

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, & C. & C.

Edited and Published for the Proprietor, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 14.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1842.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.—NO. 7.

BARGAINS, BARGAINS.
Having added a large assortment of goods to my former stock, I will sell off the same at greatly reduced prices for cash.
Persons wishing to supply themselves with very cheap Cassimere, Cassimere, Flannels, Vestings, Merinoes, Beavers, Calicoes, Bombazines, &c. &c. will do well to call, as I am determined to sell as low as if not lower, than any establishment in the borough.
At the old stand, opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.
CHAS. OGILBY.
Dec. 23, 1840.

LOOK HERE!
SELLING OFF!
The Subscribers offer their present Stock of Merchandise at reduced prices, and will continue at such prices until all is sold. A large portion of their Stock is offered at Cost.
HITNER & MULVANY.
Carlisle, Dec. 30, 1840.

NEW GOODS.
The subscribers has just returned from the city and is now opening some very desirable seasonable GOODS, consisting in part of Invisible Green, Brown, Diamond, Pilot, Beaver, Black Wool dyed, Blue, Adeline, Gilet and Gilet.
CLOTHS,
Wool dyed Black, Blue, and figured; Cassimeres; Satinets of all descriptions; Coles and figured; Cartrights; Saxony, Prince and Mouse de Laines; Bombazines; Merinoes, blue black, black, Maroon, Fawn, Brown, Figured and Plain Silks; Figured and Plain Swiss and Jaconet Muslins; Green Bazaie and Flannels of different colours; Gloves and Hosiery; Cloves and Fur Caps; Brocade and Merino Shawls; Mackinaw, Rose and Point Blankets; Leghorns and Straw Bonnets; together with an assortment of
Groceries & Queensware.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Persons are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.
ANDREW REYNOLDS.
Carlisle, Dec. 23, 1840.

NOTICE.
Estate of Archibald Peck, deceased.
LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Archibald Peck, late of the borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber residing in the borough of Carlisle aforesaid, and he is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them, properly authenticated for settlement.
CYRUS RICHARDSON, Executor.
Dec. 23, 1840.—6t

Insurance Against Fire
BY THE
North America Insurance Company,
Philadelphia.
CAPITAL \$600,000.
THE above company through their Agency in Carlisle, insure all kinds of property in this and the adjoining counties at the lowest rates. The usual risk on stone or brick houses averages about \$4 per annum on each thousand, and insured at a rate of merchandise consisting of dry goods, groceries, and the usual assortment of country store, will be insured at the same rate.
Property holders and merchants generally throughout this and the adjoining counties, will please give the above notice attention. Application can be made either by letter or in person to the subscriber in Carlisle.
JOHN J. MYERS.
Dec. 3, 1840.—3m

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Water Proof Boots, Ladies and Gentlemen's Oversees, Children's Gum and Leather Shoes, and every other description of Boots and Shoes, for sale unusually low at the Boot and Shoe store opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.
CHAS. OGILBY.
Dec. 23, 1840.

Spent Capitals
FOR JANUARY.
Virginia Leeburg Lottery.
Class A for 1841.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, 29th of Jan. 1841.
GRAND CAPITALS.
\$30,000—\$10,000.
\$5,000, 5,000, 2,500, 1,0173.
\$7-100—Half \$25—Quarters \$250.
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets \$130
Do do 25 Half do 65
Do do 25 Quarter do 32 50
Orders for Tickets and Shares or Certificates of Packages in the above Lottery, are promptly attended to and the drawing sent immediately after it is over. Address,
D. S. GREGORY, & Co., Managers,
Washington City, D. C.
Dec. 23, 1840.

