

# THE CARLETON 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. BEATRY Proprietor.

CARLETON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1854.

VOL. LIV NO 27

## Cards.

**DR. C. S. BAKER**  
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carleton and surrounding country.  
Office and residence in South Hanover street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."  
Carleton, April 20, 1854

**DR. GEORGE Z. BRITZ**  
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted from a single tooth to a full set, in the most scientific and durable manner. Office at the residence of his brother, on North First Street, Carleton.

**GEORGE EGG**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite the "Volunteer Office." 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.  
Carleton, April 20, 1854.

**DR. I. C. LOMIS**  
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted from a single tooth to a full set, in the most scientific and durable manner. Office at the residence of his brother, on North First Street, Carleton.

**DR. S. B. KIDDER**  
OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining the "Volunteer Office." Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M.  
June 1853

**G. B. COLE**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office in the town formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carleton, April 20, 1854.

**DR. GEO. W. NELDICH**  
DENTIST, carefully attends to all operations upon the teeth and adjacent parts that require or irregularity may require. He will also insert Artificial Teeth of every description, such as Pivot, Single and Blank teeth, and teeth with "Continuous Gums," and will construct Artificial Palates, Oblique, Regular and Irregular, and every appliance used in the Dental Art.—Operating Room at the residence of Dr. Samuel Elliott, East High St., Carleton.

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

**Carleton Female Seminary.**  
THE SUMMER SESSION of their Seminary will commence on Monday in April, and will continue until the first of June. The Seminary is situated on the banks of the Susquehanna, and is a beautiful and picturesque spot. Nothing can surpass the loveliness of the scene on a moon-light night to gaze upon the broad expanse of water, and watch the rippling waves as they reflect their varied images. I shall never regret the delay, (although I was leaving my home from which I had been separated) which afforded me an opportunity of beholding this charming sight. It was upon a clear, cold night of December, the long remembered twenty-fourth. Little thought we as we gazed upon the waters, that the same wind was tossing the ill fated San Francisco among the angry billows of the furrowed Ocean. A few dark clouds flitted across the horizon—the moon had just risen, so that the shadows from the high banks and islands stretched wide and far. As a dark mass of broken clouds crossed her line partially obscuring her light, our hearts were raised in ecstasy and involuntary exclamations how beautiful, how beautiful is the Susquehanna! Higgspire and Middle-town on the opposite side of the river present quite a pretty appearance. As we approached York we passed through a couple of small valleys, which remind one very much of Cumberland. The state of cultivation is equally as high and it is here you bid farewell to the fine barns which should be a source of pride to every Pennsylvania farmer. York is a busy, bustling place, and exhibits much of energy in its citizens. After passing York very little fertile land is seen. The country is poor and hilly, the railroad winds its course through the valleys and along the banks of the little streams, which are characteristic of broken countries. Beyond the valley of the Codorus very little of that thriftiness and improvement which are the boast of the Pennsylvania farmer is perceived. Several villages have sprung up at the rail road stations, but exhibit nothing worthy of remark. The Phoenix Mills are situated near the road ten or fifteen miles from Baltimore. They are fine large structures, and when illuminated produce an agreeable impression. We had a fine opportunity of observing the motion and action of the machinery in passing. As we approached Baltimore the country is less worked but does not improve in fertility. As Baltimore has been so often described it will be unnecessary for me to enter upon a minute and ostentatious description of its curiosities, which by the way are not many. It has few inducements to attract the stay of the traveler. A day or so will be sufficient to examine its objects of interest. The Susquehanna and Baltimore and the Baltimore and Ohio rail road depots are large and commodious buildings, and are creditable to the country to which they belong. The Mechanics Institute is a splendid room, and is gaining considerable reputation from the exhibitions of industry and art which are held under the direction of that association. The monuments commemorate worthy incidents in our history. The finest view of the city is obtained from the top of Washington's and admirably repays the labor of ascension. Baltimore has a world-wide reputation for the beauty of its ladies. Market street is the grand promenade of the city, and it is true that one beholds many handsome faces, but it would be surprising were this not the case in a collection so large as is continually thronging this thoroughfare upon a summer evening. In proportion to the number, and I say it with all deference to the Baltimore ladies, I think that there are places in the world which make no pretensions whatever, equal the for-famed Monumental city in the beauty of the fair sex.—When I come to speak of the agricultural in-

## Poetry.

**LIFE.**  
BY JOHN FRANCIS WALTER, LL. D.  
Fount! that sparkles wild and free,  
As thy bright waves dance along,  
In the joy of melody,  
Of thy bubbling voice of song—  
Just like life when young and bright,  
Full of joy and song and light—  
Al! that shadows e'er should lower  
Sorrow will darken life's brightest hour.

