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

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

Cards.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS. WILL perform a operations upon the Tooth that are requi-

red for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing Plugging, &c., or will restore the loss of them by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a singletorit to a full sett. 37 Office on Pitt street, aford drors south of the Railroad Petel. Dr. L. is abent from Carlisle the last ten days of even

will it perform all operations upon the ceth that may be repaired for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to anomire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mosth and irregularities carefully treated. Of fice at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,

DR. S. B. HIEFFER, FFICE in North Hanoverstreet adjoining Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M. [junc 18'5]

Dr. JOHN 8. SPRIGGS, OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity.

Residence—on the Walnut Bottom Road, one mile cast of Contraville. febblypd

G. B. COLE, ATTORNEY ATLAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to lam Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carliele. April 20, 1852.

GEORGE EGE. TUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OF

FIGE at his residence, corner of Main street and true Public Squire, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of he Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as feeds, bands, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, ap 8'49.

DR. C. S. BAKER ESPECTFULLY offers his profession ervices to the citizens of Carliste and su rounning country.
Office an I residence in South Hanover stree directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."
Caylisle, Apr 20, 1853

Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c

I have just received from Philadel min and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embra aug nearly every article of Medicine part with Painte nug nearly every article of Medicine now in use, toge her with Paints, Oils, Narnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Brukes of almost every description, with a endelss variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very description, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every criticle will be seld of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.

S. ELIJOTT,
May 30 Main street. Carlisle.

Main street. Jarlis May 30

F. N. ROSENSTEEL,

TOUSE, Sign. Fancy and Ornamenial Painter, Irvin's (formerly Harper,'s) Row, next door to Trout's Hat Store. He will attend promptly to all the above descriptions of painting, at reasonable prices. The various kinds of graining attended to, such as mahog any, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles. Carlisle, July 14, 1852-1y.

CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND. STEAM SAW MILL EW CUMBERLAND, PA.

TRANSPORTATION: THE undersigned are now prepared to freight werehandize from Philadelphia and Baltimore, at replaced rates, with regalarity

EDEPOTS. Buzby & Co., 345 Market Street, Phila. George Small, "Small's Depot," 72 Nort rect, Baltimore.
an21 WOODWARD & SCHMIDT.

TRANSPORTATION. THE undersigned are now prepared to freigh

merchandize from Philadelphia and Baltimore, at reduced rates, with regularity and despatch. DEPOTS. Freed, Ward & Freed, 315 Market Stree

Philadelphia
A. II. Barniz, 76 North Street, Baltimore,
Michael Herr, North Street, Baltimore,
sep226m
J. & D. RHOADS.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

THE subscriber has just returned from Pullacelphia with a very choice selection of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS Pearl Dran, Brown and Marbled cloth for COVER COATS. Besides a splendid lot of FANCY STRIPED CASSIMERES, which FANCY-STRIPED CASSIMERES, which to will make up into coats, pants and vests of the latest styles. He will also keep Shirts Drawers, Under Shirts, shirt Collars, Gloves Cravats, Hose, indeed every thing kept in Gautioman's Furnishing Store, Having or gayed the services of W. B. Pankinson, will known cutter, he will be able to mak dadies to order in a superior manner. He increasined not to be excelled by any in activity as to make, marcial or price. On are the same of the state of the same of t directly opposite Benez's store, and see yourselves. CHARLES BARNITZ. 65v. 24,1852 tj.

10,000 PIECES!

HAVE just opened the largest assortment of WALL PAPERS ever opened in Co. at WALL PAPERS aver opened in Cartisle, consisting of about 0,000 pieces of the latest French and American designs, ranging in price from 5 cts to \$1 75, also Window Papers and Fire Screens, Plain Green and Blu Papers, &c, Persons wishing topurchase any of the above cas save at least 25 per cent by calling at JOHN P. LYNE'S Hardware Store, West-Side of North Hanove Street, Carlisle

Carlisle Female Seminary. TISSES PAINE will commence the VI SUMMER SESSION of their Seminary on the second Monday in April, in a new and commindens school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hauover street. Instruction in the languages and rawing, no

Austracharge.