To Mothers—Children Teaching.
At this period, we are aware that these little ones, which are near and dear to us, suffer very early, and therefore take this opportunity of informing the public of the great benefit derived from the use of Dr. Paris' Soothing Syrup for Children Cutting Teeth. This medicine is found to produce relief as soon as it is applied to the Gums; it is pleasant and effectual. I feel happy in recommending it to the public, as I am certain it will save many nights of sweet repose to parents and nurses, besides preventing those dangerous symptoms which sly thousands annually.
WM. JONES,
Ninth street, above Willow.
For sale by Dr. J. J. Myers & Co., Carlisle; and Wm. Peal, Shippensburg, Pa.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR COLDS.
Many people are very apt to consider a cold but a trifling matter, and to think that "it will go away of itself in a day or two," that they give themselves no trouble about it. But, had they but seen the "careful of your colds"—do not tamper with your constitutions. If you desire to live to a good old age, be careful to take such remedies as will effect an early and speedy cure. Dr. Snow's Compound Syrup of Prunes, Virginia or Wild Cherry, has cured more colds than any other medicine offered for sale in this country. The certificate of cures effected by this invaluable medicine, which the proprietor is daily receiving, are of the most gratifying character, and tend to show its superiority, and the high rank it holds in public estimation.
The above medicine can be had at the Drug Store of J. J. Myers & Co., Carlisle, and of Wm. Peal, Shippensburg, Pa.

MANTILLAS of a new style, just received at the New Store in Shippensburg, Pa. by
ARNOLD & ABRAMS.
BEST RATE QUALITY OF BEAVER CLOTH, just received at the New Store in Shippensburg, Pa. by
ARNOLD & ABRAMS.

OLD WINTER'S SOLILOQUY.
From the Northampton Courier.
Old Winter jumped up from his icy bed,
And thus to himself said he:
"Aha! old Autumn at last is dead,
The red leaves are lying around his head;
He left all his business to me, (he said),
Now what's to be done?—let's see."
He ripened the fruits of the teeming plain,
He said, as he went his way:
"The rich green leaves, and the waving grain,
He's tinged with a golden hue again,
And the farmer has reaped for his toil and pain.
Now, what can I do, but play?"

Old Winter passed on, in his robe of snow,
A frolicsome wight is he,
And he said to himself, "I'll go,
And whistle along, as a sort of a beau,
For those ladies who'd like a better, you know,
But have to take up with me."
Old Winter indulged in his schemes of bliss
"I'll be fairly snug with glee;
"O' my says he to himself, "what a capital life
I'll have on the cheek of the pert young miss,
Till her blushes are red as a rose at this—
What matter is that to me?"

Old Winter, and 'er dale I'll ride along,
And wither the herbage green;
And sing a snatch of my favorite song
As I rave and rattle the bluffs among,
Till all the people shall say I'm come
In my sparkling car, I woen."

The Frost Spirit.
From the Essex Gazette.
He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods, and blasted fields,
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
He has striated the leaves of the gray old trees,
Where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds which follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.
He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
From the frozen north he comes,
Which the white bear wanders o'er;
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below,
In the useless cold of the atmosphere,
Into marble statues grow.
He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
On the rubbing northern blast
And the dark Norwegian mist have loved
As his fearful breath went past;
With an unseem'd wing he has hurried on,
Where the fire of Hecla glow,
On the darkly beautiful sky above,
And the ancient ice below.
He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
And the quiet life shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
And the streams which danced on the broken rock
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall flow again, and the winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.
He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
Let him come, he comes as we may,
And turn with light of the pasture fire
His evil power away;
When the sun's rays are on the circle round,
When that fire-light dances loud,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by!

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE TASK:
OR, HOW TO WIN A MISTRESS.
AN AFFECTING STORY OF THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS.
BY LEIGH BENT.

"Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.
"We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.
"The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight.—They measured the mountain with their eyes; they commended with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he had to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.
"The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with

pretty pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew what to do with.
"The father said, 'Now, sir, put an end to this mummery,' and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.
"The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if to encourage his mistress; they mount the hill; they proceed well; he hauls an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gaudied, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and top; he rushes; he stops; he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eye. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now, he is all but at the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level, he staggers, but it is forward. Year: every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See at last he is on the top and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! he has won! Now he has as a right to caress his mistress; and she is embracing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

"The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the top of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top, the lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.
"Traitor!—exclaimed the baron, 'thou hast trampled this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise! 'You cannot expect it, sir,' said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: 'Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed.'
"Part them! said the baron.
"Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. 'These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. 'God forbid they should ever be parted more,' said a venerable man; 'they never can be.' He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—'Sir, they are dead!'

