

Mewspaper,---- Denuted to Literature. Education,

Agrienliure. Business and Politics, 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

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WILL FOR RENT. THE undersigned offers his Merchan Mill, the Carlisle Iron Works, for rent from the at the Carlisis rout.

Ist of April noxt.

PETEREF. EGE,

RETRUSPECTION. On visiting the dilopidated Birth place of, the writer, after an absence of muny years. was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint (A FIRST AND LAST ATTEMPT.)

BY JOHN BANNISTER GIBSON

The home of my youth stands in silence and None that tasted its simple enjoyments are No longer its walls ring with glee and with

Yortry.

gladness: No train of blythe melody breaks on the The infantile sport in the shade of the wild-

The parent still dearer who watched o'er my

Return not again at Affection's fond call. And the garden-fit emblem of youth's fading | sir: take it, if it will help me in this busi-

No fawn-footed urchin now bounds o'er its The young eyes that beamed on its rose col-Are fled from its arbors-for ever are gone

Why memory cling thus to life's jocund

Or tell that the buds of the heart at the dawning, Were destined to wither and perish at

On the past, sadly musing, oh pause not a Could we live o'er again but one bright sun- was gain enough for George. ny day,
"Twere better than ages of present enjoy-

passed away. But time ne'er retraces the footsteps he meas-In fancy alone with the past we can dwell; Then take my last blessing, lov'd scene of young plensures, Dear home of my childhood-forever fare-

Select Cale.

From Dickin's Household Words.

FLOWER-BELLS.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY. Soft Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine the paper from his hand. A bee had come in- that it gives daily dirtier - show itself conscious to the room-George kept bees -- and bad been of the passage of the hours, and dads, and hovering about the letter; so drunk possibly, months, and seasons. with honey, that he had mistaken it for a great

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawvers meant by their certain phraseology It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willife of Mr. Quecks, of Edmondton; but it did mean that he must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five and twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the applegathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting-like thoughts of another

of the writing. hour or two every day; for he lighted his own | plant that had attracted him.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," it a long way, the dear fellow, all said George, and he put on his best clothes the West Indies, nursing it for me.

lawyers." They lived in the City. George lived at the hearted boy, my Harry.". east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copes and field, and by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and stand. He could carry off the house upon his wallflowers, lumps, sweet peas, pinks, laven | back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broadders, heart's case, boy's love, old man, and chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, other old-fashioned plants; for it contained and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before, nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Es | be comes back : and he said when he weste. cholzins, or Clarkin pulchellas, which are wecdy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon: George was an old fashioned gardner in an old-fashioned time; fun, sir, is my Harry." for we have here to do with events which cocurred in the middle of the reign of George plant you wouldn't like to part with." the third. George, then-I mean George Swayne, not George Rex-marched off to see

City. He found their clerk in the front office.

that up tool house; and there was parchiner t ; pagate by slips. George did not well know mough in it to make scarce-crows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex and Surrey. George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he board his business, that it was in Mr Film's department. When he

the landlord. "You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings, that have been let hitherto for thirty | pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you

could only repent, he said, the instructions of

have more reasonable?" "Sir, I make no complaint," George answered," " only I want to abide by the ground, The father who smiled at the games of the and I have not so much money as you require. lowe nobody a penny; and to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is,

over her.

"Well," Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for-shall we say?two years, at the rate of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps Why point to its treasures exhausted too be able to pay the fine and renew your lease.' "I will accept that offer, sir." A homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself-to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way by a short cut through narrow In the mem'ry of scenes that have long streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardner's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignonette in the supper windows of the tottering old houses; and in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh-looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw s many as four flower pots on one window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad .-There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbors and perfumed with all the scents that it had had a small garden in front, that was sown robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in over with shells instead of flowers. The walks through the monthly roses at the porch and the were bordered with shell instead of box, and half-opened cottage door, to make itself an there were conches upon the wall instead of home in George Swayne's room. It busied wall-flowers. The summer house was a grot itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if to; but the great centre ornament was a large it had as much right to the place and was as figure head, at the foot of which there was a much the tenant of it as the gardner himself, bench crected, so that the owner s t under its It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim | shadow. It represents a man with a great | beard, holding over his sholder a large threean hour over a short letter written apon a large pronged fook; which George believed to be sheet, was invited by the midstimmer air to meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, look after his g rilen. The best efforts were thought George; for it never waved nor rustled being made by his gentle friend to tear the and did not, by one change of feature-except

