Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;---WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1853. NUMBER 35.

OH! I WOULD LIKE TO MARRY.

A SONG—BY G. W. GOODWIN.

I saw a little maiden,
Of but a teen or two,
Her cheeks were fair and rosy,
Her laughing eyes were blue;
A dainty little fairy,
Not yet a woman quite,
A modest rose-bud opening,
And beaming with delight;
Said I sweet little lady,
Did'st ever have a beau?
I'd like to kiss you dearly,
But it would scare you so;
Bright flowers bloomed around her,
For it was joyous Spring,
A thousand birds were warbling,
And she did with them sing:
Oh! I would like to marry,
If I could only find,
A pretty little dearie
Just suited to my mind.

I saw another, older
By three sweet years than she;
Oh! she was matchless lovely!
Full bloomed maturity!
Her form was round and slender,
Her bosom snowy white,
Her hair in glossy ringlets,
Her eyes were sparkling bright,
Her dress was spotless muslin,
Arranged with nicest care,
A wreath of glowing flowers
Encirled her dark hair;
Her voice was witching music,
That chained me while she talked;
Her feet so small and pretty,
I wonder how she walked;
Said she, I'd like to marry,
If I could only find
A pretty little dearie
Just suited to my mind.

I find that all would marry,
From maid to matron old;
Oh, think it not all folly,
As you are often told;
I saw an ancient maiden—
Of an uncertain age,
But she had almost fretted
Her hour on the stage;
Her brow was wrapt in wrinkles,
Her cheeks were plastered red,
Her teeth were few and broken,
Her hair had left her head;
Here, then, thought I, is wisdom,
Her earthly dreams are flown;
For one she is contented
To live and die alone:
Said she, I'd like to marry,
If I could only find,
O, Lord! just any body—
A man of any kind.

Till then I was cold-hearted,
And jeered at married life;
But now good nature conquered,
I longed to have a wife;
And so the charming widow
Has now my hand and heart;
Her three dears and another
Give us a handsome start;
And we are very happy,
My love is true and kind;
Oh, yes, I've found a dearie,
Just suited to my mind.
And now ye pretty maidens,
Young men and lovers true,
I'll tell you what I thinking
You all had better do:
I think you'd better marry,
If you can only find
A pretty little dearie
Just suited to your mind.

From the New York Budget.

To Mr. Jerry Starnes, Storekeeper at the Upper Corner in Swoptown, New England.

NEW YORK, THE FIRST OF JUNE, 1853.

DEAR JERRY:—Since I left you, the fifteenth day of last March, I've seen sights and dreamed dreams, and had some vizions. You know I always telled you I believed there was bigger and better places to dew business in than Swoptown, and I was detarmined to go till I found 'em, cost what twould. For I believe in making money in this world, while we are paddling along through it, and the more I see of the world the more I'm convinced that is jest what the world was made for. I tell you, Jerry Starnes, this world was made *to make money in*, and nothin else; and if you'd gone the rounds I've been, and seen what I've seen since the fifteenth of last March, you'd say so tew. I've been clear to Washington, and so fur back, and here I'm agoin to drive down stakes and stop. York's the place; I tell you, Jerry, there's something goin on here, but I must n't get afore my story.

I went through Bosting and Norwalk, but it was n't in the train though that went like a whisk of lightening through the drawbridge into etarnity. What an awful smashation that was. But I got a hint from it to make money. Most everything round here will give you a hint to make money if you're only wide awake. I can tell you my plans, Jerry, because I mean you shall jine me in some of 'em, but will keep 'em to yourself, of course. Wal, now, for the Norwolk hint. I've been all over New York, for three or four weeks back, and I've seen a good many stores, some of 'em large fine ones, where they keep lots of coffins to sell, all ready made, to suit all sizes, jest as you keep hats and shoes of all sizes in your store. At first I did n't like the looks of these coffin stores at all. It made me feel kind of shivery to go near 'em. But I got used to it in a few days, and don't feel no more lonesome or lemoncholy in a coffin store now, than I do in a temperance tavern. Why should I? Coffins is made to make money out of, and that's the side of the thing that it is our duty to look at always, bein the world was made to make money in. Wal, I've got trained so well now in my duty, that when any thing turns up, no matter what, the first question I ask myself, is, how can I make some money out of that piece of business? I've got a list of near about a hundred fust rate plans sot down now in my memorandum book, that I've got from hints here in York since I've been here. And I mean to do my whole duty in the world yet; I feel consciencious about it. So when the Norwalk business turned up, and the cars were turned down smash into the river, and killed and drownded fifty folks in a heap, I had my thoughts about me. I went into a coffin store and dickered with the chap about the price

