# CARLISLE HERALD.

A Family Newspaper,—Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

"THERE ARE [illegible] 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.*"

[illegible] BEETEM, Proprietor. CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1851. VOLUME LII. NO 16



## Cards.

**[illegible]**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—*Office—Main street, near the Post Office.* Doct. H. will give [illegible] particular attention to Surgical diseases, and diseases of women and children. [illegible] will [illegible] his attention every Saturday morning, [illegible] *gratis*, from 11 to 12 o'clock, [illegible] the poor.
[illegible] 18

**DR. I. C. LOOMIS,**

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

**DR. [illegible],**

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, having succeeded Dr. Lippe, formerly practising physician of this place, solicits the patronage of the friends of his predecessor, and shall be happy to wait upon all who may favor him with a call.
[illegible]

**DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,**

WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be 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, Carlisle.

**[illegible]**

DR. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist informs his former patrons that he has returned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend to all calls in the line of his profession. [illegible]

**DR. S. B. KIEFFER,**

OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining [illegible] [illegible] Office hours, more especially from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M. [illegible] 1851

**WM. M. PENROSE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW—[illegible] [illegible] Office [illegible] formerly occupied by L. G. [illegible]

**[illegible] EGE,**

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office [illegible] his residence, corner of [illegible] 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 9 '49.

**ATTEND TO YOUR TEETH!**

Dr. J. C. NEFF, Dentist, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of [illegible] vicinity, that [illegible] operations on the [illegible] his profession, and [illegible] services [illegible]
Dr. Neff [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] acquainted with all the latest improvements in the art, and [illegible] that he will [illegible] to insert [illegible] on the atmospheric pressure principle [illegible] springs, equal to any made in [illegible] OFFICE in High st., one door east of [illegible] Persons wishing [illegible] will please call at his [illegible] where they will [illegible] an opportunity to [illegible]
june 1851-ly

**Carlisle Female Seminary.**

THIS Institution [illegible] on the 1st of September, under the care of Miss PHŒBE PAINE, assisted by competent teachers.
Instruction in [illegible] and drawing, no extra charge.
Music taught by an experienced teacher, at [illegible] charge. (sep30)

**Plainfield Classical Academy,**

FOUR MILES [illegible] CARLISLE.
*The Eleventh Session will commence on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1851.*

THIS Institution has been in [illegible] near-ly six years, during which time such additions and improvements have been made as to render it one of the most commodious and convenient in the State.
In regard to healthfulness it may be mentioned that no case of serious sickness has occurred in the institution since it was founded.—Its moral purity is attested by the fact that depraved associates, scenes of vice, and resorts for dissipation have no existence in the neighborhood.
The course of instruction comprises all the branches required by the merchant, professional man or collegian. Also, modern languages, vocal and instrumental music, &c.
[illegible] determination of the Proprietor that the [illegible] shall maintain the reputation it has already acquired for imparting thorough instruction and in [illegible] and establishing correct principles in the minds of the youth [illegible] his charge.
TERMS (per Session Five Months) $50 00.
For catalogues containing references, &c. address R K BURNS,
*Principal and Proprietor,*
*Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.*
Oct. 1, 1851

**[illegible] ACADEMY.**

*Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.*

THE Second Session of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, the 3d of November next. It is situated in a pleasant and healthful section of country, and is convenient of access from all parts of the State. Application should be made as early as possible, as only a limited number can be received.

TERMS.

Boarding, Washing, Lodging and tuition in the English branches per session $50 00

INSTRUCTORS.

David Denlinger, Principal, and teacher of Languages and Mathematics.
Lemuel Simmons, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Amos Row, Tutor.
For circulars containing particulars, address D. DENLINGER,
sept10 *Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.*

**[illegible] SPRING ACADEMY.**

THIS Institution will be open for the reception of students, on MONDAY, the 5th of May. All the branches of a sound English and Classical Education will be taught, and students thoroughly qualified for entering any class in College, or fitted for business life. There will be two sessions 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., Cumberland co. Pa. W. R. LINN.
[9aply] J. ALLEN BROWN, Ass't.