Music taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge.

(sept3ti)

WILLIAM H. BRETZ.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carliele.

AS just received a large and well selected at stock of Anterican, French and English Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyo-Stuffs, &c. At this store Physicians can roly on having their prescriptions carefully medical and of the control o AROY WANTED to tre in the Druf

Limeburner's Coal. 1000 TOMS Limeburner's Cost of the best quality just receiving and far sale by E. IBI D. D. Die jr. Only 92,40 per tun.

Carlislo, March 10, 1999.

Duetry

From the Toledo Blade

PULASKI. Pulaski! Pulaski! fair Poland's lov'd son! Are thy perli's vij pass'd and thy victories won? Hast then sunk in thy sepulchre, honor'd and bless'd Where the thunder of battle disturbs not thy rest?

Sleep on, danntiess hero;.
The tempe-t whose breath, Blew the blast of the tyrant And chill'd thee in death, Has passed from the zenith, Once dark with its sloom And the sky, all unclouded, Bends over thy tomb.

Oh, exit'd Pulaski! thy cloquent name, Is engraven for aye, on the records of fame-The hearts of all freemen, on land or on sea,

Rest calmly thou hero; No tyeant is near-His sc ptre has fallen, And liberty's here— Bright flowers above thee Are rich in their, bloom, And a halo of glory

Encircl s thy tomb. Pulaski! Pulaski! what glory is thine! Thy cause is eternal—its truths are sublime— Before it shall vanish the scourge and the chain,

And Poland ares in her splender again :
Sleep sweetly, lov'd exite;
The soft-balmy breeze,
Sighs o're thy green couch
Through the bows of the trees; And oppression, prophetic, May pale at her doom Where the cypiess and myillo Embower thy tomb.

Select Cale.

A TALE OF DIABLERSE.

It may be now bout twelve years since I was forced by a lawsuit to spend some months in Stuttgard. I lived at one of the heat hotels, and generally dined with a large company at the table d'hote. Once ppou a time I made my first appearance at table after a lapse of several days, during which I had been forced to keep my room. The company were talking very eagerly about a certain Signor Barighi, who for some time had been delighting the other visitors with his lively wit and his fluency in all languages. All were unanimous in his praise, but they could not exactly agree in his occupation; some making him out a carried on the dispute in so loud a tone. I judged that the person spoken of must be among us, and saw Signor Barighi, as the stranger was called. He had given a new relish to our meals by his brilliant conversation, when mine host interrupted us suddenly-

"Gentlemen, prepare yourselves for an for you to-morrow."

We asked what this meant, and a grey headed captain, who had presided at the hotel table many years, informed us of the joke as follows :-" Exactly opposite this dining room an old bacholor lives, solitary and alone, in a large deserted house; he is a retired Counsel lor of State-lives on a haudsome premium, and has an enormous fortune besides. He is, however, a down ight fool, and has some of the strangest peculiarities; thus, for instance, | quaintance at the room door. he often gives himself entertainments on a scale of extravagant luxury. He orders covers for twelve from the hotel, he has excellent wines in his cellar, and one or the other of one of those two must be the devil in human our waiters as the honor to attend at the shape." We laughed at our host, and tried to table. You think, perhaps, that at these persuade ourselves that it was a jose of Barifeasts he feeds the hungry, and gives drick to ghi's: but the host assured us that no one the thirst, -no such thing; on the chairs lie could have obtained access to the house unless old yellow leaves of parchment, from the he was in possession of the Comasollor's very family record, and the old hunk is as jovial artificially contrived keys; also that Barighi as if he had the merriest set of fellows around was seated at table not ton minutes before the him; he talks and laughs with them, and the prodigy happened; how then could be have whole thing is said to be so fearful to look disguised himself so completely in so short a upon, that the youngest waiters are always sent over, for whoever has been to one such to unlock a strange house? He added, that supper will enter the deserted house no more.

ever induce him to go there a second time. sake, gentlemen, do you not hear the herrid The next day after the entertainment comes shricks opposite?" the Counsellor's second freak. Early in the house, which during this time is fast locked pursued by his image in the morning gown, and bolted, but into this hotel. Here he treats harry past the window repeatedly. On a people he has been in the habit of socing for sudden all was quiet. s year, as strangers, dines, and afterwards too to bottom.

