PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. 1853.

Information

E. BEATTY. Proprietor.

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.

#### CARLISLE.

Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER, OFFICE 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. [june 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 Contreville. feb21 ypd

G. B. COLE.

A TTORNEYATLAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to hum. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carlisle. April 20, 1852.

DR. C. S. BAHER ESPECTFULLY offers his professiona services to the citizens of Carlisle and sur

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

Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ, WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be reteeth that may be re-required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to anentire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Of fice at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street. Carlisle

GEORGE EGE,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OF FICE at his residence, corner of Main stree 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.

WILLIAM H. BRETZ,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carlisle! TAS just received a large and well selected a stock of American, French and English Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Otts, Dyo-Stuffs, &c. At this store Physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully

DR. I. C. LOOMIS, will perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing-Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. 3-Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hetel. Dr. L. is abent from Carlisle the last ten days of every month.

Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c.

I have just received frem Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, togoraer with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Pertumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Bruhes of almost every description, with a endelse variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the veny 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.

May 30

Main street. Jarlisle.

F. N. ROSENSTEET. OUSE, Sign, Fancy and Ornamental He Painter, Irvin's (lormerly 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 variou kinds of graining attended to, such as malog any, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles Carlisle, July 14, 1852-19.

CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND STEAM SAW MILL

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

EW CUMBERLAND, PA.

DEPOTS. Buzby & Co., 345 Market Street, Phila. George Small, "Small's Depot," 72 North Sreet, Baltimore.

BENJ. DARBY JOHN W. BELL & CO., ET COLUMN

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, HOWARD STREET.

Opposite Centre, BALTIMORE.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE undersigned are now prepared to freight merchandize from Philadelphia and duced 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.
sop226m
J. & D./RHOADS.

## 10,000 PIECES!

THAVE just opened the largest assortment of WALL PAPERS ever opened in Carlisle, consisting of about 0;000 rieces of the latest French and American designs, ranging In price from 5 cts to \$1 75, also Window 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. Street, Carlisle.

Carlisle Female Seminary.

INISES 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 Hauover street.

Instruction in the languages and rawing, no extracharge. extra charge. Music taught by an experienced teacher; at

Gas Fixtures and Lamps.
TEIDRICK, HORNEY & BRO., No 221
REN. 2d Street, near Vine, Phila, having had many years practical experience in the business and all work sold by us is manufactured under our immediate supervision, we are enabled to offer to purchasers superior articles in overy branch of our trade. At our Store may be found in every variety of style and finish. Gas & Lamp CHANDELLERS, PENDANTS, SEDE BRACKETS for Halls, Charches, &c; the Improved Pine oil Lamps, together with a fine assortment of Fluid, Lard, and Oil Lamps, Bequet Holders, etc. On hand Lamp Glasses, Globes, Wicks, shades etd. All work warranted, or no sale. Factory No. 36 Noble street, near Fourth. Remember—Store'No 221 N. 25 St., next door to J Stewal Depuy's Carpet Store. Gas Fixtures and Lamps.

Depuy's Carpet Store.

may20r

Portry.

NANCHEHINGGA. DY FDWARD STILES EGE.

Ì. Once there lived a faithless maiden, Well-n-thry !-Love and truth have passed away ! Still I dream of Love's first token-Each fond word so softly spoken-Each deep yow so coldly broken :

Shall I tear the dark past open, Nanchehingga

False one-say ?

Quickly fading are Love's pleasures,-My lone heart boots mournful measures, Faith and truth baye passed away! Memory brings each evening-greeting-Lip to lip in fonderss meeting, E'er, with kisses, yows repeating; Was there not a false heart beating, Nanchehlugga

Cold one-say ? 111. Trusting youth must end in sadness,-Well-a-day!-Few and short earth's hours of gladness, Love and truth have passed away! When I felt thy soft breast heaving; When I joyed in true believing --

tre dreams in brightness weaving-Could I think thou wert decriving, Nanchehingga-False one -- say 7 IV.

Life and hope fore er are parted-Well-n day!-Peace be with the broken-hearted, Love and truth have passed away ! Sad the end of Faith's pure dreaming-Tears upon Truth's grave are streaming.

Cartisle, 1851

Selert Cale.

Lust for ave!