It interested George a great deal more to lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. notice here and there the dirty leaf of new The lily was a legal document to this effect : | kinds of plants which, brought home by some "Star We are entrusted hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks of Education, the ast of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one housed that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon the table to catch the rays of "Fint and Grinston."

"Fint and Grinston."

"Fint and Grinston." som. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues That plant excited him greatly; and, when he ling, for one hundred pounds, to renew the stopped to look in at it, he felt some such emotions as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawn-broker's show-window. He knocked at the green door Garden for three generations past,) unless he and a pale girl opened it, holding a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her for a minute, when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance, away from them before: he had finished his respectful inquiry, "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may, I asl: the name of the flower in the window, and

where it came from ?" "Will you walk in, it you please, sir," said the girl; mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardner strode loss by death, or of all past losses again to be into the swall front room, where a sick and suffered freshly and together-which so cloud- feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room: ed the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he was clean and little furnished. There was could scarcely tell when he looked at the let. only sand upon the floor; and on the table. ter, whether the bee was or was not a portion with some more of the girl's work, was part. of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that An old woman came in, with a Midsummer contained some exceedingly blue and limited. cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. milk. George applogized for his intrusion; She was a poor old creature who came to do but said what his calling was, and ple die for George small services as a domestic for an excuse the great beauty and novelty of the

fires, and served up to himself in the style of "Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," cottage cookery his own fat bacon and pota- said Mrs Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought and went into the sunshine. "I can do noth- let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage, that ing better," he thought, "than go and see the he might give water enough to the flower that he took home so his mother. He is attender

> " He is young then?" "Well; he is not exactly a boy sir; but they are all boys on board ship you under-· Take care of the plant, mother, it'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come buck

to you next year. He is always full of his "Then Ma'am," George stammered, "its a The poor woman looked angry for a moment;

and then, after a pause, answered gently, the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the | "no sir, not until my time comes." The young gardener who ought to have with a marigold in one of his button holes; gone away still bent over the flower, The but there was nothing olse that looked like plant was yeary beautiful, and evidently stood summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy the climate well, and it was of a kind to prowen, and 1-was of a kind to pro-

looking at the plant after a few minutes. what to say or do. T e girl who had been Why it looks no handsomer in the West Innimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked dies. But where did you get that splendid

up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last the young man, with the color of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to any anything unbecoming, I hope you'll for- | "keep that money, if we are to be friends .give it; but, if you could-if you could bring Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, le your heart to part with this plant, I would us all have something to eat." They made a give you ten guinens for it, and the first good little festival that evening in the widow's cutting I raise shall be yours." The girl looked in the greatest astonish- the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her ment.-"Ten guineas!" she cried, "why mo- needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry ther, ten guineas would make you comfortable had tales to tell over his pipe, "and I tell you for the whole winter. How glad Harry will what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are The poor old woman trembled nervously: a sailor myself, I'd be a gardener. I have a Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she small cargo of roots and seeds in my box, that whispered to her daughter, who bent fondly I brought home for mother to try what she can "Does Harry love a flower better than he to turn them to account; and so, mate, you

PA., WEDNESDAY, DECFMBER 28. 1853.

