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D l. S. B. HIEFFER, "ICE in North Hanover street adjoining wolf's store: Office hours, more particles from 7109 o'clock, A. M., and from b'clock, P. M. [june 18'5]

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Till's Listitution commenced its Fall Term on the 1st of September, under the care of Miss Phene Parke, assisted by competent

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I have just received frem Philadelphin and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, toge aer with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfunery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Bruhes of almost every description, with an endelss variety of other articles, which Lam determined to sell at the very Lowest prices.

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Painter, Irvin's formerly Harper's) Row,
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any, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles
Carlisle, July 14, 1852—1y.

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chiladeighia with a very choice selection of ship of the selection of ship in the selection of s The managed to keep you straight, I dare the content of the fide of the grant of the content of

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WHILAT WAYTED.

# Poetrn

MARCH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and clouds, and changing skies
I hear the rushing of the blast, That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak, Wild stormy month! in praise of thee; Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak, Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train, And wear'st the gentle name of Spring

And in thy reign of blast and storm, Smiles many a long, bright sunny day, When the changed winds are soft and warm, And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills, And the full spring from frost set free, That, brightly leaping down the hills, Are just set out to meet the sen.

The year's departing beauty hides Of wintry storms the sullen threat: But in thy stornest from abides A look of kindly promise yet.

Theu bring'st the hope of those calm skies, And that soft time of sunny showers. When the wide bloom, on earth that lies, Seems of a brighter world than ours.

# Mulroonen

From the Lady's Book NEAL MCGOWK AND PETER.

BY SYLVANUS TRBAN.

Some time ago, I was pleasantly surprised by receiving a visit from Henry Stanly, an old and valued friend of mine; who owns a noble plantation some ten miles distant from myfolks often do, not so much because of any tifical acquirements in the matther of particular business he had with me, as to have that was beautiful to see. Whenive a chat about old times, and the crops, and politics, and those lesser matters of common several months, owing to the illness of Mrs. Stanley, his visit was more than usually a. greeable to me, inasmuch as it proved that my old college chum was still the same frank, easy, warm hearted fellow as ever. My first question naturally touched upon the health of Mrs. Stanley, which I was gratified to learn had greatly improved of late. Afterwards, we fell into a social confab; and when the newer topics of the day were exhausted. Harry strolled with me around the farm, noting with a practised eye the growing grain, and speculating upon the probabilities of a bound ful harvest. Having extended our walk rul harvest. Having extended our waise cross the fields, we took to the hills beyond, and, at length, seated ourselves beneat a indelection of the field of the control of the prospect of the surrounding country.

Taking a cigar from a case he was accustomed to carry in his pocket, my friend pro-oceded leisurely to light it; and, when this feat was accomplished, and a few whiffs had been taken in silence, all at once, and to my great surprise, he suddenly broke out with-

Tsay, Urban, do you know anything of one Peter Mulrooney ?'

Why do you ask ?' said I. 'Oh, nothing; only he claims you as a warm friend of his, and referred me to your respectable self for his character. I didn't want to bother you, however, at the time; but happening just then to need a hand, I hired him at once, and lo assure you his character soon made itself apparent without any further trouble. After he had been with me for t week or so, doing nothing properly, I though it just possible that you might have discharg

ed him for some misdemeanor or other, and concluded to catechize my gentleman a little 'So you know Mr. Urban, Mulrooney? Deed, sir,' said ho, 'tis proud I am to say

that same; fr suro the ro isn't a dacenter jintleman, barring it's in all Ameriky. I am happy to hear him and spoken of; out, if you were so much Air. to him, why did you quit his service to //
'Sorra one o' me knaws,' he replied, a little

evasively, as I thought. 'Ayeh! but 'twasnt ficis fault, anyhow.' 'I dare say not. But what did you do after

Och, bad luck to me, sir, 'twas the foolishest thing in the world. I married a widdy,

'And became a householder, ch? Augh!' he exclaimed with m expression o intense disgust, 'the house wouldn't hould me

long; 'twas too hot for that I does be Humph! You found the wider too fond of having her own way, I suppose ?'

