

on the second Monday in April, in a new and commodious school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hauover street. Instruction to the languages and rawing, no extra charge. Music saight by an experienced teacher, a in extra charge

a joiner to construct a house, when the timber nium, that will send him toppling over into is all nearly hewn to his hand, holes mortived the very grave he has dug for the Recluse of in, and the pins all made. And since we have the Conewage, or the Little Valley of the Blue machine-men, machine-women, and machine- Spring. postry, we shall not be surprised if the next The next fault we observed was the extreme patent issued will be for a complicated machine | departure from nature and actual facts. Now, for turning out novels, the cog-wheels and the novel-writer is certainly allowed a great (sept3tf) crank so constructed as to grind out tales of deal of freedom in drawing upon his imaginaa coarse, fine or superfine quality, according | tion, but there are limits, beyond which he as they are desired. This would surely not may not pass-a Rubicon he may not crossrequire a very great display of ingenuity, in- as well as there are to every other literary asmuch as the ground-work of all future novels profession. As Horace says of Poets, in his was laid years ago; a chapter from one (with Epistola ad Pisones, "If a man should connect the names of the characters changed) inserted a horse's neck to a human head, or speak in another would never be detected. Imagine about incongruous plumage, or put together to yoursell a rescue from a watery grave, a members from a dozen different animals in love-sick swain and sighing lady, a oruel father such a manner that a beauteous woman above interdicting their interviews, a few stolen would terminate in a loathsome fish below, meetings, an elopement and marriage, many would not you think he ought to be laughed long sentences jingling harmoniously together, at, my friends ?" We modernize the passage, \$5070 with a bushel and a half of meaningless words, for we have forgotten the Latin, having bidden and you have a miniature picture of nine- farewell to such uscless toggery the hour we tenths of the works of fiction extant, concluded our FINAL ; and, besides, our copy The novel of these present times, with its of Quintus Horatius Flaccus was furnished to xtravagance of style and gross exaggerations the Class fer sepulchral purposes, at the close is a disgrace to our literature, and a stigma of our Sophomore year. There must, then, upon our Age. In it untrue feelings are de- be a certain likeness or resemblance to nature, lineated as true. Morbid sentiments are dwelt even when the endeaver is to gratify the ima-upon as healthy. And false principles are gination more than the understanding. And inculcated where only true ones should be en- where facts are spoken of as actually existing joined. Does the novelist mention the robber, at the present time, there must be a due obserthe soducer, or the murderer-he throws vance of them, if we wish to culist the attenaround them such a robe of bravery and honor, tion and scoure the favor of the reader. If Coothat the fiend who enters the family circle and per, or any other than a namby-pamhy scribdestroys the peace, happiness, and perhaps bler for papers, had been describing a beautiful lives of its members, appears to the youthful park in one of our cities, he would not have eye to be an-injured and elighted-man.- He dwelt upon a gigantic Banian as growing there, conceals crime, and flings such a delightful merely for the purpose of coloring up his piefascination around her, in the wild scenes ture; neither of Apes swinging themselves which he describes, that she appears to the from limb to limb by their caudal appendages, inexperienced person under the modest gatb | nor of dignified monkies solemnly deliberating \$50.00 of innocence. Does he speak of the maiden- upon novels, romances, or mysterious legends. he describes hor as "a divine creature," "an No, no! Mr. B.; if fact and nature had not angelic scraph," or as "a lovely boing entirely furnished him with the materials he desired, too pure, for earth." She languishes in secret he would not have dipped his brush into the for some distant swain; her heart is riven by paint-pot of his imagination: no, sir, he would Cupid's feathered darts; the wily god, not rather have re-touched a point here; and tintcontent with having transfixed her, thrusts od another there, and blended and re-blended the weapon further in every time she hears | them together, until he had given a more perfrom him. Where a few months ago all was feet and life-like form to his original sketch. life and elasticity, sunken cheeks and glaring eyes meet the gaze. And after a long round and "veteran oaks," growing in the Campus of silly, nonsensical adventures, which could of Dickinson College, and of a "thick grove never happen, he winds up with a meeting of locusts" pouring "forth delicious perfume, the unfortunate lovers, mutual prefessions of &c., &c. Now, we have been acquainted with etornal constancy-enough to sicken any one Dickinson College for a number of years, and having the least particle of common sense- | have passed through its Campus more or less finale! If he expatiate upon a landsonpe, as must confess a most unfortunate ignorance as some one says, he writes : "The radiant vault to where those flowers, mignionettes and veteof heaven distils othereal sweetness from above; an'oaks are growing. We have never seen soft music floats along the balmy air; and them yet; and we should just like Mr. W. B sparkling rivulets, gushing from the cool to define their position and exact locality.rocks, gontly murmur o'er the pebbles in their | With Long Walk, Centre Walk, and Love's Albabbling way; while their grassy margins are ley, we are thoroughly acquainted; and of each decked with flowers of beauteous hue, and and all of them we could "a tale unfold," and delicious fragrance." The interest of the several interesting stories besides, if there Agent whole affair is considerably enhanced by in- were any need of it; but if the hurried tramp troducing now and then a startling case of in- Framp of the students after the foot-ball would sauity, an interesting murder, or some other not orush every thing in the shape of a mignimere trifle of that description. onette which would there dare to peep forth Such is "The Recluse of the Conewaga, or, and "open its velvety potals," then we Will The Little Valley of the Blue, Spring." We are confees that we know nothing at all about the aware this work has been pronounced beneath structure of plants, and furthermore, we will the dignity of oriticism, and only fit for the believe ourself to be nothing but an addle-pated. porusal of those sentimental Misses who are ignoramus, while we freely acknowledge Walways ready to shed barrels of tears over any T. B. , a "Junior in Dickinson," to be the very thing that contains the word love, and the prince of novelists. And then, when you speak "torturing distress" of a nice young man with of Mabel Johnston being carried off by Conoblack whiskers and a flerce moustache; yet wa, she was not very terribly frightened accorsurely it is necessary to recollect that dirt and ding to your ipse dixit. But where is the delrubbish must be removed from the streets, liente maiden, placed in such a situation, with though it be at the expense of soiling our own hall the horrows of the present and the future persons, Besides, if warts and other unseem- | vividly impressed upon her mind, who would