loss your health and comfort?" pleaded Har-shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out Thus Reason Apoke, and gravely, as she ought, A long debate was carried on in low tones, more than we could do." while George Swayne endeavored to look as How these poor folks laboured to be liberal though he were a hundred miles off, listening towards each other; how Harry amused him to nothing. But the loving accents of the self on haddays before his next ship sailed, girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused with rake and spade about his friend's nurse-Mr. Swayne-a stout and true hearted young ry; how George Swayne spent summer and fellow of twenty-five-to feel that there were winter evenings in the little parlor; how there certainly some new thoughts and sensations was really and truly a chime rung from Stepvorking in him. He considered it important ney's steeple to give joy to a little needle-woo discover from her mother's manner of ad- man's heart; how Susan Swayne became much dressing her that the name of the young wo- resier than Susen Ellis had been; how Flint man was Susan. When the old lady at last and Grindston conveyed the nursery ground consented with a sigh to George's offer, he to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs placed ten guineas on the table beside the for ever, in consideration of the whole pur needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan | chase money which Swayne had accumulated

as he bade them good-bye and took the flower- how the old house was enlarged; how, a year pot away, promising again earnestly that he or two later, little Harry Swayne damaged the would bring back to them the first good cut- borders, and was abetted by grandmother Ellis ting that took root. George Swayne then, having the lawyers Susan Swayne, the lesser, dug with a small lmost put out of his head, carried the plant | wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle home, and duly busical himself in his green. Harry; who was a man to find the centre of

house ovar the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gar- home ever and anon from beyond the seas, general maintenance of his garden; more was a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew dared, out of his humble food and other necesto regret. The cuttings of the flower bells known rs the Fuschin .- Household Words. throve, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there, until he went to redeem his promise. A year went by; and when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and greenouses were in the best condition. The new expect. The best plant was set by until it and I determined that the accusation should should have reached the utmost perfection of not be a true bill. blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vacue i

able directions. A desired event happened one morning. her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered ber into his green-house, which was glowing with the rimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were -that, in fact, Mr. Swavne's new flowers were unique-she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each, and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighborhood so clogged up the rond at Swayne's nursery, day after day, that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labour-she had not slackened it a jot -had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to him a letter one morning in July, in Harry's dear scrawl, posted from Porthamouth, she was half restced to health. He would be with them in a lay or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was'nt Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He hal brought their flower bells back; and, apparently handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase which he had substituted for the widow's flower-pot, said some thing, however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with bearty smiles and and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them-something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last te did it. "I mean no offence," he said, "but t his is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guiness. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with engerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turn-

go first into this mother's arms.

George was immediately introduced. The vhole story was told, and Harry whe made a eference upon the twenty guinea question. "God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry, house, and George thought; more than ever of the better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't do with. My opinion is that you're the man of any one among 'em, you're welcome; for its

in so doing; how, a year or two after that, the earth under Swayne's garden when he came dener worked hard and ate sparingly. 'He with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's had left to himself but five pounds for the nursery; and, finally, how happy and nice needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he to be-these are results connecting pleasant publishthoughts with the true story of the earlies suries of existence. He had, however, nothing cultivation in this country of the flower now

MY FIRST SHAVE.

I shall not very soon forget my first shave I was but fifteen, tall, had a girl,' and felt

myself a min. I was taunted with fact that I was very at plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven tentive to a certain young lady and yet was a nore readily than he could have ventured to mere beardless hoy. My pride was wounded,

A month's saving of pocket money secured way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered latter was all correct; but the man took me in whether the bells that was to set ringing after by selling me that razor. It had the name of Harry had returned might not be after all the "Rogers, Sheffield," upon the glittering blade bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan but it is my firm belief that it should have Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not borne the name of "Snooks, Philadelphia;" which do now and then shoot out in unaccount- ed for the razorical triumph. Collar and cravat were, removed; the lather was made and applied to my face. So far so good. Then The best customer of Swayne's nursery-ground came the razor's duty. For many days previthe wife of a city knight, Ludy Salter, who ous I had been studious of barbers shops, bad a fine seat in the neighborhood, alighted and now I imagined that the mystery of the hair from her carringo from the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decoration of her annual great manual great matthe mystery of the hair souther annual great matthe mystery of the hair souther mystery side of my face, and to my exceeding great

> joy, a few hairs were perceptible without a microscope. and in my mouth. The cut was severe. I was nfter.