"Look here, ole feller," says I, what's the price of coffins?"

"Them sort," says he, "is from five to ten dollars, according to size; average about eight dollars."

"Wal, that's your retail price," says I; "how'll ye wholesale a lot, say fifty, sorted sizes, cash down?"

"Are you going into the business in the city?" says he.

"No," says I, "in the country."

"Wal, in that case," says he, after thinkin a minute, "I'll put you fifty, for cash, at four dollars."

I took my pencil and figured up, for I'm middlin quick at ciphering—fifty coffins at four dollars, $200; fifty coffins, average retail at eight dollars, $400; profits $200. I was about closing the bargain, when I happened to take a newspaper, and found the railroad company had been a little too quick for me. They had sent down fifty coffins to Norwalk. Wal, I still had my thoughts about me, and when I read the evidence of the Supeaintendent, that the next case of this kind would n't happen under about "three years," I made an entry in my memorandum book as follows: "Airly in the spring of 1856, buy fifty coffins, sorted sizes, take 'em privately to Norwalk, and have 'em all ready for the next grand smash up; probable profit, $200."

But I'm off the track myself now in my cruise to Washington. Let me see; I went through Bosting and Norwalk, and New York, and the Jarseys, and Philadelphy, and Baltimore, and Bleedingsburg, where they fight duels, and where they say President Madison had a race-course during the last war with England, and then I got to Washington. Washington is a great place, but it is n't the place to get offices, that it's been cracked up to be. I've tried it, and I know. You said I should be too late, and that if I wanted to make a haul, I ought to be on the spot at the President's horgeration. But that wasn't the difficulty, Jerry; there wouldn't a been no time lost if I'd been a fortnight later. No office-seeker couldn't get within gun-shot of the President for more than a fortnight after I got there. Ye see, there was sich an awful army of us, and all as hungry as wolves, the President was afraid of his life. He didn't dare to be out after dark, and he kep his doors fastened day and night. I guess there was about four thousand of us there holding on; the taverns was all full, and the boarding-houses tew, some of 'em three in a bed, and six beds in a room, besides a great many sleepin in bunks and crossways on the floor. And there was about five hundred that was real ravenous. You would always see them chaps peeping out of the tavern windows, and round the doors and behind posts and the corners of fences, watching their chance. And if they happened to catch a glimpse at the President or one of his cabinet anywhere out of doors, they gin chase to 'em like a streak of chalk. Sometimes they'd run 'em down and have a tussle, and arguify the question of the office they was arter. But most commonly the President and the cabinet would be two spry for 'em and kep out of their way. They kep a sharp look out, and as soon as they see a feller anywhere edgin towards 'em, or fixin his eye on 'em, they'd out and run, and dodge into the first safe place they could find, and so get clear.

