poem of "Better Moments."

WORSER MOMENTS.

That fellow's voice! how often steals.

It's endence o'er my lonely days!
Like something sent on wagon-wheels,
Or picked in an unconscious chaise.
I might forget the words he said,
When all the children fret and cry,

But when I get them off to bed,
His gentle tones comes stealing by—
And years of matrimony flee,

The times he came to court a spell,

My hopes that he'd propose to me. My face is uglier, and perhaps Time and the comb have thinned my hair;

The tender things he said to me, Makes me remember mighty well

And plain and common are the caps

And dresses that I have to wear—

I have been out at milking-time, Beneath a dull and rainy sky, When in the barn 'twas time to feed,

Talked of his wife most spitefully.

when in the barn 'twis time to feed, And calves were bawling lustily—
When scattered hay, and sheaves of onts, And yellow corn ears, sound and hard, And all that makes the cattle pass With wider fleetness through the yard—When all was hateful—then have I, Wish friends who had to help me milk, Talked of his wife pass switchly.

And how he kept her dressed in silk;

And when the cattle, running there,
Threw over me a shower of mud,
That fellow's voice came on the air.
Like the light chewing of the cud—

and resting near some speckled cow,
The spirit of a woman's spite,
've poured a low and fervent vow,
To make him, if I had the might,

Live all his lifetime just as hard, And milk his cows in such a yard.

have been out to pick up wood,

And melody by fits was breaking
Above their little yellow heads—
And this when I was up, perhaps,
From-a-few-short-and-troubled-nap

And when the sun sprang scorolingly

And freely up, and made us stille, And fell upon each hill and tree The bullets from his subtle rifle—

The bullets from his subtle rifle—
I say a voice has thrilled me then,
Hard by that solemn pile of wood,
Or creeping from the silent glen,
Like something on the unfledged brood,
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
Close in my arms my load of chips,
And pouring forth the hatefulest
Of words that ever passed my lips,
Have felt my woman's spirit rush
On me, as on that milking night,
And, yielding to the blessed gush
Or my ungovernable spite,
Have riest up. the wed, the old

Misrellaneans:

Willrom the " Christian Parlor Magazine."

DY MRS. E. D. HALL.

When I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry,

Of my ungovernable spite, Have risen up, the wed, the old,

Scolding as hard as I could scold.

ou may.

So would I.'

plicity.

this catastrophe; what indignation.

One of my sisters did not seem to sympa

very quietly-" Yes;' and sister Ellen added.

Then such looks of amazement and incredu-

all married?' asked Mary, with her usual sim-

What anecdotes came forth about the cross

did a bevy of regular fifty year old spinters,

tures. Two or three friends of my mother.

affections, because they talked so pleasantly,

When night was stealing from the dawn, Before the fire was bourning good, \_ k Or I lad put the kettle on

The little stove—when babes were waking With a low murmur in the beds,

But memory is ever yet With all that fellow's flat'ries writ.

And leave me sitting on his knee.

General Information.

E. REATTY. Erroprietor.

Cards.

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DR. H. HIWKLEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office—Main street, near the Post Office. Doct. 11. will give his particular attention to Surgical diseases, and diseases of women and children. He will also give his attention every Saturday morning, in his office, gratis, from 11 to 12 o'clock, to surgical cases among 'he poor. January 22, 1851.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required. Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inscring Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. \$500 flice on Pitt street, a few oors south of the Railroad Hetel. Dr. L. is abent the last ten days of every month.

DR. F. MILLER, TIOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SUR IT GEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, having succeeded Dr. Lip-pe, formerly practising physician of this place, solicits the patronge of the friends of his pre-decessor, and shall be happy to wait upon all who may favor him with a call novi3.1m

F. MILLER, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC Practice of Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.

Drs. A. M. & J. STAYMAN, respectfully announce to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity hat they have taken the office recently occupied by Dr. Smith, in Snodgrass's Row, and will be happy to attend to all who may fivor them with a call in the various branches of their profession. We are prepared to visit patients in the country at any distance. Charges tients in the country at any distance. Charges

Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ. WILL perform alperations upon the required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, on the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North, Pitt-Street, Carlislo.

