Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLIX. CARLISLE, AUGUST 15, 1849. NUMBER L

Cards.

Dr. John J. Myers,

HAS REMOVED his Office and dwelling to the house adjoining his Drug Store on West High street. april 1

Dr. W. L. Creigh,

(Successor of Dr. John Creigh, deceased,)

WILL attend all Medical calls in town or country, by DAY or NIGHT, and will give every attention to patients entrusted to his care. OFFICE on East High street, opposite Ogilby's store. nov22-6m

J. Windsor Rawlins, M. D.

GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College, respectfully offers his services to the public. Dr. Rawlins having had eight years experience in the Practice of his profession in Maryland and Pennsylvania, flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction to those requiring his aid. Office in Pitt street opposite the Mansion House Hotel and first door south of the Methodist church. February 7th, 1849.

Doctor Ad. Lippe,

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office in Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. F. Ehrman. ap 9 '46

Dr. I. C. Loomis,

DENTIST. WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Sealing, Filling, Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. ☞Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent the last ten days of every month.

Wm. M. Penrose,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county.—OFFICE opposite the jail in the room with W. T. Brown, Esq. [may2

John B. Parker,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE in North Hanover Street, in the room formerly occupied by the Hon. F Watts. March 21, 1849.

Carson C. Moore,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster, deceased. mar 31 '47

EDWRD CLARKSON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 80½ Walnut Street, Philadelphia. ☞Orders may be sent by mail. Dec. 20 1848.—6m

Conveyancing.

DEEDS, BONDS, Mortgages, Agreements and other instruments of writing neatly and accurately drawn by the subscriber, who may be found at the office of the Carlisle Bank. dec20tf A. HENDEL.

James R. Smith,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Has REMOVED his office to Beetem's Row, two doors from Burkholder's Hotel. [apr 1

GEORGE EGE,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, ap 8'49.

WRIGHT & SAXTON,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE,

Glass, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Oil, Iron, Steel, Nails &c. would invite the attention of persons wanting goods in their line, to the large assortment they have just opened, and which they offer at the very lowest cash prices. feb23

John P. Lyne,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c, at the old stand in N. Hanover street, Carlisle, has just received from New York and Philadelphia a large addition to his former stock, to which the attention of buyers is requested, as he is determined to sell as lower than any other house in town. apr19

Look this Way.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL YARD in West High street, a few doors east of Messrs J & D Rhoads's Warehouse, where he now has and will keep constantly on hand a first rate assortment of all kinds of seasoned pine boards and plank and all other kinds of stuff, all of which he will sell low for cash. July 18 SAMUEL SIPE.

WALTERS & HARVEY,

(Late Hazelhurst & Walters,)

PRODUCE and General Commission Merchants, Nos. 15 and 16, Spear's Wharf, BALTIMORE. Liberal cash advances made on consignments of all kinds of Produce. mar28

Notice.

THE Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the stated meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at which time any persons having business with said Board, will meet them at their office in Carlisle.

Attest WM. RILEY, Cl'k.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next Session of the Legislature, of Pennsylvania, for an alteration in the Charter of the Carlisle Deposite Bank, so as to confer upon the Institution the rights and privileges of a Bank of Issue. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. S COBEAN, Cashier.

Carlisle Deposite Bank, July 4, 1849-3m

Dyeing and Scouring.

WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louther Street, near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparrel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited. sep 2'46

A Card.

DR. J. W. HENDEL, Dentist, informs his friends and patrons that he expects to be absent from Carlisle for the coming six weeks. july 17

Rags Wanted.

THE highest price will be paid (in cash or in paper) by the subscriber for good RAGS. The rags may be delivered at the Paper Mill, five miles from Carlisle, or at the Warehouse of Mr. Jacob Rhoads, in Carlisle.

3ap13-tf W. B. MULLEN.

Wrapping Paper.

THE Subscriber has entered into arrangements with a house in Philadelphia, by which he will be constantly supplied with the best article of Wrapping Paper. Country Merchants and others wishing to save twenty-five per cent. on the above article can do so by calling at the store of J. D HALBERT.

No 39 1848

Leghorn Hats,

THE subscriber has just received an invoice of Gentlemen's Leghorn Hats, a superior article, at a VERY LOW price. Also, Childrens Hair Cloth Caps. G W HITNER.

jly

BONNETS! BONNETS!

