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WE ARE GROWING OLD. We are growing old—how the thought will rise, When a glance is cast backward cast.

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part Our steps from its greenness now, And we miss the joy of many a heart, And the light of many a brow.

Old in the fitness of the dust Of our daily toils and cares— Old in the wrecks of love and trust Which our burdened memory bears.

But, oh! the changes we have seen, In the far and winding way, The graves on our paths that have grown green, And the locks that have grown gray.

Will it come again when the violet wakes And the woods their youth renew? We have stood in the light of sunny brooks, Where the bloom is deep and blue.

A Solemn Appeal. We copy the following from the Council Bluffs Eagle of Oct 31: Last week our nation was graced with a dozen chiefs and braves of the Omaha nation.

It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these cars, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently—Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss.

It was indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit, towards the fathomless abyss.

A PROFITABLE HINT TO NEWLY-MARRIED PERSONS.—A bridegroom requested his wife to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of the cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side and exclaimed, "Pull the line!" She pulled at his request, as far as she could. He cried, "Pull it over!" "I can't," she replied. "Pull with all your might!" shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line so long as the husband held on to the opposite end.

A POOR WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.—John B. Gough in one of his orations before a British audience related the following incident. We doubt whether from any of the beautiful and costly gifts, of which Mr. Gough has been made the recipient, by admirers of his genius and philanthropy, and one has more deeply touched his heart than the testimonial of the poor Edinburgh woman. Said he:—

"While in Edinburgh, lately, a woman with two children called upon me, and though very poor, insisted that I should accept a present of a white handkerchief, saying while you wipe the sweat from your brow, when you are speaking in this cause, let it remind you that you have dried the tears of my house."

The Glass Railroad.

It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked around and found myself in the center of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along, with a peculiar motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gaily dressed, all happy, all laughing, talking and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating such as we hear on the railroad. They move along with the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within—I was full of peace.

"While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on gliding on with glass wheels over the railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins. "These are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me. "What trip?" I asked. "Why, the trip we are now making. The trip on this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and a laugh which froze my blood. "They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

"I can never describe the horror with which those words inspired me. 'What is the name of the glass railroad?' I asked. 'The person whom I asked, replied in the same strain: 'It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these cars, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently—Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but no body will mind it, will they?'

"I was choked with horror; I struggled to breathe—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I know it was only a dream, and yet, when I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct, on either side of the road, while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears. I only see the gold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds."

"There was a mortal in that dream." Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks.—Lippard.

THE IMMORTALITY OF AFFECTION.—Who in the course of his life, hath not been so bewitched, and worshipped some idol or another? Years after this passion has been dead and buried, along with a thousand other worldly cares and ambitions, he who felt it can recall it out of its grave, and admire, almost as fondly as he did in his youth, that lovely, quickly created. I invoke that beautiful spirit from the shade, and love her still; or rather I should say, such a past is always present to a man; such a passion, once felt, forms a part of his whole being, and cannot be separated from it; it becomes a portion of the man of to-day, just as any faith or conviction of the past, ever afterwards influencing him; just as the wound I had at Blenheim, of which I wear the scar, hath become part of my frame and influenced my whole body—my spirit, subsequently, though 'twas got and healed forty years ago. Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us.—Surely we cannot separate them from our consciousness. They shall follow it whithersoever that shall go; and become part of their nature, divine and immortal.—Thackeray's Esmond.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG STUDENTS.—"With-out your own best exertions, the concern of others for your welfare will be of little avail; with them, you may fairly promise yourself success. The writer of this address therefore recommends to you an earnest co-operation with the endeavors of your friends to promote your improvement and happiness. This co-operation, while it secures your own progress, will afford you the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing that you are cherishing the hopes and augmenting the pleasures of those with whom you are connected by the most endearing ties."

"He recommends to you, also, serious and elevated views of the studies in which you must be engaged. Whatever may be your attainments, never allow yourselves to rest satisfied with mere literary acquisitions, nor with a selfish or contracted application of them. "Contemplating the dangers to which you are exposed, the dishonor which accompanies talents misapplied, and a course of indolence and folly, you may exert your utmost endeavors to avoid them. This is the morning of your life, in which pursuit is ardent, and obstacles readily give way to vigor and perseverance; embrace this favorable season; devote yourselves to the acquisition of knowledge and virtue."

INDIAN SURENESS.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y., to the Chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the Chief, and he fixed a penetrating and expressive eye upon the Dr., which communicated the reproval before he uttered it,—"we Indians use a great deal of it, but we do not make it!"