A CARD. PR. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist informs his former patrons that he has re-urned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend to all calls in the line of his profession. [oct31]

DR. S. B. MIEFFER, FFICE in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Woll's store. Office hours, more participantly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A.M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P.M. [junct8'5]

WIM. M. PENROSE. Trorney AT LAW, sill practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. Of Fice: in Main Street; in the room former-y occupied by L. G. Brandebury, Esq.

GEORGE EGE,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OF Free at his residence, corner of Aldin street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justic 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.

Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c.

I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, together with Phinis, Orls, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perlumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Brahes of almost every description, with an andless variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very towers prices.

All Physicians, Country Morchants, Pedlars termined to sett at the var.

All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.

S. ELLIOTT,

May 30 Main street. Carlish Flainfield Classical Academy, The Tenth Session will commence on MON.

DAY, MAY 5th, 1851.

TNAILIS Institution has been established near It ly five years, during which time such additions and improvements have been made as for render it one of the most commolious and

Au render it one of the most commolious and convenient in the State. In rezard to healthfulness it may be mentioned that no case of serious sickness has accurred in the institution since it was founded.— Its moral purity is attested by the fact that deprayed associates, scenes of vice, and resorts for dissipation have no existence in the neighborhood.

borhood.
The course of instruction comprises all the branches required by the merchant, professional man or collegian. Also, modern languages, vocal and instrumental music, &c. ocal and instrumental music, &c. It is the determination of the Proprietor that It is the determination of the Proprietor that the institution shall sustain the reputation it has already acquired for imparting thorough instruction, and inculcating and establishing virtuous principles in the minds of the youth submitted to his charge.

I cruss (per Session Five Months), \$50,00.
For catalog as containing references, &c., address R K BURNS,

Principal and Probrietor.

R K BURNS,

Principal and Proprietor,

Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.

April 2, 1851

WHITH HALL ACADEMY.

Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa. THIS Institution will be open for the recep-tion of Staden s, on MONDAY, the 5th of May, Aext. The course of instruction will embrace the various branches of a thorough English Education, together with the Latin, Greek, French and German Languages, and Vecal and Instrumental Music.

TERMS: Boarding, Washing and tuition in the English branches per session (5 months)
Latin or Greek
French or German
Instrumental Music \$50 00 For further information address
D. DENLINGER,
march5,1y Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.

BIG SPRING ACADEMY.

FIG SPRING ACADEMY.
THIS Institution will be open for the reception of students, on MONDAY, the 5th of May. All the branches of a bound English and Classical Education williot aught, and students thoroughly qualified for entering any class in College, or fitted for business. His., There will be two sossions a year, the, first commencing on the First Monday, in May, and, the second session on the first Monday, in November, of every year. Circulars will be furnished on application in person or by letters addressed to the subscriber at Newville, P. O., Cümberland co. Pa.

[9aply] J ALLEN BROWN, Ass't.

MOTICE. THE Commissioners of Cumberland county doen it proper to inform the public, that the atled meetings of the Board of Commissioners swil be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each mouth, at which time any persons baving business with said Board, will meet them at noir office in Carleste.

Attest WM. RILEY, Cl'R.

SAVE WOOR PROPERTY

uid dressy, and learned, and pious, and flirts FOR A TRIFLE!

A LL person's ushing to escue their properempanies, should have their roofs covered with
Blake's Paient, Initiation, Slate, or Fire, and
Water Perst Paint, A roof well covered with
this article will last nanch conger than the roo
unguingle and will gender it entirely, Fire, and
Water Perst. This article can be had chean a
Water Perst. This article can be had chean a whom I had always cherished in my innocent JOHN P. LYNE. and were so kind to me, now oppeared like new

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—Bishop Hall.

