Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS &C.

LINE & MONYER,

WOULD inform their friends and the public that they have just received at their store on High street, next door to Beetem's Hotel, Carlisle, a large, fresh, and elegant assortment of CANDIES, FRUITS, and other articles in their line, which they are ready to dispose of, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. Their assortment comprises the following varieties, all of which are of the choicest quality:

CANDIES.—Mint, riband, curls, quics, spear mint, mint plat, cakes and rolls, cinnamon, sassafras, lemon, hoarhound, clove, cream and bird-eye, Thompsonian or pepper candies; Jackson and Clay balls, lemon balls, French and common Nouga: French, common, and exploding secrets; mint drops, rock and vanilla candy; sugar and burnt almonds; candy toys, liquorice, &c.

NUTS—Almonds, filberts, English walnuts, shell barks, chesnuts, and Brazil, cream, cocoa and ground nuts.

FRUITS—Oranges, lemons, raisins, figs, prunes, dates and citron. Also the best

Cavendish Tobacco and Segars

such as Regalia, Principe, Havana, Trabucas and American segars, of the finest quality.

Their assortment is kept constantly supplied by fresh additions. Country merchants are invited to call, as they can be supplied on terms as advantageous as city prices. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, April 26, 1843.

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs,

PAINTS, &c. together with Stationary, Fine Cap Paper, by the Ream, Letter & Slates by the dozen, Silver Pencils, Drawing & Sable heir do., Drawing Paper, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, of a fine quality, Painting brushes, Graving do. Shaving do. Teeth do. Flesh do., Shaving and Toilet Soaps in great variety, Varnish,

Spices Ground nd Unground,

Together with every other article in the Drug line, the attention of Physicians, Country Merchants and Dyers, is solicited as I am determine to sell at very low prices for Cash.

Carlisle, March 15, 1843. tf

Small Profits & quick Sales.

THE subscriber has just opened his new GOODS, which he will sell low for Cash, composed of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, drillings, vestings, 6-4 sheetings for 12½, 5-4 do. 10, beautiful 4-4 Bleached Muslins for 12½, 12-4 Bleached sheeting, handsome new, style 6, 8, 10, 12½ chintzes, gloves, stockings, irish linens, sun shades and parasols, beautiful 4-4 hair cord muslins, and lawns, cheap Mus de Lains, with a variety of other goods which he invites the good folks of Carlisle to call and examine for themselves. Also, Braid, straw and lawn Bonnets, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Morocco and kid slippers. Best Rio Coffee, best black, imperial and other Teas. Superior Cavendish Tobacco, so pronounced by the best judges, all of which he will sell at prices in accordance with the times.

S. M. HARRIS.

Carlisle, May 3, 1843. tf-27

Forwarding & Commission BUSINESS!

GEORGE FLEMING

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he is prepared to receive, forward and dispose of

Produce of every description,

either at the Philadelphia or Baltimore Markets, or at any other point accessible by Rail Road. As he will attend in person to the delivery and sale of all articles entrusted to his care, the most satisfactory and speedy returns may at all times be expected, and the utmost promptitude in the transaction of all business entrusted to him.

Farmers and others having any article which they wish disposed of, will do well to call on him, immediately opposite the Mansion House, and Rail Road Depot, West High street, Carlisle.

G. F. is authorized to purchase several hundred bushels of Grain, for which the highest price will be given.

Carlisle, May 17, 1843. tf-29

FARMERS' HOTEL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the

PUBLIC HOUSE,

lately kept by Mr. Simon Wonderlich, in East High Street, a few doors east of the Court House, where he will at all times take pleasure in administering to the comforts of those who may favor him with their custom.

His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best the market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance—and nothing shall be left undone to please all who call with him.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Carlisle, April 12, 1843. tf-2

Jayne's Family Medicines.

AN additional supply of the above valuable Medicines, consisting of

Jayne's Expectorant,
" Tonic Vermifuge,
" Hair Tonic,
" Sanative Pills,
" Carminative Balsam,

Received and for sale by

S. ELLIOTT.
Agent for Carlisle.

FARM FOR SALE.

WILL be sold at private sale a FARM of fir rate

LIMESTONE LAND,

Situate in South Middleton township, one mile West of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa., lying on the Walnut Bottom Road, containing 110 ACRES, more or less, having thereon erected a two story

STONE HOUSE,

a large frame Barn, a well of first-rate water, a young and thriving apple *ORCHARD.*

Also to be sold with the above tract five acres of first-rate Chestnut Timber.