RENABRABLE SCENE.-Died in Strong, Me of the maligant throat distemper, which baffled to find out anything, we are sure to get our all the skill of the physicians, on the 20th, of brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very November, Thomas Henry, aged nine years: trying to a sensible baby, who is in a hurry to on the 26th, Abby Josephine, aged six years; know everything, and can't wait to grow up. on the 27th Nancy, aged cleven years; and in five minutes afterwards, Jane, aged fourteen years-all children of Mr. Thomas Kennedy .at her earnest solicitation, for a parting look, after which they were desposited together in the grave. What a change in one short week. Farmington Chronicle.

LFA lady was told the other day by travelling gentleman that, in a cortain country ded with a husband by the government.

Ith it pothible' said the lady making he nouth as small as she could.' The gentleman added, that if a lady had a arge mouth she was provided with two husbande. 'My gracious!' exclamed the lady, at the

extent.

ed out of his home; how now he was making nighted, forgetful of his calling there is always she paid up as we realized it without struggle. money by the flower, and how fairly he consided hope in a man that actually, and carnestly "But you won't take toll for every arch, will ered half the profits to be due to its real own- works ; in idleness aloue there is perpetual de er. There upon the three became fast friends, spair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorae, indig reply was a practical affirmative to the quesand began to quarrel. While they were thus aqtion despair itself, all these like hell dogs tion. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride will an quarrelling, there was a bounding knock at the lie belenguering the soul of the poor day-wor- widow, and take tell at the bridges ? door. Moth er and daughter burried to the ker as of every man; but he beads himself door; but Stissen stood saide that Harry might with free valor against his task, and all these "Many words, little wisdom; the worst ing. 14 to their caves — Thomas Carlyle. ing. 14 to their caves — Thomas Carlyle. are stilled-all these shrink murmuring far off wheel of the cartalways makes the most crack-

Original Boetry.

For the "Herald." THE HEART'S WISH.

The Heart once spoke to the Reason, saying, a Tis hard to be shut up with the a done, Who always in thy wisdom art arraying Causes why I should yet remain unknown.

Always with distrust we look on those Whose hearts are by their reason solely guided; And artlessness, as every person knows

Is dearly loved, while caution is derided. "Give me but liberty apart from thee.
And of thy radiance seeing not the light,
Awhile to roam, and in my fancy free.
Viewing all things as beautiful and bright."

Take then thy wish, the' but too well I know, That theu had'st better far have never made

For passing time will surely to me show
How lightly on thee my monitions sit." Bowing her head before the joyous Heart; With the swift pinions of her offspring Thought,

She sped away, as from a bow the dart. Far through the world, so fickle, false and cold, The loving, trusting Hearther journey made; Yet found that "all that glitters is not gold," And friendship rare as sunflowers in the

Then tearfully to Reason back sho came, Who, smiling, opened wide her mail-clad And said: "Dear Heart, the past to me the

Shall be, to counsel thee and quiet thy

Miscellaneous

LITTLE FERNS FOR FANNY'S LIT-TLE FRIENDS.

The senson of gifts has produced few books that will be welcomed by children with so much delight as a budget of pleasant little essays by Fanny Fern. Among the many little sketches in the collection are several which tempt quotation, but as an act of justice to a helpless and long suffering class of beings, we

THE BABY'S COMPLAINT. Now, I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, though t never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through into your skin, and have to bear it all day until your clother were taken off at night? How should like to be held so near the fire that your eves were half scorched out of your head while the nurse was reading a novel? How should like to have a great fly upon your nose and not know how to take aim at him, with your little fat, useless fingers? Moy should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle and sit staring at you with her great that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their funcies erawling away across the carpet, to pick up a pretty-button or pin, and have it snatched a way asson as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper.-

