Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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POETRY.

The following beautiful lines from the pen of genius and loveliness are worthy of their glorious theme:

From the Louisville Journal.

HENRY CLAY.

The day was beautiful—around our bark
In sparkling waves the flashing waters stirred,
When, on the deck, one form I chanced to mark,
That made my quick heart flutter like a bird—
I turned away,
Yet, something whispered, ere his name I heard—
'Tis HENRY CLAY!

How like a vision floats before me now,
While Fancy stamps with seeming truth the whole,
That stately form, that pale, expansive brow,
Those lips where smiles in bright succession stole,
That eye of blue,
From whose unshadowed depths his very soul
Seemed shining through!

Worshipping genius, I had long desired
To meet this modern Cicero; and, when
My glances sought the glimpse my heart required,
A more than mortal grandeur awed me then;
For, as he trod,
Though but a man among his fellow-men,
He looked a god!

Oh thou, by fears unmoved, by threats unbent
Amid the struggling tides that round thee roll—
The meekly great—the purely eloquent—
The bright one speeding onward to the goal—
The firm—the true—
In whose all glorious praise I feel my soul
Exalted too—

Were I some gifted spirit, whose bright lays
Glow with high thought and wild poetic fire,
Then would I sing for thee a song of praise,
Such as thy loftier spirit should inspire;
But o'er the strings
No poet bends, a light hand sweeps the lyre—
A woman sings!

Yet I may breathe thy name, and bid thee press
On 'mid the adverse waves that round thee beat;
Such barriers pave the way to sure success,
As firmness gathers strength from past defeat;
The torrent's force,
Though turned aside, still struggles on to meet
Its destined course!

Not for the narrow views of party band,
Not for their fickle praise, or loud applause,
Dost thou stand forth the champion of thy land,
The firm defender of her sacred laws.
To light the flame
Of patriot zeal, to aid thy country's cause,
Thine only aim!

And soon may our loved land, too long oppressed,
In beauty smile beneath thy mild command;
Thou'rt throned already in each patriot-breast,
And the high-hearted ones throughout the land
Impatient wait
To see thee take in thine unerring hand
The helm of State!

Oh HENRY CLAY! the nation's truest friend!
The lofty seat, for which thod'st nobly striven,
Shall yet be thine; for, if the angels bend
In answer sweet, to soft petitions given;
The heart-felt prayer
That my full spirit now uplifts to heaven,
Will place thee there!

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR.

Fleetly hath passed the year. The seasons came
Duly as they are wont—the gentle Spring,
And the delicious summer, and the cool,
Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain;
And Winter, like an old and hoary man,
Frosty and stiff—and so are chronicled.
We have found beauty in the new green leaf,
And in the first blown violets; we have drunk
Cool water from the rock, and in the shade
Sunk to the noon-tide slumber;—we have eat
The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
And girded to our pleasant wanderings
When the cool wind came freshly from the hills;
And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves
Had faded from its glory, we have sat
By the good fires of Winter, and rejoiced
Over the fulness of the gathered sheaf.
"God has been good to us!" 'Tis He whose hand
Moulded the sunny hills and hollowed out
The shelter of the valleys, and doth keep
The fountains in their secret places cold
And it is he who leadeth up the sun
And ordereth the starry influences,
And tempereth the keenness of the frost—
And therefore, in the plenty of the feast,
And in the lifting of the cup, let Him
Have praises for the well completed year.

MISCELLANY.

ANXIETIES OF THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

BY THE REV. MR. ABBOTT, OF NANTUCKET.

A man was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed, when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea stores stowed away in the little storage, and then returned to his house to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fire-side, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the pangs of death. The departing father imprints a kiss on the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he can cross that threshold again. One sea captain, upon this island has passed but seven years out of forty-one upon the land.

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since we were married, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days.

He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months, and two years more must undoubtedly elapse ere his wife can see his face again. And when he shall return, it will be merely to visit his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four year's absence.

I asked the lady the other day how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The invariable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port, or New Bedford, or any other port, that may be heard of, for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on the boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence. Imagine then the feelings of a husband and a father, who returns to the harbor of Nantucket, after a separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatever from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from the wharves which is to bring him tidings of weal or woe. He stands pale and trembling, pacing the deck, overwhelmed with emotions which he in vain endeavors to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, "Captain, your family are all well." Or perhaps he says, "Captain, I have heavy news for you, your wife died two years and a half ago."

