But so little has heretofore been known throughout the State of the movement now being made for its establishment, and the determined purpose of the Board of Trustees to act speedily, that it would be inexpedient and injudicious that your committee should, at this moment, recommend the adoption of one site as more eligible than the others. One already offered, we have had no opportunity to see and doubtless others will be presented possessing advantages to command the attention of the Board.

The point where the school shall be located is a matter of very great interest, and should not be hastily determined upon, nor until greater publicity should be given to the fact that the Board are about to act definitely upon the subject.

Which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES POLLOCK,  
FRED'K WATTS,  
A. L. ELWYN.

The committee then offered the following resolutions which were agreed to.

Resolved, That when this Board adjourns it be to meet again at this place on Wednesday, the 12 of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and that the Board will then proceed to determine finally the point where the "Farmers' High School," shall be located.

Resolved, That the duties of the committee heretofore appointed to receive communications and examine proposed points of location be continued; and should any further propositions be made, that they report the same to the Board at its next meeting.

WHEREAS, The determination of the Board speedily to put the "Farmers' High School" into operation renders it necessary that a Principal to conduct its operations and teachings, and especially to aid in its organization, should be chosen; therefore,

Resolved, That Dr. A. L. Elwyn, John Strohm, and Wm. Jessup, be a committee whose duty it shall be to select a proper person for that purpose and that they make report to the next meeting of the Board.

P. S.—After the Board had taken action upon the foregoing report and resolutions a gentleman of Dauphin county, a member of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, appeared before the Board and said that at the next meeting, the citizens of Dauphin county, to induce the location of the School here, would offer to pay the sum of ten thousand dollars, and with a view to its attainment he would head the subscription with one thousand dollars. A delegation of Messrs. Geo. W. Patton and John Morrow from the county of Blair, on behalf of her citizens, proposed that they would purchase and pay for two hundred acres of land of Col. Baker, in addition to what he offers gratuitously. Thus presenting to the Board a grant of four hundred acres on condition of the location of the School there.

A communication was received from Joseph Bailey and referred to the committee having charge of the subject, inviting the Trustees to look at a large tract of land in Perry county which he proposes to sell upon liberal terms to the Farmers' High School.

A communication was received from Algenon S. Roberts stating that the imperative demands of public business prevented his attendance.

On motion of John Strohm, the proceedings of this meeting were ordered to be published, with the request that all papers in the State would copy the same. On motion the Board adjourned.

ROBERT C. WALKER, Secretary.

It is said to have been remarked by an old politician, that "if the people of the extremes could change work for a year—if the southern people could come to the north, and the northern people occupy the south, for twelve months—it would cure them both of all ill feeling."

Honesty is the best of policy.

## A Frightful Snake Story.

The following incident was related to us the other day by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we recollect to have ever read in the history of these reptiles:

Some time last summer the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the beauty and fashion of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood of the town.

Miss M. was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in a matter of snakes and of those she had so great dread that she scarcely dared to walk anywhere, except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them.—Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind that she was destined to fall a victim of the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentiment was fulfilled.

Toward the close of the day, while scores of the fair feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in the full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with all the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm; and then they gathered from her broken exclamation that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and feared to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow. This intelligence caused many to shrink from her, but most of the ladies, for their honor be it told determined not to leave her in her direful extremity.

They besought her not to relax her hold, as safety depended upon it, until some one could be found with courage enough to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies, however to perform the act, and the situation of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was falling fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. Tison, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many minutes within the circle of half fainting females, until he caught the tail of the snake and wound it round his hand to make sure of his hold.

He then told Miss M. that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away; and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and he doubted not he could withdraw the snake, before it would have time to strike. All stood breathless horror, awaiting the act of life or death, at the moment the word three was pronounced the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking *bustle* that was ever seen in Mississippi. The whole affair was then explained. The fastenings of the machine had become loose during dancing, and had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's limbs and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks and fainted—he did.—*Mississippi Journal.*

AN "ATTACHMENT."—We have heard a good story, of which an Alabama Sheriff was the hero. Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the foresaid sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared; the confusion and delight which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rose buds upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid; the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows that only wanted a *beau* (pardon the pun), to do full execution. After a few common-place remarks:

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow; the downcast eyes, whose glances were centered upon her beautiful foot which, half concealed by her flowing drapery, gently patted the floor; she with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence; at length he said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court!" replied the lady with a merry laugh: then shaking her head, she said:

"No, sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and, therefore, I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the justice is waiting!"

