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, DECEMBER 7, 1853. VOL. LIV, No 11

Cards.

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

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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

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Carlisle, ap 8'49.

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Instruction in the languages and drawing, no extra charge.

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TERMS—For Tuition, Boarding, and Lodging, ... $50

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The Trustees announce that the Lectures on Chemistry and its application to the Arts will be commenced in the Lecture Room of the College by Prof. ALFRED L. KENNEDY, M. D., Tuesday November 1st, at 12 o'clock, M., and be continued on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, throughout the session.

The Analytical Laboratory is also open for Students in Practical Chemistry.

MATTHEW NEWKIRK,

Pres't Board of Trustees.

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Cumberland Valley Institute.

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REV. J. S. LOOSE, A. M. *Principal.*

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It is located on an eminence near the borough of Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County, Pa., with ample grounds, handsomely laid out and ornamented, surrounding it; inviting to physical exercise and to amusement in the open air. Every facility for an accomplished and classical education is here offered that can be found at any similar Institution in this State.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition, per session, . $50 00

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The Summer Session will open on the 2d of May, and continue twenty one weeks.

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Rev. J. S. Loose, A. M., Professor of Moral Science and Ancient Languages, Henry Comfort, Assistant; Miss L. C. Walker, Principal of Female Department and teacher of Music, Miss ——, Assistant; Mr. Edward Fells, Professor of Modern Languages; J. B. Herring, M. D., Lecturer on Physiology and Laws of Health.

For "Circulars" containing references and further particulars address the Principal,

Mechanicsburg, Cumberland Co., Pa.

March 30 1853.

Poetry.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now,
On the naked woods and blasted fields,
And the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees,
Where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds that follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
From the frozen Labrador;
From the icy bridge of the northern seas,
Where the white bear wanders o'er;
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below,
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere
Into marble statues grow!

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
And the quiet lakes shall feel
The torpid touch of his freezing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
His evil power away?
And gather closer the circle round,
When the fire light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by;

Select Tale.

THE CRISIS OF MY EXISTENCE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I'm not a sentimental man now. I have passed that state of my existence long since, as a man whose whiskers have got bushy while the hair on his crown has got thin, and whose eyes are surrounded by little nascent crows' feet, decidedly ought to have done. I confess that I prefer a good dinner to the most enchanting of balls, claret to polkas, and a jolly bacchanalian ditty to the pretty small talk of the most dainty damsel that ever floated through a quadrille in ringlets and clear muslin.

"Horrid wretch," I hear some young lady reader exclaim, as she peruses this confession, and prepares to throw down the book in disgust. Stay one moment, fair lady, I beseech you, and you shall have a little genuine sentimental reminiscence of my "days of auld lang syne"—and then—then you may throw down the book if you please and call me a "horrid wretch" *if you can!*

What a pretty, little, gauzy, fairy-like creature was Angelica Staggers when first I met her. The very recollection of her at this moment makes a faint vibration of my heart perceptible to me, while *then* the sound of her name would startle me like the postman's rap at the street. Bill Staggers (it isn't a pretty name, Staggers—but then, Angelica!) was a schoolfellow of mine. Schoolboys don't talk much about their sisters, because they get laughed at if they do; so that I knew little more than the bare fact that Staggers *had* a sister. In after years when we left school, and Staggers went into his father's office in Gray's Inn, the matter was different.

Staggers introduced me to his family. This consisted of his papa, a pompous old fellow who always wore a dress coat in the street as well as at home; and whose pendant watch seals would certainly have drawn him under water if he had ever had the misfortune to tumble over board from a Margate steamer; of mamma, who was a lady of vast dimensions, with the usual superfluity of color in her cheek and cap ribbons on her head; of a sister of Mr. Staggers, senior, who might have been agreeable if she had not given you the idea of being pinched everywhere—pinched in her waist, pinched in her nose, pinched in her mouth, and pinched in her views of things in general; and lastly of the daughter of the house—the divine Angelica herself.