**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, Clerk.

**SAFETY FUSE,**

FOR BLASTING ROCKS!

ORDERS for the above article, addressed to the undersigned at their Manufactory near Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, Pa., will meet with prompt attention, and be filled at the lowest cash prices.


## Selected Poetry.

### A PARABLE.

BY [illegible]

When at Fontaure was the prophet
[illegible] visited the holy hill;
"God hath left the earth," he murmured;
"Here his presence lingers still."

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served thee
As thy chosen ones of yore?

[illegible] of my fathers!
[illegible] spirit is [illegible];
[illegible] I beseech thee,
[illegible] but a sign!"

[illegible] then his head, he listened
[illegible] pray, [illegible]
[illegible] followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air.

[illegible] so fell of [illegible] hire
[illegible] while he waited yet,
[illegible] the rock's hard bosom
[illegible]

[illegible] said the Prophet:
[illegible] was I,
Looking [illegible] the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

[illegible] speaks to with thy children
[illegible]
[illegible] and love, and patience,
[illegible]

[illegible] in nature,
[illegible] faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
[illegible] thy spirit's wings.

[illegible]
[illegible] cay;
[illegible] a mortal,
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] a flower,
[illegible]
[illegible]
She had plucked and brought to me.

## A Domestic Story.

### THE CROSS HUSBAND.

BY [illegible]

[illegible] had been found but little [illegible] her friend, Mrs. Marston [illegible] one morning [illegible]
[illegible] happiness it that you [illegible] have become an unhappy wife?—[illegible] experience in married life been [illegible]

[illegible] Laura, drying her tears [illegible] to appear deserted. My husband [illegible] men—he loves me, [illegible] comfort, [illegible] been bitter.'

[illegible] Mrs. Marston [illegible] to see you [illegible] worried, your [illegible] smiles and I [illegible] never knew [illegible]

[illegible] about the care [illegible] before [illegible] full [illegible] with [illegible]

'[illegible] have you found the sharp thorns [illegible] bed of married life to doubt?' asked Mrs. Marston.

'Nothing worth naming—nothing of importance,' replied Laura, blushing. 'Indeed, I ought not to mention my little troubles.'

'[illegible] are these little troubles?' insisted her companion. 'Come, I shall give you no peace till you tell me; and I am a great teaser, you know, when I chose to be. Does Mr. Carwell spend his evenings away from home?'

'O, no!'

'[illegible] he flirt with other ladies?'

'No, indeed. He is very attentive to me. He never visits without me.'

'Perhaps then he is too attentive. Husbands sometimes are, I am told, though I am sure the accounts we have of such mortals, must be altogether fabulous?'

'I think so,'

'It must be then that Mr. Carwell does not provide well for his family. But I know he is not penurious.'

'Penurious!' exclaimed Mrs. Carwell, 'he is the most generous man alive. I have every thing I could desire.'

'Ah! it is the extreme that troubles you,' said Mrs. Marston. 'I see your husband is too extravagant. In his eagerness to make you happy, he neglects to pay the butcher and baker; and frequent visits from certain unwelcome acquaintance annoy your sensitive nature. It is indeed very provoking to have one's attention called a dozen times a day to some small bills.'

'I beg you don't suspect Mr. Carwell of any such neglect,' interrupted Laura. 'His bills are all promptly settled.'

'Then your domestics torment you. If they are ill-natured, or stupid, or lazy, or dishonest, turn them away.'

'I have been very fortunate with my girls, I am happy to say.'

'Then do tell me what troubles you have. I can think of nothing else. I should say you were the happiest woman in the world, if I had not caught you crying.'

'I tell you I am happy. I have no trouble—that is no serious trouble, except when Mr. Carwell appears—I can't explain myself, but you know I suppose that men are not always in a good humor.'

