CARLISLE HERALD.

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

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.* CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1853. VOLUME LIII. NO 50

Cards.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,

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

Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,

DENTIST. WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle

DR. S. B. KIEFFER,

OFFICE in North Hanover street 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. [june18'51

Dr. JOHN S. SPRIGGS,

OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity.—Residence—on the Walnut Bottom Road, one mile east of Centreville. feb21ypd

G. B. COLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St, Carlisle. April 20, 1852.

GEORGE EGE,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OFFICE at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, ap 8'49.

DR. C. S. BAKER

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country.

Office and residence in South Hanover street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office." Carlisle, Apl 20, 1853

Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c.

I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, together with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Brushes of almost every description, with an endless variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the VERY LOWEST prices.

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

S. ELLIOTT,
May 30 Main street, Carlisle.

F. N. ROSENSTEEL,

HOUSE, Sign, Fancy and Ornamental 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 mahogany, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles. Carlisle, July 14, 1852—1y.

CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND.

LUMBER YARD AND

STEAM SAW MILL

NEW CUMBERLAND, PA.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE undersigned are now prepared to freight merchandize from Philadelphia and Baltimore, at reduced rates, with regularity and despatch.

DEPOTS.

Buzby & Co., 345 Market Street, Phila.
George Small, "Small's Depot," 72 North Street, Baltimore.
an21—ly WOODWARD & SCHMIDT.

JOHN W. BELL, BENJ. DARBY

JOHN W. BELL & CO.,

FLOUR

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
HOWARD STREET,
Opposite Centre,
1y BALTIMORE.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE undersigned are now prepared to freight merchandize from Philadelphia and Baltimore, at reduced rates, with regularity and despatch.

DEPOTS.

Freed, Ward & Freed, 315 Market Street, Philadelphia
A. H. Barnitz 76 North Street, Baltimore.
Michael Herr, North Street, Baltimore.
sep226m J. & D. RHOADS.

10,000 PIECES!

I HAVE just opened the largest assortment of WALL PAPERS ever opened in Carlisle, 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 Blue Papers, &c, Persons wishing to purchase any of the above can save at least 25 per cent by calling at JOHN P. LYNE'S
Hardware Store, West Side of North Hanover Street, Carlisle.

Carlisle Female Seminary.

MISSES PAINE will commence the SUMMER SESSION of their Seminary on the second Monday in April, in a new and commodious school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hanover street.

Instruction in the languages and drawing, no extra charge.

Music taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge. (sept3tf)

WILLIAM H. BRETZ,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carlisle.

HAS just received a large and well selected stock of American, French and English Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, &c. At this store Physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully compounded.

STORE FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER wishing to remove west to engage in other pursuits, offers at private sale, on reasonable terms his STOCK OF GOODS, embracing the usual variety kept in a country Store.

Any person wishing to engage in the Mercantile business would do well to embrace this opportunity, as the stock will compare favorably with any stock of goods in the county, and the location for business is one of the best in the county, being situated in the healthy and romantic village of Springfield, and in the midst of a fertile and productive neighborhood. For particulars address the undersigned at Big Spring P. O.

JOHN HOOD.
[July 27, 1853—tf.]

Poetry.

SUNSET.

The pen of the poet, and the pencil of the artist have in all ages gathered eagerly from the sun set west the material for some of their most exquisite creations. The beauty loving, imaginative eye never tires of its oft-recurring and gorgeous scenes, but always turns with perennial pleasure to the halo of glory which the departing king of day throws around him as the drapery of his couch. A new poet, Alexander Smith, has been discovered in Glasgow. One of his peculiarities is a passion for describing sunsets, which he does with no little originality. We give the following specimens, for which we acknowledge indebtedness to the *Bizarre:*

"The sun is dying like a cloven king
In his own blood; the white the distant moon,
Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wronged,
Leans eager forward, with most hungry eyes,
Watching him bleed to death, and, as he faints,
She brightens and dilates; revenge complete,
She walks in lonely triumph through the night."