Verily, these rude children of the forest, at every turning, put our Christian civilization to shame! We go to the "beathan" with the Bible in one hand and whiskey in the other. This is much akin to the British in the East, breaking open the door of China with Bibles and 24-pounders! Some people would dignify this, and call it "God's Providence." It may be so; but we think it rather questionable. "Tis a queer method of conversion anyhow, take it at best.

Modesty. There is a resistless charm in a modest demeanor, which is worth more than all the arts with which designing women seek to captivate the opposite sex. Meretricious attractions may chance to please to day; but native excellence, with the simple setting of modesty, will delight tomorrow, and next day, and so on, without interruption. Moreover, the pleasure which we derive from spurious or shallow charms is almost certainly followed by disgust, when we come to see that we have been imposed upon. It is not agreeable to us to know or feel that we have been cheated. The old paradox about "beauty undorned" has much truth in it, and is very pointedly and prettily rendered in the following epigram:

"As lamps burn silent with unobtrusive light, So modest ease in beauty shines more bright; Unassuming charms with less resistance glow, And she who wears no jewels, loses it all!"

The Beautiful Suicide.

Beautiful exceedingly is the love of a young girl who has sealed with her lips the vow which has given her heart to another. There is no attribute or passion of man half so pure or tender or holy. She is in one sense no longer herself since her thought and sentiment is devoted to him who calls her his own. How she clings to him, how she delights in his smiles, and then, how she trembles lest a passing shade that may come over him betokens ill! And if he sick; how tenderly she watches over his pillow and calms him with her gentle and angelic ministrations. You might as well think to unclog from the forest tree, at a sweep of the hand, the strong vine, which, with its purple clusters, hath twined itself around the trunk and every branch—as to rend or draw back to her the love she so trustingly lavished upon him. But let it chance, that though any whim or caprice, he whom she idolizes, becomes in the slightest degree indifferent to her—how quickly the unsleeping eye of her heart detects it! And yet she will not whisper her suspicions even to a sister—but retiring to the seclusion of her chamber, shed burning and bitter tears at the thought of his desertion from her. But if—of the mere suspicion of infidelity, or a determination to slight her, becomes, through any thing which she observes, cruel reality—and, if, further, it chances that he who won her love, hath betrayed and finally spurned her—oh, where is there in the wide world a more desolate, heart-broken creature than that confiding girl. If it strange, one may ask, that in the terrible phreny or whirl of feeling which ensues, reason should lose its balance and the poor girl to the grave and to the heaven beyond—as alone offering any hope of release from present suffering.

No one need be told that the instances are not few in which the love of a beautiful girl is sought and won, for a time returned, and finally spurned. They who thus treat a confiding woman are brutes—brutes in everything but shape. They are strangers to honor, to feeling and to virtue. They never could appreciate the untold wealth of a woman's heart, nor be able to say—(if we may coin a verse)—

Affecting Romance. With the death of Dennis Bryan, the young man who died recently at Moreau from having his legs crushed by the cars, is connected an affecting bit of romance which has been related to us as follows: After his marriage had been consummated his mind returned to the terrible consciousness that he must die, and he implored the bystanders to "send for his Lucy." "Where is she? I must see her before I die—let me see her and I can die in peace."—were his frequently ejaculations and entreaties. His parents were asked what he meant—if he was married—to which they replied that he was not, and that they knew nothing of the person he named as "Lucy." After his death it came to light that he had been married a couple three months to a lady belonging to one of the first families in Lancaster. His wife's parents had opposed their marriage on the ground of his lack of means; and the consequence of this opposition was, the young couple were clandestinely united and their marriage kept a profound secret. \$500 in the hands of his wife, it being their intention when \$600 had been accumulated to publicly announce their marriage. But alas! the day on which they intended to claim and expect to receive the forgiveness of offended parents never arrived.—White Hall Chronicle, Nov. 10.

Origin of the word News. Some lover of the curious literature asserts that the word "news" is not derived from the adjective new, as many suppose. He says that in former times to see on the newspaper the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus: N W E S

These letters were intended to indicate that the paper contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, but they came to assume the form of the word news from the term which newspaper is derived.—This explanation is certainly ingenious; but whether the true one or not we cannot undertake to say.