How shall I describe Angelica as I first saw her one fine summer's day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, dressed in the most charming of muslin *negligee* dresses, reclining in a large easy chair, and embroidering on a frame a pair of worsted slippers for her papa? How shall I ever give an accurate picture of her beautiful, light, golden hair, that literally glittered in the rays of the moonshine, that made their way through the half drawn green Venitian blinds of the window by which she sat, in the drawing room of that delightful villa at Peckham, that looked out on to the smoothly shaved lawn with the large washing basin of a fish pond on it, containing ever so many shillings' worth of gold and silver fish? I can't do it. I have let all my poetry run to seed, and I feel myself as incompetent to do justice to the charms of Angelica as a sign-painter would be to copy a Madonna of Raphael, or a street ballad screamer to sing the "stabat mater" of Rossini. I must give up the attempt: but cannot the the reader help me out of the difficulty by imagining something very fair, pink and white, very slight, very animated, and very ethereal-looking altogether? Of course he can;—then there is Angelica Staggers before his eyes directly.

From the moment I saw her I felt that my doom was fixed, and my heart *trans*-fixed. I admired, I loved, I adored her, and the very atmosphere that surrounded her (I don't mean the smell of roast duck that was steaming up from the kitchen) seemed to breathe of paradise. Accordingly, as a very natural consequence of this feeling of mine, I behaved very sheepishly—blushed and stammered, and tore off the buttons of my gloves, stuck my legs into absurd positions from not knowing what the deuce to do with them, stumbled over an ottoman as I took my leave, and to save my own fall caught at a china card-tray and smashed it—effecting my retreat at length in a state of tremor sufficient to have brought on a nervous fever.

My friend Staggers quizzed me:—

"Why, Jones, I never saw you so quiet. I always thought you such a devil of a fellow among the ladies. You've lost your tongue to-day: what is it?"

What is it! as if I were going to tell *him* what it was. Supposing I had told him that his sister was an angel, the fellow would have grinned and thought I was mad. Men never do believe in the divinity of their sisters; they are almost as incredulous as husbands touching their wives. The last man in the world I would select as the confidant of my love affairs would be the brother of my adored one. I should know that he would annoy me by the most anti-romantic anecdotes of his sister's childhood, and tease her to death by frightful stories of myself. And so I invented excuses about being "out of sorts," and that sort of things to account for my unwonted taciturnity and embarrassment at this my first interview with Angelica Staggers.

I was soon a very frequent visitor at the Peckham Villa, and I had reason to suppose that I was a welcome one. The old gentleman was very civil; mamma was very pressing in her invitations; the "maiden aunt" affable in the extreme; Angelica always received me with a smile, that I valued at a higher price than California and Australia together could pay.

The Staggers family led a quiet life, with the exception of Bill, who haunted theatres and cider cellars, and harmonic meetings, and passed as disreputable an existence as a city clerk well could. I seldom met any one at the Peckham Villa but the family, and occasionally a Signor Fidilini, who was Angelica's music and singing master, and was sometimes invited to tea in the evening, that he might delight Papa Staggers by playing and singing duets with Angelica. I can't say I liked his doing so myself, and I always considered his doublebass growl spoiled the silvery notes of his pupil's voice; and then I had a great objection to seeing his jeweled fingers hopping about and jumping over Angelica's on the piano, in some of those musical firework pieces they played together. But he was a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and remarkably respectful in his manner to Angelica, so that there could be no real cause for jealousy—but!—the word seemed quite absurd to use in such a case.

My father pronounced me the idlest clerk he ever had. I am not quite sure that he was quite wrong, but he little suspected the cause. While I ought to have been drawing abstracts of title, I was drawing fancy portraits of Angelica; while I should have been engrossing brief sheets, Angelica's form was engrossing my thoughts; instead of studying declaration at law, I was cogitating a declaration of my attachment. To plead well my own cause with herself and her father was the only sort of pleading I cared for; while the answer I might get to my suit was of ten thousand times more consequence in my eyes than all the answers in all the fusty old Chancery suits in all the lawyers' offices in the world. As for reading, Moore and Byron supplied food to the mind that ought to have been intent on Coke and Blackstone. Apollo! God of Poetry, and Venus, deification of Love, answer truly!—is there a more wretched being, a more completely fish-out-of-water individual than a lawyer's clerk in love?