Stream! that rustles deep and strong  
In thy beauty and thy pride,  
Bearing wealth and power along  
On thy full and lordly tide—  
Just like life in manhood's hour,  
Strong in faith and hopeful power!—  
Al! that storms should ever rise!  
Fortune may wreck the hopes that we prize.

Flood! that glides noiselessly  
To thy ocean home of rest,  
Pouring sweet and tranquil  
All thy waves into thy breast—  
Just like life when at its close,  
And the worn heart seeks repose!  
Al! will ocean give back the wave?  
Who shall disturb the peace of the grave?

## Original Sketches.

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

No. II.  
The aspect of the country first attracts the attention of the excursionist, and no number will be devoted to the description of the sections through which my route led me. Cumberland Valley was said by one who had passed his life in travelling, to be the most delightful country in the world, and the charge of partiality could not be brought against him, for he had nothing to influence him in his decision except the lovely aspect which the valley presents to the eye.

It has not yet been my fortune to pass through any section which can compare in any way with "Old Mother Cumberland," but it is natural to think our home the brightest, the sunniest, and the loveliest spot in creation, and perhaps my partiality would reverse the gloss as I gaze upon the beauties of other lands. It may not be so picturesque and romantic as the Highlands of the Hudson, but that air of comfort and plenty which exhibits itself in the stately mansions, the magnificent barns and high state of cultivation, produces in my mind more pleasant emotions than those which rugged cliffs and barren rocks call forth. The route from Harrisburg to Baltimore, presents but little of interest except the scenery of the noble Susquehanna. Following its course I note, which do the stream and give it a beautiful and picturesque appearance—nothing can surpass the loveliness of the scene on a moon-light night to gaze upon the broad expanse of water, and watch the rippling waves as they reflect their varied images. I shall never regret the delay, (although I was leaving my home from which I had been separated) which afforded me an opportunity of beholding this charming sight. It was upon a clear, cold night of December, the long remembered twenty-fourth. Little thought we as we gazed upon the waters, that the same wind was tossing the ill fated San Francisco among the angry billows of the furrowed Ocean. A few dark clouds flitted across the horizon—the moon had just risen, so that the shadows from the high banks and islands stretched wide and far. As a dark mass of broken clouds crossed her line partially obscuring her light, our hearts were raised in ecstasy and involuntary exclamations how beautiful, how beautiful is the Susquehanna! Higgspire and Middle-town on the opposite side of the river present quite a pretty appearance. As we approached York we passed through a couple of small valleys, which remind one very much of Cumberland. The state of cultivation is equally as high and it is here you bid farewell to the fine barns which should be a source of pride to every Pennsylvania farmer. York is a busy, bustling place, and exhibits much of energy in its citizens. After passing York very little fertile land is seen. The country is poor and hilly, the railroad winds its course through the valleys and along the banks of the little streams, which are characteristic of broken countries. Beyond the valley of the Codorus very little of that thriftiness and improvement which are the boast of the Pennsylvania farmer is perceived. Several villages have sprung up at the rail road stations, but exhibit nothing worthy of remark. The Phoenix Mills are situated near the road ten or fifteen miles from Baltimore. They are fine large structures, and when illuminated produce an agreeable impression. We had a fine opportunity of observing the motion and action of the machinery in passing. As we approached Baltimore the country is less worked but does not improve in fertility. As Baltimore has been so often described it will be unnecessary for me to enter upon a minute and ostentatious description of its curiosities, which by the way are not many. It has few inducements to attract the stay of the traveler. A day or so will be sufficient to examine its objects of interest. The Susquehanna and Baltimore and the Baltimore and Ohio rail road depots are large and commodious buildings, and are creditable to the country to which they belong. The Mechanics Institute is a splendid room, and is gaining considerable reputation from the exhibitions of industry and art which are held under the direction of that association. The monuments commemorate worthy incidents in our history. The finest view of the city is obtained from the top of Washington's and admirably repays the labor of ascension. Baltimore has a world-wide reputation for the beauty of its ladies. Market street is the grand promenade of the city, and it is true that one beholds many handsome faces, but it would be surprising were this not the case in a collection so large as is continually thronging this thoroughfare upon a summer evening. In proportion to the number, and I say it with all deference to the Baltimore ladies, I think that there are places in the world which make no pretensions whatever, equal the for-famed Monumental city in the beauty of the fair sex.—When I come to speak of the agricultural in-

