

# CARLISLE HERALD

A Family Newspaper, Printed in Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

H. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1853.

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### Cards.

**DR. J. C. BOONIN,** WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that are required for their preservation, such as scaling, filling, plugging, &c. or will restore the loss of them by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. A. M. L. teach on the last ten days of every month.

**DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,** WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that are required for their preservation, such as scaling, filling, plugging, &c. or will restore the loss of them by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. A. M. L. teach on the last ten days of every month.

**DR. J. S. D. HEMPER,** OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Wolfe's store. Office hours, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock P. M. (Jan 1853)

**DR. JOHNSON & HERRING,** OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Wolfe's store. Office hours, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock P. M. (Jan 1853)

**DR. JOHN B. SPRIGGS,** OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity—Residence—on the Walnut Bottom Road, one mile east of Centreville. (Feb 21) yit

**GEORGE BEE,** JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite the Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, and all kinds of legal business, including articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, Pa. 849.

**Carlisle Female Seminary.** The first session commenced its Fall Term on the 1st of September, under the care of Miss Frances Paxton, assisted by competent teachers. Instruction in the languages and drawing, no extra charge. (Jan 31) yit

**Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c.** I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, including Oil of Sassafras, Turpentine, Petroleum, Sassafras, Stationary, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Bruises of almost every description, with an endless variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very lowest prices.

**S. ELLIOTT,** Main street, Carlisle, Pa.

**WILLIAMS & BROOKER,** NEWVILLE, PA.

**J. M. ROSENZWEIG,** Sign, Fancy and Ornamental Painter, 17th street, Carlisle, Pa.

**CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND,** NEW CUMBERLAND, PA.

**W. WOODWARD & SCHMIDT,** BALTIMORE, MD.

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### Poetry.

#### YOUNG SPRING IS COMING.

Old Winter is going away, ah! ah!  
How icy and cold he's been,  
But a pretty young maid he'll meet in his track,  
And she'll court and smile till he turns his back.  
For she'll frighten him off with a wonderful  
kiss!  
This maiden will soon be seen.

This pretty young maid, whose name is Spring,  
Is full of mirth and glee,  
She causes the birds to stretch the wing,  
And she leaves to put out under which they  
sing.  
And opens the buds the flowers to bring—  
A sweet little maid is she.

Young Spring is a foolish girl, I wot,  
Too full of her fun for me,  
Said Winter, "she tears the clothes from my  
back,  
And causes the streamlet's prison to crack,  
And dries up the path and the slippery track—  
So tamping and playful is she."

Young Spring comes on with a beautiful grace,  
But very shy is she;  
For she cracks her jokes in old Winter's face,  
And kisses his cheeks as he flies apace,  
While she melts the tears in his sturdy face—  
A very young lady is she.

She brings the latest fashions along—  
A gay little maid is she;  
She passes on the admiring throng,  
And touches the loveliest notes of song,  
But gay as she is, she never thought wrong,  
For she's clothed in Nature's array.

This sweet little girl—when she travels forth—  
So pretty a maiden is she;  
Thinks all who leave her winter heart,  
And sells forth with a cheerful laugh,  
For she wears pretty flowers along their path—  
A beautiful maiden is she.

This Spring is a cunning girl, I fear,  
For her lovers are many I see,  
She kisses their cheeks and dries up their tears,  
And makes an end of their chilling fears,  
While they pour in love to her listening ears;  
For very bewitching is she.

Young Spring intends, when old Winter's afar,  
Young Summer's wife to be;  
Was there ever wedded so pretty a pair?  
For he is so rich, and she is so fair!  
And a joyous wedding they'll prepare,  
And there's an invitation for me.

omitted in his almanac: "The great is all  
which shines its master." The Germans  
tell us, "One foe is too many, a hundred  
friends are too few." The Persians say gra-  
tfully, "Speech is silver, silence is gold."  
But the blunt Italian proverb, "Silence was  
never written," is more effective than the  
oriental poetry. Not more effective, how-  
ever, than this other of the same people,  
which is highly imaginative: "Time is an  
idle fellow."—as unpleasant as true.—  
There is a wise saying of the Persians: "Of  
four things every man has more than he  
knows—of sin, of debts, of years, and of  
foes." A warning from the Turkish: "Curses  
like chickens, always come home to roost."  
One still more solemn from the Greek: "The  
mill of God grinds late, but grinds to powder."  
Another Greek proverb, in the same vein, is  
quoted by Emerson: "The dice of God are  
always loaded." "When the Devil cannot  
with truth, and the Italians with equal truth  
and humor: "He hath need of a long spoon  
that eats with the Devil." "There is no worse  
robber than a bad book." This is Italian too,  
and may serve, if they like it, as a motto for  
the gettens-up of cheap publications.

