

When the time came for me to speak my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed and stammered in opening my case.

This was the morning of me. Every body was curious to know why this new lawyer had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney General in the very outset.

Never did a miser grieve more on his money and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, and around it with my hands and gazed upon it.

Our meeting was joyous as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success.

The Cry for Bread. A Working-Man has addressed a series of letters to the Queen of England through the London Morning Chronicle, which have excited much attention.

It is not unknown to you, Madam, that among large bodies of my fellow-subjects there prevails an ill-defined, but strong opinion, that Whigs and Tories are alike their natural enemies.

THE RED MEN OF THE WEST.—The St. Louis Era states that a census was taken during the last attempt to negotiate a treaty with the Indian tribe of the Sees and Foxes, and the whole number of souls was found to be 2300.

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A Night in Berlin.

It was Christmas eve of the year 1443, and the night had set in black and starless; the hour was growing late, and within the walls of Berlin few persons were stirring.

The cold was bitter, and the snow crackled under the feet of the Elector's guards, as they paced up and down before the palace windows.

"What can the black brotherhood be about to-night?" said one of the soldiers. "There is as much stir in their old barracks as in a hive at swarming time."

"I would gladly know why his grace, the Elector, is called Frederick with the Iron Teeth? His teeth are like those of iron men; I marked them well a few days back at a hunting breakfast at Angermunde."

The elder of the Life-Guardsmen passed round the church, and concealing himself behind a projection of the wall, was enabled, unobserved, to watch the movements of the new-comers.

When they arrived at the gate of the monastery, one of the men struck three blows with the heavy iron knocker, and speedily a wicket protected by a thick grating was opened.

"Is it you, Meister Grampe?" inquired the lay brother who acted as porter. "Certainly, it is me; am I too late?"

Storkow was conducted by the corporal to a room in the palace, and there found the margrave Albert, who bade the soldier follow him.

The monks of the Domkloster were assembled in their sanctuary, each of them with a white scapulary over his black habit, and a long slender taper in his hand.

The simple but imposing miserere resounded solemnly under the lofty arch of the dome, which assumed more colossal dimensions when seen by the pale and quivering light of the wax tapers.

trayed the man-at-arms, whilst from below the mantle of the other the point of a long sword might be seen protruding.

In God's name and his saints, noble sirs, what do you wish? and who may you be that thus intrude into our pious monastery during the hour of prayer?

The two men, guided by the chanting of the monks, strode basely after the procession, which they overtook as it had descended a narrow winding staircase, and was entering a large vault whose high arched roof and damp mouldering walls were lighted up by pine wood torches.

The mournful sound of the miserere ceased, the monks placed themselves in a semicircle round the niche, and the abbot had begun to give the last benediction, when one of the strangers stepped forward and confronted him.

"What means all this, Sir Abbot? I demand here in a tone of menace, and whom are you about to wall up in yonder upright coffin?"

"Who dares to interrupt us in the performance of our official duties? Hold! Brother Guardian! Find out who these strangers are, and what their purpose."

"This needless trouble, Sir Abbot? My name is Albert. I am margrave of Ansbach, and I have just returned from my journey to give rough answers to unauthorized questions. His grace, the Elector Frederick, has sent me hither to bid you set at liberty the monk Anselmus, and to tell you that you have no longer jurisdiction over him. Ope him you must, or be prepared to feel the grip of his iron teeth; No murmurs! but release your prisoner."

"I know it all. He gives too good example of a holy life, and makes his brother monks blush for their iniquities and their ignorance."

"But you know not, Sir margrave, his shily rejoined the abbot, that he is a rebel to the authority of the church, and a disseverer in the canon law. Has he not studied, too, those dangerous and forbidden tongues, the Greek and Hebrew? Did we not discover in his cell the works of that arch-heretic and blasphemer John Huss; and, worse than all, a Latin version of that perilous and forbidden book called the New Testament, which abounds so much in poisonous heresies that but little of it can be safely read in the churches?"

"At these words the young monk, throwing off by a strong effort the languor caused by compulsory fasting and long confinement, turned upon his accuser."

"What have I said," he began in impassioned and thrilling tones, "that was not founded on the words of scripture, and prompted by a just horror at the growing corruptions of this most holy brotherhood? Well you know, Sir Abbot! that I am no rebel to the church, but a scholar seeking the truth, and ever ready to give a reason for the faith within me. If I have said or done evil, prove me guilty before the noble margrave, but if I have spoken truth, why am I condemned to a death too horrible for the worst of criminals?"

"Enough!" exclaimed the margrave.—Stepping suddenly forward he seized the captive by the arm, and bidding the tall guardsman cover his retreat, he hastened up to the narrow staircase with his prize.

DEATH AMONG PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.—In no preceding period in the history of our church, have we been called in so short a space, to witness the death of so many useful ministers. Since April last ten have fallen. Seven of these were of the Southern part of the Church, viz:—Messrs. Baxter, Jones, Holman, Phelps, Brackenridge, Sloss, and Winchester; two were from Pennsylvania, viz: Messrs. Tait and Terry, and one Mr. Linn from Ohio.

