

# THE CARLISLE HERALD

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—Bishop Hall.

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1854.

VOL. LIV NO 23

## Cards.

**DR. C. S. BAKER.**  
Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country.  
Office and residence in South Hanover street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."  
Carlisle, April 20, 1853.

**DR. GEORGE W. BRETTZ.**  
Will perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to a complete set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle.

**GEORGE BOB.**  
JUSICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c.  
Carlisle, on 24th.

**DR. J. C. LOOMIS.**  
Will perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to a complete set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle.

**DR. S. B. KIDDER.**  
Office in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Wall's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M. Jan 21st '55.

**G. B. COLE.**  
AT TOWN BY AT L. A. W. will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carlisle, April 20.

**HENRY J. WOLF.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office, No. 2, Beeson's Row.  
All professional business strictly attended to. The German language spoken as readily as the English.  
BENJ. BARBY  
ORR W. BELL.

**JOHN W. BELL & CO.**  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
HOWARD STREET,  
BALTIMORE.

**Carlisle Female Seminary.**  
MISSISS PAINE will commence the second Monday in April, in a new and commodious school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hanover street. Instruction in the languages—reading, no extra charge.  
Keston, a girl by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge. (Sept 1st)

**Plainfield Classical Academy.**  
The 15th Session (five months) will commence Nov. 7th. The buildings are new and extensive, well erected, well furnished, and all that can be desired for healthfulness and moral purity. Removed from the excitement of town or village life. Students may here prepare for College, Mercantile, Law, &c. All the branches are taught which go to form a liberal education. A conscientious discharge of duty has secured, under Providence, the present flourishing condition of the institution. Its future prosperity shall be sustained by the same means.  
Terms—Board and tuition per session, \$50.00  
For Catalogues with full information address R. K. BURNS, Principal & Proprietor, Plainfield, Camb. Co., Pa.

**Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c.**  
I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive and cheap assortment of medicines, publishing nearly every article of medicine now in use, together with Faints, Pills, Varnishes, Turpentine, Penicillin, Stationary, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Brushes of almost every description, with a number of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very lowest prices.  
All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.  
S. ELLIOTT,  
May 20 Main street, Carlisle.

**STRAW WANTED.**  
The subscriber will pay Cash for STRAW of any kind delivered at Midway. Farmers will find it to their interest to sell their straw and purchase other manures.  
E. SHRYOCK,  
Agent.

**MERINOES, CASHMEREES.**  
JUST RECEIVED at the New and Cheap Store of Wells & Campbell—a large lot of French CASHMEREES.  
A. S. HEMERS.  
MOUSE DE LAINE, &c., now on hand fresh from Philadelphia, and selling low at WEISE & CAMPBELL'S.

**Attention, Limeburners!**  
Buy your COAL of E. BIDDLE.  
ONLY 52 40 per ton for Cash.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**  
THE undersigned having been the agent of the Keystone Life Insurance Company, of Harrisburg, Pa., continues to act in that capacity by authority of said Company. He would respectfully inform the community that he will attend to such persons as may signify their desire to insure their lives, and will give some protection to their bereaved families and friends, in case of death. Office in West Front Street, Carlisle.  
J. WORTHINGTON.

**LEATHER.**  
FRITZ & HENDRY,  
Stores, 29 N. 3d St., Phila.  
Manufacturers of Saddles, Harnesses, Trunks, Commission and General Leather Business, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.  
Manufacture 15, Market Street, 1871.

**DR. GEO. W. NEIDERT.**  
DENTIST, carefully attends to all operations upon the teeth and adjacent parts that demand as irregularly as possible. He will insert Artificial Teeth of every description, such as Pivots, Single and Double teeth, and teeth with "Continuum Gums" and will construct Artificial Palates, Diaphragms, Resolving Plates, and every appliance used in the Dental Art—Operating Room at the residence of Dr. Samuel Elliott, East High St., Carlisle.

**Great Rush for Bargains!**  
At the New and Cheap Store of WEISE & CAMPBELL. We are selling off a large assortment of Cashmerees and Mouse de Laine at greatly reduced prices. Call and see!  
Jan 23, 1854.

