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. 20. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5,—NO. 18.

Garden Seeds.

I HAVE just received my usual supply of fresh Garden Seeds, which may be had either in papers or in bulk, at the agency store of

JOHN GRAY.

Carlisle, March 3, 1841.—3t

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Venditioni Exponas to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Cumberland, will be exposed to public sale, on Saturday the 27th day of March, 1841, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court House in the borough of Carlisle, the following described Real Estate, viz:

A Tract of Land situate in North Middleton township, Cumberland county, containing Ninety-six acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Abraham Hetrick, William Baker, ——— Hartman, David Coble and others, having thereon erected a large TWO STORY STONE HOUSE, a large STONE BANK BARN, and other out houses.—Seized and taken in execution as the property of Peter Hetrick.

Also, A lot of ground situate in the borough of Carlisle, bounded by a lot of Jacob Ducy on the West, ——— Richardson the East, an Alley on the South, North street on the North, containing 60 feet in breadth, and 240 feet in depth, more or less. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Robert D. Guthrie, dec'd.

Also, A lot of ground situate in Monroe township, Cumberland county, containing one acre and forty perches, more or less, having thereon erected, a Tan House, Bark Shade, Blacksmith Shop, and other out houses; there are 25 vats and 3 latches in said Tan Yard. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Thomas Williamson.

Also, A Lot of Ground, situate in the borough of Carlisle, containing 42 feet in breadth, and 240 feet in depth, more or less, adjoining a lot of Rufus E. Shepley on the east, an alley on the north, a lot of Mrs. Boyle on the west, and Louther street on the south, having thereon erected, a TWO STORY LOG HOUSE, and other out houses. Seized and taken in execution as the property of John Early.

And all to be sold by me.

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Carlisle, Feb. 13, 1841. } 3t

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Estate of Andrew Shower, dec'd.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Andrew Shower, late of West Pennsborough township, deceased, having issued to the subscriber in due form: Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent, to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement.

JOHN FISHBURN, Executor of Andrew Shower, dec'd.

Westpennsboro' tp } Feb. 17, 1841.—6t.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Copper, Sheet Iron and Tin Ware

Manufactory

THE SUBSCRIBER, thankful for past favors, would inform the public, that he continues to manufacture at his old stand in North Hanover street, Carlisle, opposite Coraman's hotel, every article in the line of his business, such as

COPPER STILLS,

Wash Kettles, Dye Kettles, Hatters' Kettles, House Spouting, and every variety of

Tin-Ware,

Drums, Stove Pipe, Dripping Pans, &c.

He also offers for sale

Cooking, Parlour, Chamber and Office

Stoves,

for wood or coal, of every variety and pattern—all of which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

JACOB FRIDLEY.

N. B. He also has for sale the improved Rotary Cooking Stoves, which are superior to any ever offered in this place. J. F.

Carlisle, Feb. 3, 1841.—3m

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Water Proof Boots, Ladies and Gentlemen's Overshoes, Children's Gum and Leather Shoes, and every other description of Boots and Shoes, for sale unusually low at the Hat and Shoe store opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 23, 1840.

For Rent.

That large and commodious Stone House, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Forney, together with nearly two lots of ground, in Louther street, near the spring, will be rented for one year only; any person wishing to view the property will call on either of the subscribers.

GEO. W. SHEAFFER, JACOB SHROM, } *Executors.*

Carlisle, Feb. 10, 1841.—tf

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* Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Flannels, Vestings, Merinoes, Beaverteens, Calicoes, Bombazines, &c. &c. &c. will do well to call, as I am determined to sell as low, if not lower, than any establishment in the borough.

At the old stand, opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 23, 1840.

To Mothers—Children Teething.

At this period, we are aware that these little ones, which are near and dear to us, suffer very much. I therefore take this opportunity of informing the public of the great benefit derived from the use of Dr. Parls Soothing Syrup for Children Cutting Teeth. This medicine I found to produce relief, as soon as 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 slay thousands annually.

WM. JONES, Ninth street, above Willow.

