American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 37. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1850. NO. 10.

New and Cheap Store.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the citizens of Carlisle and the surrounding country, that they have just opened in the store room adjoining the store of Mr. J. G. Carmony, and directly opposite Monyer's Confectionary store, in North Hanover street, a splendid assortment of Dry Goods, consisting in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres,

Cassinets, Sattinets and Vestings; a great stock of Summer Goods for Men and Boys' wear, Mous. de laines, Lawns, Ginghams, Bareges, Alpachas, Barege de Laines, Calicoes, Checks, Tickings, muslins, flannels, table and toweling drapers, table cloths, umbrellas, parasols, ribbons, stockings, gloves, linen, cambric and silk handkerchiefs, laces, edgings and insertings, cap nets, tarleton, swiss, book, mull, jaconet and cambric muslins; an elegant assortment of

Cheap Bonnets,

of the most fashionable kinds, Palm Leaf, Straw, and Braid Hats,

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE,

Carpet chain, hardware, &c., some handsome and cheap carpets, together with a variety of Goods in our line, which have all been laid in at low prices, and will be sold cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

We respectfully invite every body to call and judge for themselves, as we are determined to offer great bargains.

J. L. STERNER & CO.

April 4, 1850

Spring and Summer Dry Goods,

At the Cheap Wholesale and Retail Dry-goods Store of

ARNOLD & LEVI,

WHO are now opening the largest, handsomest, and cheapest assortment of Spring and Summer Goods ever brought to Carlisle, among which will be found a beautiful selection of

Ladies Dress Goods,

new styles; plain, changeable and striped Silks; Barages, Silk Tissues, Berage de Laines, Lawns, Linen Lustres, Mouslin de Laines; French, English, American and Scotch Ginghams; French and English Chintzes; Figured, striped, bared & plain Swiss and Book Muslins; Linen Cambric Handkherchiefs, French Worked Collars, Thread and Cotton Laces, and Edgings.

Bonnets & Ribbons,

of every kind, quality and price. Parasols & Sun Shades, a very handsome assortment.

DOMESTICS! DOMESTICS!!

Our stock of Domestics can not be excelled this side of Philadelphia. Purchased previous to the advance in cotton, we are enabled to sell 20 per cent. cheaper than those who purchased this spring. We have Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Osnaburgs, bleached and unbleached Table Diapers.

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

The largest assortment ever brought to Carlisle, which we are determined to sell 10 per cent. cheaper than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere, Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths.

Boots & Shoes, for Men, Boys, Women and Children.

A Fresh Supply of Groceries, such as Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Molasses, &c. very cheap.

Persons wishing to purchase good and cheap goods, will do well to call and examine our extensive assortment before purchasing elsewhere.

Carlisle, March 28, 1850

The Cheap Store!

THE subscribers have just returned from the city with the cheapest and best stock of DRY-GOODS, &c., ever brought to Carlisle. It consists in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets,

and Vestings; a great stock of summer goods for Men and Boys' wear, Mous de laines, Lawns, Ginghams, Bareges, Alpachas, Barege de laines, lots of Calicoes, Checks, Tickings, Muslins, Flannels, Table and Toweling Drapers, Table Cloths, Oil Cloths, Umbrellas and Parasols, Ribbons, Stockings, Gloves, Linen Cambric and Silk Handkerchiefs, Laces, Edgings and Insertings, of different kinds, Cap Nets, Tarleton, Swiss, Book, Mull, Jaconet and Cambric Muslins, Dotted Swiss Muslins, an elegant assortment of

Cheap Bonnets,

of the most fashionable kinds, Palm Leaf, Straw, and Braid Hats, Groceries, Queenswafe, Carpet Chain, Hardware, &c., some handsome and cheap *CARPETS*, together with a variety of Goods in our line, which have all been laid in for cash, and will be sold at lower prices than they can be bought at in the county. We respectfully invite every body to call and judge for themselves, as we are determined to offer great bargains this season.

A. & W. BENTZ.

March 21, 1850.

New and Cheap Store.