"Let him wait, I am not disposed to hurry matters in so unbecoming a manner; and, besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a *mistress* to a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the Sheriff's brain.—"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C., and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones!"

We drop the curtain.

## The Wife that wouldn't Die.

There are some persons who are never sick without thinking themselves very much worse off than they really are. Of this class was Mrs. Haskins, a young married lady and the mother of two fine boys. On one occasion, being visited by a fever, the consequence of imprudent exposure, she gave herself up to the melancholy fancies which usually assailed her and persuaded herself that she was going to die.

In consequence of this melancholy presentiment, she assumed so woe-begone an appearance that even her medical attendant was startled into believing that she was much worse than from her symptoms he had judged her to be.

Under these circumstances he advised her to make what earthly preparations she had yet to make, while she had yet time to do so.

Mrs. Haskins was an affectionate mother, and the thought of parting from the children to whom she was so warmly attached, at a time when, more than any other, they needed a mother's care, was peculiarly distressing.

"Their father will be kind to them, no doubt, and see that they are amply provided for, but nothing that he can do will supply to them the loss of a mother."

Gradually the idea of a step-mother suggested itself to the lady's imagination, and such was her care for the happiness of her children that she became reconciled to an idea so repugnant to most wives, and actually began to consider who, among her acquaintances, was best fitted to become a second Mrs. Haskins.

At length her choice fell upon a Miss Parker, an intimate friend of her own. Feeling anxious to have this matter settled, she dispatched a messenger post-haste for Miss Parker, who after a brief interval made her appearance at her friend's bedside.

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Haskins, in a feeble voice, "I have sent for you for what perhaps you will consider a singular reason. But believe me, it is a mother's anxiety that prompts me. I am very sick and cannot live long. So the doctor tells me, and my own feelings tell me that it must be so. The situation in which I shall leave my two boys, who will thus be deprived of a mother's watchful care, distresses me beyond measure. There is only one way in which my anxiety can be relieved, and this it is which has prompted me to send for you. Promise me that when I am gone you will marry Mr. Haskins, and be to them a second mother. Do you refuse me? it is my last request?"

Desirous of comforting her friend, Miss Parker assented to her request, adding:

"I will comply with your request, and more willingly, for I always liked Mr. Haskins."

"Always liked Mr. Haskins?" exclaimed his dying wife, raising herself on her elbow, her feeling of conjugal jealousy for a moment overpowering maternal affection, "you always liked my husband, did you? Then, I vow you shall never marry him if I have to live to prevent it!"

And Mrs. Haskins did live. The revolution of feeling resulting from Miss Parker's unexpected declaration accomplished in her case what the skill of physicians had been unable to effect.

There is an old saying, which like most old sayings, has in it not a little truth; that when a woman will, she will, depend on it, and when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on it. So it was in the case of Mrs. Haskins. She was determined that if Mr. Haskins ever does have a second wife, it shall not be Miss Parker.

## For What is a Mother Responsible?

She is responsible for the nursing and rearing of her offspring, for their physical instruction and growth, their exercise and proper sustenance in early life. A child left to grow up deformed or meagre, is an object of material negligence. She is responsible for a child's habits, including cleanliness, order, conversation, eating, sleeping and generally propriety of behavior. A child deficient or untought in these particular will prove a living memento parental regard, because a mother can, if she will, control children in these matters.

She is responsible for their department.—She can make them modest or impertinent, ingenious or deceitful, mean or manly, clownish or polite.

She is responsible for the principles which her children entertain in early life.

For she is to say whether those who go forth from her fireside shall be imbued with sentiments of virtue, truth, honesty, temperance, industry, benevolence and morality; or those of a contrary character—vice, fraud, drunkenness, idleness, covetousness.

She is measurably responsible for their religious education. The beginning of all wisdom is the fear of God, and every mother is capable, to a greater or less degree, of promoting this in the minds of her offspring.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

## Childhood

A child is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam, before he tasted of Eve or of the Apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. His soul is yet a white paper unscrubbed with observations of the world, where, at length, it becomes a blurred note book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God. He is a christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his purity, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.—*Bishop Erle.*

## Story of the Revolution.

The following story, related by a mother to her children, a few years since, will show the spirit that existed among the people of New England at a trying period to which it relates:

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother next older than myself was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march the day after to-morrow, at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be away seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There was, at this time, no store, and no articles to be had, except such as each family would make itself. The sight of a mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the mind to action. I immediately asked her what garments were needful.—She replied "pantaloons."