* * * * * * *

"The sun was down,
'Twas at the close of a long summer day,
As we were sitting on yon grassy slope,
The sunset hung before us like a dream
That shakes a demon in his fiery lair;
The clouds were standing round the setting sun
Like gaping caves, fantastic pinnacles,
Citadels throbbing in their own fierce light,
Tall spires that came and went like spires of flame,
Cliffs quivering with fire, snow, and peaks
Of piled gorgeousness, and rocks of fire
A-tilt and poised, bare beeches, crimson seas,
All these were huddled in that dreadful west,
All shook and trembled in unsteadiest light,
And from the centre blazed the angry sun,
Stern as the unlashed eye of God a-glare
O'er evening city with its boom of sin.
I remember as we journeyed home,
(That dreadful sunset burnt into our brains,)
With what a soothing came the naked moon.
She, like a swimmer who has found his ground,
Came rippling up a silver strand of cloud,
And plunged from the other side into night."

* * * * * * *

"Sunset is burning like the sent of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying Sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she wafted by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brain full of dreams, as summer hive with bees;
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.
Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Surf-mere, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseless winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

Amusing.

SAM SLICK AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

From Sam Slick's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," a new work just published by Blanchard & Lea, we copy the following:

"'Exactly,' sais I, 'that's what the great Daniel Webster once said to me.'

'Squire,' sais I, once arter he had made one of his almighty speeches to the Supreme Court to Washington, 'Squire,' sais I, 'that was splendid! I felt prouder of New England,' sais I, 'this blessed day, than ever I felt before since I was raised.'

'Well, I reckon it warn't bad,' said he. 'Truth is, as you arn't a lawyer, I'll tell you the secret of my success at the bar; I require a good swinging fee, and wont work without it. I wont look at a client's face until I see his hand. A good horse that works well, requires a large measure of corn. When I have got my feed, I make myself master of the subject in all its bearings, pro and con, and then go at it in rale right down airnest.—Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. But, Sam, it ain't no easy matter arguin' law before them old judges. It must be all to the point, clear, logical, connected, and ably supported by well-selected cases. You mustn't wander away, and you mustn't declaim; if you do their attention is off, the public see it, and you are up a tree.

'Now that's not the case in Congress; the less you speak to the point there, the better, and the less you are trammelled and hampered in life afterwards. A few forcible passages thrown out for people to get by heart, and admire as scraps of eloquence, a strong patriotic flourish now and then about keepin' the nations of the airth in order, and so on, a flash or two to light up the dullness and a peel of thunder to end it with, is all that's wanted. But extempore speakin' is the easiest kind of all speakin'. Preachers have so many sermons in their heads, upon all subjects, that if they lose the thread of their discourse, they can catch that of another old sermon, or some other text, tie it on to it, and go on and nobody is any the wiser, for they have it all their own way, and there is no one to follow them and tell them of it as in court and congress. They have got the close, as we say in the law, all to themselves. But Sam,' said he, and he looked all around to see that no one heard him, 'I am agoin' to win that case.'

'How are you sartified of that?' sais I, 'seein' the judges never said a word'

'Well,' sais he, 'come in here to the hotel and let's liquor, for I am nation dry, I have let so much steam off that the biler wants replenishin'.'

Well, arter he had swallowed the matter of a pint of champaine, sais he, 'I'll tell you. I believe,' sais he, 'there is a road to every created critter, if you could only find it out.'

'I am certain of it,' sais I, 'for I have studied human natur' all my life.' And I was notilly fool enough to take the lead in the conversation myself, for which he paid me off afterwards rail handsome. 'There is the sugar plum,' sais I, 'and the whistle for the child, and the feather to tickle the vanity of the woman, and the soft sawder brush for the men, and arter all they are the valiantest of the two. There's a private spring to every one's affections; if you can find that and touch it, the door will fly open, though it was a miser's heart. It requires great skill, great slight of hand, and long experience. Now, one thing I have observed about soft sawder for men. Never flatter a man for what he exce's in; for he knows that as well as you; but flatter him for something he wishes to be thought expert in, that he can't do well.'