REGARD FOR THE SABBATH.—A petition has been circulated and extensively signed by the inhabitants of the midland counties of Virginia, praying the General Assembly to change the time of commencing the County Courts from Monday to Wednesday, as "under the present arrangement, a large number of the citizens of the State, whose business calls them to the courts, are compelled to devote a portion of the Sabbath for preparations for court, or in travelling to the court-houses."

Amongst the deaths occasioned at St. Augustine, Florida, by the prevailing fever there, of which intelligence has just reached us, we regret to notice that of Jacob Brown Esq., son of the late gallant Major General Brown. We observe that it is erroneously stated that this gentleman was a Paymaster in the army. He was only temporarily employed to pay militia and volunteers, and there is no necessity for a new appointment to supply his place.

GREAT BRITAIN, AS SHE IS.—This month of nations claims to have been in existence more than a thousand years. Her vast dominions cover nearly three million square miles. She possesses portions of each continent and a multitude of the islands of the ocean.

The greatness of her wealth, it is impossible to compute. Twenty-three thousand ships enter her ports during the year, which are laden with four and a half million tons of the wealth of distant climes. Twenty-five thousand carry forth during the same time three and a half million tons of her stores. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand vessels enter, and clear from her ports during the year, which are engaged in her coasting trade.

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Agricultural.

We copy from Greeley's "New York Tribune," the following notice of the Address delivered last week before the American Institute, New York, on the subject of Agriculture, by the Rev. Dr. Choules, of that city.

Mr. Choules enchaind the audience for an hour and a half by an excellent Address, full of practical information, and enriched by bursts of genuine eloquence. After remarking that our country is a term of wide and enduring import, he proceeded to a warm and glowing eulogium on the character of our people, the political and religious institutions of our country; the boundless enterprise to which they have given rise, and its fruits exhibited on every side in our thousands of ships, our four thousand miles of rail-roads, our gigantic strides towards affluence and greatness, and the general happiness of our people.

Mr. Choules vindicated himself as a public teacher of Christianity in appearing as a speaker on this occasion. He maintained that there is an intimate connection between physical and moral culture, and instanced the advantages which have arisen from the active exertions of clergymen in behalf of agricultural improvement.

The revival of agriculture commenced in Flanders some seven hundred years ago. Its soil was then a white sand—it is now the most fertile country of Europe.—There the farmer does not lumber—he does not fish—he does not speculate—he does not seek office. It is the maxim that the master's foot is the best manure. I have been considerably acquainted with our Western farmers, and I believe they would be benefited if one half of their lands were taken from them. In my judgment, a farm should resemble, as nearly as may be, a well cultivated garden. If the same produce can be realized from ten acres as from thirty, the advantages are invaluable.

Mr. C. noticed some gross errors which prevail in our cities, especially with respect to agriculture. It has been overlooked and undervalued in an insane struggle for sudden wealth. Speculation has been the universal passion. In one year we increased the valuation of our city property ninety millions of dollars. The whole community seemed to unite in one general conspiracy against the immutable law of our condition.

Mr. C. gave a rapid sketch of Agriculture since the days of Adam to the present. The first book of Culture as a science was published in England in the sixteenth century. The first reward for an essay on agriculture was given by that true patriot and statesman, Oliver Cromwell. But the glorious era from which all the triumphs of agriculture now date, is 1793, when, under the auspices of Pitt and Sinclair, an Agricultural Survey of England was ordered, and public attention directed to this important subject.

Mr. C. discussed generally the merits of different breeds of cattle, contending that our country hogs do not need further importation from abroad; that our best cattle are now equal to any others, and that our horses are superior to those of England.

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lectual improvement, and even for personal distinction. Mr. C. showed that agriculture affords the most tempting as well as surest opportunities for investment, even in a mere commercial view. Land is very cheap here, and rail-roads are bringing it to the doors of our cities. Almost every man might have a small farm if he pleased.

I wish I could induce our farmers (said Mr. C.) to think more highly of their own profession. I have regretted to see our young men taught to regard the duties of the farm as irksome drudgery. I have never witnessed or realized greater enjoyment than in a farm house, and even a log cabin. How have I been delighted through an evening spent in chemical experiments for useful purposes by a farmer's fireside!

Mr. C. dilated on the great benefits realized from the circulation of agricultural periodicals. He once undertook to tell, in passing through a town, what farmers took agricultural papers, from the appearance of their farms, and missed but once in thirteen times. The whole country is enriched by these papers. I almost envy the claims of Judge Buel on national gratitude.

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abled me to keep that vow inviolate to this day. I now feel it my duty to use all the influence I may ever have, to promote the glorious cause of temperance, and, if possible, to make restitution for some of the misery I have caused. But this I can only hope to do in part, and must look to God for forgiveness."