'Ha, ha, I have got it at last!' cried Mrs. Marston. 'I see it—so your husband is cross sometimes, is he?'

'O, not exactly cross—O, no!' murmured Laura. 'Indeed he is very kind-hearted; but he has got a way of finding fault with every thing—that is, every thing except me, all this, too, without knowing half the time what he says. He scolds about the cooking, without suspecting how much it hurts my feelings; for I oversee it myself, and try hard enough to please him,' added Laura, while tears gathered in her eyes.

'In short,' rejoined Mrs. Marston, 'he is a downright cross husband.'

'O, no.'

'Yes [illegible]. Don't attempt to defend the wretch. [illegible] as you say, he loves you, and finds fault more from habit than from any settled ill-will, he is not past help. I have known men like him. They are naturally petulant, but they generally have no idea how cross they sometimes are. They can govern themselves if they give thought; they are not incurable.'

'My dearest Mrs. Marston,' said Laura, with an eager face, 'you really appear to understand my case, and if you can suggest any method of curing George of this fault-finding, you will remove the only obstacle in the way of my perfect happiness.'

'Ah my dear Laura, you don't understand the [illegible] as I do! To root the rank weed out of [illegible] husband's heart, you have only to convince him that it is there, and demonstrate how hateful it is. Now if you say to him, directly, 'George don't I pray you, find fault with every thing,' he will reply—kissing you, perhaps—that he never finds fault without [illegible] go on, as thoughtless as ever, vexing [illegible] on everything.'

'But you would not have me reprove him in an unkind manner?'

'No [illegible] would make him worse still. [illegible] to him the [illegible] his habit of fault finding.'

'But [illegible]'

'[illegible] finds fault, you must help [illegible] at his coffee, you must [illegible] throw it out of the window [illegible] of a coll [illegible] you [illegible] the [illegible] When he calls the bread heavy, [illegible] must suggest the idea of [illegible] the expense [illegible] you must either out feet [illegible] much fault as he [illegible] of [illegible] continual [illegible] a distaste of the beauty [illegible] if you try. [illegible] thinking; and in most [illegible] the fault the [illegible] seems so [illegible] in him.'

[illegible] her friend's singular [illegible] convinced of [illegible] Mrs. Marston declared [illegible] cross husband who had been cured in the manner she so warmly recommended.

After a brief discussion on the subject, Mrs. Carwell expressed her willingness to follow her friend's advice, but seemed to doubt her ability to play the character it would be necessary for her to [illegible]. Mrs. Marston, however, succeeded in persuading her to make the attempt [illegible] her with [illegible]

[illegible] anxiety her husband [illegible] and when he at length [illegible] with so many misgivings [illegible] her resolution to meet him [illegible] same humor he himself was [illegible]

[illegible] in November, and it [illegible] Mr. Carwell was unusually cross.

'Such wretched weather!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands and scowling: 'and this room is as cold as a barn!'

'[illegible] Laura, 'why don't you keep a better fire here? Pile on the coal; we are freezing.'

And she quietly rocked the baby, while her brow seemed to be overshaded by some great trouble.

'Isn't dinner ready?' asked Mr. Carwell, in a petulant tone.

'Nearly, it will be ready in a few moments,' replied Laura.

'It is two o'clock,' said her husband, referring to his watch. 'When a man comes home to dinner he does not like to be kept waiting.'

'Why is not dinner ready, Jane?' said Mrs. Carwell. 'You know that two o'clock is the hour we dine at.'

'Yes ma'am,' said Jane, 'but by the clock it wants five minutes till two.'

'The clock is too slow,' growled Mr. Carwell.

'The clock is too slow,' repeated Laura, in a louder key. 'Why don't you see to such matters, Jane? Set the pointers about five minutes, and be sure you never keep the dinner waiting again.'

