

Carlisle Herald and Examiner.

I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER EXPOSITOR OF MY LIVING ACTIONS

CARLISLE, PENN.

Printed and Published Weekly

BY E. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLIV.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1842.

[NUMBER XLIV.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law,
Office No. 3 Beccles' Row, on the Public Square, Carlisle, Pa.
April 6, 1842.

P. F. BOB,
Attorney at Law
Office opposite the Carlisle Bank.
July 27, 1842.

JOHN W. HENDEL,
DENTIST,
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that he will attend to all dental operations such as *Cleaning, Plugging, and Extracting natural Teeth,* and inserting incorruptible artificial teeth from a single tooth to an entire set.
Office opposite M'Farlane's Hotel.
July 20, 1842.

FOR RENT,
A COMFORTABLE new brick DWELLING HOUSE. Rent moderate. Possession given immediately.
CHAS. OGLBY,
Carlisle, Aug. 10, 1842.

BRISK FLOUR,
JUST received, some Fresh Ground FLOUR of the best quality.
A. RICHARDS,
Carlisle, Aug. 24, 1842.

Valuable Building Lots
FOR SALE.
The subscriber offers for sale several Valuable BUILDING LOTS, on the street west of Dickinson College.
ROBERT EMORY,
September 21, 1842.

STATUTES
OF
DISCIPLINE COLLEGE.

CHAP. VIII.
1. All the funds for the use of a student, except in the cases hereafter named, shall be deposited with the General Treasurer, an officer appointed by the board of Trustees for that purpose, by whom they shall be disbursed; and if any student shall receive money from any other source than from the Treasurer, he shall be liable in case he does not receive immediately to deliver it to the Treasurer, it shall be regarded as a high offence.

2. The Treasurer shall ascertain, at the beginning of each session, what expenses each student is allowed to incur and he shall be strictly governed by such information in his disbursements.

3. The Treasurer shall furnish each student, that the Faculty may authorize, with a certified account book; and he shall pay no bill, unless previously entered in such certified book.

4. No student shall contract a bill to the amount of more than five dollars without an order from the Treasurer.

5. The Treasurer shall give preference to bills in the following order, viz:—For College fees—Board—Washing—Text books—all others according to the date of their entry in the student's book. But he shall, in no case, pay any bill for horse or carriage hire, confectionary, fruits, eatables of any kind, or other articles obviously unnecessary for a student at College.

6. He shall be at liberty to furnish, gratuitously, such an amount of pocket money as the parent or guardian may prescribe; provided it does not exceed what, in his judgment, with the advice of the President, the interests of the student and of the institution require.

7. In case any student shall borrow any money, or contract any bill, contrary to the rules of College, if the same be afterwards paid or caused to be paid, by his parent or guardian or other friend, such student shall be dealt with as for a high offence.

8. The Treasurer shall be in his office at a fixed period every month, of which due notice shall be given, for the transaction of his duties; at which time, merchants, mechanics and others, having bills against students, will call on him, for the payment of bills which they have previously entered in the student's account books.

9. In the monthly report of each student, the Treasurer shall state the items of expenditure since the last report, together with the amount of funds received.

10. The accounts of Students shall be at all times open to the inspection of the President and Faculty.

11. Neither the Treasurer, nor any other officer of the College shall, in any way, be held personally responsible for any bill of any student. The expenses of the Treasurer's Correspondence, in the discharge of his duties, shall be charged to the accounts of the Students concerned. As a compensation for his trouble and risk of loss, he may charge a commission of 2 per cent on all moneys paid out on the account of a student.