"Who does that house opposite belong to?" he then asks the boat. The other regularly bows, and answers, "It belongs to the Counsellor of State, Husentref-

for, at your Exc'y's service." Hasentreffer then examines the house, and learns that it belongs to Hasentroffer. "Oh ment, the Counsellor, his iron grey frock to n what!" he asks. "the same that was a student with me at Tisbingen-then he throws disorder, lay dead, strangled, on the sofa. open the window, stretches his powdered head out, and calis out-" Hasontreffer-Hasen-

Of course no one answers, but he remarks "The old fellow would never forgive me if I was not to look in on him for a moment," then takes up his hat and cane unlooks his own house, goes in, and all goes on after him

All of us as the Captain proceeded with his recital, were greatly astonished at this singular story, and highly delighted at the idea of the next day's merriment. Signor Barighi, however, obliged us to promise that we would not betray him, as he was preparing a capital joke to play off upon the Counsellor.

We all met at the table d'hote earlier than usual, and besieged the windows. An old tumble down carriage, drawn by two blind steeds, came crawling down the road and stopped before the hotel. There's Hassentreffer, there's Hasentreffer, was cohoed by every prouth, and we were filled with extrava- hanging-round a rum shop." gant merriment when we saw the little man get out; meatly powdered, dressed in an iron grey surcest, with a huge meercoboun in his fore school houses and churches.

hand. An escort of at least ten servants ccompanied him, and in this guise he entered

he dining room. We sat down at once. I have seldom langhed s-wuch as-I-did-then, for the old chap insisted with the greatest coolness, that by came direct from Carrel, and that he brack days before been externely well engineer at the Swan lun at frankfort. Barigh must have disap-peared peterstic desert, for when Counseller left that he, and the other guests full of curiosity, imitated his example, Barighi was

inwhere to be seen. The Counsellor took his seat at the window; ve all followed his example, and watched his movements. The house opposite seemed desolate and uninhabited. Grass grew on the threshold, the shutters were closed, and on some of them the birds seemed to have built heir nests.

"A fine house opposite," said the old man o our host, who was standing behind him. 'Who does it belong to?" "To the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer,

nt your Excellency, s service " "Ab, indeed! that must be the same one that was a fellow student with me," exclaimed he; "he would nover forgive me if I was not to inform him that I am here,", He opened the window. "Ha-sentreffer, Ha-sentreffer?" cried he in a hoarse voice. But who can paint our terror, when opposite in the empty house, which we knew to be firmly locked and bolted,

window opened and out of it peered the Counsellor of State Hasentreffer, in his ch ntz morning gown, and white night cap, under which a few thin grey looks were visible; this, this exactly, was his usual morning costume. Down to the micutest wrinkle on the pallid visage, the figure across the street was precisely the saute as the one that stood by our side. But a panic solved us, when the figure. in the morning gown called out over the street, in just the same hourse voice-" What do you

want? who are you calling to, hey?" "Are you the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer?" said the one on our side of the way, pale as death, in a trembling voice, and quaking as he leaned against the window for sup-

"I'm the man," squeaked the other, and nodding his head in a friendly way: "have you any commands for me?"