St. Bernard made a curious use of a proverb  
on the angels; wishing to show a priori  
the extreme probability of their active mission  
in the service of men, he quotes the Latin  
proverb, *Qui me amat, amat et canum meum*,  
and argues thus: "We are the dogs under  
Christ's table; the angels love him, therefore  
they love us."

Lord Bacon has written, as everybody knows,  
that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are  
discovered in its proverbs. Following the  
hint, Mr. French devotes a chapter to this  
aspect of proverbs—but, as in the rest of his  
book, he only gives us a glimpse of the sub-  
ject, sufficient to show what a field of interest-  
ing criticism was before our eyes. In the genuine  
Roman proverb, which are few in number,  
he perceives a practical business-like sense.  
They bear witness to the interests in agricul-  
ture which distinguished the old Italians. For  
instance, we have from Cato: "What is not  
needed is dear at a farthing," a proverb after  
Poor Richard's own heart. And this acute  
proverb has a smack of the farm, "men cut  
bread thorns from another man's leather."

The Spaniards have an enormous stock  
of proverbs, as every reader of the *picarresque*  
novels has noticed. Juan Triarte, their great  
collector, brought together about thirty thou-  
sand. Mr. French remarks in them "keen  
good sense, satirical humor, and a chivalrous  
spirit," and gives us a specimen: "When  
thou seest thy horse in flames, approach and  
burn thyself by him." The English would  
have said, "approach and put it out." How  
well they sneer at their own weakness, in their  
famous saying, *Come de Espana*, for any  
surd piece of carelessness or neglect; as for  
instances, when Charles the Third's army  
marched against Portugal, and reached the  
frontier before it was discovered that they had  
brought no powder. "The Italian proverb,"  
says Mr. d'Israeli, "have taken a tinge from  
their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom  
seems wholly concentrated in their personal  
interests. I think every tenth proverb in an  
Italian collection, is some cynical or selfish  
maxim—a book of the world for wicked men."

Our readers will remember Dr. Richardson  
and his *funny* of Machiavellian proverbs in  
Balzac's last novel. There is no denying that  
the truth of these sayings is very striking  
on which side of human nature they have  
looked. "The river part, the saint mocked,"  
a foreign relation of our "When the devil was  
sick, &c." "When rogues go into procession,  
the devil holds the cross." "If thou suffer a  
cat to be laid in thee, within a little they will  
clap on the cow." "Who paints me before  
blackness me behind." "Every man draws the  
water to his own mill." Here is a really  
valuable insight into the old German divine which  
has included this world, *Anglo* Proverbs  
and "forgiveness." "If the monkey reigns,  
dance before him," is the tone of the East and  
of Egypt, when the one man-power is abso-  
lute. "Kiss the hand which smites thee," is  
lute, shows even more clearly its origin in  
the land of servility, and selfishness, and ven-  
geance. "Do no good and thou shalt find no  
evil," is of Asiatic descent, but it sounds not  
unlike M. de Fontenelle.

Other proverbs show their nationality by  
some local coloring or turn of phrase, as the  
Turkish, "Death is a black camel which kneels  
at every man's gate," and the English, "A  
fair wife and a frontier castle breed quarrels,"  
evidently is older than the union of the two  
crowns.

Many proverbs are found in every language  
in different dress, but identical in meaning—  
"Coals to Newcastle," is a remarkable in-  
stance. The Greeks said: "Owls to Athens."  
The Rabbits: "Enchantments to Egypt."  
The Persians: "Pepper to Hindostan," and  
the Medivales: "Indulgence to Rome." Our  
old friend—"One must not look a gift-horse  
in the mouth," is used by Jerome, a father of  
the fourth century, who replied tartly to a  
criticism on writings of his, that they were a  
proverb of the middle ages. In the rhymed Latin  
of the middle ages, "Sicut dicitur," "Lira  
should have good memories," is also cited as  
an old proverb by Jerome.