For sale by Dr. J. J. Myers & Co., Carlisle; and Wm. Peal, Shippensburg, Pa.

MANTILLAS of a new style, just received at the New Store in Shippensburg, and for sale by ARNOLD & ADEAMS.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Baltimore American Farmer.

THE ROLLER.

CARLISLE, Feb. 14, 1841.

To the Editor of the American Farmer:

For several years I have been in the habit of devoting all the time I could spare from a busy and professional life to the pleasures of agriculture. I mean the pleasure of seeing the business of a farm well done, and trying to discover how it might be done better. I flatter myself that I have succeeded in making some useful experiments, and have tested with various success the improvements and suggestions of others. Several years of experience has convinced me of the great usefulness of the roller, as applicable to every thing that a farm raises, and with the hope that it may induce the use of it by others, I have made the inclosed article for the "American Farmer," to which I feel under some obligation to contribute something in return for the much pleasure and information which I have derived from its columns in several years.

Respectfully, FRED'K. WATTS.

Amongst all the implements of husbandry, in point of usefulness, the roller ranks second only to the plough; its value in many particulars is so obvious, that it is really remarkable that it is not in more general use. I have thought that a suggestion of some of them through the medium of your paper, might make impressions which would lead to experiments, which I have great confidence in believing would be accomplished with profitable results. Wheat, which is most benefitted by its use, should be rolled three times;—first immediately after the seed is sowed and harrowed or ploughed into the ground, by which the seed is compactly fixed in the earth, prepared for immediate growth, and exempting it from the injury incident to its partial exposure in loose and often lumpy ground.—Again, as late in the fall as the season will allow, whereby the earth, after its exposure to the fall rains and perhaps frosts, is fixed compactly about the roots of the plant—thus well prepared to receive the winds and cold of winter; and again as early in the spring as the ground is dry enough to receive the roller without sticking to it, by which the plant, always more or less forced to the surface by the frosts of winter, is again restored to its place and finally fixed—prepared to commence its growth with the first genial rays of the spring sun. Every farmer, however limited his observation, knows that the effect of the winter and early spring is to crack the ground; and if he will but take the pains closely to examine those cracks in the month of March, he will find the delicate roots of the wheat crossing them in all directions.—These roots are consequently exposed to the high winds and frosts of early spring, and is requires no argument to convince that the plant is much injured by such exposure; indeed, the same close examination at a later period will exhibit the exposed root entirely destroyed. The remedy for this is the roller, and it is effectual. It is at this period too that clover seed is sowed; the roller gives it a bed in the earth from which it immediately takes root without laying exposed upon the surface, awaiting the contingency of a heavy rain to give it place.

Besides the advantages to the grain, which I feel confident would be equal to five bushels to the acre, your field is made level and smooth, fit for the cradle or the grass scythe—an advantage which every farmer will readily appreciate.

Rolling is a speedy operation—two horses easily going over twelve acres a day with a roller properly made; and it is very light work for horses—more so than drawing the lightest harrow. I have known several persons to have abandoned the use of the roller, because it was hard on horses. This was attributable entirely to the mode of its construction; and that I may communicate more distinctly all the information that I have upon this subject, I hereto annex a rough draught of one which I have used upon my farm for several years. The rollers are solid, and each three feet and a half long, and twenty-two inches diameter. The principal frame is of stuff three and a half by four and a half inches, and rests upon the gudgeons of the rollers which are of iron, and kept in their place by straps of iron screwed on the lower side, one roller being about an inch and a half in advance of the other. The piece of timber between the rollers should be about an inch and a half thick by five inches wide in the centre—occupying little space by its thickness, and getting sufficient strength by its width. I would prefer rollers of greater diameter made of oak plank.—There should also be a trough the whole length of the frame erected upon it to be used for the purpose of giving additional weight to the roller when necessary, and which may also be used for the purpose of removing stone from the field which the driver may be employed in picking up as he passes along. W.

Gardening.

