

The Huntingdon Globe

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON NOVEMBER 7, 1855.

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COURT AFFAIRS.

NOVEMBER TERM 1855.

TRIAL LIST.

FIRST WEEK.

John Brown vs Caleb Brown.
H. Myttinger vs P. Livingston.
J. Simpson Africa vs Daniel Flenner et al.
Hirst for Caldwell vs Daniel Africa.
Hon. John Stewart vs Love & Smith.
D. Caldwell vs Dell & Crostley.
Comth. for Bratton vs M. Crownover.
Joshua Johns vs Blair, Robison, & Co.
Horatio Trexler, & Co. vs J. & W. Saxton.
Thomas Clark's heirs vs Brison Clark.
Charles S. Black vs D. McMurtrie q. tam.
Adolphus Patterson vs John Doughenbough.
Comth. for Kyler vs Robert Madden.

SECOND WEEK.

George Jackson vs Sassaman's Ex'rs. et al.
Serritt & Potter vs J. Alexander, Garnishee.
John Lee vs Joseph P. Moore.
Amos Potts vs James Neely.
S. Creek & Phillipsburg T. Co. vs W. Graham.
Waterman, Young & Co. vs John Jamis. n.
James Entreklin vs Brison Clark.

Grand Jurors.

Samuel Barr, farmer, Jackson.
David Beck, Jr., farmer, Warriorsmark.
Samuel Book, farmer, Tell.
William Coleburn, farmer, Franklin.
John Carver, mechanic, Barree.
Jos. Cremer, mason, Clay, now Huntingdon.
John Flenner, farmer, Hendersons.
Samuel Gregory, farmer, West.
Henry Hорт, farmer, Tod.
John S. Isett, iron master, Franklin.
Richard Madden, farmer, Clay.
Benjamin McMahon, farmer, Barree.
William McLain, farmer, Dublin.
John B. Morrow, farmer, Tell.
James Neely, farmer, Dublin.
Henry Orlady, physician, West.
Samuel Rolston, Warriorsmark.
John G. Stewart, carpenter, West.
William Sims, clerk, Franklin.
Samuel Stewart, drover, Jackson.
Andrew Wilson, farmer, West.
John S. Wilson, farmer, West.
Jonathan P. Doyle, Shirley.
David McGarvey, farmer, Shirley.

Travelers Jurors.

FIRST WEEK.

Thomas N. Barton, farmer, Shirley.
Samuel Beaver, farmer, Hopewell.
Jacob E. Bare, miller, Springfield.
George Cresswell, merchant, West.
James Duff, farmer, Jackson.
Henry Davis, blacksmith, West.
William Dowlan, farmer, Penn.
Adam Fouse, farmer, Hopewell.
John Gelreht, Brady.
Charles Green, Esq., farmer, West.
Henry Garner, farmer, Walker.
Augustus Green, farmer, Clay.
Adam Heeter, farmer, Clay.
Thomas Hooper, farmer, Cromwell.
Thomas B. Hyskill, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Adams Houch, farmer, Tod.
Asahel Hight, laborer, Huntingdon.
Samuel Harnish, farmer, Morris.
Jacob Hicks, farmer, Walker.
Samuel Isenberg, carpenter, Porter.
John Jamison, merchant, Dublin.
Daniel Knode, farmer, Porter.
Adam Keith, farmer, Tod.
James Long, farmer, Shirley.
James Lane, farmer, Cromwell.
James Lynn, mechanic, Springfield.
Joseph Mingle, farmer, Warriorsmark.
John Mash, farmer, Jackson.
George Miller, farmer, West.
Reuben Massey, farmer, Barree.
Robert Madden, merchant, Springfield.
Samuel Neff, farmer, Porter.
John Piper, farmer, Tod.
John Reed, farmer, Hopewell.
Henry Rhodes, farmer, Shirley.
Jonas Rudy, farmer, Barree.
Abraham Shaw, farmer, Union.
Abelnegro Stevens, merchant, Warriorsmark.
Samuel Sharer, farmer, Tell.
David Stevens, plasterer, Springfield.
Isaac Taylor, farmer, Dublin.
Walter C. Van Tries, clerk, Warriorsmark.
John Whitney, manager, Tod.
Simeon Wright, Esq., farmer, Union.
Isaac Yocom, farmer, Penn.
Lewis Knode, farmer, Porter.
John Bisbin, mason, Porter.
Daniel Peigthal, farmer, Penn.

