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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANCIS BROWE.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot, that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears:
But it seems like a far off isle to us,
In the sea of early years.

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow:
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Our friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burden'd memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.

But oh! the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold:
But we saw their snows on brighter hair—
Ah! friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learn'd to pause and fear—
But where are the living founts, whose flow
Was a joy of hearts to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page—
But where is the hope that saw in Time
A boundless heritage?

Time again, when the violet wakes,
Will the woods their youth renew?—
We have lost in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue:
And our souls might joy in the spring time then
But the joy was faint and cold—
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

For the Beaver Argus.

MINNESOTA TERRITORY—ITS ADAPTATION TO AGRICULTURE.

CLINTON, IOWA, June 8, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have been so constantly upon the move, that I have not found it convenient to give you a passing note, since I left Faribault. I will endeavor to give a brief note of some prominent points. The country South of Faribault is, in my opinion, better adapted to general agriculture than any other section of Minnesota, and will richly repay labor. All kinds of the Farmer are enormously high at this time, owing to the large emigration to the Territory, and I presume that high prices will range for a few years. In Minnesota the people now consume Illinois Beef, Flour and Corn, Ohio Butter, and Dried Peaches from New Jersey. The soil, in the greater part of the Territory, is a rich sandy loam, which produces with astonishing rapidity, and is well adapted to the climate. Garden vegetables attain as fine a growth as in any portion of the world that I have been in. It is well known that the rapid perfection of vegetables adds greatly to their excellency, and I think Minnesota can challenge the world in the production of vegetables generally, and potatoes in particular. This season so far, has been very backward, and is particularly discouraging to the new comers in the Territory. There is a great buoyancy in the spirit of the people of the Territory. They anticipate great things for their embryo State. The Legislative council has just disposed of the munificent grant of lands to the Territory, made by the last Congress. The people look forward to the time, (in their opinion not distant) when the State will be a net work of Rail Roads, which will develop its resources, rapidly increase its population; luring the population from the old States, with the promise of cheap lands and abundant Rail Road facilities, without taxation. Indeed, the 3 per cent. tax to be assessed upon the earnings of the Rail Roads which obtain the land grants, will, if judiciously managed, defray the expenses of an economical State Administration.

Minnesota is destined to be inhabited by an active, intelligent and energetic population, but it is too cold for most people residing below the 40th degree of latitude. It can never be a stock raising country, and when its farming population becomes dense, its farmers must be content with comparatively low prices for their products. It cannot compete with Southern Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, in cheap production and steadiness and cheapness of transportation to market. Prices of lands are comparatively high in Minnesota, but claims to pre-emptions can yet be made upon excellent lands. Let all persons who design emigrating to this Territory, from Pennsylvania, bear in mind the fact that they are exchanging a comparatively mild climate with *an abundance* of fuel, for one much *more severe*, with a *scarcity of* the very necessary article. Coal has not yet been found in the Territory. St. Paul has improved very much within a year, and is steadily and rapidly marching forward in its career and will be a very large city. It is rather too *fast* a town for my taste. There is an excited state of feeling prevading the minds of almost all its citizens, which partakes very much of the feeling that animates the gambler.

City lots, real estate, rates of interest, new town cites, fast horses, &c., are the topics of conversation in the Hotels, upon the streets, and wherever conversation is tolerated, and would doubtless be in the churches, were it "in order." This is not strange when we remember that almost every person in the Territory removed to it, to *better their condition*, and were impressible to the speculation fever, which has increased in most cases, with every days continuance in the Territory.