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife, and infant child. That wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know of it for months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night thinking of the loved ones he left at his fireside, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced. And then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the Captain. For which service a silver dollar is the established and invariable fee. And who can describe the feelings which thus then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. "Is he alive?" she says to herself, "or am I a widow and his poor children orphans?" She walks about the room unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down; eagerly she is looking out of the window and down the street.—She sees a man with hurried steps turn the corner, and a little boy hold of his hand. Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband has long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continual occurrence—facts which awakens emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago, a ship returned to this island, bringing the news of another ship, that she was nearly filled with oil, that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the Captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return. At length the ship apparently dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had so long been separated. Soon they were returned, with the tidings that her husband was not there. Worked with the snow upon the island of Madagascar, where about a week out on his return home he died, and was committed to the ocean. Letters to the wife and little daughter in their [illegible] upon the western shore and little daughter in their [illegible] tops in some region of the western sun,

BIRTH OF AMERICAN FREEDOM!

☞ The New England Society of New York, celebrated on the 22d ult. the two hundred and twenty third anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Hon. RUFUS CHOATE, the United States Senator from Massachusetts, who was the orator on the occasion, delivered a glowing and masterly address before an immense auditory. A number of distinguished persons were present, and amongst others DANIEL WEBSTER, who also delivered an address. We make the following eloquent extract from Mr. Choate's Oration:

"One influence there was, however, on the history of English Puritanism, whose permanent, and various effect on its doctrines, character and destinies, is among the most striking things in the whole history of opinion. I mean its contact with the republican reforms of the Continent, and particularly those of Geneva. In all its stages, all the disciples of the Reformation, wherever they lived, were, in some sense, a single brotherhood, whom a diversity of speech, hostility of governments, and remoteness of place, could not wholly keep apart. Local persecutions drew the tie the closer. In the reign of Mary, from 1553 to 1558, a thousand learned Englishmen fled from the stake, at home, to the happier seats of Continental Protestantism. Of them, great numbers, I know not how many, came to Geneva. There they awaited the death of the Queen; and then, sooner or later, but in the time of Elizabeth, went back to England. I ascribe to that five years in Geneva an influence that has changed the history of the world. I seem to myself to trace to it, as an influence on the English race, a new theology, a new politics, another tone of character, the opening of another era of time and liberty. I seem to myself to trace it, a portion, at least, of the objects of the great civil war in England, the Republican constitution, framed in the cabin of the Mayflower, the divinity of Jonathan Edwards, the battle of Bunker Hill, and the Independence of America. In that brief season English Puritanism was changed fundamentally and forever. Why should we think this so extraordinary? There are times when whole years pass over the head of a man, and work no change of mind at all. There are others, again, when in an hour, old things pass away, and all things become new. A verse of the Bible, a glorious line of some old poet, read a thousand years before, the new-made grave of a child, a friend killed by a thunderbolt, as in the case of Luther, some single more than tolerable pang of "despised love," some single more intolerable act of the "oppressor's wrong and proud man's contumely," the gleam of rarer beauty on the lake or in the sky, something higher than the fall of a leaf, or a bird's song on the shore, draws tears from him in the twinkling of an eye. When, before or since, in the history of the world was the human character subjected to an accumulation of agents, so fitted to create it all anew as those which encompassed the English exiles at Geneva?

"I do not make much account in this of the *material* grandeur and beauty which burst on their astonished senses, as around the solitudes of Patmos. It is of the *moral* agents of change of which I would speak.