The Walnut Bottom road passes through this Farm which gives a market for all the produce raised upon it, by droves passing to the East.

Persons wishing to purchase will please call upon Mr. Andrew Blair, in Carlisle, or on the subscriber at his Mills, 4 miles West of Carlisle.

JOHN HAYS.

July 12, 1843. t-

House Painter, Glazier & Paper hanging.

S. J. N. SMITH,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Carlisle and the public in general, that he has commenced the above business in all its branches, and hopes that by strict attention to business and with a desire to please, to merit and receive a share of public patronage. He may be found at the corner of South Hanover street and East Chapel alley, opposite C. E. F. Davis' Chair manufactory.

Carlisle, July 19, 1843. 3m-31

POETRY.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BY WILLIAM CULEN BYRANT.

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Up to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh Freedom thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred,
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain: yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutings to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou art twin born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side amid the tangled wood
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
Your only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age:
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mein,
To catch thy gaze and uttering graceful words
To charm the ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet or lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But would'st thou rest
A while from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unclaimed earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

From the Democratic Review for December.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTIS OF WASHINGTON.

During a protracted sojourn in the Old Dominion, immediately subsequent to the year 1820, I once took a leisurely tour to Mount Vernon, and then to the birth place and other scenes of the early life of Washington, for the purpose, not only of gratifying my feelings by viewing places hallowed by the memory of a man whose name and deeds had, from my childhood, occupied so much space in my mind, but also to see what new incidents connected with his private character might yet be gleaned among the old inhabitants who had personally known him. And it was in this ramble, made interesing and pleasant from the nature of its object, and the attentions of the most hospitalle people on earth, that I fell in with a venerable and highly intelligent relative of Washington, whom I soon found to be, from having lived much in the General's family, and acted for some years as his private secretary, a rich depository of what I was anxious to learn; and from him I obtained, among many others that less interested me, the following reminiscences, which I believe, have never been published, but which may nevertheless be relied on as minutely correct.

"On one of Washington's return visits to Mount Vernon, while commander-in-chief of the revolutionary armies," said my informant, whom I shall call Capt. L. "he came to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to his aged mother. And when about to take his leave of her, he brought in a small bag of silver dollars, and placing them on the table before her, said:

"Here, mother, not knowing when I may be permitted to visit you again, I have brought you these, to be used by you as your comforts shall require, or as your pleasure shall dictate. And I hope you will be free to accept and use them."

"'You was always good and dutiful to me George,' replied he with emotion; 'and I have often taxed myself, in your absence of late years with being backward in making suitable acknowledgements to you, and resolved within myself, that when I next saw you, I would have a more familiar talk with you, and tell you how much I think of your kind every kind attentions. But it has always happened, that when I again found myself in your presence, the thought of your elevation by your countrymen; or something else, which I cannot define, has prevented me from talking to you, as I should do to my other children.'

"Washington attempted some playful reply, but could not succeed in disarming even his mother of the awe which his presence never failed to inspire in the bosom of all who approached him.

"Washington, while in the army, was known to be exceedingly careful of human lives; and he applied the principle to the brute creation, by abstaining from the destruction of all animals, however inferior, whenever it could be done consistently with the safety and absolute wants of man; with unusual scrupulousness. As I was once walking with him over the grounds of Mount Vernon, a small snake of a harmless species, appeared in our path. I instinctively lifted my heel to crush it; when he instantly caught my arm, and in a tone of earnest expostulation, exclaimed:

"'Stay, sir! Is there not room enough in the world for you and that harmless reptile? Remember that life is all—everything to the creature, and cannot be unnecessarily taken without indirectly impugning its Creator, who bestowed it to be enjoyed, with its appropriate pleasures—through its natural term of existence.'

"The same system and order which was exhibited by Washington in all his publical transactions, was seen in all his private acts and domestic arraugements; even his charities, which were not stinted, were nicely systematized. It was his custom in years of plenty, to hoard up grain against times of scarcity. And when such time arrived he threw open his store house to the poor; and however irresponsible they might be, he always made it a point to supply them in preference to others with the grain they needed at the old or ordinary prices, for which he regularly took their bonds or notes, but never demanded payment.