LADIES—THINK OF THIS.
"Vile men owe much of their villainous women of character, who hardly ever scruple to receive them to their society, if the men are rich, talented and fashionable, even though they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to other women."
"Who said that? It is 'true as a book'—and truer than a great many books which are written in these days, and that do not contain half so much value as is embraced in the foregoing paragraph. It is astonishing to us that ladies, both married and unmarried, who appear to value their characters and who certainly move with much honor in society, will receive into their parties and carousals—may, will not hesitate to be seen in public places, arm-in-arm with men whose characters are pretty well understood to be bad in the worst sense that should be odious and abominable to a pure female mind. We have seen the society of such people honored and preferred over men of exemplary characters, merely because the latter could not be called rich or fashionable. Such an error as this in the female sex is a positive injury to the cause of sound morals. Ladies need not wonder at the iniquity there is in the other sex, as long as they do not make guilt a disqualifying circumstance against them. They should scorn even the approach of such wretches—for wretches they are, though high in office and as rich as Croesus—and repel their presence as an affront and insult to their sex. Let them do this, and the guilty would soon fall to the ignominious level to which their infamous conduct should reduce them. We would not be unjust in this matter, but really we never can see ladies of quality allowing themselves, under any circumstances, in the company of men whose chastity is suspected, without having our own fears that all is not innocent on their own side. A woman, as well as a man, should be known by the company she keeps."

GREEN ROOM DROLLERIES.
AN EXTREME TRAVELER.
It was a cold February night, and there was an audience on. The play was King Lear, and there was no 'back out' in the manager. The individual who composed the audience had exposed himself in the pit, and he was ashamed to 'back out' too, though it was evident he was in an uncommon fix; and would gladly have been any where else than where he was. Up drew the curtain, and on walked the natural son of an unnatural brother, Edmund.
"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," he commenced the actor, and so proceeded in his twenty lines soliloquy, about half way, when he suddenly stopped, and walking forward to the foot lights, addressed the audience, who, as well he seen, was an old and intimate acquaintance.
"Jack, I am sorry to see the house so uncomfortably crowded, and as it seems impossible for you to obtain a seat, I hope you will go home immediately."
"O never mind," said the audience, "I am quite comfortable, and I beg you will not put yourself out on my account. Tell the other ladies and gentlemen, old King Lear and the rest, to come on, for I am a liberal and enlightened audience, I assure you, and have an especial devotion to Shakespeare." Saying which, the audience took his stick and gave himself a numerous round of applause.
"The actor, though a bold and facetious fellow, had broken through the rules of the theatre, as far as he thought well for the time, and with a laugh and a wink at his friend, the audience, he went on and completed his soliloquy.
The play progressed. The whole company was in receipt of full salaries, and the manager had been suffering a severe run of hard luck; so, even one, the company, however disagreeable the duty to act under such circumstances, had neither right or inclination to thwart his wishes. The consideration, however, could not keep down the factious spirit of the comedians, and as a natural consequence, the extravaganza tragedy was transformed into about the richest burlesque that was ever enacted upon any stage. Through the first two acts the actors kept within tolerable bounds, hoping the audience would get sick and dismiss himself, but he was too wide awake for that; he was an old familiar among the players, and seeing the fun brewing, he heroically kept his seat in the middle of the pit. Between the acts he amused himself with a little "boots," "physic," introducing also the elegant variation of whistling, stamping, crunching peanuts, and imitating all the customary sounds of a crowded auditory.
The third act opened and advanced, and scarcely a line was spoken that was not so perverted as to furnish glorious matter for a book of comic illustrations. The wag of an audience abandoned himself heart and soul to the sport, now joining in a word with the actor, and again applauding with his stick and disporting himself in extacies of laughter.
Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, footed thing as thou art! said tottering Lear, looking at and pointing, addressing the jolly individual in the pit. Presently afterwards mad Edgar exclaimed, "This is the foul fiend, Fibber-tigibbet; he begins at curfew and walks till the second cock! &c., pointing directly at the same good humored worshipper of the drama.
"Stop, stop the play," said the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, be kind enough to wait a few moments, will you, till I go to the bar and get a little warm beverage!"
"Peace, smolking peace, thou foul fiend!" roared poor mad Tom, adding, "I say, Jack, let that be for two while your's about it!"
In the fourth act a black boy walked on to the stage with a number of smoking glasses of hot drink upon a waiter, and all idea of acting the play properly was now entirely abandoned, the players stopped at once, took the tumblers in their hands, and then went on speaking and drinking, touching glasses, and laughing beyond all control or restraint at the supremely extraordinary and ridiculous scene that was going forward. The audience had continued to send the boy round to the private entrance, with orders to march directly on to the stage and suffer no person to stop him, which commission the little nigger faithfully executed.
The fifth act went on, and Lear, coming staggering on in the last scene with dead Cordelia in his arms exclaiming, "Howl, howl, howl, howl!" "Ladies and gentlemen will you do me the favor to howl?" This wound up the play, for the man in the pit instantly rose and commenced howling like a dog—the actors joined in, and a sudden and irresistible climax was given to the whole affair by the house dogs in the neighborhood setting up a vociferous serenade all around the theatre, which was continued in melodious echoes, by
"Maudie, grey head, mongrel grin,
Hot and stout, black and thin,
Boubah like and puglike tail,"
and every "Trix, Blinch and Sweet-heart" in the town!