Passing over the theology which they learned there, consider the politics they learned there. Consider that the asylum into which they had been admitted, the city which had opened its arms to pious and learned men, banished by an English throne and an English hierarchy, was a republic. In the giant hands of guardian mountains, ascending from their "silent sea of pines," above the thunder clouds, and reposing there calmly amidst their encircling stars, while the storm raved by below—before which forests, and the cathedral-tombs of Kings went down—on the banks of a contrasted lake, lovelier than a dream of fairyland, in a valley which might have been hollowed out to enclose the last home of liberty, there smiled an independent, peaceful, law abiding, and prosperous commonwealth. There was a state without king or nobles—there was a church without a bishop—there was a people governed by laws of their own making, and by rules of their own choosing. And to the eye of these exiles, bruised and pierced through by the accumulated oppressions of a civil and spiritual tyranny, to whom there were coming tidings, every day, out of England, that another victim had been struck down, on whose dear dull home in the sea, there fell, every day, a gloomier shadow from the frowning turrets of power—was not that republic the highest image in the whole transcendent scene. Do you doubt that they turned from Alpine beauty and Alpine grandeur to look, with a bolder emotion, for the first time in their lives, on the serene, august face of Classical Liberty. Do you not think that these exiles, in their circumstances, and in their moods, prompted, prepared, compelled to strong hopes, new ideas, thoughts and wishes, such as never, probably, had, before, [illegible] upon them, at which a new age of [illegible] was not their land, and there that the dream of Republican liberty, which, [illegible] to the [illegible] Republic [illegible] their choice, then imagine [illegible] first mingled itself with the general impulses and the general hopes of the Reformation? Was that dream ever let go, down to the morning of that day, when the Pilgrim Fathers met in the cabin of their shattered bark, and then, as she rose and fell on the stern New England sea, and the voices of the November forests rang through her torn topmast rigging, subscribed the first republican constitution of the New World? I confess myself to be of the opinion of those who trace to that spot, and to that time, the Republicanism of the Puritans. I confess, too, that I love to trace the pedegree of our trans-Atlantic liberty, thus backwards, through Switzerland, to its native land of Greece. I think this is the true line of succession, down which it has descended. I agree with Swift, and Dryden, and Bishop Burnet, in that hypothesis. There was a liberty, no doubt, which the Puritans found, and kept, and improved, in England. They would have changed it, but were not able. But that was a kind of liberty which admitted and demanded an inequality of man, an insubordination of ranks, a favored eldest son, the ascending orders of a hierarchy, the vast and constant pressure of a superincumbent crown. It was the liberty of feudalism. It was the liberty of a united monarchy, overhung and shaded by the imposing architecture of great antagonist elements of the state. Such was not the form of liberty which our fathers brought with them. Allowing of course for that anomalous relation to the English crown three thousand miles off, it was republican freedom as perfect the moment they stepped on the rock, as it is to-day. It had not all been born in the woods of Germany, or between the Elbe and the Ider, or on the level of Runnymede. It was the child of other climes and other days. It sprang to life in Greece. It gilded next the early and the middle age of Italy. It then reposed in the hollow breast of the Alps. It descended, at length, on the iron bound coast of New England, "and set the stars of glory there." At every stage of its course, in every new re-appearance, it was guarded by some new security; it was embodied in some new element of order; it was fertile of larger good; it glowed with a more exceeding beauty. Speed its way, and perfect its nature!

"Take, freedom! take thy radiant round.
When dimmed, revive—when lost, return;
Till not a shrine on earth be found,
On which thy glory shall not burn!

Of this Puritan stock were the Pilgrim Fathers. They came of heroical companionship."

MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. LEE.

Marriage is accused of all the evils of life; an unjust accusation; marriage is good; it is our methods of education which are bad. Whatever, therefore, would amend these methods would render the state of marriage more happy. What is required? only a very simple thing, but which has not yet been tried; viz. to accustom us from our childhood to all the thoughts and sentiments which are to fill up our lives. I would wish, after all, to fix the attention of young girls on the choice of husbands; educate them for this choice; impress deeply in their souls the characters of true love, in order that they may not be deceived by whatever has only its appearance.

Are they not made for loving? Should not this happiness extend itself throughout their whole life? Is it not at the same time, their supremacy, their power, and their destiny? And yet the old conventional prejudices which abhor love still exist in families. Mothers forget, in the presence of their children, the perils with which this narrow education surrounds them; the illusions to which their ignorance gives birth, and the weaknesses which follow these illusions. To open the soul of young girls to true love is, to arm them against the corrupting passions which usurp its name; and here, the advantage is twofold, for, by exalting the loving faculties of the soul, you in some measure paralyze the tumultuous passions of the senses.