The season for gardening is fast approaching, and those who desire an early crop, have no time to lose in preparing for it.—The first thing which requires their attention, is to see that their garden is under good fences. If there is a single faulty pannel, the hogs and cattle will be sure to find it, and the labor of a whole season may be destroyed in a single night.

You should have prepared for your garden a sufficient quantity of well rotted stable manure, without which success in gardening cannot be expected in our country. This should be well and evenly mixed with the soil after it has been broken up deep with the plough or spade, and completely pulverized, and made light and friable. In soils where strong clay predominates, it may be necessary to use lime or ashes along with the manure; and sometimes a mixture of sand is highly advantageous.—After your garden is thus prepared, the next subject to be considered is the quality of the seed to be sown. These should be of the most perfect kind, saved from plants which had attained full maturity.

When your seed are sown, during the progress of their growth the ground should be worked, and every weed extirpated as soon as it makes its appearance, that your vegetables may have the advantage of all the moisture and nutritious particles contained in the soil. If the ground is not well broken up, and well worked afterwards, the consequence will be that soon after the young plants put forth their roots, they will meet with a hard and unfertilized stratum of earth which they cannot penetrate, and soon become sickly, and either die at once for want of nourishment, or at most attain but a meagre and unprofitable growth, and your crop will be deficient both in quantity and quality. Persons often complain of the climate and season, when their gardens fail, when the fault is in themselves, because of their want of care and industry in their proper cultivation.

Among the best succulent vegetables of the garden are beans, peas, carrots, potatoes, beets, egg-plants, tomatoes, squashes, parsnips, asparagus, oyster-plants, onions, &c.; some of these, particularly the egg and oyster plants, are too much neglected. They are highly nutritious and a great delicacy, and ought to be every where brought into common use. The vegetable raised in the greatest abundance, and mostly used by many persons, is the cabbage.

This is perhaps, in reality, the least nutritious of any thing raised in the garden—occupies much ground and is very unprofitable. When cooked, it is considered unwholesome, producing cholics and flatulency, and imparting very little nourishment. The ground occupied in the culture of cabbage as a food for man, might always be better employed.

Strawberries are a very grateful fruit and healthy. They can be raised to great perfection, and part of every garden should be set apart for them. The vine also, is worthy of attention; it is easily raised, and the grapes will furnish a delightful desert for your table.

Sufficient attention is not paid to gardening in our state. It is a healthy and pleasing employment as well as profitable. A well cultivated garden adds greatly to the comforts of a family, and yields a considerable portion of their sustenance. Where there is room enough you ought always to add to your kitchen garden, one filled with choice fruit and flowers. Almost every person beholds perfect fruits, and beautiful flowers, with a degree of pleasure which never palls upon the sense, and richly repays the labor of their production.

SAM SLICK'S DESCRIPTION OF A TETOTALER.—I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one them 'ere chaps. He was as thin as a whippin' post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamb that's living on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shafts, and head, and no belly; real gander-gutted looking critter, as hollor as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet-hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients you hungry, half-starved looking critter, you; you'd eat 'em up alive as sure as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulph.

NOT SO EASY.—An old gentleman who had studied theological subjects a little too much for his brains determined to try his luck at preaching, nothing doubting that matter and form would be given him without any preparation on his part. Accordingly on Sunday he ascended the pulpit, sung and prayed, read his text and then stopped. He stood a good while on one leg then on the other; casting his eyes towards the rafters, then on the floor—in a merciless quandary. At length language come to his relief: "If any of you down there think you can preach, just come up here and try it."

AN OLD KNIFE.—The Arkansas Star tells the story of an old knife, in the possession of a man in that State, which had formerly belonged to his grand-father.—There had been *four new blades* and *six new handles* put to it since it was first used, but it was the same old knife after all.

OLD IRELAND.