SECOND WEEK.

William Appleby, farmer, Dublin.
David Albright, miller, Porter.
Henry Boyles, farmer, Penn.
Samuel Bell, farmer, Shirley.
Basil Devor, farmer, Cromwell.
John Eberly, farmer, West.
James Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
Thomas Fisher, merchant, Huntingdon.
Samuel Garner, farmer, Penn.
James Hutchison, farmer, Henderson.
Samuel Harris, farmer, Penn.
Archibald Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Evans Jones, gentleman, Franklin.
William Kridler, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Daniel Kyper, farmer, Walker.
Thomas Locke, laborer, Springfield.
John Long, merchant, Shirley.
John Long, shoemaker, West.
John Murray, farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Morgan, farmer, Franklin.
James Morrow, farmer, Franklin.
Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntingdon.
Joseph Marlin, farmer, Porter.
George McCum, Jr., farmer, Barree.
George W. McClain, farmer, Tod.
Jesse McClain, farmer, Tod.
James S. Oaks, farmer, Jackson.
Samuel Pheasant, farmer, Porter.
Andrew Smith, farmer, Union.
Martin Shank, farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Stewart, farmer, West.
Wm. B. Smith, farmer, Jackson.
Dorsey Silkknitter, farmer, Barree.
Peter C. Swoope, Huntingdon.
George L. Travis, mechanic, Franklin.
Michael Ware, farmer, West.
William Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark.

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A Thrilling Eloquent Appeal Against Know Nothingism.

C. W. Carrigan, of Philadelphia, at the late great Democratic meeting, made one of the most eloquent speeches denunciatory of Know Nothingism and Abolitionism, and in defense of the principles of Democracy, and in defense of the principles of Democracy, we have perused in a long time. We should like to publish the whole of it, but our space will allow us to give only the concluding portion. Said Mr. Carrigan:

"This Know Nothing organization (and I am dealing with their principles, not their men,) also tramples upon the right of suffrage. In the State Council that assembled in this city last October, the following resolution was offered and adopted: 'That the members go armed and seize upon the ballot-boxes.'"

"They must go armed to the ballot box, not with that"

Weapon that is surer set
And firmer than the bayonet—
A weapon that comes down as still
As snow flakes fall upon the sod,
And execute a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God."

Not with the ballot—the scepter of American Freemen—[immense applause,] but with the knife and pistol. A more gross outrage upon the ballot box was never contemplated.

"In Cincinnati, at their last municipal election the ballot boxes of the Eleventh and Twelfth Wards were taken possession of by a Know Nothing mob, broken to pieces, and their contents given to the torch, and this, too, by Americans who desire to show how well they would rule America. What a sight for a free people! But their treason to the Constitution and utter disregard of the sanctity of the ballot box, was more fully evinced in the late horrible riots in the city of Louisville. The right of franchise was denied to all men whose eyes first opened on a foreign soil. They cared not whether he was Protestant or Catholic, Irish or German, whether they or their fathers had fought and bled for their adopted country. It was sufficient to know that their birth-place was not here; they were ignominiously trampled on and ruthlessly assailed; men, women and children murdered and their dwellings given to the flames. Such a holocaust of bleeding hearts, burnt homes, and blazing dwellings, constitute a fit monument for an organization conceived in tyranny and nurtured in blood. [Long continued applause.]"

"Upon the plea of Americans ruling America, they have been guilty of untold excesses. The human heart is palsied as they pass in review before it. 'Americans must rule America,' and with sacrilegious indifference they invade the sanctuary of the Lord, and disturb the communion of the soul with its Maker. 'Americans must rule America,' and in secret conclaves they advise the carrying of dagger and pistol to the ballot box. 'Americans must rule America,' and with hideous yells and demoniac shouts they stifle free speech and attack the free press. 'Americans must rule America,' and they hang an Irishman on his own porch, in the presence of his wife and children, and then give his dwelling to the flames. 'Americans must rule America,' and they blow out the brains of a child in the arms of its mother, while all around are mutilated bodies and burning houses. 'Americans must rule America,' and from frank showers of blood, and the red light of blazing roofs, they build the rainbow of glory, and to shuddering conscience cry, 'We are ruling America!' Great God! what a picture to the brightest era of civilization! What scenes for a republican government! Anarchy and blood-stained triumph over American liberty. Free speech outraged, free press attacked, freedom of conscience violated, free suffrage trampled underfoot, arson run riot, citizens murdered, and constitution a rope of sand."