THE undersigned most respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening at the corner of North Hanover and Louther streets, at the stand formerly occupied by N. W. Woods, a well selected assortment of new

Spring Goods,

purchased at the lowest prices, and which I am determined to sell at small profits. Among these may be found

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings,

Tweed and Pantaloon Stuff at various prices. DRESS GOODS, new styles, and at low prices. Also Groceries in all their variety, viz: Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Molasses, Spices, &c., which will be sold low for cash. Please give me a call.

A. C. FETTER.

Carlisle, April 11, 1850

White-Washing out Done.

Who would White-wash a Room when they can buy Paper at 9 cents a piece?

HAVING made arrangement with the manufacturers at the East for a constant supply of Wall Paper, Borders, Prints for Fire Boards, and Window Blinds, I can sell them as low as they can be bought in Phialdlelphia. Persons wanting paper are requested to call and examine my stock, where they can be suited with any pattern of Room or Hall Paper and Borders in the greatest variety at least 20 per cent. less than any other place in town.

JOHN P. LYNE.

Carlisle, May 30, 1850.

Look this Way!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL YARD, in West High street, a few doors east of Messrs. J. & D. Rhoads' Warehouse, where he now has and will keep constantly on hand, a first rate assortment of all kinds of seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank, and all other kinds of Stuff, all of which he will sell low for cash. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Carlisle, April 4, 1850—tf

BAREGES and Silk Tissues. The subscriber is selling off his stock of Bareges and Silk Tissues at greatly reduced prices.

N. W. WOODS, Agt.

Poetical.

LIFE IS SWEET!

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a merry child;
And I love, I love to roam
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene—
Oh! the world is a fairy home.
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And the flowers are gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sunlight day—
Oh! the world is a world of light!"

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,
As he conn'd the storied page;
And he ponder'd on the days by gone,
And the fame of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he longed for riper years;
He clung to life—he dared its strife—
He felt no dread nor fears,

"Oh, life is sweet!" came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happier smile she gave the while
To the dear one by her side.
"Oh, life is sweet! for we shall live
Our constancy to prove;
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine,
Our solace in our love."

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child!
And she closer pressed to her gladdened breast
Her babe, who unconscious smiled.
"My life shall be for thee, my child,
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear,
From the tie that forms a part?"

"Oh, life is sweet!" said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His form was bent, his strength was spent—
Could life be sweet to him?
Oh, yes; for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung;
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

This life is sweet, from early youth
To weak enfeebled age;
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied stage—
Though rough, perchance, the path we tread,
And dark the sky above,
In every state there's something yet
To live for and to love.

Miscellaneous.

TRUTH AND HONESTY.

A BEAUTIFUL LESSON FOR A BOY.

Two boys of nearly the same age, were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous though not uncommon pastime, pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squars of the play ground, thinking by this means to avoid doing mischief. To the consternation of the thrower, a missile, instead of resting on the shoulders of the boy to whom it was aimed, entered the library window of one of the lordly mansions forming the quadrangle.

"Why don't you take to your heels, you blockhead; you will have the police after you whilst you are standing staring there!" was exclamation of his companion, and he caught him by the arm in order to drag him from the spot. The author of the mischief still retained his thoughtful position.

"If your father is obliged to pay for that you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, Jack," the other boy urged.

"Never mind, Tom, leave me to myself," was the reply, and the young delinquent moved, with unfaltering steps towards the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he unhesitatingly raised. The summon was answered by a footman.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he with some diffidence inquired.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him, if you please."

"That you can't do, my man, but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must, indeed I must, see the gentleman himself."

The earnestness and perseverance of the boy at length induced him to comply with his request, and opening the door of the library he apologized for asking his master to see a shabby little boy; adding that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman addressed, who having witnessed the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit. The poor child, whose ideas had never soared above his father's second floor stood, for some moments in stupified amazement, when ushered into an elegant apartment; but remembering the painful circumstances which had brought him into this scene of enchantment, he in some measure gained his self possession.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began in a faltering voice, "but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay you for it, but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it I will be sure to make it up;" and as he spoke, he drew a few half pence from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"That's an honest speech my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will fulfil your engagement!" returned Mr. Cavendish. Do you know that I could have sent you to the station house till the money is made up?"