'How very true!' said Lord Horton, a interruptin' of me. 'Old Cupid is more ambitious to be thought irresistible by women—which he is not—than a great statesman and diplomatist—which he certainly is. You have a wonderful knowledge of human nature, Mr. Slick.'

'I couldn't do without it, my Lord. To handle a ship you must know the ropes.

'Well, where was I? Oh! in the little back private room to Washington, a little back parlor to Washington, a drinkin' and talkin' to Danel Webster. 'Now,' sais I, 'Squire Danel, there are two kinds of soft sawder; one is active, and one is passive.'

'How?' said he.

'Why,' sais I, 'here is a case in pint of the active. We had to our house a female help; she was an Irish gal, and ugly enough to frighten children from crying, and to turn the milk of a whole dairy. Well, she warn't very tidy, and mother spoke to her several times about it; but it did no good, she was as slatternly as ever next day, and mother was goin' to give her a walkin' ticket. So, thinks I to myself, I wonder if there is a created critter so ugly as not to think herself decent-looking at any rate.

''Well,' sais I, 'Nora, I am surprised at you.'

''What for, your honor, Master Sam,' said she.

''Why,' sais I, 'I am surprised that such a nice, fresh, healthy, good lookin' girl as you be, don't take better care of your appearance.' I saw her eyes twinkle again with pleasure.—'Not,' sais I, 'that your good looks wants settin' off, but they ought to have justice done to them. I hate to see so handsome a gal look so ontidy.'

''I own it's wrong,' sais she; and it shan't happen again;' and from that day forth she was the tidiest and smartest gal we ever had.

'This is active soft-sawder; and now what I call passive soft-sawder is this—deference. Instance; if you want to gain a man, don't know more than him; it humiliates a fellow to be made inferior to the one he is a talkin' to. If he wants advice, that's another thing. Give it to him; but don't put him right in his stories when he's adrift, that's mortifyin'; and don't make any display about before him atall. Get him to teach you, for every body knows something that you don't. If he's a shoemaker, set him a talkin' about nets and bait, and salt and duties; and so on. If he lives in the woods, ask him how maple sugar is made; what is the best season of the year to cut timber, so as to preserve it; and if he don't know nothin' of these things, set him to tell huntin' stories, and legends of the woods. You will win that man's heart; for instead of oppressing him with your superiority, you have made him feel that he is able to give a wrinkle to one that he is willin' enough to acknowledge to be his superior. You will win that man forever; for you have given him the upper seat instead of the second, and made him feel good all over.

'The fact is, when I went to travel in Europe, and learnt manners, I found politeness had a great deal of soft sawder in it, but among the folks we have to deal with, you might take off your hat afore and scrape your leg behind to all eternity before you'd come to the point. But I'm only stoppin' your story.'

'No you don't,' said he, 'I like to hear you; your experience jumps with mine. As a lawyer and a politician, I have had to mix much with my fellow men, and in course have studied a good deal of human natur', too—for lawyers are like priests; people come to them and disburden themselves and get consolation, *if they pay well for it;* but there is one point in which they don't treat them like priests; they don't confess all their sins; they suppress them, and often get themselves and their counsel into a scrape by it.—that's a fact.—Now I'll tell you how I am sure I am agoin' to gain my cause. But first help yourself, and then pass the wine.'

Well, first I took one bottle and turned it up on eend, and deuce a drop was in it.

'Try the other,' sais he.

And I turned that upside down, and it was empty, too.

Our eyes met, and he smiled. Sais he, 'I didn't remind you that you was wrong, when you didn't drink. As you advised, I didn't oppress you with my superiority, but I set you off talkin' about human natur', of which I guess I know perhaps about as much as you do. I know I have won you forever by that delicate attention. I think I am certain of the Slickville vote, for I give you the uppermost seat, and take the second myself.'

'Well, I couldn't help larfin, I swear. 'Squire Daniel,' sais I, 'I owe you one for that; I call that a rail complete rise. I am sold.'