"Oh, ye members of this secret organization, (I speak to you now as men—as erring men,) who are upon the threshold and anxious to leave, fly at once to the protection of your constitution. The guardian angel of our destiny has moved the waters, and now, this night, step in and be made whole. It is a duty you owe to your fathers and yourselves. Rally with us to the support of American liberty. [Great cheering.] And you 'old line Whigs,' who constitute the guard about the tomb of Clay—who love his memory and cherish in your heart of hearts his paternal and patriotic sentiments, this night, your country calls, and his spirit invokes you to assist in staying the rushing tide that would sweep away the constitutional obligations he has so often defended. [Applause again and again.]"

"And you, Democrats, with upturned faces and flashing eyes, take heart from this night's work. 'The constitution must and shall be preserved.' [Applause.] The revolution commenced some months ago, and the Old Dominion has been answered by North Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, and Texas; and only a few days ago the good old State of Maine, standing upon the Constitution, beat down a combination of the very worst fanaticism. [Great applause.] And now, this night, the old 'Keystone' begins to speak. Her noble sons rally for the Constitution and the Union. Her indomitable Democracy will

soon speak in thunder tones. [Vehement applause.]

"Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Belfane, in winter to fade,
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf
From the mountain,
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in its shade."

Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest shock,
Firmly he roots him the ruder it blows."

"In sunshine or storm, come weal or woe we will stand by the faith of our fathers.— They may strip us of the green leaves of success; they may lop off, one by one, the branches of our strength; but the old Democratic trunk will stand, and lift aloft its defiant front. Moored in the rifted rock of the Constitution, proof to the tempest shock of all fanaticisms, Firmly he roots him the ruder it blows. [Enthusiastic applause.]"

"Then upon this sacred spot do we join hands, and renew to one another our devotion to the common bond. The spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay and Webster, from the classic shades of Mount Vernon, Monticello, the Hermitage, Ashland and Marshfield, are imploring us to protect the Constitution—to preserve the Union. We send back this answer from Lewis Cass and Edward Everett, James B. McMillan and Richard Rush, George M. Dallas and Daniel S. Dickinson, John C. Breckinridge and Robert Winthrop, Alex. H. Stevens and William B. Reed; from the North and South; East and West; from the mighty army of national men everywhere—the Constitution shall be protected; the Union shall be preserved.— There beats not the heart, there moves not the arm, there exists not the steel that can penetrate the panoply of such true Americans. Surrounded by such defenses, the Constitution is safe—the Union secure. We smile at the drawn dagger and defy its point." [Repeated and continued applause.]

Who Shall Have It?

BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

There is a Goddess, and her name is Fame. She had a crown of glory to bestow, and she assembled around her several applicants for so grand an honor. Each was anxious to be the lucky recipient, but it was reserved for him who could present the highest claims.

The first who approached was a venerable man of long old years, bland in his manners and mild in his aspect. "And what, my friend, entitles you to it?" asked her ladyship. "I have devoted almost my entire life," replied the aged speaker, "to study; I've written and published various philosophical works, my name and fame have been heralded through the old and new world, and man pays homage to my genius." "It is well," replied the Goddess, "your claims will be duly considered."

And he who next approached was a young man of quiet and genteel bearing, and it was thus he presented his claims for the glorious boon:

"Lady, although not stricken in years, and but just entering on the active scenes of life, as short as has been my span, I've accomplished something. I am the author of the well known poem on 'Immortality,' and the ablest editors in the country have copied and eulogised my production."

And there stood in the presence of the Goddess one of military attire, bearing the honorable scars of many a well fought battle,—who spoke of the "dangers he had braved, and his heroism in the preservation of the glorious stars and stripes of Columbia's banner."

There came another applicant for the prize—a plain blunt man, attired in the garb of a sailor, whose rough visage denoted that he had contended with many a storm on the fathomless deep.