PICTURE OF LIFE.—In youth we seem to be climbing a hill, on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit! But when we have attained it how different is the prospect on the other side! We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back, with a wistful eye upon the glory path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is a potentious cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

I HAVE read books enough, and observed and conversed enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds too, in my time; but, I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor mediocred men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or spending their simple thoughts in circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors than I ever met with upon the pages of the Bible.—[SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GO where you will the broad earth bears the beautiful; it springs like hope from sorrow over the ashes of the dead.—It lies nesting upon the bosom of the mother; it is with us, when we open our eyes in the morning, and the curtain of night shuts its vision in our hearts. It springs like the flower out of a happy thought.—It floats down like Elijah's mantle, and the angels fold it about us when we kneel at the shrine of prayer.

AN ARKANSAS INVENTION.

OR, HOW THE GENERAL "GOLD" THE EDITOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. About the commencement of the present decade we had the honor of being one of an illustrious trio who originated and controlled a Democratic newspaper, named the Arkansas Traveler, published at the flourishing town of Camden, Ouachita Co., Ark. We numbered among our exchangers the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, valuable, then as now. Among our patrons in Camden was one General Tom Woodward, a shrewd old gent, full of anecdotes, an inveterate practical joker, a good judge of "eye" and, to cap the climax of his convivial accomplishments, was great on the "Arkansas Traveler." (A celebrated dancing tune with a legend.) One sultry day in the summer of '50, the General walked into our printing office, picked up the Scientific American, and commenced reading the Editor's "Notes to Inventors," in which he offered his services in the obtaining of patents for useful inventions, &c. After reading it through, the General requested papers and paper. The stationery was placed before him, and in a few moments he had written his letter, sealed and super-scribed it to Munn & Co., New York, and our devil was despatched to the post office with it. We "smell a mice," but said nothing.—The next time the Scientific American came we eagerly opened it, and there, sure enough, among the "notices to correspondents," was the following: "T. W. Camden, Ark.—Musical inventions, if of real benefit, and not too costly, generally prove lucrative to the inventor. We cannot inform you as to the practicality of obtaining a patent, until you send us a model, or an accurate description of the instrument."

This paragraph we read to the General the next time we saw him; for our politeness in the matter, he permitted us to read his description of the wonderful instrument previous to its being despatched to the Scientific American; it was as follows: "Dear Sir: By your request I will as briefly and clearly as I can, endeavor to describe my new musical invention. It has very much the appearance, at first sight of a case for a huge, double-action harp; from six to eight inches square at the small end, then gradually expanding to four feet square; one side perforated with auger holes. The inner compartments of the instrument are occupied by swine from the four weeks' rooster at the little end, ranging gradually up to eight year old male grunter—the tails of all protruding through the before mentioned auger holes. The performer stands upon the outside of the instrument, with a couple of blacksmith's pliers in his hands; he has thus full command of the machine, and a practiced hand can run the chromatic scale in a most brilliant manner. You will at once perceive that my invention is a valuable one, combining immense volume of tone with an almost unlimited power of expression, and vast compass—from the shrill soprano of the infamable porker, down to the deep, ponderous base, as Mrs. Partington, expresses it, of his more aged ancestor—it is including ever so many octaves. By prolonging the pinch tones can be prolonged indefinitely, thus doing away with the Eolian Dolce Campana, and other attachments, (including the sheriff's.) I have not yet decided whether to call my invention the "Swinet" or the "pig-mamma." Your advice upon this subject, together with your assistance in obtaining a patent "according to Hoyle," will be gratefully taken by Yours truly,

THOS. WOODWARD. Munn & Co., Els. Scientific American. The next week's American contained the following paragraph: "T. W. Camden, Ark.—Your description of the new musical invention has come to hand. We think it patentable, and on receipt of the usual fee will endeavor to obtain the desired patent. We have no doubt, but that you can make the invention 'pay,' as it fills a desideratum which must have long been felt in the refined locality of Arkansas. If the aged swine which forms the BASE of your 'Piganna,' should, accidentally, not be procurable, we would recommend the inventor to fill his place; indeed we know of no one more admirably adapted by nature and education to the position for in the whole course of our editorial experience we were never bothered with the lumberings of a more unmitigated nose."

The last shot protruded the general, he treated all hands to water-melons to keep the joke to ourselves.—Swanston (N. Y.) Herald.

