



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.

EBEATTY Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1854.

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Poetry.

The following lines, from the inimitable pen of J. G. Sax, are copied from the April number of Graham's Magazine:

THE HEAD AND HEART.

The Head is stately, calm and wise, And hears a princely part; And down below, in secret lies, The warm, impulsive Heart.

The lovely Head that sits above, The Heart that sits below; Their several offices plainly prove, Their true relation show.

The Head erect, serene and cool, Endowed with Reason's art, Was set aloft to guide and rule The throbbing, wayward Heart.

And from the Head, as from the higher, Comes all-directing thought; And in the Heart's transforming fire, All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite To make the man complete— What were the head without the light? The light without the heart?

Instructive Story.

SAW UP AND SAW DOWN.

"We must have some new furniture, and that soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely survey of the parlors, on a morning, tooth-pick in hand. "I have been looking at our cousin Madison's, very fine things; really curvilinear to look at."

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys, who followed him in the survey. "Archib, my son, it looks as if it were from the ark; quite out of date; we must have new."

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a lady, rising from the breakfast table, and following on; "this will answer for some time to come; it is hardly ten years old; and you know how very handsome it was considered then."

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-hearted you were,—afraid it was beyond our means, said the gentleman, chuckling; "but it looks now out of date, at least beside our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one our standard?" asked the wife; look at these three boys to provide for," as she patted Philip's curly pate.

"Ah, we'll look out for them, time enough for that," he replied, as he complementarily surveyed them; "but we must not be too close; something is due to our station;" upon which he drew himself up a little pompously, perhaps.

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy; to lay up something for rainy days."

"Your rainy days, Jane! the weather will take care of itself," he said, good naturedly, going out of the room; then thrusting his head into the door, added, "I will send the porter up with these things, if he is not too busy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," besought the lady; "here are Madison and Philip, who would give the whole world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! yes, mother! let me go!" shouted the two.

"No, no, let the porter do these things; cousin Madison's boys."

"Must be patterns for our," playfully interrupted the wife, placing her hand on his mouth.

"But do you think it best for the boys to go? they can't bring it."

"Yes, father, yes! let us try; there's nothing like trying, mother says; eagerly declared the two.

suffered to remain at large, a tremor which they enjoyed to the fullest extent. The servants went about on tiptoe, and whispered to one another. The doctor came oftener. Now faces appeared now and then in the entry. I was left to take care of myself, until Nancy put me into the parlor and bade me be a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in and kindly taking me from the carpet where I had sorrowfully lain down, placed me upon his knees, calling me "his poor little boy."

Cousin Madison Jones entered, and he so tall and big, who never spoke to his little children, patted me on the arm, saying, "Ah! the poor little fellow; can't realize it, no, no! and then he entered me to take in my own hand his cane, his Brazilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the top; the cane which he had ever forbidden me to touch. The cane pleased me but a moment, then I looked up into their faces to learn wherefore this tenderness. I felt it meant something, a sad something, and instinctively called for my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to you," said the gentleman, gently laying my hand upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered, with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! don't ask for your mother, she don't want to see you," declared Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across the room, with a still and chilling look. Notwithstanding the choking in the throat and a blur on the eyes, I resolutely rubbed my little thin hands across my eyes, and said to myself, "I must try to be a man, mother says; I must not cry; it was a hard struggle, but Johnny did not cry; he lay patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's arms."

That night Nancy undressed me and put me in my trundle bed, scarcely speaking, nor did she stop to hear my prayers, nor did my mother come in and give me her good night, as she always had. What tears filled my little bosom. I was awed and frightened by the strange stillness of everybody and everything. I tossed restlessly about. I talked aloud to keep myself company. I said my prayers over and over again to comfort my heart and keep up my courage. When at last, it seemed as if my mother even had forsaken me, I kept up stout heart, whispering, "Jesus loves little children, he does, mother read it to me."

What a world of misery in "mother says!" Oh! mothers, say careful and judicious things, for your words never die.

Falling asleep, I dreamed of falling off my bed, then I was tied up in a bag of my drawers, and somebody was going to drag me to pieces. With my heart beating and ready to break, I awoke. Silent, everything silent. I will find my mother, she was the heroic, half-way resolution, as I tumbled out of bed with my poor lame foot. My father's door was reached, beyond the long dark entry, and I crept in at the half open door. By the pale lamp-light could see no one but a strange man at the bedside. My heart felt, then I pushed a little farther in; on the other side of the bed sat the dear object of my nights search.

"My mother! my mother!" I did not cry out but my heart beat with delight. Softly I crept towards her. She sat down with her face bent over the pillow; there was white all about her face and very white too. She never heard or heeded me, but I had found her, and was actually holding on to her chair, when I heard a strange noise, a groan; a deep, hard breathing, which frightened me.

"It's all over," whispered the man. My mother's head dropped upon the pillow, and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber of death. I clung to her knee. "Mother, dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy, and sorrow, and terror; "do let me stay with you." She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her ears rattled my cheek.