"Oh, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"To," said my mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother, and bade him take a salt-dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child, there are no sheep-shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin and weave in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it? There is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom." By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards, while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom shears, half enough for the web; we then let her go with the rest of the flock.—I sent the wool in with my sister. Luther ran off for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go, with the remaining part of her fleece.

The wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized, and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, woven and prepared, cut and made, two or three hours before my brother's departure, that is to say in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness; I wept not—I was serving my country; I was assisting poor mother; I was preparing a garment for my darling brother. The garment being finished, I retired and wept, till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of General Stark's best soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?

## What Constitutes Riches.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with only a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident the man who is best satisfied with his possession is the richer."

To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a back-woodsman who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?'"

"I replied that was my name."

"Bill Marcy?" said he. I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

"I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel curious to know who my visitor was and what he was driving at."

"That's what I told 'em," cried the back-woodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; "I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy, who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you Bill?"

"I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name."

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the back-woodsman, and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man and got rich, I suppose?"

"I shook my head and was going to contradict that impression when he broke in: 'Oh, yes you are; I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was controller for—' for a long time, and the next we heard of you you were governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something."

"I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left old Southport?'"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I hain't got nothing to complain of; I must say I've got long right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and

cleared more land than any other in the whole state.

"And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth? I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his."

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash."—And he was rich; for he was satisfied."

## The Morning.

The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast. With them, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that life from the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it. I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning" and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as such a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of year he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is; a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.—*Webster.*

## Our Years as we advance in Age.

We are all sensible, in proportion as we advance in age, how much shorter a year appears to be than it did in earlier days. Let a man who has passed his grand climacteric, look back upon the time he spent at school or college, and it seems as if a life had been passed at each. Let the same man look back on the last four or five years, and, in comparison with the former, they scarcely appear more than so many months. Well, then, let us suppose a person to have numbered the allotted three score years and ten, or by reason of strength to have come to four score years; or let us suppose him to have continued on this earth for many hundred anniversaries of his birth, and if each year should diminish in proportion to the number already passed, as it is reasonable to think it will to what unawaken span must a year be reduced! Thus in all probability, may to an almost certainty, the antediluvian life appeared to the then inhabitants of the earth far less protracted than we are in the habit of supposing. But this thought may be carried still farther. If our measures of duration continue in the future state, what could a year appear to a spirit who had lived down thousands and millions of the same! Would it not, according to this law, be reduced to a minute, to a second, to less and less *ad infinitum*? And would not this, with other circumstances which I shall not advert to now, induce the notion that time has no independent existence in itself; or that, at all events, the stream of time will not run on beyond the limits of this world, but will lose itself and be swallowed up in the wide ocean of eternity?—*Christian Observer.*

## "Don't Speak so Cross!"

"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross, there's no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the intonation, or rather exhortation, for it was made in a hortatory manner, we set the juvenile speaking down as an embryo philosopher. In sooth, touching the point involved in the boyish difficulty which made occasion for the remark, he might properly be considered at maturity. What more could Solomon have said on the occasion? True, he hath put it on record that a "soft answer turneth away wrath,"—and this being taken as true, and every body knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of kindness over that of wrath.—But our young street philosopher said pretty much the same thing substantially, when he said—"Don't speak so cross—there is no use in it." On the contrary, it invariably does much harm. Is a man angry? it inflames his ire still more, and confirms in his enmity him who by a kind word and a gentle and pleasing demeanor might be converted into a friend. It is in fact an addition of fuel to the flame already kindled.—And what do you gain by it? Nothing desirable, certainly, unless discord, strife, contention, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, be desirable.—The boy spake the "Words of truth and soberness," when he said, "Don't speak so cross—there's no use in it."

## The Most Original Spelling.

We have ever seen the following. It beats phonetics: 80 you be—a tub. 80 oh! pea—a top. Be 80—bat. See 80—cat. Pea 80—pat. Arc 80—rat. See a be—Cab.—Be you double tea—bat. Be a double ell—ball.

## FATHER, what do you mean by raising things in hot houses?"

"Why, my dear boy, you are being raised in a house too hot to hold me sometimes." The mother raised the broomstick, and the man disappeared in a hurry.

## "What plan," said one actor to another,

"shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the sure reply.