"And what wonderful things have you performed?" asked the Goddess.

"Please your Ladyship, from boyhood I've been a ranger on the ocean; born, I might say, on the mighty deep, the sea has been my home; often have I seen the lightning level our spars, and in many a violent gale I've heard the thunder in its tremendous roar; I have rescued many from a watery grave, and saved the infant as it clung to the neck of its dying mother."

He who next appeared was of careworn brow; meagre were his looks, tattered were his clothes, and chill penury had almost worn him to the bones.

It was thus he spoke to the Goddess: "Lady, I am an author—a poor and ill-clad author; in my miserable garb I live a miserable existence for I have no wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It is the fate of genius to contend with poverty, for as a brother, clingeth to a brother, so the ill of life clingeth unto me. One half of my years have been devoted to Literature; long has been my struggle for a local habitation and a name; but as yet I have found neither; and lady, if thou wouldst do an act of mercy, bestow on thy crown of glory, and fame and fortune will be mine."

And next there came one of gay attire and lofty bearing, who urged his claim as follows:

"A merchant, Lady, extensively engaged in commerce, my warehouses are crowded with merchandise, and my ships float on every sea; my credit is unbounded, and my responsibility has never been doubted; I have extended the hitherto restricted limits of trade and overstocked the countries of the earth with the commodities of my own."

And lastly there came forward one who stood abashed in the presence of the Goddess, he spoke very low, and with great timidity: "Lady, my claims are very trivial, and not worthy to relate. I am the friend of the poor, the unprotected, and the fatherless. I've placed bread on the empty tables of the famishing, and ever have been the champion of the weak against the strong; over the faults and failings of erring humanity I have thrown the broad mantle of Charity; and as I would that others should do unto me, have I done unto them. I have clad and comforted the sorrow-stricken orphan, and caused the widow's heart to rejoice; I've plunged into

the midst of pain and sickness, and bound up with the sweet cords of pity the aching brow; and have spread the healing balm of compassion on the bleeding heart. Yet, Lady, I claim no merit for these things, in the doing of which I but discharged my duty to my fellow creatures and my God, and had I not been summoned to your presence, I should not have appeared as a competitor for a prize to which I am not entitled."

And he was about modestly withdrawing from her presence, when the Goddess arrested his progress:

"Sir, to you alone belongs my crown of glory, for you have richly earned it. I bestow it upon the good man in preference to him who is great; great genius or great talents, if not allied to greatness of heart, availeth nothing. True fame consists in deeds of charity and brotherly love. The Philosopher, the Poet, the Author, the Mariner, and the Merchant, may each and all make their mark on the age in which they live, and illustrate the truthfulness of the beautiful lines of my friend Longfellow, that

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again,

But it belongs to the good to receive, when earthly crowns of glory shall wither and decay, that ever blooming diadem—that eternal crown—which awaits the pure in heart at the final day."

Young Ladies' Allowances.

On this point a writer in *Graham* comes to particulars. He states that the great outcry against the extravagance of dress in our country renders an examination into facts desirable, and advocates particularly, a regular allowance as the best thing to keep purse and imagination within bounds:—

"In England, the marriage settlements generally provide the wife with pin-money, varying, of course, according to the fortune and position of the parties. It is customary in England, also, for a father to give a daughter a yearly allowance for her dress, as soon as she passes the Rubicon of the school-room, and it is what is called 'out,' which great event takes place at the age of eighteen."

"Many noblewomen's daughters, in the very highest circles, have not more than two hundred pounds sterling a year, (one thousand dollars.) This, indeed, is a very magnificent allowance—many girls have sixty, and some contrive to make a very fair appearance upon thirty."

"This, for those moving in society, with morning concerts, dinner-parties, and a ball every night, of course demands great ingenuity. Girls, however, are only required to display taste and elegance; magnificence, whether in silks or jewelry, is not for them: The season, too, in London, lasts but from three to four months; it is in the spring and summer when muslin dresses and all cheap fabrics are worn in the day, in preference to silks."

"During the other months of the year, there is very little dress required. At country houses, it is but taste to wear any but the most unpretending costume during the day, and for dinner-dresses, those exhibited in London will do."