12. These provisions shall not apply to students, whose parents or guardians reside in the borough of Carlisle, nor (with the consent of the Faculty) to those who are over twenty-one years of age.
Carlisle, Sept. 19, 1842.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber, in returning his sincere thanks to his friends and the customers for their favors, thus far bestowed upon him, takes pleasure in informing them that he is still prepared to execute any and every order they may stand in need of in his line, as respects the finishing of NEW CARRIAGES, or the repairing of old ones, at his Coach & Harness Manufactory in Carlisle, and hopes from an earnest desire to please all who may be disposed to give him a call, to merit a continuance of their custom, and offers the following

RARE CHANCE
to farmers and dealers generally, on account of the scarcity of money, the undersigned is induced to hold out to every man an opportunity of purchasing a Carriage for

TRADE
for which will be taken the following produce and merchandize, to wit:—
Iron, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Flour, Corn, Oats, Wheat, Rye,

and any and every kind of Store Goods, or almost any kind of trade goods. Now is your chance Farmers, call and look for yourselves, you who had an excuse for not attending Church or visiting friends, there is no excuse for young, old, lame, blind, or those without CARRIAGES.

BRASS AND SILVER PLATING
of all kinds, done at the shortest notice, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

Establishment.
Pitt street, South of High, in the rear of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and immediately opposite the residence of Mr. John Noble.

Old Carriages, taken in exchange for new ones, and repaired done with neatness and dispatch, and on very reasonable terms.

Please then give me a call along with the rest of the Coach Makers. I will be pleased to see all, and acknowledge my thanks for their patronage. BENNEZER D. NUTZ,
August 24, 1842.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

The First Death of the Household.

Oh, many a mournful year hath flown,
Since first amid our family band
Death came, and stole our loved one,
And bore her to the spirit land.
Yet shined with many a sweet, sad thought,
That loved and memory fingers still;
For all she left a void that night
But mournful thoughts could fill.

Years have passed by, I said, and yet
It only seems the other day.
Since round her dying bed we met,
With breaking hearts to weep and pray.
Her gentle soul we strove to think,
Would linger yet amid earth's flowers,
Even when 'twas trembling on the brink
Of lovelier worlds than ours.
Yet there, e'en when all hope had flown,
We wept away each lingering hour,
Until the shades of death came down,
And closed at last the slanting hour.
For one so patient and resigned,
For if she mourn'd 'twas but to leave
Such breaking hearts behind.

She died, 'Tis death could scarcely chill
Her smiling beauties, tho' she lay
With cold extended limbs, for still
Her face looked fairer than the day.
Those eyes once eloquent with bliss,
Were closed as soft as shutting flowers,
Oh! few could bear a sight like this—
Yet such a sight was ours.
How slowly wore that long, long day,
Like spirits in some haunted place
We'd sit and sigh, then steal away
To look once more on that pale face.
We could not think her soul had part
The awful hour of mortal death.
That that warm heart was cold at last
That loved us more than life.
And when the funeral rite was said,
They bore her from her happy home,
And left her with the silent dead,
A pale-faced tenant of the tomb.
They weaned no marble 'mid the flowers,
Above her grave to mark the spot;
Yet many a heart was fain to stir
Still holds her undimmed.

Months passed, yet still our sorrow gush'd,
The free, glad laugh no more was heard,
And many a little voice was hushed,
That used to warble like a bird.
And though at times we strove to smile
Sincerely, for each other's sake,
We wept in secret all the while,
As if our hearts would break.
Yet why should death be linked with fear?
A single breath, a low drawn sigh
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And waft the spirit to the sky.
Such was her end, A calm release,
No clings to this mortal coil,
She closed her eyes, and stood in peace
Before a smiling God.

THE REPOSITORY.

WHAT IS DUTY?

By ELLEN ASHTON.

"Mother, do not ask me," sobbed a weeping girl, clasping her hands and looking up into her parent's face. "Oh! could you know my heart you would see that I am not disobedient. But I cannot love Mr. Bartlett—indeed, indeed I cannot. Death would be more preferable to me than such a union."
"Really, Miss," said the step-mother, "these are fine times when a daughter thus sets at defiance the wishes of a parent. I will not, however, submit to such disobedience. I command you now to prepare for your marriage with Mr. Bartlett," and with these words she turned to leave the room. But her daughter clung to her robe.

"Oh! mother, dear mother," she said, "retract those dreadful words. Never have I disobeyed any command of yours, but this I cannot obey. If my heart was my own, I might school it perhaps to love even Mr. Bartlett; but I love another, and cannot follow your command."