From Gleason's Pictorial MIRIAM'S CHOICE.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

Miriam was a happy creature-our Miriam, I mean. A keen wit, a good mind, a pure, generous heart, were hers. I see her now; her round, rosy check, her large lustrous eyes, her cherry mouth, with the sweet dimple on either side, and where smiles were constantly restling, but which could most ex-

was a splendid specimen of health. | ning. She never feared exposure; and all that the | She began her story with a ringing laugh est fury, when duty brought her out with its over by her thoughts as she exclaimed : nower, was a good ringing laugh, as a tinkling brook goes singing on its way, while the winds roar, and the thunders mutter amid the dark work ! - To see her roll up her sleeves, and stand up to the task, was to see a valiant spirit that could be grand anywhere; and jewel." when you looked again, and saw the task performed it seemed as though a charm had choice. passed over the place, and that she had won and then was granced to her was always spent home would she sit an hour with her lover, or

indulge in a stroll. Miriam dearly loyed a stroll, way round the superstition and this was Miriam's.

But not only where this class of the fairles lived did our friend love to stroll. To her She had great faith in water, and was eage the rocks by the ocean shore were grand; and to write a poem on the virtues of scap. she would play with the waves as things whose very strength was a delight, whose foam was upon her broast, and look up with an expression that seemed to say that a nature which few knew was awakened within her, shining

to ripe to the core.

Miriam was at service in a family I well ticed by him. knew, and to her was granted one evening every week for recreation. On one occasion little. He seemed to live too much in himself as she was going out, she observed that her There was more of politoness than tenderness, mistress seemed unwilling, and she turned round, swinging off her light hat, and ex- to make any effort for the poor or the sick, claimed, "I'll not go out this evening. I'll and he was too critical to find in church going stay and keep you company."

The proposition was received with pleasure; ing whether she loved something about him, so Miriam went for her sewing, and was soon or the man himself? scated at the little round table whose red covering vied with the roses on her cheeks .--There she sat with as merry a face as ever and was not so much drawn out. His round beamed, and yet thoughtfully silent, in true and rosy face was like hers, and there was alsympathy with her mistress' illness; for she ways fun beneath that cap that sets so jountly loved to talk as a fountain seems to love to on his head, where the black curls so abounplay; and as sparkling and refreshipg as the ded. His throat was open to the air by the fountain was her conversation, so shrewd were liberal collar that was rolled over to let him

her criticisms on character; and such a fund of anecdote and local history was in her keeping. "Come, Miriam, do not keep so still," said her mistress. " Tell me something that is pleasant : tell me a story about your lovers, and how you like them."

"Lovers!" laughingly exclaimed Miriam; ought a young woman to have more than

"Yes, if she can't help it," was the reply. "Well, there was a time when I couldn't," said Miriam ; " but I've made my choice now. She was no coquette, and cared not a far thing for all the "conquests" she might have power to make. But her good nature was oundless; and when the reception of attentions from any one could make them happy for the time, she had no heart to refuse them: and it was easy to see how often this was done as the gracious belle in the ball-room gives her hand in the dance from politoness, and with none the less grace of manner.

The question of her mistress, asking her why she couldn't tell the story of her choice, evidently touched a deep feeling; for her needle flew more swiftly, till suddenly it went into her finger. 'Miriam gave a little scream, and put the bleeding finger in her mouth, as she threw-the broken-steel-into the fire, exclaiming: "There! I wont use a sharp, I'll take a blunt, I like 'em best."

"Did you speak of your lovers, Miriam ?" asked her mistress with a jest in her tone. Miriam kissed the tortured finger, as she aughingly answered:

"Yes, I guess it will do just as well for them, for lovers are like needles, . warranted not to cut in the eye,' and yet are all the time doing it." "Yes, and I am thinking," answered her mistress, "that William is your sharp, and

Harry your blunt. Isn't it so ?" As she said this, she placed herself more cozily in her arm chair, sinking d wn into its soft cushions most comfortably as though sure of listening to a pleasant story. The very expectation cured her of half her illness, as she sat twirling a little levelock round her

finger, at her temple. Miriam turned and gazed straight and steadily into her mistress' face, as though she would assure herself that she was not being sported with. The she seemed to hesitate, and to get time for deliberation, she broke her thread, bit off a-portion-of it two or three times, and then looked through the eye of a needle, as she held it up to the light, to see if it was clear, and then renewed the thread-

ing. It was a pleasant sight to behold mistres and maid, as there they sat in the equality that true sympathy creates; and however much of virtue and happiness may be promopressively curl and pout when it wished to. ted, were there more of companionship, and Her laugh was peculiar. It would bubble and, less of command and service, in these relagush, and then roll and coho, like the sound tions in life. Miriam felt elevated by the inof a brook among mountains; and in the terest which her mistress took in her "affairs midst of her hilarity she would clap her hands of the heart;" and there was nothing within and dance, as though the pulse of her heart her ability which she would not have cheerbeat as good a timbrel as did Miriam of old. fully performed for her mistress on that eve-

storm got when it beat against her in its wild, as though a shower of roses had been thrown "You know William, but you don't Harry.