In St. Paul there is a great deal of extravagance in dress, and attempts at equipage and show. Sudden wealth has turned the heads of many who have been fortunate in real estate speculations and they wish to let the world know *how rich they are*, and every one, who has this disposition, manifests it in his own peculiar way. Some in sporting a splendid carriage and a span of blacks, which cost $2000, others by building costly houses, and in fitting them up with splendid furniture. This is the sign of what Mike Walsh would call the "Cod-fish Aristocracy" in St. Paul. One fellow who had suddenly came into the possession of a few thousand, thought he could best publish his wealth by sporting an enormous gold chain to his watch, with a large gold guard chain around his neck, and that he might display it to greater advantage, he wore the guard out-side of his vest, and the chain dangling full length from his fob, and for a breast pin, he had seven gold dollar pieces, formed into a cross. This was his way of saying "I am richer than you." Mike Walsh was not far wrong when he said that "I could bow to an aristocracy of virtue,—could tolerate an aristocracy of mind,—but for an aristocracy which claimed wealth for its basis, and pretentions, he could yield them nothing but the contempt due to a 'cod-fish aristocracy.'"

St. Anthony's Falls and Minneapolis are fine towns, possessing the finest water-power in the world, and the most easily improved. They are rapidly improving. Lots which I could have purchased in September last, for from $400 to $600, have been sold this month for from $1800 to $2500, cash. These towns are greatly favored in the acts recently passed, incorporating Railroad companies. The scarcity and dearness of Fuel, will in all times, render steam-power an expensive manufacturing agent in Minnesota, consequently increasing the value of water-power. The Falls of the Mississippi at those places, gives a power almost beyond computation, and which is being rapidly improved. The great Saw-Mill at St. Anthony's, will cut this season, (of 8 months) sixteen million of feet of lumber. The Mississippi Water Company have decided to cut their race through the rock this summer. The race and dam will cost $25,000. When completed its value can scarcely be estimated. There are *too few* producers in Minnesota, and *too many* speculators. Prices are too high, and unless the east continues to pour money into the Territory, prices will not be long sustained. In my opinion, it is a very dangerous time to invest much in Town property in Minnesota. *Money* has been loaned last winter at from 3 to 5 per cent. per month, on short time. *Speculators* in all cases the borrowers. Money can now be safely loaned at from 1½ to 2½ per cent. per month. There are no usury laws in the Territory. The late elections, owing to the frauds in St. Paul are in favor of the Administration party. It is my opinion that a popular vote (without fraud) will show Minnesota Republican by a large majority.

* *

Crops in Ohio.

The Cincinnati Gazette gives the following abstract of the crop prospect in the Miami Valley.

1. Of WHEAT there is a good deal sown, and not blighted by rust; there will be an average per acre, and therefore a larger aggregate than usual. The wheat is now heading out, and looks well. It has not grown unusually high, and is likely to bear good sized grains.

2. Barley, though not a great deal sown, is remarkably good.

3. Oats are about a foot high—sown late—and look tolerably well.

4. Corn was planted late, and is generally about three or four inches high. It has come up well, but we can pronounce no opinion upon it. We are likely to have rain enough, and therefore it will depend on the length of the season, whether corn makes a full crop. It was planted late, and must have three months of hot weather.

5. Grass and Hay—These promise to be unusually abundant, still the rains have brought grass out so rapidly it may not be as heavy as usual.

6. Potatoes—more Potatoes have been planted in the Miami country than ever before; and most of the ground for them has been taken from the Corn land. This with a large amount of Wheat, may diminish the quantity of Corn in the Miami valley.

Of Fruit we shall have a tolerable if not a full crop. Neither Apples nor Cherries will be so abundant as at first supposed, at least in this section. There was an immense number of blossoms, but many of them never came to maturity. Of Peaches there will be a great crop, on the bearing trees, but it must be recollected, that a great many trees have been killed in the hard winters, we suspect a full half.

CONDENSED ARGUMENT.—A very celebrated Scotch divine says: "The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was and is supreme, we know by the name of God!"

THE OLD WORLD.

Letter from Bishop Simpson.

Correspondence Pittsburgh Gazette.