The manager, ruing down the curtain himself—hoped the ladies and gentlemen had sufficiently amused themselves, and thought, after such a laughable tragedy, there would be no objection for a force, on peeping through the curtain he discovered the audience had concluded to go home.
Extravaganza, as this may all appear, it is the relation of an actual occurrence which

took place in Montgomery, Alabama, in the severe winter of 1835.—N. O. Picayune.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.
Walking the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never-ending toils of the wife, whose burdens and duties and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an historical. Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty; they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to "woman's sphere." Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or shortcoming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform.
We protest, then, against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must—most of them—have been written by some fustly bachelors who know no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserve to have been sent to bed by the prodigious of their wives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so often represented?—Men sometimes declare that their wives extravagances have picked their pockets, that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as far as her husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.
Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "lady love" had not been invited. After marriage is he always particular? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it frequently happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the preceding day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to the same place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhelped. How often it happens that her kindest efforts pass unobserved, and unwarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by her fault-finding husband. How often it happens, even while the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside.
Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember that your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice, a choice based probably on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brother's and sister's at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; and make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love could prompt, and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes and to lighten your burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which prompted so much without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform these kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife; left her own home for yours; but sadder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that

you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased!
Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love?
Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. But forget not that a wife is more than a housekeeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery the man is the aggressor.