"But I'm the man, too," said our friend nournfully, "how can it be possible?" "You are mistaken, my dear friend," andiplomatist, others a teacher of languages, & swered he across the way, "you are the thirthird party a distinguished political exile, and teenth.—Be good enough enough just to step a fourth a spy of the police. The door opened; across the way to my house, and let me twist all seemed silent, even confused, at having your neck for you; it is by no means painful." "Waiter, my hat and stick," said the Counsellor, pale as death, and his voice escaped in mournful tones from his hollow chest. "The devil is in my house, and seeks my soul; a pleasant evening to you, gentlemen," added he, turning to us with a polite bow, and left the room.

"What does this mean?" we asked each ther; "are we all beside ourselves?"

The gentleman in the morning gown kept ooking quietly out of the window, while our good silly old friend crossed the street at his usual formal pace. At the front door he pulled a huge bunch of keys out of his pocket, and unlooked the heavy, creaking door-he of the morning gown looking carelessly on-and walked in.

.. The latter now withdrew from the winde ... , and we saw him go forward to meet our ac-

Our host and the ten waiters were all pale with fear, and trembled. "Gentlemen," said the former, "God pity poor Hasentroffer, for time, even supposing him to have known how the two were so fearfully like one another. The day before yesterday he had a sup- that he who had lived in the neighborhood for per, and our new waiter, Frank there, oalls twenty years could not distinguish the true heaven and earth to witness that nobody shall one from the counterfeit. "But for God's

We rushed to the window-terrible and morning he leaves the city, and comes back fearful voices rang across from the empty the morning after; not, however, to his own house; we fancied we saw the old Counsellor

We gazed on each other; the boldest among places himself at one of the windows, and us proposed to cross ever to the house-we examines his own house across the way, from all agreed to it. We crossed the streat-the huge bell at the old man's door was rang thrice, but nothing could be heard in answer; we cent for the police, and to a blacksmith's : the door was broken open, the whole tide of anxious visitors poured up the wide silent staircasa; ali the doors were fastened; at length one was opened. In a splyadid apartto pieces, his neatly dressed hair in horrible

> Since that time no traces of Barighi have been found, neither in Stuttgard nor elsewhere.

PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE .- " Rashe," is the familiar nickname of a Vermont barkeeper, well known for his "jolly red face" and Bardolphian nose—a countenance belitting his vocation, and indicating that he did not despise it. Several years ago, and soon after the "anti license law" came into force in the Green Mountain State, a traveller called in and asked for a glass of brandy. "Don't keep it," said Rashe-" forbidden by law." Then bring on your own bottle," said the traveller with decision. "You needn't pretend to me that you keep that face of yours in repair on water!" Rashe brought on "the oritter."

A VERDIOT .- The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died in a state of inebriation was-" Death by har Prisons and alms houses disappear bo-

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD WORD ON POLITICS. B. H. Brewster, Esq., of Philadelphia, devered a very able address before the Literary Societies of Princeton College on Tuesday last, from which we take the following extrac with regard to the pursuit of pplitics. It is true and timely counsel, and we hope sunk leep into the minds of his young listeners: "The time was in the early history of this

untry wi en great men were wanted in public places to establish our institutions-good men are needed now in the walks of quiet life to strengthen them. All the world over, the trade of a politician is the croupation of a gamester; it is the business of a man whose time is spent in envy and strife. Public stations can confer no rank and bring no distinction to men who run after them. All great ublic roonsions command the men best fitted or the necessities of the times. The emerenoies that excite great men-to action having assed by, tranquility having been restored, order having been established, new menmferior men -men of doubtful parts-succeed to their master-, and manage with case, if not with skill, the vast machines which wisdom reated and industry set in motion. All-hisory-has-afforded-constant-example of this—

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1853.

