Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

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HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

LAW NOTICE

JOHN AND J. HENRY REED,

HAVING entered into partnership for the practice of the Law, will attend to all business entrusted to them.

OFFICE in West Main street, a few doors west of the Court House, and next to the Store of Jason W. Ely; and also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College.

Carlisle, Nov. 15, 1843. 3m-3

ALEXANDER & TODD,

Attorneys at Law.

THE undersigned have associated as partners in the practice of Law, in Cumberland and Perry counties. One or both of them may be always found and consulted at the office heretofore occupied by S. Alexander, next door to the Carlisle Bank. Strict attention will be given to all business placed in their care.

SAMUEL ALEXANDER.
LEMUEL TODD.

WILLIAM H. MILLER,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE REMOVED to Beetem's Row, in the room formerly occupied by S. D. Adair, Esq. Carlisle, April 3, 1844. tf-23

J. S. COLWELL. R. P. MCCLURE.

COLWELL & M'CLURE.

Attorneys at Law,

WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to them in the counties of Cumberland and Franklin. Offices, one door west of the Jail, East High street, Carlisle, and next door to Stumbaugh & Hoover's Drug Store, Shippensburg.

April 24, 1844. tf-26

DRUGS, PAINTS & DYE-STUFFS.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK have just opened an extensive assortment of DRUGS, selected with great care and warranted genuine and Pure. Physicians and Country Merchants are requested to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO

A large assortment of Paints and Dye-Stuffs, every article warranted pure and of the best quality, or no sale. Dyers, Painters and Fullers are requested to call, as we are determined to sell the cheapest and best articles of this line in the market.

Books and Stationary.

We have added to our usual stock, a choice selection of Books and Stationary, which we can sell at a very reduced price.

ALSO,

The largest assortment of CUTLERY ever offered at this place—together with the most fashionable PERFUMERY and *Fancy Notions*.

Carlisle, June 19, 1844. tf-34

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, an 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, Graining do, Shaving do. Teeth do. Flesh do., Shaving and Toilet Soaps in great variety, Varnish,

Spices Ground and 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, 1844.

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.

6m-20 Carlisle, 9, 1844. 2tf-

ROBERTS' HOTEL.

SIGN OF WASHINGTON AND JACKSON.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has removed from his old stand on West High street, to the public house lately kept by David Bloom on South Hanover street, in this borough, sign of Washington and Jackson. Where he will be always glad to see his friends from the Country and Travellers, and accommodate them in the best and most comfortable manner.

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.

ANDREW ROBERTS.

April 17, 1844. tf-25

Washington Hotel

CORNER OF MARKET STREET & MARKET SQUARE

HARRISBURG, PA.

The Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has leased this well known House, which has recently undergone a thorough repair, and has furnished it anew with the best of Bedding and other Furniture, and is now prepared to accommodate Members of the Legislature and Travellers in the very best style, and upon such terms as cannot fail to please.

Dec. 20, 1843. W. T. SANDERS.

Patent Medicines.

JUST received, a large assortment of the following *Patent Medicines*, which we offer for sale wholesale and retail at a very reduced price.

Hays' Liniment, for cure of Piles, &c.
Dr. Hewes' Bone and Nerve Liniment.
Dr. Spohn's cure for Sick Headache.
Dr. Severns' Syrup of Wild Cherry.
Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
Dr. Swaim's Panacea.
P. Verpilleye.
Dr. Rhodes' cheerful.

Together with a general assortment of the most approved theatric and present Pills.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK

June 1

POETRY.

From Godey's Ladies Book.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue,—
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birth day! with a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be:
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past is Memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresh as flowers, are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom cell, and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been—
Her soul hath looked beyond its gloss—
And now she hovers like a star, between
Her deeds of love—her Saviour on the Cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft-times drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart strings thrill
Soft sighs, for rapture it hath never enjoyed—
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

MISCELLANY.