Thrue for you, sir; an' a mighty crooked way it was, that same, an' that's holie. She managed to keep you straight, I dare

terwards, a cont, or no ground thought I would bery sluggish and heavy, I thought I would be a shout the test Master Peter's usefulness about the studies, so I sent for him to come to the

Peter, said I, 'do you think I could trus you to give the black filly a warm much this

to be plasin' yer honor, any way, an' that's

no lie. 'As he spoke, however, I fancied I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face; but taking it for granted he knew what I meant, I paid at the time no further nttention to it. The conversation which fol-lowed minediately after, by one of those singular coincidences which so frequently happen in life, turning upon the subject of horses, tended still more to impress me with that belief. Now don't laugh, Urban; for, though I perceive by your quizzical look that you are pretty well acquainted with your Irish friend, even possibly you cannot have any conception of the manner in which the offair terminated.' 'In some egregious blunder, Stanley, I'll be

'Peter stood for some time crushing his hat mensily between his hands, and occasionally. shifting the weight of his gaunt person from one foot to another, until I began at length to entertain a faint suspicion that he had not exactly understood me, after all ; so I said to

ound. But pray proceed with your narra-

'A warm bian mash for the black filley .-You will not forget it I hope, Mulrooney?" Och, 'tis- an illiganf mimory I have,' said e ; 'an' niver a word dhrops from your honor's lips but I'll be bound to hould it as fast as he lobster did Neal McGowk.' 'llow was that, Peter ?' said I.

Bedad, sir, but 'tis a quare sthory,' said he, ursting out in one of his rich laughs. 'You ee, sir, there wasn't a hardier boy in the mather of horse-flesh in all County-Galway than Neal McGowk, Ayeh! but it was him that had the keen eye for a bit of the raal blood ! An' so the rich genthry all the countbry round pathronized him, an' called him Misther Mo Gowk, and trated to a bit an' a sup; an' maybe sometimes crossed his hands wid silver an' goold besides. 'Deed, sir, 'twas mighty affectionate they wor wid him. 'Twas always "The top o' the mornin' to ve Misther Neal' or 'Tis glad I am to see ye, Misther McGowk!'

residence. He had ridden across, as country- for they entertained a respect for his scienwanted to buy a splendid hunther, or a span of fine horses for my lady, or a pony about interest to both. As I had not seen Harry for the size of a month ould calf for the chil lher, who but Neal McGowk must ride wid them to the fairs, an' the markets, an' discourse upon the qualities of the bastes? By a mysterious gift, he could tell their ages; too

'That is not at all difficult,' said I. a little contemptucusly. 'Any fool can tell that by looking at their teeth. Tis of Irish horses I am spakin', yer honor,'

responded Peter, with an air of the utmost implicity. I know of no difference between Irish and American horses in that respect,' said I,

laughing. 'Oh but did I ever hear the likes o' that !' exclaimed Peter. Sure it dosen't become a poor boy to impeache yer honor's larnin'; but, here he cast a queer, sidelong glance at me from under his half-closed cyclids—there isn't an ould mird, wid all her silks, an' her sating, an' her goold, an' her bright, sparklin' jewels, that does be more fractious about hav-

in' her age toull than an Irish horse.' 'It was almost impossible to resist this : but I managed to restrain my-disposition-to burst out into a hearty roar, and merely said-

. Poh! poh! Have done with your nonsense, Mulrooney, and go on with your story.' 'Sure enough, 'twas by the teeth, sir, that he told the age of a horse; for 'why would I he tellin ver hone a lie about it? But 'twas only by the coaxin' way he had that put the comether on the balous baste, and persuaded it to open its mouth.'

'Ah, I know ; you Irish are famous for blar-

'Deed, sir that's true, any way,' said Peer. 'Well, Neal was but a poor crayther, afther all. for, by rason of the genthry colloguing wid him, le began to turn the could shouldher to his culd friends, an' to brag, an' to boast, as if he bate the world for wisdom. Arrah, where was the use of a dacint man demancing hisself in that way? Yell, one day he took it into his head to thravel to Dublin for divarshin an' a mighty purty divarshin he made of it, sure enough. it's a beauty of a city, that same its four coorts, an' its strates, the bouses, an' its college green, an' its, byidge over the Liffey! By an' by, Neal athrolds to the market. Bedad, but 'twas his evil jamus tuk him here, I does be thinkin'! Afther admirin' the hapes of pitatees, and the lashins of base, an' mutton, an' other vegitables of a simil r characther, he comes to a fisherman's stall whère he sees iver so many black things p thin legs an' dhrawin' them by n' out their k ágin, in s lazy sert of a way.