"At watering-places, no variety of dress is deemed necessary, excepting at the German baths, so much frequented until within our last year, when the campaign of the allied armies, and the fear of a German revolution, kept people at home. At these baths—Baden, Carlsbad, Kissingen—the dressing and promenading, begin at six in the morning, and are carried on with great vigor, at the rate of five toilettes a day."

"In France young ladies have no allowance, because they are not permitted to exercise either taste or discretion in the choice of their dress—mamma dresses them, and papa pays most moderate and modest bills with the slightest murmur. All the expense is for mamma, but though amongst some of the higher classes, the nobility of the old Napoleon, and the richer classes, the bankers and brokers, there is a fabulous degree of extravagance. A French woman is, in general, rather inclined to economy than extravagance—neatness and taste go a great way, and have more to do with elegance than we think. Some ladies dress very well upon fifty francs a month, (ten dollars)—eighty or a hundred is the average allowance for the middle classes."

"French women possess, to an extraordinary degree, the spirit of order; they are also quick and clever arithmeticians, and therefore, never liable to self-deceptions as to the price of things, as many young ladies with less mathematical heads are apt to be. For instance, a silk is marked and offered for sale at one dollar and ninety-five cents a yard—'How cheap!' cries the young lady, because the only figure impressed on her mind is the one dollar; the ninety-five cents is not put down as an item, though afterwards, on reflection, it is found that two dollars, and not one, should have been the figure impressed on the mind, as it is afterwards on the purse."

"A young lady in the large cities of the United States should be able to dress tastefully, elegantly, and according to the season, on two hundred dollars a year. This, of course, implies some industry and taste on her part, a great deal of tidiness, and great care never to wear within doors the costume destined for without. Neatness of all the accessories to the toilette—such as undersleeves and collars—elegance in the way of dress is cut and made, extreme attention to the smoothness of the hair, are all that is required for home. Plain muslin, mouseline de laine, and simple braids or curls, will best household duties and the fireside home much better than silks, embroideries, and flowing ribbons. These, if worn at all, should be reserved for gala days, the promenade, and then with great sobriety as to quantity, and color, and invitations to friends from the social tea party to the brilliant ball."

A Lion in the Path.

From a record of sporting adventures in *South Africa*, recently published in an English Magazine, we make the following extract. It is as thrillingly graphic as anything we have met with for some time:

Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a bath, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night, might have mudded it too much for that. However, I resolved to try, and throwing my Minnie into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide-awake over my eyes, I lunched down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses.—

The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but as the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a clearer spot, and so, climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I pushed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf, and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must say not at that moment to my dismay, I was so seduced to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movements of the horses below—

Without selecting one for his breakfast. Have you seen Landseer's etching of the lion in the old Tower Menagerie? In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine; and for a few seconds, I remained really lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the "tableau" he presented.

It was, however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help hitting him if I choose to fire, but if I did not kill him outright with one shot, he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valor; and, as he was so absorbed in contemplation of the horses below that he had not yet noticed me; I concluded (as Jonathan would say) to steal off as I came. Ah! that dry twig that would place itself in the way of my very first retrograde footstep! The sharp crackle effected what the more subdued noise of previous movements had not done, and with a short startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second was staring at me with a look which said, "Hallow! who are you? as plainly as look could speak. Instinctively I threw my rifle forward, cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immovableness on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not. The study of physiognomy is doubtless pleasant enough on the whole; but when your subject is a big male lion, and the question depending on the study whether you shall summarily be "smashed" or let alone, why I confess it becomes (as Mr. Weller says) too exciting to be pleasant."

How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which might give me a clue! It came at last; he gradually bowed his head, and by the "wringling" motion of his hind quarters, which I could just spy over his shoulder, I saw he was gathering his hind-legs under him—a pure indication of what old things come into people's minds in moments of peril. That very movement brought to my recollection most vividly a bitterly parallel scene in my aunt's garden at Harrow; where I watched her cat gathering herself up in an exactly similar way to pounce on a wretched sparrow.

The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn the bow suddenly across a sinuous violoncello. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few moments lost all consciousness.

The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together, was the clear, strong voice of N—, calling to me in the most placid, though earnest manner: "Lie perfectly still, Walter; it's your only chance."

How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announced it at the same time pointed out my extreme danger; it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties to understand why.