The Family Dinner.

BY JONATHAN SLICK.

The two great doors slid into the partition, and there was another room just as much like the one we was in as two peas in a pod. A table was set in the middle of the room, all kivered with pale china dishes fist rate glass tumblers, and a silver thing to set the pepper-box in—you haint no idea how slick it was. But, as true as you live, there stood that eternal nigger close by the table, as large as life. I didn't know what to make on't, but sez I to myself, if cousin John has got to be an abolitionist, and expects me to cut with a nigger he'll find himself mistaken, I'll be darned to darnation if he don't.

But I needn't got so wrothy; the critter didn't offer to set down; he only stood there to get any thing we wanted.

"Do you take verminsilly, Mr. Slick?" says Miss Beebe, biting off her words as if she was afraid they'd burn her.

With that she took the kiver off one of the dishes, and began to ladle out some soup with a great silver dipper, as bright as a new fifty cent piece.

No, thank you, sez I, but I'll take some of that ar' soup instead, if you've no objections.

The critter was just beginning to pucker up her mouth again, as if she had found out something to poke her fun at, but cousin John looked at her so eternal cross that she was glad to choke in. I'spose cousin seed that I felt dreadful oneasy, so he said, kind o' coaxing—

She meant verminsilly soup, cousin Jonathan. Let her help you to some, I'm dartin you'll like it.

Wal, sez I, I don't care if I do.

So I took up a queer looking spoon that lay by my plate, and tried to eat; but all I could do, the soup would keep a running through the spoon into the dish again. I tried and tried to get one good mouthful, but I might as well have determined to dip up the Connecticut river in a seive, and the most I could get was two or three sprangles of little white things that I stirred up from the bottom of the plate, that did'nt taste bad, but to save my life I could'nt make out what they were made of. After I had been fishing and diving over so long a trying to get one good spoonful, so that I could tell what it was, I looked up, and there was the nigger, showing his teeth and rolling about his eyes like a black cat in the dark. It made me wrathy, for I surmised that he was larfin to see me working so to get something to eat. I couldn't hold in any longer and jumped up and flung the spoon upon the floor as spiteful as could be, and sez I to the nigger, sez I,

What do you stand a grinning at there you wooly head? Go and get me a spoon that haint got no slits in it, I'd as lief eat with a rake as that are thing!

Ha, ha, haw! I thought you would not make the fork hold.

With that Miss Beebe giggled right out, and cousin John looked as if he would burst to keep from larfing too.

Stop your noise, sir, said he to the nigger; pick up the fork and give Mr. Slick a spoon.

I begun to feel awful streaked, I can tell you; but set down agin and took up the real spoon, which lay on a kind of towel, folded up by my plate, and begun to eat without sayin a word, though I'd a gin a silver dollar if they would a let me got up and licked the nigger.

Wal, arter I'd got a mouthful of the soup, I couldn't make out what it was made of, for I couldn't remember ever seeing the name Miss Beebe called it in the dictionary. May be it is latin, sez I to myself, and then I tried to think over what it could mean, and if no body had told me what the definition was in the Latin school which you sent me to there in Weathersfield. Verminsilly, verminsilly, verminsilly, kept a running through my head all the time. I knew what silly meant well enough, and then it popped into my head that *vermin* comes from the latin *vermis*, which means worms. Worm soup! my gracious the idea made me feel awful bad at the stomach! But I might have known it by the looks, and I should if I'd ever hear of such a thing, for the little slim critters swimming around in the liquor looked as much like angle worms biled down white as could be. Arter I found out what it was made of, I rather guess they didn't catch me eatin any more of their verminsilly soup; so I pushed it half across the table and wiped my mouth pretty considerable with my pocket handkercher. The nigger took the whole on't away, and I declare I was glad enough to git rid of it.