Now some folks will sneer at these office-seekers, and say they don't foller a respectable callin. But 'tis n't so. They are the most arnest missionaries we have among us, and the most devoted to their duty. They have had their eyes opened, and become converted to the doctrine that this world was made a purpose to make money in; and they see that offices are made to make money with; therefore, their duty is plain before 'em, and they go at it with all their might. And they work, as Parson Strickland says, with a zeal accordin to knowledge. But now although I trust I feel a solemn wish to do my duty as well as other folks, somehow or other I must confess I felt a backwardness in chasing the President in the streets, especially in broad daylight. So I tried my best to get at him some other way. I found that the President let every body, office seekers and all come to his great levee at the White House about one evening a week. So I had my thoughts about me; and I took my recommendations, and sorted 'em over, and picked out about a dozen of the strongest and best of 'em, and rolled 'em up in a snug package, and tied 'em with a little bit of neat blue ribbin, and went to the levee. There was as big a jam as we ever had at our "gineral muster" in Swoptown. But I'm pretty good at elbowing my way through a crowd, so I worked my way in arter awhile into the great East Room, and got introduced to the President. He looked amazingly tuckered out, as if he had been drawed through knot-holes for a month.

Says I, "Gineral, how are you? I am most sincerely glad to see you, I am, pon my honor."

"I don't doubt it at all," says he, givin my hand a hearty shake; and I see at once he was a kind hearted gentleman, and I felt sure I should get the right side of him. So I concluded to watch my chance and slip my recommendations into his hands, when nobody didn't see me. But I'll be hanged if there wasn't about a thousand eyes on him all the time; and after watching for a chance about half an hour, I give it up.

Wal, then I thought I'd work round behind him and slip it into his pocket. So arter pushing and squeezing for some time, I got round close behind him, and when the ranks closed up pretty close, I watched my chance and begun to finger round to find the way into his pocket.—I thought nobody didn't see me, but I was mistaken; for jest that minute a feller tapped me on the shoulder and took hold of my arm, and told me in a whisper I must go along with him. I thought he was one of the President's friends, and the more acquaintance I could make in the house, the better; so I went along, and he took me away off into a little room in another part of the house, and three or four others followed in.

"Now," says he to two of the chaps, "you must take this feller to the police office and have him safely locked up till morning.

"But what do you mean," says I, "you bundle of rascality?"

"I mean," says he, "that all pick-pockets that come into this house shall have snug quarters as long as the law will give it to em."

"Who's a pickpocket you impudent scamp?" says I.

"You are," says he.

"You're a liar," says I, and I up fist and should a knocked his daylights out of him if a couple of stout fellers behind me hadn't ketched hold of my arm.

"I say you're a pickpocket," says he, for I see you myself poking your hand into the Presidents pocket."

Wal, I found then that I should be obliged to come to an explanation. So I told him frankly that he was mistaken in his man, and I could convince him in five minutes. So I took out my package of recommendations and untied em and showed em all to him. He colored up as soon as he begun to read em; but he looked em all over carefully, and when he got through he begged a thousand pardons of me, and said he ha' no doubt I was a perfect gentleman; and he took me away into another room and gin me a treat and an oyster supper, and said he should be very happy to do what he could to assist me in my professional objects while I remained in Washington. But my letter is full, dear Jerry, so I shall have to leave the rest of it, and likewise what there is goin on in New York, till next time.

Your loving friend,
SOLOMON SWOP.

An American Exquisite.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of a gentleman about thirty-five, named Chas. Astor Bristed, and some doubtless have read his own writings, for he has published two or three well-written and sensible volumes. He is a "nephew of his uncle," John Jacob Astor, and like other nephews, sometimes, proves a queer off-shoot from a very sensible stock. His present business is to spend some $500,000 left him by Mr. Astor, and judging from what Mr. J. Ross Brown, author of "Yusef," says of him in that charming *brochure*, and from his own letters to the *Home Journal*—in one of which he speaks of a bill of $400 for kid gloves—we infer he is doing it scientifically. Mr. Brown says of him:

"When I first saw him he was on his way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloons of a particular style. No man in Europe understood cutting except Pantaletti. There was a set in Pantaletti that made him indispensible. He had tried the Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention to proceed at once from Milan to Leipsic for boots; the Germans were the only people who brought boots to perfection; and decidedly the best were to be had at Leipsic. He expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a set in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his cigars he was forced to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wines, it was nonsense to undertake to drink any but the pure Johannisburg—which is generally saw bottled, on the Rhine, every summer, in order to avoid imposition.