Mr Carwell cast a fugitive glance at his wife. Having always been accustomed to have her apologise whenever he found fault, and endeavor to excuse the domestics, he hardly knew what to make of the change. However, he said nothing, but led the way to the dining-room in silence.

Jane was left in charge of the baby, and Susan, the cook, attended on the table.

'Soup!' said Mr. Carwell, 'Heavens! it is as hot as fire. Soup should never be put upon the table in such a state.'

'No,' added Laura sharply. 'Do you mean to scald people, Susan? never put fire on the table again.'

'Tastes [illegible] stiff, too,' muttered Mr. Carwell, daintily touching the spoon to his lips.

'Insipid!' cried Laura, impatiently. 'What sort of a mess do you call this, Susan? It tastes more like the broth of stewed leather.'

Mr. Carwell could not help smiling at the conceit, but at the sight of Laura's long face, his countenance changed immediately.

'Are you ill to-day,' he asked.

'Ill? No!' replied Laura.

'What is the matter then?'

'Nothing—only things don't go exactly to suit me.'

These being the precise words George had hundreds of times used in answer to similar inquiries from his wife, he paused with the spoon midway between his mouth and plate, and looked her full in the face in great surprise.

'What does not suit you,' he asked.

'Why the same thing that does not suit you, I suppose—the soup.'

'The soup is not so bad after all; it only requires a little salt.' [illegible]

Mr. Carwell's humor seemed to improve until he had occasion to apply the carving-knife to the roast beef, when his countenance again changed.

'Done to a crisp!' he exclaimed, 'and Susan knows I like beef rare. My dinner is entirely spoilt.'

'Susan!' cried Laura, 'why didn't you burn the meat to a cinder and done with it?—You might as well put a coal on the table; I never—'

'Ah,' interrupted George, in a pleasant tone, 'it is not so bad as I expected, it is rare—come to get into it.'

'So it is,' said Laura, smiling.

George recommenced for a moment [illegible] his annoying [illegible] he exclaimed peevishly.

'What wretched potatoes! they are not fit to eat, I never saw such [illegible] things before. What is [illegible] have potatoes cooked [illegible]

'Sure enough, why can't we?' said Mrs. Carwell. 'Why [illegible] heavy [illegible] on the table, Susan? [illegible] watery melons. If you [illegible] how to boil potatoes properly [illegible]

'My dear,' interrupted George, 'I am inclined to think it is not in the cooking. The potatoes were not good in the first place.'

'Why were they bought, then?' returned Laura. 'We might as well invest money in poison parsnips. Potatoes that are not fit to eat are worse than none at all. Here Susan, take them away!'

'But my dear,' cried George, in a tone remarkably pleasant. 'Now here is one that is quite mealy [illegible]'

'I can't [illegible] served Laura [illegible]

George encountered and found no more fault until the [illegible] was brought on [illegible]

'It is [illegible] in his chair. [illegible] as heavy as lead.'

'Heavy,' echoed Laura, 'It is like so much grafting wax—tough and indigestible as a saddle. Who [illegible] is going to eat [illegible] boiled dough [illegible]

'My dear! [illegible] said George, in a conciliatory tone, 'a [illegible] of this side may be palatable. [illegible] quite light. The apple is very nice [illegible]

'I beg of you don't eat it to save it,' replied Laura pettishly. 'But if you think you can do anything [illegible]

George did [illegible] and discover at the [illegible] on the whole [illegible] a very creditable affair, and [illegible] plenish [illegible]

Mr. Carwell [illegible] found fault with so [illegible] such anxiety [illegible] the rest of the [illegible] complaint escaped his lips before leaving the house.

At evening [illegible] tea, his petulance [illegible] menced with [illegible] crusts, which [illegible]

'It is [illegible] What is [illegible] tell her it [illegible] the bread with [illegible] filling the [illegible]

'I hardly think [illegible] Susan is to blame,' interrupted George.

'Who then?'

'I—I don't [illegible]'

'There [illegible] to blame, who [illegible] we are [illegible] ready, Jane?'

