

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.—*Biog. Ital.*

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1854.

VOL. LIV NO 47

THE BEAUTY PROPRIETOR.

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

DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ.
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to entire sets, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities of the jaw corrected at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle.

DR. J. C. LOOMIS.
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filling, Plugging, &c., or will restore the loss of them by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full set. Office on Pitt Street, a few doors south of the Railroad. Dr. L. is absent from Carlisle the last ten days of every month.

FROM CALIFORNIA.
C. VON HEILEN respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity, that he has just returned from California, and is prepared to execute all kinds of work connected with a large assortment of ready made—

Watches, Chains, Locks,
Keys, Gun Trimmings, &c., all of which he will sell wholesale or retail. He also attends to repairing Guns, Chain Locks, &c., engraves on brass, copper and iron. He invites the strict attention to business, and a desire to please, he will merit and receive public patronage. Residence—West Main Street, opposite Crozier's Hotel.

SPLendid Jewelry!
Holiday Presents, &c.
THOMAS CONLYN
West High Street, a few doors west of Burkholder's Hotel, Carlisle. He has just received the largest and most elegant assortment of—

SUPERIOR JEWELRY!
ever offered in Carlisle, consisting in part of Gold and Silver Watches of every variety, and at prices, eight-day CLOCKS, Silver table and tea spoons, and every article of Gold, Silver, and Steel. Also Accordeons and Musical Boxes, with a great variety of Fancy Articles, selected expressly for the holidays. Persons desiring to purchase are invited to call and examine the assortment. We are prepared to sell at very reasonable prices. Quality of all goods warranted as far as it can be made. THOMAS CONLYN, West High Street, Dec 28, 1853.

REMOVAL!
SPRING FASHIONS!
THE subscribers to this paper, and the public that he has temporarily removed his establishment four doors south of his old stand, on North Howard Street, where he has just opened a large assortment of—

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.
which cannot be surpassed in style, quality and price, and to which he invites the attention of the public.

LADIES' WEAR.
For Ladies and Misses his stock is well selected and complete, comprising the most fashionable styles of Gaiters, Boots, shoes, and every article of Ladies' wear, of all colors and qualities, to go for with Misses Gaiters, and a full supply of every description of Ladies' Shoes, and Gaiters for Ladies, Misses and Children's wear, at all prices.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
Calf, Kid and Coarse Boots of different qualities and prices; black and drab Congress Gaiters; patent leather and Walking Shoes; Men's, Boys' and Children's Boots, and every article of the above styles of Boys' wear. Also a general assortment of Gaiters, Boots, and Shoes at all prices.

This extensive stock of new and fashionable styles has been selected with great care, and the quality is warranted. They only need to be examined to be approved. He also continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Boots, Gaiters, and Shoes at all prices.

Confident his assortment will give entire satisfaction, both as regards quality and price, he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are in want of the above goods, on and after the 12th of April. JONATHAN COLEMAN.

China, Glass and Queensware.
OLD housekeepers and young, with those also who are expecting to become housekeepers, are invited to call on—

MALBERT'S FAMILY GROCERY
and examine his elegant assortment of China, Glass and Queensware. His stock consists of the householding line, such as French and English tea sets, heavy banded and plain. White Granite ware, China, Glass, &c. Dinner sets of every variety and price. Bowls and pitchers, turquois, dishes, &c. French and other styles of cut glass. Crystal and other styles of glass. Cedar ware—tubs, buckets, chairs, bowls, Bator prints and ladies' meal buckets, &c. Brushes—sweeping, white wash, scrubbing, &c. Hand and shoe brushes, dusters, &c. Market, clothes and travelling baskets. Also a choice assortment of Tobacco and Segars. Call upon who are in want of the above goods, and try the Principles, Regalia, Stationery and other Cuba varieties, and you will find them of unimpeachable quality. Address Segars and Common Segars, with choice Snuff and chewing tobacco. April 12.

The Spring of 1854.
WILL be a memorable one in the annals of our Borough—for the LARGEST STOCK OF Hosiery, most, cheapest and best GOODS are now selling off rapidly at Henry & Brothers cheap sale. Our stock consists of Silks, Hosiery, Shawls, Linens, Barege, &c. Ladies, Gingham, De Hoze, Alpaca, Calicoes, silks, Hosiery, Shawls, Diapers, &c. Donnets, Ribbons, Parasols, Hats for summer, Gloves, Hosiery, Jacones, Edgings, Spring Shawls, French Corsets, Collars, Trimmings, &c. Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings and summer suits for Men and Boys' wear, together with a great many other Goods not mentioned here, but examined our stock will be found to be the largest in Chamberland county and will be sold very low.