Examine the first choice of a young girl. Amongst all the qualities which please her in a lover, there is perhaps not one which would be suitable in a husband; and, in fact, she frequently sees little more of him she loves than the beauty of his form of perhaps the elegance of his dress. Is not this, then, the most complete condemnation of our systems of education? From an apprehension of too strongly affecting the heart, we conceal from women all that is worthy of love; we allow the sense of the beautiful that exists in them to be lost among futilities; the outside pleases them; what is within is unknown. When, therefore, after having been buried for six months in a place where they see no one but the husband whom they have chosen, and who, in their eyes, very much diminishes by and by, they find only an insupportable fellow, or a table [illegible] the world a matter of astonishment.

It is from the [illegible] constant state of obedience [illegible] dom called [illegible] their choice; they imagine [illegible] tion is occupied, not with the husband, but with marriage. So it results that most girls have marriage for their object, without thinking much about the husband.—On their part, the parents seek to match the fortunes; their aim, they say, is to secure the futurity of their children, and, absorbed in this idea, they treat of marriage as of an affair of commerce—as of a thing which gives a position in the world—forgetting that is likewise a thing which causes happiness or unhappiness. Thus, our foolish wisdom has succeeded in detaching love from marriage: we have made a bargain by which girls purchase the power of regulating the expenses of their household of going out alone, and of seeking in the circle around them that half of their soul, that ideal being which youth dreams of, and will possess.

For, how much soever our educations may succeed in suppressing our inclinations, they cannot destroy them; man and woman are the same being, whom nature unconquerably tends to unite by love.

The actual system is then but a deception; it removes the danger from the paternal roof, to transport it to that of the husband. Singular education! the chief aim of which is to throw upon another the heavy load of our want of foresight.

Thus, in the present state of matters, young girls are unable to make a proper choice for want of experience, and the choice of parents is almost always bad for want of the recollection of what is required in youth. We are placed between two evils, without any chance of good.

In order to extricate ourselves from such a deplorable position, there is but one means, which consists of giving at the same time to girls more freedom and more enlightment. I would imprint in their souls an ideal model of all human perfections, and teach them to subject their inclinations to the guidance of this model. While destroying their state of half-slavery, I would accustom them to rely upon their own powers, which is of more importance, as regards the stability of their virtues than is generally supposed; by developing in them the innate sense of moral beauty, I would accustom them to seek for it every where and to prefer it before all. Love never then, no longer be feared; this flame, which consumes, would then be no more than the flame which enlightens and vivifies.

From the London Punch.

MORE SHOCKING IGNORANCE!

A short time ago Punch had occasion to horrify his readers by publishing the Report of his Select Committee on Education, which revealed the amount of knowledge in domestic matters prevailing among young men generally. His commissioners have just sent up to him their second Report, which relates to the knowledge of business and the affairs of life possessed by young ladies; and he has determined, at the risk of creating a fearful panic in the marriage market, to print it.

Miss Mary Anne Watkins examined.—Is the daughter of a private gentleman.—Has several brothers and sisters. Is engaged to be married to a young surgeon, as soon as he can get into practice. Has an idea that she ought to know something of housekeeping; supposes it comes naturally. Can sing and play; draw and embroider. Cannot say that she ever darned a stocking. The price of brown Windsor soap is from one shilling to one threepence per packet; cannot tell what yellow comes to; never bought any. Circassian cream is half-a-crown a pot; does not know the price of pear lash. Knows how to furnish a house; would go to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she would expect to give for an easy chair, or for a wash stand, or a set of tea things; should ask mamma, if necessary; never thought of doing so before. Papa paid for the dress she has on; forgets what he gave for it. Has no notion what his butcher's bill amounts to in the year.

Miss Harriet Somers.—Papa is a clergyman. He is a curate, and has but one curacy. Expects to marry, of course.—Would not refuse a young man with three hundred a year. Has no property of her own. Has some skill in needle work; lately worked a brig in red, blue, green, and yellow worsted. Can make several washes for the complexion. Cannot tell how she would set about making an apple dumpling. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time they should take would depend upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to be all sometimes; supposing he would order calves foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry cook's. It never occured to her that she might make it herself. If she tried, should buy some calfs feet; what next she should undertake she does not say. Has received a fashionable education; knows French and dancing; talks dancing better than French. [illegible]

Miss Jane Price.—Is the daughter of a respectable tradesman—a grocer and tallow chandler. Looks forward to a comfortable [illegible] somebody in her own station of life. Was [illegible] for three years at a boarding school. Really cannot say what she learnt there. Thinks [illegible] same as a dry good. Has an album. Has painted flowers in the album, also butterflies. Has never ironed a frill. Knows what a receipt is; it tells you how to dress things. Should suppose that a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all the particulars. Never heard of a balance sheet; it may be a calico sheet for aught she knows. Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Has eaten fowl occasionally. Does not know how to make stuffing for a duck or a goose.

