

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1854.

The Craveller.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA

We proceeded, bag and baggage, to the

Moscow Railway. Only one train starts daily;

and the hour at which this most important

event takes place is, or ought to be eleven, A

M. Travellers are commanded to be at the

tation at ten precisely; and then they are

iable to be told that the train is full-as it is

quite an unheard of thing to put on an extra

carriage for any number of passengers. Hav-

ing arrived therefore at ten minutes before

ten, to be quite sure of being in time, our

baggage was seized by a policeman or rail-

way porter, (for they all wear somewhat the

same uniform,) and carried in one direction,

while we rushed in another to show our pass-

port for Moscow, to produce which we had

been to three different officers the day before.

Here the descriptions of our persons and our

reasons for travelling, which it contained, be-

ing copied at full length we were hurried to

another counter, where we got it stamped;

whence catching sight of our baggage en pas

sant, we sped on to the ticket office, and then

returning to our portmantenux, we went

through a few formalities, which ended in re-

ceiving a ticket to add to the number of those

with which our pockets were now pretty well

The auxiety of mind which such a variety of

documents causes, is not to be wondered at,

when the consequences which the loss of any

of them would entail, are considered. Ladies

in Russia do not think of trying to carry their

tickets in their gloves. We now betook our-

selves to the waiting room, which we should

have thought handsome had we not been de-

tained in it so long that we got tired of admir-

ing it. For an hour did the deatined occu-

pants of the train sit patiently on the benches

every man with head uncovered -- for even

scull cap is an abomination to a Russian un

der a roof. Every man in military garb seem

ed to have the entree to the platform, while

the doors were rigorously shut against us uu

happy civilians. At a quarter before eleven

lowever they are opened-a general rush fol-

lows, and we are hurried through a barrier

the doors of which close behind us. Soon the

whole barrier becomes thronged with poople,

waving their adieus as ardently as if we were

n course of ten minutes, find to our satisfac-

We are to stop here ten minutes, and the

He seems to make inquiry the first time to est

sfy himself that you have got one, and after-

wards merly as an amusement, which he ap-

going to sleep. The men are boarded and dir-

ty, and relate stories in a loud tone of voice,

for the bedefit of the whole company, most of

before. At every station the same scene en

sues. The unspoken ends of the last station's

segars have been carefully preserved, are

lighted afresh, and vehemently smoked on the

position with regard to the rest of Europe.--

A few days instead of many months, will then

apon the Austrian or Prussian frontiers .-

Shores of the Black Sea.

that her name was "Somerville."

certaining this fact.

ut and lights a eigarette.

Family Mewspaper,---- Denuted to Literature, Education,

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.—Bishoj. Hall,

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

Cards.

DR. C. S. BAHER ESPECTFULLY offers his professions services to the citizens of Carlisle and sur ounding country.
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directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office." Carliste, Apl 20g_1,953 Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,

WILL perform al operations upon the teeth that may be rerequired for their preservation. Artificial teeth that required to their preservation. Artificial teeth the preservation as a single tooth to an entire set, of the most scientific principles. Discuses of the mouth and irrogularities carefully treated. Of fice at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlislo

GEORGE EGE.

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April 20, 1852;

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Trustee in Cumberland county JAS, HAM ILTON, Esq. (nov2'53

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MISS PLEASANT'S POEMS.

Mr. Editor:-I desire through the medium of your columns to call the attention of the reading, portion of our citizenste the poetical works of Miss Julia Pleasants. of

think I shall not be found to have underrated the good taste of any one, if I add, that there of chaste and elegant sentiment.