THE WAGS are having their sport over the elections. Boston is full of pans and plays, and Albany responds: CORNER.—"What is the news from Massachusetts?" "From where?" "From Massachusetts." "Don't know any such State." "Don't know Massachusetts." "No, sir." "Never heard of such a State?" "Never." "Where have you lived since you were born?" "In the United States." "And never heard of the Old Bay State?" "Oh, yes! I have heard of the Old Bay." "Well! ain't that Massachusetts?" "It used to be, but it ain't now." "Ain't now?" "What on earth is it then." "They've seen Sam over there—don't you think they have?" "Well—yes. I reckon they have." "Then it's no longer Massachusetts?" "What is it?" "Samachusetts, and nothing else!—Whooray for Hail Columbia & Co."

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP.—Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise. One look, one glance from the fair fixes and determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, is a long time in forming; it is slow growth, through many trials and months of familiarity.

When I am a man!—the poetry of childhood; when I was young! is the poetry of old age.

HUMBLE LIFE.

Toff me not that he's a poor man, That his dress is coarse and bare, Tell me not his daily pittance Is a workman's scanty fare; Tell me not his berth is humble, That his parlour is low; He is honest in his notions; That's all I want to know. Is his worth to be relied on? Has his character no blame? Then I care not if he's low-born— In the eyes of him most woe. Then I care not whose his name: Would he form an objection Turn away with scornful eye! Would he, than I should another, Roar on a sea-fair day? Would he spend his hard-earned earnings On a frother in distress? Would he sneer at the afflicted, And the weak one's wrong redress? Then he is a man deserving Of my love and my esteem, And I care not what his birth place In the eyes of him most woe. Let it be a low thatched house— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be a parish work-house— In my eyes it matters not; And if others will disdain him, As inferior to their caste, Let them do so—I'll not heed him, As a brother, to the last.

MARRIAGE.—Well, Susan, what do you think about married ladies being happy? "Well, I think there are more said than is than that said." "Susan I shall apply to the Legislature to have your name changed to Sapphira. You are an unprincipled female. Matrimony is another name for paradise, at least in the Fern Dictionary. Just as you yourself Mrs. Snip. It is a little prefix not to be entered at. It is only the privileged few who secure a pair of corduroys to mend and tread by the side of, or a pair of coat flaps, alternately to darn and lang to, amid the vicissitudes of this patch work existence. Think of the high price of fuel, Susan, and the quantity it takes to warm a low spirited single woman; and then think of having all that found for your sleeping partner; and extra charge of gas—Think how pleasant to go to the closet and find a great boot-jack on your bonnet or to "walk your passage" to the looking glass every morning through a set of dickies, vests, coats, continuation neck ties, think of your nicely polished toilet table spotted all over with Young Women; think of a razor strap; think of Mr. Snip's lips being hermetically sealed day after day, except on a sick day. Think of coming up from the kitchen in a gasping state of exhaustion, after making a batch of his favorite pies, and finding five or six great despoiled birds disembowled on your chamber floor, from the contents of which Mr. Snip had selected the pieces of your best silk gown for "raggs," to clean his gun with.—Think of your walking the floor all night with your fretful ailing baby, hushed up to your cheek, lest it should disturb your husband's slumbers, and think of his coming home the next day and telling you when you were exhausted with your virgils "that he had just met his old love Lilly Grey, looking as fresh as a daisy; that it was unaccountable how much older you look than she, although you were both the same age."

Think of all that, Susan, and see if you dare tell me again "there's more said than is than that said." happy married women! I came very near bursting my bodice with indignation at your impudent assertion.—Fanny Fern.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Out of employment! The exclamation is almost as common as the notices of "to let" on new houses. Why out of employment? Has ingenuity reached its end that flesh and blood must waste as flowers will when plucked from the stem? Energy may be seen any day in the week at a street corner sharpening knives. Apple stands yield profit enough to pay for an upper room and something approaching to comfort. Matches industriously offered have purchased a house and lot. Tripe and sausage meat enable the dealer to keep cool in warm weather, and more than pay for coal. An Ethiopian swill collector has qualified himself to exercise the elective franchise by pursuing his slopy vocation with vigor. Who can know who or what you are if you stand at the corner moping and wondering why a stranger does not step forward and extend a helping hand? Never hope to jump at once into prosperity for the chasm between industry and idleness is of frightful width. Never allow pride to bring a blush to your cheek because your business is humble. Pride is not reliable in all cases. If you labor you produce and are certain of reward in some form. If you are cheated of your money, an honest man may hear of your calamity, and with generous heart offer you a position. Never say "out of employment" because no reasonable excuse can be offered therefor. The world is wide, the people daily find rest in cemeteries, and places must be supplied.—There is work enough for all, while integrity and sincerity are characteristics. Try again.—Albany Knickerbocker.