At 11½ o'clock on Wednesday, May 13th 1857, I had said "farewell" to the many kind friends who had met at the wharf in Jersey City, to give their parting blessing, and was on board the Steamer Africa.—The gangway was drawn in, the chains and cables were loosed, and slowly and majestically the ship turned her head toward the sea, and as the echoes of her cannon came back across the bay, seemed to exult in the prospect of riding upon the waves of the Atlantic. Many white handkerchiefs were waved from the deck and from the shore, as the last marks of recognition, while many a silent tear evinced a deep feeling at the separation of friends, and shadows of foreboding as to future reunion. As the view became indistinct, all, I suppose, fancied as I did, that the waving handkerchiefs were from their own circle of friends, and especially did I fancy that the last glimpse of recognition was from the eyes of affection which have beamed upon me with love for these twenty years. And just here I must be permitted to record my grateful acknowledgments to my dear friends, Mr and Mrs. Kramer, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, for their kindness in accompanying Mrs. S. to New York to witness my departure. May God reward them for this and other acts of kindness to myself and family.

As we sailed down the bay, the busy marts of our great mercantile metropolis, its gay throngs, its splendid palaces, its towering steeples, gradually receded from view; and the city-lined shores were either hidden by some intervening object as we wound our way amid the bars, or faded from vision as dim lines in the distant horizon. Passing through the Narrows into the frowning forts commanding the entrance to the harbor, a few hours brought us to the last low projecting point of land, crowned with its lighthouses, and called from its shape and position Sandy Hook.—Here our pilot was dismissed, the last links which bound us to the land were severed, and we stood boldly out in the "wide, wide sea." Yet for several miles, upon our left, were visible the low coasts of Long Island, and upon our right and behind us gradually sunk away the hills of Neversink. But long before evening the last trace of land was gone, and the sea was scarcely ruffled by a passing breeze.

My son who accompanied me, and myself occupied an inside room; for although my passage was engaged nearly two months before sailing, yet such at this season of the year is the amount of travelling that the outside roms were all engaged. We found this, however no inconvenience, as the weather did not permit the opening of the outside windows, or port holes, and we were farther removed from dampness and from the noise of the waves. About two hundred passengers were on board, from many lands and of many languages. Passing to and fro, you could hear English, French, German, Spanish and Italian mingling together in confused sounds. Here was the attorney, there the physician; here the merchant on his way to China to purchase tea, another to buy silks and jewelry in Europe; there a party of ladies and gentlemen bound for sight-seeing in London, Paris and Rome,—and another homeward bound to meet loved relatives at a family gathering in the fatherland. Amongst the rest, noisiest and sharpest, were French and German Jews, ever alert to win a penny either by betting or gambling. We had notabilities also.—That elderly gentleman, of some sixty years, with his thin, greyish locks, and frank, benevolent looking countenance, of moderate stature, but thick set frame, who has a kind word for every body, either in French, German or English, is Chevalier Hulseman, the Austrian Minister at Washington. You may recollect how he was *immortalized* by Webster in the Kosta controversy. By the way, I have always thought that Webster wrote that withering letter, with its haughty defiance, not for Chevalier Hussleman, or his Majesty Joseph II. alone, but for the purpose of sounding in the ears of all Europe the views and purposes of young America. That sharp-visaged old man, with his black moustaches, who seems to be so busy at the card table, is said to be the Russian Consul at New Orleans—and you black-eyed, bronzed-faced young man has been Secretary of the Brazilian Legation at Washington, but is now *promoted*, as he says, to the same office at London. Down beside him is an attache of the French Legation, who is said to bear the honor of being a Count; but plain looking as he is even among the plainest of the company—were it not for his title, one might almost question how much he would *count*. The pretty little Countess, however, with her dark eyes, her Castillian air and her Spanish movement, seems to be a favorite in her circle. Upon my right are four Moravian ministers, on their way as delegates to the General Synod of the Church in Herrnhut, Saxony. They are leading men in their communion, gentlemanly and sweet-spirited, and I have enjoyed pleasant hours of converse with them.

The first two days at sea, the air was calm, we made about 260 miles a day, and the company was in excellent spirits. The next two days we had a head wind, with some showers. The sea was slightly ruffled—and with it, if not the *temper*, at least the *stomachs*, of some of the passengers.—The wind veered from east to north, and from Sunday to Thursday our tables were but thinly attended. The ladies, with a few exceptions, especially, suffered during the gale, being unable to be either on deck or at the table, and many of the men looked as though they had lost their last friend on earth. On Thursday, however the sun began to shine again—the sea became more smooth, and on Friday the company was as lively and cheerful as ever.