'A very good story,' said Horton. I like that; there is so much dry humor in it; it is a very characteristic story that.'

'A feller,' sais I, 'my lord that has wrestled through life as I have, must naturally have got a good many falls, and some pretty hard ones, too, afore he larnt the right grips and the proper throws, that's a fact.'

'Well,' sais Danel, 'ring the bell, please;' and sais he, 'waiter, more wine. I'll tell you how I know that I am agoin' to win that cause. I told you, Sam, there was a road to every man, if you could only find it. Now, the road to a judge is the most difficult one on earth to discover. It aint a road, nor a bridle-way, nor a path hardly. It's a trail, and [illegible] They are trained impartially, to the [illegible] charge of duty, and when on the bench leave their hearts at home, except in a criminal case. They are all head in court; they are entrenched in sort of thick jungle, so that [illegible] almost impossible to get at them. Still, [illegible] are only men, and there never was but [illegible] perfect man in the world.

'Did you ever see that little judge that sat there to-day, looking as sour as if he had breakfasted off crab-apples, sauced with red pepper and vinegar? Well, he aint a bad lawyer, and he aint a bad man. But he is a most disagreeable judge, and a most cantankerous chap altogether. I've bagged him to-day, but it was very difficult play, I can assure you. You can't soft-sawder a judge; he is too experienced a man for that; the least splatter of it even would set him against you; and you can't bully him, for he is independent of you, and if he committed to such treatment he ought to be impeached. Now, old sour-court has decided two cases on the branch of law that was under consideration to-day pretty analogous to my case, but not exactly. Well, my object is to get him to view them as governin' mine, for he is not always quite uniform in his views; but how to do that without leanin' too strong on his decisions, was my difficulty. So I took a case that he had decided on a collateral branch of the subject, and that I examined, criticised, and condemned pretty severely. He defended his ground strongly; I only touched it, for it warn't pertinent to take off the appearance of throwin' the lavender to him. Then I relied on his two other decisions, showed their ability, soundness, and researched off to the greatest advantage without folks knowin' it. The first slap I gave him sounded pe-loud, while people was sayin' I was ruinin' my cause, and had lost my tact, I was quietly strokin' down the fur on his back, and tickin' his funny rib—'Ring the bell, please. Waiter, the bill.'

Well, hearin' that, I took out my purse to pay my half the shot.

'Don't violate your own rule, Slick,' sais he, 'of passive soft sawder; when I am wrong don't set me right; don't oppress me by your, I wont say superiority—but your equality,—let me be fool enough to occupy the first seat, and do take the second, you will win me for life.'

'Squire Danel,' sais I, 'I am sold agin. I believe in my soul you would sell the devil.'

'Well,' sais he, 'I would if I could find a purchaser, that's a fact; but I'm thinking Napoleon and Kossuth would be the only two bidders. The first, I am afeared, would confiscate the debt due me; and the other would pay for it only in speeches, take it out only in talk. Now, not having bought the devil yet, I won't speculate on him.'

Well the bill came in and he paid it; when the waiter made himself scarce, sais he, 'Mr. Slick, now and then I admit a friend—not in public—to a talk, and the interchange of a glass; but,' sais he, 'soft sawder here or there, I never admit him to the privilege of paying half the bill.' Just as he put his hat on, and was going out of the door, he turned, and sais he; 'is that active or passive soft sawder, Sam?'

'Neither,' sais I.

'Give me your hand,' sais he. 'That's not bad; I like it, and I like your talk; but recollect there are folks in this country besides yourself that *wern't born yesterday.*'

Well, I was alone; I lit a cigar and threw myself back in a chair, and put my feet upon the table and considered.—'Sam,' sais I, 'you are sold; and you did not fetch much either. You were a fool to go to talk wise afore the wisest man we have. You are like the minister's rooster; your comb is cut and your spurs chopped off. When they grow again, try to practice with your equals only. It was a great lesson, it taught me the truth of the ole sayin' of mother's: *Sam, don't teach your grandmother to clap ashes.*'

'Well,' said his lordship, 'that is a curious story, Mr. Slick; and an instructive one, too. The quiet drollery of American humor delights me beyond measure.'"