"How could you do so imprudent a thing?" said a curate to a very poor Taffy. "What reason could you have for marrying a girl so completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the slightest prospect of provision?" "Why, sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason. We had a blanket piece, and as the cold weather was coming on, we tho't that putting them together would be warmer."

"You look like death on a 'pale horse,'" said Jim to a toper, who was growing pale and emaciated. "I don't know anything about that," said the toper, "but I'm death on 'pale brandy.'"

It is proposed to light the streets of a village not a thousand miles from Syracuse with red-headed girls. If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night, and hug the lamp posts.—Albany Knickerbocker.

THE SMOKE OF JUSTICE.

The boys attending one of our public schools, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken out of the neighbors windows; but no clue to the offender could be obtained as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the governess, and on the occasion of a gentleman visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the "circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address to the school had reference, principally, to the conduct of boys in the street and in their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere—even when alone, and when they thought no eye could see, and there was no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy arose in his seat, and said: "Miss L—, I batted the ball that broke Mr.—'s window. Another boy threw the ball, and I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a few minutes after he had closed. "But it won't be right for — to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat: "all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play. I'll pay my part!"

"And I." "A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

Mourning Events. The N. O. Christian Advocate, recently in recapitulating the heavy misfortunes that have befallen our nation during the present year, sums up the mournful tale in language as full of truth as the year has been for memorable events: "We sing of mercy and judgment. The year past will be signal in history for its disasters. Drouth, in the best agricultural districts, cutting off millions of produce—fire in cities and forests—mountains in a blaze. Cholera invading from the sea coast to the interior. Yellow fever raging as never before. Disasters by railroads, and greater ones by rivers and by sea—Sailing vessels lost, and steamers, huge and staunch, foundering and ocean, or in tempting view of shore, or burning in hopeless distance of rescue. Thousands of lives lost; mourning and wailing fill all the land. Such events show us that God does not need wars; foes of steel and iron, serried ranks of invading hosts and armed fleets, like those that distress the other hemisphere, in order to reduce the proud to humility, or to make his sovereignty known."

SERVENT FACINATION.—A few weeks since a little boy who was known to be frequently absent from school, was noticed in the neighborhood of Privet by a shepherd in the employ of — Martineau, Esq., to be very busily engaged in the road. He approached nearer, and was surprised to see him feeding two adders! The boy having crumbled the bread in his satchel, spread it out in his pinafore, and the adders came and eat the food from his lap, picking up the crumbs with great dexterity. After feeding them he lay on the ground and played with them, all three seeming to enjoy the sport. But if the little wretch referred to in this company the shepherd did not, for with much difficulty he killed the adders to the great distress of their little playmate, who wept bitterly at their destruction. —Waltham Mirror.

According to Prof. De Bow, the native and foreign born free population of some large cities is as follows: Baltimore, native 130,491; foreign 35,495. Boston, native, 88,948; foreign, 46,677. Charleston, native, 27,809; foreign, 4,643. Chicago, native, 13,682; foreign, 15,682; Cincinnati, native, 60,558; foreign, 54,541.—New Orleans native, 50,470; foreign 48,601. New York native, 277,752; foreign, 453,753. of which 133,730 are Irish, 60,000 Germans, &c. Philadelphia, native, 286,844; foreign, 121,690.

Counsels for the Young. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury—He that revenges knows no rest—The meek possess a peaceful breast. If you have an enemy, act kindly towards him, and make him your friend.—You may not win him at once, but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your ends. By little and little, great things are completed.—Albany Knickerbocker.

Waters falling day by day, Wear the hardest rock away. "Did you go to Dr.— to have him cure you of lying?" said a gentleman in Louisville to a little boy who had been "tongue tied," or something of the sort.—"Yeth, thir," answered the lad.—"What did he do to you?" "He cut a little string there wath under my tongue." "Did he cure you?" Yeth, thir. "Why you are lying now!" "Am I thir?" "Well, I don't perceive that I lip, tho'th I go to thir thir thir thir." Then I always no'thite it."

To MAKE CRACKERS.—One quart of flour with two ounces of butter rubbed in; one teaspoonful of saleratus in a wine glass of warm water; half a teaspoonful of salt, and milk enough to run it out. Beat in half an hour with a spoon, and eat them in round cakes, press a pebble, and eat them in the oven when other things are taken out. Let them bake till crisp.