This difference in giving the names told a once where her heart was, and her mistres clouds. Miriam loved labor. How she would touched the right chord when she replied: "I want to know Harry."

"I mean you shall," said Miriam, "he's a

Then came the story of how she made her

Among the many who were "attentive" to her aid the fairies in which she devoutedly Miriam, were William and Harry, whose sire believed. My admiration increased when I names are of no consequence in our story, discovered that the part of the day that now and might not prove poetical enough for the times. William was one of your spruce, dainty, in toil for her mother, and not till the old lady always nice and particular creatures, who was "as nice as a pin" in everything about seem always fixed up for the occasion. One daguerree ype would represent his appearance for years. He was the same in manners. smooth, precise, polished, and gentlemanly, burying ground, where the pixies lived-the Miriam liked that. It suited her sensibilities little, black, powerful wizzardy creatures that and taste. She said that when she looked at carried off faithless maidens, and were some- his ever nice wristbands and collars, the primhow benefactors to the good. On a dark night | ness of every article he were, she thought of you could see them like fire flies, flitting hith- the work that must be required to keep all er and thither; but woe to the maiden who that right; but for that she did not care; it disdained them ; for they would become ugly made him look so well, so genteel and nice. bats, then staring owls, and then terrible Nice was a great word with her. She was a giants, with eagles wings! Miriam dearly perfect Philadelphian in her rage for cleanliloved the pixies, and thought they were just | ness; she did not make it, as the old divine right. She never looked more sober than did, "next to godliness," for it was a part of when I laughed at her zeal in their behalf, her religion; and she was wont to say that and I never repeated it. Everybody has their baptish should come first, and profession as terwards, that the vow might be made with clean lips, while pure hands were lifted up

William was so nice that she did like him. All his manners were clean. And then, too. the perfection of beauty; and her ringing he would talk so wise and good-would tell laugh would sound like a cry of delight, amid her so many things about nature and philoso the rattle of the stones that rolled down with phy and science, and was really educative to the returning billow. -Standing in the moon- her mind, that was so passionate in its desire light, there by the ocean, when passing away for knowledge, having been sadly cramped in to her home, Miriam would cross her arms means for early culture. William always had some new poetry for her-he had always been reading a new book, and would tell her about music, and the flowers and the stars, so that there as stars, scarce visible, yet exerting a she found life a beautiful thing, and the unibeautiful influence on "the attempered mind," verse she felt was really informed by the Di-She was a happy oreature, and never did vine Spirit. It was true bliss to hang on his sunlight dance over the morning hill tops more arm, and hear him talk so richly and touch brightly than laughter sported on her face at ingly; and he seemed to know so much, and our last meeting. It was the bloom of fruit to take such broad views of the field of science and art, that she felt it was an honor to be no

But there was a lack that affected her not a more manner than feeling. He had no hear any satisfaction. She often found herself ask-

Harry was a wide contrast to his rival, He was more closely packed in form than William,

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breathe free; and he would wear no jewel but an anchor in gold, that, he said, was the symbol of all good things-of stability among storms; for why should a man or an anchor slink away into poetic uselessness? He liked the bird's song the best after he saw the creature figh for his nest and mate in the tree. Harry could talk, but it was about democracy and the coun try-what the newspapers said-what the discoveries were that gave new means for pro gress; and he could tell stories of the great men and the great deeds of our nation's ca reer, till she could almost worship one who taught her what a greatness it was to be ar American. He had views about humanitythe nations of the earth; and he would tall over the wrongs of the oppressed till he struck his cap firmer on his head, and his eyes would flash with terrible indignation. He had al ways a sprightly, free and easy remark for young men,; but on the approach of an old man he was grave and respectful, eager to say a kind word, or to do "the old gentleman" som service. And then, too, on the Sabbath Harry's voice was in the choir; and when some grand old hymn, the jubilant song of an ado ring soul, was sung, or some soft or touching melody expressed the mourner's trust and hope, there was no voice like Harry's. Once, when she was strolling with him, they came suddenly to the burial yard, as the last rite was performed; and his cap came off in a twink-