ur history may yet do so. > "Sir Robert Walpole in these latter times, with a masterly resolution, with a power mightier than the storm, the power that binds the storm—the calm—plucked up the crown of England from the hedge wherein contending nctions had flung i., established the Hanoverian succession, suppressed conspiracy, uieted religious discord, and secured that stability and dignity to public affairs; and that repose to private life, which nurtured the swangth of England, and gave her the power to resist a world in arms. With in flexible purpose he suppressed all attempts to embroil his country in a war, and for twenty ong years, as the first Minister of the Crown, governed his country with heroic will. He as succeeded by interior men, but when the the Pelhams gave way for a Pitt—as politicians and placemen in this country must hereafter

give way for patriots and statesmen. "The highest public distinctions in this untry can have no attraction for rightminded ien, unless they are the unsought rewards of ersonal worth, dignity of character, mental bility and a blameless life. Obtained in any other way, they disgrace these who hold them They were intended to be great honors, not rion structures. The compensation attached o the best of them, will not equal the income hat any man can earn, who is fit to hold them nd discharge their duties.

"If men crawl to high places by craft and ow contrivance-if they hold them at the cost of all love of truth and practice of heroic the passengers and train you can guess as well virtue—if they accept stations which they are regual to, from want of proper trainingfrom want of information and want of mental capacity, and which they hold like impostors and usurpers, puffed up with vanity, and meanly greedy for the pay of the place-they are in a pillory. Such adventurors and serving men in their master's clothes, will be langhed at and excelled with scorn by the misguided people who exalted them to power to establish an equality of vulgarity, estentation and wickedness Let not this be your

"Thus for the great men of this land have vith, reluctance and humility, received the dignities their countrymen have bestowed

ipon tliem. "Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson never stooped to solicit place, or accepted i as the result of scoret contrivance.

"Let me warn you against the temptation that beset you to embark in this business of politics. A life well spent, in the steady pursuit of any oalling, will yield you a better income, will give you an independence of po sition, and a manly dignity of character, tha no office can ever secure for you. The small offices of a country are always small placesand the high ones must be filled by men of mark, for little men grow less in them, and dwindle into pigmics . Before you will consent to step out of the respectable privacy of your own calling to take office, be sure that you are not unworthy of the place, or impelled by selfish motives-for to the most worthy and upright these stations bring with them trials and griefs that torture men to death. Oftentimes persons of merit are swept to ruin in these high floods of sulgar excitement, or are stained for life and their ascfalness hurt by stooping to waive their rank, and be assectaed in those enterprises with mean, unprincivery country, are strewn with wreeks like these, and many of them were rich argosies. " If you wish to hnow what public fame is emember that the long line of Roman censuls and Grecian magistrates is now forgotten, thile Esop, a slave, Socrates, a mechanio, and Horace, the son of a freedman, are immor-

The Portsmouth Journal tells the story f a man who directed his wife to reduce his office with burnt pens, from day to day, until he should decide at what point the mixture was uppalatable. The first day, when he expeoted pure coffee, she gave him all peas. the marriage proved a happy one. This was very good. Next half; then one ourth. All very palatable and good. Then ame a pot of the 4 pure ground coffee," such s may be purchased at a cheap rate at the tores. He tasted it and exclaimed, "There, wife, now you have spoiled it, you needn't reduce it any more."

Boy Mrs. B. was a plous old lady, but somewas afflicted by an aged and ailing husband. who, as he contributed nothing to his support, was a heavy burden upon the good dame. amenting this to a neighbor, she said she didn't have none of the privileges of a widow. off Mr. B. was only dead, she might get the widow's wood. He had been seven years clusion; dying, and sometimes she kinder thought that God had forgotten him."

mond gimonations Bes Energy and persoverance will overcome INTERESTING STORY, WELL TOLD. CHAT WITH THE CONDUCTOR.