On Sunday, notwithstanding the rough weather, yet, at the invitation of the captain and a number of the passengers, I had the opportunity of preaching to a very attentive and solemn company. This is very unusual on the Cunard steamers, but Capt. Shannon is gentlemanly and liberal as well as skillful and attentive. And I may add here that I have never seen on any other ship such perfect order as constantly prevailed among the officers and men on board the Africa. Not a little of the comfort of the passengers arose from the feeling of confidence which the bearing and conduct of the officers inspired. Sunday afternoon we came in sight of Newfoundland, and passed near Cape Pine and Cape Race. As the bold, rocky shores of that dreary island faded away, we felt we had left America and being in a British ship, were fairly inside the dominion of Queen Victoria.

We came in sight of the northern coast of Ireland on Saturday morning. Passing between Main Head the most projecting point, and a little rocky island called Inistrobull, we had our first distinct view of the land. The island has a fine light-house and neat grounds attached, and I suppose ten or a dozen houses. Spy glasses and opera glasses were in requisition, and cattle could be plainly seen. The inhabitants must live by fishing, as the island is too small and rocky for agricultural purposes. The main coast of Ireland is bold and bleak and I was surprised to find it so hilly, or even mountainous. Scarcely a habitation was visible, though it must be densely populated. It was on this coast that an invasion was apprehended in 1798, when the French were flushed with victory; and a captain in the British army pointed to several spots where temporary fortifications had been made. By the way, this same captain had just been to our country to make investments, and was full of enthusiasm as to the prospects of Cairo, where he had purchased city lots.

The light-house at Innishowen showed us the entrance to Lough Foyle, on which Londonderry is situated and the story of its terrible sufferings and its protracted siege came vividly before us. In the morning of our last Sunday it became foggy, and though I saw the entrance to Belfast and the town of Donoghadee, together with the opposite coast of Galwayshire, in Scotland, which is only seventeen miles distant, yet the view became indistinct, and no more land was seen until about noon, when the bold mountainous peaks of Wales appeared upon our right as we stood for the harbor of Liverpool. At 3 o'clock we anchored in the Mersey, the custom-house officers came aboard, our baggage was opened (for a) [illegible] and at 5 our feet stood on Albion's firm shores. Thanks be to Him who rules the winds and the waves, and who was pleased to give us a safe voyage across the broad Atlantic.

M. S.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, May 26, 1857

A Woman's Trick.

Painting is said to be carried to great excess at the present time among the fashionable ladies of Paris, notwithstanding the use of paint ruins the natural complection.

A malicious practical joke which an English lady devised to torment the painted beauties, is thus "made a note of" in a Paris letter to the New Orleans Picayune:

"They tell a very good joke of an elderly English woman who had trained a little Havana dog to lick the face of the person who kissess it. They say that whenever she meets with a lady under colors, she makes her puppy jump on the lady's lap; the lady caresses the dear little creature, without suspecting that it is a perfidious little scoundrel, which unpaints her cheek with its false but vigorous licking. Not long ago this English woman was at a brilliant party in the fauburg Saint Honore, she singled out among all the guests an Italian lady of noble birth, who is extremely addicted to paint, and conventional signal, *Bibi* jumped into the Italian's lap and began to play its tongue with great energy—one side of the Florentine's cheek was like a peach smothered in cream, the complexion of sweet sixteen; the other side was shriveled, wrinkled and yellow It required all the French dexterity of smothering laughter to suppress the peals of merriment, which this sight excited to explosition; and the malice of the English woman was delighted by the laughing eyes of the whole room. But that night *Bibi* was taken sick with a violent *quatrin*, and two days afterward it growled its last bow-wow wow in the arms of its weeping and desolate mistress, who told everybody that it was the paint of the Italian which killed this angelic pug, and she spreads this report so industrously, it is said there is no small chance of its getting into the Court house in the shape of a suit for slander. The rumor goes that the English woman is now busy training a King Charles dog to the masterly activity of tongue which distinguished *feu le Havanais*."