Since proverbs are the expression of every  
general experience of humanity, they are of  
all kinds—many as blantly comes as others  
are imaginative. Some flatterly contrasted as  
others: "Common sense is seldom to blame,"  
is negatived by "They say is half a liar," and  
the democratic "They say is half a liar," some-  
times is rendered by the English, "The voice  
of the many is the voice of a zany." The  
English "Lies have no legs," is manifested  
and true; lies have many legs as a confuted  
and as many legs as a cat. Lies, too, have  
wings by which they can crawl. Let  
him once get his growth, and it is almost im-  
possible to cripple it so that it cannot move.

Another class of proverbs are satirical upon  
characters and professions. Fools come in for  
the largest share of meeting proverbs. "Fools  
go without waiting." The Spanish proverb  
"A fool, unless he knows Latin, is not a com-  
plate fool."

### Miscellaneous.

#### THROUGH IN NINETEEN HOURS.

This is the promise of the advertisement of  
the new route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg,  
and I believe it is fulfilled every day. What  
that journey has been, I have some opportu-  
nity of knowing from a manuscript journal in  
my possession, kept by Matthew Clarkson,  
Esq., in the year 1766. Mr. Clarkson was a  
mercantile Philadelphia—for several years  
Mayor of that city—and appears to have gone  
westward on behalf of some company which  
he was connected, whose object was to  
carry on trade between Philadelphia and the  
Mississippi. He set out on horseback, with a  
servant, August 6, 1766. On the first day he  
met wagons loaded with skins coming from  
the West, and overtook one of the wagons  
going for the King's use to Fort Pitt, the  
name of the settlement which the English  
gave it in the place of Duquesne, and which  
was afterwards changed to Pittsburg. He  
lodged at "The Ship," thirty-five miles from  
Philadelphia.

The next day (Aug. 7) he dined at "The  
Duke of Cumberland," and reached Lanaster  
in the evening. On the 8th crossed the Sus-  
quehanna at Wright's Ferry, and reached  
York. On the 9th crossed Conowingo creek,  
and arrived at Carlisle, where he rested till  
the 12th, when he resumed his journey with a  
stronger horse, dined at Shippensburg, and  
lodged at home in the evening. On the 13th,  
at the "Barrel Car," he overtook thirty-two  
horse loads of flour on the way to Fort Pitt,  
and mentions calling upon the same direction,  
and "skins" coming eastward. "This day's  
journey [thirty-four miles] had been extremely  
fatiguing and tedious; the road, except the  
first ten miles, was nothing but rills, moun-  
tains and stones, until you pass the Break  
Cabin, when it is tolerably, but hilly."

August 14th is from Littleton took break-  
fast at the foot of Siding hill; dined at the  
crossings of the Juniata; lodged at Bedford.  
Here he stopped for a day, and purchased an  
interest in the tract of land in Cumberland  
valley, Dunning's creek and Woodcock valley,  
mostly in the vicinity of Bedford, containing  
in all eighteen hundred acres, for one-half  
of which he paid \$200, (\$400).

August 16th.—At the foot of the Alleghe-  
nians, he found an encampment of Indians,  
under the command of Capt. Green, who were  
engaged in gathering whortleberries. Lodged  
at Stony creek. Next day dined at Ligonier,  
and lodged at the twelve-mile run.

18th.—To Brandy run, Turle, creek, and  
reached Fort Pitt just at ten days, without  
counting stoppages, happily without being  
tantalized, as he jogged along under a hot  
sun, with a fore-knowledge that his grand-  
children would make the same journey "thro'  
in 10 hours." His journal mentions, indeed,  
"a conductor of the trail," but it is of Con-  
estoga wagon, not of cars and crates.