forests of the State, I may return again to Baltimore, as she occupies a prominent position as an agricultural depot. All sights seen and on the wing again. The appearance of the country from Baltimore to Washington produces anything but a favorable impression upon the mind. Marylanders say that the railroad passes through the poorest part of their State, and I think no one should be so uncharitable as to believe their report.—The Relay House, nine miles from the city, is a favorite resort for the Baltimoreans, and as it combines the advantages of city and country life, is one of the most pleasant places for a summer residence. I know of no place where one can make a more agreeable and profitable stop, than to spend a day in strolling through the groves attached to the hotel, and in ascending the hill in the rear of the house to obtain a view of the Patuxent as it glides quietly towards the Chesapeake. This stream is noted for a small fish which the dairy palates of the city gentry pronounce a rare bit. At this place the Washington branch leaves the main road. Elliott's Mills six miles up the Patuxent is a place of some importance, and is noted for the flourishing flour mills and other factories which line the banks of the river. Built of granite they present a strong and durable appearance, and will withstand the attacks of time for a long period. The Patuxent is a small river, but owing to the rapid descent of the stream possesses great navigable power. The streets follow the windings of the valleys and so there is no regularity in town. Another object worthy of observation is the Female Seminary, under the superintendence of Mrs. Lynch Phelps. It is situated upon a high hill overlooking the town and river, and commanding one of the finest prospects of which Maryland can boast. Being informed that the Court was in session to-day, I attended, and was particularly struck with the new and interesting manner of its proceedings. It appeared to me that they were trying to kill time, but I was informed that the case under consideration was one of importance and that two of the ablest lawyers in Baltimore were engaged by it. By the new Constitution there is but one Judge, which detracts very much from the bench. Retrospectively my steps to the Relay House took the cars for Washington. The Laurel Factories about midway between the two cities is a village and has the appearance of a Northern town. Nurtured under the protecting influence of the Tariff of 1812, it has with difficulty withstood the blighting change of policy in the government, and is said not to be so flourishing as formerly. Blacksburg has quite an ancient look. Not stopping we were soon landed in the Capital of the Nation.

## A Capital Story.

### THE SCANDAL WAGON; OR, HINTS FOR HINTERS.

A few years ago—no matter how many or how few they might be, for the circumstance which I am going to narrate might have been equally likely to occur at any time or at any place—being deprived of the beloved home in which I had passed my earlier years, I retired into a neighborhood with which I was wholly unacquainted, and the inhabitants of which were to me entire strangers. I am somewhat of a social man, and as is natural to my temperament, and as is natural to a mind of 1841 stamp, I had formed many very pleasant schemes for my future life, and having heard that there was a circle of very agreeable society in the place, to which I had several factories letters of introduction, not a few of those schemes were based on the valuable friendships and pleasant acquaintances I expected to form. My comfortable cottage home was situated in the outskirts of a populous town; and, pending the delivery of the aforesaid letters, I was very much interested in speculating on the habits and characters of the people I met with in my walks, and who I hoped would in time be among my friends, concerning whom I had been building so many in my mind. I am a gossip, indeed, I shrink from the whole system of busy-bodiness and scandal-mongering, and feel it to be a very just remark that for every tale of scandal that is told, at least three persons are injured—namely, the speaker, the listener, and the person spoken of. But there is a difference between watching one's neighbors with a view to find out their private concerns for the purpose of tattling, and that natural interest with which we observe those who are to form our future associates, and with whom our home and social comforts are to be closely interwoven. It was with this latter feeling, and with a cordial desire to like and approve, that I was watching my future friends and associates, and amusing my rather speculative mind by imagining a great deal about them, especially about some few individuals whose appearance was particularly attractive, when, to my surprise, and to no small pleasure, I one morning encountered an old school-mate, with whom, in early days, I had been closely intimate, although since that time we had seen little or nothing of each other. Our pleasure in meeting was mutual, each lady gave the other a most affectionate greeting; and in the course of our walk—for we instantly joined company, as in days of yore, and gave ourselves up to chat—each communicated to the other the outline of her history since we last met. My friend, Mrs. Frizer, had married an officer in the army, and during the time of her married life had lived chiefly abroad. She was now a widow, and with her son and two grown-up daughters, had been for some years resident at Norton, and was in fact, one of my nearest neighbors. A cordial invitation to join her and her girls at their table was given, and most willingly accepted; a dear young niece, who had just arrived on a visit to me, and had shared our ramble, being of course included in the invitation.