April 12. HENTZ & BROTHERS.

THE WANTED.
Carpenters, Cabinetmakers, Wagonmakers, Shoemakers, Blacksmiths and all Mechanics generally, who are in want of good TOOLS, to call at Lyne's, where you can always be supplied with a full set of superior Tools from the best manufacturers. Warranted to be as good as any ever used at a low price. Address: No. 14 North Hanover Street.

Poetry.
TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.
BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth—
Two ways to judge—to act, to view;
For all things here have double birth;
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the loose where kindness ends,
To make that sweet which smoothness seeks;
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all.

Who innately live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means never range,
Nor wise denials give due rest!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish, no impulse, to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets—
The bitter pang of wounded pride,
Nor fallen power that dings the streets.

Though fate deny his glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more
Are gauds, it is all loss to lose!

Some bemoan a whoso'er they go,
Find naught to please or to exalt,
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants and daily care,
Can yet find flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joys they share!

Oh! happy they who happy make,
Who blessing, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for others sake,
And strive, in all things for the best!

Select Tale.
From Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.

A MISTAKE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.
BY ELA ROSSMAN.

Aunt Higbee and cousin Silas Ovinger were travelling to the city together.

Aunt Higbee was somewhat deaf, although she never would admit it, and the organs of understanding pertaining to Silas Ovinger were like the mirrors that present everything in a distorted shape. These, with his possessive engine, were materials enough for even greater mistakes than that which ensued.

Their conversation was conducted in a sort of suppressed screech, owing to the noise of the cars, and much more than was intended reached the public ear.

"Have you seen 'the Squire's' new parlor?" commenced Silas, thinking it incumbent upon him to ascertain his neighbor's.

"Trainford's, you mean?" screamed back aunt Higbee, "no, I ain't bin there since the wing was put on. But what on airth can he want of a new parlor? I should think he would have a grand deal more."

Silas was just preparing to scream "What?" in his highest key, but having heard the word "wife," he concluded that he had heard aright, and went on with:

"That's just what I was sayin'—there is a wife in the case, you may depend on't!"

"Eh?" said aunt Higbee, following the precept of doing as she would be done by, and screaming so that all the passengers around her started:

"I say," repeated Silas, in a voice that left not a chance of his not being heard, "that Squire Trainford is going to be married!"

This assertion was accompanied by a series of winks and knowing looks, meant to arouse his companion to a conviction of his absurdness in guessing; but aunt Higbee was otherwise, and, far from giving Silas any particular credit, thought this merely the *vox populi* speaking through a single mouth.

"Well, I don't think she meditates, but her fingers busy with the black bag which she always carried, I hadn't ever heard of their being engaged!"

"Engaged?" repeated Silas, "I thought that was it? Who did you say the Squire was engaged to?" he continued bending eagerly toward his companion.

Aunt Higbee, however, thought this question merely a ruse to entrap her into a display of ignorance; and determined not to let Silas have the pleasure of supposing that she considered him at all overstocked with information, she answered quite tartly:

"To whom should he be engaged but Mary Infield? Don't all the village know that?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Silas, delighted with this unexpected intelligence. "Well, I'm really glad of it—Mary's a nice girl."

signaling herself in a manner that will trap the world full of paper walls.

The cloudless June sun had dawned upon Mary Infield's thirtieth birthday, and the first grey hair like a thread of silver amid her clustering tresses. She leaned against the window, and her still beautiful cheek was wet with tears.

Mr. Trainford called her upon her depression at the breakfast table, and her lip curled with something of its old scorn, as she proudly determined that she should not suspect the cause.

It was a weary day, one of the longest that she had ever known; and in the evening, Mary sat leaning her head sadly on her hand, thinking over all those past years, while Edward Trainford, under the pretence of his newspaper, was watching her by the soft lights of the shaded lamp. The curve of that beautiful lip seemed engraven upon his heart; and he half trembled lest she should raise her eyes suddenly and flash upon him the full light of their scorn.

One of the house servants entered the room, and deposited a large box, directed to Miss Mary Infield.

"The Squire started up, glad of an excuse for conversation.

"May I open it, Mary? You look too tired to take the trouble."

Mary gave a calm assent, and yet she did feel a little natural curiosity to know what it contained. Several wrappers were removed, and a large cake, with a great deal of pretension in the frosting, was discovered. Mary looked at her guardian in surprise, and he looked at her.

"Well," exclaimed the Squire, with his pleasant laugh, "this looks as though you were a little girl at boarding school, and your friends were afraid of your being starved out. It is very kind of them certainly."