What on airth have they put this towel here for? sez I to myself; and then I stole a sly look over to cousin John, to see if he'd got one, or if they only gave towels to company. Cousin John had one jest like mine, but he spread it out on his lap, so I jest took up one and kivered over my cassimeres with it tu.

Considering there was no onions on the table, I made out a putty fair dinner. I was beginning to think about moving when the nigger brought a lot of blue glass bowls about half full of water and set one down by each of us. What they could be for I hadn't the least notion, but I kept a bright look out to see what cousin John did, and when I saw him dip his fingers into the bowl and wipe 'em on a sort of red towel which the nigger brought along with the bowls, I jest went over the manœuver as natural as life.

Wal, while we were talking about the banks, and the Weathersfield folks dying so, that cost of a nigger cleared the table right off as slick as a whistle and afore I hardly knew what the fellow was up to, he come along and set down a set of decanters, and two cider bottles with the necks all kivered over with sheet lead, and then he brought two baskets made out of silver; one on 'em was filled chuck full of oranges, and tother was filled with great purple grapes; I declare it eenmost made my mouth water to see the great bunches hanging over the edge of the basket. I jest put a whopper of a bunch on a little China plate which the fellow set for me, and was considering whether it would be genteel to cut the grape in two with the cunning little silver knife which was put by the plate, when all at once, pop! went something eenamost as loud as a pistol, close by me. I jumped up about the quickest I can tell you; but it was only the nigger a opening one of the cider bottles; he poured out some for me in a great long glass with a spindle neck, and I drunk it all at a couple of swallers, without stopping to breathe. By jingo! but it was capital cider; arter I had drunk one glass I begun to feel as spry as a cricket.

Here, snowball, sez I, 'give us another, these glasses are awful small; now I like to drink cider out of a pint mug.'

'Take care, says cousin Beebe, 'I'm afeared you'll find the cider, as you call it, rather apt to get into your head.'

Not a bit of it, sez I, 'I can stand a quart a day. Herd, cousin Mary, take another glass; you haint forgot old times, have you?—though I spose they don't have apple cuts and quiltings here in York do they?

I don't remember what she said, but I know this, my eyes begun to grow allfired bright, and afore I got up to go hum that nigger must have put more than twenty baskets of grapes on the table; and the oranges seemed to grow bigger and bigger every minit, and I knew there were more than three times as many glasses and decanters on the table as there were at first. I rather think it was about tea time when I got up to go back to the shop agin. I insisted on giving cousin Mary a buss afore I went; and I wont be certain, but I kinder seemed to remember shakin hands with the nigger, cunsarn him! jest afore I went down the steps.

Swallowing Oysters alive.

At a late hour, the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city, was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-woolsey, and having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—"Isters!"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator, "and fine ones they are, too."

"Well I've heern tell of isters afore," says he, "but this the first time I seed 'em, and prehaps I'll know what *that* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached a plate, and scrutinized the uncased shell fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher, into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they look when out.

"I never seed any thin' hold on so—'takes an amazin sight of screwin', hoss, to get 'em out, and aint they slick and slip'ry when they does come! Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller logins', just to realize the effects, as Uncle Jess used to say about spekelation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the *Sucker*, "now, come, that's sirkin' it on rite streng hoss, for *isters*. A dozen on them aint nothing to a chiken, and there's no gittin' mor'n a picayune apiece for them. I've only realized 45 picayunes on my first ventur' to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to *shell out*, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the *Sucker*, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your tricks, for I've hearn tell that you city fellers are mity slip'ry coons."

The bargain being understood, our *Sucker* squared himself for the onset—deliberately put off his seal-skin cap, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost, while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed *alive*" as I'm a christian."

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it *stood* open. Fear—a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a conciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorance of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of that moment was terrible. Urged to desperation he faltered out—

"What on airth's the row?"

'Did you swallow it *alive*?' enquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the *Sucker*.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend: 'the creature is *alive* and will eat right *through you*,' added he, in a most hopeless tone.