"His winters he spent chiefly in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and he sometimes had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of travelling suited him exactly—in fact he disliked travelling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him; walking, because it tired him; the snow, because it was cold, the sun because it was warm; Rome, because it was damp; Nice, because it was dry; Athens, because it was dusty. (By the way, I disliked Athens myself, chiefly on that account. Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, no society, no opera, no classical associations—nothing at all except business; and all sorts of business he despised. It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact the only decent people he had met with, were the French; a man might exist a while in Paris; not that he approved altogether of the French language; it wanted depth and richness; the only language worthy of a man of sense, was the Sanscrit. As soon as he had suited himself in boots, at Leipsic, he was going to perfect himself in Sanscrit, at the University at Berlin; after which he hoped to recover the effects of hard study, by a tour through Bavaria, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink."

Put Away that Novel.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel: in writing to his brother respecting the education of his son, used this strong language:

"Above all things never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those features of consumate bliss? They teach the youthful to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in your cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general take the word of a man who has seen the world, and studies it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say that such books teach us very little of the world.

What unfits the mind for the realities of life, also unfits it for religion; for it is a practical matter of fact subject. The injurious effect of novel reading is never fully known. It hinders doing and getting good, it also trains up and grows an amount of evil products which eternity alone can exhibit. It hinders the mind from receiving good instruction which might be blessed. It quenches the influence which truth accompanied by the Spirit of God, was likely to produce in blessed results. "It is only a novel and only pastime;" so says the frequenter of the theatre and bar-room. It is pastime! But, alas! does a culprit who is under sentence of death, and only waiting for the day of execution, want something to amuse him, to pass his time? Does a sinner who is already condemned, and who knows not but this very night the order will come for his immediate summons to the judgment bar of his offended God, there to hear the sentence of "Depart," or "cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness,"—can such a soul need anything to pass his time?—Throw away that novel; give your thoughts to the realities of your life, and the solemnities of your death. You have no spare time! use it! use it well, and use it at once! If you would save your soul, have nothing to do with a novel!

The West Point Military Academy.

The annuel review of the cadets at West Point, by the Board of Examiners, commenced on the 1st inst. The life of a cadet at West Point is one of hard study, under rigid discipline, as will be seen from the following details, given by a correspondent of the New York *Herald*:

"He sleeps in the barracks, in a room with one other; at five o'clock in the morning, in summer, and at half-past five in winter, the reveille awakens him: he immediately rises, doubles up his blanket and matress, and places them on the head of his iron bedstead; he studies until seven o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to the mess-pan. Twenty minutes is the time usually spent at breakfast. Guard-mounting takes place at half-past seven, and twenty-four are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle sounds, and the recitations commence. At one o'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors dismiss their respective sections, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks, and march to dinner. Between eleven and one, a part of the cadets are occupied in riding, and others in fencing, daily.

"After dinner they have until two o'clock for recreation, and from two till four they are employed at recitations. At four o'clock the bugle sounds, and they go either to batalion or light artillery drill. This exercise lasts an hour and a half. After that they devote the time to recreation until parade, which takes place at sunset. After parade they form in rank in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the cadets. Supper comes next, and after supper recreation until eight o'clock, when the bugle sounds the call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room within a few minutes at study, and must remain there thus employed until half-past nine. At half-past nine the bugle again sounds; this is called tattoo; and at ten the drum taps, and every cadet must then be in bed, having his light extinguished and must remain there until morning. If during the night a cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minates, and does not give a satisfactory account of himself, charges are preferred against him, and he is court marshaled.

"The use of intoxicating drink and of tobacco is strictly repudiated; so are playing at chess, wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishment to which cadets are liable, are privation of recreation, &c., extra tours of duty, reprimands, arrests, or confinement to his room or tent; confinement in light prison, confinement in dark prison, dismission with the privilege of resigning, and public dismission.

"Through the months of July and August the cadets are encamped, and during the encampment the instruction is exclusively military—The only furlough all owed to cadets is two months, when they are in the third class.