all the next day, I could not. It wound up by dictionary every night, and devoured a dozen saying 'that Mr. Rodolphus Morse, of Mpagee of adjectives at every meal, while ongagwas sole agent for said town.' ed in writing The Recluse of the Conewaga,

" Mr. Standish, spying the kettle, cried out Ah, ha! what have you got in that kettle Mr. Morse ?"

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

If all mankind could wink at the same mo.

ment, the muscular effort exerted would be sufficient to jostle the earth out of its orbit. If all the oaths uttered in the United States

"The fool's pence-'tis the fool's pence that

ing for; but I think I've paid the last fool's pence that I shall put down on this counter for

ing home so early that night, and returning

His wife (smiled and said, "working does not affect my eyes," and beckoned to her little boy who was standing apart, in a corner, evidontly as a culprit.

"Why, John, what's this I see ?" said his ther." "Come and tell me what you have been doing."

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BROCHA LONG SHAWLS-Just ro. Cuived a low Long and Square Brocha Shawa, and for solo by G. W HITNER

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ies's strictures : they are not directed at him. "Only just trying the receipt," replied Mr. with whom we are entirely unacquainted, but Morse." at his production : if they will but serve to

or The Little Valley of the Blue Spring.

We hope W. T. B. will not take offence

"Now, Mr. Morse," said Uncle Rouben, correct, in his future writings, the errors we Corporal Standish is an old neighbor, and alhave noticed, then "verily we have our rethough he is not on the best torms with you ward." However much he may object to the all, perhaps it as much your fault as his .-vein of satire in which we have indulged, he may be assured that we are in reality much I propose a truce : instead of the hair-oil you more a friend to him than those who are eterwere going to give to me, to fix my hair for nally ringing in his cars, "Libi congratulor! Libi congratulor !" You have talents, Mr. B.; we praise your diligence, we admire your enby-gones be by-gones ?" ergy, and we would fain admire your little Mr. Morse held out his hand, and all in turn

rolume; but then, dame Literature stands at shook hands. our back with a heavy cudgel, and threatens "Then," said Uncle Reuben, "set right up o give us a hearty thwack upon each side of here. Mr. Standish, and I'll fix it myself, just the head, and a blow over the knuckles in adas Gen. Bradford had his at the Republican dition if we attempt such a flagrant violation

