Written for the Delaware Gazette.

OCTOBER.

BY LENA LINWOOD.

Gentle Summer! thou art passing;
  Passing from us like a dream;
With the zephyr's soft caressing,
  And the music of the stream.

Now October, comes with dreaming,
  With her dreamy azure skies,
With her sunlight's mellowed gleaming,
  And the low wind's muffled sighs.

The soft maple hangs in wreaths,
  Wreaths of brightly gleaming gold;
While the vine in crimson sheaths
  The gnarled trunk of the elm old.

Now the breeze is sadly sighing,
  Sighing, far upon its wing,
Fluttering leaves, are fading, dying,
  Leaves that decked the brow of spring.

The tall, tasselled corn is waving,
  Waving in the hazy air,
Making by its long leaves fading,
  Dreary music for the ear.

How the little wablers twitter,
  In and out among the leaves;
Thinking of the coming winter,
  And the brown and barren trees.

Where are they? the gentle flowers,
  Flowers in dewy springtime seen;
Ah they are gone, and autumn showers,
  Falls to bring them back again.

Fair October! thou art here,
  With thy bright, yet fading beauty;
Telling of the coming bier,
  And life's all important duty.

POWELL, O.

THE ROCK OF DANGER.

In a sermon lately delivered by the Rev. Joseph K. White, occured the following fine passage:

In the straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, is a small rock called the Stroom Rock, the top of which is just washed and half covered by the waves, while all around the water is so deep that no anchor can touch bottom. A ship was once passing through these straits, carried on by the tide, with scarce wind enough to fill her sails.—The current bore her rapidly on toward the rock. The danger was seen and every effort was made to guard against it. The yards were braced, but the wind no longer filled her sails, and on the ship sped to what seemed her destruction. The loud commands of the officers, and the willing responses of the sailors were hushed, and silently each watched the rapidly approaching danger. But when hope almost turned to despair, a breath of wind fills her sails, the ship obeys her helm, the dark rock within the foaming sea is seen over the ship's side, and then at its stern, and all hearts breathe free again for God had saved the vessel and her crew. In the voyage of life, in some straits which we may have passed, has no Stroom Rock lain in our way? no temptation to sin seemed ready to whelm us in destruction? Have we not tried to avoid it, and felt that our strength was weakness, and almost in the death of despair have we not cried for a breath from Heaven, and out from the unseen world has there not come, like the wind, an influence that has saved us!

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I freely confess to you, says Dr. Sharp, that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood would stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." *Or*, would rather some widow, with some choking utterance, telling her children "there is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather such persons should stand at my grave than have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

THOUGHTS AND LANGUAGE.

It is not always easy, either in painting or literature, to determine where the influence of language stops, or where that of thought begins. Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed, that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed. But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language, and the dignity of any composition and the praise to which it is entitled, are in exact proportion to its dependency on language and expression. A composition is indeed usually most perfect, when to such intrinsic dignity is added all that expression can do to attract and adorn; but in every case of supreme excellency, this all becomes as nothing. We are more gratified by the simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea of its own naked beauty, than by the robe and gem which conceal while they decorate; we are better pleased to feel by their absence how little they could bestow than by their presence how much they can destroy.

INDUSTRY AND GENIUS.

There are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence; and many expedients have been invented by which the toil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man but as a reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to presevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

A short time before the death of the late Judge Davis, on the occasion of a dinner party at his house, at which Justice Story and other eminent jurists and lawyers were present, the conversation turned on the comparative advantages of the different periods of life. Judge Davis did not state his opinion until he was invited to do so; and then, in that calm and benignant manner for which he was remarkable, he said:

"In the warm season of the year, it is my delight to be in the country, and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind thro' the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of the light upon them, when the moon is up, fill me with indescribable pleasure. As the Autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see the leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes—for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond."

"NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF."

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers, upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

Solitude is the school of godliness. You are called— think what grace! to social converse with God. To be emptied of everything; to be alone with God, and things divine, from which alone result truth and strength, and life, and salvation. Reader, is your closet a pleasant place to you? What you are upon your knees, that is the real man.—Gerhard Tresteegen.

Solitude is the nurse of all that is good within us. The world stains what it touches, and the more we withdraw from it the better we are.