It is true, it is not given to the female mind to soar aloft in epic strains, descriptive of the battles of heroes, the plunder of cities and the subjugation of kingdoms; nor yet, with tragic gloom, to conceive of scenes of infidelity, of fraud, of retribution, of blood and of death. The madness, the fierceness, and the terror of the former find no corresponding attributes in her nature; while nothing is farther from the confiding and gentle spirit of woman than the

way to the feeling heart. She can conceive of the beautiful, the chaste, the pure and the angelic. She can paint the scenes of childhood, of youth, and the peaceful decline of the good, with a touching pathos unknown to a less flexible nature. She can chant the praises of Flora, and associate the charms of her own poetic mind with the fragrance of Spring. She can heighten the joys of connu bial bliss by decking the hymeneal wreath with the roses of genius. She can throw's charm around the scenes of home, and give an ideal spell to domestic felicity, which no ster ner pen can surpass. It is the part of woman's poetry, too subdue our more turbulent nature by casting oil on the troubled sea of passion. Her poetry, as her tears, softens the rudest heart. If she speaks but the truth, is is woman's truth, simple, unaffected, touch ing. If she talks of friendship, it is a lofty, ennobling, self sacrificing friendship; a friend ship such as Julia speaks of in the following

A FRIEND.

Commend me to the friend who comes When I am sad and lone, And makes the anguish of my heart The suffering, of his own.

The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart Which like the pine on high, Uplifts the same unvarying brow To every changing sky.

Whose friendship does not fade away. Looks greener through the snow

Hath laid him down to die.

Whate'er his lot may be. A rainbow of the storm of life, An anchor on its sea.

her. The death of a sparrow may awake her but little of the happy influence of this culcomplaints against the cruelty of the piti- ture upon the polite literature of our land. less blast. The bursting of a rose-bud may We have often wondered why it was that so awaken in her the liveliest emotions of grati- much of the elegance and grandour of Roman tude to the genial zephyrs, whose refreshing and Grecian literature should be attributed to broath has expanded to her gaze the enchant- Italian skies and Grecian scenery, while our, ments of the flower. The bounty of summer, own placid South, with all that is ample in "When weary reapers quit the sultry field. And crown'd with corn their thanks to Cores

diance" of the "gorgeous Autumn,"

let him again read from our authoress: AUTUMN.

With its rainbow colored panes, Is the grand majestic forest And its choir of feathered flutists Chaunt a melancholy strain,
For the beauteous summer moments That may never come again.

Oh, 'tis like a poet's memory Of some dearly cherished dream— Brighter far than when they blessed him. Do its perished features seem.

Then how gently does the night-queen Through her fair attendants glide, Veiled in clouds of snowy gossamer, Like a pale and shrinking bride. Oh, the Autumn, matchless Autumn Is the glory of the year;

A New Poetess.

or the "Herald."

Huntsville, Ala., which I learn is now in press, and will be before the public in a few The perusal of some of her fugitive pieces which have accidentally fallen into my hands has afforded me no ordinary pleasure; and I

is an element of beauty in those of her effusions that have been given to the public which will commend them to the heart of every lover

treachery and violence of the latter. Yot it is given her to trend a milder path

Who coldly shuns the glittering throng At Pleasure's gny levee, But comes to gild a sembre hour, And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er, And when the task is done,
He freely gives me what I ask,
A sigh for every one.

He cannot wear a smiling brow When mine is touched with gloom, But like the violet seeks to cheer

He flies not with the flitting flock
That seeks the Southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird

Oh! such a friend-he is in truth,

stirs up her susceptible heart to more than to survive the mutations of public taste. We gratitude-to the purest love and adoration of the Great Source of all plenty.

"Hanging round the lovely landscape, Like a glory round a saint,"

Like some splendid old cathedral. Where the gorgoous Autumn reigns.

Yet the Autumn hath a radiance Which the summer scarcely knew. In her crown of glowing emerald, And her robe of burning blue. 'Tis the hazy Indian summer, Which I would that I could paint, Hanging round the levely landscape, Like a glory round a saint.

Bo its perished tentures come.
So the hues of gay vermillon,
And the gold and orange dyes,
Roll across the lordly mountains,
As the fading summer flies.

And the soft, delleious sephyr And the sort decisions repriye
Hath as musical a wing
As though reveiling 'mid the roses,
And the mignonettes of Spring.
And the morning bursts as brightly, And the twilight falls as soft As the' June her royal banner Waved exultingly aloft.