Henry Alford indeed—a poor, starving, unknown physician, who, I dare say cheats his landlady and washerwoman out of their bills, and who is never heard of in good society! We'll see whether you'll plight your troth to him, a beggarly fortune hunter, who, if he could get your money would not care how soon he saw you in your grave."

"He is no fortune-hunter," indignantly replied Mary, "and for his family, it is as good as our own. If he sought what you call good society, its doors would be thrown wide open to him. If he is poor, is that a crime? I have enough for both," and then changing her tone, and bursting again into tears, for her over-wrought feelings would be no longer controlled, she continued, "Oh! dear mother, forgive me if I talk thus, for Henry Alford is the noblest of men, and your own heart will assure you that you wrong him. I learned to love him years since, when we were both children, and he was yet a ward of my father. I intended to have told you all long ago, but you favored Mr. Bartlett so much that I delayed it from day to day. If you will not consent to my union with Henry," she continued, speaking so rapidly and eagerly that her mother could not interrupt her, "at least do not force me to marry Mr. Bartlett. I can never love any one but Henry, yet I will promise not to marry him without your consent—only do not compel me to give my hand where I cannot bestow my heart."

"I have heard quite enough," said the mother, speaking in those tones of forced calmness which extreme anger affords, "and now go to your room. We will see who is to conquer. Go, I say."

Mary did not reply, but silently left the room; though the hot tears rolled down her cheeks, and her tottering steps could scarcely support her, for well she knew by those calm tones, and by the ominous eye of her parent that her fate was decreed, and that her mother was inexorable.

While this conversation was going on in the luxurious mansion of Mrs. Swanson, two persons sat in a sparsely but yet decently furnished physician's office, in one of the principal streets of the city. The youngest speaker was one whose ample forehead and intelligent eye bespoke him possessed of more than ordinary intellect. He was on the point of speaking.

"In this emergency, Penrose, I look to you for counsel. You know Mary—you know also how deeply I love her, and that the dear girl has promised to be mine. But I fear we will never win the mother's consent—and Mary will never marry without it. I know that Mrs. Swanson has fixed her heart on a union between this Mr. Bartlett and her daughter, and that everything that can, will be done to bring about the marriage. But I know the sweet girl on this point will be firm; though her mother's entreaties should change to persecution. Mrs. Swanson however—for I know her character—will say when she learns all, that I am a fortune hunter, and nothing more will be necessary to prove the charge in the eyes of most persons, than the mere fact that I am poor and Mary is rich. My only heritage is a good name, and shall I sacrifice it, even though innocent?"

"I scarcely know what to advise," replied Penrose, "for though we ought to pay some deference to the world's opinion, yet I should never hesitate to act when-ever I thought I was right. Perhaps, in your situation, I would await the turn of events. In Mary's circumstances I would disregard a step-mother's commands without a minute's delay; for though, as a general rule, we are bound to obey our parents, yet, in the matter of marriage, where the happiness of our whole life depends on our choice, we ought to exercise, in a measure, our own will, and if we have given our love to a worthy object, and the opposition of our parents is factious and tyrannical, we ought to follow our own judgment and not theirs. It is true young persons are very apt to bestow their affections on unworthy objects, and to imagine that their parents oppose their love unreasonably, and we should, therefore, be very cautious in marrying against the wishes of natural advisers. But in your case there can be no doubt. I am older than you and married. I may advise you, therefore, with the more freedom. But you come of a proud spirited race, and I predict that since Mrs. Swanson has called you fortune-hunter, you will not marry Mary; when, if she were poor, and could be brought to elope, you would wed her to-morrow."

"That, Mary, will never do; and though no doubt you are right in all you have said, yet I would rather my wife should obey than disobey her parent; even when that parent's injustice and tyranny is clear."

"And I honor you for it. I should not, under the circumstances, blame Mary if she was to elope, but I love her more for her refusal," and with these words the conversation closed.