A JUICY INCIDENT.

The windows of the first cars built for the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, were constructed with one pain of glass to each sash. To the careless observer, this gave them the appearance of being raised, when, perhaps they were not. When they were bright and new, before they had passed over the road many times, I was seated in one of them on my way to Augusta.

While making phrenological and physiological observations among the passengers, I detected a man in goggles, in the act of depositing a quid in his cheek, at the same time casting a look of confidence at the window, and apparently overlooking a dignified old lady in silk, on the same seat, and between him and the window.

After a few moments I observed him again. He seemed to have just discovered the old woman and a shade of uneasiness came over his already juicefull countenance. I saw that a crisis was approaching, and looked on with a good deal of curiosity to see how it would end. Five minutes more and his lips were glued together tight, while his cheeks seemed ready to explode. He could stand it no longer.—Drawing his lips into a pucker, like the closed mouth of an old fashioned work-bag, he seized the old lady by the bonnet, and forced her back into her seat—thrust his face forward in front of hers, and taking aim at the window, let fly. The whole charge struck the mischievously transparent pane, and I thought from the slop that he wiped up with a nice white handkerchief, and from the appearance of the same when he returned it to his pocket, that his mouth was calculated to hole just three gills.

A GOOD SCRIPTURAL NAME.—The Richmond *Times* of Saturday relates the following:—

A gentleman traveling in a section of country, which shall be nameless, stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover."

"Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the pious old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible." "Found it in the Bible!" quoth the gentleman. "Pray in what part of the Bible did you find it?"

The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: "Moreover the dog came and licked his sores."

"There," said she triumphantly, "have I not the highest authority for the name?"

Thrilling Sketch.

HOW I LOST MY FIRST LOVE.

I was in love—deeply, passionately in love. It was my first plunge, and it was a deep one. The lovely, enchanting, peerless Amanda Louise Smithers, had conquered my virgin affections, and made them the slaves of her will!

I was not rich in this world's goods; my income was inconveniently limited; but I was rich in hope. Like Mr. Micawber, I felt confident that "something would turn up," and in anticipation of this something, I determined, on the first opportunity, to propose to the object of my adoration, that she should share with me in the enjoyment of my expected good fortune.

The opportunity at length offered itself.

It was a cold frosty evening that I brushed my carefully preserved dress coat, and particularly tight "unwhisperables," and then gently dusted my hat with my own handkerchief.

I then studied my appearance in the cracked mirror, with considerable anxiety, pulling up my vest collar, and twitching my neck tie around in order to conceal the fact that I wore that much ridiculed article of attire—a dickey.

It must not be supposed that I boasted of only one shirt. Far from it. The fact was, the laundress and myself having had some difficulty about the payment of some washing money—alleged to be her due—she had for the last fortnight kept my other shirt as a pledge for future payment; so I was fain to hide the dubious hue of my linen under the aforesaid dickey.

At length I was satisfied as to the integrity of my breast-work, so gently stroking my moustache, purchased a few days previously at a hair dresser's, I strutted out to meet my Amanda.

On that very night I had determined to "do or die!" and the hapless swain who has at length made up his mind to "pop" the fatal question, can alone appreciate the excessive nervousness I felt as I approached the appointed place of meeting—her father's garden door.

She was there awaiting me, and with a sinking at my heart I had never before experienced, I offered her my arm. As we strolled along, I cast about in my mind for some means to declare my love to her; but as often as the words came to my mouth, I "gulped" and swallowed them, once or twice nearly strangling myself with the attempt.

At last, just as I had almost decided on postponing it to some other time, she stopped abruptly and asked me if I was ill.

I plucked up my remaining courage for the attack.

"My—my *dear* Amanda—I am not sick, thank ye," abruptly breaking down in the speech I had commenced making, and feeling all over very much as if I was a confounded goose.