How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of the nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like when your mamma dressed you up all pretty to take the nice, fresh air, to spend the afternoon with ysur nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she Suddenly just as I was engaged in scraping gossips with some of her cronics? How should the point of my chin, some one rapped at the you like to submit to have your toes tickled by no other plants in all the country like them door, and alarmed my hand into a jerk -- a all the little children who insisted upon "seeash saw cut where the hair should have been ing baby's feet?" How should you like to have the razor fell, and in a few seconds, the a dreadful pain under your apron, and have lather and blood were mingled over my face everpbody call you "a little cross thing," when you couldn't speak to tell what was the matboy enough to call out for pain, and thus the ter with you? How should you like to crawl tabby was permitted to flee from the bag. - to the top of the stairs, (just to look about a Whiskers," became my nickname for years little,) and pitch heals over head from the top

to the bottom. Oh, I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby! such a thinking as we keep up; and if we try SLEIGH-RIDING WITH A WIDOW.

Snow had fallen; the young of the village During the scene a little daughter was added got up a grand sleigning party to a country to the family. The three deceased daughters, tavern at some distance; and the interesting after heing placed in coffins, were each in turn Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under brought to the bedside of the sick mother, at the same buffale as myself. "Oh! oh? don't," she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her eyes twinkled the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked, "I'm not doing anything." . Well, but I thought you were going to take toll !" replied Mrs. Lambkin. I rejoined, "what's that?" "How!'s very lady who had a small mouth was provi- exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells. Dr. Mend ow pretends he don't know what toll is ". "Indeed, I don't then," I said, laughing in turn "Don't know that gentlemen when they go on a sleighing party claim a kiss as tell when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!" : When next we came to a bridge and claimed toll, the same time throwing open her mouth to its full struggles of the widow to hold the well were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow when the The gentleman became alarmed, made his vell was removed her face was turned directly escape almost immediately, and has not been towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight the horse trotted on himself; toll

was taken for the first time in his life by Dr. Wonk -There is a peronnial nobleness and Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, even sacredness in work. Were he ever so be but the widow said it was no use to resist, and you, Doctor !" she asked. To which the only

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THE OLD CIDER MILL AND THIEF.

However, let'us pause over it, and take it down wly, as the boys do the pippins in the orchard." There are memories come clustering about

hese "boys" these "pippins" and "the orchard." Do you remember the old Cider mill friend Margine, and the old horse as he traveled round and round, moving at slow and dignified tread, "hitched" to the long lever thet turns the wooden mill, that crushed the apples nto pumice! Do you remember the great cheese' in its bandage of straw beneath the ress, and how, when the great screws were urned in the massive gallows-shaped frame, the rich juice of the apple came gushing out. and running into the great tub placed to receive it? Do you remember how, with a straw, the urchins, as they came along on their way home from school filled themseles with sweet cider from the burg of the barrel? Do you remember how, in the long winter nights you sat around the fire-place, wherein logs were blazing, and how the pitcher of cider, and the platter of doughnuts were placed upon the old herry table that set out in the middle of the kitchen, and how you belped yourself to the cider and the doughnuts, and how happy each one was as he sat with his pewter mug of cider n one hand and a doughnut in the other, before that old-fashioned kitchen fire-place? Those were pleasant times. But they are memories now. And then the apple parings or "bees," as they were called, when young nen and maidens came together to pare apples. and talk and laugh, and play old-fashioned plays, and say soft things to one another, and ent pumpkin pies, and be happy after the fashion of the country people when you and I were young. Primitive times those were, Margine, and our proud daughters and city

dames would turn up their noses bugely were

they to be present at an old-fashioned apple-

bee, such as they used to have out in old Steu-

ben when the country was new, and the

ashions were primitive.

