### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

### PORTICAL.

### MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Oh! could there in this world be found Some little spot of happy ground, Where village pleasures might go round, Without the village tattling!

How doubly blest that place would be, Where all might dwell in liberty, Free from the bitter misery Ofgossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot was really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own;
And in it she might fix her throne,
Forever and forever.

There, like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove Far from our hearts the warmth of love, And lead us all to disapprove What gives another pleasure.

They seem to take one's part—but when They've heard our care's unkind by them, 'They soon retail them all again, Mix'd with their poisonous measure

And then they've such a cunning way Of telling ill-meant tales; they say, "Don't mention what I've said, I pray, I would not tell another.

Straight to your neighors then they go, Narrating every thing they know And break the peace of high and low, Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew Were but reduced to one or two, And they were painted red or blue, That every one might know them!

Then would our villagers forget,
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading part,
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish!

Then let us evermore be found In quietness with all around, While friendship, joy, and peace abound, And angry feelings perish!

# SABBATH READING.

## A Mother's Last Prayer.

BY MRS. ANN STEPHENS.

"First our flowers dic—and then Our hopes, and then our fears—and when These are dead, the debt is due, Dust claims;—and well et ou."

I was very young, searcely beyond the verge of infancy; the last and most helpless of three little girls who were gathered round my poor mother's death-bed. When I look on the chain of my varied existence—that wor'of gold and iron woven so strangely together—the remembrance of that young being who perished so carly and so gently from the bosom of herfamily, forms the first sad link, which ever gives a thrill of funeral music when my heart turns to it—music which becomes more deep-toned and solemn as that' chain is strengthened by thought, and bound together by the events of successive years. The first human being that I can remember was my invalid mother, moving languilty about her home, with the paleness of disease sitting on her beautiful features, and a deep crimson spot burning with painful brightness in either cheek. I remember that the steep became unsteady, and her voice fainter and more gentle day by day, till at last she sunk to her bed, and we were called upon to witness her spirit go forth to the presence of Jehovah. They took me to her couch, and told me to look upon my mother before she died. Their words had no meaning to make the proposed of t

steps, he sent his hand on an exploring expension of the step of the hord of the dark when the mass of rich brown hair that floated over her pillow, heavy with the damp of death, but still lustrous in spite of disease, I trembled and sobled without knowing why, save that all around me was full of grief and lamentation. She murmed, and placed her pale hand on my had, but the hard syelled, but I lay motionless and filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice, tremulous and very low, came faintly over them. These words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first dear impression that ever remained on my memory:—"Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer, in that perfect sentence her gentle voice went out for ever. Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heard from its beautiful reating place, and gazed, awe-stricken, upon the face of my mother. Oh, how an hour had changed! The crimson flush was quenched in her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forchead, and the gray, mysterious shadows of death were stealing over each thin feature, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on megsurcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have leaf one of their vivid, uncerthly rays, as the seaf hor death-hed corenant. Slowly, as the

sunbeams pale at night, from the leaves of a Gover, went out the stardlike fire of her every a mist came over them, softly as the was dead. Even then I knew not the meaning of the solome hands of land witnessed, but when they come hands of land witnessed, but when they come them are think the weight of their own sorrow, and I was permitted to wandering the solome hands of the solome

popped down and commenced crawling under. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied quite heavily to his side.

"Thunder! what a plantation she's got," said Gus, as it came in contact with his ribs.

He found the space under the soft quite narrow; so much so that he was obliged to lie on his face.

"Whew! they keep a cat in the house!—Hist! there they come—one—two—three daughters, the old man and woman, and two gents, friends of the ladies. I suppose. Here they are down on the soft. How I would like to grasp one of those delicate little feet! Gods! she would think the devil had her. I wonder how long I've got to stay here. Hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts ran on for about an hour. By that time, he found his situation any thing but pleasant, not being able to move at all. There was no signs of their departure, judging from their conversation, which was lively and well kept up and not knowing how long he would be compelled to stay in such uncomfortable quarters, caused him to anothermetise them most severely. He finally became worried to such a degree, that he accidentally let an oath slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that ? exclaimed one, but the others heard nothing.

"Jesu Maria!" thought Gus, "what a narrow escape. I may of the others had heard it, I should have been discovered, and then a pretty plight I would be in. I would be taken for a burder.