☞ THE COMET, has taken the back track. Mr Tuttle writes to the Newburyport *Herald* that "it has already passed its perihilion and its nearest approximation to the earth, and is now recoding from us at a rapid rate, in its flight through space, in its eccentric orbit; and consequently, we need no longer be under fears of its dashing against the earth. Its nearest approach to the earth was on the 8th of May, when it was twenty millions of miles distant from us? Besides, this new comet, having always returned to this part of its orbit once in ten years, (the time of its ascertained periodic revolution,) without impinging against us, there was no more valid reason for fearing a collision at this time than at any other period since the whole system of planetary orbs was launched into space, each body to move in harmony with every other, according to wise, established and unchanging laws."

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

It is said that some sixteen years since a young gentleman in New York city contrived awhile to pay his addresses to a beautiful girl there, the daughter of an obstinate Pearl St. merchant, who was opposed to the young man visiting his daughter. He persisted in his endeavors to win the young lady, and at last he was forbidden to enter the old man's house.

Still the lovers continued to meet occasionally, afterwards; and at the expiration of some six months, matters having been previously so arranged, the girl consented to marry the youth. He did not seek the fortune for he was in employment, at a handsome salary, as principal book keeper in an extensive jobbing house, and his pecuniary prospects were very fair. But the parents were obdurate, and he was driven from the house.

At the end of a twelvemonth they agreed to be married, and all the requisite arrangements were made; the evening fixed upon, and even the chaplain had been engaged. But on the morning of the day proposed secretly for the nuptials, the whole plan was discovered, and the match broken off preemptorily by the absolute authority of the parents.

Time passed on; the daughter was sent to a distant part of the country for awhile—the young man was disappointed and disheartened, and left New York for the West, where he remained for two years. Meantime a person to suit the tastes of the parents turned up—a man of considerable means, but old enough to be the young girl's father, and a match was arranged, after a long persuasion between Emma and this man, and she wedded him at last.

Three years subsequently the young man found himself in New England where he settled and took a wife also, and some dozen years passed away, with their thousand and one changes of place, of circumstances and of fortune. From the time of their seperation the original lovers had never met.

The young man became the father of three little ones; and then lost two of these, which bereavement was soon after followed by the death of his wife. Time flew by—he had been fortunate in his business, and resided a few miles out of Boston, in a cottage surrounded by the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of the society of his dear little daughter.

One day he was returning home in the afternoon, and upon entering the cars found them to be full. He sought a seat and found one occupied by a lady about thirty and the cars soon moved out of the depot. As they entered into the light, he suddenly turned to the lady, and exclaimed, "Madame! Emma! Is this you?"

He didn't know exactly what he said, but it was a fact that he was on the seat with the girl whom he had really loved and whom he had not seen since the cruel seperation.

A mutual explanation quickly succeeded. Our widowed friend ascertained that his former intended was now on her way to the North, upon a visit; that she had been married nearly eleven years, had but one child living, and her husband had been dead over two years.

He pointed out his pretty cottage as the cars passed on—but did not leave the train. He proceeded forward, renewed the acquaintance, found the lady her own mistress, proposed to her again—and we record the fact with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that within three weeks the lovers were actually united in marriage in the city of Boston.

Freaks of a Lunatic.

A humorous incident recently occurred to a keeper in a lunatic assylum in a neighboring city. He had occasion to enter the cell of a vicious maniac, who had formerly been an evangelical clergyman. He had of late become greatly tranquilized; so much so that the keeper felt no hesitancy in entering the cell to converse with the occupant. He was politely received and requested by the lunatic to accept a seat.—The keeper complied, when his adroit host flew to the door, seized the key which the confident keeper had allowed to remain in the lock, shot the bolt, and then brandished a weapon over the head of the hapless turnkey. "Down on your knees and pray," cried the madman. The turnkey, who supposed his last hour was come, knelt down in mortal fear to prepare for death. The hour was about eight o'clock, and he prayed steadily until nine, when, having pretty well exhausted his voice and his subject together, he stopped short, and undertook an appeal to the maniac's compassion.—"Pray on, or I'll brain you," was the maniac's only reply, as he again elevated his weapon over the turnkey's head. The turnkey went, as the real estate deeds say, "back to the place of beginning," and prayed the same thing over again. To cut a long story short, he was compelled by the madman, to pass the entire night in audible devotions, and when rescued in the morning by the other turnkeys, his voice had dwindled down to a gruff whisper while the forced continuance in one attitude had rendered his limbs entirely powerless.