"You certainly *must* be sick," persisted Amanda.

"The fact is," I said with desperate energy, "that I—I—*I love you!*"

I felt now as if I was still a goose, but with the added sensation of roasting before a very hot fire. Finding that she made no reply, I determined to go through it if I lost my life in the attempt.

"Yes, my dearest Amanda Louisa—I love you passionately—devotedly." I was about dropping on one knee, but a reflection on the tightness of my dress, at that point, deterred me. "Without your blessed society I should die. Shall I have the—can I hope that—*you will be mine?*"

As with a huge effort I jerked forth the awful question. I felt as if I had been plunged into an icy bath, and that the cold liquid was running through me, from the top of my head to the toes of my boots. It was the decisive "splurge" of my life—and it almost deprived me of my breath.

Amanda Louisa blushed, and leaned rather heavily on my arm. At length she whispered that she would "see to-morrow."

The ice being now broken, my old boldness returned, together with my confidence in the future. I rattled away where we would get a first rate house; speculated on the advisability of keeping a carriage; promised Amanda an infinitude of dresses and jewelry; consulted as the best place for a tour during the honeymoon, and, in fact, talked myself and her into the belief that I was a man of property.

I had got so far as to arrange who should be present at the ceremony, and what I should wear, when—confound all icy paths and heedless walking—I suddenly found myself seated in the lap of mother earth, and was as suddenly conscious of the actual contact of a sensitive portion of my frame with the frozen ground. Those tight pants!

I sprung up and hastily endeavored to conceal my mishap by grasping my scanty coat tails to keep them together. The fates were against me. In the expressive language of the multitude, "it was no go."

The too sympathising Amanda insisted on it that I was hurt, and then would brush the dirt from my coat. I declined the offer, but she was resolute.

"I will take your pocket handkerchief to brush the dirt off. You surely ought not to wear it sticking so far out of your pocket; some day it will be stolen."

"Oh!" I loudly exclaimed, as I felt a twitch; "oh, dont!"

"Dear me," she remarked, as she made another tug, "do you keep your handkerchief pinned to your pocket?"

Just then the moon, which had been playing bo-peep behind a cloud, shone out to thoroughly expose my misery. The true state of affairs at once flashed across her mind.

The contrast between the lower part of the supposed upper part of the same article of dress also revealed another unpleasant truth. With the dignity of an offended queen, she remarked, cuttingly—

"If your heart is as false as your shirt bosom, sir, it would be a piece of folly for me to repose confidence in you. I can find my home alone, sir!"

I turned to her with an imploring look, and was about to commence a deprecatory speech, when the anger of the faithless Amanda gave way to a sudden explosion of merriment, and she skipped homeward like a swallow.

Startled at her behaviour, I gazed after her like one petrified.

Another suspicion quickly crossed my brain leaving a burning flush as it passed. I clapped my hand to my upper lip.

It was even so!

With the shock of my fall, one side of my moustache had fallen off.

I fled from the village, and did not return until I heard that Amanda Louisa had married a military officer, whose wardrobe included twenty-five *ruffled bosom shirts, of unimpeachable integrity,* and who sported a splendid moustache—*of his own growth!*

Horticulture.

FRUIT CULTURE.

The cultivation of fruits has received more attention for five years past than it had for a whole century previous. I am glad the attention of the farmer is directed to this important subject, for there is no department of rural economy that brings along with it more comfort, and as much profit, with the same amount of labor expended, as this when rightly attended to.

Having some experience in fruit culture, I here drop a few hints upon the subject, especially pruning, transplanting and grafting. Pruning has an important bearing to the well being of the tree. Some think Spring the best time to prune fruit trees; it is a very unfavorable season to sever branches from young trees; it exposes them to an unusual flow of sap, which greatly deteriorates the growth of the tree during the season, and otherwise injures them. Late in the fall and early in the winter is the best time to prune fruit trees. But whenever you see a limb interfering with others, cut it away; keep the top free and open; endeavor to give the side branches a horizontal position; they will produce much more fruit. If the branches of a thrifty tree shoot upward, producing but little fruit, take a sharp knife, go over the tree, clipping off about one-third of the preceding year's growth, this will tend to the formation of fruit buds for next year. The best shape for the top of a fruit tree is an open umbrella.