When he reached the embryo city of smoke,  
he found no sumptuous hotels inviting him to  
repose. Upon his arrival, he saying: "I was  
stayed away in a small crib, in blankets,  
company with flees and bugs." He took a  
walk to "the ship yard"; found four boats fin-  
ished and in the water, and four more on the  
stocks; business going on briskly. "Pulmy  
days, those, in Pittsburg," said boats being  
probably late, but much greater than those  
as are now slung at the stern of the steam  
motors that lie or ply by hundreds in her  
waters.

The fort was under the command of Major  
Murray, who gave Mr. Clarkson his lodging  
in the barracks; but on account of the un-  
bearable condition of accommodations for board-  
ing, he usually made his meals on bread and  
milk "at the store." The officers of the gar-  
rison were Capt. Belenavus, Lieutenants Mc-  
Coy, McLintch, C. G. Grant, and Hall—  
and English.

In an afternoon's ride from Fort Pitt he  
found an Indian settlement of Mingoes. He  
mentions the arrival of a Seneca chief, who  
had been to the Illinois, and brought back  
that barbarous region, over his own track,  
a pocket of letters to the civilized east, from  
the commander at Fort Chartres, near the  
present St. Louis. The latest date was June  
21. The news of the day was that provision  
was scarce and dear. Indian flour being at  
4 shillings per hundred; ordinary buffalo meat  
at 4 shillings per pound. "The French on  
opposite side of the river in plenty." The  
mail from Fort Pitt was sent monthly by  
soldiers to Shippensburg, which was the near-  
est post office. Mr. C. mentions the breaking  
of his thermometer as an irreparable loss.—  
In these days it would probably be accounted  
too small an article for the great blaste of  
the glass furnaces to condescend to make—  
"No ropes for painters here; and no pros-  
pect of being able to supply this defect."  
Mr. Clarkson was engaged in loading boats  
at Fort Pitt to transport merchandise down  
the Ohio to Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi.  
He engaged a Seneca chief to accompany him,  
probably as a guide, interpreter, and protec-  
tor through the tribes along the river, some  
of whom were not in a friendly state. Before  
consenting to go, Kaysata said "he must  
go and see his family at the White Mingo  
town and the warriors of all parts of his na-  
tion, and know how things stood there. For  
this purpose he wanted a couple of bottles of  
rum." This article was not so easily obtained  
in Pittsburg as it is now. "Sixteen kegs of  
spirit arrived on pack horses." On the 3d of  
September the wagons arrived from the east  
with the merchandise for the loading of the  
boats. The Indian and a companion were to  
have "forty bucks" for their services, besides  
an interpreter at twelve dollars a month. At  
this point the cooper's shop was burnt, and  
the traders had no other way of procuring  
coals to pack the four in. About this time  
Mr. Menzies, Dumfries, and Bentley arrived  
on a message among the Indians to preach the  
gospel. On the 18th September, the boat left  
Fort Pitt, and on the 11th of December ar-  
rived at Fort Chartres. The trade of the  
boat seems to have been chiefly with the In-  
dians for peltry. They bought beaver, mink,  
otter, bear, deer, muskrat, wolf, panther, mar-  
tin, raccoon, fox, and wild cat.

A memorandum made at Fort Chartres says,  
"The layers always meet with 'flings'—"  
*Legitima ne quia.*" is untranslatable. Physi-  
cians are seldom spared. A medical profes-  
sion says of them, "Ubi tres medici dud  
obit." The Germans have, "What so bold as  
a miller's neckcloth, which takes a knave by  
the throat every morning?" The Italians  
have many proverbs of contempt for the vil-  
lano, or peasant. "In German collections ma-  
ny of like character will be found upon the  
Bauer. There are plenty, too, in medieval  
Latin, among others, this triple rhyme, "*Rus-  
tica gens est optima flens, et pessima ridens.*"—  
If we compare the modern meaning of the  
words villan, knave, and others of that kind,  
with their etymology and ancient signification,  
we can form, perhaps, a pretty correct idea of  
the character of the class of men who were  
called by them, or at least of the estimation  
in which they were held by their betters.

The monks were not left unscathed by these  
pelets of wit. "If you have offended a  
clerk, kill him, or else you will never have  
peace with him." "Take heed of an ox be-  
fore, of a horse behind, of a monk on all  
sides."