While thus congratulating himself on his escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies, hanging over the back of the soft, slipped behind. It was soon missed, and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," sur-

cape, a shaw beening over the back of the sofa, slipped behind—It was soon missed, and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," surmised the fair owner.

"It will soon ascertain," said one of the young men, rising from the sofa.

Scizing one end of the sofa, he whirled it nearly into the middle of the room.

Gods! what a scream! The laddes fainted away at the sight of Gus lying on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" shouted the head of the house, retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up.

The two young gentlemen promptly seized him and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself; how came you here?" were the questions put to him.

"Thieves! robbers! watch!" screamed all the young ladies.

"Stop your noise," shouted the old gentleman, as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus, you have found me concealed under the sofa in a burglarious manner, but 'pon my soul, it was for a different purpose altogether."

He then gave a lueid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the old gentleman in a roar of laughter. The girl was called in to be questioned about the matter.

"I shall see now, at any rate, who I have been skylarking with," thought Gus, as her step was heard on the stairs.

A moment more, and a daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades, strode into the room. Such an apparition of darkness struck our herodumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement; but a roar of laughter from all in the room restored his scattered senses, and he became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where's my hat?" he faintly ejaculated, as he rushed from the room.

Lutil sleep closed his eyes, did the roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when sound asleep, a vision of the "fegress" flittle before him.

A Chapter on Advertisements.

Most people, when they take up a newspaper, think they inform themselves of the current of passing events, if they read over carefully all the news and editorial matter. But there is another and a more faithful chronicle in it, which they seldom read and never study. Any one who wants to learn human nature thoroughly, or to retrace the real condition of society, will find ample material for both in the advertising columns. It is a department conducted by thousands of editors, so it rarely happens that anything is omitted from it.

The great events that make up the so-called News of the day, concern most of us very remotely, and many of us not at all. Whatever attention they may attract to-day, they are sure to be replaced by other novelties to-morrow.—But the advertisements contain the history of those trifles to the public, which nevertheless make up the sum of individual existence.

Let us read over the advertising columns of a leading New York paper for instance, and set down in regular order, just what we find there.

Fifty-cipht new-comers have entered the

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease, and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endu-

It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came forth sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor man, which stretched forth at the command of holy impulses, and saved him from dis-

It dwelt like a living thing in the boson of the mother, whose son tarried long af-ter the promised time of his coming; and has saved from desolation, and care that billed?

has saved from desolation, and care that killeth.'

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishuael of society, and led him on to the work that even his enemies praised him.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to the abode of the blessed.

No hope! my good brother. Have it.
Beckon it to your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at bost—but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain thee amid billows. Part with all beside—but keep thy Hope.

"You flatter me;" said an exquisite the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his moustache.

"For heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an Indiana hoosier, "don't make that chap any

Indiana hoosier, "don't make that chap any

"Museum."

"Wal," said he to himself, "I've hearn tell o'
them museums, but a "living age," big or little, must be one o' them curiosities we read
about."

"Hello! I say Mr. Wat's name, there—door keeper! Hel-lo!"

A clerk stepped to the door at once, and inquired the man's business.
"Wot do I want! Wy, I want to see the animal, that's all."
"What animal?"
"What animal?"
"I don't understand you, sir."
"Wall—you don't luk as ef you could anderstan' nobuddy, any how. Jes send the doorkeeper yero."

derstan' nobuddy, any how. Jes send the doorkeeper yere."

By this time a crowl had collected in and about the doorway, and the green 'un let off something like the following:—

"That chap as went in flust thar, ain't nobudy of he has got a swaller-tailed cent on. My money's as good as his'n, and its a free country to day. This young man ain't to be fooled easy, now I tell you. I cum down to see the Fourth, and see him I must. This mornin' I see the Elephant, and naw I'm boun to see this crittur, IIol-lo—there, mister?"

As no one replied to him, however he ventured again into the office, with the crowd at his heels, and addressing one of the attendants, he inquired—

"Wot's the price nabur?"
"The price of what, sir?"
"Of the show!"