Transplanting fruit trees requires some attention, especially the preparation of the soil receiving the tree, which should be richer than the ground in the nursery. It is a great error to think a tree will do well removed from a rich mellow soil to a hard uncultivated spot. Instead of doing well it becomes stinted and dwarfish, and hardly repays the trouble of transplanting.

The soil should be made rich, deep and mellow, then your trees will do well. In transplanting, set your trees about as they stand in the nursery. Don't pull your trees up, but dig them up, taking care not to break the roots, but if any become broken or mutilated, take a sharp knife and cut them off. Set your trees about 35 feet distant, in straight rows; the holes should be dug six feet in diameter, and about 15 inches deep; fine dry surface soil, or well rotted manure, mixed and covered with top soil, should be used to fill the hole; the roots should be nicely arranged, and the soil pressed carefully around them; if the roots are dry, dip them in water before setting them in the ground. The proper time for transplanting is spring and fall, when the temperature is above freezing and below the vegetating point; grafted trees should never be transplanted in the fall.

Grafting should claim early attention, as it is a quick method of obtaining fruit. Spring is the time to graft, usually in April and May, though plums and cherries should be grafted as early as the last of March. In grafting, thrifty young stocks should be selected; the operation consists in cutting off the stock at the place we wish to insert the scion, and splitting the stock down the centre, the scion is cut at the lower end in the form of a wedge, the inner edge a little the thinnest, and inserted in the split in the stock; the outside bark of the scion should fit nicely the bark on the stock. A salve made of one pound of beeswax and six of rosin, melted with one pint of linseed oil (or one pound of tallow,) is then used to cover the seams, so as to render the whole air-tight; the salve should be kept tight on the seams, for if air gets in it will destroy the scion. Scions should be of the preceding year's growth, and have upon each two or three buds, and out in February. In grafting a nursery, I would prefer grafting in the stock at the top, or sever the stock just below the limbs, and graft there instead of grafting at the root, for root grafting often results in rotten-hearted trees.

The season for budding is here. Downing tells us that "the proper season for budding is from the 1st of July to the middle of September, the different trees coming into season as follows:—Plums, cherries, apricots on plums, apricots, pears, apples, quinces, nectarines and peaches. Trees of considerable size will require budding earlier than young seedling stocks, but the operation is always, and only performed, *when the bark of the stock or parts* separate freely from the wood, and when the buds of the current year's growth are somewhat plump, and young wood is growing firm. Young stocks in the nursery, if thrifty, are usually planted out in the rows in the spring, and budded in the same spring or autumn."

☞"I dont see," said Mrs. Partington, yesterday, as Ike came home from school and threw his books into one chair, and his jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal. I don't see, dear, why you didn't get the meddle, for certainly a more meddlesome boy I never know. But no matter: when the adversary comes round again you'll get it." What hope was there in her remark for him! And he took courage and one of the old lady's doughnuts, and sat wiping his feet on a clean stocking that the dame was preparing to darn, that lay by her side.

HAUNTED HOUSES.—Houses that keep a half dozen good looking servant girls. The spirits manifest their presence after midnight, by certain muffled raps on the kitchen door. To exercise them, chain a dog near the area gate.

Miscellaneous.

THE HUMAN MACHINE.