Convention." of her immutable laws. Do not aspire to be "So Mr. Standish took the chair, and 'Unwhat your juniorship already places you far cle Reuben' put on a thick coat of the wax, above --- a silly novelist, pandering your intelwith a direction that he must not touch it even ect to foolish girls and romantic lads. Be a with his hat, for two hours, lest it should take nan. Look forward to a higher and a nobler off the gloss. In about half an hour the vicdestiny. Your novel-machine is a worthless tim went home, feeling very grand; but just affair; if you borrowed it. you had better rebefore he went, he stepped up to a little piece turn it to its owner at once; if you invented of looking glass, tacked up with nails to a postit take care to break it in pieces before Barand took a view of himself; the only expresnum gets sight of you; and if you purchased sion he made was, .! I vowney !. what a gloss t of another, in order to regain your money Although the evening was rainey, yet he touchsell it to the first yankce pedlar-who comes ed not his head with his hat. along. Fling ayour Recluse into the fire; you

"After he was gone, that old shop broke need not destroy your poetry—it will evapor but into a fit of hysterics; and, although they ate of itself in a day or two. Go to work, and they certainly did laugh, yet they all agreed, ou may yet become the President of the greatt 'was no laughing matter.' est nation under the sun, But if you must. "Standish was not seen out of his door and will be a novel-writer, notwithstanding

ard for a long while. 'Then had the neighall our friendly admonitions to the contrary, oors rest throughout that region, and were not pray do not inflict any more of your produclittle comforted. Some said Standish and tions upon the good people of Carlisle. For, his wife had a quarrel, when he wont home already they feel like exclaiming, that night, because she said he was 'a fool;' but certain it was that there was great ex-

"There's something in his soul, O'er which his melancholy sits- in brood ; And, we do doubt the hatch, and the disclose Will be some danger !"

nost morning.- '---''. "When his hair was grown again, Uncle Have mercy, too, upon posterity. Just one teuben went to see him, and congratulated onsider the tenor it will induce in the minds im upon his recovery from his fever, and beof the young if you bring forth any more Renaved in so kind a manner, that the Corporal cluses for their perusal. Especially, since the refused to believe that Uucle Reuben knew lecluse of the Conewaga, or The Little Valley that he had not been sick, and that the wax of the Blue Spring, when read through all the was not hair oll; 'for,' said he, 'how did he universe,

now !"

WIIO KNOWS? Carlisle, Jan. 1854.

he never did, nor did he 'hold any hardness Inish" Wir. ... "Plasa your lordship's honor against him;' for Uncle Reuben was a kind shouted out, "For God's sake will no one holp and glory," said Tim "I shot the hare by accident.¹ "By accident," zomarked Captain Charles Paul refused to lend, but was yery anxious to "I will if you give me ten dollars." The vio falloran, "I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran ben genorously told him he wanted to shoot thy lucro at such a time; but the Xankoo la t ross my arm all on his own accord." into a flock of wild goesd that lighted on the business-like twang responded :" |Fall now, y "That game keeper tells a different story." big maple, down in the swainp. Paul was up yoou git ashore it Il he with the whole amount fa eplied his lordship. "Och 1 dont you put faith in what that man Reuben was trying to borrow somebody else's deu year a mite of good." Ills argument was, enlied his lordship.

says," said Tim Ryan, "when he never cares gun, yet Paul was off before him. He cropt a of course, convincing, and he pocketed the about speaking the truth, anyhow. He told dong way on his hands and knees, through the spondulios. me the other day your lordship was not as fit mud and rain, so as not to frighten the geese. fill the chair of justice as a jackass." "Ay, by," exclaimed Viscount Kilskiddery, seen the first feather, with his pantaloons wet improve them ; if moderate abilities, industry "indeed! and what did you say." "Plase your lordship; I said that your lord- Standish twitted him about it and said ho was nied to well directed labor; nothing is over to be ship was."

were required to be printed, it w all the presses in the country, day and night,

to perform the labor; and if a tax was levied on them of one cent each, one year's revenue would be sufficient to transport all the mails lay a double track railroad to the Pacific. and What is the use of an eternal grumble? Now pay the public debt of every State in the

The cigars consumed ibroughout the country in one year would make a worm fence six feet hands all around. What do you say? Shall high around the District of Columbia; and the Japan squadron round the world, with enough

over to do the windwork of all the patent med ioines.