Tell me not of blue eyed April, With her levlier rival here.

Yes, the Autumn hath the radiance, For a poet's shell to sing, Flashing like a changeful opal,

In the season's piroling ring.
And I would that, like the mountains,
When the August suns depart,
She should crown the summer beauties, That have perished in the heart.

I ask but the privilege of quoting one more gem from Miss PLEASANTS. It is headed 'Addic," and seems to me to contain some of the most exquisite touches of beauty I have met with in any author. It is the very language of an affectiouate breast-wounded, indeed, but still cherishing fond recollections. How levely is the sleep of "Addie," nestling under the "willow leaflets?" How carelessly do "the long green grasses wildly wave," o'er the foot-prints of the ." fairy sylph?" Her "tiny" fort no longer mar their growth. But let her speak from her own full heart.

ADDIE.

The daughters of my father's house-They were not over fair, But one of them had loving eyes, And soft and shining hair.

Her check was like the pale blush rose, Her smile was like the sun, Her brow, it was the fairest thing You ever looked upon.

She floated like a fairy sylph Along the joyous dance; An angel's soul was on her brow, And heaven was in her glance Her foot was like the tiny wing

That bears a tiny bird:
Her voice was like its caroling,
Among the myrtles heard. I would that you had seen her when, The lovicest of them all, She sported through the happy band That filled my father's hall.

She was the darling little lamb Our mother most caressed, And I—I leved her as the soul That serrows in my breast.

She was the jewel in the chain That bound me to this carth; That last sweet memory of the reign Of child hood and of mirth—

The shrine whereon my spirit laid Her frankincense and myrrh : And I can never love again As I have worshiped her.

But she is sleeping sadly now
Where willow leaflets full:
And long green grasses wildly wave
Around my father's hall. Profacing this beautiful little gem the Washington Sentinel says, "The following is one of those fleeting gems that sometimes run as dazzling fugitives through the newspaper press. It deserves to be prrested and embodied in the standard literature of America. We therefore lay violent hands on it, and ask that some book maker or other will put it where it should be-in a handsomely bound volume with gol-

The soft and flowing numbers of this southern muse, as they come wafted upon the gentle Southwestern, have music for our souls. We have long had an affinity with the south. It is our home. We have known something of "her magnificent mountains, her forestwilds, her rolling rivers, and her deep blue sky." We have often seated ourselves amidst her slumbering vales, and watched where

"The myfind stars "Glow in the deep blue heaven, and the moon Pours from her beamy urn a silver tide

Of living rays upon the slumbering earth." We have been more than once proud of the eulogies so laviably bestowed upon the softness of manners and elegance of taste so peculiar to this region of our country. Nor has the vehemence and power of southern eloquence been surpassed by that of any other portion of our broad confederacy; and were it not for the prejudice of the worshippers of antiquity, we might venture to add, that it has never been surpassed by that of any other country of the world. Yet from some cause Nor are the beauties of nature unknown to or other, we have been permitted to realize nature, magnificent in prospect, diversified in beauty, should have remained to this day almost without a production which may hope welcome this little volume as the harbinger of. a more excellent literature which is soon to If any one doubt her ability to paint the "ra shed its radiance over the literary wastes of the Sunny South.

Dickinson College, Jan. 1854;

THE BUTCHER AND THE BEAR.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in the stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day, that man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ man entered the farmer's house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied that he could give the man a lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the boar. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable, which was done. Now the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it ere morning; and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuilding. Both got up, and taking a lantern, entered the stable, when the farmer found, to his suchrise. the butcher of whom he had bought the calf. in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him most tremendously, for it could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer justantly understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear, "Hug him, Tommy!" which the bear did in real carnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guest retired to their beds.

Miscellaneous.

THE REASON WHY. "Why does Kate look so pale, mother? Why are her arms so small? Why does she never smile, mother?
Why do her eyelide full?

Why does she walk alone, mother, As if she had no friend?
Why does she sigh so oft, mother?
Is she so near her end?