away, he gave a sweet rose to a child, and hushed her sobbing. Miriam was undecided between the rival lovers, when an excursion, embracing a large number of the town's people, was to take place on the neck, a shortdistance across the water from the town. As she stood waiting her turn in one of the row bonts, she was full of mirth, and her jests flew fast among the crowd, so that when she entered the boat it was with a jump, and a force that would have sent her over the other side into the water, had not Harry that instant leaped into the water, and prevented so sad a beginning for the day. William was as near, but was too horrified by the danger

The day was beautiful, and the hours passed with wonderful swiftness. Miriam was not only a living joy in the midst of the whole company, but she found her heart pondering on what choice would be a living joy to her .-A person was wounded by an accident; Harry was the first and readiest and tenderest to help. A child was lost; there was no greater anxiety than Harry's, till he was found. When the "refreshments" were circulated, there was no everybody's-servant like Harry; and when of poetry in his life, orams himself with the kernels small; put the peaches and kernels the utmost kindness, calling her "mother," to adapt himself to these, and not unfrequentthe nice gentleman; but the wounded man got | sad story of a broken heart, more mournful no sympathy, the lost child no effort, the old and melancholy than mere imagination could lady no help, from him. He formed a very el. devise have arisen from the successful muchit bouquet for Miria with a very apt and highly complimentary posecretly an oak wreath on her head; she could false, pretences-all are tolerated within a only guess at the source from whence it came, till she found carved on the bevelled end of the tion, however notoriously they may be exhibitwig that gave it form, the initial of Harry and a tiny anchor.

That night, Miriam's choice was made: and as she came to this part of her story, she asked her mistress if she knew Harry now ...

"Yes," was the roply . "I know him as Miriam's choice.

## LUXURIOUS KISSING DESCRIBED.

Almost any writer can describe emotions of iov. anger, fear, doubt, or hope; but there are very few who can give anything like an adequate description of the exquisite, heavenly, and thrilling joy of warm, affectionate kissing. We copy below, three of the best attempts that we have ever seen. The first is by a young lady, Juring her first year of court-

"Let thy arm twine Around me like a zone of love,
And thy fond lip, so soft,
To mine be passionately pressed,
As it has been so oft."

The next is by a lady shortly after her engagement. It will readily be seen that her nowers of description are far in advance of the one's quoted above:

" Sweetest love. Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head,
And let me lowly nestle on thy heart;
Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me, and press lay upon our bed thinking of the loved and My parting lips to taste the costacy Imparted by each long and lingering kiss."

But the best thing we have seen, is the following, by Alexander Smith. We think, however, that when a man so freely indulges in osculatory nectar as to imagine he is "walking on thrones," he should be choked off.—

Where she sleeps, alone, with no kindred as
yet by her side. She was the hope of our Hear him:

"My soul leaned up beneath thy timid kiss: What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of is gone, and we care not how soon we go down

I seemed to walk on thrones."

THE TOMB OF WEBSTER. -A marble block has been placed in front of Mr. Webster's young urchins were gathering around a com- covered, he was covered o'er with bees! They tomb at Marshfield-similar to those which he erected in memory of his wife, son and daughters-which bears the following inscription: DANIEL WEBSTER,

Born Jan. 18, 1782, Died Oct. 21, 1852. 3 Lord. I believe: help thou my unbelief.

the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine severe trial!". reality. The sermon on the mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience The whole history of man proves it.

DANIEL WEBSTER. laughing.

# Miscellaneous.

FROM AN ALBUM. Ludy, are you dark or fair, Owner of this pretty book ? What's the color of your hair? Are you blithe and debonnaire, Or demure of look ?