JUST received the newest and latest style Bonnets, to which I invite the attention of the ladies. Will be sold as bargains,—call and examine at the Cheap Store in North Hanover street. J. G CARMONY.

Candidates.

To the Voters of Cumberland County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I hereby offer myself to your consideration for the office of SHERIFF of Cumberland County, and respectfully solicit your support, pledging myself, if elected to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity. Yours, respectfully,

MONTGOMERY DONALDSON.

West Pennsboro tp. April —'49-te

To the Voters of Cumberland Co'tv

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of SHERIFF at the approaching election, subject to the action of the Whig County Convention, and respectfully solicit your support.

JOS A EGE.

Shippensburg, may 23,'49.

SHERIFFALTY.

A. ROBERTS offers himself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, and solicits from the Democratic Delegates the nomination, pledging himself, if elected, to discharge the duties to the best of his ability. june20

To the Independent Voters of Cumberland County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, subject to the decision of the Whig County Convention, and very respectfully solicit your support.

Hopewell tp., LEVI DIEHL.

May 9,'49

SHERIFFALTY.

FELLOW-CITIZENS of Cumberland co., I offer myself to your consideration for the office of SHERIFF, subject to the nomination of the Whig County Convention. Should I be fortunate enough to be elected, I will discharge the duties of the office with impartiality and fidelity. ROB'T. McCARTNEY.

Carlisle, April 11, '49-te

To the Voters of Cumberland County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—At the solicitation of many friends I hereby offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for SHERIFF, at the ensuing general election, subject to the decision of the Whig County Convention. Should I be nominated and elected, I promise to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and humanity. I therefore respetefully solicit your support. JOSEPH McDARMOND.

Newville, April —th, '49-te

To the Voters of Cumberland County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Encouraged by numerous friends, I hereby offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of Cumberland county, at the ensuing general election, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with impartiality

DAVID CRISWELL.

Shippensburg, april 11 '49-te

To the Voters of Cumberland County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, of Cumberland county, at the next general election, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity

Carlisle, April 11 DAVID SMITH

Sheriffalty.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Being solicited by a number of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF at the ensuing election, and will be thankful for your suffrages. Should I be elected, I hereby promise to perform the duties of said office faithfully. Respectfully,

April 4-te JOHN F HUNTER.

WERT'S HOTEL.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has taken the large and commodious public house, situated on the corner of South Hanover and Pomfret sts, in the borough of Carlisle, lately occupied by Samuel Morrel, where he will endeavor to serve those who may call on him in the most satisfactory manner.—The house is pleasantly situated, and is furnished throughout with good bedding and other furniture, and his accommodations are such as will make it a convenient and desirable stopping place. No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call. BOARDERS will be taken by the week, month or year at the usual prices. JOHN WERT.

Patent Shoulder Braces.

THE subscriber has just received an assortment of Dr. PORTER'S SHOULDER BRACES, which has been found to be invaluable to such as are afflicted with crick in the back, pains in the side and breast, spitting of blood, &c.

This article is also found to be of the utmost importance to children predisposed to stooping and especially to females whose health is impaired, and often totally ruined by this habit of stooping, which is entirely overcome by the use of this invaluable Brace

eb. 21 G W HITNER

Watt & Patterson's Tuss,

FOR THE RADICAL CURE OF HERNIA OR RUPTURE.

A SUPPLY of the above truly valuable TRUSS received and kept for sale at the store of [aug23] S. ELLIOTT

Carlisle Sulphur Springs.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to accomodate comfortably a large number of visiters and boarders. The Springs are four and a half miles north of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa. in a healthy, and romantic place. Hot and cold BATHS, in good order, and every attention may be relied upon. Good Hacks are always in readiness at Handel's or Hilton's Livery Stables to convey visitors to the Springs.

june 20-3t D. CORNMAN.

A CARD.

THE DUBLIN GAP WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, situated in Cumberland county, Pa. in a picturesque portion of the mountain, eight miles north of Newville, has recently been fitted up with new and commodious buildings. The subscriber having provided himself with good cooks and waiters, hopes by close and personal attention to his house and visitors to be able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. A line of HACKS will be always ready at the Newville Depot, on the arrival of the cars, to carry passengers to the springs.