Why does she breathe so quick, mother;
And start, as if it shooked her To hear the quiet rap, mother, Of Smith, the village doctor Why does he come so oft, mother?

Can he prolong her days
By leaving pills and gifts, mother,
And singing love sick lays? 'Twas but the other night, mother, When Kate lay near my heart, She urged me to be good, mother,

And said we soon must part.

She said she was to go, mother,

Away from home and me, And leave papa, and you, mother, To dwell down near the sea. Is it on Jordan's stormy banks, mother, Where she is to be carried?"
"Shut up, shut up, you little bratShe's going to be married!'

A WESTERN TEAM. A Sucker correspondent, possessing a keen ye for the ludierous, with unrivaled powers of description, and au fait withal in the lingo of the West, gives the following amusing account of a scene last Spring, in a town in Southern Illinois. Alluding to a cerain turnout in those parts he says : "But I "allow" that a team might have been seen in the streets of this Burg, last Spring, which would "knock the sand from under them capens, and not half try." It was neither more nor less than a man and woman in harness, the vehicle a two wheeled affair, into which were packed the goods and chattels-household goods-making sort of domestic Pantheon; the whole constituting the entire "lands, tenements and hereditaments of the emigrants. Such an establishment sould have originated nowhere else save "middling high up" on the Panther branch of the Roaring Muddy, almost anywhere in booked for Australia. A bell, a whistle, and East Tennessee, the population of which is sort of dull attempt at a scream, are, as in said to vote for General Jackson at every elecore civilized parts of the world, the signals tion down to this date. The team was "geared" or starting; we leave the weeping eyes and tandem, the "grey mare"-in this instance vaving pocket bandkorchiefs behind us, and certainly the " better horse,"-on the lead and apparently in good condition, perhaps rather tion, that we have increased exampled to fiff teen miles an hour. We have lardly done so high for sharp work, owing to the too concentrated character of the feed, it being some ere we arrive at a station. Everybody rushes preparation of corn carried in a jug; while the shafter" gave evidence of being overworked, manifesting in one sense a decided lack of people during that time walk up and down the spinit, while in another he didn't-rather shaplatform and smoke; then we huddle into our key on his pins, with a disposition to shy whencommodates about fifty people. They are built |

> tual dry goods "Hail Columbia," sure PRESENCE OF MIND.