Miss Elizabeth Reynolds.—Resides at Hampstead, with her parents. Will have a little money of her own shortly when she comes of age. Is not of aware whether she is a minor or not. The property was left by her aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not anything about her person. Knows what consuls are; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mama keeps house. Expects to do the same when she gets married. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars; has no notion what it is a pound or what made of, or whether it is used with hot water or cold. Drugget is cheaper than a Turkey Carpet; but how much, cannot say. Her time is pricipally occupied in fancy-work, reading novels, and playing quadrilles and waltzes on the piano.

Out of 60 other young ladies examined, three only knew how to corn beef, six what a sausage was composed of, and four how to make onion sauce. Not one of the whole number could brew. They mostly could tell what the last new song was; but none of them knew the currant price of beef. Every soul of them meant to marry as soon as possible. What is to become of their husbands! Echo answers 'What!' and Punch shudders at the idea.

THE LEADERS OF REPUBLICAN ROME.—Who, when looking back upon the nations, with the view of understanding what that specific character of greatness may have been, which in the highest power of human achievement rested in simple heroic magnanimity, *most absolutely upon itself*, feels not his imagination drawn irresistibly to the old warriors and statesmen—real or fabulous he cares not—the more fabulous the more real—of Republican Rome?—Wielding, as they did, the only unmatched power that was ever known upon earth, nursed in arms and danger, sustaining each in his person the celebrity of a great ancestral name, and growing up alike to the highest charges of civil and military command—there could not well be a birth, a morning, and a noon of life, in which the spirit of the human heart might rise more gloriously and steadfastly in the consciousness and the capacity of a great destination. They knew nothing higher nor greater than the lot to which they were born, and they saw nothing above themselves; they stood at the top of earthly pre-eminence. Serving their ambitious country, they were called to enterprise without bounds; they must know no fear, nothing unachievable. The renown and safety of the republic rested on the single leader of one day's battle. They must feel themselves to be invincible. And these are indeed the characters which we find in these heroic minds; no height of daring was above their hope to climb; no invasion of peril could appal them; and, whatever duty might be laid upon them, they felt themselves equal to the charge. What is extraordinary is, that among such numbers of intrepid, ardent and unconquerable minds, engaged too in prosecuting ambitious wars, so many should have been found in whom it does not seem that ambition had a place. They served their country's passion for conquest and renown, and yet kept themselves temperate, austere, and just. We cannot but think we are to ascribe to the virtuous and simple manners of the republic that peculiar character of these great men, their own virtuous simplicity. We imagine nothing above the powers of their minds, or their noble desires, in those spirits which have made the earth blaze with their course!—These ancient fathers of Rome are *their* equals. Whence is it, then, that their greatness did not break forth in ceaseless and consuming flames? Because the hand that thrice triumphed returned to the plough, and the dictator must leave his new turned furrows to take upon him the deliverance of Rome. It was the simple virtue of those stern but pure times—a virtue never forgotten—that was able like a mighty spell, to control the grandeur of those unconquerable spirits, and confine them within themselves. And hence it is not possible for us to read their history without feeling that there rests upon them the august repose of a moral greatness.—They were [illegible] the calm and mellow [illegible] of their little fields as they were [illegible] and where [illegible] the people [illegible] of Rome are *their* equals. Whence is it, then, that their greatness did not break forth in ceaseless and consuming flames? Because the hand that thrice triumphed returned to the plough, and the dictator must leave his new turned furrows to take upon him the deliverance of Rome. It was the simple virtue of those stern but pure times—a virtue never forgotten—that was able like a mighty spell, to control the grandeur of those unconquerable spirits, and confine them within themselves. And hence it is not possible for us to read their history without feeling that there rests upon them the august repose of a moral greatness.—They were [illegible] the calm and mellow [illegible] of their little fields as they were [illegible] and where [illegible] the people [illegible] [illegible] of Rome are *their* equals. Whence is it, then, that their greatness did not break forth in ceaseless and consuming flames? Because the hand that thrice triumphed returned to the plough, and the dictator must leave his new turned furrows to take upon him the deliverance of Rome. It was the simple virtue of those stern but pure times—a virtue never forgotten—that was able like a mighty spell, to control the grandeur of those unconquerable spirits, and confine them within themselves. And hence it is not possible for us to read their history without feeling that there rests upon them the august repose of a moral greatness.—They were [illegible] the calm and mellow [illegible] of their little fields as they were [illegible] and where [illegible] the people [illegible]