'What's thim ?' sez Neal t 'Lobsthers,' sez the man 'Tis jokin' ye are,' ser Neal Lobsther

are red oraythurs, as, red as tojer's coats,' sez he; 'for misthress Huologan, the housekeeper at Squire Doolin's, touth me so.' "Alisthress Hoolagan's a dacent woman,

'Bedd, that's thrue,' sez Neal. 'An' vid that, he lays hould of it as bould as brass, whin whow! clip goes the claws into

you to give the state may a warm mass this continue? "Tries Neal, shokin' his hand arming?"

See thereif it ine for a plunte by two skippin' about like a monkay on a barrel or replying two states the question.

The state of the line for a plunte by two skippin' about like a monkay on a barrel or gain. "Murther! I'll be killed flittirely!" says the baste off, will yg? "Tis a

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30. 1853.

dead man I am this blessed day! Och! wiread off, or run a knife down his throat?" soul of them stirred, till a big butcher bruk through 'em wid his cleaver.

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

'Hould your hand down upon the boord, sez he to Neal. And, wid that, he chopt off the claws, an' set McGowk free. 'Now I'll pay ye for the lobsther, if ye

plaze,' sez Neal, in a passion, to the fisher-'Oh,' sez the man, 'if 'tis a botin' afther, ye're welcome to it.' An' wid that

sazes a couple of lobsthers by the and back, and flourishes thim at a m's 'Arrah, come on!' sea he. Peter, the last I heard of.'
But as soon as Neal heard the lobsthers mg, as he walked awayshakin' an' rattlin' near his face, he dhrops ple shoutin' at his heels. Faix! when he should I know the differ?'

the boys that wor bould enough to ask Neal AcGowk to tell 'em the age of a lobsther by lookin' at his teeth. An' that's the story, 'Very admirably embellished, I dare say. and now, Mulrooney, I can dispense with you

for the present; so bear in mind what I told

came back to Galway, there wasn't many o'

' About t e mash, sir?'

'Certainly, about the mash.' Still, Peter unaccountably lingered; and l ras about to ask why he waited, when he said

Boftly-'I beg yer pardin, sir; but 'tis bothered in irely I am. Will I give her an ould counthry nash, or an Ameriky mash?'

'I don't know of any distinction between them,' I answered, rather puzzleu in my mind at what he was aiming at. I found afterwards he was ignorant of what a mash was. 'I don't know,' said I, 'of any distinction be ween them.'

'Arrah, 'tis reasonable enough that ye ouldn't,' reponded.Peter.

'Look here, Mulrooney,' said I, impatienty, 'I want you to put about two double handsful of bran into a bucket of warm water, and after stirring the mixture well, to give it to the black filly. That is what we call a bran nash in this country. Now do you perfectly nderstand me ?'

Good luck to your honor,' replied Peter, ooking very much relieved; for the rascal had got the information he was athing for. Good luck to yer honor, what 'ed I be good for if I didn't? Sure, 'tis the ould counthry mash, after all.

'I thought as much,' said I; 'so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake.' "Tisn't likely I'll do that, sir,' said he, sing very confidently. But about the varm wather, sir?' 'There's plenty to be had in the kitchen.'

'An' the naygur? Will I say to her 'tis r honor's ordher's ?' 'Certainly; she'll make no difficulty.' 'Oh, begorra, 'tisn't a transen I care for

that. But will I give her the full of the buck et, sir? "Twill do her no harm,' said I, carelessly. And with that, Peter made his best bow, and leparted from the presence.

It might have been some ten minutes after his that Mrs. Stanley entered the room-where was sitting, and, as she was still somewhat f an invalid, I laid down the book I had in ny hand, and leading her to the sofa, ar anged the pillows to her liking. 'I wish you would go into the kitchen

leorge,' she såid, as'I was disposing a light shall about her person. , I am afraid there is omething wrong between that Irishman of ours and Phillis. Both their voices appeared be a good deal raised as I crossed the hall; and I heard the man say something about ome orders you had given him.'

'Oh, 'tis nothing, my dear,' I said, halfaughingly. 'I understand it all. Mulrooney equires some warm water, which Phillis, who ears him no love, has, I suspect, declined to give him.'