"The pay of the cadet is twenty-four dollars per month, and his board costs him ten of this. From the balance he is required to dress and defray his other expenses, and he is prohibited from contracting debts without permission. As the reward for all his labor and deprivation, the cadet acquires an excellent education—in mathematics better probably than he can get at any other institution in the country. The training here of both body and mind is very thorough and complete."

The Right of Way.

The following incident was related at the celebration on the occasion of the completion of the Railroad to La Salle:—A sucker from the region of Egypt who strayed up and squatted on the line where the road was to run, was applied to for the right of way through his farm. He objected strenuously and persuasion seemed to be useless. They would spoil his farm, and he had heard that all his cattle would all be killed when the locomotive came along. When told that the company would pay him for all such damages, he met the agent with the reply:—"Why, yes—perhaps they might—if a feller could catch 'em—but when they come along with one of their 'cow catchers' and tuk off his stock in the night—the darn thing would be in Chicago before he could get up and dress himself.

CROPS.—Since the commencement of spring, the season has been very favorable for the growing crops, until Wednesday night of last week, when the weather turned very cool, with a northern wind, and there was a good deal of complaint among the planters, of lice on the cotton. The weather, however, in a few days became warm and favorable, under which the cotton began to recover; but on Tuesday night it again turned cool, and blew a pretty stiff norther all day yesterday, and we expect to hear further complaint from the planters. Corn looks very promising, though rain is needed in some sections.—*Alabama Chronicle.*

CROPS IN FLORIDA.—An extract from a private letter, dated Mariana, May 4th, to a gentleman in Savannah, says: "We have never known such poor prospects for a crop in West Florida. We have had a drought since the 22d of March, and many of our crops are not yet up. It is now raining for the first time. I have been planting here since the year 1829, and never witnessed such a state of things before."

Short Drama, in Two Scenes.

First Scene.—Millionaire seated in his easy chair. By him stands a poor man, in a supplicating attitude.

Millionaire—Ahem! very sorry, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of advice—*economise.*

Poor Man—But when a man has nothing to do——

Millionaire—Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to save.

Second Scene.—The Millionaire is drowning in a pond, the poor man calmly regarding him from the shore.

Poor Man—Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of advice—*swim!*

Millionaire (choking)—Bub-hub whe-when a ma-man *can't* swim!

—Poor Man—Nonsense! Under certain circumstances, a man *must* know how to swim.

Maine Law Joke.

The *N. Y. Tribune* has a correspondent who tells a capital story of the Maine Law operation in Vermont. The Agent was a cute one. Hear him:

"And it is amusing to listen to the stories and witness the ingenity of hundreds who come after liquor, but who go away with thirsty stomachs and empty bottles. As a general rule, when strangers call, the agent requires a certificate from a physician.

'Mr. D., I wish you would put a pint of your best brandy in this bottle," said a well-dressed young man placing the bottle on the counter and some camphor gum beside it. 'I want it to mix with this camphor. The doctor thinks it will be good for me as I'm somewhat out of health this spring.'

'Certainly,' replied the agent, while an arched smile was playing about the corners of his mouth. The liquor was drawn and put into the bottle. The agent is a polite man, and thought he would save the young gentleman the trouble of mixing the camphor with it by doing it himself. He very politely and kindly pulverized the gum and put it into the bottle, while the young gentleman silently looked on with a face very much elongated.

'There!' continued the agent, "this is fourth proof brandy, and will soon cut the camphor."

'The young man paid a half a dollar for the brandy, put the bottle in his pocket and silently walked out, cursing in his heart the officious kindness of the agent. The thing was done up so smoothly and so kindly that the thirsty young man could not say a word, but his face looked unutterable things.'

Painful Regrets.