After long and painful watching, I became convinced, in spite of a lover's fears, that Angelica was not insensible to my attachment. The little bouquets I bought for her at Covent Garden Market were received with a look that thrilled through my very soul. (I hope that is a proper expression, but my poetry having grown rusty, as I before mentioned, I am in some doubt about the matter.) There was, or I dreamt it, a gentle pressure of the hand as we met, and as we parted, that could *not* be accidental, and could *not* be that of mere friendship. There was a half timidity in the tone of her voice as she addressed me, different from the self possession she displayed in conversation with others. In short, there were a thousand of those little signs, visible though indescribable, that Angelica Staggers knew that I loved her, and was gratified by the fact.

Now most men would have thrown themselves at her feet and made their vows, in such a case; but I was doubtful whether that was the most safe course to pursue in order to secure the prize. It struck me that her father was just one of those crusty old gentlemen that look on a young fellow as little better than a pickpocket, who dares to gain a daughter's affections without first asking her father's permission to do so. On the other hand I was quite aware that young ladies dont like to be asked of their papas before they are asked themselves; there is too much of the Mahometan and of the Continental style in such a proceeding to please our free born island lasses. Still, I might get over that difficulty by explaining how hopeless I believed to secure her father's consent at all, unless I got it *first*. I was right; and so I resolved to have an interview with Mr. Staggers, and explain my sentiments.

Did any of my readers ever drive in tandem two horses that had never been broken to harness? Did he ever let off a blunderbuss that had been loaded for ten years? Did he ever walk through long grass notoriously full of venomous snakes? Did he ever take a cold shower bath at Christmas? Did he ever propose the health of the ladies in the presence of the ladies themselves, and before he had at all "primed" himself? Did he ever walk across a narrow greasy plank, placed across a chasm some hundreds of feet in depth? If he has done all or any of these feats, I can bear witness to the fact that he has had some experience in the nervous work; but if he has never been back parlored with a grave, pompous old father, of whom he is about to ask his daughter's hand, *then*, I say his experience of real genuine "nervous work" is but infantile after all. Making a declaration to the lady herself is nothing to it, though a little embarrassing, too; but then you know that the fair one is in as much trepidation as yourself, and not watching you with a cold, calculating eye, weighing your expressions, and drawing conclusions, perhaps prejudicial to your reputation for sense or honesty. I declare that I would not go through that ordeal again for the wealth of the Antipodes, (that's the last new phrase,) and, betwen ourselves, that is the very reason why I remain to this day a——; but stay—I am anticipating.

I cannot give an account of my interview with Old Staggers, because half an hour after it was over, I had but a confused recollection of what took place at it. I only know that it haunted my dreams like a nightmare, for nights after. I was eternally jumping up in my bed, in a cold perspiration, with my hair half-thrusting my night-cap off my head, in the midst of "explaining my intentions." However a great point was gained—Mr. Staggers agreed to offer no opposition to the match provided *my* father consented also.

'I shall call on him to-day, my young friend,' he said, 'so dine with us at Peckham, at six, and you shall know the result. I don't *forbid* you going there earlier, if you feel inclined to do so.'

This was handsome. I expressed my gratitude as well as I was able, and at once took a Peckham omnibus, and hastened to Angelica.

'Missus is out, sir; and so's Miss Staggers; but Miss Angelica's in the drawing-room, sir.'

'Very well. I'll go there; you needn't show me up.'

So saying, I sprang lightly up stairs, and was in the drawing room in an instant. A sudden shriek—a short, quick, half-stifled one—met my ears as I entered, and I saw Signor Fidilini move his arm very hastily, as if it had been in far closer proximity to the waist of Angelica, who was at the piano, than I should have considered at all necessary in an ordinary music lesson.

'Oh dear, Mr. Jones! how you did startle me,' cried Angelica, blushing terribly, as she rose to shake hands with me. 'I didn't hear you coming at all, I assure you.'

I didn't need that assurance, and I believe I said something of the sort.

'Mass Angelica so feared, dat I put out my arm to step her fall off from de stool,' said Fidilini; and he looked so perfectly truthful and embarrassed as he spoke, that my dreadful suspicions began to be allayed.

'I feel quite nervous at this present moment,' said Angelica. 'Indeed, Signor, you must not ask me to take any more music lessons to-day.'