In the course of an address to the Mechanics' Institute of Washington, delivered by Professor Henry, its President, in speaking on the subject of motive power, he said:

"The Human body is itself an admirably contrived complex machine, furnished with levers, pulleys, cords, valves and other appliances for the application and modification of the power derived from the food. It is in fact a locomotive engine, impelled by the same power which, under another form, gives activity and energy to the iron horse of the railway. In both, the power is derived from the combustion of the carbon and hydrogen of the organic matter employed for food or fuel. In both the direction of power is under the direction of an immaterial, thinking, willing principle called the soul. But this must not be confounded, as it frequently is, with the motive power. The soul of the man no more moves the body, than the soul of the engineer moves the locomotive, and its attendant train of cars. In both cases the soul is the directing, controlling principle, not the propelling power. Let, for example, a locomotive engine be placed upon the track, with water in the boiler and fire in the grate, in short, with all the potentials of motion and it will still remain quiescent. In this state let the engineer enter and touch the valve; the machine instantly becomes instinct with life and volition; it has now a soul to govern its power and direct its operations; and, indeed, as a whole, it may be considered as an enormous animal, of which the wheels and other parts are additions to the body of the engineer."

A PROMISE.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention and should be nurtured by the recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

EXTRAORDINARY DEVOTION OF A MOTHER TO TWO INSANE CHILDREN.—The Hagerstown, Md., Herald records the death of Mrs. Nourse, an old lady at the alms house in that town, and adds:

"About forty years ago, a son and daughter of this old lady, both insane or idiotic, were brought to the alms house of this county.—Soon afterwards, the mother left her home, and those of her children who were able to take care of themselves, took up her residence at the alms house with her afflicted and helpless offspring, and watched over them and ministered to their wants, as a mother only can do, until the bodily and mental infirmities attending the aged disqualified her for a longer discharge of this noble duty. She was worth about ten thousand dollars in her own right when she thus immured herself in this unattractive building, but she cheerfully surrender all the comforts and enjoyments which such pecuniary competency afforded—severed the ties of friendship and gave up the pleasures of society, that she might bestow a mother's love upon those who most needed it.—What a proof of the intensity of that love! What a fact for the records of Heaven!

CURIOSITIES OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—Our first class narrow guage engines, weigh, empty, 44,000 lbs., and are worth 16 cents per pound. They will consume one cord of wood and 1200 gallons of water per hour, and will generate 275,000 cubic feet of steam per hour, of a pressure equal to that of the atmosphere.—Their heating surface is of the extent of the bottom of a boiler 34 feet in diameter. The strain upon the iron of the shell of boiler, to burst it open lengthwise of the boiler, is from 6,500 to 11,500 lbs. per square inch under ordinary pressures. There is also an additional strain of about 4000 lbs. per square inch exerted lengthwise of the boiler to pull it apart crosswise. The whole pressure exerted against all the internal surfaces of the boiler amounts to twenty million of pounds or 10,000 tons! The crown sheet of furnace, alone carries a load of 120 tons. The usual distance travelled by the locomotive being in motion but about one eighth of the time, is equal to once around the globe every year

In going 60 miles an hour, 88 feet are traversed per second. Five revolutions of the driving wheel are made, requiring 20 strokes of the piston, and 20 intermediate periods of action of the valve, equal to the divisions of a second in 40 parts.—*American Railway Journal.*

☞The less women know, the more they jaw about trifles. We have known Mrs. Sourby to hold forth for an hour about the value of a lump of charcoal; while the taking of a quart of moisture from her rain water cask, has given rise to more disputation than the last Congress wasted on the Pacific Railroad. Mrs. Sourby is great on small matters. The person that should "hang a night cap on her clothes line wouldn't hear the last of it for a year." She has, also, a nice sense of numbers, and can tell to a single slice how many dried apples "that boy" of Mrs. Smith's has abstracted from her cupboard during the past eighteen months. Mrs. Sourby is a lady somewhat ubiquitous. Almost every neighborhood boasts of a specimen. We know of only one greater nuisance, and that's an amateur trombone player.

MOTHER REMEMBER THIS.—Every loathsome inmate of penitentiaries and State Prisons was once a gentle, inoffensive and prattling child; and every criminal who has expiated his crimes on the gallows was once pressed to a mother's breast, and drew from her bosom his life giving nourishment. But immoral training, wrong influence, and debasing examples do their work, and transform endearing offspring to be ferocious men; they shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt, and monstrous audacity of their crimes. Yet how seldom has one of those direful transformations been effected without the aid of strong drink.