"Oh, do not send me there, sir, it would break my poor mother's heart. I will pay you all—indeed I will sir;" and the poor boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I am glad you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings; and for *her* sake, I will trust to your honesty."

"Oh thank you, sir—thank you."

"But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate glass;" and as he spoke he glanced at the four half pence which the boy had spread out.

"This day week sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. And this hour I shall be at home to see you." Poor Jack made his very best bow and retired.

True to his appointment, our high principled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Cavendish's mansion.—As the footman had previously received orders to admit him, he was immediately shown into the library.

"I have a shilling for you to-day, sir," he said exultingly, and his countenance was radiant with smiles.

"Indeed that is a large sum for a boy like you to obtain in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?"

A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not a flush of shame.

"I earned every penny of it, excepting one my mother gave me to make it up," he energetically replied; and he proceeded to say that he had been on the look out for jobs all that week; that he had held the horse of one gentleman and run on an errand for another, and in this way he accounted for eleven pence.

"Your industry and perseverance do you credit my lad," Mr. Cavindish exclaimed, his benevolent countenance lighted up with a smile. And now I should like to know your name and place of residence."

"I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I shall be able to make it all up in a few weeks, for I am trying to get a situation as an errand boy."

"You can write, then? Do you go to school?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I go to a free school! and Jack stepped forward to take the pen which Mr. Cavendish held towards him.

"You write a tolerably good hand, my little man. You may, I think, do better than take an errand boy's place. Let me see if you have any knowledge of arithmetic." Jack stood boldly up and unhesitatingly replied to the various questions which were put to him. That will do, my good boy. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me more money?

"I will come again this time next week, if I'm alive and well, sir."

"That was wisely added, my lad; for our lives are not in our own keeping. This I see you have been taught."

Another week passed by, and again Jack appeared, but his countenance wore an aspect of sadness.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said, "I have been unfortunate, and have only a small sum to give you." And as he spoke he laid three penny worth of half pence before Mr. Cavendish. "I assure you, sir," he earnestly added, "I have offered my services to every gentleman on horseback that I could see."

"I believe you my boy, I am pleased with your honest intentions. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see, you have now paid 1s and 5d, that is not amiss for the time," and with an encouraging smile Mr. Cavendish suffered him to depart. Though Mr. C. had from the first concealed his intentions, his heart was planning a work of benevolence which was nothing less than to befriend the poor boy whose noble conduct had won his admiration. For this end he a few days subsequently paid the parents a visit, when he knew that the son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and proceeded to ask whether his conduct towards themselves was equally praiseworthy?

"Oh yes, sir," exclaimed the mother, her eyes filled with tears. "He has been a dutiful child to us, and always acts in this straight forward manner."

"He has, indeed, a noble spirit, sir," the father rejoined; "and I am as proud of him as if were a prince."

"Would you like to part with him?" Mr. Cavendish asked, "I have something in view for his future benefit."

"Undoubtedly we would for his benefit," was the reply of both.

"Well, then purchase him a new suit of apparel with these two guinies, and bring him to my residence this day week. I will acquaint you with my views for him for the future."

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents, nor could they find utterance.

When next our young hero came into the presence of his benefactor, his appearance was certainly altered for the better, tho' no disadvantage of dress could rob his noble countenance of its lofty expression.

Mr. C. had previously made arrangements for him to become an inmate of his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil in a neighboring school.

John Willian is now receiving a liberal education and enjoying all the advantages which wealth can procure. Such a sudden change of position and prospects would in many instances prove injurious to the moral character, but with a mind based upon solid principles, which our young friend possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

The above little sketch is authentic in every respect, excepting the names of the parties are concealed. The events occurred a few months ago, and are here made public, with the hope that the truth and honesty, and judicious benevolence exhibited, may stimulate others to "go and do likewise."

MONEY vs. MERIT.

UNDUE HOMAGE TO WEALTH.

"It lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend."
"To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just."