Among uneducated people, thought and  
speech are glad to avail themselves of these  
muscular little sayings. To the ignorant,  
proverbs are indeed lessons—a *lex non scripta*  
for every-day life. And, as in the case of the  
common law, very often and misrepresentations  
of a rule occur. How many selfish people  
have fortified their unwillingness to do for  
others, by that excellent proverb, "Charity  
begins at home!" Men of education seldom  
express themselves in proverbs. It is not  
considered well-bred in so. Proverbs are  
of the same kind as slang; and although  
the relationship is distant, a kind of family  
likeness is often perceptible. Nevertheless,  
an occasional proverb, well applied, is never  
out of place. And often, in a moment of un-  
certainty as to what course of conduct to  
pursue, some "little gospel" flashes a-  
cross the mind, and instantly decides the  
question.

George Herbert, under the title of "*Jocular  
Prudentium*," made a collection of about 1600  
proverbs. Herbert died in 1333. It is sig-  
nificant that in a collection of the seventeenth  
century, among hundreds in present use, he  
proverbs as, "Where there is a will there is  
a way." "A place for everything, and every-  
thing in its place." "Needs must go when  
the devil drives," and "Tell the truth, and  
shame the devil," should not be found. Quite  
a number of poor Richard's proverbs occur  
there; for instance, "Silks and spuns put out  
the kitchen fire."

Some of Herbert's are worth quoting: "He  
wants to die, that quits his bed," "He  
begins with a long rope that waits for another's  
fall." "A lion's skin is never cheap." "If  
that comes of a hen must aster." "I  
wept when I was born, and every day shows  
why." "A woman and a glass are ever in  
danger." "A married man turns his staff  
into a stake." "A fool knows more in his  
house, than a wise man in another's"—a say-  
ing worthy of all commendation "God comes  
to see without a bell." This reminds us of  
the Latin, "The feet of the avenging deities  
are shod with wool." And there is one which  
requires to be taken with many grains of ex-  
planation: "He wrongs not an old man that  
pleads his supper from him." "If the  
pleas be no doubt, 'Sit in your own place  
and no one can make you rise."—*Evening  
Post.*

#### SLAVE MARKET AT MEMPHIS.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Daily Times*  
gives the following description of something he  
saw at Memphis:

"I landed at this place on Christmas morn-  
ing. The first thing that met my eye, stand-  
ing on a high bank facing the river, was the  
following inscription in large letters, upon a  
fine building, with piazza and pillars in front:  
'Bolton, Dickens, & Co., Slave Dealers.' In  
addition to this, I soon found two others, on  
one of the principal streets in the city, situated  
nearly opposite to each other. The sign  
of one read thus: 'Byrd Hill, Slave Market';  
the other, 'Ben Little, Slave Market and Liv-  
ing Stable.' I visited them, and was invited  
to 'walk in and look at the stock.' Oh, how  
my whole being revolted at the thought—  
There were men and women, girls and boys,  
of almost every shade of complexion, ranging  
from ten to thirty or forty, all well dressed,  
as you see ten or twelve slaves, except some  
favored boy servants. Some of the best look-  
ing young women were attired in beautiful  
laid, made in the fashion to. When a  
stranger goes in, they are quickly arranged  
upon seats on either side of the room, and  
they watch with interest as you they suppose  
intends to buy. Of course you can examine  
teeth, limbs, &c., and call for any exercises  
from them you may choose to. They are taken  
out every day and walked around in a large  
circle—the men and boys under one leader  
and the females under another. I was not  
permitted to look into their place of confine-  
ment for the night, but only saw the grating  
and the bars. Near by a horse and mules for  
sale, and they are fat and sleek, because in  
the market. For the same reason were these  
men and women well dressed."

Rexius.—Graec (Greenwood), writing from  
Rome, gives graphic descriptions of what she  
saw and heard in it at renovated city. Among  
other items of whi sh we have, an account in  
her last letter, she says:

"We found our selves standing before what  
we were told were the miraculously preserved  
remains of the bridge in which Mary once  
rocked the infant Christ. In an immense  
cave, a sort of dark and gloomy, and three  
kept these wonderful relics—two or three  
pieces of old wood, water-stained, and partly  
decayed. There is nothing in their form to  
indicate that they were ever parts of anything  
like a cradle, and so altogether rough and  
clumsy are they, that I found more natural  
than irrelevant the remark of a Jewish En-  
glishman, who stood near us—'Well, all I  
have to say is, St. Joseph seems to have been  
bit of a bad carpenter.'"