TAXES FOR 1858.

Delaware Gazette.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted

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CHISELED HEARTS.

Why is it that poets make Cupid a little archer, sing of his swiftness, and rhyme him in with hearts and darts, and painters pin pretty golden wings to his shoulders that he may fly, but before they finish him tie a bandage over his eyes to hinder him? After all this trammeling, lovers so fear his weapons that they stand trembling in the presence of their fair ones, fainting from the supposed loss of blood which the fatal stab has caused!

Now, we do not believe that Master Cupid is any such fairy-like abstraction as he is represented to be, but a real *bona fide* matter of fact personage, one whom the ladies would do well to treat with common courtesy at least. Such intangible wreaths of orange-flower sentimentality will do very well to trim the ideal bridal cake, but seem quite out of place around the brown loaf of every-day life.

Once on a time our little fair haired, sly footed hero pulled the bandage from his eyes turned geologist, and with basket, hammer and chisels, went forth among the fair ones of his village to examine their hearts, and if possible ascertain of what metal they were made.

Coming to an elegant mansion, he gave the bell a pull, and was waited on by a servant girl. "Take my card to your mistress," said the geologist, "and tell her I am come to examine her heart!"

The servant girl, though somewhat surprised, did as she was directed. Miss Clara —for Clara was the name of her mistress— was young, handsome, proud, and an heiress; and was at that very moment, by her sallies of wit, cutting sarcasm, and mild evasive answers, torturing a pale young student who had the presumption to sue for her hand.

She received the card with a haughty air, and jocosely said, "Show him up," then resumed her coquettish flirtations with the student, alternately inspiring hope and awakening fear. So intent was she in this heart-blighting business, and so lightly fell the footsteps of the geologist along the carpeted halls, that he entered unperceived, and was soon chiseling away at her heart.

It took but a few strokes of his hammer to enable him to decide upon its quality.— "Slate stone," said he, "and rather scaly also, Ah! this heart will never do for me—it is susceptible of only a light impression, and that is soon effaced: but it wounds never to heal. I will write upon it, "Know thyself," but I suppose the injunction will soon be forgotten."

So the geologist departed, leaving the proud beauty to reap the reward of her flirtation.

He next came to a low mean dwelling, in the rear of a great thoroughfare; seated near thy only window in the room was a pale, thin damsel, clad in a neat but humble attire. The shades of sadness fell darkly over her young brow, and often a deep sigh would escape her lips. Her fingers were busily plying a nedele, stitch after stitch, as the thread was drawn forth by weary hand, seemed to strike a telegraph wire which recorded in heaven "Oppression of the poor."

The geologist struck one rap with his hammer on her heart; "twas all unheeded, no response was there, no elasticity." He tried to chisel—'twas cold, and hard and heavy, and the print of both hammer and chisel was left: Upon a closer examination he discovered that it was covered all over with indentations of various depths and figures. 'Poor girl!" said he to himself, "your heart, whatever it may be, is encased in lead; no wonder it looks hard; and cold, and dull, for such has been your lot in life that this leaden shield was necessary to keep your heart from destruction; but if the rays of friendship could shine upon it, this leaden case would melt, and the gem within glow with silver brightness. But I cannot wait to bring about this change; I must find me a heart to-day, for I may lose all my sober judgment to-morrow, and be nothing but a winged Cupid again." So he wrote on it with a sharp style, "Blessed are they who mourn now, for they shall be comforted," and went his way.

He had not proceeded far before he perceived a group of young ladies standing near one of the street crossings, eagerly engaged in coversation. A brilliant brunette fixed his attention—she was richly dressed and sparkling with jewels.

"I must have a tap at her heart," said he; "for one would suppose by the setting that the gem was of rare value."

So he glided up, unperceived, and gave it a rap. A craked, ringing sound saluted his ears. "What a mistake in judgment!" he exclaimed, "This heart which I supposed was of gold, is nothing but plate brass, and poorly made at that! 'Tis hardly worth a scratch, but I will write upon it, "Tinkling cymbal—fit heart for a belle!"