The annexed exquisite little gem is from the pen of "Phazma" (Mr. Field) of the New Orleans Picayune:

Old Erin, green Erin, has scattered o'er earth,
Wit, poetry, wisdom, and music and mirth;
The Emerald ever, though obtained in the sea,
Yields lustre to brighten the climes of the free;
Her statesmen, her warriors, her patriots roam,
And her prophets find honor in every land;
While Erin, poor Erin, still sits in the foam
Of old Ocean, yet weeps 'neath despotic command.
She's the birth-place of genius, but never the home;
She still rocks the cradle, but builds not the dome.
Ever like the green jewel, dispensing her rays
Though a diadem slave for a conqueror's gaze.
Yet proud and yet bright shall thy destiny be,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Drake's Tales of the Queen City.

Putting a Black-leg on Shore.

A numerous and peculiar race of modern gentlemen may be found in the valley of the Mississippi. A naturalist would probably describe them as a genius of bipeds, gregarious, amphibious and migratory. They seldom travel "solitary and alone;" are equally at home on land or water; and like certain vultures, spend most of their winters in Mississippi and Louisiana; their summers in the higher latitudes of Kentucky and Ohio. They dress with taste and elegance; carry gold chronometers in their pockets; and swear with the most genteel precision. They are supposed to entertain an especial abhorrence of the prevailing temperance fanaticism; and, as a matter of conscience, enter a daily protest against it, by sipping "mint-juleps" before breakfast, "hail-storms" at dinner, and "old Monongahela" at night. These gentlemen, moreover, are strong advocates of the race-course and the cock-pit; and, with a benevolence which they hold to be truly commendable, patronize modest merit, by playing *chaperon* to those wealthy young men who set out on the pilgrimage of life, before they have been fully initiated into its pleasures. Every where throughout the valley, these misletoe gentry are called by the original, if not altogether classic cognomen of "*Black-legs.*" The history of this euphoneous epithet, or the reason of its application to so distinguished a variety of humanity, is unknown. The subject is one of considerable interest, and worthy the early attention of the Historical Society, to which it is respectfully commended.

It was the fortune of the steamboat Sea Serpent of Cincinnati, commanded by Captain Snake, on her return from New Orleans in the spring of 1837, to number among her cabin passengers several highly respectable Black-legs. One of them, Major Marshal Montgomery, a native of the "Old Dominion," belonged to the Paul Clifford school; and indeed, had, for some years past, borne testimony to the merit of Mr. Bulwer's romances, by making the hero of one of them his great prototype. In stature, the Major was over six feet, muscular, and finely proportioned. His taste in dress was only surpassed by the courtliness of his manners, and the ready flow of his conversation. In what campaign he had won the laurels that gave him his military title, is unknown. It has been conjectured that the warlike prefix to his name, may have resulted from the luxuriant brace of black whiskers, which garnished his cheeks.

On a certain day, after dinner, the ladies having retired to their cabin for a *sciesta*, the gentlemen as usual sat down to cards, chess and back-gammon. The boat had just "wooded," and was nobly breasting the current of the river at the rate of eight knots an hour. Captain Snake, having nothing else to do, was fain to join in a rubber of whist; and it so happened that he and the Major were seated at the same table. This game, a the suggestion of Major Montgomery, was soon changed to "loo;" and, played with varying success, until at length a pool of considerable magnitude had accumulated. As the contest for the increasing stale advanced, much interest was excited among the by-standers, and still more in the players, with the exception of the Major, whose staid expression of countenance was a subject of general remark. He seemed careless about the run of the cards, and threw them as if quite regardless of the empting spoil that lay before him. At length the game was terminated. The fickle goddess disclosed her preference for the Major, by permitting him to win the "pool," amounting to near three hundred dollars. His success produced no outward signs of joy; he seemed, indeed, almost sorry to be compelled to take the money of his friends; and with much composure of manner, proposed to continue the play; making, at the same time, a very polite tender of his purse, to any gentleman at the table, who might need a temporary loan.

In the group of spectators there was a tall, spindle-legged young fellow from the Western Reserve in Ohio, who had been to the South with a boat of cheese, for the manufacture of which that thriving New England colony is becoming quite famous. The cheese-monger had been watching the game from the beginning, and at last, fixing his eyes upon the waning Major, said, in a low tone of voice, suited to a more lugubrious subject:

"Well, now, that's down slick, any how."