"Some writers, in treating of the private character of Washington, intimate that he was a man of warm temper, which would often have exhibited itself but for his great self-command. His self-command was undoubtedly great, but I do not think he had often to exercise it to prevent any outbreaks of passion. On the contrary I believe him to have been mild, and easily ruffled; certainly quite as much so as men in general. I never saw him angry but once in my life. And this was considered so remarkable a thing by myself, as well as his family, that although we knew he had good cause to be provoked, or such at least as would have provoked most other men to anger, we were yet greatly surprised, and looked on it as quite an anomaly in the General life. It happened while he was President, and travelling in his carriage, with a small retinue of outriders, from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. It was during the first day of our journey, and we were going thro' the barrens of Maryland, where at intervals of a few miles, the solitude the road was relieved at that time by a set of low taverns or groggeries, at which he did not think of stopping. But we had a thoughtless young man in our train, who by favor had been admitted into the family as a sort of gentleman attendant, and who seemed much more inclined to patronize these places. The General, by his request, had permitted him to ride a favorite young mare which he had raised on his plantation, and which he was exceedingly fond, the animal being almost as slight proportions as a roebuck, and very high spirited. But the young fellow, notwithstanding the intimations he had received at starting to deal gently with her, appeared bent on testing her speed and other qualities, and that too in a manner little likely to set with favor in a man of Washington's high sense of propriety. He would leave the train, and riding up to one of the flying establishments, there remain till were out of sight; when he would come upon the run, ride with us awhile, then gallop on forward to the next. This repeated three times, the last of which ught the mettle-some creature to a fo and evidently much fretted her. At first transgression thus committed ag the General's orders respecting the e, as well as against his known sen propriety, he seemed surprised, look as if he wondered at the young man' erity, and contented himself with wing after him a glance of displeasure. t the second, he appeared highly incen although he said nothing, and represse indignation, acting as if he thought must be the last offence, for the punishment of which he chose a private occa. But as the offender rode up the time, Washington hastily threw open carriage window, asking the driver to t, sharply ordered the former alongside when with uplifted cane, and a tone emphasis; which startled us all, and to the culprit shrink and tremble like a lea exclaimed, 'Look you sir! Your duct is insufferable! Fall in behind sir, and as sure as you leave us again will break every bone in your skin!"

"It is needless, I presume, to say, that the offence was not repeated or that the young gallant needed any more taming.

"Here said Capt. L., now taking from a drawer and handing me for inspection a deed of Washington's drafting, so singularly brief as to be all embraced in seven or eight lines written in a bold hand across a half sheet of fine foolscap, yet constituting though not one word could have been spared, a conveyance of real estate to the grantee and heirs, which, as far as could be perceived, was perfectly legal; "Here is a deed of a plantation from General Washington to me, which I show you, not only as a curiosity of itself, but for the sake of introducing the pleasant little incident which it originated. Soon after leaving the General's employment, I chanced to be riding through the interior of Virginia, when I came across a deserted plantation, the situation and general appearance of which, though overrun with weeds and bushes, yet pleased me so much, that I took the first opportunity to make some inquiries concerning its ownership, &c., and was told that it was supposed to belong to General Washington. The night after I reached home, I went to sleep thinking of his plantation, and wondering that I, who supposed I knew all Washington's lands, never heard of it before; when I happened, I knew not why, to dream that the General made a present of it to me. The next day, as it further happened, I rode over to Mount Vernon, the General being then at home. After attending to the more immediate object of my visit, I asked him if he owned such a plantation as the one I had seen, now describing it to him. At first he replied in the negative, but soon rising and going to consult a book in which he kept a record of all his deeds, he said he did own this tract of land, but though of value, had entirely overlooked it for some years.

"'Well, General,' said I banteringly, 'I dreamed last night that you gave me that plantation.

"Washington, contrary to his usual habit, laughed outright, and observed,

"'You did not dream Mount Vernon away from me, did you sir?"

"'O no, I was not so grasping as that, though I honestly had the dream.' I replied in the same vein of pleasantry when nothing more being said, the affair on my part passed from my mind as a joke, and was forgotten. It seemed, however, that my dream was not so vain a one as I had supposed; for the next morning, as I was taking my leave, the General dropped a folded paper in my hat, carelessly remarking that I could examine it at some leisure opportunity. I did so, and to my agreeable surprise, found it to be this very deed, made out, probably after I had retired the night before, and conveying, as you perceive, for the consideration of natural affection, the valuable plantation I had discovered."