He next tried his hammer upon the heart of a damsel who stood beside the brunette. She was very fair, with a cold, leaden eye and passive mien. At the first stroke of his chisel, pieces flew off into his face. "This," said he, "is nothing but chalk! One might make a rough sketch with it, but could never produce a beautiful picture. 'Tis quite too earthy for me." So he wrote "Fickleness" upon it, and turned his attention to a third figure in the group. She was a maid of thirty years, tall, trim, and neat, but there was a sort of preciseness and band-box air about her, which at first quite intimidated him.

At length he summoned resolution to give her heart a rap, and soon learned that action was equal to reaction, for his hammer was repulsed with a violence proportionately equal to the force of the blow.

"Ah me!" he exclaimed, "a marble heart, smooth and beautiful, but cold! Fit monument for buried hopes!" I must have something warmer.

The geologist now became quite discouraged, and was about to return home and give over the search, when the sound of music arrested his attention. It proceeded from an opposite side of the street. He listened, and the sounds grew more and more seraphic, and he imagined the performer must be angelic.

"How fortunate," said he, "that I did not retrace my steps, for here is, doubtless, just the heart for me; at any rate I must try my chisel and hammer upon it." He crossed the street, and entering unperceived, was for a moment entranced by the superior loveliness of his charmer. He now took his hammer and chisel, and began upon her heart, but not the least impression could be made upon it. There it was, unmoved, in all its brilliancy. 'This must be a diamond heart,' said he, "and I will possess it. I will cut my own image upon it, and it shall be mine forever." So he hammered and chiseled away, and his charmer sang on. The strokes grew harder; his chisel became dull; the face of the hammer was broken; his arm became tired, and not even a faint outline of his own image appeared. "It will be labor lost, after all," said he. "This heart, though it may be a diamond one, can never be assimilated with mine, and if I did possess it I fear it would not make me happy. It seems to be a heart more for ornament than use. I must have both qualities in one."— He would have written upon it "*Mene, mene tekil, upharsin,*" but the temper of the steel was too brittle. He now resolved to search no further, but in the retirement of his chamber to reflect calmly and dispassionately on the subject, till he could come to some definite conclusion respecting the kind heart of the most needed, and the most devotedly love. While he was walking along in this contemplative mood, he came to a neat farm house, which wore such an air of contentment, through all its surroundings, that he determined to go in and rest himself. Giving a gentle tap at the door it was opened by an artless damsel who gave him a cordial welcome, and perceiving that he was weary brought him a cup of cold water. Her cheeks were radiant with the hue of health, and through her eyes shone out the peace and light of the soul; her face was brimful of the "milk of human kindness."

The thought soon suggested itself to our traveler that he would try the heart of this simple girl, so he rapped lightly upon it.— The response was full and clear. "This is good metal," said he, "I know it by the ring, so he continued to hammer it. In a short time it grew warm.

"Ah," said he, "there is life here." Soon sparks were elicited. "There is an active, undying principle here!"

He now tried his chisel upon it; the strokes were bold and the impression full—no roughness, no brittleness—he could cut it where he pleased, write his own thoughts there; the impress was permanent, yet the heart was warm, ductile, but *firm*. "I am a happy man at last," said he, "this heart is *iron*. It will endure all suffering, brave all danger, and fit it to any emergency; and though it is not brilliant like the diamond, or fair to look upon like the marble, 'tis susceptible of a far higher polish. It will receive any temper I choose to give it. It will receive any impress—in short I can make it the finest steel, when it will be fit for the most ornamental as well as useful purposes. Yes, give me the iron heart, so firm, yet malleable. It can warm and melt, and purer grow till it reflects my own image, and yet be iron still. I will engrave my name upon it, and none shall dispute my claim." So saying, he drew a magnet over it, and the simple iron heart became attracted to him with an unalterable attachment.

MORAL.

Select a heart of metal sure,
Then mould it to your will,
Worth, more than beauty will endure,
And yet be beauty still.

MISPLACING THE SWITCH.

A toast recently given, runs thus: "Our parents; the only tenders who never misplace the switch."

Now, you may laugh at that--so did I— but where could you find a greater fib! Many a time and oft have parents laid the switch on their children's back when they should have applied it to their own; many a time has the lash, which should have descended upon the back of the favorite, fallen upon his much abused brother's. There is nothing in creation which parents so often misplace as the switch, and it need not of necessity be a birchen rod or ferule, there are switches which cut deeper than either, of which many a ruined man or woman can tell you.