What an example is this!—Would that every rumseller might exhibit the same magnanimity of purpose, and yield to the same unavoidable conviction of truth, before conscience shall have lost her power, or the fire be extinguished upon the altar.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY. We were highly gratified to learn a few days since of the progress of Temperance in Captain Ringgold's company of Light Artillery stationed at Fort McHenry. Recently one-third of the whole company have joined their Temperance society, and among them, was one delighted to learn, was the first Sergeant Mr. F. Kurrin. The Society was formed in the company's routine in August last, and now numbers 51 members. The whole company contains, we believe, somewhere about 60 individuals. The advantages accruing to them from their reformation, may be estimated in part, when it is told, that the amount of drink formerly used averaged to each man an expense of 12 1/2 cents per day. They drank something like 2 lbs. of wine, 10 or 12 glasses of beer, and porter according, every week.

The society is gotten up after the recent models—the members give in their experience, and their pledge is total. Each one pays 6 1/2 cts upon joining, and 25 cts monthly thereafter. The officers are Mr. J. H. Carson, 3d Sergeant President; Mr. J. Tyler, Vice President, and Mr. A. M. Manning, Secretary.

As another evidence of the good effects of this voluntary reform, there has been of late a debating society formed among them, of which Serg't Kurrin is the president. It is all the officers and men take a marked interest in the cause, and encourage them.—Mt. Temp. Herald.

Our Cause in Cincinnati. Since our last paper went to press, we have had some of the most interesting temperance meetings ever held in this city, and probably not surpassed in interest by any held in all time west of the Alleghenies. Last Tuesday evening was a night to be remembered in this cause. Our old friends, Messrs. Pessenden and Storer were upon the platform among others, and the way the subscriptions to the pledge were put down was a caution to all dram-sellers and coffee-house keepers. The drinking men came forward by dozens at a time, amid the cheers of a house crowded to overflowing, and declared their adhesion to the cold-water army as new recruits. They had served under the black banner of old King Alcohol long enough, and to-night was the night of their desertion. Over fifty signed the pledge, and many of these were among the most interesting and influential drinking men we have in this city. Our other meetings have been attended with similar success.

Considerable numbers through the day, too, have signed the pledge. We have but just begun, and our cause has all the freshness of a new beginning. The temperance interest is rising higher and higher all over the city, and nothing short of a meeting every night will satisfy the desires of the public mind. This is wonderful. We cannot but acknowledge with gratitude the hand of God in this unparallelled movement. Every friend of humanity is called up to labor. Let every member of our great Washington Society be at his post, doing what he can, and a brighter page, than will be written, never has been written of the Queen city.—Western Temp. Jour.

MORE POISON.—A man of the name of William Wilson was found dead on Friday week morning on the walk in front of the Associate Reformed church in the borough of Erie, Pa. The deceased was seen the night previously intoxicated, and is supposed to have died of Wm injury sustained by falling and exposure during the night.

Notice. ESTATE OF FRANCIS HERRON, dec'd. LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of Francis Herron, late of the borough of Shippenburg, dec'd, have been granted to the subscriber residing in said borough. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement. W. M. McLANE, Adm'r. Nov. 3, 1841.—6t

PUBLIC SALE. WILL be sold at Public Sale, at the house of Mr. Peter McLaughlin in South Middleletown, Cumberland county, on Saturday the 27th day of November inst, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon in lots of from 10 to 15 acres. About 170 Acres of Valuable Chestnut Timber Land.

It happened on one occasion, late at night in winter, a neighbor whom I knew to be very intemperate, called as usual with his jug, for a quart of poison. After it was filled and paid for, he asked me in an imploring way, if I would trust him for a loaf of bread. I replied in the negative, but told him that I would take back the rum in exchange for a loaf. This, however, he promptly refused to do, and soon left the store.

My sympathy was awakened; and thinking his family might be in distress, I went into the house and succeeded in inducing my wife to go to their miserable hovel and ascertain the condition of the family. She soon returned with the sad tale of their misery. The drunken husband lay stretched and senseless upon a heap of dirty straw in a corner of the hovel, while the wife was bending over a single coal of fire, the remnant of their last stick of wood, and striving to quell the cries of their half-frozen and half-starved children. The storm howled fearfully without, and I thought of their miserable condition, and felt that I was the cause of all. It was enough. My eyes were opened, and I made an everlasting vow that I would never sell or taste another drop. Thanks to God, who has en-

Private Sale. The subscriber intending to remove from Carlisle, offers at private sale the new store BRICK HOUSE And half Lot of Ground, where he now resides, situate on the south side of West High street, in the borough of Carlisle, a few doors west of McFarland's Hotel. The building is large and commodious, well calculated for any kind of business, measuring in front 50 feet and extending back 100 feet, with a very convenient back building. There is a Stable on the South end of the lot, and other necessary out houses; the property is in complete order. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine for themselves. If not sold on or before the 15th day of December next, it will then be rented. Apply to CHARLES W. WEAVER, Carlisle, Nov. 3, 1841.—8t