"It's not often a man loses anything by indness. I know a little matter of that sort aved my life, and perhaps the lives of many others at the same time." "How was that?" asked we of our friend

Rawlings, the model conductor. "Why, we had an Irishman on this road watching a tunnel. It was warm weather, so he used to go into the tunnel to keep cool. I ather think he used to take a little liquor when he was lonesome: any way, he laid down on the track one day to listen for the cars. He fell asleep, and very imprudently got his head cut off by the express train. Well, here was the last of that Irishman. There was the devil's own row in his shanty when we took the poor fellow up, and we got away s soon as we decently could, for you know ts not agreeable to be surrounded with a disracted family, when you're neither a doctor, nor a nurse, nor a preacher. Somehow I was lways sorry when I passed that place; of course I felt as if-not exactly the same thing -but just as bad might happen to me some day, and then there'd be another row in a femily. I told my wife about it, and she sent he family some little things. The widow of the dead Irishman was a Catholic, and, as I was then on a very fast train, I would sometimes take up the old woman on Bunday, and carry her to church at Martinsburg. I somehow thought it was a satisfaction to her to go to church, for she had but little chance in the world, any how. I certainly did not expect to get anything for it in this world, and I expected they had so much scored against me n the other that it wouldn't amount to any

hing there. "That was during the summer. One night the next winter it was very cold, and the mountains were covered with snow; we were running to make time, when, on turning a curve, the engineer saw a waving light on the track, and we soon heard some one shead shouting. I was then out on the platform. The engineer slacked up and stopped the xigencies of public life again required a man | engine, and we got out and went ahead in the dark, to see what was the matter. There it was. A large landslide had fillen across the She had built up a large fire and watched for sposen it den happen, why then there is a track, near the shanty of that old lines woman. the train, for the curves were so sharp that we might have been upon the slide before we

could see it. So when we run up, there was then? I never could see any use under the the old lady, with her called cap, swinging the sun in it. That word ought to be struck out chunk of fire like a revolving light-house, and there were the little Irish carrying brush like so many little beavers. She had watched all moment we should have run into a pile of dirt mother's lap-dog. Many's the one I've painted and stone as big as Barnum's Hotel. I should on clocks, little, chubby cheeked, onmeanen, have got a 'pit ticket,' certain, for I was on the platform. What would have become of

as I can."

had been properly rewarded. 🕔 " "The passengers made up about eighty dollars; the company gave her a shanty rent free, the brakemen and engineers bought her a cow, and she made out very well. But when I handed the money to her that night, she said: "Gintlemen and ladies, I'm thankfall, and may ye niver know the want of what ye give me. But what I did was mostly on account of him, there. He was kind and thoughtful to the poor and the afflicted, and I'd a watched till I froze before harrum should have come to him, if I could ha' helped it.' "Darn the thing, tt made me choke right

"Passen fors for the Relavia-v. Don't forget your umbrella, sir; there might be an explosion, and you'd want it to keep off the cinders. Let me pass your bandbox, miss. it moves on. Poor fellow, he aint spoony at Take care of your little boy, madam, no insurance on him. All right; go ahead!"

PERSEVERANCE.

The following account of the pursuit of a on the wings of love-legs aint fast enough, partner under difficulties, is rainted by Southey and running might hurt his lungs, but fly to s being literally true. It pointedly illustrates

the advantages of persevering: "A gentleman being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the time and place appointed was met by a lady. Their stations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman as well as the lady was in earnest. He, however, unluckily, seemed to be of the some opinion as king Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon, that she was not as handsome as she might be good. Ion has spiled it? they have strolled their and the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. He advertised a second time, lad men. The shores of political life, in appointing a different square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He must the same lady : they recognized each other; could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither kles, where he never saw em' afore, on her of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bache. just a little, down to heel; and she comes lor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to the marriage, and

T. H. S .- These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer-books of these sects. They are abbrevistions of the Latin phrase Jesus Hominum Salvator, which signifies, "Jesus the Saviour of Men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J. Because formerly there hai quaint in her menner of speech. She was no latter I in the Roman alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name John spelt I h 1.

> A country post, after looking rbout over life, has come to the following thyming con-

"Oh, I wouldn't live for ever, I wouldn't if I could. But I needn't fret about it. For I couldn't if I would.

A MITHER'S BLETHER ABOUT HER BAIRN.