The homage that is so generally paid to wealth, and often without regard to merit, appears to us the consequence of a great weakness, if not worse. The inquiry with the thousands is not as to the virtue and purity of a man—not as to his integrity, disposition and principles, but his *world means!* They seem to imagine that money "covers a multitude of sins," and they are quite willing to be on terms of intimacy with individuals who are affluent, no matter what their errors of omission or commission, and utterly regardless of the mode by which they acquired fortune. Nay, if "these individuals" were poor, they would be shunned, contemned and despised, but being rich, they are courted and flattered. Is not this a sad error—and is it not calculated to teach the young that money is preferable to merit, that virtue may be sacrificed with impunity, provided thereby a fortune can be acquired! Is it not calculated to exalt vice and depress virtue—to corrupt the very sources and springs of integrity and principle? The evil to which we refer, is forcibly illustrated at this season of the year, and especially at the many summer resorts and fashionable watering places. Let a thoughtful observer mingle in the crowd at such "localities," inquire into histories; analyze character, and review conduct. He will discover that in far too many cases, those who are regarded as the possessors of the largest fortunes, who expend the most money and make the greatest display, are the flattered, the envied and courted; and this too, no matter how soiled they may be in fame, how darkened by misdeeds, how unfeeling or unprincipled in the affairs of ordinary life.

The idea of associating with the rich, appears to delude and fascinate weak minds. They indulge in the absurd error that such association excites the envy of the lookers-on, and that thus "the poor parasites" are elevated in the scale of society. And this too, although the money worshippers may be utterly stainless in character,—may have lived lives of integrity and well-doing—may, in fact, possess merit, talent and "good name," far above and beyond the mere possession of wealth—and wealth too, acquired by improper means. The sad delusion prevails to a fearful extent. Parents inculcate it by example.—They indirectly teach their children to seek out the wealthy for associates, even when the reputation of such associates will not bear the test of examination, while they turn away with coldness and indifference from the comparatively poor, however meritorious or unsullied. Only a few days since we heard a mother finish a portrait of a very dissolute young man, with the apologetic and unprincipled remark—"but, *he is very rich!*" The spirit and meaning of her language and manner were—"true, he is worthless and profligate—but *then* he possesses abundant means, and money is the God of our idolatry."

Let us not be misunderstood. It is desirable, very desirable to acquire a pecuniary independence, to live with comfort, not to say luxury. Nevertheless, *character* is far better than money, is "above and beyond all price," while principle is deathless, and influences and affects not only the thoughts, feelings and emotions of this life, but the complexion—the lights and shadows of that which is to come. A departure from the path of rectitude in early life, even with the object and the prospect of thereby securing a pecuniary advantage, is sure in the end to lead to fatal consequences. Let the young be taught that they may with impunity violate truth, outrage morality, and trample upon virtue, and their downward career will be rapid and ruinous. Success at first, world success, will only induce them to venture still further in the wrong path, and thus hasten their fall. Is he upright—is he honest—is he true?—These are the proper questions. Enterprise, activity, energy, are every way commendable. They are, indeed, essential to success in every pursuit of life. But with these, integrity and truth should invariably be associated. And thus, after having toiled on for years, and accumulated "enough and to spare," the conscience will be calm and tranquil, the mind satisfied, and the heart at ease. The past will have no terror, and the future will be contemplated with hope, promise and confidence. Let another course be pursued, let money be the *only* object, regardless of truth, integrity, benevolence and sympathy, and no fortune, however large, will soothe and satisfy—will "calm the spirit and tranquilize the soul." The "still, small voice" within will whisper words of admonition, and in quiet hours, when thought is restless, a thousand painful memories will come back, and with them a thousand pangs of sorrow, of regret and of remorse. The penalty, too, is *sure*. Even in this world, the punishment in most cases will be fearful. The individual who deliberately wrongs a neighbor, who cunningly darkens a reputation, who stealthily defrauds or wantonly injures, will find that "sooner or later" retribution, cool, bitter, but just, will be awarded. The only true policy for the erring is to make prompt and ample atonement. The task may be hard—and hence the urgent necessity for its execution. And yet there are individuals who live on for years in splendor and in affluence, who know and feel their indebtedness to others—(others who, from the force of circumstances, have become needy and in want,) and who yet lack the nerve, the manliness, the justice, and the generosity to requite the obligation. They feel the indebtedness, and they have the means; but with a spirit utterly unworthy, they shrink away from the subject, strive to forget it, or deceive themselves by some specious argument, into a shameful and atrocious neglect of their duty! Are there none such among our readers? Are there none who are *now* prosperous, who were *once* indigent, and who for years have been forgetful of their early benefactors? Are there none who worship wealth so thoroughly, as to have their perceptions upon all other subjects blunted and blinded? Are there none who neglect friends and neighbors, who are truly meritorious, to run after the profligate, the heartless, but the worldly and the wealthy? Are there, there, who labor under the strange delusion, that by moving in the society of the rich, they likewise will be supposed by the unsophisticated to be rich and will be envied also? Are there none who mistake money for merit, and in this mistake render themselves objects of ridicule and contempt—and "pawn their souls for an empty bauble?"