Signor Fidilini bowed gracefully his assent, and *I* cast a delighted look at Angelica; for was she not getting rid of that tiresome music-master for *my* sake? Fidilini packed up his German sausage roll of music, and, bidding us good-day, bowed himself out of the room.

We were alone! We looked uncomfortable, and we felt so—I am sure of it in her case as well as my own.

'Angelica!' I exclaimed.

She started, and looked surprised.

'Angelica, I love you—you know it; but you do not know *how* deeply and *how* devotedly,' &c. &c. I suppose it is quite unnecessary for me to give the remainder of the declaration, because no one can be ignorant of the usual form of the words in these cases.—It is as 'stereotyped' as an Admiralty Secretary's letters—but I suppose it means a little more or what a deal of fibbing lovers must be guilty of when they come to the grand scene of the domestic drama of 'love!'

Angelica hung her head, and blushed, and panted. I felt she was mine, and I seized her hand and began to cover it with kisses, when she snatched it from me in such haste, that her diamond and pearl ring scratched my finger. I was amazed!

'Mr. Jones, I can listen no more. I assure you I *must* listen no more.'

'Why so? Your father will not oppose my wishes for—'

'It is not *that*, sir: it is, that I cannot reciprocate the attachment you profess for me.'

'Oh! do not say so—do not—'

'If you have any generosity in your heart, Mr. Jones, you will cease this strain at once. You have mistaken my feelings altogether.'

It is that cursed Fidilini!' I cried in a rage, forgetting my good breeding.

I beg, sir, that you will not use such language in my presence, especially with reference to a gentleman for whom I entertained a feeling of—'

'Love!' I said, with a stupidly indignant laugh, and an attempt at an air of tragedy. 'But I care not. I will shoot him within twenty-four hours, or he shall shoot me;' and I started on my feet with a thorough determination to call out Fidilini without an hours delay.

'For heaven's sake don't speak so,' cried Angelica. 'There will be murder; I know he'll fight, and you might kill—'

'Thank you; I might kill *him*—yes: you don't seem to have any fears lest he should kill *me*. However, he shall have a chance,' and I strode towards the door.

'Stay,' cried Angelica: and she seized my arm: 'stay, you shall have my secret, and *then* I throw myself on your generosity. He is *my husband!*'

'Fidilini!—the devil' I exclaimed.

'We are privately married,' said Angelica, 'but, for the present, do not let—'

Here we were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Staggers, who entered the room, to our great discomfiture. Angelica, with an appealing look towards me, hurriedly left the room.

If ever a poor wretch felt himself in an uncomfortable position, I did at that moment, and during the rest of that evening. Mr. Staggers brought home a city friend with him, obviously to avoid a *tete a-tete* with me after dinner, but he took care to inform me, in a whisper, that his negotiation with my father had failed. I dare say he was very much surprised at the cool indifference with which I received this piece of information, for he little knew how worthless were the consents of the papas in the present instance.

Of all the artful little hussies that ever lived, decidedly that girl is the most complete! thought I, as I watched the quiet and composed manner in which Angelica behaved during dinner, and the evening which followed. She played and sang as freely as ever, and even expressed her sorrow that Signor Fidilini was not present, that she might sing one of her papa's favorite duets. If he *had been* present, I believe I should have strangled the fellow against all resistance.

How I past that night, I won't say, but I did not sleep.

Next morning I was at the office as usual, and really trying to work hard to keep my thoughts from dwelling on Angelina. About ten o'clock, my father rushed into the room where I was seated at the desk, in company with Mr. Staggers.

'Villain!' cried Staggers, to me.

'You young scoundrel!' screamed my father.

I was really alarmed, for I thought that both those respectable elderly gentlemen must have gone mad. I stared, in open mouthed astonishment.

'Where's my daughter?' bawled Staggers.

'Answer, sir!' shouted my father, as I looked if possible still more surprised.

'I don't know,' I replied.

'You lie sir,' cried Staggers.

'You are quibbling sir,' added my father; 'we don't ask where she is at this very moment; you know *what* we mean.'

'Is she married?' said Staggers; answer that.'

'Really, I—'

'Answer plainly, sir, and without shuffling,' cried my father.

'I *believe* she is,' I answered.

'Believe! why, you young villain, when you *know* whether you have married her or not, how dare you talk about what you believe?'

'*I* marry her! *I'm* not married to her!' I cried in surprise.