Time passed. Now that Mrs. Swanson had learned that Henry Alford was her daughter's lover, all interviews between them were rendered impossible by her Argus eyes. Mary was closely confined to the house, and allowed to see no one unless

in the presence of her mother. The persecutions to which the poor girl was now subjected, would have subdued many a weaker heart, but Mary, though yielding in little things, had a latent firmness, which greater emergencies called forth; and she rose superior to all the taunts and vexations to which she was subjected, for the consciousness of rectitude cheered her amidst all. Her constancy was the more self-sustained because she had not heard from her lover for weeks, and because there was no female friend on whom she could lean in her distress; but left alone and unaided, she could only think of Henry, and resolve to suffer for his sake. It may seem strange that Mrs. Swanson should possess such power to tyrannize over her step-daughter, but Mary's now deceased father had married his second wife late in life, and the bride, thus brought into his household, had soon managed to obtain such control over him, that when he died he left her a large portion of his fortune, and the unlimited guardianship of his child. Perhaps, if her step-mother had not been thus specially invested with her father's authority, Mary would have paused ere she promised not to marry without her consent; but now she felt called on, as it were, by a voice from the tomb, to obey her mother's commands to that extent, though she could not make herself unhappy for life by marrying Mr. Bartlett.

Many were the attempts made by Henry Alford to obtain an interview with Mary, or, even to convey to her a letter, but in every instance, without success. At length, conscious that Mary would never marry without Mrs. Swanson's consent, and unable longer to endure the misery of being so near and yet not beholding her, Henry left the city for the far west, determined there to accumulate a fortune, and return to support her, for well she knew by those calm tones, and by the ominous eye of her parent that her fate was decreed, and that her mother was inexorable.

Years elapsed. Henry Alford was now a distinguished man, and rapidly acquiring wealth, when one day he was called to a neighboring village inn, to see a sick lady. What was his surprise, on entering the room, to recognize Mrs. Swanson, now pale and emaciated and evidently dying. The room in which she lay—a scantily furnished garret—betokened that a change had befallen her worldly circumstances. Henry's heart fluttered, and he glanced his eye around the room, in search of a well known form. Mrs. Swanson was equally surprised with himself. She was, however, the first to speak, and it was in a humble and penitent tone.

"God be praised for the unexpected meeting," she said, raising her eyes to heaven, "for I can now repair a grievous wrong ere I die. She is here," the sufferer exclaimed, as Mary entered the room, "God bless you both, my children, and forgive me the evil I intended you."

"We will not attempt to describe the meeting of the long separated lovers.—A few words of explanation will close our narrative. Mary had remained firm to her troth under every persecution, and, at length, Mr. Bartlett withdrew in despair, though it was said that the loss of all Mrs. Swanson's fortune and that of her daughter, which about this time occurred, had no little influence on his determination. Misfortune softened the mother's heart, and she repented of all the wrong she had done Mary, and would willingly have bestowed her on Henry. But, in pursuance of his resolution, he had kept his residence a secret, even from Mary, intending only to reveal it when he could claim her as his bride. At length increasing poverty forced Mrs. Swanson with her daughter to seek a refuge in the far west, and we have seen how opportunely they met with Henry. We have only to add that she saw the lovers united at her bedside ere she died, which event took place in a short week after her journey had been stopped by her illness."

"Was I not right?" said the young bride to her husband, "for now we have no reproaches to make to ourselves for want of duty."

REFORMING A WIFE.

Myneer Van Der—, who, in 1708, lived in high style on the Keizer Graat, in Amsterdam, had a very pretty wife, who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money as fast as her husband gained it. She was young, handsome, vain and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation: he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant, the fascinating wife of the rich Van Der—.

Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health and reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friend M—k—r, determined to send her for some months to a Verbatringhuis, or house for the reformation of manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns in Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proofs of her wasteful extravagance and incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen, though her husband allowed her to take from his casher a stipulated sum; every month, which was more than sufficient to meet the current expenses of his household; while, to meet a loss which had occurred in play, her finest jewels were in the hands of a greedy money-lender, who accommodated the necessities upon unexceptionable security being previously left in his custody.