"There is no show here—"
"No show! What'n thunder der yer leave
the sign out for, then?"
"What would you like to see, sir?" said an-

"Why yes yer dee. I mean the wot's name, out there"—going to the door, of a "Hev'nt yo got a sign over the door, of a "little livin"—sum thin hereabouts?"
"That's Living Age?"
"That's the crittur—them's um—trot him aout, naber, and yere's ynre putty."
Having discovered that he was right, (as he supposed,) he hopped about, and got near the door again.
Pending the conversation, some rascally was in the crowd had contrived to attach half a dozen lighted fire crackers to the skirt of our green friend's coats and as he stood in the attitude of passing to the supposed door-keeper a quarter—crack! Dang! went the fire-works, and at the same instant a leafer sang out at the top of his voice—"look out! the crittur's loose;"
Perhaps the countryman didn't leave a wide wake behind him in that crowd, and maybe he did'n't astonish the multitude along Colonade Row, as he dashed towards the foot of the Common, with his smoking coat tail's streaming in the wind!
Our victim struck a bee line for the Provi-

the wind!

Our victim struck a bee line for the Providence Depot, reaching it just as the cars were ready to go out. The crowd arrived as the train got under way; and the last we saw of the "unfortunate," he was seated at a window, whistling most vociferously to the engine, to hurry it on!

The Happy-Unhappy Couple.

We may be wrong, but, somehow or other, when we hear a couple "my dearing" and "my loving" each other, in society, we cannot help thinking that they lead a cat-and-dog life at home. We have had this demonstration so often, that it appears like a fixed fact in our mind. But whether this honeymoon style of address be genuine or affected, we dislike to hear it very much. Terms of such warm endearment should be kept for the closet. There is enough of the animal about it to make it about as disgusting and indecent as the paradiary of bridal chambers on steamboats and in hotels; and we look upon the latter as the very acme of indelicacy.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, that we had the infelicity of knowing, some years ago. A couple of more loving people, in company,

nau the intellicity of knowing, some years ago. A couple of more loving people, in company, never existed. They were billing and cooling all the time. Mr. S. appeared so kind and attentive that he seemed as though he could not let the winds of heaven blow upon her ever so gently.

cently.

"Leonora, my dovey, don't sit near the winlow, in the draft; I knew it will take cold, and
hen what will poor Lubby do?"

Then she replies:

"No danger, Lubby dear, and the fresh air
so delightful."

is so delightful."

"Well, then, let Lubby put this handkerchief round your neck."

"Thank you love."

"Darling Leonora, you know you must take care of yourself, for Lubby's sake; for what would be this glittering world but a dismal tomb without you. Kiss me, dear?"

Many such scenes have been witnessed between this hanne could. We were roung the nead

tomb without you. Kiss me, dear!?

Many such scenes have been witnessed between
this happy couple. We were young then, and
we thought it real, and sighed to think, when
it became our turn to wear the bonds of matrimony, if we should be as happy as Mr. and Mrs.
Stubbs appeared to be.

We have been rather rudely awakened from
the dream of our youth, and have long since discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were a couple of hypocrites, who assumed, with their party dross, the garb in which we have endeavored
to portray them. We were very much shocked the first time we discovered the true condition of things between Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs.

"But I will."

"But you shall not, madam."

t."

"You shan't!"

"I will."

"I'll be d-—d if I pay for it. You ought to be ashamed—a married woman, with two children, no longer young, whose beauty is on the

to wear."

"Mrs. S., you must put an end to your extravagance. It is not a month ago since you run me to a great expense for three new dresses, and now you want another. You cannot have one, madam."

"I thought, my angel, you knew me well enough to know that I should refuse you nothing in earnest."

The Frinter and the Dutchman.
A journeyman printer lately set out on foot for the interior of Ohio, a distance of 500 miles, with an old brass rule, and three dollars in money in his pocket. He soon found himself in Pennsylvania, and being weare, called at the inn of a Dutchman, whom he found quietly smoking his pipe; when the following dialogue ensued.—

want?"
Refreshments and repose.
'Refreshments and lodging I recken.'
'Supper and lodging.'
'Pe you a Yankee pedier, mit chewelry in
your pack to teleat te gals?"
'No sir, no Yankee pediar.'
'A singing teacher, too lazy to work.
'No sir.'

five cents for tellin' their fortunes, line a diam'ted Yankee?

'No, no phrenologist either, your excellenex.'

'Voll, den, vot to tifle are you? Choost tell, and you shall have some of te best sassage for supper, and shat all night free gratie mittout tehargin you a cent, mit a chill o visky to shard on pefore brikflast.'

'Very well, your honor; to terminate the colloquy without further circumlocution, I am a humble disciple of Faust, a professor of the art preservatee of all arts—a typographer, at your service.

or service.

"Votch dat?"

"Votch dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and lewspapers.