"My explanation scarcely satisfied Mrs. Stanley, who seemed to think that the disturoance was greater than would be likely to arise from such a trifle. However, she said nothing more, and I was searching for a passage in my book, which I thought would please her, when, all at once, we were startled by distant crash of crockery ware-plates and dishes, in fact, as I afterwards discovered .-To add to our annoyance, this crash was speedily followed by a half-suppressed trick Mrs. Stanley started up in alarm.

Ars. Stanley started up in alàrm. 'Do go and see what is the matter, George,' aid she. 'I told you I was sure it was somere always quarrelling.'

the room, and soon heard, as I passed through he hall, an increasing clamor in the kitchen

'Ha, done, I say! I won't hab noffin' to de with the stuff, nairaway!" 'You ugly an' contrairy ould naygur, don't tell ye 'tis, the master's ordhers?' I heard

Peter respond. . 'Tain't no such a thing. Go way, you poo white Irisher! I tell 'ee I won't. Who ebber carn ob a colored 'coman a takin' a bran nash afore. I'd like to know?' "The whole truth of what I had been su

ecting for some time flashed upon me at swill wagon. once, and the fun of the thing struck me s rresistibly that I hesitated for a while to reak in upon it. 'Arrah, be alsy, can't ye, an' take the dose

like a dacent naygur?'

time, I'll soon put a stop to that.'

'Go way, I tell 'eo!' soreamed Phillis. 'I'll all missus, dat I will.' Och, by this an' by that, said Peter, res ately, 'if 'tis about to frighten the beautiful misthress ye are, an' she sick too at this same

"Immediately afterwards, I heard the sound ra! wirra! what'll become of Biddy an' the of his heavy step across the kitchen floor, and childhers? Murther! murther! the varmint then came a short scuffle and a stifled scream. s sucking all the blood from my body. 'Tis Concluding that it was now time for me to in hat makes the lobsthers so red. Sure I ought terfere, I moved quickly on, and, just as the to have known it afore. Oh, blissed Saint scuffling gave way to smothered sobs and bro-Pathrick, wat'll I do? Good people have pity ken ejaculations, I flung open the door and incidentally justified family, pride, and spoke on me! 'Tis a poor divil I am, wid a wife an' looked in. The first thing that caught my eye in a manner that must have been offensive to six childher down in Galway. Take the baste was Phillis scated in a chair, sputtering and any poor person of any intelligence or indeoff, I say! Will any good jintleman, out his gasping, while Mulrooney, holding her head pendence; and, as we were leaving the church, under his left arm, was employing his right my brother curate exclaimed with unaffected But the crowd they wor screechin' wid hand in conveying a tea-cup of bran mash aughter, an' houldin' their sides, and niver a from the bucket at his side, to her upturned ing discourses. Such flunkeyism is intolera-

mouth. you doing now, Mulrooney?' said I. black Philli

lie. The stupid ould thabe of a naygur!' 'My dear Urban, you may imagine the finale | Coleridge said, that there was no real gentleof the to so rioh a scene; even Mrs. Stanley caught man without he was a Christian. length. the infection, and laughed heartily. As for Peter, the last I heard of bim was his mutter-

'Ayeh! why didn't he tell me! If they his fists, an' runs out of Dublin, wid the peo- call naygurs fillys, and horses fillys, how

## Migrellaneous.

THE PRINTER. 'I pity the Printer,' said Uncle Toby.

' lle's a poor creature,' rejoined Trim. ' How so ?' said my uncle.

orporal, looking full upon my uncle, ' because | Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was e must endeavor to please everybody. In the the son of God." Every one is familiar with negligence of the moment, perhaps a small the peculiar and strange effect upon the ear paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws of the repetition of the words, "which was t to the compositor, it is inserted, and he is the son," when even occurring in the reading ruined to all intents and purposes.'