personages. 'Miss Z. was so ugly, she nover could have had an offer;" Miss Y. dressed so shabbily, and wore green spectacles, to look literary.' And 'Miss X. was for over talking May Here is a happy paredy upon Willis's about Sunday School and society meetings,'

and so on. You may be sure that the next time these ladies came to our house, I scanned very closely the face of Miss Z .- a face that I had always loved before; but now I saw that it was exceedingly plain. I looked hard at Miss Y's. lrab-colored bonnet and shawl, perceived that they were old-fashioued and ordinary, and that her green spectacles looked pedantic. Then Miss X., whom I had always squeezed in upon the sofa, encouraged by her kindly smile, and delighted with her conversation-how uninteresting she had become! They were old maids! It must be observed that my sixters-right good, sensible, domestic girls they were-had no part in this bewilderment of my young deas. They were in the minority: so I took t for granted they were in the wrong. Bosides, what children are over as much influenced by what is uttered in the familiar voices of their own family, as by words of comparative strangers? Take care what you say at a friend's house, with the young folks catching

real opinion, or whose opinion was not worth having. And now, I assure you, my education went on rapidly. It is perfectly marvellous in how many ways, and by what different sorts of people, a young girl is taught that it is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Fools never show their folly more than in their hackneyed jests upon this topic; but what shall we say of the wise folks, who sin almost as often in the same way? What shall we say of the refinement of him who is gentlemanly in thought and expression on all subjects but this? of the hunanity and chivalry of him who assails the defenceless? of the justice of him who taxes a class with the faults of individuals, and wounds with the meanest of weapons—a sneer? or of the Christianity of him who indirectly

up every random sentiment you drop. Many

judicious mother's morning exhortation has

een blown to the moon by some light dinner

guest, who did not, after all mean to give his

censures and ridicules one of the arrangements of Providence? I learned my lesson thoroughly, for it came to me in some shape every week. I read it in every novel and newspaper, and heard it from every lip. The very men who spoke truth and sense on the subject, sometimes neutralizing it by any idle jest in some moment of levity, and the jest drove out the truth from my young heart. At eighteen, I lived only for the ignoble purpose-I cannot bear to say-of getting married; but what could have been the ruling wish of one who had been taught by society to dread celibacy worse than death !- I dare say I betrayed it everywhere. I dare say I was duly laughed at.

At last, quaking on the verge of six-and-twenty, I had an offer—a most absurd one. I was six years older than my lover, had ten times as much sense, probably, except on one point. I know that he was "rather wild," as the gentle phrase goes. In short, I neither loved nor respected him; but I was-willing to THE FEAR OF BEING AN OLD MAID. marry him, because then I should be Mrs. mebody, and should not be an old maid My parents said "No," positively. Or course, I thought them unreasonable and cru-Every body pinched my red cheeks, and I wad-

olly, dumpling, as happy as the day was long. el, and made myself very miserable. Still, it was something to have "an offer" of any kind, died about with my doll in my plump arms, and my lips were not hermetically scaled. I finding fun in everything, and fully believing had several confidents, who took care that all that my doll was as sensible as myself; and my acquaintances should know the comfortable perhaps she was, almost. But, though I had fact that I had refused Mr. S. natural antipathy to a speiling book, and no I went on with increasing uneasiness for a

fondness for spending a long summer's after- few years longer, not seeking how to be usefu' noon in poking a needle in and out of a bit of or trying to find out for what purpose I was alico; though I considered patchwork all fool- made. Neither was I looking for a companion ishness, and gussets as utter superfluities; who could sympathize with my better aspirahough I was called a simpleton for asking my tions and elevate my whole character, for I had nother why she cut cloth up and then sewed no right views of marriage. I was simply gat together again; still, I was fond of picking zing about in anxious suspense, upon every up ideas after my own fashion. When the wise unmarried man of my acquaintance, for one cople around me supposed I was thinking of who would lift me out of that dismal Valley of nothing but play, my two little cars were open Humiliation in which I felt myself descending. to every word spoken in my hearing. And Had I met Apollyon himself there, with the nany was the word impressed on my memory, question on his lips, I believe I should have which the speaker forgot the next moment .said "Yes."