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDAL.

[A PARODY.]

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his FAREWELL shaft,
At the Benedict just to be married.

We married him quickly, to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning,
And we gazed as we stood by the lamp's dim light
To think he was no more deserning—

To think that a bachelor, free and bright,
And shy of the girls as we found him,
Should here by the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him!

Few and short were the words we said,
Though we heartily ate of the cakes,
Then carried him home from that scene of dread
And thought—how AWFULLY he shakes.

We thought as we grouped his lowly bed,
With the flowers, the torch, and the willow,
How the shovel and broomstick would break o'er his head,
And the tears he would shed on his pillow.

Said he, "they will talk of their friend who has gone,
And every old 'Bach' will upbraid me;
But nothing reck I, if they let me dream on,
'Neath the coverlet that as they've laid me."

But half of our weary task was done,
Ere the clock tolled the hour for the other;
And we left with the hope that the fate he had won
Would never be won by another!

RETIREMENT.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

—"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Serene soothing retirement! what rest thou bringeth to the care-worn mind, laden with anxieties, and swaying to and fro in the busy whirl of life's unsatisfying tumult.

Clothed with disappointment and vexation, man turns to thee for refuge, the gilded bait so long pursued has grown dim and the once keen eye of ambition is now half closed with weary gaze. Sated with all but happiness, he sighs for thee, nor sighs in folly; for fond

"Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days."

Back, back to the hours when sunshine and joy attended every step, flies the willing mind, and before it spring up in charming concord, the nooks, the glens, the hills, the flowers of "other days departed."

"How balmy from the banks of flowers
The zephyr breathes along."

Yes! 'tes the breeze that fanned my childhood's cheek; lo! it has returned once more. In thy serene embrace, O, solitude! it comes to hush my woes and bid me "in the lap of peace once more recline.

There are times when solitude will prove an antidote more sure than aught else beside; and there are hearts rough and rude as the unhewn oak, while mingling with the world, that melt to tenderness in its calm retreat.

Then sacred, thrice sacred, be retirement's amaranthine grove, where neither care, distrust, nor envy dwell.

Reader, try it! Go, when day's lingering light decays—go to the secret place where no intruder marks thy steps, and learn from solitude a lesson; and would'st thou have the full enjoyment of the hour, kneel you; kneel before "the throne," and hold an audience with the Deity, who, perchance, some bright plumed angel will send down to wipe thy tears away, and bid thee live for heaven.

"Death has been Busy."