The lovely morning had turned off into a pouring wet afternoon, and Lizzie and I were not the least daunted, and with cloaks, blankets, umbrellas, sallied forth just before dusk on our expedition. The bright sea-coal fire, with a due crackling log of wood in its summit, and the pleasant and agreeable aspect of

everything about the abode of my friend, were most exhilarating after our dripping walk, and, coupled with the warm and affectionate welcome of Mrs. Frizer and her daughters, made me rejoice that I had not allowed the rain to prevent our visit. The two girls—Agnes, who had been my companion in our morning's walk, a fine and intelligent girl of about twenty; Grace, whom I had not before seen, a graceful and lovely girl, a year or so younger—were so attractive in their appearance, and so warm in their reception of me, that I felt quite in love with them; and when placed in a luxurious easy chair by the fireside, and in close proximity to a tea-table well spread with all those pleasant accompaniments which belong to that meal in houses where the inmates dine early. I speedily began to feel myself quite at home, and fell into a state of high enjoyment, no doubt greatly enhanced by the circumstance of my having for some previous weeks spent every evening in solitude. As usual, I took the first opportunity that was offered by a lively talk which was being carried on by the young ones, of noticing those around me. Mrs. Frizer was, I at once saw, a clever and shrewd woman, with a strong sense of the ludicrous, and considerable quickness in detecting absurdity or inconsistency in others, with little disposition to reserve in exposing them. Agnes' fine high forehead, and the thoughtful expression of her clear, dark eyes, indicated a mind of a high intellectual stamp; and the characters of the mother and sister, her lively blue eyes catching and reflecting with singular rapidity everything of a mirthful nature; whilst at times, when other subjects arose, I could detect in her changeful countenance a ready appreciation of the more weighty points in them. Agnes' mind seemed full of thought, Grace's full of feeling and sympathy; Agnes was reflective, Grace demonstrative—at least such were the theories formed from the first hours of our acquaintance. My meal progressed, and the hot buttered cakes, and fresh cream, vanished with celerity, and appetites no doubt stimulated by the flavor of the fragrant tea, which the elder of the young ladies most gracefully dispensed.

"Come," said I, noting under the inhibiting influence of the lively society, and without the most refined discretion, "now, as you have been resident here, do tell me a little about my neighbors, who they all are, and whom I shall best like."

I have since learned three excellent rules, which all who enter a new neighborhood would do well to learn and practice, but which then, alas! I had not myself observed.—1st. Remember that every stranger has his strong and his weak points; it is of your duty to try and discover the former, and be as blind as you can to the latter. 2d. Never ask any one to tell you anything about your neighbors, as you will be sure to hear more of the bad than of the good. 3d. If you wish to love and be loved, to live in peace and be useful, never tell to one neighbor anything you may have observed or been told that is objectionable in another. "The least said is soonest mended." I would that I had held by these rules, but, as I have said, such was not the case.

"Well," replied Mrs. Frizer, "it is always a good thing to know a little of the people one is with, and to be sure who one may trust; so I will give you a few hints that may come into use hereafter."

"First, then," said I, "tell a little about two sweet-looking old ladies who called on me yesterday. I think the address on their card was 'The Grove.'"