## Poetry.

**THE DEAD.**  
The dead alone are great!  
While heavenly plants abide on earth,  
The soil is one of dewless death;  
But when they die, a morning shower  
Comes down, and makes their memories flourish  
With odors sweet, though late.

The dead alone are dear!  
While they are here, long shadows fall  
From our own forms, and darken all;  
But when they leave us, all the shade  
Is round our own and footsteps made,  
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are best!  
While they are here, clouds part the day,  
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;  
But when the tempest-time is done,  
The light and heat of HEAVEN'S own sun  
Broods on their land of rest.—Henry Alford

**FRIENDSHIP.**  
I had a friend that loved me:  
'Twas his soul; he lived not in me;  
We were clothed with each other's breaths,  
The rivets were that fastened us first,  
That do not reach us yet: we were so mixed,  
As meeting streams: both to ourselves were lost.

We were one mass; we could not give or take  
But from the same; for he was I. He  
Returns, my better half, and gives me all my  
For then art all!—Dryden.

## Family Circle.

**A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.**  
"Father, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. I wish you would always let me stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school. Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come my son, I want to show you something in the garden."  
Harry walked into the garden with his father, who held him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed which had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son," said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look. We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the weeds in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."  
Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road, so they had no difficulty in seeing in it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said—  
"Well my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea vines?"  
"Oh, father!" replied the boy, "I never saw such poor peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There would be half a crop!"  
"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"  
"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes that is just the truth my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars, if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This present garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to seed. Children's minds are like garden beds and they must be carefully tended, and even more carefully than the choicest plants. If, my son, we never take care to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you become a man, resemble the weed covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful ones in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"  
"Oh, no father; your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half as much as yours will."  
"Oh, my son, do you think I would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his son, allowing him to run wild and his mind uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"  
"Little Harry made no reply; but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant."  
"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued. "In order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that the seeds may spring up and grow and produce good plentifully. Now, which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or go to school, and have this garden cultivated?"  
"I would rather go to school," said Harry, "but, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"  
"I am afraid that if it is not, it certainly will be, if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school, is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and what was better, thought about it too. He never again asked to stay home from school.

**THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.**  
What a book it is—that of Proverbs! Forget that we were ever obliged to repeat them as they stand in all their breadth and richness of their meaning, with our better experience of life, and nothing short of utter astonishment and admiration will be our feeling. Such gems of wisdom, in such golden settings, from one who lived and died for the name of wisdom was known among the nations from

whom the world's pages have so sprung! What a word perception of human character under all conditions and moods! What comprehensive exhibitions of life in its whole compass, and awe rewards and punishments! What counsels to frugality, industry, moderation, prudence, benevolence, peace! What varied illustrations from man and beast, nature and art! How terse and polished the style! How condensed the thought! To think of reading the little book through in a day would be folly, although its lines may be given in an hour. Each line is a sermon and gives food for reflection every time we read it.—Rev. Samuel Osgood's "God with Men."