I knew two children—one blundering, but honest, sincere, self-reliant, speaking the plain truth on all occasions without qualification, making his requests in few words, and smothering his disappointment as best he might, when refused. The other wiley, diplomatic, Chesterfieldian, ever with a soft word on the tip of his tongue, to pave the way for the much desired boon, which was never refused, so winning, so courteous, so apparent was the seeker. Follow those two children. See the latter in the playground, boasting to his young associates what he has got from the "old gentleman" or the "old lady"—boasting what he will yet get—boasting that he knows how to do it; rehearsing to them the disgusting pantomime of the caress, the respectful, deferential attitude which he uses on such occasions. Follow the other to his little room at the top of the house; see him sitting in gloomy silence, too proud to weep, too proud to complain, brooding over injustice done him—not hating the fraternal owner of the "coat of many colors;" no thanks to those who gave them both birth, but looking into the far, dim future with that wistful longing which comes of unloved, precocious childhood; sitting there—with his own hands turning the poisoned arrow round and round in the festering wound, incapable of extracting it, and yet knowing no balm to assuage its intolerable anguish.

Follow out their two histories. See the Chesterfieldian favorite sent to College, contracting long livery-stable, hotel, and tailor's bills, with a perfect reliance upon his diplomatic abilities to "set it all right with the old gentleman," thanking him, with his thumb and finger to his nose, for his unparalelled generosity to a son so unworthy; alluding delicately to his pride in him as a father, and trusting some day to make a proper return for all his goodness, etc., etc.— See the "stupid boy," who is summarily set down to be wanting in cleverness, accepting in silence this verdict, and the consequent disposal of his time in some uncongenial, distasteful employment; till at last, worried out by the silent drop that descends mercilessly and unremittingly, hour by hour, on his tortured soul, he rushes from home which has been a home only in name, and wanders forth, with the knawing pain in his heart for silent company. Merciful God! what is to keep him! His blood is young and warm, his heart throbbing wildly in his breast for what every human being yearns for, and need never be ashamed of yearning for —sympathy—love!

Years pass on. The College-boy returns, with more knowledge of horses, wine and women, than of Greek, Latin and Mathematics—returns, to receive the congratulations of partial friends, that he has passed off for pure gold the glittering brass of his showy superficiality. The truant's name is never mentioned, or if so, with the hope, not that he may be kept from evil, but "that he may not disgrace us." Meanwhile, the wanderer lies languishing on a bed of sickness in a foreign country. Woman's heart is the same in all lands, when pity knocks at it, else had he closed his eyes in sunny Italy. Pity he had not—pity he returned to be asked, with cold tones and averted eyes, why he did not stay there. Pity that he could not smother that unconquerable longing which approaching death brings, to look our last upon our native land. Pity that errors born of a neglected childhood and forsaken youth should have been held up to him by the pharisaical hands which goaded him into them, even at the tomb's portal. Pity that sinful man may not be merciful, as a holy, pitying God.

I ask you, and you, and you, who have woven the "coat of many colors" for some one of your household—you who, by your partiality and shortsightedness, are fostering the rank weeds, and trampling under foot the humble flowers—you who are bringing up children whose hearts shall one day be colder to each other, than the dead in their graves--you, upon whom shall be visited— alas! too late—every scalding tear of agony and disappointment from out young eyes, which should have beamed only with hope and gladness; I ask every parent who is doing this, if he or she is willing that his or her child shall grow up by these means to lose his faith in man, and sadder still, in God!— *Fanny Fern.*

[From the Defiance Republican.]

HOW TO SUSTAIN YOUR COUNTY PAPER.

1. Lay aside your fears that the Editor will get *rich*faster than his neighbors. We have never heard of a man making more than a decent living by the publication of a country newspaper, even if it had ever such a good business. A case in point is an acquaintance of ours, who has been publishing some six or seven years, has had all the business of his own town and county, and a large portion of that of the surroundings; but with all this he gets into as tight pinches for money to buy his white paper with as any other publisher with whom we are acquainted.