Presence of mind is often shown in quick latform during five or ten minutes as the case conception of some device or expedient, such his companions to think they might follow his may be. The stations are all very specious, as we usually suppose to be an emanation of and uniformly constructed, with an immens superior intellect. This has been repeatedly domed building, for engines attached to each. exemplified in rencontres with the insane.—A Though there is only one passenger-train-dai lady was one evening sitting in her drawingy, there are three goods trains, always well room alone, when the only inmate of the house oaded with inland produce, tallow, fur, tea, a brother, who for a time had been betraying &c., or with cotton from St. Petersburg, to a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered the interior. I should hardly think the line with a carving-knife in his hand; and shutting could possibly pay; but as it is a governthe door, came up to her and said. "Margaret. ment concern, nobody has any means of as an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think Whether it pays or not, the railway travelyours might make an excellent study for it .ler in Russia soon discovers that the require So, if you please, I will out off your head."ments of trade are as little regarded by gov-The lady looked at her brother's eye, and see ernment as his own personal convenience : for ing in it no token of jest, concluded that he the restrictive policy of the empire must ever meant to do as he said. There was an open neutralize, in a great measure, the beneficiar window and a bolcony by her side with a street effects of rapid internal communication, while in front; but a moment satisfied her that safethe difficulties which have always been placed ty did not lie that way. So putting on a smiln the way of free morcantile intercourse exist ing countenance she said, with the greatest in full force, though the physical obstacles by apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea. which it has hitherto been encompassed George; but would it not be a pity to spoil are overcome. In fact though the public canthis pretty lace tippet I have got? I'll just ot but be benefitted by the formation of rail step to my room to put it off, and be with you ads throughout a country, it is hardly for in half a minute." Without waiting to give like owls, and never speak, nor laugh, nor move the public benefit that railroads are constructed here. Russian railroads seem to be meant the floor an i passed out. In another moment for Russian soldiers, and it is the facility thus she was safe in her own room, whence she eaafforded of moving large bodies of men, that silv gave the alarm, and the madman was seinvests this mode of communication in Russia cured. A lady one day returned from a drive. with an importance, which does not attach to looked up and saw two or three children, one t in Great Britain, or perhaps any other part about five and the other about four years old, of Europe to an equal extent. When St. Petoutside the garret window, which they were eraburg, Moscow, Odessa and Warsaw, become busily employed in rubbing with their handconnected, Russia assumes an entirely new kerchiefs in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars concentrate the armies of the north and south which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over Phrough the same quarter of the world, many herself not to appear to observe them: she undred years ago, poured those barbario did not utter one word, but hastened up to the ordes which overran civilized Europe—it nursery, and instead of rushing forward to would, indeed, be a singular testimony to the snatch them in, and cause them to lose their pirit of the age if the next invaders made balance, she stood a little apart, and called their descent by means of railroads,—Russian gently to them, and bade them come in: They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in FORGOT THE BRIDE'S NAME. -The Boston their mamn, so they took their time and delibfournal says, that a few days ago, a man apperately climbed the bars, and landed safely in plied to the proper authorities for a marriage the room. One look of terror, one tone of oil or quarter, yard or nail; every dye, will crtificate; but upon being questioned, he had impationee from her, and the little creatures you buy? none can sell as cheap as I !-- Thus orgotten the name of his intended. After might have been destroyed .- Southern Ameriome time spent in silent thought, he remarked | can Advocate.

that the lady was named after some city in Massachusetts, and he rather believed that it MATERIAL AID. - A large meeting of foreign was "Worcestor," . But when the couple stood ers was held in New York, on Thursday night, up before the clergyman, the lady, with a re- for the purpose of raising funds, to organise roachful look at her carcless lover, stated several copmanies of foreigners, to sid Turkey in the war with Russia,

WANTED.

"WANTED .- A young man of industry, aoility and integrity," &c., &c.

This meets our eye daily in the column of wants," and it is true as the Pentateuch. Wanted? Of course they are always wanted. The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for, and never quoted "dull," or "no sales." Wanted for thinkers -wanted for workers-in the mart, on the main, in the field and the forest. Tools are lying idle for want of young men: a pen is waiting to be nibbed; a tree to be felled; a plow to be guided; a village to be founded; school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able young men are the greatest staple in this world of ours. Young man! you are wanted; but not for a Doctor. No, nor a lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare .--Don't study "a profession," unless it be the profession of brick-laying or farming, or some other of the manual professions. Den't measure tape if you can help it. It's honorable and honest, and all that, but then you can do better. Of all things, don't rob the women. It's their prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat then, like a man, don an apron, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil

upon your brow, and a good set of well developed muscles. We would go if we could, but then we were young, longer ago than we like to think, and you know when one's old he can't. Besides, if you become a Doctor, you'll have to wait-" because you haven't experience," says an old practitioner; "because you are too young," say all the women. If you are a Lawyer, and likely to rise, they'll put a weight on your head, a la Swiss, to keep you under, or, if you make a good argument, some old opponent, as grey as a rat, will kick it all ever by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and soured, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immoral" one, or anything but just what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. You own what you stand on "from the centre of the earth," as they used to say, "up to the sky;" you are independent all day, and tired, not weary at night. The more neighbors you have, and the better farmers they are, the more and the better for you. There's one thing more, young man. You

re wanted. A young woman wants you .---Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you, do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you

are young, and struggle up together, lest in the years to come, somebody shall advertise "Young men wanted," and none to be had.--Tribune. A RETORT .- During the war of 1812, it was old places, and have time to look about us.— ever he found himself within kicking distance the misfortune of many American officers to be The carriages are large. Nobody seems to go of the leader. A grocery promising "enter- prisoners in Canada, and not always to meet into the first-class. A second class carriage actainment for man and besst" brought this with the best of treatment. True they were team to a halt, of course for a feed. The way | physically well attended to and generally mes-