"O yes," said Mrs. Frizer, "they are very nice people indeed—most benevolent and amiable ladies," replied Mrs. Frizer.

"And agreeable also, I thought," said I.

"O Mrs. Douglas, did you really," said Agnes. "We think them such dreary people, and so will you, when you know more of them; they do so run on and tell you so many old stories."

"Well, perhaps they were a little prosy," I replied; "but still, I must own, I thought them very winning and attractive, and such thorough gentlemen."

"Yes, and that they certainly are," answered Mrs. Frizer. "How that comes about, I can scarcely tell, for they are not of very exalted descent; their father made all his money by cabinet-making, or some such trade. I fancy you will not much like them; for, as Agnes says, they are old tridders, and I have heard that, with all their large fortunes, they are rather stingy."

"Well," said I, "there is a nice looking old man who walks about with a lame lady—I suppose his wife. Who are they? I have taken quite a fancy to them; they look so very cheerful and happy."

"A merry glance from Grace was followed by a general laugh, and Mrs. Frizer replied: "Oh, they are General and Mrs. Tiber; you call her Mrs. Twitcher; not that she can help being lame, poor thing, but she looks as if every time she takes a step, she wringles her lips and switches her eye, in the funniest way."

"Then there are Mrs. and Misses Hartland, 'Oh, they are old people, I assure you, Mrs. Douglas," said Agnes. "You may be sure there is plenty of rosemary in their garden."

"Rosemary!" said Lizzie—"what has that to do with their odors?"

"Why, did you never hear," replied Agnes laughing, "that where the lady rules, the rosemary always flourishes? You may be sure that Mrs. Twitcher rules at 'The Elm'; as they call their cottage; he does not get and befool her, and give up everything to her in such an absurd way."

"Then there are Mrs. and Misses Hartland, no doubt you have fallen in love with them too," said Mrs. Frizer.

"Yes, indeed," I answered; "I am sure I shall like them. Those gentle pretty-looking girls, Lizzie, we spoke to by the gate this morning."

"O yes, aunt," said Lizzie, "most attractive looking girls."

"They seem so united and affectionate," I rejoined.

"They seem so, certainly," said Mrs. Frizer; "but it is not all gold that glitters. If all tales are true, they are not much more loving than Mrs. Quisen and her son, who, people

fancy, because they are always together, and neither of them can go anywhere without the other, are perfect angels; but those who are behind the scenes tell a different tale. But really, the Hartlands are excellent people on the whole, though one does hear a few things about them that are rather odd. But it is a wonder to me how they bear with that invalid girl; if she were my daughter I would soon make her roose herself a little."

"O yes," said Grace, who, I soon saw, was an excellent little mimic. "There she lies on a couch in her bedroom; 'Gertrude, love, will you be so kind as to give me that book!—Thank you dearest'; and then: 'Julia, darling, will you give me a little water?' and so on, first to one, and then to the other, instead of getting up and fetching what she wants for herself. 'I have no patience with her.'"

"But can she?" I said. "I thought she was unable to walk."

"She could walk well enough if she would but try, I have no doubt," replied Mrs. Frizer. "Indeed, I know her doctor wishes her to do so."

"It is pretty and interesting to be an invalid," rejoined Grace as she threw herself in a graceful attitude on the couch; "it is an opportunity of showing such a pretty hand and foot as Alice Hartland's, to great advantage. Now, do not think me ill-natured," dear Mrs. Douglas, added she; "but really I do not think she is a bit ill. There are half a dozen such young ladies here, all of whom fancy it necessary to have weak backs or delicate constitutions; it is quite a fashion."

"Yes, indeed," said her mother; "what Grace says is perfectly true, and there is quite a host of such girls; and the doctors humor their fancies. I trust I shall never see either of my daughters give into such whims."

"My dear friend," replied I, "I hope it may be God to spare you the grief of seeing one of your children prostrated as poor Alice appears to be. I felt assured Mrs. Frizer was of whom I had been told. 'But surely Doctor Lloyd, who attends Alice Hartland, is a man of too high principle to encourage such deception as you describe; he is as wise as he is kind.' I said.

"Oh, you quite mistake her," said Agnes; "for it is he who upholds her in all her nonsense. 'Doctor Lloyd objects to such a thing; and Doctor Lloyd strictly forbids the other; is forever on the lips of the whole party. You know it would not do for doctors to be too clear-sighted, what would become of their fees?'"