D. P. T.

DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Tread softy with a solemn footstep, whisper your words in a low voice, and let your breath be hushed; for the air of the chamber is heavy with death, and the faces of all you see, are stamped with grief, and the suppressed sob of the women, and the deep death groan of the strong man in mortal agony, mingle their notes of woe, breaking on your ear like voices from the grave, and all around is still and sad and fearful—for the Hero is dying. His keen eye which a month ago, met the gaze of millions, hailing him in all the pomp of civic triumph, their Leader and their Ruler, is now glazing with the chill of death, and his soul is passing from the Visible to the Awful Unseen.

He is dying! The light of the breaking day falls dimly through the half closed shutters, and the lamp burns with a sickly glare, and in the mingled light appears the face wan and ghastly with prolonged anxiety and anguish.

He is dying—his face, turned towards the heavens, is pallid and wan, the cheeks are hollowed, the eyes sunken, and the brow damp with the dews of death, with the masses of grey hair falling back from its outline, stands out boldly to the light; speaking much of the might of the Hero's mind, while the whitening lip, the convulsive throb trembling along the face, the heaving chest and the throat straining with the death-rattle, all announce the passage to the grave, and herald the approach of the Skeleton God.

And around him gather the friends of his path, and the sharers of his triumph—there was WEBSTER with his towering brow and eagle eye; there was CRITTENDEN and EWING and GRANGER, men of minds from all parts of this wide union, and there, with a face stamped with genius, and marked with a high honesty of purpose, was GEORGE E. BADER, the pride of North Carolina, and all here gathered round the bedside, to see the mighty man fight his last battle, and after having battled Death an hundred times in the field, after having battled with enemies more bitter than death, with slander, with falsehood, with low calumniation, the Hero was at last yielding to the final victor of all, whose throne is on the skulls of nations and whose sway is over the realms of Time.

He was dying! A month ago, his footsteps had topped the highest rock in the steep pathway of human ambition; a month ago, and his name had gone forth, to all the world, as the Ruler of the Great Land of New World Freedom, a month ago and he stood on the Capitol, and his gaze had been met by the gaze of millions, and the earthquake shout of a free people had sounded on his ear and filled the clear heavens above, and *now*—the short space of a single moon had waned—the Insignia of Power had scarce warmed in his grasp—the Presidential Banquet had scarce grown cold—the last shout of the people was yet sounding in his ear, and he was summoned by a mightier than the kings, or the people, to the throne of the Eternal God!

He was dying! And the scenes of the terrible night of Tippecanoe were again around him, the dark fearful night, when the yell of the savage and the gleam of the scalping knife were in his camp; again he shouted the watch word of the charge, and a faint smile stole over the lips of the dying man, as again he beheld the banner of stars and stripes in triumph.

Hark—a faint murmur breaks from his lips—his hands clutch nervously at the vacant air.

He is again beside the Thames. He is again with JOHNSON & SHELBY, he is again beside PERRY, and again the blue smoke of the rifle winds up from among the green woods, and the war whoop of the Indian shrieks along the plain. Then the terrible contest! the sweep of old DICK JOHNSON'S mounted Riflemen in their hurricane charge again passed before his eyes, and the old Hero, would shout with joy, but the death-rattle is in his throat, and the death-dew on his brow.

He is dying! For his death, the bright eyes of women shall be dim with tears, and aged men shall weep, and a nation will be sad, and gloom and civil corruption and legalized anarchy shall pass like a pall of gloom over the land, and yet the flat has gone forth. God hath spoken it, and the Hero dies, ere yet the rejoicings of the nation are lost to his ear.

And in that terrible moment, when his hands were interlocked with the hands of death, when his mind was armed to supernatural vigor, and the Past and Future, mingled to its vision, then the thought of his country arose in his mind, then the thought of the trust placed in his hands by the people, burdened his soul, and with the last struggle of life, he imagined a man of noble hearted resolution standing before him, and he imagined a successor of mind and intellect, and the words broke from his lips—"I wish you to understand the true principles of Government—I ask you to carry them out—I ask nothing more!"—*Citizen Soldier.*

"HE HAD NO TRADE."