If your eyes are black as sloes, And your locks of chon hue; O'er your cheeks if nature throws Only just enough of rose, Why, I think you'll do,

If with pretty mouth you sing, Void of all extravaganza,
Tender melodies that bring
Hearts around you fluttering, You are worth a stanza If you be in soul a child

Lively as a meteor, Yet with a discretion wild, Tempering the spirit wild, You're a charming creature THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

The last number of Blackwood's Magazine ontains a chapter on minor morals. In the course of his speculations, the writer takes up ling from his head; and, as the crowd passed very often entertain this idea, and in them it is less discreditable; for, not being gifted with stored away for future use. any strong perceptions, they merely follow an indolent impulse, assume no false features beyond the appearance of a stupid admiration, and, in nine cases out of ten, would be tolerably kind to their wives. Many a fool is by no means a bad hearted fellow; besides, as he cannot by any possibility disguise his folly, the lady has herself to blame. But the case of the clever fortune hunter is different. He has not one atom of feeling in his whole composition. He cares nothing for the woman he is pursuing for the sake of her money-he merely regards her as a necessary, and not unfrequently a disagreeable condition. No art that he will not practise-no disguise that

he will not assume, to gain his purpose .--Comes she of a strictly pious family, he forthattends prayer meetings, takes an interest in tract societies, and is eager for the conversion of the world. Is she sentimental? The miscreant, though he previously never read a line nations of such cold blooded villains, and yet certain range, or passed over without reproba-

GOOD-BYE.

The editor of the Albany Register comments vet so full of solemn and tender meaning:

full of sorrow it sounds. It is with us a consecrated word. We heard it once within the pered, and "Good bye, father," came faintly from her dying lips. We know not if she ever spoke more, but "Good-bye" was the hear that sorrowful word often, and often as we sit alone, busy with the memories of the the lost to us. We hear it in our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery life, the prop upon which to lean when age

to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead," WE ALL HAD TO DO IT .- A half score of panion, whose pallid face indicated that he rested on his cyclids, and perched upon his was very sick, the result of some juvenile in. nose; they colonized his peaked his face, and discretion. The little fellows were busy in swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his phrases. The truth is he had taken a chew crawled up his 'trousers,' and filled his eyes of tobacco for the first time, in his life, and with tears! Did he yell like a hyona? Did having swallowed a portion of the weed, Philosophical argument, especially that grew deadly sick. One little fellow, who drawn from the vastness of the Universe, in seemed to understand more fully his compancomparison with the apparent insignificance ion's situation than any of the others, gently of the globe, has sometimes shaken my reason placed on the boy's shoulder his hand and a nail-key tight! and cold 'em for two dollars! for the faith-which is in me; but my heart said in a voice of deep condolence-"Nover has always assured and re-assured me that mind, Jimmy, we all had to go through this very

should come upon us, and life should be

running to its dregs. The hope and the prop

THE BIG BOOK .- During a late debate in Haven Register : the House of Commons, it was stated that the ... Hartford is always trying to outshine our catalogue of the Library of the British Mu- city. Let us do what we will, Hartford goes soum, now in process of compilation, has all right off and does the same thing! The other ready cost a hundred thousand pounds, and is day, one of the lady passengers in the cars to non A great man commonly disappoints so far from being complete that it cannot be this city, was made a mother in the ladies' those who visit him. They are on the look finished in less than forty years. This cata-saloon at the station house. Well, what do out for his thundering and lightning, and he logue already fills 1200 folio volumes. When the Hartford folks do, but go and get up the speaks about common things much like other completed, it will form "a neat and portable very next day, a similar case in the station in people; may, sometimes he may even be seen work of 18000 volumes!" Beats the old that city! When will people cease to be "New England Primer,"

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#### MODES OF PREPARING THE PEACH

A writer in the N. Y. Times publishes a long account of the Peach, its uses, the manner of preparing and preserving it. He concludes his article with the following receipts, which we recommend our female readers, if they observe anything new in them, to keep until the proper time arrives to test their application : .

PEACHES IN BRANDY.-Wipe, weigh, and carefully select the fruit, and have ready one fourth of the weight of white sugar; put the fruit into a vessel that shuts closely, throw the sugar over it, and then cover the fruit with brandy; between the top and cover of the pot put a piece of double cap paper, set the pot in a saucepan of water till the brandy is quite hot, but not boiling; put the fruit into a jar and pour the brandy upon it, and when cold, put a bladder over and tie it down very