The talk around me was my real education, as At thirty-six, I were more pink ribands than it is of all children, send them to what school ever, was seen everywhere that a respectable woman could go, wondered why girls went in-When I was ten years old, I had one sister to company so young, found that I was growaged fifteen, and another seventeen; and, as ing sharp faced and sharp spoken, and was beusual with girls of that age, they had a set of coming old-maidish in the worst sense of the eronies, some very like and some quite unlike word, because I was becoming an old maid athem in character. One afternoon, as I was gainst my will. I forgot that voluntary celibacy never affects the temper.

heard a brisk discussion among these girls, My sisters, be it remembered, were older which, I may almost say, decided my fate for than I. They, too, were single. But they had lived more domestic lives than I, had read few-The first words that caught my attention er works of fiction, had been cultivating their ame from an animated, romantic girl of six- own natures, and seeking to make every body teen, scolding because the heroine of a novel around them happy. And every body rever she had just read was left unmarried at theend enced them, and loved to look upon their open of the story. What surprise was expressed at pleasant countenance-I mean every body worth pleasing and they were very happy. At last our good parents died, and left each hize with this burst of disapprobation, and of us a little independence. Within a year I then came the pithy question, What, would you be willing to die an old maid?' Mary said,

was married.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory.

I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husity! 'You can't mean what you say,' cried band and I have scarcely one taste in common. one. If I did not know you too well to think He wishes to live in the country, which I hate you a hypocrite-, said another. 'Why, it I like the thermometer at 75 degrees, which was meant that all women should be married! he hates. He likes to have the children bro't exclaimed a third. 'Then why are they not up at home instead of school, which I hate .-I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. There is one thing which we both Eager and hot grew the controversy, and I like, and that is what we cannot both have lost not a word, while Ophelia lay flat on her though we are always trying for it—the last back, her stiff kid arms sticking out, and her word.

I have had bad luck as a mother; for two croup quite forgotten. Then first did I take notice of that terrible combination of monosuch huge, passionate, unmanageable boys nesyllables, 'Old Maid.' In how many different | ver tormented a feeble woman since boys betones of contempt, drond, and deprecation, did gan. I wish I had called them both Cain. At I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices \_\_ this moment they have just quarreled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's ald maids, and fidgetty old maids, and ugly, collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby Zenobia, ing, and mischief-making old maids. Never in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and ories all the time she is futtor so much scandal in one afternoon as was awake, has been roused by their din to scream poured forth by these blooming young creain chorus.

I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I nover kont even a chambermaid more than three wooks. And ag to cooks, I look back bewildered upon the long pliantasmagoria of

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1851. mariner remembers a rapid succession of hunderbolts and hurricanes in the Gulph of

> I never see my plump, happy sisters, and hen glance in the mirror at my own cadavecous, long, doleful vissage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my

Yet half of my sex marry as I did not for ove, but fear!-for fear of dying old maids. They have their reward; and they whose idle tongues creato this mischievous fear, and thus make so much domestic misery, have their responsibility.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Few proud men are ever seen-vain men very day. /Vanity in our community is contantly mistaken for pride. A vain man dresses and acts to please others, a proud man be seen carrying home his market basket, a y ruins thousands, pride saves thousands.-Vanity makes the young Miss ashamed to be seen engaged in household affairs, but the proud girl-those glorious girls which make he heart leap with joy and give the promise of a womanhood brighter than Eve's, and swoteer than a field of flowers, will perform whatever her heart tells her is right, and contitute her the glory and happiness of her iome. It is vanity which makes thousands ahamed to labor—ashamed to be seen in honest effort-and misleads to folly if not crime. Pride of character-self respect-should be the especial object of cultivation. Those noting from vanity in reference to the opinions or magined opinions of others, have no rule of life which will protect them from the temptations of trifles which lead so many to ruin. A proud person was never seen in the criminal box for a mean crime. We are supported in this conclusion by one whose experience has been vast. A true American should be proud o clean the street or perform any other ser-

rice. There are thousands who would engage n service if they thought no body knew. It. ents their engagement in honest and correct broud enough to live and act according to their neans, and thus prove that they were of heart and judgment approved. 2 use protein a growing quality—it enables us to perform questions.

a growing quality—it enables us to perform questions.