☞ Beauty and wit will die—learning and wealth will vanish away—all the arts of life will be forgotten—but virtue will remain forever Planted on earth, in a cool ungenial clime, it will bloom and blossom in heaven.

☞ To own yourself in an error, is to show that you are wiser than you were.

☞ A hypocrite pays tribute to God, only that he may impose on men.

A Hand-to-Hand Encounter.

Mr. R. W. Stockend, a clumsy, stout, active young Scotchman, associated in farming with Mr. Linklater, Tenalquot Plains, in Washington Territory, recently killed a large panther, six feet seven inches long, in a fair fist and boot fight—the circumstances attending which are related as follows:

It seems that at the farther end of a large field, about a quarter of a mile from the house, Mr. Stockend discovered quite a movement and disturbance among a lot of hogs that were kept in the field. He at once proceeded in the direction to ascertain the cause, when, to his surprise, at a short distance from the hogs, he discovered that a favorite young dog was engaged in a conflict with a panther. Determined to save the dog at all hazards, he resolved to interpose in the fight, expecting to frighten the panther up a tree that stood hard by, when he could return to the house for his rifle and bring it down. He accordingly gave the animal a substantial kick, when it ceased its engagement with the dog, straightened itself erect on its hind legs, and pitched into him. In the meantime the young dog made a hasty retreat.

The contest now seemed to be a desperate and very unequal one, but there was no escape from it for our friend Stockend. The panther made a furious dash at him, but retaining his full presence of mind, he met it with a furious kick The fight now assumed the character of a 'rough and tumble,' and a volley of well directed blows and kicks disabled the animal somewhat. He called his dog back, and the faithful young animal, as if ashamed of having deserted its master in the hour of peril, and at if to make amends for its ungrateful conduct, entered into the conflict with unequalled fierceness. Mr Stockend finally succeeded in getting one foot firmly planted upon the neck of his assailant, and keeping the other in the direction of the animal's head, soon brought the contest to a close. He has no doubt but the long heavy boots which he had on were the means of saving his life.

The fight lasted, about fifteen minutes, in the course of which Mr R W Stockend was severely handled. His shoulder was badly scratched—he received a severe wound from the teeth of the animal in the thigh, and was badly scratched in several places, although by no means dangerously, or by which he will hereafter be disabled. Can any one of our cotemporaries beat the panther fight of our friend Stockend?—*Olympia Pioneer*

Marriage of Eminent Persons.

People "about to marry" revolve in the following precedents:

Adam and Eve,	0	Luther,	42
Addison,	44	Mozart,	25
Aristotle,	37	Old Parr,	120
Ben Johnston,	21	Penn,	28
Burke,	26	Peel,	32
Byron,	27	Shakspeare,	18
Burns,	30	Scott,	26
Bonaparte,	27	Sterne,	28
Buffon,	55	Sir W. Jones,	37
Chaucer,	32	Swift,	49
Dante,	26	Tycho,	27
Davy,	33	Walker,	22
Franklin,	34	Wordsworth,	33
Fuller,	26	Washington,	37
Hogarth,	32	Wellington,	27
Johnson,	26	Wilberforce,	38
Kepler,	26	Wesley,	47
Linnæus,	39	Young,	47

If Adam and Eve got married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled to a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for early or late marriages.

PETER CARTHRIGHT.—Some queer stories are told of this pioneer preacher. He had offended a certain Major L——, who was a fire-eater, by the boldness of his preaching, and the first time they met, the Major flew into a desperate rage, and said if he thought he would fight him a duel, he would challenge him.