'Too much the case, Trim,' said my uncle, ith a deep sigh. 'Too much the case.' 'And, please your honor,' continued Trim,

this is not the whole." 'Go on, Trim,' said my uncle, feelingly. 'The Printer, sometimes,' pursued the corporal, 'hits upon a piece that pleases him mightity; and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But alas! sir who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it and host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, ' Why don't you give us more poetry, marriages, and bon' mote? away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his spees over his nose, and reads it over in search of violent invective; he finds none, takes his spees off, folds them, sticks them in his pooket, declares the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes .-Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet after all this complaining, would you believe it sir,' said the corporal clasping his hands beseechingly, would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the Printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Clanders, but they

never did anything so bad as that !' Never!' said my uncle Toby, with the

#### trongest kind of emphasis. DWARF FRUIT TREES.

Within 'our day and generation.' science, applied to agriculture, has found out how to dwarf certain trees and obtain fruit from them much earlier, and on smaller spaces of ground, than formerly. Pears engrafted on quince, cherries on mahalebs, and apples on paradise stock, become small trees that may occupy places in front yards and other localities on small premises, and yield fruit very soon. - The fruit itself is as large as that grown on large trees. And nothing is handsomer than a shrub apple or pear bush under the windows of a house, hanging full of large and beautiful apples and pears. They need not much more room than a current bush, and may be planted out in the garden in rows almost as near to each other. Ordinarily, on the old system, we had to wait many years before we could have a pear or even an apple from trees of common size: but now you may have fruit in a year or two after the stock is large enough to receive a scion, and the dwarf will bear thirty or forty years. Of course they are not so long lived as the great un-Iwarfed trees, nor do you obtain as large a harvest from such small standards. But they car as liberally according to their size, and the fruit may all be easily gathered by hand. Dwarf pear trees are becoming very common Few villagers or citizens who have a door-yard

or garden, and now without some of them. "Gentlemen," said Lord Palmerston, at the definition of dirt. I have heard it said that dirt is nothing but a thing in the wrong place. Now, the dirt of our towns precisely correshing serious. That Trishman will be the ponds with that definition. The dirt of our death of Phillis some of these days. They towns aught to be upon our fields, and if there could be such a reciprocal community of incare something about Peruvian guano."

The road to ruin is through the gate of wrong. The man who cheats has taken the first step towards litigation and poverty, bailbonds and broken breeches. God has s ordered matters that the only things that pro duce lasting benefits, are honesty and right. Out of a dozen well-to-do scamps that we knew five years ago, ten have run away, while the other two act as orderly sergeants to:

GARDEN FRUIT TREES .- The American Far mer advises its readers to give to the trunks a painting comprised of soft soap, salt, and flour of sulphur, made in the proportion of 1 gallon of soft soap, I quart of salt, and I pound of flour of sulphur, to be put on with a white wash brush. If the bark on any of your trees are mossy, have the moss scraped off before the mixture is applied. This done. spread underneath each tree a peck of ashes.

#### GENEALOGICAL SERMON.

I had, at one time, for a co-curate a very npulsive and rather democratic man. Our ector was an aristocrat. On Sunday he had delivered himself of a sermon in which he indignation, "Well, that crowns ----'s toady-

ble. But I'll administer an antedote next What in the name of all that is good, are Sunday; see if I don't. Like Herod's worms, our rector's pride is eating him up." I did 'Sure, sir,' said he 'what 'ud I do but give lack Phillis the warm mash, accordin' to per treated both of us with a condescension that thers? Augh, the haythen! Bad was anything but flattering; and he thought to her! 'tis trouble enough I've had to more of being a "gentleman" (upon which ike her rasonable an' obadient, an' that's no lee was always indirectly vaunting himself) than of being a Christian, forgetting what

Next Sunday morning my brother curate carried out his threat. He told me nothing about how he proposed to manage or mould his course; so judge my surprise when, mounting the pulpit, he gave out as his text, the 3d chapter of Luke, part of the 23d, and the whole of the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 84th, 35th, 86th, 37th, and 38th verses; "in which (he contin ued) will be found the following words:" and then, to the marvel of the whole congregation, who turned towards the pulpit with eyes and mouth open, he read right through the sixteen verses, beginning with-"Joseph, which was the son of Heli," and ending with, "which Because, in the first place,' continued the was the son of Enos, which was the son of