When the year 1849 closed, remarks the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, it was thought to have been particularly fatal to great men; but 1850 threatens to be even more so. Already we have chronicled the demise of Calhoun, of Wordsworth, of Jeffrey, of Taylor and Peel, each, in his different sphere, a man who "leaves no parallel behind;" and now, as the foreign papers inform us, Louis Phillippe probably lies on his death bed, a victim like Napoleon, to cancer in his stomach. The past few years have made sad havoc indeed with those great names which, from our childhood, we have been accustomed to reverence. The giants in intellect—poets, philosophers, statesmen, military men—who formed and led the age have disappeared one after another, until few, or none are left. With Wordsworth departed the last of the great British poets of the nineteenth century. With Jeffrey went out the last light of that brilliant constellation of wits and poets who revived or rather founded criticism in this age. And now Taylor and Peel and Calhoun are no more; and the old intriguer, Louis Phillippe, threatens to follow them. How forcibly all this reminds us that we stand on the threshold of a new age, with new men all around us. Especially, as Americans, do we feel this. Calhoun has gone, and, in the order of Nature, Clay and Webster must soon follow. Taylor has gone, and Worth and Kearney, and others of the heroes of the Mexican war: and Scott, more aged than all, cannot be long behind, indeed, as he followed the corpse of the President to the grave, gloomy thoughts, akin to this we speak of, must have possessed him. With melancholy emotions we see the past take the place of the present; and the reflection arises "who are to take the place of those that are gone?" Alas! who?

An enthusiastic young gentleman resolved to gain a reputation as a poet, and to immortalize himself by his first production. He chose for his subject the "Thunder storm!" and commenced in the following beautiful strain:

The Thunder rolled from pole to pole,
The lightning spread from sky to sky,
And—and the cattle stuck up their tails and run—
And———and———

Here our aspirant poet became so exhausted that he fainted.—*Boston Post.*

DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE TEACHER'S MAGAZINE.

The Mother's Part.

Nothing is more important than education.—Every comfort, whether it be of a temporal or an eternal nature, depends upon it. "Education comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness and their future stations. To give children a good education in manners, arts and science, is important; to give them a religious education, is indispensible, and an awful responsibility rests on parents and guardians who neglect these duties." Thus says one of our best writers.

Our education commences at a very early period in our existence. The tender and helpless infant is a scholar, and learns daily, its lesson from both mother and nurse. It is a great mistake to suppose that our education does not begin until we are sent to school; for previously, to this time of life, much is learned which is either pernicious or beneficial. Sound moral principle may be implanted in the human bosom at a very early day, by precept, and especially by example. A child will learn to falsify, and to use profane language, as soon as it can command the organs of speech; and certainly it can be instructed to regard the truth, and employ good language. These remarks we make, that we may prepare the way to say that every mother should be a teacher, and should give daily lessons to the prattling babe which she dandles so fondly on her knee. The mother has the formation of her child's manners, principles and language. What is more natural than that a child should look up to, and copy after its mother? And what can be more certain, than that rudeness of manner and language on the part of a mother, will produce the same qualities in the manner and language of the child.

Mothers should be exceedingly watchful over every word which they utter, and every action which they perform, and especially when in the presence of their little pupils.

Mothers cannot be too careful in guarding against *prevarication*. I use the term prevarication, meaning thereby those departures from the truth which characterise so many mothers and nurses, when they wish to enforce obedience on the part of their little charge. And that I may be fully comprehended, I will illustrate what I mean by asking mothers how often they tell their children that "a drunken man will catch them if they do so and so." The impropriety of this must be apparent to every reflecting mother. I have known older children, under whose care the younger ones were placed, employ precisely the same means when they wished to be obeyed. These children had learned the design of language; they knew that what they said was false, but they had good authority. Their mother taught them. In this way, mothers, without intending it, instruct their children to utter falsehoods calmly and deliberately, when they wish to accomplish an end. It would be much better to use the rod when children prove disobedient, because this means has the desired effect and implants no immoral principle. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chastiseth him betimes."

Every attention should be given by mothers to teach their children a correct orthoepy. The practice of talking what is termed "*baby talk*," is absurd and abominable. But, notwithstanding this, we often hear mothers of good education and refined taste, conversing with their children after this style. Mothers would be astonished and offended were teachers to give lessons to their children in this pretty and loving language. But upon what grounds could they find fault, while they, instead of teaching their children to pronounce correctly, teach them by their daily conversation the most outlandish orthoepy.