'Git a pizen pump and pump it out!' screamed the *Sucker*, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. 'Oh gracious!—what'll I do!—It's got hold of my *innards*, already, and I'm dead as a *chicken!* do somethin' for me, do, don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore you eyes."

'Why didn't you put some of this on it?' enquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper sauce.

That was enough—the *Sucker*, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and, desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and enquired—

"How are you now, old fellow, did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss,—ugh-ugh-o-o-o my *innards!* If that *ister* critter's dyin' agin, jes didn't *stir* a ruction in me equal to a small airthquake, then I'm no use sayin' it, that's all."

Foreign Paupers—Facts.—The N. York American Ensign gives some interesting alms house statistics, from which we make the following extracts:

During the week ending the 26th of October, there were admitted into the Alms-House 90 persons—63 of whom were foreigners, 27 natives.

During the week ending November 2d, 98, 68 foreigners, 30 natives.

During the week ending November 9th, 95, 69 foreigners, 26 natives.

During the week ending November 16th, 118, 77 foreigners, 41 natives.

During the week ending November 23d, 118, 70 foreigners, 48 natives.

The same paper also says—"It has repeatedly occurred that passengers have been sent up from the ship that brought them, to the Alms-House. There were at one time no less than 16 patients in the Hospital at Bellevue, all of whom came in *one* ship."

Here is positive evidence that the poor-houses of Europe are being emptied upon our shores. But we need not travel farther than our own city, observes the Baltimore Republican, for the proof of this fact, or the truth of the assertion, that the convicts of Europe are transported to this country to become citizens and to exercise the elective franchise. To this corrupting influence the American people have not only tamely submitted, but to serve party purposes, have taken these criminals and paupers by the hand and paid for their naturalization. This is a liberal policy with a vengeance—a policy which will destroy our institutions, or place them under the control of the off-casts of the old countries. Against further persistance in this degrading and ruinous policy every citizen of the United States, native or adopted, who possesses self respect or regard for the welfare of his children, should solemnly protest. We must have laws to guard us against the imposition, or we shall deserve our fate."

An Infallible Remedy for Lowness of Spirits.—Take an ounce of spirits of resolution and an equal proportion of the oil concience—infuse into these a table spoonful of salts of patience, and add thereto a few sprigs of a plant called "other woes," which you will find growing in every part of the garden of life, but especially under the broad leaves of a showy herb called disguise. Gather also a handful of the blossoms of hope, which, being perennial, may always be obtained; sweeten these with the balm of Providence, and if you can procure a few drops of *genuine* cordial of true friendship, it will greatly add to the value of the medicine. But in this one ingredient especially be careful of counterfeits. There is a spurious compound, vended by one Self Interest, which is obtained easily and by which thousands are imposed upon. The least admixture of it with the above ingredients would infallibly spoil the composition. Reduce the whole to an electuary by a proportion of conserve of content, flavor it with essence of good judgement and regulate the quantity taken according to the virulence of the disease. A tried receipt and never known to fail.

Truth stranger than Fiction.—A poor country girl travelled from Gee Cross, near Manchester, to London, during the troubles in the time of Charles the First to seek a place as a servant.

Failing in the object of her ambition, she engaged herself as, what is called tub woman to a brewer—that is she generally carried out the beer from the brewhouse.

Pleased with her healthy, handsome face the brewer raised her to the position of his servant, then to that of his wife—finally to that of a widow with a handsome dowry. She engaged Mr. Hyde then celebrated as a clever lawer, to settle some puzzling money matters for her, and, as his own money matters happened to be not only puzzling, but in a hopeless state just then, he proposed to the rich widow and married her. Mr. Hyde became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon.

The only daughter of the marriage became wife of James II. and mother to the Princesses Mary and Ann; and so the poor tub woman ended her life as Countess of Clarendon, wife to the Lord Chancellor of England, and mother to one, and grandmother to two Queens of England.