Bulwer, a man of genius and greatly admired by some, said in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, in 1843, "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life in chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

How much better if Bulwer had discovered his mistake at an earlier period! Had he employed his gifted mind in strengthening the cords of virtue, in repressing unholy passions instead of fanning them, how different would have been his review of life! "*I am gloomy and unhappy!*" Richard Baxter said no such thing at the close of his useful life. He had written much, but he had not "chased pleasure where it is not to be found." John Bunyan made no such record at the close of his life; nor did Owen, or Edwards, or Brainard, or Wesley, or Fuller, or Scott, or Payson. Men will reap as they sow, in spite of all their hopes and efforts to the contrary. We have often thought of the Italian actor in Paris. He was "gloomy and unhappy" like Bulwer. He consulted a physician. His physician advised him to mingle in scenes of gayety. Especially, said he go to the Italian theatre, and if Carlini does not dispel your gloom, your case must be desperate indeed. "Alas, sir," replied the patient, "I, myself, am Carlini, and while I make all Paris full of laughter and merriment. I am dying of melancholy and chagrin." What a commentary upon those pleasures in which so many indulge to keep the spirits and drive away melancholy! A life devoted to usefulness, a life of honest piety, is the only one which comes to a close without painful regrets.

Remarkable Physical Phenomenon.

A SLEEPING GIANT—A RIP VAN WINKLE.—The Rochester Democrat gives the subjoined account of a Rip Van Winkle in that neighborhood:

Our attention was called yesterday to a most extraordinary phenomenon. A full grown man, six feet two inches tall, 37 years of age, has slept for nearly five years, with only occasional and brief intervals of wakefulness. The name of this man, subject to so remarkable a suspension of the ordinary faculties of the race is Cornelius Broomer. He is the son of a farmer living in the town of Clarkson, in this county, in whose family only this single and singular instance of somnoency has ever occurred. The subject of notice first fell into this long sleep on the 19th June, 1848, and since that time has been awake at different periods, from a few hours to four months at a time. It is remarked that when he comes out of this catalepsy, he appears to have no knowledge of the lapse of time, or of circumstances taking place while he sleeps. The fit comes upon him instantly, without, so far as is known, any warning. His eyes close, his jaws are set, his muscles contract, and his whole frame is rigid, so that if standing, he continues in that attitude partly bent over, and it is not easy to pull him down. He has continued in this condition for months together, unable to speak or move.

Various experiments have been tried to restore him to consciousness, without effect. The man sleeps on, lives, eats, retains perfect health, with a pulse at 80, and without variation. When asleep, he may be placed upon his feet, and he will stand for days together, as he has been known to do for three days and nights in succession. In order to feed him, it is necessary to pry open his firmly set jaws, and in that manner but little food is introduced into his stomach. He is not, however, much emaciated, keeps his natural color, and appears entirely without disease, excepting that which produces his strange sleep. When he awakes, he comes out of his trance suddenly, his rigid muscles relax at once, he asks for meat or drink, and eats voraciously. If asked why he sleeps so much, he appears to regard it as an imposition, just as any active man would receive an intimation that he was considered sluggish.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE.—Law is like a country dance—people are led up and down till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many uncommon cases in it. It is like physic, too—they who take the least of it are best off. Law is like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it; and, like bad weather, most people are glad to get out of it.

PRICE OF BOOKS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.—What an immense reduction has been made in the price of books by the invention of the art of printing. It is recorded of Plato, that although his paternal inheritance was small, he bought three books of Philolaus the Pythagorean, for ten thousand denarif, nearly $1,500. We are also informed that Aristotle bought a few books belonging to Speucippus the philosopher, for three Attic talents, a sum equivalent to about $2,800. St. Jerome also ruined himself by purchasing the works of Origen.

Plant a Tree.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

There has been such a change in the views of our people in regard to the beautiful, as well as the profitable, that all who can control the merest patch of land, proceed to do something which shall both please the eye and gratify the taste. How much better this than to see the back yard cluttered with brickbats, and the cast-off rubbish of years. A man loves his wife and children better for a pleasant prospect, especially if within the limits of that prospect they may run and gather delicious and wholesome fruits for the desert, or to offer to their friends; and they certainly will love *him* better for surrounding them with cooling shades, and gratifying *their* tastes. Here, then, is a moral effect not taken into account when the old boots and shoes are ostracised—the heart is sustained and made better, as well as the corporeal frame.