The husband was full twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he aimed before she should be too far carried away by the stream of fashionable dissipation. Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies who were invited to a grand ball and supper at the house of a woman of rank and faded character. Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual playful way of answer, saying, "She had certainly been a little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation." "You must begin to-day," said her husband; "and as a proof of your sincerity, I treat you to drop the company of—, and to spend the evening at home this day with me and your children."

"Quite impossible, my dear sir," said the giddy wife, in reply; "I have given my word, and cannot break it." "Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day, dressed to meet the party, remember for the next six months these doors will be barred against your return; are you still resolved to go?" "Yes," said the indignant lady, "if it were to be forever barred against me!" Without either anger or malice, Myneer Van Der— told her "not to deceive herself, for as certain was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified." She told him, "If nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menace."

With this they parted—the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening. To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent course and proposed to set off that evening for Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners and dress makers, and all the paraphernalia of splendid attire. At the appointed hour the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman, (full dressed, or rather undressed,) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping lightly into the coach, told the driver to stop at—, on the Keizer Graat. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach, had passed one of the city gates; the sound of a clock awoke her, as if from a dream. She pulled the check string, but the driver kept on; she then called out, when some one behind the coach told her "she was a prisoner, and must be still!" The check was severe; she trembled in every limb; and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of a Verbatringhuis, where she was doomed to take up her residence.

The matron of the house, a grave, severe, yet well-bred person, opened the door, and calling the lady by her name, requested her to alight. "Where am I? I beseech you to tell me, and why am I brought here?" "You will be informed of every thing, madam, if you will please to walk in doors." "Where is my husband?" she said in affright; "sure he will not let

me be murdered!" "It was your husband who drove you hither, madam; he is now upon the coach-box!" This intelligence was conclusive; all her assurance forsook her; she submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale and trembling, her face and dress exhibiting the most striking contrast. The husband, deeply affected, first spoke. He told her "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual; and that when she had retired, she would be worthy of his esteem." She then essayed, by the humblest protestations, by tears and entreaties, to return, and vowed that never more whilst she lived would she offend him: "Save me," said she "the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation." Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order for her confinement, during six months! She was completely overpowered with terror, and fell senseless on the floor.

When she recovered, she found her husband chafing her temples, expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent, "but spare me this ignominious fate; take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me." Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestics (a trusty servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knees, and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditures, as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away. Allowing for the excessive terror she felt, when, instead of being driven to—, she was proceeding round the ramparts outside of the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipation, and became all that her husband wished—a good wife and an affectionate mother.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Your attention is now attracted to a ray of light that glitters on the apex of a bald and noble head "located" on the left of the House, in the neighborhood of the Speaker's chair. It proceeds from that wonderful man, who in his person combines the agitator, poet, philosopher, statesman, critic, and orator—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Who, that has seen him sitting beneath the cupola of the hall, with the rays of light gathering and glancing about his singularly polished head, but has likened him to one of the luminaries of the age, shining and glittering in the firmament of the Union? There he sits, hour after hour, and day after day, with untiring patience; never absent from his seat, never voting for an adjournment, vigilant as the most zealous member of the House—his ear ever on the alert—himself always prepared to go at once into the profoundest questions of State, or the minutest points of order.—What must be his thoughts as he ponders upon the past, in which he has played a part so conspicuous? We look at him and mark his cold and tearful eye, his stern and abstracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other scenes. We see him amid festive and splendid halls years back, standing stiff and awkward, and shaking a tall, military-looking man by the hand, in whose honor the gala was given to commemorate the most splendid of America's victories. We see him afterwards the bitter foe of the same "military chieftain," and the competitor with him for the highest office in the gift of a free people. We look upon a more than king, who has filled every department of honor in his native land, still at his post; he who was President over millions, now the Representative of forty odd thousand, quarrelling about trifles or advocating the highest principles. To-day growling and sneering at the House with an abolition petition in his trembling hand, and anon lordly in over the passions, and lashing the members into the wildest state of enthusiasm by his indignant and emphatic eloquence. Alone, unspoken, unconsulted, never consulting with others, he sits a finger, wrapped in his reveries; and with his finger resting on his nose, he permits his mind to move like a giant's pendulum, stirring up the hours of the past, and disturbing those of the hidden future; or probably he is writing—his almost perpetual employment—but what? Who can guess? Perhaps some poetry in a young girl's album! He looks enfeebled, but yet he is never tired; worn out, but ever ready for combat; melancholy, but let a wild thing fall from any member, and that old man's face is wreathed in smiles; he appears passive, but see to the unfortunate member that hazards an arrow at him; the ex-