I would not have mothers employ high-flown words; this I would condemn in any one, but I would have them use chaste language, and give every word its proper and full pronounciation. The propriety of this must appear plainly to all. Children learn to talk by hearing others talk, and as they hear others talk, so will they learn to talk. No one is heard so much by a child as his mother and nurse. Now if the mother or nurse employ an improper pronoundiation of words when conversing with them, it is evident that they will contract the habit. Those who think differently, attribute more wisdom to the child, than is possessed by the mother. In my estimation, a bad orthoepy would be a good and sufficient reason for dismissing the most careful nurse. By attention to the matter under consideration, much time, labor, and expense would be saved. A clear enunciation and a correct pronunciation, would be acquired by children ere they would leave the nursery.

Another duty, to which we would ask the attention of mothers, is that of answering questions. The human mind manifests a disposition to gather information at an early period. At first those things which attract its attention, and a desire to know what they are for, is immediately exhibited. The desire should always be satisfied, when made known under proper circumstances. Mothers know how inquisitive children are. It is true this inquisitiveness is oftentimes perplexing, in consequence of its untimely indulgence. This, however, can be regulated by a little care. To be a little more explicit. Children often present inquiries while their mother is engaged, and cannot return an answer conveniently. How to act under such circumstances has perhaps perplexed mothers frequently. My opinion is that abruptness should by all means be avoided; because at this important time, if children are treated angrily, they may cease their inquiries, and in this way the avenue to their minds will be closed, at least for a time. It would be much better to inform the little inquirer, in a kind manner, that its inquiry would be answered at a more convenient time. If this course is adopted, the spirit is not quenched, and the child is taught patience. Very little care would train a child to act properly while seeking information.

There is nothing more deeply interesting than to see a child sitting at its mother's side inquiring for information. And a mother cannot be more profitably engaged, than in pouring ideas into the mind of her child; for in this way she is to lay the foundation upon which her future happiness and comfort, as far as her children are concerned will be built. At this time the mind of her child is open to receive instruction, moral and literary, and if she improves her time and opportunity, her child will doubtless be a blessing to her and to the community; but if she does not, it may become a curse to both.

Mothers, let me urge you to encourage your children to seek for information. By all means answer their questions, and teach them to inquire after things which are important. In this way, you will furnish, beautify and adorn that spacious apartment which our beneficent Creator has given them. Giving does not impoverish you, nor does withholding enrich you; but the former will enrich your child, and the latter will impoverish it. Nature directs your little one to look to you for mental, as well as physical food, and you might with as much propriety deny the latter as the former.

Mothers should be careful to teach their children benevolence. Much is done in the nursery towards forming a child's disposition. A scolding Mother will, nine cases out of ten, have scolding, brawling children; while a quiet, meek, but firm Mother, will be blessed with an orderly, peaceable and benevolent family. There is nothing more admirable, than a family knit together by the tender strands of love. And there is nothing more disgusting, than a snarling, quarreling household. By every desire for your own respectability and that of your family, let me say to you, Mothers, be gentle with your children, and by your example teach them to be gentle with each other and with their playmates.

These things may appear trifling in the estimation of some; but let all remember that this world is made up of trifles, and Mothers should not disregard the things of which we have been speaking, because they appear trifling. A drop of water is a trifle, but the oceans are made of such *trifles*. A grain of sand is insignificant; but this earth is composed of such grains. The mind must be brought out by degrees. A child must be taught first principles. A moral and literary education has a beginning. There is an ocean, in a literary and moral sense, composed of drops. This ocean cannot be swallowed at once; but by drops it may be consumed. We are shut up to trifles at the commencement of an education. First, we lay the foundation, then we build the superstructure; but it is unwise to despise the foundation, while we admire the superstructure whose permanence depends upon it. That Mother who will neglect her child's education, because she must stoop to trifles in leading out its mind, will have a sorry account to give of her stewardship.

There are duties which are peculiar to a Mother, and which cannot be imposed upon others; and those Mothers who free themselves of these duties, by engaging a private tutor, scarcely deserve the name. We have known Mothers to dismiss their children from their presence rudely, when they sought information. How unnatural this seems. A child has, or ought to have, a high regard for its mother. It thinks that its Mother knows every thing, and laboring under this impression, comes for instruction. Now how can any parent drive the little inquirer away, when a word or two would satisfy its mind, and encourage it to pursue the path of knowledge.