We remember, when we were young, there ras a favorite tree in our father's orchard which bore choice winter apples. It was alled the big tree, because it was the largest n the orchard. The fruit of this tree was alays left until the last, and was gathered with great care. There was a worthless fellow iving in the neighborhood who one year coveted a portion of the fruit on the "big tree." and was not deterred from its acquisition by the divine commandment, "thou shalt not steal." A quantity of the apples disappeared one night, and the tracks of whoever stole them had a strange resemblance to those made by the heelless boots of our dishonest neighbor. There were two inseparable friends an the old homestead in those early days; the one a "colored kentleman," by the name of Shadrach, who came to our father's possession in payment for a debt, and who ran away regularly two or three times a year, and then as regularly ran back again, just as his master gan to indulge the hope that he had got ric of him for good. The other was a great dog, nalf mastiff and half bull, of a noble presence and fearless courage. "Drive" and "Shad ach" were inseparable. They worked and layed together, slept together in the same oft-and Shadrach never ate a meal while the dog lived, at least not at home, with all share ing it with his canine friend. He would talk with 'Drive' for hours, when they were chose, ind, although the dig didn't say much bimself, yet 'Shadrach' sall a good many things, and laid down and argued out a great many queer proposition, against which Drive uttered

ot a word of dissent. One chilly night in October, Shadrach and Drive had been out along the cornfields on an upsuccessful coon hunt. On their return the dog dashed off through the orchard, and in a ninute or two commenced barking, and Shadrach of course supposed he had treed a coon, on one of the fruit trees. Now, Shadrach had n abiding faith in spiritual manifestations, and stood in mortal fear of the "gentleman in black," and all manner of spooks in general. Upon arriving at the big tree, by the foot of which Drive sat, and looking up among the ranches, he saw there in the darkness a great black object, with something which seemed like a winding sheet in its hand. Shadrach's inir began to uncurl as he looked, and hallooing 'seek him' to Drive, broke like a quarter nag for the house. He bolted into the kitchen, exclaiming, "Massa, Massa! Drive got do debble in do big apple tree." "What is that you woolly pated rhinoceros?" replied his nater. ... Drive got de debble treed on de big pple tree," repeated the negro.

A torch was lighted, and upon going into he crchard, there sat our thievish, neighbor mong the branches, with a bag half filled with the coveted fruit. Our father said not a word to him, but after giving Shadrach certain directions, returned quietly to the house. Old Shadrach" laid his jacket down by the roots f the apple tree, and ordering "Drive" to entch it, said to the occupant of the free, Look hea, you brack tief, you come down, and Drive eat you head off sartain. Ugly dog lat. Eat a white tief up like a coon, sure.-Roots up dare like turkey, yah! yah! Shadach went to his loft, and laid himself quietly yway. When the day broke there was the thief in the tree, and there was Drive watching him, When the sun rose they were there. The negro gave Drive his breakfast, and left him his jacket and the man in the tree to watch. Our father and the "boys," of whom we were one, went to husking corn in the we were one, went to husking corn in the orchard. Ten o'clock came, and there was the dog at the roots, and the man perched a-mong the branches of the "big apple tree." The horn sounded for dinner, and when we rerned the two were there still. The thief caled beseching to our father to allow him to ome down. "Well," was the reply, "why len't you come down. "This internal dog" lon't you come down. "This infernal dog will eat me up if I do," said the thief. "Very ikely," said the calm rejoinder, and we went in husking the corn.

Once or twice the occupant of the apple tree after conxing and flattering the dog attempted to descend, but Drive's ivory warned him of his peril, and he went back to his perch. Never was another human being in such costaoles all that day as was that negro. Yah! yah! he would break out in an ancontrolable caobingtion, and then roll and hollor. The sun went be down behind the hills, and there was still the T thief and the dog. We all went into supperson and in the twilight of the evolute, in pity to the families with reightened after the dog whe wilderen, and he was permitted after the dog of the market with the dog of the d of Honover stole apples again, or duything also from unit father while "Drive" and "Shad-