## National Reminiscence.

### LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO THE U. S.

In the summer of this year, (1824) General Lafayette, accompanied by his son, Mr. Geo. Washington Lafayette, and under an invitation from the President, revisited the U. S. after a lapse of forty years. He was received with unbounded honor, affection and gratitude by the American people. To the survivors of the Revolution, it was the return of a brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of a historical character, familiar from the cradle, and combining all the titles to love, admiration, gratitude, enthusiasm, which could act upon the heart and the imagination of the young and the ardent. He visited every State in the Union, doubled in number since, as the friend and pupil of Washington, he had split his blood and lavished his fortune for his independence. His progress through the States was a triumphal procession, such as no Roman ever led up—a procession not through a city, but over a continent—followed, not by captives in chains of iron, but by a nation in the bonds of affection. To him it was an unexpected and overpowering reception. His modest estimate of himself had not allowed him to suppose that he was to be electrified a continent. He expected kindness, but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet with surviving friends, not to receive a young generation. As he approached the harbor of New York, he made inquiry of some acquaintances to know whether he could find a boat to convey him to a hotel. Illustrious man, and modest as illustrious! Little did he know that all America was on foot to receive him—to take possession of him the moment he touched her soil—to feast and to carry him to feast and applaud him to make him the guest of Cities, States and the Nation, as long as he could be detained. Many were the happy meetings which he had with old comrades, survivors, for near a half a century, of their early hardships and dangers; and most grateful to his heart it was to see them, so good fortune would conclude them, (and of which his own country had been so sad an exemplification), and to see his old comrades not only conclude the one they began, but live to enjoy his fruits and honors. Three of his old associates he found ex-President (Adams, Jefferson and Madison), enjoying the respect and affection of their country, after having reached its highest honors. Another, and the last one that Time would admit to the Presidency, (Mr. Monroe), now in the Presidential chair, and inviting him to revisit the land of his adoption. Many of his early associates had been in the two Houses of Congress—many in the State Governments, and many more in all the walks of private life, patriarchal sires, respected for their characters, and venerated for their patriotic services. It was a grateful spectacle, and the more impressive from the salutary fate which has been seen in so many of the revolutionary patriots of the Old World. But the enthusiasm of the young generation astonished and excited him, and gave him a new view of himself—a future glimpse of himself—and such he would be seen in after ages. Before then, he was in the presence of posterity; and in their applause and admiration he saw his own future place in history, passing down to the latest time as one of the most perfect and beautiful characters which our world had produced. Mr. Clay, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the organ of their congratulations to Lafayette, (when he was received in the hall of the House), very eloquently, set the idea of his present confrontation with posterity, and adorned and amplified it with the graces of oratory. He said:

"The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the immediate changes which had taken place—to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways opened, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General your present visit to the United States is the realization of the consulting object of that wish hitherto vain. You are in the midst of posterity! Every where you must be struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even the very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endearing to you and us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and that is, in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the Father of his Country, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now have."  
He was received in both Houses of Congress with equal honor; but the Houses did not limit themselves to honor; they added substantial rewards for long past services and sacrifices—two hundred thousand dollars in money, and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land in Florida. These noble grants did not pass without objection—objection to the principle, not to the amount. The ingratitude of republics is the theme of any declaimer; it required a Tacitus to say, that gratitude was the death of republics and the birth of monarchs; and it belongs to the people of the United States to

exhibit an exception to that profound remark, (as they do to so many other lessons of history,) and show a young republic that knows how to be grateful without being unwise, and is able to pay the debt of gratitude without giving its liberties in discharge of the obligation. The venerable Mr. Mason, yielding to no one in love and admiration of Lafayette, and appreciation of his services and sacrifices in the American cause, opposed the grants in the Senate, and did it, with the honesty of purpose and the simplicity of language which distinguished all the acts of his life. He said:

"It was with painful reluctance that he felt himself obliged to oppose his vote to the passage of this bill. He admitted, to the full extent claimed for them, the great and meritorious services of General Lafayette, and he did not object to the precise sum which this bill proposed to award him; but he objected to the bill on this ground; he considered General Lafayette, to all intents and purposes, having been, during our revolution, a son adopted in the family, taken into the household, and placed, in every respect, on the same footing with the other sons of the same family. To treat him as others were treated, was, in this view of his relation to us, that could be required, and that had been done. That Gen. Lafayette made great sacrifices, and spent much of his money in the service of this country, (other Mr. M.) I as firmly believe as I do any other thing upon the earth. I have no doubt that every faculty of his mind and body was exerted in the revolutionary war in defence of this country; but this was equally the case with all the sons of the family. Many native Americans spent their all, made great sacrifices, and devoted their lives in the same cause. This was the ground of his objection to this bill, which, he repeated, it was disagreeable to him to state, as it could be to the Senate to hear. He did not mean to take up the time of the Senate in discussing the merits of the bill, or to make any amendment to it. All admitted that when such things were done, they should be done with a free hand. It was to the principle of the bill, therefore, and not to the sum proposed to be given by it, that he objected."

The ardent Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, reporter of the bill in the Senate, replied to the objections, and first showed his feeling (not from Lafayette, who would have nothing to do with the proposed grant), his advances, losses and sacrifices in our cause. He had expended for the American service, in six years, from 1777 to 1783, the sum of 700,000 francs, (\$140,000) and under what circumstances?—A foreigner, owing us nothing, and throwing his fortune into the sea, and his life, to be washed in our cause. The enjoyment of rank and fortune, and the advantages of his family, to come and serve in our almost destitute armies, and without pay. He equipped and armed a regiment for our service, and freighted a vessel to us, loaded with arms and munitions. It was not until the year 1794, when, almost ruined by the French revolution, and by his efforts in the cause of liberty, that he would receive the naked pay, without interest, of a general officer for the time he had served with us.