I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned, I could see nothing, but I could feel the lion close to me. I could hear his deep, short, angry breath, like *staccato* puffs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I afterwards found arose from his licking a stream of blood which flowed down the side of his nose, from a deep sore on his forehead given him by my ball—nay, I could feel his huge tail, as he rolled it angrily across from side to side, rest for a moment on my back now and then.

The bitter anguish of those few years of moments—well, you can guess all that.— Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left, a sharp whistle close to my head, and a "thud" on my right as the shot told among the fur, succeeded by another sharp snarl louder than the first—another crack, a sensation like a red-hot wire across my neck, (being at the bottom of the slope they could not just sight the lion over my head, and N— had fired a quarter of an inch too low.) another furious snarl, and then a roar—such a roar—such a roar—within a yard of my tympanum. I never heard such a sound out of anything, living or dead; then three or more shots close together, and a bustle at my side, which sounded like my neighbor setting down among the grass and bushes.

"Now roll! roll for your life!" shouted N—'s clear voice again. I was saved the trouble—the lying brute, in his convulsions, giving me a kick with his hind legs which sent me flying down the steep out of reach of further danger.

Anecdote for Farmers.

We have seldom read anything more sensible or apropos than the following remarks and anecdotes from that excellent contemporary, the *Maine Farmer*, illustrating the importance of the proper care of stock:

We may send to England for Durham cows, or to Spain and Germany for the choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye; but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding, they will most assuredly deteriorate; and eventually become as worthless and unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that haunt our rich but neglected pasture lands. We remember an anecdote in point, and will relate it by way of illustration.

A farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasturage, upon taking her to his own inferior pastures, found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she was accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he bargained for or, in other words, that she was not what she "was cracked up to be."

"Why," said the seller, "I sold you my cow, but did not sell you my pasture too."

The above, which we cut from an exchange reminds us of a reply which a shrewd old farmer, whom we knew many years ago, made to one of his neighbors. The latter had obtained some pigs of a man residing several miles off, and who, because intelligent, particularly surpassed his neighbors in raising. Shortly after, meeting the old gentleman referred to, he says:

"Well, Mr. Sweeter, I'm going to beat you raising hogs this year; I've got some of J. M—'s breed."

"A-a-h," bawled out the old man, "you'd better get the breed of his hog trough!"

To Have a Good Horse.

It is not sufficient to have a good colt, the product of a superior mare with a stallion of good blood and established reputation. This is necessary, but it is not all that is necessary.

A most promising colt that attracts universal admiration while it follows the mare may be grown into an almost worthless horse. How then, having a good beginning, shall we grow a good horse?—for good horses alone are profitable to raise. By exercising the greatest care in their management until they have ceased to be colts. Many almost ruin a colt the first winter by starvation, by turning it into the yard to run with the young cattle, to pick up a scanty nourishment, and that of the cheapest and coarsest food. There is on the other hand, no one season of its life, when care and good and full feeding of appropriate food will tell so much for good as this same first winter. A friend, who has annually sold two or three of the best horses at the highest market prices, has often assured us that in no one time in the life of his colts did he take so good care of them and feed them as during the first winter; and that by the effect produced upon them the first year he could tell what kind of horses they would become. There is something so absurd in scanting the supply of nourishment to young growing animals! Some fancy that such a course will render the animal hardy. The only effect produced upon the growing animal by an insufficient nutrition, is to hinder its best development. Wait until it has attained its growth and then start it if you choose.—It can then be done with less injury.

Colts should be put to exercise and training at an early age, and may do light labor to advantage, but putting upon four years the labor proper only for six or seven years has been the ruin of many a promising animal. There are other suggestions which occur properly in this connection, but we will omit them considering the two mentioned above the most important.—*Granite Farmer.*

A Young Man's Character.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment; he should ask himself, Can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating. Thus the mind bathes in its own power the selection of its themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thoughts—if they only realized how frightful were the moral depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul—they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the service of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated, and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the will independence of baser passions, and to the affections that power of adhesion to whatever is pure, and good, and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into those scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities for exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow-men, are so many and great that it really is worth while to live. The heart which is truly evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexpressibly rich, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employment as visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches forth for things that remain for us, to the true dignity of his nature, can find free scope for his intellect and all-inspiring themes for the heart.