desk; but in the pulpit, as a prefix to a ser mon in the shape of a text, they sounded oddly. The rector looked at me as if for an explanation, and I did not know where to ook ; while the principal persons in the parish manifestly came to the conclusion that my brother curate was gone mad. But, if he were, he soon showed them that there was method in his madness; for he ingeniously volved out of these sixteen verses a discourse that might have served as an essay on the all is over with him. They forgive others, but Republican legend of "Liberty, Equality and they cannot forgive the Printer. He has a Fraternity." The reader has probably anticipated me in the use he made of his long text. "Here (said he) we have a genealogical ree, not traced by the flattery of sycophants, nor the uncertainty of heralds, but the unerring Evangelist whose inspiration enabled him to mount from branch to branch—a genealogy beginning with God, and ending, so far as

my text goes, with a poor Galilean carpenter. Here is a lesson and a rebuke for the pride of descent. The poorest carpenter, in the poorest village in England, can retrace his lineage through the same unbroken succession; and the proudest peer can do no more, unless the latter, in his presumption, should be disore his divine origin. But it would be no use; by whatever different branches, they arrive at the same root; the noble and the peasant, if both had the power of going back over their ancestry, would both meet at the 38th verse of the 8d chapter of Luke, 'Which was the son of Enos, which was

the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.' "Here (he continued, looking at the rector's and the squire's news)-here we all meet on equal terms. Disown them as we like in other degrees, here we are brought face to face with, and can no longer refuse to ac

knowledge our poor relations." Then, looking to some forms on which a group of alms-house people sat, he added: "Here, too, my poor friends, you and your 'superiors' meet in the presence of your common parent, the great God of heaven and earth, in whose eyes the fictitious distinctions of the world are naught. Cold-shoulder you as they like through life, they cannot ignore their relationship when they come to this; they can no longer speak of you, spurn you, as though you were formed of different clay. The carpenter and the king are one; and how little importance St. Luke, who was no sycophant genealogist, attaches even to the regal office, may be seen from the manner in which he passes through the 31st verse, where no pause is made to mark the proud title of David, which was merely the son of Jesse, which

was the son of Obed, and so on." In conclusion he urged the poor man to live up to his great origin, and not disentitle himself to that great share in the inheritance of which his heavenly Father had laid up for his children who truly serve him. They need not care for the proud man discovning them now; the thing to be feared was God disown-Royal Agricultural Dinner, "I have heard a ing them on the last day. The rich he enjoined to feel for the poor as for brothers, if they would not offend that great Being who has a futher's interest for all.

I thought the rector would never forgive my co curate; but the only notice he took of the eccentric discourse was to cease for ever "Searcely pausing to listen to the closing sterest between the country and towns, that after preaching to the "humbler orders," of ortion of my wife's speech, I hurried from the country should purify the towns, and the the deference they owed their "superiors." towns should fertilize the country, I am much It was before so bad that a neighboring clerdisposed to think the British farmer would gyman said to,me, "If your rector had to put peyond. First of all came the shrill voice of care less than he does, though he still might on an eleventh commandment, it would run thus: "Thou shalt not neglect to take off thy hat to myself and the squire."-English Pa-

> ANECDOTE OF COL. CROOLET. -Once upon a time, during a debate in the United States House of Representatives, on a bill for inreasing the number of hospitals, one of the Vestern members arose and observed :--Mr. speaker—My opinion is, that the ginerality of mankind-in gineral, are disposed

to take disadvantage-of the ginerality-of ankind in gineral.' Sir down, sit down,' whispered the Cclonel, who sat near him, 'you are coming out at the

same hole you went in at.'

\*Ike,' said a rusty old bachelor of the esk, how do astronomers measure the disnce to the sun?

'Why,' replied the young hopeful, 'they guesses at one-fourth of the distance, and then multiplies by four.

## VOLUME L111. NO 33

OUR FATHER.

Often in the morning when we waken, we ear a little childish voice saying, "come, Bobby, let's say our prayer," and then together both little voices offer up that most beautiful of all petitions-

"Our father which art in Heaven." All over the world, in castle and hall, by the prince and by the peasant, is that most eautiful prayer repeated-but above all, it sounds sweetest when lisped by the sunnyhaired child at its mother's knee. Mark the little bending form-the hair put softly back, the tiny white hands folded the reverend glance bent towards hers, as though it saw Saviour in its mother's eyes.

Blessed little children! What a dreary waste, what a wide and fruitless wilderness would this world be without them! How often the toiling mother wakes almost despairing-there is no food in the house-her ceaseless labor will hardly buy bread.