"My poor fatherless boy! Oh, God! they will be done! my mother! she laid her cold wet cheek upon my forehead. "Dear, dear mother, I love you!" was all that I knew of the language of comfort. Then, when exhausted and sinking under the weight of grief and weariness, they put her to bed and would take me away from her, I prayed them to let me lie by her side; I would be still, I would not breathe. "If the child comes," said she to those who would have thrust me back into the trundle bed, "she opened her arms, and I nestled close into her bosom, showing my sympathy by kissing her nightgown, when I could not approach her face without disturbing her, and then grasping her arm and ejaculating, "mother, dear mother!" Amid tears and broken prayers I fell asleep. I have always thought, since that painful and dreadful night, as I seemed to link me to my mother unlike my brothers, nearer and had been close to her in its darkest hour.

Sad days followed; and to my mother, and to my brothers, as they began to realize in the funeral pomp and procession, the affliction which had befallen them, not sadder to me than the days when I lived alone in the nursery. Now I could sit by her side and look up into her sad face.

"You have a great responsibility, certainly, the bringing up of your three boys," said a friend who came to pay my mother a visit of sympathy, "but it is not as though you had not enough to do with, contrasting the luxuries about us with her own narrow home."

"I do not know how that will be," answered my mother with a sigh; a prophetic sigh it proved to be.

The next painful scene hastened on, an examination of my father's affairs and settling his estate. "No will was discovered, nor was anything regarding a future provision for his family. On the last night, it was, he attempted to speak and looked with unutterable sorrow upon my mother; but what lay upon his mind, his lips in vain tried to reveal. It was not long before Mr. Madison Jones, who administered on the estate, began to utter short and significant growls, that things were no better than they should be, that it was just as he always said; Philip lived too fast; yes, he knew from the first how it would be; his family would be left poor, left to come upon their friends!" Cousin Madison was famous for seeing results when they appeared; it is not every one who is thus gifted.

At last it came out naked enough, that my father was a bankrupt. We were poor, abjectly poor, but for a small sum belonging to my mother, and secured to her in a marriage contract. Its interest had never been touched and so it amounted to something, but little enough, upon which to bring up three boys—Rich relations we had but one, Mr. Madison Jones, and he only a cousin of my father; a rich cousin, who prided himself upon his money, and valued other people by the same standard.

And now what was my mother to do? The moment she ascertained the actual state of things, she began to act. Would she open a boarding house, that genteel and uncertain alternative for poor gentle-women? If possible, no; her time must be given to her boys.

Must she move into the quarter of that small tenement in a back street, behind Cousin Madison's and take in sewing, letting her eldest five half time at his namesakes, and sending the youngest to his grandfather's; or could she not manage so as to keep them all with her?

"That neighborhood is so bad for the boys; and besides, there is no yard for them to work in," argued my mother.

"A yard! what do you want a yard for?" asked cousin Madison, testily.

"Then they can't play a great deal with our boys, and often take their meals with us. Every little helps," added Mrs. Cousin Madison. My mother thanked her, but inwardly begged to be excused from to great an amalgamation of the boys. She said she would take time to think, and endeavor to place herself in a situation for the best good of her sons.

Behold, us, then, in four months time, at home, in a village, five miles from a village, in which my mother knew very little, except its neat well-ordered appearance, and its excellent clergyman. A "cotage" presents to most practical associations to indicate truly our new dwelling. It was a simple one-story house that had been yellow; somewhat unimpressive without, perhaps, but within, it had two nice chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen. Its chief attraction to my mother was a small barn and a large yard, a part of which behind the house, seemed to have been the remains of a garden by some early occupant; straggling curtain bushes were discovered among the grass, and some stunted gooseberries in the corners. A small farm on one side, and Mr. Giles' great hay field on the other; the sparks and coals of a blacksmith's shop opposite, the blue sky above us, with the sun rising and the sun setting in sight, and pastures almost within our own doors.

We were scarcely settled, when Mr. Madison Jones and a gentleman rode out to see us. My mother was absent; but soon to return. Meanwhile they surveyed the premises; then coming in, they sat down. I was in my little chair, surrounded with playthings. Regarding me as nothing but a plaything they talked freely.

"This big yard! what is it for?" said Mr. Madison. "I should like to know what Jane wanted it for!"

"Better take snug little rooms in town," rejoined his companion.

"She wants it for the boys. What do they want of a big yard?" they take care of it! They work. I never found boys good for anything yet. There are my four great boys; of what use are they to me? All they want is to be waited upon. She has missed it, or I am mistaken; but women have no judgment—an omniscient cousin Madison Jones, under the little lame boy, who devoured every word they said.

By and by, my mother appeared. Cousin Madison's opinions were not long concealed. "That big yard, Jane! that's going to be a trouble to you. What in the name of common sense is it for?"

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as the possessor. "You see that part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to see it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane! it will be nothing but an expense, garden cost, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine!" "I dare say she did, as I venture to say she had many times before, which fortified her in her present position.