A FARMER'S LIFE AND DUTIES.
If we were ever envious, and to be honest, reader, we have been, and that too often—it was of the farmer; the intelligent, independent and happy farmer, who owned his land, his house and his barn; who was free from debt, whose family was growing and prospering around him, upon whom God seemed to have smiled and blessed in his basket and in his store. We have seen such a farmer and could point to a hundred such in our state; and in sober truth, we know of no man so happy, and no business so permanently profitable, none indeed, that makes the owner so independent, and places him so far above board. To begin with an independent farmer: He has his house to live in, it is his own; he has earned it by the labor of his hands. He has granaries filled with the productions of his farm, his barn with the stock reared, and the hay raised upon his farm. His cellars are filled with his produce, and half a hundred kinds of the necessities and luxuries of life. Almost every thing necessary to feed him and his family, grows up around him. He may lead his ox to the slaughter, raise his own pork, fatten and kill his own sheep, eat his own poultry, devour his own eggs, live upon his own home-grown and home-made bread, weave his own cloth, raise his own wool and his own leather, knit his own stockings, through the agency of his wife and daughter, after all, the two most necessary appendages to a good farm and independent farmer; make his own butter and cheese, in short, live like a prince, and dress comfortably, without going from his own homestead. All this is no fiction, and it is the fact that there is no fiction in this picture that makes the farmer the most independent man in the community. Fairly in business, he wants less money than almost any man to pursue the even tenor of his way, because his business is of a character to require less money than any other.
An independent farmer, however, is not altogether independent of the community where he is, or of any business profession; and the more intelligent a farmer is, the more readily will his dependence be felt and acknowledged. It is only more independent than his neighbor of another profession, but by no means altogether independent of him. For example, he could not consume all that he produced even if he had a whole school district instead of his own family. He must have labor in seed time and harvest, and through the summer, to give him a helping hand in the production and harvesting of his crops. His laborers must have money. He must have a hundred little nick nacks at home, all of which cost money, and which money is to be had only by the productions of his farm. Taxes must be paid, for the most part, in money. Iron does not grow every where, and his tools must be bought and paid for. Horses and oxen want shoeing. There must be ploughs, and axes, and nails, and a hundred other implements which are cash articles, and which are to be bought with the very money received for the produce carried to market. Again, children are to be educated, and in the establishment of good schools begins the first duty of a good farmer.

"The farmer who is indifferent to education neither knows his own interest, nor cares a penny for the interest of his children, or his neighbor's children, or the community, or posterity, any body but himself and his benefactor. Education, then, costs money, and a good farmer will give abundantly if he is able to contribute to the support of all the purposes of education. The pupil, too, is to be supported, and is to be well supplied almost in just proportion to the money paid for his study. A minister to be sure, is not to make money his god, or the one object of the first object of his preaching. But as he is a man, he will value money, and he is worse than an infidel to be indifferent to the purse, base as it is, which is to give bread to himself and family. A talented preacher will preach generally where he is best paid for it, or at least where they will keep

him, his wife and children from actual starvation; which by the way is not always the case. Cheap ministers, cheap schoolmasters; and almost every thing in the way of cheap, wares are cheap enough, that is, they are so dear, that if you make a business of employing the one and purchasing the other, you are ten to one likely to go doubly ignorant, and to be doubly poor. Is not so? Good preaching, like good schools, costs money. Tho' more independent than his neighbor of another profession, yet experience tells us that he is far from being altogether independent of him. To be happy and to make his life a useful one, he must be intelligent, in possession of the means of knowledge, especially that kind of knowledge which relates to his own profession. He must use the means which God has given him; and we have shown that his gifts are abundant, to be happy himself, and contribute to the peace and happiness of those around him. Is justice to himself he will employ his evenings in the acquisition of knowledge. He will be a reader of useful books, a liberal supporter of the public press, which brings, or may bring daily, or almost daily, at his door, the newspaper which gives him the history of the whole world for one day. Such a farmer as this we have seen; and one who in his life fulfills all his duties to his God and his fellow man, is the happiest, the most independent, and among the best of men.

"BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY."
So say we. There's no use in rubbing one's eyes and blubbering over "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Red eyes, caused by anything but bradley, or its kindred, are scandalous looking affairs. The best way is to "stand up to the rack," and make the good things and the evil as they come along, without repining—always cheering yourself with that philosophical ejaculation, "better laugh than cry!"
Is Dame Fortune as shy as a wasp?—Tell her to go to Jericho and laugh in her face. The happiest fellow we ever saw, slept upon a plank, and had not a shilling in his pocket, nor a coat to his back.
Do you find "disappointment lurking in many a prize?" Then throw it away and laugh at your own folly for so long pursuing it.
Does fame chafe your grasp? Then laugh at the fools that are so often her favorites. She's of no consequence any how, and never buttered a piece of bread or furnished a man a clean dirty shirt.
Is your heart broken by
"Some maiden fair,
Of bright blue eyes and auburn hair?"
Then thank your stars that you escaped with your neck, and make the welkin ring with a hearty laugh. It lightens the weight on one's heart amazingly.
"Take our advice on all circumstances to 'laugh dull care away!' Don't be in a hurry to get out of the world—it's a very good world, considering the creatures who inhabit it, and is about as full of fun as it can be. You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face; it's a grand preventive of suicide. There's philosophy, and religion too, in laughing—it shows a clear conscience and sincere gratitude for the good things of life, and elevates us above the brute creation. So here goes for fun, and we'll put in for our share while the ball is rolling."