"Major," said I very calmly, "If you challenge me, I will accept it."

"Well sir," said he "I do dare you to mortal combat."

Very well, I'll fight you: and according to the laws of honor, I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight?"

"Certainly said he.,,

"Well," said I, "then we'll step over here into the lot, and get a couple of cornstalks, I think I can finish you with one."

"But oh! what a rage he got into. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance.—Said he, "If I thought I could whip you, I would shut you in a moment."

"Yes, yes major," said I, "but thank God, you can't whip me, and don't attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in your life," and walked off and left him.

The Washington Election Riot

This disgraceful affair, says the Boston *Traveler*, "is a bringing home to the Democracy of that law and violence which they have inaugurated at the National Capitol and elsewhere, and by the aid of which they have carried some of their worst measures. In what does the conduct of the "Plug Uglies" differ from that of Herbert and Brooks, and the rest of those genteel rowdies, who have reasoned with the bowie knife, the revolver, and the bludgeon? The only difference is that one makes in favor of the "Plug Uglies," who, if utterly, lawless, act openly, and do not add assassination to the rest of their "eccentricities." The Democrats do not like to be treated as they have treated others, and they have put down the rioters with a strong hand. They have acted properly, for there ought to be no reasoning with mobs; but what a contrast their late conduct affords to that which they adopted and pursued a year ago! Half the energy that was displayed against the mob would had it been brought to bear against lawless individuals, have vindicated the National Character, and have made Washington a safe place of residence. The rough dealing with the mob will conduce to the maintenance of order, and consignment of Brooks and Herbert to the penitentiary would have made bullies careful how they give way to the dictates of their passions. Shoot the "Plug Uglies if they rise against the peace, but do not spare the men who sow the seed whence crops of "Plug Uglies" rise."

HON. ELI THAYER.—The Worcester *Spy* of June 3d, says:

"Hon. Eli Thayer returned to his home in this city, yesterday morning, after a fortnight's tour of business and observation through portions of Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky. Mr. Thayer made no secret of the objects of his visit, and was received with the most cordial hospitality wherever he went, by slaveholdes as well others, and the most intense interest was everywhere manifested, in his emigration scheme for infusing Yankee enterprise and Yankee thrift into the dead and lifeless communities of the sunny South. Mr. Thayer addressed several public meetings during his absense, at which he unfolded his plans of the Emigrant Association, and at all of which his remarks were listened to with the closest attention, and complimentary resolutions were passed. Mr. Thayer's first visit to the South has demonstrated that "the bark of the fanatics of the South is worse than the bite." and that the people are ready and anxious for the influx of a horde of Northern emigrants, to till their fields, and show them how to appropriate the munificent natural advantages they possess."

A GREAT COUNTRY FOR THE LADIES.—The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at thirty or thirty-five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continue unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution; and old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the full exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged, "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you will have no child to give place to me when I am old?"

No maariage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed four exemptions. [illegible] regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding-day, so that, for some at least her personal attractions should increase with her years.—*Life and Travels of Herodotus.*

A Manly Sinner.

The Earl of Oxford, of England, in reply to an invitation of the Secretary of the Norwich Bible Society to preside at its late annual meeting, wrote as follows:

Sir: I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter; surprised because my well known character should have exempted me from such an application—and annoyed, because it compells me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming table, I have lately taken to the turf, I fear I frequently blaspheme, and I have never distributed religious tracts All this was well known to you and your society; notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your President. May your hypocracy be forgiven, but I would rather live in the land of sinners, than with such saints. I am, &c.,

OXFORD.

We rather think the Earl of Oxford, from his own account, is succeptible of some slight improvement, but we don't think that his letter to the Secretary of the Norwich Bible Society is.

The Necessity of Exercise.

The benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion, cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and mantain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually thro' every part.—Cold feet, or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of an amount of labor When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise because they fancy they want breath and feel weak But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.

☞ Actions are the only property of a man, when he is valued as to his social worth in the world.

☞ Men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot, and far more tractable when cold.