May 30 SCOTT COYLE.

PICKLES, PRESERVES.—Just received and opened by the subscriber, preserved Ginger and Pine Apple, Orange Jelly, Pickled Lobsters, Gherkins, Mangoes, Peppers, Picollili Tomatoes and Onions, Olives, Capers, Anchovies, Sardines, Tomato Ketchup, fine mixed French Mustard, with a very choice and pure mormont of Salad Oil just received at

May10'49 S. W. HAVERSTICK.

Black Silks, Gimps and Fringes.

THE subscriber has just received another supply of Black Silk Gimps and Fringes, also Mantille Silks of all widths.

JUST received a farther supply of Pink & Blue Ribbon Belts.

jy 25 G W HITNER.

Poetry.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Watcher!—who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath least his sleep should break!
In thy loneliest hour there is a helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger!—afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling but not for thee;
There is one who can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner!—who sit'st in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from the children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead;
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy vien of fire foul thy wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Seek for the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Select Tale.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

A Story for Boys.

ONE evening in the month of July 1525, a child about ten years old, badly dressed, and with bare feet, was driving a flock of sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young as he was, his countenance was grave and pale, and his large dark eyes were intensely fixed on a book, which he held open in his hand; while but for the watchful care of a dog that accompanied him, his fleecy charge might have strayed in every direction without his being conscious of it. He walked slowly on, still looking at his book, until as he was passing a cottage, a voice from its door recalled him from his abstraction.

'What, Pierre, are you going to pass by your old friend Louison without saying good evening?'

These words were spoken by an old woman who was spinning at the threshold.

'No, good Louison,' replied the boy with a very serious air; 'I intended to call and embrace you.'

'How say you that Pierre?' said the old woman, 'one would think you were going away, and that we were never to see you again.'

'I hope, whenever I see you, to find you well and happy,' replied the child.

'And always ready to share my luncheon with little Pierre, who on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—'tis only a silver sixpence. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to keep sheep all your life; something tells me you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me; if you remain here in this village of St. Gobain, how are you ever to become great? a man whom every one will talk of and say, 'Do you know that he was once little La Ramee, the son of La Ramee the charcoal burner and Galienetta his wife?'

'Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall remain long at St. Gobain, who knows?—better days may come, and then,' added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman's neck, 'when you don't see me here, will you pray to God for me? a Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget you.'

'Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre—Pierrot!'

But Pierre was already out of hearing; and having overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farm house which stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal.—On his way he stopped at an old oak tree, and climbing its lower branches he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, and nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

'Ah, little robber of birds' nests, have I caught you?' said a loud good-natured voice.

'Oh, Richard, is that you?' said Pierre.—'You startled me; I thought at first it was my father.'

'Your father came home long ago, and when your mother went to the fold, she found a very sorry account of her sheep.'

'Oh, my mother won't be very angry.'

'Yes, but that's not all,' replied Richard, while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else—a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it.'

'I hope she will give me back my book,' said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father's servant.

As he entered the house, after putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, 'Go in; your father wants to speak to you.'

A rough looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

'Husband, here is Pierre?'

La Ramee looked up. 'What has happened to keep you so late?'

'Nothing, father.'

'To whom does this book belong?'

'To me, father.'

'Who gave it to you?'

'I did, sir,' said Richard; 'I gave him money to buy it.'

'And what do you do with it child?' asked the father.

'I read it, father.'

'You read it!' cried his father and mother together; 'and where did you learn to read?'

'I taught him,' said Richard. 'The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing him another.'

'A fine service truly,' said Calinette. 'If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! Did any one ever hear such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write too?'

'Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress,' replied Richard.

'That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?'

'That's not the question, wife,' said La Ramee; certainly, if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing.'

'Oh, indeed it is,' said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, 'However, father, if you would——'

'Send you to school, I suppose you mean?' interrupted the father. 'You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths.'

'Here is your supper, said his mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

'May I have my book,' asked Pierre, taking his supper with one hand, and extending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked, 'Who wrote this book?'

'Jean de Roly,' replied Pierre.