Did you ever read this book, Mr. dare to assist some poverty stricken woman who should full down in the street; a proud young man would at once obey the promptings in the Red Sea. of his heart, and show a true manhood. It is often said a man is so proud he wont walk the streets without gloves-a proud man would do ous vanity contemptible. The Americans, as general thing, mistake vanity for pride, and call a vain man a proud man. This is a fatal error, and one that we would correct if we could. Let all Americans, we say be proud men and women, but as for this thing of vani- grease it, and take off the gilding.' ty, out upon it-it is more offensive to us than saled the olfactories of poor Falston in the distended like those of a toad under a mush-

Butchery. Let our mechanics and laboring men be immortality stamped upon them by Deity. Pride makes sovereigns-a sovereign peoplevanity courting sycophants and eventually slaves. The hopes of our republic rest upon the pride of the people .- Cincinnati Com.

AN ADVENTURE.

On Sunday afternoon, during the severest of the shower, as we leisurely strolled along Court street, meditating upon the advantages of frequent July showers to young ducks and haysakers, our eye suddenly fell upon a form of magnificent proportions just in front of us, standing beneath a canvass awning for protection from the rain. We involuntarily stopped. Before us stood a young and doubtless levely female. Her muslin frock was of snowy whiteness, over which was thrown with an air of genteel eleganov, a black silk visite. Upon her head she wore here bridal hat encircled by wreath of orange blossoms. In her white gloved hand she held a parasol of the newest style—and upon a foot of Cinderolla pattern, pew elegantly carpoted, white and green; two gracefully fitted a white satin slipper. What, or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand, hought we, wil be the loss of one of Aborn's but no spit-box! The service commenced; her heel firmly planted upon the sidewalk, she these women, how they dog one about,) imag- | you like poetry-do you not ?" suddenly turned. We caught glimpse of her ined me unwell, (she might have known betface -black as the ace of spaces! We imper- ter,) got up and followed me. ceptibly slid, whistling the nir We're off for Charleston."-Boston Bee.

Dos "La, me !" sighed Nrs. Partington. here I have been sufferin he bigamies of of cavendish, cath for three mortal wools. Fust, I was seized with a bleeding phrentogy in the left namshire of the brain, which has exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilto of the heart. Phis gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the deliroform morbus. There's no blessin' like that d health, particularly when you're sick."

MEA. A compositor out Wes, setting up the Editor's obituary, says:

A TOBACCO CHEWER.

Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out That filth that from a chewer's mouth proceeds of the room yesterday, flirting her duster, and Two ounces chewed a day, 'tis said, produce muttering, "Real Old maid, after all!" just A full half pint of vile tobacco juice, because I showed her a table on which I could
write 'slut' with my finger, in the dust.
I never see my plump, happy sisters and

fill, Besides old quids, a larger parcel still. Nor am I with this cale Ho in that time chews half a ton, A wagon load of that which would, of course Sicken a dog, or even kill a horse; Could he foresce, at but a single view, What he was destined in his life to chew, And then the product of his work survey,

He would grow sick, and throw his quidaway; Or, could the lass, efe she had pledged to be Ilis loving wife, her future prospects see; Could she but see that through his mouth would

pass, In his short life this dirty, loathsome mass, Would she consent to take his hand for life, And, wedded to his filth, become his wife? And if she would, say, where's the pretty miss. Would envy her the lips she has to kiss?" Mr. Editor :- Do you chew tobacco? I did,

till last Sunday, when I put my veto on the acts to please himself. A vain man would not practice. The why and wherefore I have sent you, hoping that if you are guilty of using proud man would carry it if he chose. Vani- the Indian weed, a leaf from my diary may be the means of reforming you: Saturday, Oct. 19, 1843 .- Took my hat for

a walk; wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages upon seeing me ready to go out; asked me to call at cousin M---- s, and horrow for her 'The Sorrows of Werter. Hate to have a wife read such namby-pamby stuff, but humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she should take pleasure over Werter's sorrow, than employ her tongue n making 'sorrow' for your humble servant. Got to cousin M --- 's door. Now cousin