to a nait, of course for a feed. The way they "took" a "slew" in which there was a sed with their captors; but they were subjected to a contre, perambulated by a man in full uniform, who occasionally asks people for their tickets. It seems to make inquiry the first time to set. The last I saw of this establishment was its ver. On one of these occasions, (it was just conversion in the middle of the aforesaid "slue" after the flight of the President from Washinto a sort of nebulosity made up of mud, wa- ington, and before the news of his safety had parently enjoys the more if he fancies you are ter, whiskey, curses, oaths, scratches, kicks, reached Quebec,) an English officer gave an yells, half a dozen children, two dogs and the insulting toast under the circumstances: "Mr. cart rotating about a center, where from cer- Madison, dead or alive." Words cannot extain ripping and tearing sounds manifest, the press the indignation of the American officers. whom have evidently never been in a railway. Tennessean and his wife were giving their munor their surprise when they saw a prisoner rise from his chair, returning thanks for this recollection of his country's chief magistrate, and in the blandest voice call on all to fill, as he was about to make a return. There was a peculiar something visible, however, which led example, which they did. In a calm and unmoved voice he gave the toast, "HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES, DRUNK OR sonre."-Had a shell exploded on the table the amazement could not have been greater, and the person who had given the first toast said, "that, sir, is an insult." "No." said the American, "it is a reply to one, that is all." He continued, "if it be an insult, resent it!" The English are in the main a chivalrous race, and the commender of the worthy dispute was induced to explain, and the party dispersed. This retort is sometimes attributed to the late Major General Kearney, and at others to the deceased Major Lomax of the artillery; both ene and the other were men of quick wit. and nerve and courage to sustain what they

thought circumstances demanded, on all occacions. GENTLEMANLY, -- People say he is'nt gentlemanly; but when I see the style of man that is called gentlemanly, I am very glad he is not. All the solemn, pompous men who stand about as if they realy had any life or feeling, are called "gentlemanly." Whenever Tabby says of a new man-"but then he is so gentlemanly!" I understand at once. It is another case of the well dressed wooden image. Good heavens! do you suppose Sir Philip Sydney, or the Chevalier Bayard, or Charles Fox were "gentlemanly" in this way? Confectioners who undertake parties might furnish scores of such gentleman, with hands and feet of any required size, and warranted to do nothing "ungentlemanly." For my part, I am inclined to think that a gentleman is something positive, not merely negative. And if sometimes my friend the Pacha says a rousing and wholesome truth, it is none the less gentlemanly because it cuts a little .- Pulnam's Magazine.

Tur Mencuant .- Tare and trat, gross and not, box, and hogehead, dry and wet; ready made, of every grade, wholesale, and retail, will you trade !- Goods for sale, roll or bale. each day, wears away, and his hair is turning grey! o'er his books, he nightly looks, counts

his gain and bolts his looks. By and by, he will die .- but the ledger book on high, shall unfold how he sold, how he got and used his gold.

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SOWING GARDEN SEEDS,

The practice of sowing the seeds of many ardy vegetables for early spring use, at such time of year that they shall make considerable growth before winter, has been practiced with great success by some gardeners, particularly for lettice, early cabbage, early onions, pinach, &c. But it often happens that the soil is suffering from the severe astumn droughts at the best time for sowing. J. Towers, a skillful English gardener pursues the following method.—He first thoroughly oaks with a watering pot the entire space to be seeded at sunset, and the surface covered with mats all night, and until late the next afternoon when the watering and covering isagain repeated, and so on for three successive days. By this time the soil is brought to a fine, friable, quite moist condition, when the drills are drawn, a watering given along eacl 3. seed then sown and covered with the screened