Mr. Graham, in the course of his argument to the jury in the case of Van Cott *vs.* Sharp, before the Circuit Court in New York, said of Sharp, "He had no trade; he was rioting in idleness; contracting habits of corrupt and depraved tendency, such as are ever attendant on idleness." We learn from the same gentleman, that Sharp had a fortune in expectancy; and this, perhaps, was the reason why "he had no trade" as most young men under such circumstances would scorn to be usefully occupied in learning a trade which, on a reverse of fortune, would enable them to earn an honest living. It is the great error of the times to despise labor; and hence so many young men are found rioting in idleness, and contracting habits which finally make them despised outcasts in society. It is the Divine injunction that "man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;" the parents therefore, who raise a son in idleness, not only violate this sacred command, but prepare him for dishonor and crime. A false idea of respectability causes the destruction of many a youth, who, but for the ridiculous notion that a trade is disreputable, might become an useful member of society. Who is more respectable than the man, who by industry and prudence, elevates himself in the world? Such a man can stand erect before his fellows, and despise the sneers of the proud and foolish at his occupation. Nay, more: he can walk the streets without the apprehension of being arrested for debts contracted in idleness and dissipation. Sharp "had no trade," and is now before a court of justice, charged with the commission of a vile and dishonorable act. He who has "no trade," or calling to occupy his attention, seldom has any religious or moral principles, and is therefore prepared to become a criminal. We look upon idleness as an offence to God and man, for it leads to the violation of both divine and human law.

Mr. Graham asks, "are not the young men of the present day too well, too deeply acquainted with the world?" It is very certain that they are too well acquainted with the corruptions of the world; and that they fancy themselves too wise to require parental guidance or instruction. Most young people, in these days, both male and female, are out of leading strings long before they are out of their teens; and are prepared to deliver their opinions on all subjects, with "most oracular wisdom."—They spurn the admonition of the experienced; dictate to the aged as "those having authority." But all this arises from the mismanagement of parents, who think their sons too respectable to learn a trade, and their daughters too delicate and refined to acquire a knowledge of housework. Whilst this erroneous system of education continues, the world will not be dificient in drunkeu, worthless husbands, nor in idle, extravagant and ignorant wives. Let it then be "reformed altogether," so that both men and women may become what they were designed to be by their Creator, the moral image of the Deity.

From the Genesee Farmer.

FARMERS' SONS.

In addressing this class of readers, I wish to lay aside the dignity of the editor, and come among you as one of your own number. For I know from experience what disadvantages you labor under in pursuit of knowledge, and what numerous discouragements you meet in your efforts for intellectual improvement. But I also know that if you have the will you can succeed in making great attainments; and I know, too, that there is great work for you to do, and great things will be expected of you.—Immense responsibilities rest upon you, as those who are about to assume the management of our much neglected farms—as those to whom the community must look for that reform in the practice of our agriculture which is so imperiously demanded at the present time. It begins to be plainly seen that it will not do for you to follow in the beaten tracks of your fathers, and content yourself by doing as they have done. They received their lands at low prices, fresh from the hand of God, abounding with fertility, and producing plentiful crops with little skill or labor; while the absence of western competition enabled them to obtain a ready market for all their surplus; and their simpler habits, and fewer wants, rendered it less difficult for them to attain respectability and happiness in their profession. But how different is your situation? You obtain your lands at high prices, and many of them so impoverished by a long course of bad culture, that the staple productions are greatly diminished; or the fields are so filled with noxious weeds that a double amount of labor is necessary to obtain even a scanty crop, while the competition from the vast West is so great and increasing, that prices must be very low.

But you will ask, "How will we obtain this knowledge? We have only a plain school education, and are obliged to devote nearly all our time to labor. Scientific business belongs to those who are not obliged to work for a living." Here again is a great mistake, and one which the Cannot family are apt to fall into. I unhesitatingly affirm, that there is scarcely a young man of ordinary intellect, who cannot if he has the desire, make himself familiar with all the most important sciences connected with agriculture. Within a few years past so many excellent and cheap books have been published in which both theory and practice are explained, so that all who read can understand, that there is no longer any good excuse in remaining in ignorance. It is true there is one thing greatly needed in this country, which is not yet supplied; but if young men will make their wishes known, it will soon be. We mean an Experimental School of Agriculture. To those who devote a year or two on the subject, such an institution would be of more benefit than of many years reading. Let none delay however, and let none repine because they are obliged to labor; to labor is noble—yea, a blessing. Only make use of the time you have, and of the powers God has given you, and you can rise above all difficulties and will find the profession of agriculture afford you more enjoyment than you now conceive possible.