gle is not swifter in flight than Mr. Adams. With his agitated finger quivering in sarcastic gesticulation, he seizes upon his foe and amid the amusement of the House, he rarely fails to take a signal vengeance.

His stores of special knowledge on every subject, gradually garnered up through the course of his extraordinary life, in the well-arranged storehouse of a memory that is said to have never yet permitted a single fact to escape it, give him a great advantage over all competitors in encounters of this kind. He is a wonderfully eccentric genius. He belongs to no party, nor does any party belong to him. He is of too cold a nature to be long a party leader. He is original—of very peculiar ideas, and perfectly fearless and independent in expressing and mentioning them. He is remarkable for his affability to young persons; and, surrounded by them at his own table, he can be as hilarious and happy as the gayest of them. For one service, at least, his country owes him a debt of gratitude; I refer to the fine illustration which he offered of the true character of our institutions, when he passed from the Presidential palace to his present post on the floor of the House of Representatives. Though the position which he has there made his own, may not be that which his friends might wish to see him occupy in that body yet the example, in every point of view, was a fine one.

His manner of speaking is peculiar; he rises abruptly, his face reddens, and in a moment, throwing himself into the attitude of a veteran gladiator, he prepares for the attack; then he becomes full of gesticulations, his body sways to and fro—self-command seems lost—his head is bent forward to the desk; his voice frequently shakes, but he pursues his subject through all its bearings; nothing daunts him—the House may ring with the cries of order! order! unmoved—contemptuous—there he stands amid the tempest, and like an oak that knows the gnarled and knotted strength of its frame, stretches its arms forth and defies the blast!

EXCELLENT.—John Neal beautifully says—"When a man of sense, no matter how humble his origin or degraded his reputation may appear in the eyes of the vain and foolish, is treated with contempt, he will soon forget it; but he will be sure to put forth all the energies of his mind to rise above those who thus look down in scorn upon him. By shunning the mechanic we exert an influence derogatory to honest labour, and make it unfashionable for young men to learn trades or labor for a support. Did our young women realize that for all they possess they are indebted to the mechanic, it would be their desire to elevate him and encourage his visits to their society, while they would treat with scorn, the lawyer, the fashionable, the sponger, and the well-dressed paper. On looking back a few years, our most fastidious ladies can trace their genealogy from some humble mechanics, who perhaps in their day were sneered at by the proud and foolish, while their grandmothers gladly received them to their bosoms."

A GREAT WORK.—"The education of children," said John Adams to his wife, "is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue. Habituate them to industry, activity and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful.—Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful or ornamental knowledge."

Jersey Cattle.—There was an exhibition week before last at New Brunswick, of five cattle, raised in that State, weighing as follows viz: 3093, 3900, 3051, 3877, and 3103, and a heifer weighing 3317 pounds.

ADVERTISING and business are so closely connected as is effect with one of the most important means by which it is produced.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE DAGUERRETYPE. M. Isernig, a painter living at Munich, has announced in the Augsburger Gazette that he has discovered a process whereby, through the Daguerrotype, he can depict all the objects of nature with the brilliancy of their colors so as to bear comparison with the finished productions of the Arts and Sciences.

A young lady at a ball recently was much alarmed by her friend, who whispered, "Mary, you have left your ball to me!" She said, "Suppose that the ball had this beautiful prospect, would you not be so kind as to take me with you?" On returning home, she discovered that her friend had indeed discovered the spot, just where she was to be!