He was entitled to land as one of the officers of the revolution, and 11,500 acres were granted to him, to be located on any of the public lands of the United States. His agent located one thousand acres adjoining the city of New Orleans, and Congress afterwards, not being informed of the location, granted the same ground to the city of New Orleans. His location was valid, and he was so informed; he refused to adhere to it; saying he would have no contest with any portion of the American people, and ordered the location to be removed, which was done, and carried upon ground of little value—thus giving up what was then worth \$50,000, and now \$500,000. These were his moneyed advances, losses, and sacrifices, great in themselves, and of great value to our cause, but, perhaps, exceeded by the effect of his example in joining us, and his influence with the King and ministry, which procured us the alliance of France.

"The grants were voted, with great unanimity, and with the general concurrence of the American people. Mr. Jefferson was warmly for them, giving a reason, in a conversation with me, while the grants were depending, (for the bill was passed in the Christmas holidays, when I had gone to Virginia, and took the opportunity to call upon that great man,) which showed his regard for liberty about as well as at home, and his foreseeing sagacity into future events. He said there would be a change in France, and Lafayette would be at the head of it, and ought to be easy and independent in his circumstances, to be able to act efficiently in conducting the movement. This he said to me on Christmas day, 1824. Six years afterwards this view of his future was verified. The old Bourbons had to retire. The Duke of No Orleans, a brave general in the republican army, at the commencement of the revolution, was handed to the throne by Lafayette, and became the "citizen king," surrounded by republican institutions." And in this Lafayette was consistent and sincere. He was a republican himself, but deemed a constitutional monarchy the proper government for France, and labored for that form in the person of Louis XIV, as well as in that of Louis Philippe.

Loaded with honors, and with every feeling of his heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, Lafayette returned to the country of his birth the following summer, still as the guest of the U. S. States, and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate Brandywine—a brilliant compliment from the name and selection of the ship) from the new President, Mr. Adams, Lafayette having served with his blood the sanguinary battle of Brandywine, which gave it to the field, and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded at the same time. How honorable to themselves and to the American people, that nearly fifty years afterwards they should again appear together, and in exalted stations; one as President, leaving the other to the great republic, and signing the acts which testified a nation's

## Miscellaneous.

### THE SEASONS.

FROM THE GERMAN.  
Hay and corn and buds and flowers,  
Snow and ice and fruit and wine—  
Suns and Seasons, sleets and showers,  
Bring in turn these gifts divine.  
Spring blows, Summer glows,  
Autumn raves, Winter keeps;  
Spring prepares, Summer provides,  
Autumn hoards and Winter hides;  
Come then, friends, their praises sound,  
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring;  
As they run their yearly round,  
Each in turn with gladness sing!  
Time drops blessings as he flies—  
Time makes ripe, and Time makes wise.

### A SHANGHAI IN TROUBLE.

Every body has his trials, and so has a Shanghai. There are human ills, and Shanghai ills. Man is born to trouble, and so are the Shanghaies. Human strength will not always guard against misfortune, nor will the tall proportions of a Shanghai shield him always from harm. We saw this illustrated at the poultry show, the "owl convention," at Van Weiten Hall yesterday, in the case of a long-necked, banty-legged, big-bodied, red-cocked rooster of the Shanghai family. He was a tall bird, even of his giant species, and no body knew the fact better than himself. He was a proud bird, vain of his proportions, vain of his white plumage, of the feathers on his big legs, of his great red comb, proud of his rough, roaring voice. His coop in which he and his wife, who was quite as vain and proud as her lord, dwelt, was barred in front with round rods, like a lion's cage, and was covered with slats at the top, between which he could poke his head and long neck, when he desired to stretch and take the kinks out of himself. On either side other birds, in coops, ranged along separately from the tall Shanghai only by a very thin deal partition, while above were others still on a line with the top of his cage.