'Yes ma'am,' replied Jane.

And the amiable couple proceeded to the tea-table, where the cloth was spread in a very inviting manner.

So firm had George's habit of fault-finding become, that he complained of his tea almost before he tasted it.

'It's a pity we can't have a good cup of tea occasionally,' murmured Laura, knitting her brows.

'Susan, take away these slops! Try again and then see if you can't make something fit to drink.'

And without saying 'By your leave,' Laura reached forth, took away her dear husband's cup, and emptied its contents into the slop-bowl; at the same time, pushing the tea-pot toward Susan with a look of impatience and disgust.

Laura was playing her part capitally.—George became alarmed.

'Don't be too hasty, my dear,' said he, 'taste the tea and see what you think of it.'

'There's no need,' returned Laura. 'I can take your word for it. You know what good tea is; and when you say the tea is bad, it is enough. It must be bad.'

'But—'

'O, it's useless to smooth things over,—when the tea is bad we may as well speak plainly about it. I don't mean to tolerate insipidity any longer. Do you hear me, Susan?'

Susan was as much astonished as Mr. Carwell himself. But she said nothing—neither did he although he was compelled to wait for five minutes for the return of the tea-pot.

This time, in consequence of Susan's haste and confusion, the tea was really insipid; but somehow George found it excellent. A conciliatory humor has a remarkable tendency to quicken one's talents for discovering imaginary perfections in things most poor and unworthy.

Accordingly, George found no fault at the tea-table; but on entering the sitting room he undoubtedly forgot himself and indulged in his old habit without even knowing what he said.

'What an atmosphere!' he exclaimed. 'It is like going into an oven. What is the use of keeping a room so hot?'

'I suppose Jane meant to roast us,' added Laura, fanning herself violently, although the room was not uncomfortably warm at all.

'Throw open the door, Jane. The baby, poor thing, is cooked brown already. You could bake pies here. Do give us a breath of fresh air.'

And Laura raised the window and sat down by it, as if she was on the verge of fainting.

George ran to her in alarm, drew her away, and closed the window, staring at her as if he deemed her insane.

'You would catch your death cold,' he exclaimed impatiently. 'The chill night wind blows in—'

'It is better than roasting,' complained Mrs. Carwell.

George bit his lips but said nothing. The doors were closed, and the amiable couple did not find themselves uncomfortable, even with a little more fire in the grate!

For two hours George and Laura sat together, luxuriating in domestic peace and comfort, and conversing in the most happy manner.

At length Laura took up a magazine to read aloud to her husband. In a clear, musical voice she read the opening chapter of a beautiful and interesting story, which was so pleasantly written that George listened as to a charm, his features glowing with pleasure, and his beaming eye fixed lovingly on Laura's face.

Just as Mrs. Carwell was commencing the second chapter, the baby began to cry, filling the house with the shrill pipings of his little voice. Of course, Laura, ever ready to leave every thing to run to her darling child, and drive its fears and troubles away with endearing kisses, stopped reading and started to her [illegible]

'What a bother,' muttered George. 'It seems to me that the child is crosser than ever lately. It never gives me a minute's peace.'

Laura remembered the part she was playing, at [illegible] resumed her [illegible] the table with an impatient [illegible] shook it her brows and exclaimed:

'I should think it might be quiet once!—[illegible] asleep while we are enjoying ourselves [illegible] Jane, I would [illegible] that she is not [illegible] to take care of it? But I suppose it [illegible] Children are the plague of [illegible] I don't [illegible] children is very well, all [illegible] I'll send for [illegible] it would be fomented in [illegible]

[illegible] Laura overdid [illegible] that such [illegible] the case. At first, George was prodigiously astonished at this unexpected burst of [illegible] Then he became terribly frightened. [illegible] her dangerously [illegible] But her [illegible] was no longer [illegible] Something like the truth flashed upon his mind.

'It strikes me that you find fault with everything to-day,' said he.