WOMAN.—Perhaps one of the most independent and endearing qualifications of feminine character is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her line may not be sculptured in the lines of beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendor, but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome, and the glance is fraught with eloquent devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above "gold or rubies." A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unappreciated; but the open retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a stern and frigid duty.

DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD WIFE.—She had not a car for a sick, Sam, but a capital eye for dirt, and for poor folks, that's much better. No one never could as much dirt in my house as a fly could brush off with his wings. Boston gals may boast of their spinnets, and their gizzars, and their eyelash aits, and their ears for music, but give me the gal, I say, that has an eye for dirt, for she's the girl for my money.—Sam Stick.

The London Times shows, incidentally, in the course of an article on the subject of the Treaty with Texas, what England expects to gain by the recognition of the young Republic. The following is an extract:
"By affording new openings for our commerce, there must spring many advantages from this treaty. Texas should be, for position, the greatest cotton growing country in the world, which pursuit, joined with her great agricultural resources, must preclude for centuries any rivalry with our manufactures. It will be, of course, the policy of the new state to improve that intercourse by low and moderate duties. As Texas increases in her population and power, it is not anticipating too much to hope that she may form, that counterpoise in the south which the Canada are in the north to the U. States.

look place in Montgomery, Alabama, in the severe winter of 1835.—N. O. Picayune.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.
Walking the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never-ending toils of the wife, whose burdens and duties and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an historical. Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty; they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to "woman's sphere." Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or shortcoming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform.
We protest, then, against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must—most of them—have been written by some fustly bachelors who know no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserve to have been sent to bed by the prodigious of their wives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so often represented?—Men sometimes declare that their wives extravagances have picked their pockets, that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as far as her husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.
Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "lady love" had not been invited. After marriage is he always particular? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it frequently happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the preceding day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to the same place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhelped. How often it happens that her kindest efforts pass unobserved, and unwarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by her fault-finding husband. How often it happens, even while the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside.
Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember that your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice, a choice based probably on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brother's and sister's at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; and make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love could prompt, and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes and to lighten your burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which prompted so much without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform these kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife; left her own home for yours; but sadder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that

you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased!
Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love?
Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. But forget not that a wife is more than a housekeeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery the man is the aggressor.

A FARMER'S LIFE AND DUTIES.
If we were ever envious, and to be honest, reader, we have been, and that too often—it was of the farmer; the intelligent, independent and happy farmer, who owned his land, his house and his barn; who was free from debt, whose family was growing and prospering around him, upon whom God seemed to have smiled and blessed in his basket and in his store. We have seen such a farmer and could point to a hundred such in our state; and in sober truth, we know of no man so happy, and no business so permanently profitable, none indeed, that makes the owner so independent, and places him so far above board. To begin with an independent farmer: He has his house to live in, it is his own; he has earned it by the labor of his hands. He has granaries filled with the productions of his farm, his barn with the stock reared, and the hay raised upon his farm. His cellars are filled with his produce, and half a hundred kinds of the necessities and luxuries of life. Almost every thing necessary to feed him and his family, grows up around him. He may lead his ox to the slaughter, raise his own pork, fatten and kill his own sheep, eat his own poultry, devour his own eggs, live upon his own home-grown and home-made bread, weave his own cloth, raise his own wool and his own leather, knit his own stockings, through the agency of his wife and daughter, after all, the two most necessary appendages to a good farm and independent farmer; make his own butter and cheese, in short, live like a prince, and dress comfortably, without going from his own homestead. All this is no fiction, and it is the fact that there is no fiction in this picture that makes the farmer the most independent man in the community. Fairly in business, he wants less money than almost any man to pursue the even tenor of his way, because