M--- is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy ones, because I am always in dread, while on their premises, lest I should offend their super-superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the solo of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in, delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane-bottom chairs, while she rummaged the book case. · Forgot to take out my cavendish before I entered, and dations, floods and fire harassed me. I the't while she hunted, felt the tide-rising. No sail box in the room. Windows closed. Floor But this monstrous thing called vanity pre- carpeted. Stove varnished. Looked to the fire-place-full of flowers, and hearth newly ursuits, and continually leads to shame and dubbed with Spanish brown. Here was a fix. ruin. Persons from vanity oftentimes dress Felt the flood of essence of cavendish accumubeyond their means. Every one should be lating. Began to reason with myself whether, as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, re-daub the hearth, or flood the I threw away the filthy weed. 'Huz, if I were God's nobility, and dared to do what their carpet. Mouth, in the meantime, pretty well you, I would not use that stuff any more!" I filled. To add to my misery, she began to ask

'Yes, Madam,' said I, in a voice like a frog from the bottom of a well, while I wished book, aunt and all, were with Pharoah's hos 'How did you like it?' continued the inde-

fatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair, it, but a vain man might not. Pride is glori- and mouth upwards, to prevent an overflow. 'Pretty well,' said I

She at last found 'the Sorrows of Werter,' and came towards me. 'O, dear, cousin Oliver, don't put your head

on the back of the chair, now don't, you'll I could not answer her, having now lost the

'Why, Oliver,' said my persevering tormen proud enough to feel that honest pursuit is the tor, unconscious of the reason of my appearglory of man, and be proud enough to reeflet ance: 'you are sick, I know you are, your n their conduct and feelings the image of that face is dreadfully swelled!' and before I could

prevent her, her hartshorn was clapped to my bedimmed his cyc-and, rising abruptly, he listende l nostrils. , As my mouth was closed importurbably, the left the room. orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing places. Judge, then, what a commotion a full snuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories! I bolted for the door, and a hearty ache-he-hee! relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., 'all at once disgorged' from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in

embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience. I told her I had been trying to relieve the toothache by the temporary use of tobacco, while truth to tell I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified: Sunday afternoon-Friend A. invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr. - preach. Conducted by neighbor A. to his pow. Mouth, as usual, full of tobacco: and, horror of horrors, found the

cest, or this six dollar umbrella in comparison every peal on the organ was answered by an with one smile of gratitude from so fair a crea- internal appeal from my mouth for a liberation ture. Then, too, we may hear her silvery from its contents; but the thing was impossivoice, musical as the lute, muttering in accents | blo. I thought of using my hat for a spit-box; low but tender, a kind 'thank you.' Our de- then of turning one of the crickets over; but ermination was fixed. We lad resolved, and I could do nothing unperceived; I took out my if it had rained Park street and State House handkerchief, but found, in the plentitude of upolas tumbled together, our purpose could her officiousness, that my wife had put one of not have been changed. With our proudest her white cambrics in my pocket, instead of what. step wo advanced. "My dear Miss, will you my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the do so humble an individual is the unhappy time the preacher had named his text, my ersonage who is now addressing the fairest of cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and ortals, a favor of so markedbonsideration as I must spit or die! I arose, seized my hat, o accept from his hand this unbrella.' With and made for the door. My wife (confound

> 'Are you unwell. Oliver?' said she, as the door closed after us.

unlucky dog, with a flood of expressed essence "I wish,' said she, 'Mr. A. had a spit-box n his pow.' 'So do I.'

sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affecionate-confound them-no, I don't mean so. But she might have known what ailed me, and | ward ?"

kept her seat. Tobaccol oh, tobaccol But the deeds of

faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as f ONE DAY AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF | and stopped at the open window, where I was sitting

'Sick to-day, Mr, --- ?' Rather nawell,' answered I, and there was mother lie to place to the account of tobac-

'We had a powerful preaching, Mr. -owerful proaching; sorry you had to go out. My wife asked him in-and in he come-she night have known he would—but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it:-Compliments over. I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat, and fumbling his pockets drew forth a formidable plug of tobaco, and commenced untwisting it.

'Then you use tobacco?' said I. 'A lectle occasionally,' said he, as he depos ted from three to four inches in his cheek -A neat fence-that of yours,' as flood after flood from his mouth bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window.