Yet I saw women wash their hands, and  
bring into tears, at the sight of these formless  
pieces of wood, and bright soldiers fall on their  
knees, with their hands clasped together, with  
something like reverent and devotedness, and  
with their bright eyes glistening with a ray  
of something like soul."

#### TROUT FISHING.

Trout fishing is at the best while the lilac  
is in flower, and after the elder has come into  
flower it begins to decline; this holds good in  
all latitudes where the Trout is to be found,  
and where the lilac and elder bloom. During  
the month of April, trout may be angled for  
at all times of the day, from sunrise to sunset,  
with nearly the same chances of success; but,  
as the season advances, and the heat and  
brightness of the sun's rays become more in-  
tense, while the water gradually becomes  
smaller and clearer, the best time is from  
dawn till about nine in the morning, and from  
four in the afternoon till sunset. By far the  
most pleasant mode of angling for trout is  
with the fly; and we may here observe that  
the fly which will tempt trout to rise in April,  
loses none of its seductive properties as the  
season advances. It is generally observed  
that trout do not take the fly freely either in  
gloomy weather, or when the sun shines  
bright. April weather—an alternation of sun-  
shine and cloud, with a moderate southwest  
breeze gently rippling the surface of the  
stream—is the most favorable for the fly fisher  
—at all seasons of the year. In April, and  
in early spring generally, trout are more dis-  
posed to rise at the fly about mid-day, than  
when the season is more advanced. At the  
latter period, they are more inclined to take  
the worm about mid-day, more especially in  
streamy places, just above the head of a pool,  
when the water is clearing after a fall of rain.  
This fish has ever been the object of the an-  
gler's art. In the very name of trout angling  
there is magic; and the practised angler en-  
joys no sport with so keen a relish, as trailing  
for these beautiful fish in clear and limpid  
streams.

#### THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES, AND THE MIGHTY DEEDS, THE RISE, DOWN- FALL, LIFE AND DEATH, OF A JACKS.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was night; nowhere, and nowhere was as  
dark as a bottle of ink in the bottom of a  
well, and upon a rugged throne of petrified  
trout soup stood the mighty A. Jacks, eating  
a slice of buttered beef, occasionally wet-  
ting his parched lips by drinking fluidical flap-  
jacks turned over.

Around him stood his courtiers!!!  
"Bring forth the whangoodle, and place it  
on the hogswag!" he exclaimed with a terrific  
voice, at the same time cutting off a courtier's  
head with the sharp edge of an illuminated  
cotton bale.

#### CHAPTER II.

The whangoodle was placed upon the hog-  
swag, and A. Jacks descended from his throne,  
twisted a double-headed fish-worm into a cork-  
screw, drew a cork from a spectral phial, and

#### CHAPTER III.

Too horrible to relate!!!!!!

#### CHAPTER IV.

One of his courtiers, named Fuzzyrinkum,  
became incensed, transformed himself into an  
imaginary rhinoceros, swore eternal revenge,  
created a rebellion with remorseless and sar-  
ganinary fury, and assassinated the grandfath-  
er of nobody's-grandmother, by compelling  
him to swallow a few fringed candle-boxes,  
crosswise.

A. Jacks buried his grandfather, then buried  
himself in a pot of porter—heels up.

#### CHAPTER V.

A. Jacks became lonely, and in order to  
amuse himself, sold out his interest in a vast  
estate which he didn't own, and resolved to  
travel for the benefit of his illness.

#### CHAPTER VI.

He travelled!!!!

#### CHAPTER VII.

He first journeyed to Olfiver, near Egypt,  
in the ice, bound by the coast of Brazil with  
a few miles of Oregon. He then found his  
long-lost sister, who had married the remnant  
of an Egyptian mummy, in good preservation.  
She gave the worthy A. Jacks a grand feast,  
consisting of stewed hard and fried shoe-peg.

#### CHAPTER VIII. AND LAST.

The collation being indigestible, the heroic  
A. Jacks, and all present, were obliged to die  
jet.

#### WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

The Christian Watchman relates the follow-  
ing striking anecdote of Washington, in illus-  
tration of the practical good sense which he  
manifested in everything. The incident speaks  
volumes upon the character of the Father of  
his Country. "His personal friend, Govern-  
or Morris, was about going to Europe, and  
Washington, along with several letters of in-  
tervention, gave him this charge, 'To buy  
him, at Paris, a flat gold watch; not the watch  
of a fool, or of a man who desires to make a  
show, but of which the interior construction shall  
be extremely well cared for, and the exterior art  
very simple.' What a mine of wisdom do these  
words suggest about men, as well as watches,  
the interior well cared for, and the exterior  
very simple! Boys and girls, remember  
Washington's watch, and be just like it  
yourself!"

#### WHAT HOPE DID.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed  
of disease; and the sufferer's form became  
a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.

It went to the house of mourning, and from  
the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheer-  
ful songs.

It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor  
man, who was stretched forth at the com-  
mand of unlovely impulses, and saved him from  
disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of  
the mother, whose son tarried long after the  
promised time of his coming; and it saved  
him from desolation, and the "care that killed  
leth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who  
had become the Ishmael of society; and led  
him onward to works which even his enemies  
praised.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death,  
and went with an old man to Heaven.

No, hope! my good brother! Have it—  
Beckon it on your side! 'Twill wrestle with it  
like a man; it will depart not. It will rally your  
life in hard combat; at best—but hope shall  
lead thee over its mountains and sustain thee  
amid its billows. 'Twill 'till all be said—but  
keep thy hope.

A journey (taken of the probability  
produced by long confinement) of the mind of  
these youths had three or more "gives" habits.  
The Irish population remain content; I with but  
one name.

### Words of Wisdom.

#### PROVERBS.

The Spanish call proverbs *pequeñas sentencias*—  
"little sayings." Mr. French has made  
use of some of them as texts from which to  
preach sermons, rather tiresome and common-  
place. But his book is on the whole, entertain-  
ing. He has brought together many rare  
proverbs, and although he merely cites over  
his subjects, his work may serve at least as a  
finger-post to point out to others a direction  
in which they may find amusement and profit.  
It would, indeed, be a curious subject of re-  
search to investigate, not the date of proverbs  
—for most of them are antediluvian, and  
float about in the ark in the minds of Noah  
and his children—but the time when they  
assumed their present dress, and then, as  
Tortino has done in his Italian collection, to  
arrange them in classes according to the key  
idea of each.

What wonderful monuments of antiquity  
are these witty sayings, in which the experi-  
ence of mankind, of their relation to nature,  
to each other, and to God, is recorded—these  
"winded words," which have down safely over  
the bleak abyss of time, in which so much  
human knowledge has been engulfed—and are  
now brisk and full of life as ever, hovering  
about the lips of men.

Mr. French has much exercised to define a  
proverb satisfactorily. An adage is *ad gen-  
erem opta*—apt for action and use. Maxims  
are maxims, the best sayings. But a proverb  
what is it? It is both, and something more.  
It is the "wisdom of many," ex-  
pressed as well by the wit of one that the  
rest of mankind seek for no other mode of  
rendering the thought, but use this one pro-  
verb as if it were a word. If it be not in  
this every-day use, we may have an excellent  
adage, aphorism, maxim, but no proverb.—  
There is another requisite which we think  
Mr. French has overlooked. Proverbs should  
have no known parents. They are foundlings  
of wit. A quotation may be as hackneyed as  
"how'd ye do," but it remains a quotation  
still. Some one has well said that three things  
go to the making up of a proverb: shortness,  
sense and apt. If rhyme and alliteration do  
not come under the head of "apt," they may  
certainly be added as a great assistance. The  
careless will be pleased as well as the mind.  
How the jingle completes some of our com-  
pact and salient English proverbs, and fires them  
in the memory, such as, "Farm watch, harm  
catch," "No pains, no gains," or "It's no use  
crying as if it were a word. If it be not in  
this every-day use, we may have an excellent  
adage, aphorism, maxim, but no proverb.—  
There is another requisite which we think  
Mr. French has overlooked. Proverbs should  
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