'Who was that priest?' asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

'He was one of the most eloquent orators of the last century, mother,' replied the child. 'He was chancellor, and archdeacon of the church Notre Dame in Paris. He knew how to read and to write too,' added Pierre with a sigh; 'so that in 1461, when parliament sent a remonstrance to Louis XI, it was he who composed it. Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States General at Tours, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses. Charles VIII, the son of Louis XI, and the father of our present king, Louis XII, was so much pleased with him that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court.'

'There, there—that will do,' said Calinette. 'You see now I was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow,' said Richard proudly.

'Fine things I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed, Master Wiseacre,' added she, giving her son a slight push—'go and look for your Jean Jolly!'

'Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him because he died twenty-six years ago.'

'But for that, I suppose you'd go to him and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal burner in Picardy!'

'My father certainly burns charcoal,' said Pierre in a low tone, 'and yet he has gentle blood in his veins.'

'And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?' said his mother.

'Oh,' cried the boy, 'I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge!'

'Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing.'

'Good night, mother; good night, father; good night, Richard,' said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father's cottage, and turning back, said, 'Kiss me mother.'

'What for, child?'

'Old Louison says,' replied Pierre, 'that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again——'

'What strange ideas the boy has!' said his mother giving him a hearty kiss. 'There Pierrot; 'tis time for you to go.'

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led his flock to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps toward the Paris road.—Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents and told him that an enterprise commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy, tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provisions given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

'Where are you going?' asked the man.

'I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I want you to be able to say you don't know.'

'I guess it, child—you're going to leave us; and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke.

'Richard,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'dear Richard, don't betray me. You taught me to read, that was like opening the gate of a beautiful garden, and now I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am going to Paris.'

'Without your father's permission!'

'Yes; you know if I had asked him he would have refused. I shall never forget you Richard; and when I am learned and happy——' He could say no more; but dashing away the tears that blinded him, was some distance on his way before Richard turned slowly towards home.

That evening there was sad consternation in the farm house when the sheep returned under the sole escort of Loulou, the dog.

'Pierre—Pierre!—where is Pierre?' resounded on all sides.

Richard alone sat silently in a corner praying God to protect the little traveller.

After much fatigue, Pierre La Ramee at length reached Paris. While passing through the country, he was kindly received, lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he had no occasion to spend the few sous that he possessed. But it was difficult in the great city; there he was obliged to purchase a piece of bread, and having eaten it, to seek a lodging where he best could. The covered entrance to the market afforded a tolerable shelter; and there, with a stone for a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly. Next morning he was awoke early by the noise of the town, and seeing a number of children going towards a school, he followed them to the gate. They entered, and he remained standing alone. His heart beat fast, and taking courage he knocked at the gate.

The porter opened it. 'What do you want?'

'I want to enter and listen to what is going on,' replied the little stranger with simplicity.

'Who are you?'

A poor child come on foot from his own village to acquire learning.'

'Can you pay for admission?'

'Alas! I have nothing in the world.'

'Then I would advise you to go back as quickly as you can,' said the porter, shutting the door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged, he sat down on the step. 'The children,' he thought, will soon be coming out; perhaps one of them will take pity on me.'

He waited patiently until the gate opened, and the scholars, leaping and shouting for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No one minded poor Pierre; and he might have remained quite unnoticed, had he not started forward to raise a little boy whose foot had tripped against a stone.

'Are you hurt, little master?' asked Pierre.

'No, thank you,' replied the child, and passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ramee when he found himself once more alone before that large green gate, which seemed resolved never to admit him. Still he waited until the pupils returned; and as the child that had fallen passed by, he saluted him.

'Master,' said Pierre advancing.

'Here,' said the child offering him a piece of money.

'It is not that,' said Pierre drawing back his hand.

'What then?' asked the pupil with surprise.

'Lend me one of your books, little master; I will return it when you come out.'

'What good will that do you?' said the child, greatly astonished.

'Oh, a great deal; it will make me very happy.'

'Here, then,' said the pupil, giving him the first book that came to hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, and turned over the leaves without being able to comprehend a sentence. When its little owner came out, Pierre returned it to him with a sigh. 'To-morrow, I will lend you a French book,' said the child and he was as good as his word.

But in this world reading and learning are not all sufficient; it is necessary likewise to eat; and in order to do this, however, sparingly, Pierre was obliged by degrees to sell part of his clothes, and yet sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery produced their usual effects, and the poor child felt that his frame was sinking.