'Yes,' said I, 'but I like a darker color.' 'So do I,' answered Ploughshare, 'and yaler suits my notion, it don't show dirt;' and moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good, thought I, wife will ask him in again, I ruess. We were now summoned to dinner; Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in that particular position which a tobacco-chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. . He drew them coross his mouth; I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a lead upon the hearth or the floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and shocking to relate, deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth!

This was too much. I plead sickness and ose. There was no lie in the assertion now, was sick. I retired from the table; but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see Farmer Ploughshare replace his quid in his mouth, to undergo a second mastication; and the church bell opportunely ringing, called him away before he could use his plate for a spit-box; for such I am persuaded would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inun-I was burning, and smoked like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks, and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape—the water had reached my chin-I tasted it-it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and awaking found I had been asleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entering at the moment, ron't,' said I. Since Sunday I have kept my word. Neither fig, nor twist, pigtail nor cavendish, have passed my lips since, nor snati they again.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"I shall bring home a new book to read to ou this evening, dear Mary," said Edward Icrvey to his young wife, one afternoon at the tea table; "we are fairly settled now, and can begin to enjoy our home.".

home now, won't you?" inquired Mrs. Hervey, with animation.

"Oh, yes! I must be gone for an hour or so after ten sometimes; but the long winter evenings I shall spend at home. Home !- how the villanous compound of smells which as power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were time since I have had a home;" and now Hersweet that word sounds. It is a long, long vey's emotion prevented his completing the sentence. Thoughts of his long years of orphanage, his struggles with the world, and his heart loneliness, contrasted with the present fruition of all his fond day dreams, choked his utterance—the crystal tear drop

The object of his choice, the gentle Mary, was a woman of warm affections, and not one of the varying shades of thought which passed quickly but eloquently, over her husband's countenance, had escaped her notice; and her heart swelled with the thought that she was thus permitted to bless him whom she loved most devotedly. She knew she was well instructed in those domestic duties which are astonishment, and I returned and relieved my indispensable to home happines: she looked around on her little domain with the satisfaction and pride of an empress.

An hour later, and the shaded lamp, the easy chair and slippers, the brightly blazing fire, the work basket, and the smiling wife. presented, to the returning husband, the facsimile of his ideal of a domestic Eden.

"Now for the book," said Hervey, when fairly ensconsed among the cushions of his luxurious chair; and he proceeded to remove

the wrapper from an elegantly bound volume "What have you there?" said his wife, attracted by the beautiful appearance of the book. "Let me look at it for a moment. 'Cowper's Poems.' Well, it is very handsomely bound;" and, after carelessly turning over the leaves a moment, she returned it to her husband.

-"Hervey took"the book with an undefinable feeling of disappointment-a half conviction that he ought to apologize for he knew not

"I am anxious to possess the works of all the standard poets," he at length said, "and thought we would read them together this winter; and it seemed to me, Cowper's 'Task' would be an appropriate beginning. I believe

"Oh, yes! very much," was the reply; "but why don't you begin to read?"

Hervey commenced reading, and for a time, his wife seemed interested, and her apprecia-I answered her by putting out the eyes of an | ting glauce, as she commented on the Poet's fancies, banished all feelings of disappointment. But an hour passed, and Mary became more absent minded, and so deeply absorbed in her work, that she heard not the reading; and, when her husband's comments roused her, We footed it home in moody silence. I was a half vacant look, and a half uttered response, plainly told that her thoughts were elsowhere. At length he manged.

"What would you like for breakfast, Ed-

Ahl how that question destroyed every vestige of one scene in his ideal panorama of that day are not all told yet. After the con-density of the services, along came old Farmer "Sho's a fool!" was his first thought; but

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| read too long : I have wearied her : and 'twas her very love for me that prompted that quois

A few more attempts on succeeding evenings and the standard poets were read in silence, and without comment. Mary had discovered that she did not like poetry.