If all ejected tobacco quids were from this time to be dropped on the dome of the capitol at Washington, the hail of Egypt would be a comparison to the pelting storm, and the edi fice would be buried deeper than Nineveh, be

fore the next meeting of Congress. If all the lies told during the last Presidentia campaign, could be boiled together, they would make soap enough to wash the face of nature.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

One of the earliest founders of the cotto trade, in England, purchased an estate in neighboring country, from a peer, for severa hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood When the purchaser took possession he misse a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owne about it.

"Well," said the noble lord, "I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations that anything else; I hardly thought you would have cared about so triffing a matter in so large a purchase."

itement, for a candle was burning until al. " My lord," was the characteristic answer "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, should not have been able to purchase thi estate; and excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles you might not have been obliged to sell it."

CHARACTERISTIC .--- An incident which occur red on bourd the steamship Gen. Scott lately know what it was, till Mr. Morse told him ?and, besides, if I asked him to put it on, what wrecked on the Pacific coast, illustrates, in right have I to find fault? and why did I let very forcible manner, that peculiar love of him put it on, if I did not want it on ? Come gain which characterizes the Yankee under al circumstances. When the vessel struck, al was confusion and dismay on board. 'One poo

"Then there was Paul -----, who shot pigcons on Uncle Rouben's pigeon-bush ; and, al? Jittle fellow was endeavoring to inflate a life though he might have prosecuted him for it, preserver, but all his efforts proved fruitless. Terrified at the prospect of going down, he man. He even went one rainy morning, be- me blow this up?" A Yankee, who was intent fore Paul was up, to borrow his gun, which ly watching the proceedings, coolly answered, know what he wanted it for; and Uncle Reu- tim remonstrated with him for thinking of filin a minute; and although apparently Uncle ye; and if yeou go tu the bottom, the len spot woon

"The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother put me in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John,' said his father, "not swearing I hope !" -"No," said John, coloring: "I said you were a bad man—I said bad father."

"And they were had words, sure !" said his mother; "but you are forgiven ; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in h's own. He rose up, and putting money info her hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yot. Lay it, out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doing on my part, and

happier days on yours." -George told his wife, after the children had----gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a find house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard working, uncomplaining Susan, and his his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking night after night, del stroying his health and strength, he was se struck with sorrow and shame, that he determined to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the

intexicating glass to his lips. More than a year afterwards, on a Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch Bowl, was walking with her daughter to tho ten gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, and had become at least half drenched, when, they entered a confortable looking house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness, where two girls did all they could to try and wipe away the rain drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine dresses and

persons. When all had been done that could be done,

cellent bealth.'

"But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that "But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never got a sight of you now !" " " " that "Madam," said he, "I am sure I wish you, well, 'nay, I have reason to thank you, for words of youns first opened my eyes to my" own foolisb and wicked course. My wife and children were half naked and half staryed, ionly this time last year," Look at them, if you ploase, now--sweet coiterhed heafs and, decont olothes, Ull match them with any man's we fe and, children. And now madam, if thill you inta so you told a friend of yours one day w to and ability and a friend of yours one day. Inst year—its the fool's perce that have done, all this for us. The fool's pence that have done, rather to say, the pence carried by honest in-idustry, and spent so that we can ask the blesse. ing of God upon the pence." Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer che hed lest.

she had lost,

when the extension But in an hour he returned, without having ET If you have great talents, industry will and dirty, and his jacket badly torn. Mr. will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is de

a 'ninkum' to believe that a goose, that can attained without it .1 1 and a second · .

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