The Major looked up, found the gaze of the company turned upon him. Knitting his brows he said, sternly, in reply,

"Let's have no more of your Yankee impertinence."

"Now, Mister, continued Jonathan in his drawling tone and with provoking coolness of manner, "you had'nt ought to let them there little speckled paste-boards play hide and go seek in your coat sleeve."

This remark, accompanied with a knowing wink of the speaker's eye, instantly transformed the Major into a young earthquake. Springing upon his feet, as if bent on blood and carnage, he bawled out at the top of his voice,

"Do you mean to insinuate, you Yankee pedlar—you infernal wooden nutmeg, that I have cheated?"

The young cheese merchant, leisurely rolling a huge end of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and looking the Major steadfastly in the eye, replied with imperturbable gravity,

"Why, you're the beatomest chaps I ever seed: who insinevated that you cheated? I did'nt, no how; but if you don't behave a little genteeler, I conclude I'll tell as how I seed you slip a card under your sleeve, when you won that everlasting big pond of money."

"You are a liar," thundered the Major, in a perfect whirlwind, at the same time attempting to bring his bamboo in contact with the shoulders of his antagonist; but Jonathan caught the descending cane in his left hand; and, in turn, planted his dexter fist, with considerable impulse, on the lower end of the Major's breast bone, remarking,

"I say, Mister, make yourself skerse there, or you'll run right against the end of my arm."

Unfortunately for the reputation of Major Montgomery, at this moment, a card fell from his coat sleeve, and, with it, fell his courage, for he turned suddenly round to the table to secure the spoils of victory. The Captain, however, had saved him the trouble, having himself taken up the money, for the purpose of returning it to those to whom it rightfully belonged. The Major, finding that his winnings and his reputation were both departing, became once more highly excited, and uttered direful anathemas against those who might dare to question his honor.

It is, perhaps, generally known to the reader, that the captain of a steamboat on the western waters is, of necessity, as despotic as the Grand Turk. The safety of his boat, and the comfort of his passengers, in performing a long and perilous trip, require, indeed, that such should be the case. Between port and port he is sometimes called to act in the triple capacity of legislator, judge, and executioner. It is rumored, perhaps without any foundation, that in cases of great emergency, more than one of these commanders have seriously threatened a resort to the salutary influence of the "second section." Be this as it may, travellers on our western boats will consult their comfort and safety, by deporting themselves according to the gentlemanly principle. We throw out this hint for the public generally; and, in the fullness of our benevolence, commend it to the especial notice of tourists from the "fast anchored isle."

Captain Snake made no reply to the imprecations of the Major, having far too much respect for his official station, to permit himself to be drawn into a personal conflict with one of his passengers. Stepping to the cabin door, his clear shrill voice was heard above the din of the Major's volcanic burst of passion and the loud whiz of the Sea Serpent. Instantly the tinkle of the pilot's bell responded to the order of his commander, and the boat lay-to, near the lee shore. Again the captain's voice was heard.

"Jack! man the yawl; Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The Major looked round in utter astonishment. The Captain again called out,

"Steward! put Major Montgomery's trunk in the yawl; he wishes to go on shore!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The Major turned toward the Captain with a face indicating a mingled feeling of anger and dismay. He had seen too much of life in the West, not to understand the fate that awaited him. Before he could make up his mind as to the best mode of warding off the impending catastrophe, Jack bawled out, "the yawl is ready, sir;" and the steward cried, "the trunk is on board, sir."

Captain Snake bowed formally, and with a courteous, but singularly emphatic manner, said:

"Major Montgomery, the yawl waits."

The Major, however, retained his position near the card-table, and began to remonstrate against such very exceptionable treatment of a Virginia gentleman, whose character had never been questioned. He concluded by a broad intimation, that on their arrival at Cincinnati, he should hold the Captain personally responsible under the laws of honor. In reply, the Captain of the Sea Serpent bowed again most profoundly, and turning toward the door of the cabin, said calmly,

"Steward, call the Fireman to assist Major Montgomery into the yawl; he wishes to go on shore."