☞ We extract the following, from the address of Thomas Duckett, Esq., delivered before the Prince George's (Md.) Agricultural Society:

"In this view of the subject, in dignity and importance, Agriculture asserts the supremacy over all mere temporal pursuits, of whatever character—professional as well as mechanical and commercial. For should the earth refuse to man his necessary food, vain would be the skill of the pleader in adjusting his rights; vain the power of the healing art to renew his strength or prolong his existence. Agriculture, then, as a science, constitutes the basis of human happiness—yea, of human life. Cease to cultivate the earth, and you strike from existence, at one fell swoop, a vast majority of the human race; and, by speedy steps, reduce the survivors to the degraded condition of the Canibal savage, forced by lack of food and the cravings of hunger to feed upon his fellow man! Reduce to practice, generally, the accumulated knowledge which, at a recent stage of the world, the master minds of the age, by their analysis of the soil and their research into the physiology of plants, have spread before mankind, so that the production of the earth shall be annually doubled or quadrupled forever, and who can estimate the increased amount of happiness in store for the present and all future generations."

WHICH WILL YOU DO?—One or two things must be done in this country. Parents must expend money to educate their children, or they must pay taxes to build penitentiaries and to punish crime. There is a great mistake about what is called education. Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated, who knows himself, and who takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, they are not educated men. Learning is only the end, its value consists of giving the means of acquiring, in the discipline which when properly managed, it gives the mind.—Some of the greatest men in the world were not overstocked with learning, but their actions proved they were thoroughly educated. Washington, Franklin, and Sherman, were of this class; and similar, though less striking instances may now be found in all countries. To be educated, a man must be able to think, reason, compare and decide accurately. He may study metaphysics till he is gray, and languages till he is a walking polyglot, and if he is nothing more, he is an uneducated mant There is no class in the country who have a stronger interest in the proper education of children than farmers: and the subject should receive from them the attention it deserves.

MYSTERIOUS PROFESSION.—'Now Tom,' said the printer of a country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice—'put the foreign leaders in a *galley* and *lock 'em up*; let Napoleon's remains have a large *head*; *distribute* the army in the east,—take up a line and finish the 'British Ministers'—make the 'young Princess' to *run on* with the 'Duchess of Kent'—move the 'Kerry hunt' out of the *chase*—get your *stick* and conclude the horrid murder which you began last night—wash your hands and come to dinner, and then see that all the *pi* is cleaned up.' Some printers are *devils* and no mistake.

A St. Louis paper tells a story of a disconsolate widower, who on seeing the remains of his wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed with tears in his eyes:—"Well I've lost hogs, and I've lost cows, but I never had anything to cut me like this."

There is a good deal of satyr wit in Lord Byron's anecdote of the fair astronomers. He says, some literary ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested in astronomy to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied, that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really a man in the moon!

The following inscription is literally taken from a show board:—"Wrighton and Readden and trew Spellen and also Marchants Ackounts with dowble Entry. Rosy skript, Girls and Boys Bourded and groun! Yoozitch for children."

The editor of "The Oasis" asks the following question:—'Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?—We never did, says an exchange, but we, and he turned out to be an Old Bachelor.

A young lady, on being asked to define the word "Bachelor," gave it as her opinion it is to denote what he was—"You can not have anything better, observed the traveller, than a cracker."

"Mother, the [illegible] water?" "No, my child, [illegible] such a [illegible] Volume of [illegible]