'What the —— does all this mean?' exclaimed my father, losing all patience. 'Miss Staggers has run off from her father's house—with *you*, its suspected.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, interrupting him; 'then I suppose I may tell the truth; no doubt she is gone with her husband, Fidilini.'

'Never shall I forget old Staggers' rage and surprise when he heard my simple story; nor his savage indignation when my father (thinking only of his own son being out of a mess) exclaimed:—

'I'm deuced glad of it.'

I am going to the christening of Madame Fidilini's seventh child to-morrow. They like an old bachelor for a godfather sometimes, because he has no other children than god children to provide for. Grandpapa Staggers will be there, and so will grandmamma and grandaunt; and the latter will be very attentive to me, but she's more pinched than ever, and looks like a dried herring in figure and complexion. I shall dine with old Staggers afterwards, and he has some superb claret, much better stuff than—well, never mind, I have done!

Miscellaneous.

MISS BREMER IN A PICKLE.

The following amusing incident is from Miss Bremer's new work, Homes of the New World:

I like better our usages at the table than in this country. With us, people can enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and they need not think about the dishes, except in so far as enjoying them goes. Everything with us is done silently and in due order by the attendants.—At a glance from the hostess you are offered a second supply, but this also silently; the dishes come round to the guests, each in his turn, and after that people are not troubled with them Here it is not so. Here there is an incessant asking and inviting, so that what with asking and inviting, and selecting and answering, there is really no time for the enjoyment of the meal, much less of conversation. Neither is one able to help one's self; but the host or hostess, or aunt or uncle, or some other polite person, or it may be the servants, which here in the South are always negroes, help you, and you seldom get what you wish for, or as much or as little as you want, and not on that part of the plate where you wish to have it. You are asked, for example,

"Will you have butter?"

"Yes, I thank you."

And with that comes a piece of butter on the edge of the plate, on which the annoying thought always suggests itself, that it is certainly exactly where the servant put his thumb. Then it goes on;

"Will you take fish or meat? chicken or turkey?"

"Chicken, if you please."

"Have you any choice? The breast or a wing?"

Then comes, "will you have pickles?"

"No, I thank you."

A pause and calm ensues for two minutes. But then somebody on your left discovers that you have no pickles, and pickles come to you from the left. "May I help you to pickles?"

"No, I thank you."

After a few minutes more, somebody on the right sees that you have no pickles, and hastens to offer you the bottle. "Will you not take pickles?"

"No, I thank you."

You then begin an interesting conversation with your next neighbour; and, just as you are about to ask some question of importance, a person opposite to you observes that you are not eating pickles, and the pickle bottle comes to you across the table, and you are called upon to say once more, in self-justification,

"No, I thank you, not any," and continue your conversation.

But again, at the moment you are waiting for some reply interesting to you, comes the servant, perhaps the very best daddy in the whole black world, and shoots the pickle bottle in between you and your conversable neighbour, and with horror you again behold pickles ready to be put upon your plate, so that in the end you find yourself quite overcome by the pickle persecution.

Thus goes on the meal; one incessant bustle of serving, which takes from you all enjoyment of the food. I have at last a regular palpitation of the heart from disquiet and impatience; but that is in a great measure my own fault—the fault of my weakness, though something must be allowed to the fault of the custom here, which is not quite in harmony with the higher pleasures of social intercourse. This custom, however, did not originate in this country. It belongs to England, and must be put down to the account of England.

☞ When once you allow a girl's head to get full of finery and beaux, and her heels full of waltzes, polkas, and cotillions, you may about as well throw her books into the fire, and marry her to the first simpleton who will take her off your hands, for her days of study and improvement are at an end.