'Haven't I a right to [illegible]' said Laura. 'Can't [illegible] as well as you? I've left the duty of fault-finding to yourself long enough. Now I am going to help you. I shall do my share [illegible] If it is comfortable when we [illegible] together. We'll see just how pleasant [illegible] we can make of this [illegible]

[illegible] the following morning at breakfast, [illegible] the buckwheats, pronounced the beefsteak delicious, and drank an extra cup [illegible] declaring his inability to resist the temptation of its excellent quality.

At dinner, the sausages were cooked exactly [illegible] and the chicken the most savory [illegible] and all the rooms were found to [illegible] agreeable temperature.

[illegible] continued three days, when [illegible] Laura with another call, [illegible] about the success of her plans.

'O,' said Laura, 'I can never express my [illegible] George has really learned [illegible] his temper, as I know he would [illegible] how hateful his habit of [illegible] had become.'

Mrs. Marston was rejoiced at her friend's happiness; for Laura was troubled no more with a cross husband.

But I hope that no fault-finding husbands who read this sketch will impose upon their wives the necessity of following Laura's example.

### HOME AND WOMAN.

Our homes,—what is their corner stone, but the virtues of woman; and on what does social well being rest but our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearthstones, guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial and parental love, the corner stone of church and state; more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay—let every public edifice, our halls of justice and our capitols of state, be levelled with the dust, but spare our homes. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter, to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all in the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth-place of every virtuous impulse, of every sacred thought. Here the church and state must come for their support. Oh! spare our homes! The love we experience gives us our faith in an Infinite Goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a kind right gave us. One mother is worth a thousand friends—one sister dearer and truer than twenty intimate companions. We, who have played on the same hearth stone, under the lights of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins run the same blood, we do not find that years only make more sacred and important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide—but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, must find the friends whom God himself gave are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affections.—*Christian Enquirer.*

A GROSS DECEPTION.—A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promise he had not much faith in, was very much surprised to find that he punctually kept his word with him; the gentleman being sometime afterwards desirous of borrowing the like sum, 'No,' said the other, 'you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shan't do it a second time.'

## Miscellaneous.

### YANKEE SKILL ON LAND AND SEA.

The following amusing account of our experience, up to this time, in the contest of superiority at the World's Exhibition, is from the Boston 'Evening Transcript.' It reminds us of a wise remark, once made by Sam Slick, to this effect: 'Never *tell* folks you can go ahead on 'em, but do it.'

There is an old French proverb, that those laugh best who laugh last. The truth of it is likely to be demonstrated in the intercourse of the last six months, between 'John Bull' and his repudiated offspring, 'Brother Jonathan.' Because the latter did not fill up the space allotted to him in the Crystal Palace with all sorts of showy contrivances and ornaments—with silks and satins and splendid cloths—with costly articles of furniture and articles ministering solely to the luxurious tastes of the opulent—our plain Brother Jonathan, in his suit of homespun, was laughed at, pointed at, and jeered at, till he himself began to distrust his own merits, and to think of getting back to his own folks, thence to own up to being beaten, hide his diminished head, and lay low.

But, while Jonathan was sitting disconsolate in the midst of his 'traps,' in the Glass Palace, and wishing he had nothing to do with his father Bull's invitation to all the nations of the world to come and compete with one another in their 'fixins' and 'notions,' Jonathan happened to take up a newspaper, and learned that one of his Collins' steamers had made a passage beating the best of Bull's line out and out.—Jonathan slapped his leg, and stroked it up and down, and his face brightened as he read. He resolved to stay a while longer, just to see what might turn up. His eyes fell on some of the 'machines' in his agricultural department—'What's the good,' he grumbled to himself, 'of these thunderin' old things, if people don't know how they'll work! Now here's McCormick's reaping machine. May I be——no, I wont swear—but I can take my affidavit, that I have seen this machine do the work of ten men, in a given time. If the old man could see it going over his fields of rye, I rather think he'd stare some. He shall see it.'