As she looks upon the red sun-rising, with sad forebodings, and knows not how she shall procure a meal for her little ones-sweetly steal upon her senses, the murmering of infant voices. ' She listens. Her very babes are looking trustingly towards heaven. They have hushed their sports, and kneeling together by their poor couch they say-

"Give us this day our daily bread." Her soul grows strong with her; she knows od will never forsake her-and with tears she thanks Him that she ever taught them

low to pray. And are there little children who never say Our Father!" Are there mothers so lost all that is holy and beautiful in Heaven and on earth, that they put their babes to sleep without teaching them upon whose arm they rest? When night folds her starry ourtain about them, and the moon looks down. silvering the meadows and spangling the trees. do they not tell them who in His goodness made all this beauty? and how with sweet

confidence they should trust in Him? We turn shudderingly from the picture of prayerless mother. Parents, if your chilren have never repeated "Our Father," at their nightly orisons, teach them now. When you are lying in your silent graves, the memory of that little sentence, "lead us not into temptation," may bear them safely through a

### vorld of danger.

INGENUITY. Of all the thousand and one talents bestowed pon humanity, ingenuity is certainly the most ecomodating. Its like is not to be found for naking old things now . It stuffs and covers east off shoe boxes, converting them into beautiful ornaments. It turns mother'st faded gown into a smart Sunday dress for two or three reonsibilities. It cuts father's worn out coat to a good holliday suit for little Tommy. It nakes of last year's hack a fashionable opera loak for the present season. It converts yes. erday's dry bones into a savory stew, and the urplus of broken bread into an Aldermanic plum pudding. It strings meadow cranberries the envy of ignorant aristocracy. It makes the country belie the observed ot all observers, vhen she has made of Biddy's quills an elegant strich feather. It gives the poor exquisite the uxury of stiff dickeys cut from the whitest pa per. It tastefully covers tarnished mirrors in, country parlors. It transforms empty barrels nto comfortable easy chairs. It invents fashions for deformity, and deforms everybody but the inventor. It makes fortunes by whimsical advertisements. It tests a lover's foibles by a housand little stratagems. It apologizes for a canty table with profuse compliments. It says no, in order to know whether it may safely say yes. It has prepared colds for any musical energency. It is the stepping stone to genius. and is often mistaken for it. Finally, ingenuity like sweet charity, covers a multitude of sins.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP. &c .- But of all the lips that we have heard of or read of for many day, no one was more worthy of note than a spruce widow of Blair county, last week played pon a chap who had engaged to marry her.-At the appointed hour she was bedecked in brilal robes and ready to repair to the 'Squire's to have the knot tied; but the ungallant swain nade his appearance without buggy or other conveyance, expecting to "foot it." To this owever, she demurred, and the would-be-bridegroom, full of high hopes and revelling in blissul fancies, repaired to a neighbouring farmer's esidence at some distance to procure the needed chicle. But in his absence, strange to tell, and conclusive proof that the course of true ove never did run smooth, a gallant widower f her acquaintance came along in a comfortable coking buggy and enquired wherefore she was thus sprucely and beautifully attired. With a winning smile she plead guilty to the soft impeachment of an intent to commit matrimony; wherupon the gallant widower declared he had but come to proffer her a faithful heart and and hand, and bid her take a seat in his buggy -and she took it !--declaring that she liked him much better than the other, any how-and so she gave the absent "lover" such a slip as is cruel for any man to get. Suffice it to say that with all possible despatch the beau that had the buggy and the gay widow were made "one

POETRY. The Christian Herald gives, the following hints to its correspondents: "Watch and fortify yourselves against the femptation? of sending any poetry to the Editor. To heed this caution, with many, will require great self-denial; yet we trust some will reak the rade.' . The world is already full of cetry, and will not, in reality, need any new reations of this sort for at least ten years to come. Least of all will it require such oreations as many fondly call poetry. We receive many pieces called by their authors poetical; but do not publish more than one out of fifty of them, and do not expect to."

A TRAVILLER on the continent, visiting a celshroted cathedral, was shown by the sacristan among other marvels, a dirty, opaque vial. Afler eyeing it some time, the traveller said,

"Do you call this a relig?"

"Bir," said the sacristan, indignantly, "I it contains some of the darkness that Moses spiedad. over the land of Egypt.