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The following queer paragraph about an old time thanksgiving, is taken from a history of Coos county, in New Hampshire, published some years since, "by Rev. Grant Powers, A. M., C. H. S," a garrulous, pious, good natured, simple minded country parson. It was a singular state of things when so great a festival as thanksgiving could be deferred on account of a deficiency of molasses, but so it was according to the Rev. Mr. Powers:

"Early in the settlement of Coos, it so happened that the annual thanksgiving was passed before intelligence of it had arrived there; but soon after, a Dr. White came up to visit his friends at Newberry, and brought with him a proclamation. This proclamation was read publicly on the Sabbath by Mr. Powers, and by him it was proposed that they should keep a thanksgiving, notwithstanding the time specified by the Governor was passed, and he proposed the next Thursday. Upon this a member arose and gravely proposed that it might be deferred longer—"for," said he, "there is not a drop of molasses in town, and we know how important it is to have molasses to keep thanksgiving. My boys have gone to No. 4, and will be back, probably, by the beginning of next week, and they will bring molasses: and it had better be put off till next Thursday. It was unanimously agreed to: but the molasses not coming it was deferred another week: and finally, thanksgiving was kept without molasses. This, which is enough to provoke a smile, will nevertheless show us the simplicity and destitution of those days."

BACKING OUT OF A BAD BARGAIN.—There were several persons in a house where there here was a young child some two or three days old; among them a little bright eyed boy of some four summers. When the grandmother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it and evinced every symptom of delight; asked this aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams; then asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke, and squaled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and with almost disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around and said; "Aunty, if I was you I'd take it back to Dr. Adams, and get my ten dollars! for making such a noise as this!"

HUMAN MONEY BAGS.—Many a man there is, clothed in respectability, and proud of his honor, whose central idea of life is interest and ease—the conception that other men are merely tools to be used as will best serve him; that God has endowed him with sinew and brain merely to scramble and to get; and so, in the midst of this grand universe, which is a perpetual circulation of benefit, he lives like a sponge on a rock, to absorb, and bloat, and die. Thousands in this great city are living so, who never look out of the narrow circle of self interest; whose decalogue is their arithmetic; whose bible is their ledger; who have so contracted, and hardened, and stamped their natures, that in any spiritual estimate they would only pass as so many bags of dollars.

TAKE A NEWSPAPER.—"I am poor and can hardly afford it, yet I take a newspaper for my children," was the exclamation of an honest, hard-working man, on being asked if he took a newspaper.

Would that all fathers would do the same, and thus place before their children a good newspaper, which would soon create an interest for reading and afford the young a source of enjoyment which, in after years, they will recur to with pleasure. If parents instead of giving their children a quarter to visit each traveling show, would invest the money in subscribing for a newspaper, they would confer a substantial favor on the child and themselves.

THE VIRTUE OF LAUGHTER.—There is reckless laughter, too; there is heartless laughter, but when one can give, and does give, a clear, honest laugh, or in any way shows forth a genial sympathy' there is still left some of the innocence of nature and the pulse of goodness. It is true, there are those, the intensity of whose inner life, and the circumstances of whose lot, may repress tumultuous joy; yet there is an attractiveness in them, as though that which in others breaks out into laughter, were distilled into spiritual serenity, an I comes forth now and then in the sun-burst of a smile.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—Among the patents granted in 1852, is one for frosting the surface of glass plate by covering it with sand, pebbles, and water, and rocking it backwards and forwards, so that the sand will pass over the surface. Another was for a camphene lamp, the wick of which is surrounded by a chamber filled with water to extinguish the lamps if they should be accidently upset. Another a machine for making patent medicine, which considering the amount of drugs passing through the human stomach, is not undeserving of notice.—The ingredients are fed in between cylinders, and they come out manufactured pills. Just the machine for cholera times.

A GREAT POULTRY SHOW.—At the second poultry show of the Royal Agriculture Society of England, held recently at Gloucester, there were several turkeys which weighed forty-nine pounds each! In the geese department there were nine pens containing eighteen geese and ninoganders which averaged thirty-four pounds each in weight! Those geese which took the premiums weighed respectively thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, and forty-nine and a half pounds!

FEELING EASY.—We heard a story of a fellow who related his experience when the Nahant Bank failed. "As soon as I heard of it," says he, "my heart jumped right into my mouth. Now, thinks I, If I've got any bills on that ere bank I'm a goner, that's a fact. So you see I on with my coat, and put for home as fast as my legs would carry me: I run all the way. So, when I got there, I looked and found I had'nt got any bills on that ere bank—nor any other, I felt some easier."

Agricultural.

THE FAMILY SITTING ROOM.