Time passed on. Mrs. Hervey was a pattern housekeeper, a good wife, and an excelent mother, so far as all things relating to hysical-well being were concerned. The home f the Hervey's was a quiet, well ordered ouse; but the husband and wife were not happy. They never quarrelled, but there was o congeniality of feeling. Mrs. Hervey was

good housekeeper, and nothing else. Did her husband spend an evening at home, e was entertained with the details of domesic management and domestic troubles; and, f a more ennobling topic of conversation was ntroduced, Mrs. Hervey was too busy, or too

auch fatigued to listen. Gradually, Edward Hervey withdrew from ome to spend his hours alone in his office .--With too much principle to fall into vice, he ecame a stern, cold man, burying his warm affections so deep in his own bosom, that none would dream Judge Hervey could ever love .---And he believed woman mentally inferior to man. It took years to effect this change; it took years to convince the fond husband that, for his sake, and for the sake of her children, his wife would not spend her leisure hours in develpping, disciplining, and strengthening her mind: that she would not seek a higher aim in life than the daily answer to the question-What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and where withal shall we be clothed?"

But she was bound to her idols. To be misress of a well-ordered house, to keep her children neatly clothed, and to prepare excellent dinners for her husband and friends was to her the sine qua non of existence. Yet, in the happy possession of these things, she was unhappy. She knew nothing of that progress the world was making, beyond the gossip of the day, or the chance remark-of-her-husband. or his guests; nor did she care to know. She well knew the uncongeniality of thought which existed between herself and her husband; but she would make no effort to lesson that distance. She considered herself the aggrieved party, and looked upon that man who would not relinquish books and intellectual improvements, for the society of his wife and children, as a most selfish specimen of humanity.

And thus are thousands living now; outwardly all is calm, and they are called happy; but there is no soul communion -there is no interchange of beautiful thoughts, and high, ennobling sentiments. The torch of love burns more and more dimly, and imperceptibly, mutual confidence is being withdrawn, and when, scarce mourn the departed.

One hour-nay, even half an hour-each day, devoted to self improvement, with woman's native intuition, and love's gentle teachings, would have made Mary Hervey a congenial though less advanced intellectual companion-would have so united husband and wife. that each would have vied with the other in self-sacrifices; and the hour of dissolution would have found the hymenial torch burning with a purer, brighter flame than on. the day of their esponsals - Peninsular Fountain.

A COOL OPERATION .- Halloo, there Capting! said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Eric Canal. 'What do you charge for passage?'

'Three cents per mile, and boarded,' said the captain.

'Wall, I guess I'll take passage, captain, cein as how I am kinder out walkin so far. Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner.

Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of elv that was eatable, when he got up and went on leck, picking his teeth very comfortable. 'How far is it, capting, from here to where

came aboard? 'Nearly one and a half miles,' said the cap-

ain. 'Let's see,' said Jonathan, 'that would be

ust four and a half cents; but nover mind, apting, I won't be small: here's five cents. which pays my fare up to here I guess I'll go shore now: I'm kinder rested out.' The captain vamesed for the cabin, and Jon-

than went ashore. The captain did not take my more way passengers the remainder of the ummer.

A CALL UP BUT NOT DOWN .- A certain divine about to change his congregation mentioned the subject from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro man who was one of his admirers, went up to him and desired to know the motives of his leaving his first flock-The parson answered. 'I have a call.'

'Ah, massa, returned the negro, 'who call-'

'The Lord,' answered the parson. 'Ay, massa, he call ve?' 'Yes. Jack, he called me.'

—you no go.'

Massa, what you get here ? 'I get six hundred dollars.

And what you get to'der place?' 'I am to get one thousand dollars." 'Aye, massa, the Lord call you till he be blind from one thousand dollars to six hundred

"Bridget, you must wash your hands before you mould that bread." "Sure ma'am I don't think its best to be wasting time on that at all-'tis but barely three weeks since the day,I cum to ye,an' didn't I wash 'em clane an' nice that very day; an' indade, what have I done since that time that's

nasty wid 'em?" Willis Bays "We love women a little for what we do know of them, and a great deal gore for what we do not." Again: "Flirtation is a diroulating library, in which we soldom ask twice for the same vo-

Innio. By Hore it goes again! said Mrs. Partington, as she bosame consolous of the sub-

eHere it goes again, I declare fristing away Ploughshare. He had seen megoout of church to see and, ecoler reflection was all have like blossed old lecofoce on a rail road.

I Bright ...

Unwopt, unhonored and inhung.