Mr. McCormick's machine was accordingly trundled out, was put in operation upon one of Mr. Mechi's rye fields, at a great agricultural gathering, and admitted to be a 'dead hit.' The natives were astonished. McCormick's patent became at once worth a fortune to him, and one of the first-class prizes of the Exhibition was set down for him by the Judges.

[illegible] Jonathan [illegible] a new dickey, brushed his hat, and walked through Regent's Park with his head considerable higher than it was the week before. Dropping into one of the club houses, with that elegantly negligent air for which he is noted, he took up a French paper, and read an article, from the pen of one of the most distinguished of contemporary critics, in which it was elegantly maintaining that the work in the highest department of art, in the Exhibition, was the Greek Slave, by Hiram Powers. 'One of my boys,' exclaimed Jonathan, throwing down the paper, and starting up in a manner to shock the sensibilities of a certain gentleman and two Life guardsmen who [illegible]

While [illegible] Jonathan was thus recovering from the depression of spirits under which he [illegible] at the commencement of the Exhibition, he woke up one morning to learn that another of his 'boys' had, unknown to himself, come over the big pond and challenged John Bull and all creation besides, to a sailing match, planking his $50,000 like a man, and begging somebody to win it.

Jonathan felt a little nervous at this. If there was anything that Bull prided himself on, it was the superior sailing qualities of his yachts. Other folks might produce better painters and sculptors, but better shipbuilders—never. 'It will be pricking the old man between the joints of his armor,' said Jonathan, 'to outsail his yachts! I'm half afraid we can't come it. It's a wild scheme, a mad scheme, and its a pity to throw away a cool fifty thousand dollars. However, the boy is in for it, and he must face it out like a man. He musn't show the white feather now. I could give him a thrashing for not letting me into his secret, but seeing as we are here together, I'll do the handsome thing, clap him on the back, and help him on in funds if he has bragged too deep.'

It was a great day in Cowes. John Bull and all his family were present in their best. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the children, lords and ladies, dukes and marquises, admirals and captains, authors and editors, everybody, in short, who was anybody—were out to witness the defeat of the audacious Yankee and to rejoice in another triumph of British skill.

In spite of a certain swagger of unconcern, and an affectation of confidence which Jonathan chose to assume, you could see, from an occasional rapid cutting of the eye, that he was wide awake to what was going on, and felt some little trepidation as to the result. But when it was proclaimed that the American had beaten all the crack yachts and schooners in the kingdom—Jonathan was all meekness, suavity and self-control. No one would have imagined that anything surprising had occurred. You would have sworn that he had known it all beforehand. And yet the old fellow was all the while chuckling and crowing inside of him like all possessed. To see the way in which he took old Bull by the hand after the trial, would have done your heart good. Not a bit of exultation did he feel on the occasion—oh! not a bit!

A PINCH.—The old proverb that 'many a true word is spoken in jest,' was forcibly illustrated a few Sundays since. A Free Church minister in Glasgow gave out as the morning lesson the fourth section of the 119th Psalm, and while the congregation were looking out the 'portion' in their Bibles, the Dr. took out his mull, and seizing a hasty pinch, with the finger and thumb, regaled his nose with the snuff—he then began the lesson: 'My soul cleaveth unto dust!' The titter that ran round the church, and the confusion of the poor priest, showed that the congregation and he felt the Psalmist's pinch.