"A man vot prints nooshpapers!

"I wish I may be shot if I didn't dink you vas von lant tailor.

"I may be shot if I didn't dink you vas von lant tailor.

dan tailor.

Go to Church.—It is the duty of parents to see that their children attend the public worship of Almighty God, on the Sabbath. Nothing acts more unfavorably on the moral character of an individual, than habitual abstinence from the House of God. We do not act the part of good parents while we leave our families unprovided in this respect. No neighborhood or community can long have a healthy state of morals, unlessit has an altar creeted to the worship of the Ruler of the universe.

But, it is the introduction of Guano that is working out an agricultural revolution in our Commonwealth. Many farms that were con-

To John Adams, the second President of the United States, was a practical business man and a careful husbander of time. The following entry appears in his diary, recently published:

Priday—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—

Friday—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—
All spent in absolute fidleness, or what is still worse, "gallanting the girls."

We submitted this extract to our devil, who exclaimed at once—"Well, if gallanting the girls be a sin, may the Lord help the wicked!"

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The annexed lines are copied from a tombstone in the Protestant grave-yard at New Orleans; "There's not an hour, or day, or dream-ing night, but I am with thee; there's not

ing night, but I am with thee; there's not a wind but whispers of thy name, and not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon; but in its huse of fragrance tells of thee."

Est A lady who had refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon had her pockets picked as sho was leaving the church. On making the discovery, she said: "God could not find the way into my pocket but it seems the Devil did."

A regular old toper, slightly reeling, eyes half shut, and partly soher, is thus supposed to address a 'select few' of his old cronies, while leaning against a lamp post in some secluded

To Presorve Eggs.

Some of your correspondents inquire about the best method of keeping eggs fresh, and as we have a plan here which have been given to these inquires. I send it to you, particularly, as I find it better than any I have seen mentioned:
—Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each 1½ inches in diameter) as you can, without risking the breaking of one hole into another—I find that a board of two feet six inches in length, and one board has five dozen in it, say twelve rows of five each; then take four strips of the same board of two inches broad, and nail them together edgewise into a rectangular frame of the same size as your board, and nail the board upon the frame, and the work is done, unless you choose, for the sake of appearances, to nail a beading of three quarters inch round the board at the top; this looks better and sometimes may prevent an egg from rolling off. Put your eggs on this board as they come in from the politry bouse, the small end down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions:—Take care that the eggs do not got wet, either in the nest or afterwards (in summer, hens are found of laying among the nettles or long grass, and any eggs taken from such nests should be put away for immediate use; keep them in a cool room in summer, and out off the reach of frest in winch a respectively fresh and good; in fact, it is the practice here to accumulate a large stock of eggs in August September, and October, which lasts until after the fowls have been there mearer eight months than six, and which are perfectly fresh and good; in fact, it is the practice here to accumulate a large stock of eggs in August September, and October, which lasts until after the fowls have been there mearer eight months than six, and which are perfectly fresh and good; in fact, it is the practice here to accumulate a large stock of hens, as it would take up too much room.

I have endeavored to account for the admirable way

speaks of the improvement in agriculture in that State, and attributes it to the use of Guano. He says:

But, it is the introduction of Guano that is working out an agricultural revolution in our Commonwealth. Many farms that were considered worn out have been entirely paid for by the first crop of wheat, after the application of Guano. And in several instances within my knowledge, farms that five years ago you could scarcely give away, are now worthin twenty-five dollars an acre, and increasing yearly in value.

I have no hesitation in saying that, if the

twenty-five dollars an acre, and increasing yearly in value.

I have no hesitation in saying that, if the supply of Guano holds out, and the use of it by our farmers continues to increase in the same ratio during the next five years that it has for a year or two past, the real estate of our Commonwealth will be worth five times as much as it is at present. Even down in "Sandy Sussex," where, as the story goes, the sand is ao thick that the farmer, after he is done plowing in the evening, has to hang his plow on the fence in order to find it next morning, there are some signs of improvement.

## Cultivation of Fruit Trees.

Caltivation of Fruit Trees.

The Prairie Farmer, in speaking of the injury to young orchards occasioned by the common practice of sowing them to grain and seeding them to grass, makes this fair comparison: "Small grains in the orchard, are worse than red pepper in lemonade. So we think." He might have added that they are about as nourishing to fruit trees, as ten-penny nails would be to a horse, or a Scotch-snuff pudding to young children.