It is a real pleasure for the child to say: "*My father* set and cultivated this tree. *My mother* planted this rosebush and trained it about this old window frame where the pewee hath built her tiny nest, and baby hands have scattered the fragrant blossoms." And does not the parent reap another joy in such an expression? Think, then, of the moral influence of planting a shrub or a tree, and thus in that pleasant way, add something to the moral progress of the race. Trees promote health. They break the wintry wind, and shield us from the summer sun, and breathe the air which we have expelled, and which is poisonous for us to breathe again. And then the heart that is oppressed by care or softened by affection finds sympathy and peace in their gentle whisperings.

Dollars and cents, in this connection, we say nothing about—we desire to touch another chord. Picture to yourself what charms you may cause to cluster around your dwelling, and what true enjoyment you may realize in their creation; what bonds of affection you may implant in the hearts of your children, so that the seductions of wealth, or the blandishments of courts, or elegant life, shall never alienate their love from the old rural flower-embosomed home, and then you will be thankful to him who first induced you to plant a tree.—*New England Farmer.*

Fertility of the Prairie Land.

When this country was first settled it was often predicted that the richness of the soil would not continue after it had been used a few years.—And, even after the country had been settled several years, newcomers would in no wise believe that the land could continue its unequalled productiveness. But time has years since proved to the old settlers the land holds its own and produces crops equal if not superior to those first grown. There may be some doubt as to the adataption of this soil and climate to wheat growing, but as to the richness and ability of the soil to produce anything else grown in this latitude there is no reason to doubt.

We turned a furrow a few days since in a field that has yielded a crop of corn, or wheat or oats every year since 1838, or in other words *seventeen years without any manure.* We have known this field, together with many other similar for the last ten years and it has produced invariably good crops—the last crop which was oats was as large as could grow and not fall down before harvest. These facts, which are easily proved, and numerous similar ones, of which there could be no doubt, do not look like failure in the fertility of the prairie land. Very many who have lived among the hills of New England, New York, or Pennsylvania, are slow to believe that any large number of successive crops can be raised upon any soil without manure, but they have only to come here and give this soil a fair trial and they could not but be satisfied.—*Freeman.*

☞ Some time since, a shipowner, in dispatching a vessel from New York, had a good deal of trouble with one of his men, who got very "top-heavy" on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn to be paid "What name?" said the merchant.

"Cain, sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" rejoined the merchant. "No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink, and giving his trousers a hitch—"I am the man that *was slewed!*"

Moore's Wife.

"Moore's wife," says an English paper, "was a ballet girl named Betsy Dyke: but not a word is said of her in Lord John Russell's Life of the Poet. This event must have been a terrible blow to the poet's whole family, and especially to his mother, who expected that he would have married a countess in her own right at the very least, with an ample fortune. Indeed, he did not summon up courage to mention the event to her for three months. She was, however, a most excellent and devoted wife. We scarcely know that she had any relations of her own, for they are not once mentioned; but all her thoughts, desires and affections were given up to her husband and his family."

☞ All Europe is agog with table-moving.—In Spain the exploits of the *mesa geraterio* (gyrating table) are everywhere set on foot, and regarded with liveliest interest. In royal princely palaces, and in peasants' huts, nothing is tried or talked of but the new discovery. At St. Petersburgh, too, the whole world is gathered to the dance, and from Siberia we have accounts of successful experiments.

PRETTY GOOD.—The Western Times tells a story of a "distressed agriculturist." A farmer popped in here on Wednesday last to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the house he said that times being so hard, he couldn't raise the money at all, and dashing a bundle of bank notes on the table, "there," said he, "that's all I can pay." The money was taken up and counted by Mr. N., the landlord, who said, "why this is twice as much as you owe me!" "Dang'ee, give it to me again," said the farmer, "I'm dashed if I ain't took it out of the wrong pocket!"