But Mary was not to be put off so. The Squire resumed his search, and soon brought to light a letter which Mary eagerly requested him to read. It was from aunt Higbee, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR MARY—You've bin most awfully, but a little bird has whispered in my ear that you're goin' to be married to Squire Trainford, and hopin' that I'm not too late, I've taken the liberty of makin' you a weddin' cake. I had grate work with the top part to make it stick, but if you're a little careful, I think it'll last sometime. You might just as well have got married years ago, but I s'pose you both took time to consider it. Give my respects to the Squire and do not forget my invite."

Aunt Higbee considered this a very creditable performance, having squared herself out for some hours to accomplish her task, and little dreamed of the reception it was doomed to meet with.

Edward Trainford read on to the end in a state of complete amazement, and when it was finished, he burst into tears. Indignation, shame, and every other emotion seemed struggling together; but the Squire, poor man, was terribly alarmed lest she should suspect him of spreading the report, and in his consternation he exclaimed:

"I don't do it, Mary! I would not, for worlds, have said such a thing!"

"I fully believe you, sir," and Mary seemed to have added two or three feet to her height for she supposed this particularly intended to discourage any hopes that she might have formed. "I fully believe you, and I shall leave this house to-morrow."

Her words fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and hastily seizing his hat, he commenced pacing the piazza in a state of desperation. He did not possess the power of saying precisely the right thing at the right moment, and he did not dare to look toward the parlor, or he might have seen Mary on her knees beside the table, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Well, Squire!" exclaimed Aunt Ovinger as he mounted the steps completely out of breath. "I've come to offer my congratulations."

"I don't know what for," replied the Squire, more shortly than was his wont, "unless it is for the ridiculous mistake of a silly old woman, who has made me feel more unhappy than I ever did before."

"So it's a mistake, is it?" said Silas, while his countenance vibrated, "what awful stories that old woman does tell! But I don't see, either," he continued, reflectively, "why it is so very peculiar, after all—it would seem very natural for you and Mary to get married. What is there so ridiculous in it?"

"Because," was the dejected reply, "it is ridiculous to think of Mary's marrying me."

"Well, now, I don't think so," said Silas, in a matter of fact way, "she ain't very young, nor you neither—she ain't got no money, and you're kind of bay—I guess you're right about matched."

The Squire shook his head unconvincedly, but Silas, who seemed determined to stick to the subject, now inquired:

"Has she ever told you she couldn't fancy you?"

"I never gave her reason to do so," replied the Squire.

"Well, now, look here," continued Silas, struck with a bright idea; "my advice is just to give her her reason at once, and I'll bet anything that she won't be foolish like to have her people believin' things that she's true."

Silas appeared to consider this a sufficient reason for immediate action, but he now wisely left the Squire to himself; and after a few more turns on the piazza, during which he had fully repudiated himself that he was doing nothing wrong, and that Mary could, at the worst, but say "no," Edward Trainford entered the parlor.

Mary, averted her face, to be sure, and was angry that he should see her crying; but with more confidence than he had ever supposed himself possessed of, the Squire seated himself near her, and began the longest speech that he had ever made in his life.

It would have been: "Whether thou goest, I will go." And so matters stood; another proof that the world is full of paper walls.

The cloudless June sun had dawned upon Mary Infield's thirtieth birthday, and the first grey hair like a thread of silver amid her clustering tresses. She leaned against the window, and her still beautiful cheek was wet with tears.

Mr. Trainford called her upon her depression at the breakfast table, and her lip curled with something of its old scorn, as she proudly determined that she should not suspect the cause.

It was a weary day, one of the longest that she had ever known; and in the evening, Mary sat leaning her head sadly on her hand, thinking over all those past years, while Edward Trainford, under the pretence of his newspaper, was watching her by the soft lights of the shaded lamp. The curve of that beautiful lip seemed engraven upon his heart; and he half trembled lest she should raise her eyes suddenly and flash upon him the full light of their scorn.

One of the house servants entered the room, and deposited a large box, directed to Miss Mary Infield.

"The Squire started up, glad of an excuse for conversation.

"May I open it, Mary? You look too tired to take the trouble."

Mary gave a calm assent, and yet she did feel a little natural curiosity to know what it contained. Several wrappers were removed, and a large cake, with a great deal of pretension in the frosting, was discovered. Mary looked at her guardian in surprise, and he looked at her.

"Well," exclaimed the Squire, with his pleasant laugh, "this looks as though you were a little girl at boarding school, and your friends were afraid of your being starved out. It is very kind of them certainly."