PICKLED PEACHES.—Take a gallon of good vinegar, and a few pounds of sugar, boil it for few minutes, and remove any soum that may rise; then take cling-stone peaches that are fully ripe, rub them with a flanuel cloth, to get off the down upon them, and stick three the subject of hypocrisy, and alludes to a par-ticular kind, which he denounces as truly or earthen vessel, and pour the liquor upon loathsome. It is that of the cold-blooded them boiling hot; cover them up and let them fortune hunter, who, having no fortune of his stond in a cool place for a week or ten days, own, or having squandered it, aspires to make then pour off the liquor, and boil as before, his fortune by a matrimonial alliance. Fools after which return it boiling to the peaches, which should be carefully covered up and

PEACH PRESERVES .- Take enough clarified sugar to cover the fruit, boil it till the syrup blubbers on the opposite side of the skimmer, then put in the fruit and let it boil lively two minutes, then remove the same; let it stand from the fire till-the next day; then take out the fruit, boil the syrup again, and as soon as the fruit boils take them from the fire, and when cold put into jars, and keep free from heat or moisture.

peel and stone them, put into the pan, and mash them over the fire till hot; rub them through a sieve, and to each pound of pulp add a pound of white sugar and half an ounce of bitter almonds, bleached and pounded; let with approaches her in a methodistical garb, it boil ten or fifteen minutes, stir and skim it veli. PEACH JELLY .- Take free-stones, not too rine, wine them and cut into quarters; crack

PEACH JAM .- Gather the fruit when ripe,

a lady came, last of all, Harry turned up a Moore and Byron, and expatiates upon the into a covered jar, set them in boiling water, box, set it by the side of a tree, put his sack passion of the bulbul for the rose. Whatever and let them do till soft; strain them through month, and led the bild lady to a seat, with be her inclinations, or her tendencies, he tries rajelly bag till the juice is squeezed out; put a pint of white sugar to a pint of juice; put or "aunt," as the name came handy. William by succeeds, for he is a clever scoundrel, and the sugar and juice into a preserving kettle, had been very politer. His conversations were beautiful, his conduct faultless, as a model of deepest tragedies of domestic life—many a carefully; put the jelly warm into glasses or jars, and when cold tie up in brandied papers.

PEACH WINE -Take nearly ripe fruit, stone it, and bruise the pulp to one quart of water, socioty does not visit these offences with any squeeze out the juice, and to every gallon of it etical quotation; but some one else let fall marked reprobation. Hypocrisy, deception, add two pounds white sugar; then put into a cask, and when it has fermented and become perfectly clear, bottle it up and use at pleasure.

# HAVE YOU GOT A BABY?

Here is a delicious little paragraph from thus upon this simple word, so common and the Boston Post—" A bachelor friend of ours was riding a day or two ago through Athol, in "How many emotions cluster around that this State, when he overtook a little girl and word. How full of sadness, and to us, how boy, apparently on their way to school. The little girl appeared to be five or six years old, and was as beautiful as a fairy. Her eyes year, as we hope never to hear it again. We were lit up with a gleam of intense happiness, spoke it on an occasion, such as we hope never and her checks glowed with the bues of health. to speak it again. It was in the chamber of Our bachelor looked at her a moment admirdeath at the still hour of night's nooh. The ingly. She met his glance with a smile, and curtains to the windows were all closed, the with an eager voice saluted him with, Have lights were shaded, and we stood in the dim you got a baby?' He was struck aback by and solemn twilight, with others, around the the question, and something like a regret stole bed of the dying. The damps of death were over his mind as he looked upon the animated on her pale young brow, and coldness was on and beautiful little face before him. 'No,' he her lips, as kissed her for the last time while answered. 'Well,' she replied, drawing her living. "Good bye, my daughter," we whis- tiny form proudly up, 'we have,' and passed on, still smiling, to tell the joyous news to the next one she might meet. What a world of happiness to her was concentrated in that one last we ever heard of her sweet voice. We idea—the baby! And in her joy she felt as if all must have the same delight as herself: and it was a matter of affectionate pride to past. We hear it in the silence of the night, her that lifted her little heart above the reach of ordinary envy, for in the baby was her world, and what clse had she to crave? Such was the reflection of our friend, and he remembered it long enough to tell it to us yesterday in Staté street."

> MAKING THE BEST OF IT .-- The editor of the Clinton Courant has been on to New York and purchased a poetry pen that won't write "any thing else." The following is the first result of Bynner's attempting to write a prose item

with "that pen :" A Yankee, out walking, in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself a talking, experienced a feeling-strange, painful, and alarmin'! from his caput to his knees, and he suddenly disoffering their sympathy in various homely swelling nostrils, dived deep into his cars; they he holler like a loon? Was he scar't, and did he 'cut an run?' or did the critter-swoon?-Ne'er a one! He wasn't scar't a mite; he never swoons-nor hollers; but he hived 'em in

> RIVAL CITIES .- Now Haven and Hartford. Connecticut, are rival towns. ... Here is a specimon of their rivalry, copied from the New

envious?"