Factory Girls.—The Lowell Vox Populi chronicles the fact that a rich Southern man on a visit to that city, happened to find at work in one of factories, a beautiful girl the perfection of his ideal, to whom he at length was introduced, finding her all he desired, by the consent of her friends, and amid the congratulations of many, she became his blushing bride, and has gone to preside over his home in the sunny south. The realities and romances of the factories are many and interesting.

"Pa, does the world turn round?"

"Yes my dear it turns on its axis once in twenty four hours."

"How often is that?"

"Why once a day."

"Well, I thought so; for Mr. ——goes down to Bondeville most every day with a jug, and before he gets home he has to come and lay down beside the road, and hang on to the ground to keep from falling off."

Giants in Olden Times.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Advertiser, in referring to a late lecture by Professor Silliman, jr., who mentioned the discovery of enormous animals of the lizard tribe, measuring 80 feet in length, from which he naturally inferred, as no living specimen had been found, that all animals had greatly degenerated in size, confirms the supposition by referring to the history of giants in the older time, of which he furnishes a list. From that, it seems that those of the present day, are comparatively dwarfs, when placed by the side of the gentlemen of antiquity! The shin-bone of Mr. Kentolochus Rex, described below measured four feet, and he according to the Abbe la Chappe was just the heighth of a race of people called Wotiacks! Verily there were giants in those days!

The giant exhibited at Rouen in 1735, measured over 8 feet.

Gorapius saw a girl who was 10 feet high!

The body of Orestes was 11½ feet high.

The Giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Cæsar was near 10 feet.

Funnum, who lived in the time of Eugene 2d, measured 11½ feet.

The Chevalier Serog, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain, the head of Guanch, which had 80 teeth, and that his body was 15 feet long!

The Giant Feragus, slain by Orlando, nephew to Charlamagne was eighteen feet high!

In 1614, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was 20 feet high!

In 1509, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been 18 feet long.

Platerus saw at Lucerne the human bones of a subject 19 feet long!

The Giant Bucart was 22½ feet high, his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the river Morderi.

In 1030, near a castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found 30 feet long! 12 wide, and 8 high, on which was a grey stone with the words, Keutelochus Rex. The skeleton was found entire, 25½ feet long, 10 feet across the breast and shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast bone to the back!

Near Nazerino in Sicily, in 1516, was a giant 30 feet high. His head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth 5 ounces. (Wonder if the dentists filled with gold in his day.)

Near Palmero in Sicily, in 1548, was found the skeleton of a giant 30 feet long, and another 33 feet high, in 1550. (Query? How much did his tailor charge for his pants?)

Mr. Morse says in his Geography that there is upon the Rocky Ridge in the Island of Ceylon, a tomb of immense length—but does not say how many feet.

Og, King of Bashan's bedstead, was 9 cubits long, which according to Dr. Adam Clark was 15 feet. How long did it take him to get asleep all over?

Goliah of Gath, was six cubits and a span—11 feet and 3 inches. When the spies went to explore the country of the Cannanites, they reported the children of Anak as giants in whose presence they felt themselves to be but grasshoppers, and just put foot for home, for fear that they should all be devoured of the giants, for the spies had said they eat up the inhabitants of the land.

The Ruling Passion.—It is no new thing under the sun for every man to have his hobby, and it is not the first time it has been chronicled, that the passion, what ever it may be, breaks through all restraints, and frequently sits pinnacled bright and perminent amidst chaos of all kinds. A ludicrous exemplification of this "one idea" occured in this city a day or two since and it was given to us as follows.

One of our physicians was summoned to attend with all possible speed a man who was supposed to be dying, and hurrying to the residence of the patient, a little examination showed that he was most "gloriously corned," or in whart vernacular, dead drunk. To produce a reaction the physician commenced pouring water from a considerable height on the head of the subject, who, after a few efforts to set the tongue in motion, gasped out "Who's there?" "Me." "Who is me?" Doctor M——. A convulsive effort followed to shake his position, but his nerve was gone for temporarily, and sank back again into his former. A fresh application of cold water was applied, when he suddenly sprung out, "Fire! Fire! Fire! I'll Play away No. 9!"