☞"What are you doing there, all alone in that large house?" said a gentleman to an Irishman, the sole occupant of a dilapidated building on —— street. "Sure, and it's an officer I am, your honor," said Pat. "An officer? how so." "Why, you see, the others are all gone, and I'm a *leftenant.*"

☞A quaint writer of sentences says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might overset—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Never be afraid of blushing. Accept no presents of value from men. Avoid lightness of carriage. Be modest and moderate in dress. Be not often seen in public. Never deal in scandal. Receive a salute modestly.—Be affable with men, but not familiar.—Sympathize with the unfortunate. Be not always talking and laughing. Be discreet. Suppose not all men to be in love with you who show you civilities.

SAVING POSTAGE.—'Hillo! Misther Posthmaster and is there ever a letter here for Dennis O'Clallahan?' inquired the identical Dennis himself, as he rode up to the door of a certain Post office.

'I believe there is,' replied the Postmaster, steping back and producing the letter at the door.

'And will ye be so kind as to *rade* it for me, seein I had the misfortin to be edicated to rade niver a bit in the world?' humbly asked the Irishman.

'To be sure sir,' said the accommodating Post master. So he opened the epistle and read, with a good deal of difficulty three very interesting pages concerning Dennis' folks in old Ireland—the said Dennis, with both legs turned on the same side of the saddle listening all the while with becoming meekness and gratitude.

'Much obleeged to yer honor, for throublin yerself and consumin yer valyuble time with the likes of me and mine; and how much might be the postage on my letther?'

'Fifty cents, sir.'

'A very raisonable price for such a comfortin letther; but as I could niver think of taxin yer worship, to credit the likes o' me ye may jist *keep the letther for pay!*

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.—The annexed morceau was copied from the original notice on board the steamboat William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George. The placard hung directly above the "bocks" containing the snaicks:"

A Rattle Snaick too bee Shode.—Thee history off this snaick is as follors: hee was ketcht on tung mounting buy a poore man with a large fammely being sicks yer ould and very wenumous he is now in a bocks and cant hirt no boddy which is much better than too bee runnin wilde cause hee don't want too eat nuthen.

Admittance is sickpents for them what pleese to pay it, and thrippents for them what dont, a liberall reduckshon for fammelees for more particklars pleese to cawl on OLD DICK.

T. N. Take notise it was thee poor man and not the snaick that had a large fammeley.

LOVE.—The genius of loves comes into life before that of art. There are men who perform noble deeds, others who sing and immortalize their actions. Without the deep, powerful love, which causes relations and friends to act and to suffer for each other, without actions which show that "love is stronger than death," pencil and chisel would not have created those master pieces, song would have brought tears to no eyes, and music would have been a plaything. It is the inspiring glance of love, which gives words of fire to the artist's lips—they can utter nothing beautiful which that has not first dictated.

SENTIMENTAL.—"What are you muttering about there?" asked a father of a son whom he had spoken harshly to.

"Oh, let him alone," said the mother; "his eyes are full of heart's rain, (poetic woman) and his soul is clouded with grief."

"Is it?" inquired the husband; "his muttering, then, is a sort of mental thunder, I suppose."

"Yes," sobbed the wife.

"Well, well," was the reply, "we must expect electricity; so I'll apply the lightning rod."

Thus saying, he took a trim birch stick, and "whaled" him in warm style.

I once heard the children of a rich man and a beggar disputing about their father's graves. 'My father,' said the rich man's son, 'is embalmed with precious spices, wrapped in costly robes, and embalmed in a leaden coffin. Yours on the other hand is covered only with a few old rags and a handfull of dust.' 'Very true,' said the other, 'but have patience; for to-morrow, in the resurrection, before your father can stir under his load, mine will be safe in Paradise.'

A QUEER 'UN.—A writer in a southern paper thus denounces a resolution which was introduced into the Legislature—"it is *un*-called for, *un*-heard of, *un*-constitutional, *un* precedented, and *un*-wise.

A HINT.—"Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his 'reckoning;' "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you did'nt pull it out *here.*"

☞"This is a sweeping catastrophe," as the man said when his wife knocked him down with a broom.

'I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in my life,' said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, 'but if any one in the crowd will speak for me, *I'll hold his hat.*

☞It has been satisfactorily ascertained by actual experiment, that by mixing lard with butter, sand with sugar, water with milk, and stones or brickbats with cotton, they will go much farther!

There is a man down east who celebrated his birth day by paying for his newspapers.