'This,' thought he, 'is a just punishment from God for having left home without my parents' permission. Oh, my good mother! I have caused you grief enough, without adding to it the anguish of hearing one day that your son died far from you without your blessing, or hearing you say that you forgave him. My God give me strength to go home!'

The prayer was heard. Sometime afterwards, Pierre once more entered his native fields, feeling that he had done very wrong, and deserved punishment, but full of trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He rather guessed it was he, that recognized him; for the poor child was so altered, that he looked like the shadow of the pretty little La Ramee. Richard caught him in his arms, and hugged him with transport.

'Oh how they wept for you!' said he, 'and what difficulty I had in keeping your secret. Well, have you seen Paris? is it as large as people say? Have you learned a great deal there? Are you very wise now?'

Pierre smiled sadly; 'I have seen but little of Paris,' he said; 'and I return as ignorant as when I set out. Oh, Richard! I have suffered a great deal, especially from hunger. But mother, father—how are they?'

Just then they reached the cottage door; the parents of Pierre tried to look stern and unforgiving but it would not do! The father's eyes were filled with tears, while he told his son that he had forfeited his affection; and his mother covered him with kisses, while she protested that she would never embrace him again in her life.

'Come,' said a brother of Calinette, who had lately taken up his abode with the family, 'this is the return of the Prodigal Son.—Let every one embrace him and be satisfied. You brother-in-law, forgive the little fellow and you sister, give him some good warm soup. And do you, my boy, promise your parents never to leave home again?'

'Without their permission,' said Pierre.

'What! do you still think of returning?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Notwithstanding all you have suffered?'

'Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is everything.'

Astonished at his determination, the uncle considered for a moment, and then said—'Your desire shall be accomplished, nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint so much courage and perseverance. I am an old man without children, and I have a few gold coins lying idle in my trunk: I think brother, I'll e'en spend them in indulging our young scapegrace; what do you say?'

'I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for his schooling I do not desire better than to have him instructed, and I will readily allow him to return to Paris.

Great was the joy of Pierre at hearing these words. Behold him again on the high road; but this time with a light heart, an easy conscience and a pocket furnished with money, and a letter of introduction to the principal of the college of Navarre in Paris.

He arrived and was admitted. The first time that our young hero found himself seated in a class, with a professor about to instruct him, was an hour of unmixed delight. It seemed to him as though he had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear, nor memory to retain all he wanted to learn. He came to the banquet of science as a hungry man would come to a delicious feast; therefore the progress that he made, especially in Latin, was so marvellous, that his companions, to commemorate it, Latinized his name, and called him Ramus. By this name he was ever afterwards distinguished. But the trials the poor boy was destined to undergo were not yet ended.

His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written to him containing these words:—'Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient knowledge to conduct your father's trade.'

Just before the receipt of this letter the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

'Two years!' thought he; 'only two years; and I must leave the college! Oh no! I will find some means of remaining.' And instead of despairing as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion.

For some time the managers of the college had been seeking for a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a lad presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

'Ramus!' he cried: 'Ramus! one of our best pupils offering himself for shoe boy!'

'My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college.'

'Well, my child, then remain,' said the master, touched by his anxiety, 'but 'tis a great pity. You would make a much better pupil than servant. How much do you expect?'

'Ah, I dare not say!'

Let us see: on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat.'

'Sir,' said Ramus with a desperate effort, 'I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to retain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night.'

'And when will you sleep?' asked the principal, greatly affected.

'During the hours of recreation!' replied the noble boy.

What may not may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily continued his almost superhuman labors of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college he received all the honors and degrees that are conferred on learned men, and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the college of France!

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter, Y. Before this time, U had been employed in all cases where either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison—who had predicted that he would become a great man—nor Richard who was the first to developpe his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre of St Bartholomew.

OLD MEN.—There are living on Spring Creek in this county, says the Asheville (N. C.) Messenger, perhaps two of the oldest inhabitants in our county. Mr. Wm. Moody is 111 years old and can now wade and split water like a coon, wading every branch and breek that happens to cross his path: is in good health and of a strong mind. Mr. M. Davis, his close neighbor, is 103 years old, and we understand is also in good health and spirits. The former is thirty years beyond the scriptural allotment, viz: 'four score years,' the latter 22. Unite their progeny and they could nearly people a new county, having a long string of sons, daughters and relatives. We trust they may yet live many years before they are gathered to their fathers.