I confess I was a little nettled as well as vexed at all this; I had conceived a very high opinion of the Hartlands, to whom I had some special introductions; and I also meant that Dr. Lloyd should be my short-anchor, having heard as high a report of his general excellence of character as of his skill. I suppose that my countenance showed that such was my feeling, for Mrs. Frizer, as if stimulated by the desire of establishing her statement, added, "Oh, it is known that Dr. Lloyd loves money; he will 'that' kind and attentive to those who can pay well, but his gratuitous patients are sadly neglected. I have a high respect for him, but you will find that he is not all he appears."

"And as to Mrs. Lloyd," said Agnes, "she is as proud and self-satisfied as she can be, and even more fond of money than he is."

"They say so," said I, certainly, said Mrs. Frizer, she has never any civility towards those who do not pay well; however, it may not be so—we are not intimate with her."

I began to see my error; I had thrown a spark into a bundle of combustible materials, and I was obliged to wait patiently till the fuel was burnt out, till I could divert the flame into a more safe direction. But it was in vain that I tried to turn the conversation into another channel, although my efforts were strongly seconded by my niece, to whom the subject under discussion was as displeasing as to myself, and so we would not could not succeed. My friend and her daughter continued their skirmishing warfare, slouching at and wounding every character with which they came in contact, and cutting down by one or all my hopes of finding any to love or respect amidst the large circle of human beings with which I was surrounded.

The evening was now far advanced, and I gave the signal of departure, which Lizzie was by no means sorry to hail. I felt much disposed to say on parting: "Be as merciful to us when we are gone as you can," for I felt that we had no more reason to expect immortality than any of those whose frailties and foibles we had heard so freely commented on. I was disappointed in my friends, for I saw that the precept, "Speak not evil one of another, brethren," was not present to their minds; I was disappointed also in my hopes for the future, because, although I could not but believe they had taken a one-sided and uncharitable view of the conduct of those of whom they had spoken, yet the arrows they had shot struck fast; and my ideas of each individual whose character had been discussed were lowered, and an element of distrust had been distilled into my mind.

Time passed on, and the results of this evil communication showed themselves. The poison worked. I had promised, on my first visit to the Hartlands, that I would occasionally do and sit with the sick girl, to whom a kind society was an enjoyment, and they had kindly said that they wished for my acquaintance. But I did not go. Day after day passed, and I felt disinclined to seek the society of one of whom I had received the impression that she was both deceitful and selfish, and I feared to encourage the folly in which she was said to indulge herself. I returned Mrs. Gray's visit, but when Miss Pate began to tell me some little anecdotes of past days, with which, if I had been unprejudiced, I should have been greatly amused, I rather perceivingly withheld my interest; and instead of throwing myself into the subjects which they brought forth, I chattered them by silence, made myself rather repulsive, and put off for a time an intimacy which I afterwards found was one well worthy of cultivation. It was much the same with all the rest of those who had been wounded by the arrows of sarcasm Mrs. Frizer and her daughter had shot, and which I had called forth by asking for hints about my neighbors.

General and Mrs. Tiber paid me their first visit the day after I had received those hints; and when the poor lady had twitched her mouth in addition with her foot, I could not help thinking of her as Mrs. Twitcher, and as a few of the peculiarities, perhaps follies, of this good couple peeped out, I am ashamed to say that the effect of the Frizer's satirical remarks was so strong on my mind, that I allowed myself to be amused with a sort of quizzing feeling, instead of gently trying whether there might be some chord in the mind of one or the other of them which might respond to the touch of a kindly hand, and make sweet melody; and I kept the conversation at low ebb, and suffered my visitors to depart without discovering that beneath a rather unattractive exterior there lay hidden hearts full of tenderest sympathies; that the gentleman was possessed of a fund of information which needed but the touch of a congenial spirit, to bring it into use, a spirit I had certainly not led him to expect that he would find in me. Mrs. Tiber's lameness, I afterwards learned, originated in an accident she had encountered whilst following her husband through scenes of war and suffering, and the twitching was a spasmodic affection resulting from the injury. How often have I thought with shame on my first interview with these good people!