In a recent address before one of the county agricultural societies in Ohio, Prof. FAIRCHILD, of Oberlin, argues the importance of comfortable and tasteful dwellings. He places the kitchen first, and claims that it should be furnished with all possible conveniences for making the necessary household labor easy, and then goes on to say:—

Next in order comes the family sitting room—a place where you and the wife and children may enjoy each others' society and help each other in the right pursuits of life after the labors of the day are over. A home is not a home without such arrangements. To eat and sleep is not the chief end of man. Even in reference to the present world there are higher enjoyments of which we are capable and nobler aspirations which claim our regard.—There are social affections which, rightly cultivated, give us more elevated nature and wider rage of enjoyment. It is for such a cultivation and for the attainment of such a happiness that "God hath set the solitary in families." But this object is, to a great extent, lost without arrangements corresponding to the end to be secured. There must be time and place for quiet and social intercourse—with books and periodicals and objects of taste at hand which shall aid in the development of the mind and the heart. The place for these associations is the family sitting room. It is in fact the centre of home, the point to which the wanderer looks back with longing heart when far from his father's house. You supply, then, a great family necessity, when you provide a comfortable, quiet, tastful room, with suitable furniture, in all particulars inviting as a gathering place for your family at home.

Does any one object that such arrangements are too nice and fanciful for a farmer's house? that it is better to spend the evening before the old-fashioned kitchen fire, where apples can be pared, and hickory nuts cracked, and axe-helves whittled, without any fear of detriment to carpets and sofas? Allow me to suggest, my friend, that you are the very one that needs that sitting room, with its elevating and humanizing influences. Nuts and apples and axe-helves are all good in their place; but you and your children have hearts and minds as well as stomachs. Unbend your neck a little, and look up to the blue heavens above you. The view shall kindle within you the latent spark of immortality. Look around upon the brutes that perish, and acknowledge that you are not like them. Drop your axe-helve, then, and devote the evening hour to your higher nature. The farmer who finds no use for a sitting room is not the man for Northern Ohio in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

The farmers of every neighbourhood should form themselves into a club, and meet once a week during the winter, for the purpose of discussing such things as tend to their mutual improvement. It is astonishing what an amount of knowledge they may thus obtain, and how greatly their interests will be forwarded. These meetings may be held at some central building in the neighborhood, such as the court house, school house, or some respectable tavern. But the best place, in our opinion, for a club meeting, is at the farmers' own homes, where they should be held alternately till the whole neighborhood is gone over, and then commence anew, and so keep on in regular routine.

It would be well to have these meetings once a week in the winter, and once a month in the more busy season of the year.

Clergymen, physcians, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and indeed nearly every other profession associate for mutual improvement, and the furtherance of their own interests; then why should not the farmer?—the most numerous and worthy class by far in every nation, and without whom the world would soon come to an end.

Unite, then, for mutual benefit and instruction in every hamlet and neighborhood—no matter how few your numbers, form yourselves into clubs. We know of nothing so well calculated to instruct you, and raise you to that rank which your individual worth and importance as a class entitle you to assume. Be you the rulers as well as the workers of the land; and allow no other class whatever in this great republic to take precedence over you, whether in the scientific or practical knowledge of your profession.

HOW to RAISE FRUIT EVERY YEAR.

If rightly understood, few trees, unless absolutely dead or rotten, need occupy ground without yielding a plenteous crop. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following:

As soon as the winter has sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees; every dead bough is lopped off.—Then, after the sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb, the lower part of which bears a considerable number of buds, thus concentrating the sap of the tree upon the maturation of its fruit, and saving what would be a useless expenditure of strength.—In the quince, apricot and peach trees, this is very important, as these are apt to be luxuriant in leaves, and destitute of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not; for you will find trees laden with fruit which formerly yielded nothing. Of course, all other well known precautions must be attended to, such as cutting out worms from the roots, placing an old iron on the limbs, which act as a tonic to the sap, &c. Try it, ye who have failed in raising fruit.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

☞ Ignorance pays such a tax that we can't imagine how any body can afford to be a blockhead. M'Cracken works for a dollar a day, while Spring his neighbor, commands twenty shillings; a wide difference, and all caused by Spring's knowing how to read, write and cypher. From these figures it will be seen that M'Cracken's want of knowledge costs him four hundred dollars a year—which shows that ignorance costs him more than his wife and children, house rent included.