But Mary was not to be put off so. The Squire resumed his search, and soon brought to light a letter which Mary eagerly requested him to read. It was from aunt Higbee, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR MARY—You've bin most awfully, but a little bird has whispered in my ear that you're goin' to be married to Squire Trainford, and hopin' that I'm not too late, I've taken the liberty of makin' you a weddin' cake. I had grate work with the top part to make it stick, but if you're a little careful, I think it'll last sometime. You might just as well have got married years ago, but I s'pose you both took time to consider it. Give my respects to the Squire and do not forget my invite."

Aunt Higbee considered this a very creditable performance, having squared herself out for some hours to accomplish her task, and little dreamed of the reception it was doomed to meet with.

Edward Trainford read on to the end in a state of complete amazement, and when it was finished, he burst into tears. Indignation, shame, and every other emotion seemed struggling together; but the Squire, poor man, was terribly alarmed lest she should suspect him of spreading the report, and in his consternation he exclaimed:

"I don't do it, Mary! I would not, for worlds, have said such a thing!"

"I fully believe you, sir," and Mary seemed to have added two or three feet to her height for she supposed this particularly intended to discourage any hopes that she might have formed. "I fully believe you, and I shall leave this house to-morrow."

Her words fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and hastily seizing his hat, he commenced pacing the piazza in a state of desperation. He did not possess the power of saying precisely the right thing at the right moment, and he did not dare to look toward the parlor, or he might have seen Mary on her knees beside the table, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Well, Squire!" exclaimed Aunt Ovinger as he mounted the steps completely out of breath. "I've come to offer my congratulations."

"I don't know what for," replied the Squire, more shortly than was his wont, "unless it is for the ridiculous mistake of a silly old woman, who has made me feel more unhappy than I ever did before."

"So it's a mistake, is it?" said Silas, while his countenance vibrated, "what awful stories that old woman does tell! But I don't see, either," he continued, reflectively, "why it is so very peculiar, after all—it would seem very natural for you and Mary to get married. What is there so ridiculous in it?"

"Because," was the dejected reply, "it is ridiculous to think of Mary's marrying me."

"Well, now, I don't think so," said Silas, in a matter of fact way, "she ain't very young, nor you neither—she ain't got no money, and you're kind of bay—I guess you're right about matched."

The Squire shook his head unconvincedly, but Silas, who seemed determined to stick to the subject, now inquired:

"Has she ever told you she couldn't fancy you?"

"I never gave her reason to do so," replied the Squire.

"Well, now, look here," continued Silas, struck with a bright idea; "my advice is just to give her her reason at once, and I'll bet anything that she won't be foolish like to have her people believin' things that she's true."

Silas appeared to consider this a sufficient reason for immediate action, but he now wisely left the Squire to himself; and after a few more turns on the piazza, during which he had fully repudiated himself that he was doing nothing wrong, and that Mary could, at the worst, but say "no," Edward Trainford entered the parlor.

Mary, averted her face, to be sure, and was angry that he should see her crying; but with more confidence than he had ever supposed himself possessed of, the Squire seated himself near her, and began the longest speech that he had ever made in his life.

collected advice, and to which he responded with evident feeling, and upon making his exit, remarked, "Gentlemen this will be a lesson to me as long as I live." Fortunately for Mr. Simple, a train was now due for Leeds, and twenty minutes after its arrival saw him on his way home to London; where it is to be hoped he arrived safely, and will be a better and wiser man when he has read this paragraph.—*London Mercury.*

A FUTURE COMPANION.—By the author of "Chinacook."—Get a long, low, seven by nine box, of any kind of hard wood—mahogany if you please—any forty feet long; over the top with canvas, and paint the same; then piece either side with a dozen or more part holes, of about eighteen inches square; have a longitudinal companionway at each end, say two feet wide, the height of the box; six all round the entire inside, cubically, with sixty or seventy living men and women, in sitting posture—fit spee the best—with a sprinkling of angling children, and with the thermometer at 85 or 90, and a broiling sun at its zenith.

It is thus packed upon a dusty road, directly behind a burning fiery furnace; and with it without a breeze—for you will soon feel the trade winds, and have to pack your nose for the "Simonses," which the whole concern as head on any horizontal line, by the aid of an iron boss on iron rails, at the rate of some fifty miles an hour!

And while the jangling, hissing train "Thro' screams of fire boils on high— Now glowing like a comet's tail, And rattling like a shower of hail!"

Take care to keep the post-hole open for the ingress and egress of dust, smoke, and claret—for you may be sure it will prove a dead shot to shut them—and it does not forthwith:

"Take the starch out" of the best, And wit the souls out of the rest, Then may they dare all evils given To mortals on the roads to heaven.

Humorous.
WANTED A WIFE—CAPITAL HOAX.