It was long ere I called on Alice Hartland; but when I did I soon found reason to suspect that the insinuations against her were wholly without foundation. The little follies of manner which had been so severely condemned, certainly existed. There were too many "dearests" and "darlings"; but the poor child appeared to be a genuine invalid, and most desirous of becoming otherwise, using all means prescribed for her recovery, and ready to own with thankfulness all progress towards that evidently desired end. She had been for many years confined to her couch, but her complaints were neuralgic, and hence arose the idea that she could shake them off if she would, but that she liked to be ill. Dr. Lloyd was named; and the burst of affectionate gratitude which awaited the mention of him, was such as to show that I had not been altogether mistaken in my original view of his character. But when I learned that this fee-loving man had for several long years watched over his would-be invalid, bestowing on her his unwearying attention, coming, sometimes for weeks together, and at his business season, daily, or even twice a day, and this "call for love and nothing for reward," and that though pressed and urged repeatedly to accept some remuneration, he had never been prevailed on to take a single fee during the whole of his attendance—I began, indeed, to feel how unwisely I had acted in allowing a doubt of his worth to enter my mind.

It was years before all the wounds inflicted on that gossiping evening were all healed, years before I fully discovered, that though true, yet from the mode in which all that was faulty or foolish in each character had been placed in a prominent position, everything good and bright had been lost in obscurity, and as totally false an impression had been left on my mind as if actual falsehoods had been stated.

My readers, take warning by me—I have been stating facts, for these and similar hints were given me under the circumstances described. If you go into a new neighborhood, never ask any one for such hints; and if anyone should proffer the doubtful kindness, reject it as you would a tempting fruit that you knew to be a poisonous quality. It is more than probable, that the information you would get would be sufficient to mar all your future intercourse with your neighbors; but it is improbable that it would help you to steer clear of any one difficulty or inconvenience.

## SETTING OUT ORCHARDS.

We know not how we can better subserve the interests of our agricultural friends, than by repeating our advice of this time last year. Those who have no orchards on their estates, or whose trees are old and dilapidated, should set out new orchards, and be sure to plant none but the superior kinds. Such fruits always have, and always will bring good prices. An acre in the best kinds of apples will yield more profit than three or four acres in wheat, corn or tobacco. And it may be here proper to remark that the demand for superior fruit is on the increase. Dig holes forty feet apart each way, six feet square and two feet deep, place the surface soil on one side and the sub-soil on the other; mix the surface soil with an equal quantity of the mixture; with this fill up till hole to the proper depth to receive the tree; examine the roots and cut off any part that may have been broken, smoothly insert the tree so as to stand in the hole the same depth it did in the nursery. Let one man hold the tree up straight while the other spreads the roots carefully out, then drive down a stake to support the tree; then fill up the hole with the mixture of compost and surface soil evenly with the ground, giving to the surface a shallow, basin-like form, as the earth is being put in, it should be pressed down with the foot by the planter, who must be cautious not to rend the roots in doing so. The tree planted, confine it to the stake by a straw band so as to prevent it from shaking and chafing. Then pour a bucket of water gradually into the basin formed around the tree.

Trees with low heads bear sooner and better, and will bear longer, than whip stalks and bean poles. In our prairies, low headed trees are the only ones that can hold up their heads, or hold on their fruit. They are naturally shaped Fort Beers, but they are miserably unpopular with that class of purchasers, who "know more about trees than the men who raise them." This is a most important subject; and fruit growers will never repent but once, if they prune their trees up high. Like most others, we began so too; and it has inflicted on us perpetual sorrow upon us. The low tree is healthier, not subject to affections of the bird or insects, not injured by winds, the fruit is easier gathered; in fact every reason is in favor of low growth. We now try to form a head not higher than three feet from the ground, for apples, letting the branches grow out.

## Humorous.

### A KENTUCKIAN ON A "BUST."

We have heard more or less of the poor London weaver, who, sitting at his lonely loom one day, was apprized of a tremendous wind-fall—a rich uncle had died, and left the "poor weaver" a cool bonus of \$5000 in bank assets, besides landed property to some corresponding amount. Well, as ye stories goes, the weaver at once put up the shutters, locked up and vacated, personally, the shop, and goes off on a grand tour. For two mortal years did he

"Travel France and travel Spain,  
The world all over and back again!"