Every good seed will grow without failure, nd with no appearance of unevenness so comnon with dry weather sowing. Superficial watering, as is commonly practised at this season, is perfectly futile, and soaking the seed merely will be of little use. A very weak solution of guano may be used for moistening:

MAGIC WONDERS ON THE SENSES .- Profesor Haddock thus eloquently discourses conerning the senses: -The senses! they are he most astonishing part of nature. What an surpass in mystery the familiar act of vision, in which this little ball of painted hunors, as it turns at will in its socket, now traverses the cope of Heaven, and holds converse with the stars, and then gathers in its contemplations to concentrate them upon an insect's wing or the petal of a flower. The eye, in fact, creates the blue arch above, and preads the colors upon the sky; paints the ields, and sees the rainbows in the clouds: There is no arch above us, no color in the sky, no rainbow in the clouds. They are the nagic wonders of the eye itself. And then the ear, what is the power it possesses to work he waves of the air into music, and fill the vorld, which else had been silent evermore, with the sweet harmonies of nature and of nau. Nor is the touch less marvellous-alive all over us, and in the seemingly coarse and clumsy finger ends, possessing a delicacy of perception, a minuteness of observation, an otherial sensibility of which the eye itself isncapable. So there are the phenomena of life in the human body, so unconsciously produced that we know not of their health, and the complicated action of all this machine, all so quiet and noiseless as to be unthought of and unsuspected, till some accident disturbs or jars." Truly "we are fearfully and wonderfully made!"

MRS PARTINGTON'S LAST .- "So our neighbor Mr. Guzzle, has been arranged at the bar for drunkardice," said Mrs. Partington, and. she sighed as she thought of his wife and the children at home, with the cold weather close at hand, and the searching winds intruding: through the chinks in the windows and waving the tattered curtains like a banner, where the little ones stood shivering by the faint embers. "God forgive him and pity them-!" said she, with a tone of voice tremulous with emotion3 "But he was bailed out," said Ike, who had devoured the residue of the paragraph, and laid the paper in a pan of liquid custard that the dame was preparing for Thanksgiving, and sat swinging the oven door to and fro so as to fun the fire that crackled. and blazed within: "Bailed out, was he?" said she; "well, I should think it would be cheaper to have pumped him out, for when our cellar was filled, arter the city fathers had degraded the street, we had to have it pumped out, though there wasn't half so much in it as he has swilled down." She paused and reached up on the high shelves of the closet for her pie plates, while Ike busied himself by tasting the various preparations. The old dume thought that was the smallest quart. of sweet older she had ever seen.

Wos Vonce, ven I vas court mine Caterine I vas gone on mine field to hoe mine potatoes corn. Vell, den I see my Caterine coming der road, so I dinks I give her a boo, so I climba up a tree, and shust as I was going to boo her-I falls on der hemlock feuce, and sticks a pine knot hole in mine pantaloons, and Caterine vaslaff and make me more shame den a sheep mit . von tief on his pack-true as pork. Very little coutents a Frenchman. A

Parisian will extract more comfort from two

onions and a cents worth of garlie, than John-

Bull will find in the contents of a boiled ham

and four quarts of turnips. We know au old Frenchman who makes a tolerable breakfast out of a cent's worth of cigars and a toothpick_ MCA_A droll fellow, who had a wooden 'legbeing in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. 'Why,'

grand-father before him: it runs in the blood. pen Gen. Jackson is said to have recomended the first Maine Liquor law, and enforced it tgo, directing all Liquor to be destroyed in the ands of persons engaged in selling it to the Indians in the Territories of the United States. That establishes the sound 'democracy' of the

said he, 'my father had one. and so had my

measure. An honest reputation is within the reach fall men; they obtain it by social virtues, and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happi-

Exquisite beauty resides with God. Juity and simplicity joined together in different organs, are the principal sources of beauty. it resides in the good, the honest, and the use ful, to the highest physical and intellectua

BO Two hundred and seventy men and woen were committed to prison for drupkenness n the first and second day of Christmas, im the office of mar, is it is the office of the office of the articles of mar, it is