The redoutable Major, in the vain hope that the passengers would sustain him in the contest, now threw himself on his reserved rights, ran up the flag of nullification, and ferociously brandished his Bowie knife; at this moment the fireman made his appearance. He was a full grown Kentuckian, born on the cedar knobs of the Blue Licks, and raised on sulphur water, pone and possum fat. Like many of his countrymen, he was an aspiring fellow, for he stood six feet four in his moccasins, and exhibited corresponding developments of bone and muscle. Hatless and coatless, with naked arms, and a face blackened with smoke and ashes, he might have passed for one of old Vulcan's journeymen, who had been forging thunderbolts for Jupiter, in some *reigo-infernalis.* He stalked carelessly up to the bellocose Major, and before the latter was aware of it, seized the hand that held the upraised knife, and wrenched it from him. The next instant the Major found himself fairly within the brawny arms of his antagonist. He struggled stoutly to extricate his elegant person from such an embrace, but in vain. The fireman, displeased with the restless disposition of his captive, gave him one of those warm fraternal hugs, which an old bear is wont to bestow upon an unmannerly dog, that may venture to annoy his retreat from a farmer's hog pen. This loving squeeze so completely mollified the rebellious feelings of the Major, that he suffered himself to be passively led into the yawl. The Captain's shrill voice was again heard.

"Pull away, my boys, Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore."

The oars dipped into the water, and the yawl glided quickly to the beach. The afternoon was cloudy and dark; a drizzling rain was falling; the cotton-wood trees wore a funeral aspect; no vestige of a human habitation could be seen upon either shore, and the turbid waters of the Mississippi, were hastening onwards, as if to escape from such a gloomy place.

Many of the passengers supposed that after the Major had been disgraced by being set on shore, he would be suffered to return; but those who entertained this opinion knew very little of the character of Captain Snake. That Major Montgomery should be a black-leg, was in his estimation, no very heinous affair, for he held that in this republican country, and this democratic age, every man has a natural and inalienable right to choose his own occupation: But after having been permitted to play "loo" with the Captain of the fast running Sea Serpent, that the Major should slip a card, and then, lubberly rascal, be caught at it—this was too bad—absolutely unpardonable. There was something so vulgar, so very unprofessional in such conduct, that it was not to be tolerated.

The yawl touched the shore and was hastily disburdened of its trunk. The Major, however, after rising on his feet, looked wistfully back upon the Sea Serpent; and manifested no disposition to take refuge in a cane-break: Whereupon, the Captain becoming impatient, cried out,

"Fireman, lend a hand to assist Major Montgomery on shore."

The huge Kentuckian now began to approach the Major, who, having no particular relish for another fraternal hug, sprung to the beach, and sunk to his knees in mud. Thinking forbearance no longer a virtue, he poured out on the Captain a torrent of abuse; and, with wrathful oaths, threatened to publish him, and his ugly, snail-creeping steamer, from Orleans Point to the alligator swamps of the Blaize. The Captain made no reply, but the fireman, roused by hearing such opprobrious terms applied to his beloved Sea Serpent, called out in a voice, that was echoed from shore to shore,

"I say, Mr. Jack-of-knaves, it looks rather wolfy in these parts."

"Shut your black mouth, you scoundrel," retorted the Major, boiling over with rage.

"I say, stranger," continued the fireman with provoking good humor, "would you swap them buffalo robes on your cheeks for a pair of coon skins?"

The Major stooped down for a stone to hurl at his annoying foe, but alas, he stood in a bed of mortar, and no resource but that of firing another olley of curses.

"Hallo! my hearty," rejoined the fireman, "when you want to be rowed up 'Salt River' again, jist tip me the wink; and remember, Mr. King-of-Clubs, don't holler till you get out of the woods, or you'll frighten all the varmints."

During this colloquy, the young cheese-merchant stood on the guards of the boat a silent spectator, but at length, as if shocked by the dreadful profanity of the Major, he raised his voice and bawled out:

"I say, Mister, if you was away down East, I guess 'Squire Dagget would fine you ever so much for swaring so wicked—that's the how."