### THE YOUTH OF THE REVOLUTION.

In his speech delivered at the Acton celebration in Massachusetts, October 29th, Mr. Winthrop gave the following interesting account of an interview which he had with the late venerable John Quincy Adams, about five or six years ago:

'It was on the floor of the Capitol, not far from the spot where he soon afterwards fell.—The House had adjourned one day somewhat suddenly and at an early hour, and it happened, after all the other members had left the hall, Mr. Adams and myself were left alone in our seats, engaged in our private correspondence. Presently the messengers came in rather unceremoniously to clean up the hall, and began to wield that inexorable instrument which is so often the plague of men, both under public and private roofs. [Laughter.]—"Do you know John J. Gurney?" said he.—"I know him well, sir, by reputation; but I did not have the pleasure of meeting him personally when he was in America." "Well, he has been writing me a letter, and I have been writing him an answer. He has been calling me to account for my course on the Oregon question; and taking me to task for what he calls my belligerent spirit and warlike tone towards England. And I, should like you to read what I have written in reply."

'And then the 'old man eloquent' proceeded to read to me, so far as it was finished, one of the most interesting letters I ever read or heard in my life. It was a letter of auto-biography, in which he described his parentage and early life, and in which he particularly alluded to the sources from which he derived his jealousy of Great Britain, and his readiness to resist her, even to blood, whenever he thought that she was encroaching on American rights. He said that he was old enough in 1775 to understand what his father was about in those days, and he described the lessons which his mother taught him during his father's absence in attending the Congress of Independence. Every day, he said, after saying his prayers to God, he was required to repeat those exquisite stanzas of Collins, which he had carefully transcribed in his letter, and which he recited to me with an expression and energy which I shall never forget!—the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his voice every now and then choked with emotion:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit there."

'And there was another ode, by the same author, which, he said, he was obliged to repeat, as a part of this same morning exercise—the ode, I believe, on the death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the action at Fontenoy, one verse of which, with a slight variation, would not be inapplicable to your own Davis:

"By rapid Scheld's descending wave,
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid;
That sacred spot, the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade."

'Such sir, was the education of at least one of our Massachusetts children at that day.—And though I do not suppose that all the mothers of 1775 were like Mrs. Adams, yet the great majority of them, we all know, had as much piety and patriotism, if not as much poetry, and their children were brought up at once in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and of Liberty.

'Indeed, sir, I have at my side, at this instant, a living illustration of the fact. Here is my venerable friend, Dr. Walton, of Pepperell, who has come over here to celebrate his *eighty-first birth-day*, and who has just told me that on the morning of the 19th of April, '75, he was employed at his father's house in Cambridge—being then about five years old—in pouring powder into cartridges for the American soldiers.'

ACTIVITY AND DECISION.—A man now-a-days must have something of the steam-engine in him. 'A lazy, snail-paced chap,' says a writer, 'might have got on in the world fifty years ago, but he won't do these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men think quick, speak quick, and indeed, very slow coaches ain't tolerated. Be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes, as if you were half asleep, but be wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you may be something before you die. Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act; but think quickly and closely, and, when you have fixed your eyes to an object, spring to the mark at once.'

FOPS OF THE AGE.—'There is a class of fops,' says Sydney Smith, 'not usually designated by that epithet; men clothed in profound black, with large cones and strange amorphous hats, of big speech, and of imperative presence—talkers about Plato, great affectors of senility, despisers of women and the graces of life, fierce foes to common sense, abusive of the living, and approving no one that has not been dead for at least a century. Such fops, as vain and shallow as their fraternity in Bond-street, differ from these only as Gargonius did from Rufillus.'

PARTY PASSION.—'Well, sir!' exclaimed a lady, the vehement, impassionate partizan of Mr. Wilkes, in the day of his glory, and during the broad blaze of his patriotism. 'Well, sir, and will you dare deny that Mr. Wilkes is a great man?' 'Oh! by no means, madam!—I have not a doubt respecting Mr. Wilkes' talents.' 'Well, but sir, is he not a fine man, too, and a handsome man?' 'Why, Madam! he squints—doesn't he?' 'Squints! yes, to be sure he does, sir! but not a bit more than a gentleman and a man of sense ought to squint!'

BEAUTIFUL.—If the sun is going down, look at the stars; if the earth is dark keep your eye on heaven; with God's promises and God's presence, a man or a child may be cheerful.

☞ The guilt of one sin is greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.