Agriculture, Business and General

That wean o' mine 'll drive me daft, I solemnly declare: It couldn'a plague me mair, He waykens up at skreich of day, Then rest wi' him there's name,

But rumblin', tumblin', up an' down-

It's no a common ween! He's never out o' mischief an' He never seems to tire; See! there's he's on the fender's edge, He'll tumble in the fire," He's at the door now! catch him, or He'll whomle down the stair; He's got the puir cat now, the wretch Is ruggin' out its hair.

Losh! now he's got his father's book Wide open on his knee,
And just observe the solemn look That's in his honnie e'c. He canna read, yet looks as grave As chiel in gown and bawn; But mair than he looks wise on things They dinna understan'.

An unco wenn; yet flyte on him, He only laughs an' craws, Like his father when he's teasing me; An' when I tak' the taws

An' gie'm a skelp, I'm vexed, an' wish I'd let the bairn alane. For he looks sae strange-like in my face, I couldna do't ogain.

Gude keeps us a'! the bairn's asleep, His wee head on his arm; . Now, who could look in that sweet face And think o' doin't harm,
Although it's fashous whyles?—eh me! His wee check's like the rose. When gloamins, gaun to close.

Sleep sound, wgo pet! ye're but a type O' busy warldly man, Whose hands are throng, whose head is fu' Wi' mony a scheme an' plan ; He rests na day nor night, until His bustlin' life is past,
An' sleep—Death's sleep—upon him creeps,

Instances." Mr. Slick remarks in the following strain upon Hope and Disappointment.

As on my bairn at last. SAM SLICK ON HOPE. In his lost book, "Wise Laws and Modern " Hope! what is hope? expectin' some unsertin thing or another to happen, Well, of every dictionary. I'll tell Webster so, when he gets out a new edition of his'n. Love is painted like a little angel, with wings, and a bow and arrow, called Cupid-the name of fat, lubberly, critters. I suppose it typifies that Love is a fool. Yes, and how he does fool folks, too. Boys and galls fall in love .-The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and 200, and get married because they hope. Well, what do they hope? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; its such a sweet thing to love .--Well, they hope a great deal more I guess .-The boy hopes arter he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. A path is a sweet little thing, for it seems made a purpose for courtin, it is so lonely and retired. Natur teaches its use, he says, for the breeze as it wispers kisses the leaves, and helps the flowering shrubs to bend down and kiss the clear little stream that waits in an eddy for it afore all Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle, and as meek, and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all-all amiability-an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her her-and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let her will bo his law; sartainly wont want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter like a heavenly ministering white he-nigger, Well,

don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these has been lovers. They have said their say, and are tired talking; they have kissed their kiss, and an onstroll, for the dew is on the grass all day now. His dress is ontidy, and he smoks a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes get on his waistoost; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it-and he kinder guesses he sees wrinstocking aucles; and her shoes are a little, down to breakfast, with her hair and dress lookin as if it was a little more neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up later with old frineds, and he lets her go to bed alone; and she cries, the little angel ! but it's only because she has a headache. The hear -oh! there's nothing wrong there-but she is lately troubled with shockin' bad nervous headaches, and can't think what in the world is the cause. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He says housekeepin' costs too much, rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heard

afore; but she hopes-what does the poor dups hope? Why, she hopes he sin't swearing; but it sounds amazin' like it-that's a fact. What is that ugly word 'dam,' that he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds, dam means the mother of a colt. Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day poor critter! So her hope like ended in her findin' a mare's neet at land

GIBLS BEWARE .- Jean Paul thus cautions oung girls. The young men fall on their knees before you; but remember, it is but as the infantry, they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on his bended knees Taker aim at his violin.

VOLUME L111. NO 44

COL BENTON'S NEW WORK.