We had been at our new home quite a fortnight, when our oldest came to us. He had been at Mr. Madison Jones' nearly ever since our father's death, somewhat against my mother's better judgment, which unavoidable circumstances seemed to control. It was a chilly April twilight when he arrived. My mother ran to welcome him, and "oh Maddy!" Maddy! shouted forth his lips; but Maddy walked, unmoved in, and, phrasing himself with his back to the fire, and his cap in hand, took his first impression. Our little sitting room certainly looked like the picture of comfort; a neat book case reflected a bright blaze from the opposite side of the room, a table with a green cloth occupied the centre, and a few valuable relics from the past, adorned the room. Madison did not seem to know whether to be pleased or not.

"Where is Philip?" he at length asked. A stirring step was heard in the back entry, upon which Philip opened the door, with a log in his hand. "Finished, mother! finished the pile. Oh Maddy!" he exclaimed, with unexpected delight.

"Finished, what?" asked the eldest, with some indications of interest.

"Finished splitting and piling my wood," answered Philip.

"Do you split and pile?"

"Yes, I hope so," answered Philip, as if he had always done it.

"I shan't," declared Madison with an ungraciousness altogether unbecoming.

"Then you don't belong to our hive," said Philip, stoutly, as he laid on the log. "You may go back to Mr. Jones." My mother was preparing tea. "I shan't like it here, I know it," she said; Madison again, after a pause, "It is not a bit like Cousin Madison's; or your other houses, Cousin Madison don't like to stir."

"I like it," said Philip, "because it has a barn and such a big yard; and perhaps we shall have a cow some day or other."

"Yes, a beautiful bossy," said Philip, "just like Mr. Giles'."

"Who'll take care of it?" asked Madison. "You or I," said Philip, "one of us."

"I shan't," declared Madison. "Mr. Jones says it is high time to work when we are men; and we are young; fresh and have good times." My mother looked anxiously, but said nothing. Philip and I were conscious of being damped, decidedly so. At supper, Madison wished he had a taste of bread and milk; he thought people in the country always had bread and milk.

"When we have a cow, we can have a plenty of milk," said Philip.

"And when will that be?" asked Madison, petulantly.

"Just as soon as my sons can earn one," answered my mother. "You know that whatever we get, we must get with our own hands now. When shall you earn a cow, boys?" she asked, in an inspiring tone, just as if we could if we tried.

"Ask Mr. Jones to give us one," said Madison.

"He don't want any help us," he said, when we help ourselves, he will try and earn one, get it for our selves; upon which his black eyes sparkled with interest, in contemplation of the effort.

That evening for the first time since my father's death, did he collect her family about her without the absence of one member, or the intrusion of a visitor. She began to speak of it, but her voice grew husky, and I saw a glimmering in her eye. Instinctively my hand was laid upon her forehead. Then she laid her hand upon the great Bible, and arose to go to another part of the room. She came back calm.

"My sons," she said, cheerfully, "we have a dear little home here, and it will be a very happy home if you all strive to do your part to make it so; yes, and you must help to support it too. You have all something to do, little by little, day by day, your hands to work out some good and useful end, for your mother and for each other, as you really try to," she asked, inspiringly, and looked at each of us with her large earnest eyes.

"Yes mother," replied Philip, quickly, "yes mother and we have got to do it, haven't we?"

"To do and never flinch," said our mother, with great emphasis, "never flinch back, never grovel, never regret, when your duty is plain before you, boys."

"But when it is hard!" said Madison, looking down at his feet.

"Flare more," said my mother, "must we not?" "I always remember you told me so in a great white age, when I went to school in a snow-storm," said Philip, looking up, with fire in his eye; "you said, 'courage, Philip! brave it out! don't be afraid of a snow-storm!'"

"I thought it does my heart good to recur to these sayings of my mother, yet I will not allow myself to linger upon this evening, when she first assembled us around the family altar, and dedicated us all to the Father of Mercy. I remember how she named each name, and commended us to the restraining providence and the gracious love of our Lord and Saviour. We seemed to feel that something new had happened to us, and that we were standing upon higher and more responsible ground than we had done before. And then, with what patience she carried out her principles! "Ah," said Madison the other day, it was saving wood that made me." Now Madison's duty, one time, consisted in saving eleven sticks of wood every morning, which duty he executed with a neatness and a regularity which he would not have been able to perform had he not been so well trained.

Madison, too, had his share of the training. He was not long before he appeared before our mother, begging her to come and see how well he would work, but she could not leave just then. He soon appeared again, complaining that the wood was too knotty; she begged him not to be daunted by a knot. A third time he came and it was too warm to work; too warm by half; a fourth, and his foot was lame, "dreadfully lame; he must give his work up that morning, he was certain." Upon this he begged himself with an air of satisfaction into a room, and was from thence. Our mother quickly arose, and taking him by the hand, led him away to the wood-house, pointing to the wood, she said, with that firmness, which means something; "There is your duty, my son, do it; one stick at a time, and it is done; it is only saw up and saw down, patiently and courageously. Now do it,—conquer it, or you are not fit to be a man." Madison well knew there was no gleaning here, and that it must be done; besides, it was only saw up and saw down, and what was there so formidable in all that? He began to consider after a while, that it did not appear to be much, or a very difficult work; and it is not formidable; but if we patiently and courageously go at it, it is the only "saw up and saw down" which lessens, conquers and finishes, and we are made.

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