The Shanghai, we said, was a proud bird, and in the fullness of his vanity, he opened his great beak and crowed with the voice of a trombone, that went following along the arches and out through the roof, and rubbing on the side like the growl of the thunder, or the roaring of a lion of the desert fast gone with asthma or sick with the mumps. "Hear that," said Shanghai to himself and his hon, who replied with a hoarse "Cut, out, cut-a-a" of approbation. Cook a double do-do-do" came in a clear voice clear and manful as a bell, from an adjoining cage. "Who the doo are you," said Shanghai, as he stuck his head out between the bars of his cage, around the partition and eyed with extreme contempt his puffy neighbor. Shanghai never committed a greater error in his life. The neighbor was an Irish game-cock, as full of pluck and fight as was ever the son of the "Green Isle" of potato with spurs like a karpion, and when he took Shanghai by his great red comb, and made at him with his armed heels, it was only the cock that saved him from wounds and from death.

To say that Shanghai was astonished, would do infinite injustice to his emotions. He roared with affright and pain, and with a bound he reached the opposite side of his cage, and stuck his head through the bars there, in a vain effort to escape, as if sure that his enemy was at his tail. Here was another mistake for his great comb and stretched out neck came directly in front of the cage of an English pheasant game-cock, quite as courageous as his Irish neighbor, and full as ready for a fight. He seized the Shanghai by his sensitive helmet and made a "shy" at him with his deadly spurs. Shanghai screamed with amusement and terror. He rushed to the rear of his cage and thrusting his head between the slats jumped and hovered against them as if positive that he had now two enemies instead of one in his rear, all the time crying murder in his harshest roughest notes. Here again was a mistake for in his struggles he came close to the bars of a Mexican game-chicken, who unlike the gamecocking Hidalgo among whom he was bred had pluck as well as his words and tall crowing. Before Shanghai was aware of his head and struck at him with his keen spurs with the catalput. Shanghai was now in extremity. He absolutely belched with affright on every hand was destruction, and he knew not where to turn. On all sides he was beset with danger and death, and without knowing that therein was his safety, he yelled in utter despair to his fate; with a cry like the scream of a locomotive he settled down in the centre of his cage and stretched his neck out along the straw as if saying, "I am a bird of peace; I detect war and fighting; I am an oppressed persecuted Shanghai, and if my destruction is determined upon I will die here an unrelenting victim to the cruelties of my kind." To his surprise he found himself unharmed. He raised his head gently from the straw, turned up first one eye, then the other, uttered a low moaning sound as if he thought a hawk was in the sky, but seeing nothing of danger, at last got on his feet, and took a survey of his position and extent of his injuries. True, a drop or two of blood trickled from his wounded comb, but he seemed comforted for that by the great fact, that he had been more nearly than hurt. He keeps his head inside the bars and comb will not tempt him to thrust his comb in reach of his neighbors. He has done up his crowing for the present, and contacts himself with talking in a low voice and confidential way with his wife.

**MONAHE.**—Shanghai, whether they wear fathers or not, should remember that a thundering voice and loud crowing, is no equivalent for courage, and if they trespass on the privacy of their neighbors, they will be very likely to get their combs out.—Albany Register.

**I HOLD MY OWN.**—O. B. who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a howl? answered "pretty well." I hold my own—and mine too to my sorrow, rejoined the man.

### South-Western Life.

#### COL. YELL, OF ARKANSAS.

We make the following extract from a sketch of Col. Archibald Yell, of Arkansas. The Judge had taken his seat for the first time. The first case on the docket was called and the plaintiff stood ready. Gen. Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an over-bearing tone:

"Our witnesses are absent, and therefore I demand that the case be continued until the next term in the course."  
"Let the affidavit be filed, for not till then can I entertain a motion for continuance," was the mild reply of the Judge.  
"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed sharply, and involuntarily raised his huge sword cane.  
"Not at all," replied the Judge, with his blandest smile, "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has now power to annul the record of the bench."  
"The Judge's calm and business-like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench.  
"Whatever may be the law; for one, will not hear it from the lips of an upstart demagogue and coward!"  
Judge Yell's blue eyes shot like lightning; he only turned to the clerk and said:—  
"Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against General Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for a gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."  
He had hardly communicated the order, when General Smoot was seen rushing towards him brandishing his sword cane, all his features writing in murderous wrath, and as pallid as a corpse.  
Judge Yell was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he would brook the coming shock of the duellist's fierce assault. But none, however, could detect the slightest change in his appearance.—His cheek grew neither red nor white, nor a nerve seemed to tremble; his calm eye surveyed the advancing foe, with as little sign of perturbation as a chemist might show, scrutinizing the effervescence of some novel mixture. He sat perfectly still, with a staff of painted iron in his right hand.  
Smoot ascended the platform, and immediately aimed a tremendous blow with his enormous sword cane, full at the head of his foe. As the blow fell, his hands quivered, and more than a dozen voices shrieked, for all expected to see his victim's skull shivered into atoms. The general astonishment then may be conceived when they beheld the little iron staff descend a quick curve, and the great sword cane flew from Smoot's fingers and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of twenty feet in the hall! The baffled bully uttered a cry of wrath, wild as that of some wounded beast of prey, and snatched his bowie knife from his sheath, but ere it was poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut under the curve, and the big knife followed the sword cane. He then drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to take the trigger his arm was struck powerless by his side.  
And then for the first time, did Judge Yell betray any perceptible emotion. He stamped his feet till the platform shook beneath it, and shouted in trumpet tones:  
"Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name, as a foul disgrace, from the roll of attorneys. Mr. Sheriff, take this criminal to jail."  
The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued that no pen can describe. The bravos and gymning friends of General Smoot gathered around to obstruct the Sheriff, while a party of the officers lent their aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, screams, and horrid curses, the ring of impinging and crossing steel, alternate cries of rage and pain, all commingled with the awful discharge of firearms, blended together a vivid idea of Pandemonium.  
But throughout the impetuous strife, two individuals might be observed as leaders in the whirlwind and riders of the storm.—The new Judge used his little cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet sparing life; Bill Duffon, imitating the clemency of his honored friend, disdaining the use of knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed down all opposition, roaring at every furious blow—"this is the way to preserve order in court," a sentiment which he accompanied with peals of laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the Judge triumphed, the clique of Gen. Smoot suffered disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was borne away to prison.  
Such was the debut of Archibald Yell in Arkansas; and from that day his popularity as a man, a Judge, as a hero, and as a politician, grew rapidly and brilliantly increasing, till he eclipsed all the oldest and most powerful names.

**A FEMALE DECEIVER.**—The Manchester Mirror states that a widower has lately been badly deceived by a young lady, a Miss Smith, by that city. She agreed to marry him, received a hundred pounds of money to obtain the necessary bride, dress, &c., and when the happy day arrived she was nowhere to be found—there was only Miss Smith in Manchester, but not the damsel. It is supposed she has taken the widower's dash to supply herself with materials, wherewith to honor her bridal with a younger and more favorite avian.

**AN UNWORTHY RECOMPENSE.**—The Mansfield, Ohio, Herald, says that a few evenings since, an old bachelor, who was troubled with a bad cold, concluded to take a warm bath. He felt so comfortable while sitting in the tub that he fell asleep, and only awoke in the morning to find himself frozen in. He was unable to move and lustily shouted for assistance, which having arrived, he was rescued from his miserable position by means of hot bottles, and soon thawed out. The bachelor wishes it to be known that he is now a candidate for matrimony.

## SINGING SCHOOL IN SUCKERBOD.

An Illinois gentleman furnishes his friend in Union county with a sketch of a singing school, worthy of chronicling, as follows:  
"A few nights ago, I attended a singing school, a few miles from this place. It was a fine affair, in the way of a western debating society. I took a back seat in the pews, (front seats reserved for judges and singers.) As a mark by which to be distinguished from common folks, the teacher kept his hat on until the services had fairly commenced; and by way of "livening" the exercises, he interrupted the "execution" with numerous bursts of oratory, the "product of his own master application." It was the second time the class had met, and he was putting them through on the "riddymays," with variations, in the following style:

"Fellow citizens of the community, and members of my class, in reply to sing the solemn music. It is particularly necessary to learn to discover the music of sounds; and, secondly, to become perfect in the melodious union of the most harmonious voices which will blend the music of their melody in the sacred strains that shall emanate from the consecrated freestone (?) walls of this school-house institution. Yes, fellow citizens, to contain all this vast amount of constitutional learning, it is necessary, yes, we are bound by the respect we have for the people of the community, whose hearts we are now making glad by our vocalic strains, and for the love we feel, yes, verily, enjoy I for these fair, rosy-cheeked, blooming, buxom lassies! I repeat, it is necessary, we are bound to contain all this afore-mentioned constitutional knowledge of larin' to sing the science of music—and for the above aforementioned object we will sing and abstraze from that very known 'Ame which commences in the following language:

"Oh that I be joyful!  
"Oh that I be joyful, joyful, joyful!  
"Oh that I be joyful, joyful, joyful!  
"Oh that I be joyful, joyful, joyful!"  
Good! (Claps his hands.) Now, in the language of the conspired book-keeper, the ice is broke! You can turn to the hymn recorded on—page, named Boylton (Bjblston) Sing with the understanding!—do, sol, do, do—sing!

"Oh that I be joyful, joyful, joyful!  
"Oh that I be joyful, joyful, joyful!  
"Oh that I be joyful, joyful, joyful!"  
Good! (Claps his hands.) Now, in the language of the conspired book-keeper, the ice is broke! You can turn to the hymn recorded on—page, named Boylton (Bjblston) Sing with the understanding!—do, sol, do, do—sing!

## A VALUABLE SQUAW.

We clip the following from the Pittsburg Union:—An excellent opportunity for a philanthropic young man of an educational and agricultural turn of mind, is now open "out West." The Chief of the Heron Indians, in Oregon, offers one thousand pounds of horses to any respectable young white man, well recommended, who will marry his daughter, a girl of about eighteen; settle down among them and teach them agriculture.  
"A correspondent of the Sturgis Prairie Journal, in making the matter known says—These horses are worth from fifty to eighty thousand dollars. I have seen this valuable squaw. She is about the medium size, with tolerably regular features, high cheek bones, sloping forehead, black eyes, and dark hair. Her form is square and stout. Her long hair hangs over her shoulders, profusely ornamented with shells and beads. She wore a robe made of fawn skins, most beautifully ornamented with beads and shells. Her step was light and proud—her gait easy and graceful. A fine chance for all the objects men dream about. Fame, power, fortune, love, and romance, all in a bunch, dangling from the hand of an Indian Princess, only eighteen years old, which hand and its accompaniments await the acceptance of any respectable, well recommended white young man. Who wants a recommended?"

## PUNCH-IANA.

Little children are the lilies-of-the-valley of life.  
Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest.  
A title is frequently nothing more than the crest stamped on a silver speer.  
A Valentine is the first letter which young girls learn in the alphabet of Love.  
Men make their chief sacrifices to love before they marry; women (poor creatures!) after.  
Night dreams are the many-colored mental patch-work, made from the spare clothing of our day-thoughts.  
A hasty marriage too frequently turns out a mourning suit that's run up in our four-and-twenty hours.  
Candied truths, like candied fruit, are all the better for having the stones picked out of them.  
Meeting a negro on the road with crepe on his hat, a traveler said:  
"You have lost some of your friends, I see."  
"Yes, Massa."  
"Was it a near or distant relative?"  
"Well, putty distant—'bout twenty four miles."

A priest in extreme poverty resolved to get credit for a miracle. He put the yolks of several eggs into a hollow cone, and stopped the end with butter, then walking into an ale house he begged to fry a single egg for dinner. The smallness of the request excited curiosity, and they gave him a morrel of hard—He stirred the hard with his cane, and to the wonder of the surrounding peasants produced a handsome omelet. The miracle established his fame; he made omelets and grew rich by his ingenuity.  
"An oak cannot be eaten and kept too." This proverb is verified by the fact, that young men cannot abuse their health in the morning of life, and enjoy a happy evening of old age—cannot scatter their early dimes and have a good store of dollars—cannot pass their leisure hours in idly amusement, and grow up to usefulness and respect, or superior mental cultivation.

"An oak cannot be eaten and kept too." This proverb is verified by the fact, that young men cannot abuse their health in the morning of life, and enjoy a happy evening of old age—cannot scatter their early dimes and have a good store of dollars—cannot pass their leisure hours in idly amusement, and grow up to usefulness and respect, or superior mental cultivation.