A PRAYER BY KOSSUTH.—The following prayer offered by Kossuth, will be interesting to our readers. It was offered by him kneeling amid the multitude, at the grave of the Magyar heroes who fell in the battle of Rapoyina, and was originally published in the *Oppositon*, a journal of Pesth. We translate from the German:

Almighty God! God of the warriors of Arpad! Look down from thy starry throne upon thy imploring servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to thy Heaven, praising the unsearchable power of Omnipotence. O God, over me shines the sun, and beneath me repose the relics of my fallen heroic brethren; above my head the sky is blue, and under my feet the earth is dyed red with the holy blood of the children of our ancestors. Let the animating beams of thy sun fall, that flowers may spring up from the blood, so that these hulls of departed beings may not moulder unadorned! God of our fathers and God of the nations! hear and bless the voice of our warriors, and while the arm and the soul of brave nations thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny as it forges its chains. As a free man I kneel on these fresh graves, by the remains of my brothers. By such a sacrifice as theirs Thy Earth would be consecrated were it all stained with sin. Oh God! on this holy soil over these graves no race of slaves can live. Oh Father! father of our fathers! Mighty over myriads! Almighty God of the Heaven, the earth and the seas! From these bones springs a glory whose radiance is on the brow of my people. Hallow their dust with Thy grace, that the ashes of my heroic brethren may rest in peace! Leave us not God of battles! In the holy name of the nations, praised be Thy Omnipotence.—Amen.

THE FOND FATHER.—'I very much doubt,' said a fond father to us the other day, 'I very much doubt whether my children have their equals in the world. There's my Mary—she's an extraordinary girl—wonderful memory, and very fond of study. The first day she went to school, she received rewards for geography, grammar, and arithmetic. The teacher said she had never seen anything like it in all her born days. And there's Martha—just six years old—I really believe she possesses more affection than all the rest of her sex put together. Its curious how she won't go to school until she has kissed all hands, servants and all, good bye. Can't account for it. I lost a boy—three years old—last summer, who was one in ten thousand! Ah, what an eye he had—a nervous eye—one of those rolling, restless, ever active, penetrating eyes. I mourned for that child. He would have shown like a luminary—but he's gone. I wish you could see my baby—only eight weeks old—perfectly happy—I may say a very strong child. His cry is like the bellowing of a full grown bull—so to speak—and he's one of the knowingest fellows ever born. It would do you good to see that fellow kick—and, goodness gracious, how well he knows his mother from his nurse. I attribute the most of this of course, to his mother, who is a patern in her way.—That woman loves me with a depth—I may say, an—'

We were called away and lost the concluding observation.—*City Item.*

INGENIOUS.—An Irish woman called at a grocer's the other day and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel.

'And why not ask for a half gallon, and be done with it,' said the grocer.

'Oh, bless your little bit of a soul,' answered she, 'it's for two persons.'—*Utica Gazette.*

A Yankee Epigram.

I've often heern tell of the gal
That folks call "the bootiful Hebe,"
But I'll bet you a herring my Sall
Is forty times handsomer 'n any be two

☞A Tinner enquires through the National Intelligencer, whether any body has ever known or heard of a house covered with tin, being injured or struck by lightning. Can any of our readers answer him?

☞Father Matthew administered the pledge in Faneuil Hall on the 27th inst. to about 1300 journeyman tailors who marched in a body to the Hall, to receive it from his hands.

A GOOD LICK.—The Nashville Gazette says: A poetical correspondent of the Franklin Review begins a piece of poetry with the following line:

"Methought my heart a drop of dew."

That chap will certainly "peg out" one of these hot days, and the coroner will say, 'Methinks he died of water about his heart.'

I AM A TRUE LABORER.—I earn what I eat, get what I wear, owe no man a hate, envy no man's happiness—glad of other men's good—content with my farm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my lambs suck.—*Shakspeare.*

ECLIPSES.—There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 17th of August, and an eclipse of the moon on the 2d of September, both visible in the United States.

☞Rousseau tells us that to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have said.

☞Some men in the world advance like crabs, by their eccentricities—walking contrary to every one else.

☞Let's organize, as the music grinder said when he got in front of our office.