An advertisement appeared in a recent publication of the Leeds Mercury, setting forth matrimonial views and intentions of a gentleman of 27. The proffered engagement was taken up by some parties resident in Leeds, and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

More than twenty letters (one containing the photo) passed through the post-office upon the all-absorbing theme, in course of which the gentleman, who resides in London, and whom in merry we call Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Mr. Simple, made great efforts at the sentimental; and a correspondence which covered a period of several weeks ensued, the ideal fair one writing under the assumed name of "Mary."

Miscellaneous.
THE SERFS OF RUSSIA.

The Marquis de Custine in a recently published work on Russia, devotes a chapter to the Serfs. He says it is difficult to form a just idea of the real position of this class of men, who live in the possession of no acknowledged rights, and who yet form the nation.

In many parts of the empire, the peasants believe themselves to belong to the soil, a condition of existence which appears to them natural; even when they have difficulty in understanding how man can be the property of man. Not unfrequently the peasants when about to be sold, send a deputation to some far-off master, of whose character for kindness reports have reached them, imploring them to buy them. And if this lord, so celebrated for his gentleness, be without money, they provide him with it, in order to be sure of being longed to by him.

In consideration, he exempts them from taxes certain number of years, and thus identifies them for the price of their bodies, which they have paid to him in advance, by furnishing the sum that represents the value of the domain to which they belong, and to which they have, as it were, obliged him to become their proprietor. The greatest misfortune which can happen to these "vegetating men," is to see their native fields sold. They are always sold with the globe, and the only advantage they have hitherto derived from the modern ameliorations of the law is, that they cannot now be sold without it. The fortune of a wealthy man is computed by the heads of his parents. The man who is not free is considered, and is equivalent, on an average, to ten roubles a year to his proprietor, who is called free, because he is the owner of serfs. There are districts, however, where each peasant brings three or four times this sum to his master.

THE WAY TO COMMENCE.
The following is the testimony of a distinguished and very wealthy New York merchant of how to commence making a fortune and how to push along:

"I entered a store and asked if a clerk was not wanted. 'No, in a rough town was the reply—all being too busy to bother with me—when I reflected that I did not want a clerk they might want a laborer, but as I was dressed too fine for that, I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store, and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again they refused to employ me, when I exclaimed in despair almost, 'Is there a laborer? Sir! I will work at any wages—Wages is not my object. I must have employment, and I want to be useful in business—These last remarks attracted their attention and in the end, I was employed as a laborer in the basement, and sub-cellar, at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting room; and of the high clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things wasted, to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let any body commit petty larcenies without remonstrances and threats of exposure, and real exposure, if remonstrances would not do. I did not ask for any ten hour law. I was wanted at 2 A. M. I was there, or if I was kept till 2 A. M., I never growled, but told everybody 'go home I will see everything right.' I loaded off at day break, packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became independent to my employers, and I 'took it' and rose till I became head of the house, with money enough to buy a house, to give me any luxury, or any position a mercantile man may desire for himself or children in this great city."

THE PREACHING MONKEY.
There is a curious animal, a native of South America which is called the preaching monkey. The appearance of this animal is at once grotesque and forbidding. It has a dark thick beard, three inches long, hanging down from its chin. This gives it the look of a Capuchin friar, from which it has acquired the name of the preaching monkey. They are generally found in groups of twenty and thirty, except in their morning and evening meetings, when they assemble in vast multitudes. At these times one of them, who appears by common consent to be leader or president, mounts to the top of the highest tree which is near and the rest take their places below. Having by a sign demanded silence the orator commences his harangue consisting of various adulated howls; sometimes snarling and quivering again and deep, but always so loud as to be heard several miles.

The mingled sounds are said to resemble the rolling of drums, and rumbling and creaking of cart wheels increased. Now and then the chief gives a signal with his hand, when the whole company begin the most frightful chorus imaginable, and with another sign silence is restored, and he goes on with chattering. The whole scene is described as the most ludicrous, and yet the most hideous that the imagination can conceive.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The papers are repeating an anecdote of Daniel Webster, who had done a dishonorable and vindictive act, by taking advantage of his law knowledge, and quashing the indictment, almost without any argument. The broker, amazed at his advocate's skill, and overjoyed at his escape, eagerly pressed towards Webster, attempted to grasp his hand, but the thunder gathered on the great lawyer's brow, and he froze his dissent to the soul by the words, "I take no villain by the hand!"

Not long since, Mrs. B., smelling smoke was up stairs to see from whence it came, and going into a front room, discovered her little hopeful, watching a bag of shavings burning in the fire-place.

"Did you do this, Edy?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.