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FIDDLING TO A BULL

We are gravely told that a tailor of Allerton, near Liverpool, some years ago, being pursued by a furious bull, "took up his fiddle and layed him a tune." The tailor was returning at about three o'clock on a summer morning from a party, where he had been playing jigs and country dances. As he was crossing a field, he was attacked by a bull. After soveral efforts to escape,' says the narrative, "he ttempted to ascend a tree; not, however, ucceeding in the attempt, a momentary imulse directed him to pull out his fiddle, and, fortiyfying himself behind the tree as well as he could, began to play; upon which the enraged animal became totally disarmed of his ferocity, and seemed to listen with great attention. The affrighted tailor, finding his formidable enemy so much appeased, began to think of making his escape, left off playing and was moving forward. This, however, the buil would not suffer; for no sooner had the tailor ceased his fascinating strain, than the bull's anger appeared to return with as much rage as before : he, therefore, was glad to have recourse a second time to his fiddle, which instantly operated again as a magic charm upon the bull, who became as composed and attentive as before. He afterwards made several more attempts to escape, but all in vain; for no sooner did he stop his fiddle than the bull's anger returned, so that he was compelled to keep fiddling away till near six o'clock, (about three hours,) when the family came to fetch home the cows, by which he was relieved and rescued from a tiresome labor and frightful situation." .

Now, the explanation given of this phenomenon of the subjugation of a bull by a violin, is as curious as the story itself, and shows how this particular bull considered that to be of weight, to which other bulls would have said, "fiddle stick's end!"

The man, it seems, lodged at the farm-house where the bull was kept, so that if not on intimate terms, they were no strangers to each other. The bull, it will appear, acquired a love for music under very interesting circumstances.

"The tailor frequently played upon the fiddle in the evening, to amuse the family; he had observed the bull (who always attended the cows home to be milked) constantly endeavored to get as near as possible to that part of the house where he happened to be playing, and always appeared to listen with the greatest attention, which fortunately struck him with the idea of having recourse to his fiddle, and, in all probability, preserved his life!"

WOMEN AND LADIES.

In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women-but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies, or, to be still more refined, a race of "ladies and gentlemen," has sprung up. Women and girls are among the things- that were. But "ladies" are found everywhere. Miss Martineau, wish ing to see the women wards in a prison in Tehnessee, was answered by the warden, "We have no ladies here at present, madam."---Now, so far as the ladies were concerned, it was very well that none of them were in prison; but then, it sounds a little odd-ladies in prison! It would seem bad enough for

women to go to such a place.---A lecturer, discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: "Who were last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies." On the modern improvement, we have heard of but one thing that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine up to all modern refinenents. When he had thrown the chain of Hymen around the happy couple, he concluded by saying, "I pronounce you husband and lady." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the room as quickly as possible, to take breath.

Begin Right .-- If you are about to do a piece of work you will be careful to begin right, otherwise you will have to take it in nieges and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful at first to go into the right road; for if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farher out of the way.

Now, you are starting in the way of life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, as said, you will be all the time going out of he way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labor will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have

A FOOL DEAD .- John Nuttal, of Mancheser, England, killed himself in attempting for wager, to drink a gallon of ale in ten minites. After drinking, the second quart, with noggin of rum in it, he vomited; he drank he third, with the exception of a little that ran down his face: On drinking the fourth quart he fell down, and soon after expired.

Dr. Cox, speaking of persons who profess to do a great deal for religion, without eally possessing any, says they resemble Yoah's carpenters, who built a shipsin which ther people were saved, although they were rowned themselves.

"BLACK SNAKE."-This colobrated Indian, ow 106 years of age, is still hale and hearty, residing at Allegheny Reservation, N. Y. Howas one of the most active of his tribe in bringing about a treaty, in behalf of the United States, with Gen. Washington, at Philad'a. in 1787. A gentleman saw him a week or two since, walking as vigorously as a man of 45.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.-There is no moment like the present; not only so, but moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perished in the hurry and akurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of Indulence