Having cleared a good deal of fun and information, he goes to work again, merry as a Chig. By and by up turns another legacy! The weaver read the news with evident astonishment.

"Good heavens! he cries, 'am I to go thro' all my troubles and travels again to get rid of this infernal fortune?'" He had to.

A story not unlike that came off in our part of the country recently. An old man living in the interior of Kentucky, not overly and above "well off," in course of things fell heir, 't'other day, to some \$2000, cash, the proceeds of divided property in New York. He received the information with a great deal of doubt.

"How much money did yer say?"

"Your share," says the Agent of the disbursement department, "is twenty-eight hundred dollars."

"Say that'er over again, Master."

"Twenty-eight hundred dollars, sir."

"No mistake about it?"

"None, sir; why should there be?"

"Why I'll tell yer, Master: I've lived in this yer country fifty-one years this fall, and I never yet see over a hundred dollars, clean cash, all at once, in a heap in my life. 'Tis a—d—lie, I can't believe it," says the old man.

"But, sir," continues the Agent, "I've got the money ready to pay you."

"What yer, along with yer?"

"Well, no, not exactly here."

"Ah-h-h! I know'd it wadn't true!" exclaims the old man.

"Oh! but I've got it, got it, sir; only you sign these documents, and I'll give you a check on the Citizens' Bank of Cincinnati, for the full amount."

"A check on a Bank down thar in Cincinnati, ah?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hold on, stranger, hold on," says the old man, approaching the door, and yelling out in backwoods style to a passing neighbor.—

"Oh-h-h, Cap'n, come in yer grig 'er yer has and come right in; yer's a stranger tellin' me a curious affair 'bout money; more money than ever was in this world; he says, well, look here, stranger, just up and tell the Cap'n all about it."

The Agent again related the story, a little cross questioning took place, when the Captain, spreading himself over the end of the table, in Captain Cattle style, says:

"Wouldn't wonder."

"You 'spect there's that much money in this yer world, Cap'n?" says the Antediluvian.

"Seen it often?" is the dogged reply.

"Thunder and niggers! what?"

"Stranger, hold on, I'll go with you. Cap'n come along; we'll put out for Cincinnati on sight; hitch up the mule to the—"

"Better go by the stage or cars," says the Agent; "long ways to drive."

"I'll cost a power o' money to do that, I've heard, but—tho odds, Cap'n, I'm able to go like a Governor; two thousand 'eight hundred, thunder and niggers! Come along, stranger; stand by us Cap'n. Two thousand eight hundred, thunder and snakes, come along! and away goes the trio to Cincinnati, where duly arriving, sealing and signing the documents, a check was given the old man, in Sinead's Bank, for more money than he believed naturally belonged to the treasury department of the Union, and which he having received, went off arm in arm with his friend the Captain, to view the works and wonders of our growing city. "The latest intelligence" from the tree explorers was, that the Kentucky Nabob had invested untold amounts in "stars clothes," bought a twenty dollar team, (a one-horse express wagon) and himself and the Captain were driving around as big as two Billy-be-darnds.

## A TASTE FOR READING.

Sir John Herschel has declared, that "if he were to pray for a taste which should stand him in instead of every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, and a shield against its ills, however 'things might go amiss' and the world frown upon him, it would be 'a taste for reading.'" Give a man, he affirms, this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail to make him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest and bravest, and the purest, men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times, and giving the practical proof of the world that has been created for him, for his solace, and for his enjoyment. We are all to have the reasoning to be sound, but we are not all to limit the scope of the human and intelligent recommendation. If the argument be just, it is of universal application, and holds good of the weaver at the loom, of the peer, in his library, and of the student in his "penultimate class." Wherever the book has made its way, there have come also in some degree, consolation, self-respect, dignity, and comfort, and thence have been chastened those of our worst foes to our well-being—the offering of ignorance and unreflecting self-indulgence. If this be the fact, it is surely the duty of society to extend the blessing of education to the remotest corners of the country, and convey it to the lowest depths.—"Give a man a taste for reading, and 'he moves of a joying in,' and you rescue him from the worst enemies which his nature has to combat."