The pilot's bell tinkled, the wheels resumed their gyrations, and again the majestic Sea Serpent,

"Walked the water like a thing of life."

Jonathan, with a look in which the solemn and the comic were curiously blended, turned his eyes first towards the Captain, then upon the Major, and exclaimed:

"Well, now, the way these 'ere steam captains do things, is nothing to nobody, no how."

And thus terminated one of those little episodes in the drama of life, not uncommon on the Western waters.

GRAMMATICAL.—"Sammy," said a fond father to his son, who was just studying English grammar, "our cat caught a rat,—in which case is the noun cat in this sentence?" "The *nominative*" replied Sammy. "Very good—very good, indeed—but the rat,—is the rat in the nominative case, too?" "Why no, sir," hesitated Sammy, "the rat sir, is in—is in—yes sir, the rat is in—." "What?" "why sir, he's in a *very bad case* indeed, sir!" "You're a smart boy, Sammy, you are—you may go down head.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

BY CHARLES MINER, ESQ.

"Father, forgive them."

——Go, proud infidel—search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning; explore the works of Confucius—examine the precepts of Senaca and the writings of Socrates. Collect all the excellencies of the ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of the Saviour. Reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns, and led away to die, no annihilating curse breaks from his breast.—Sweet and placid as the aspirings of a mother for her nursling, ascends a prayer of mercy on his enemies. "Father, forgive them." O, it was worthy of its origin, and stamped with the bright seal of truth that his mission was from heaven!

Acquaintances, have you ever quarreled? Friends, have you differed? If he who is pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative; you shall forgive not seven times, but seven times seven!

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes make you petulent, and disappointment ruffles the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions, and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate, with care, the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not but eradicate the thorn that grows in your partner's path. Above all, let no feeling of revenge find harbor in your breast; let the sun never go down on your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be in a trifling concern—has a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice, and studious of revenge, walk through the fields when clad with verdure or adorned with flowers—to his eyes there is no beauty; the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as is his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable.—The smile of beauty lights not up his bosom with joy; but the furies of hell rage in his breast and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand on his breast and say, "Revenge, I cast thee from me; Father, forgive me, as I forgive mine enemies"—and nature assumes a new and delightful garniture. Then, indeed, are meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smiles of virtuous beauty lovely to his soul.

DESTROY LICE ON ANIMALS.—It is very probable that about this time some farmers who winter their cattle on straw, and trust for shelter to the lecward side of a fence, will find some of their cattle falling away, particularly the young ones, and it may be well to examine them, to see whether there are not lice about them. If they are found, take some mercurial ointment, or *unguentum*, and parting the hair around the neck, apply the ointment to the skin, so as to completely encircle it with a strip of the application. Some prefer filling a string with the ointment, and tying this around the neck closely. In using such mercurial preparations, they should never be applied in places where cattle can reach them with their own tongues, or be liable to be licked off by others.

COLLECTION OF CIONS FOR GRAFTING.—Grafts or cions may be cut the latter part of this month, and preserved until wanted for setting. Where circumstances admit, it is better to omit cutting the grafts until March, as the later they can remain without the circulation of the sap coming in them, the more likely they will be to succeed when set; still, as the winter offers great facilities for transmitting them uninjured, from one part of the country to another, it should be improved, only using great care to prevent the cions from becoming dry before they are wanted. There is more attention paid to the propagation of good fruit than there used to be; but much less now, than there should be where the difference in the profit as well as pleasure, in growing good apples over poor ones is taken into consideration.—*Albany Cultivator.*

SHORT HAND.—A gentleman remarkable for his humor, wrote as follows to a female relative:

How comes it this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?

To which she replied—

My worthy Coz, it cannot B;
U cannot come till after T.

Facts for the Ladies.—There is more truth than nonsense in the following. Ladies, read it and profit thereby:

"The credulity of woman on the subject of being loved is very great; they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and, on this foundation, build up castles in the air, and fill them with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and, when some startling fact destroys the vision, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved; but if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep your heart from loving."