Mothers, you cannot be engaged in a more honorable, profitable, or important work, than this. That little child has an immortal spirit. This immortal spirit wishes to know something about the works of its Creator; and what can be more honorable, profitable, or important, and what should be more interesting to you, than to satisfy it, and thereby add fuel to the fire already kindled.

George Washington was an inquisitive lad, and no doubt he asked many trifling questions; but he had a mother who delighted to give him information and counsel. To George Washington's mother is to be ascribed much of his greatness. But if this great man's mother had driven him from her side, when he approached and inquired, what might have been the result? It is difficult to tell. We may however, suppose one result, and that is: our beloved land might yet be under British control. What great results are produced by trifles.

Mothers! perform your part. Have a care, a constant care, over you children's moral and literary education. Commence early, and continue long; for you will be richly rewarded.

HORSE JOCKIES.

If any of our unsophisticated readers have ever had anything to do with a genuine, unmitigated, bona fide horse jockey, they will possibly be able to sympathise with a certain Frenchman, a passage of whose history has recently come to our knowledge.

The emigrant in question, having adopted this country as his residence, wanted to procure for himself an animal, the use of whose legs should serve instead of his own, in the various peregrinations he designed making in the prosecution of his search after knowledge. Being little acquainted either with horse jockies or horse flesh, he was grievously taken in by a cheat in the purchase of a steed. He gave him a hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, that had been fattened up to sell, and turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind and wind broken. The Frenchman, on discovering that he had been cheated, went to request the jockey to take back the animal and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I have fetch back de mare horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back."

"Your pocket back!" returned the jockey, feigning surprise, "I don't understand you."

"You not stand under me!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously, "you not stand under me! Sare, by gar, you be one grand rascalle—you lie like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de leetle mountain? eh!"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean."

"Oui, Monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You sell me one mare-horse for one hundred dollar—he no vort one hundred cent, by gar."

"What's the matter with the beast?"

"Mattair! Sacre! Mattair do you say? Vy he is all mattair—he no go at all—he got no leg—no feet, no vind—he blind—like one stone vid dat eye—he go vheeze-o, veheeze-o, like one forge-hammer-bellows—he no go over at all de ground—he no travelle two mile in tree day. Oui, sare, he is one grand sheat. You must take him, and fund de money back."

"Refund the money! Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Vat! You no fund him back de money? You sheaty me vid one hundred dollar horse, dat no can go at all!"

"I never promised you that he would go."

"By gar! vat is one horse good for ven he no go? He is no better as one dend shackass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take the mare-horse back and give me my money vat I pay for him?"

"No sir, I cannot—'twas a fair bargain—your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentliman de turf! You be no gentliman at all—you be no turf—mon Dieu! you be one Turque—one Shew—one sacre dam deceptione. You sheaty your own born moder—you play one rascalle trick on you gotten feder. You 'ave no principalle—"

"The *interest* is what I look at."

"Yes, sare, your interest is no principalle. You be one grand rascalle sheat. Mon Dieu! vere you die ven you go to? heh! Le Diable black he fetch you no time quick, by gar."

Failing to obtain redress of the jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his "mare-horse" to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer proved to be as great a rogue as the jockey; for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the animal.

"By gar!" said the Frenchman, in relating the story, "I be sheaty all round. De shock horse, he sheaty me in trade; and de auctioneer, he sheaty me in dispose of the hanimalle. He sell me de mare-horse for ten dollar, and by gar, he sharge me 'leven dollar for sell him. Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose 'leven and one hundred dollar all in my pocket clear, for one sacre dam, limp-lump, wheeze-vind, no see at all, good for nothing shade of a mare-horse, worse as nineteen dead shackasses, by gar!"

And so we leave him.

☞ If we would enjoy ourselves, we must take the world as it is—mix up a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there—a bright sky—a storm to-day—a calm to-morrow—the chill, piercing winds of autumn, and the bland, reviving air of summer.

COURAGE AND PRUDENCE.—Have the courage to speak your mind, when its necessary you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.