WHEAT CULTURE.

The Buffalo N. Y., Commercial Advertiser, says the past season has been marked by some important developements in the culture of Wheat; and present the following facts, which we think worthy of note:

Dr. Noble, of Delaware, has been reclaiming a worn-out farm for several years by the use of street manure obtained from Philadelphia, and particularly with the view of growing this great staple. Having brought the soil to a pretty fair state of fertility he has tried the relative advantages of planting wheat in drills, nine inches apart, and sowing it broad cast in the usual way. The soil and treatment in other respects were precisely alike. The result was 34 bushels on the sown land 42 in the drilled. These experiments were made in fields of some acres. The soil from which this crop was harvested a few years since would not bear over 6 to 8 bushels per acre.

By planting the kernels just six inches apart each way, and feeding the plant on food containing, in a soluble state, all the elements necessary to build up the entire system, including the materials to form the straw, as well as the berry, a gentleman in England has grown at the rate of 320 bushels per acre.

Mr. James Campbell, of Scotland, has tried several interesting and successful experiments in the way of soaking seed wheat, barley and oats with a saturated solution of neutral salts, containing as nearly as practicable the precise elements found in the grain. The object of this was to secure to the young plant a double supply of its appropriate nourishment. The effect has been a large increase in the crop, at a very trifling expense.

Other experiments have been tried in France, with a view to determine what portion of the *organic* as well as mineral elements found in cultivated plants, is derived from the soil in which they grow, and what from the atmosphere. This is an important inquiry, and one that should be prosecuted in this country.

Farming in England.—To those that think it important for a portion of our sparse population to emigrate to Texas or Oregon to find land enough to cultivate, we commend the following remarks taken from Coleman's European Agriculture:

One of the witnesses before the parliamentary Committee gives an account of a man who supported himself, and wife, and son from two acres of land, for which he paid a rent for the two of £9 10s.; and in the course of seven years he had saved enough from the produce of his two acres of land, for which he paid about £30 to £40 per acre. He states, likewise, his own personal knowledge of six acres of land, which, under the spade of cultivation, produced at the rate of fifty two bushels of wheat to the acre. Another witness testifies that on the estate of Lord Howard, Barbot Hall in Yorkshire, a rood of land was dug and planted with wheat by his Lordship's direction, and twenty-eight bushels of wheat were obtained from this quarter of an acre; which would be at the extraordinary and unheard of rate of one hundred and twelve bushels per acre.

Think of a rent of £9 10s. for two acres and harvesting 112 bushels of good wheat per acre!

☞ Wealth is not Happiness.—Talk about the enjoyment of wealth—it never was nor never will be enjoyed. An abundance of money is a heap of trouble and misery. A man who has a small house, a small farm, a small wife, a big dog, a good cow, two or three fat pigs, two children, ought to be satisfied. If he isn't, he never can be.

A Traveller.—One of the Conductors upon the Eastern Rail Road, during the 67th years it has been open from Boston to Springfield, has travelled more than three hundred and twenty five thousand miles, an amount equal to thirteen times the circumference of the globe.

☞ A young American lady being asked by a boring politician, which party she was most in favour of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

☞ A person was remarking the other day how very cheap every thing had got.

"Not every thing," replied a friend.

"Why what is not?"

"Woman."

"Oh I forgot!—women are always dear!"

☞ A Beautiful Sentiment.—"Privacy is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of the recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our care, and the calm of our tempest."

☞ In the bloom of youth and beauty—at the pinnacle of victory, of strength and of pleasure—man is often overcome by a profound feeling of the fleeting nothingness of this state, which he calls his life.