The press are already beginning to notice in dvance the new work of Col. Benton, which s in course of publication by the Mesers. Apleton, and which is entitled "Thirty Years in the United States' Senate." The New York Evening post, with the assent of the publishers, has given to its readers copious extracts from the proof sheets, an important part of which is the history of the duel between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph. In this affair, Gen. Jessup was the second of Mr. Clay, and Col, Tatnall that of Mr. Randolph. We give the

following narrative of the scene on the ground;

The faithful Johnny followed me close, speaking not a word, but evincing the despect anxiety for his beloved master. The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression, or basing, in which the narties stood. The principals saluted each other courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tatnall had won the choice of position, which gave to Gen. Jessup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line cast and west-a small stump just behind Mr. Clay; a low gravelly bank rose just behind Mr. Randolph. This latter asked Gen Jessup to repeat the word as he would give it; and while in the not of doing so, and Mr. Randolph adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downwards, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Col. Tatnall, and said: "I protest against that bair trigger." Col. Tatnall took the blame to himself for having sprung the hair. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol. Mr. Johnson, (Josiah,) one of his seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him. This untimely fire, though clearly an accident, necessarily gavo rise to some remarks, and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost lelicacy; but which, in itself, was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's eelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with the genrous remark that the fire was clearly an acident, and it was so unanimously declared .-Another pistol was immediately furnished; an exchange of shot took place, and, happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, and in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close that it was a marvel how they missed. The moment had come for me to interpose. I went in among the parties and offered my mediation, and nothing could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, "This is child's play !" and equired another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to re-load. While this was doing, I prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from is post, and renewed to him, more pressingly than ever, my importunities to yield to some accomodations; but I found him more determined than I had ever seen him, and for the first time impatient, and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at what I was doing. He wa ndeed annoyed and dissatisfied. The accidental fire of his pistle preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as circumstance susceptible in itself of an unair interpretation, and as baying been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it had subjected him to imputations from which he knew im elf to be free-a desire to kill Mr. Clay. and a contempt for the laws of his beloved State; and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination, and decided him irrevo-

AN ARKANSAS "NOATIS,"

In a recent tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled regions of Arkanese. (the land made classic by the effusions of that ersatile genius, " Pete Whetstone,") I arrived at the ferry on Cache River. A little log house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the ferry flat lay, tied to a snag in the edge of the water. Beveral bear skins, deer skins, and coon skins, were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery, but ... the door was closed, and no bar keeper, ferry nan, or other person was in sight. I halloed at the top of my voice some half a dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertise

ment on the door, I read as follows;

NOATIS . of enny boddy ouns hear arter liker, or to git Acrose the Ruver They kin gest ble This here Horne and of i dont oun when my wife Betsy up at the Hous heres the Horne a blein sliele um down and sell the licker or set em Across the ruver ime guine a Fishin no predit when ime awa from Hoame john wilson NB them that cant rede will heve to go too the house arter Betsy taint but half a mile thar

In obedience to the "noatis." I took the blowing horn, which stuck in a crack of the wall close by the door, and gave it a toot or two, which reverberated for around through the cane and swamp, and in a few moments vas answered by a voice scarcely less loud and everberating than that of the horu—it seemed to be about half a mile distant up the river; and in about fifteen minutes a stalwart female: made her appearance, and asked if I wanted

" licker." "No madam, I want to cross the river, if ou please."

"Don't ye want some licker fust ?" "No, madam don't drink nover touch ouor."

" Never tech licker ! Why yo must be a reacher, then, aint ye?" "No, madam, I'm only a Son of Temperance; wish to get scross the river, if you please; o you row the boat?"

"Oh, yes! I can take you over in less than time. Fetch up yer hoss!" I obeyed, asking as I led the horse into the

ogat-"Did your husband write that adverlisement on the door there?" "No, sir-ree! Schoolmaster Jones wilt that.

John aint got no larnin l' And the goon womad rowed the book safely across the ugly stream; and handing her the terriage fee, I bade her good morning, belleylog then, as I still do, that she was one of the happiest women, and best wives Tover saw perfectly contented with her lot, because she know no better .- N. Z. Sport of the Times