2. If the paper agrees with your way of thinking in politics, subscribe and pay for it, and persuade your neighbors of the same mind to "go and do likewise." Do not tell the editor to send you his paper without paying for, it and when you get to owe two or three dollars tell your friends who speak of it that the paper is of no account—that it will bust up some of these days. The way, under such a state of the case, to keep a paper from "bursting up" is for each subscriber to keep the editor's books free from charges against himself. Once we had to close, and, on posting up, found we had booked and outstanding some $200 more than we had capital invested. This thing of applying the credit system to the newspaper business may be likened to a farmer selling out his crop, a bushel to the man. The sum each owes for the bushel does not seem of any account to the debtor, but the aggregate of these bushels may make break the poor delver in the soil.

3. If you have a father, mother, brother sister, or friend of any kind residing at a distance, and are able, subscribe, pay for and send them a copy.

4. If you have any printing you wish done do not "jew" the editor down to a starvation price, and when he comes to make a purchase of you "spike on the tariff."

5. If you have any advertising or job work to be done take it to the paper of your political faith, except, perhaps, you wish to advertise in more than one paper.

6. Do not run off to the city to get your handbills, labels, cards, &c., printed, because forsooth, you can get a reduction of a few cents in price. "Support your own as you would wish to be supported." A man who is always running away from home with his business, little deserves the patronage of the community in which he lives; and, as far as we are concerned, such will receive "the cold shoulder."

7. If you have the control of any legal advertising send it to your political friend. This kind of business pays better than any other, and the more you can send to the editor of your paper, the better for him and it. In proportion to the amount of the receipts of a paper, is an editor enabled to make it useful, amusing and entertaining to the community in which it is published.

THE PARTICULAR LADY.

There is a coldness and percision about this person's dwelling that makes your heart shrink back (that is, if you have the least atom of sociability in your nature) with a lonely feeling, the same which you experience when you go by yourself and for the first time among decided strangers.

Everything is in painful order. The damask table cover has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vender's shop, eight years ago; and the legs of the chairs have been on the exact diamonds in the drugget they were first placed on; by-the-by, do you ever remember of seeing that same drugget off the carpet underneath? No—for she never has company; the routing, the untidiness they would occasion, would cause the poor soul to be subject to fits for the rest of her natural, or rather unnatural —life. Though untidiness is a fault all people should avoid, especially the young, yet for mercy's sake urge them not to be particular. She will become as hateful in the sight of her friends as a sloven.

The particular lady generally lives in the kitchen—and an excruciatingly tidy one it is. The great parlors, with their crimsom curtains, Turkish carpets, mammoth mirrors, beautiful mantels, and elegant paintings, always closed. Nobody visits them; the children tread on tip-toe to steal a glance into them, their eyes expressive of wonderment and a cautious air of dread.

She is all the time dusting and washing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and washing and dusting. The door-steps, the wash-boards must be daily scrubbed, though immaculately white they already be. The very knives, forks and spoons are rubbed thin and genteel by repeated cleaning.

You can tell her crossing the street; she watches for every vehicle and waits until it has passed a square, for fear of being splashed; and even in dry weather she crosses on the joints of her toes, and holds her dress above her ancles. Her constant fidget wears the flesh from her bones and color from her cheeks. She never can get a servant to stay long with her. We never heard of but one "particular lady" who retained a servant longer than a year, but she was as "particular" as her mistress.

GIVE NO PAIN.

Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not an expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of opinions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant countenance.

A difference of opinion on political points is not imputed to freemen as a fault. It is to be presumed that they are actuated by an equally laudable and sacred regard for the liberties of their country.

Let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering, always, the estimation of the widow's mite, but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity. All however are worthy of inquiring or the deserving may suffer.

to News, Literature and Politics.

; OCTOBER 22, 1858.

NUMBER 29.

MATRIMONY.

Matrimony is a nut
For every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop! goes the question.

Pretty girls will sigh and blush—
Simper all they can, sir—
Till, from out their pouting lip's,
Pop! goes the answer.

Cupid fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson—
When it gains a certain height;
Pop! goes the parson.

Quite throughout the honeymoon—
Made of rosy colors—
Into sundry dry good tills.
Pop! goes the dollars.

When a year has shown its tell,
Round the corner, (may be.)
Out upon the happy world,
Pop! goes a baby.

Mother gives it catnip tea,
Father gives it brandy,
And adown its gastric tube,
Pop! goes the candy.

Madame lets her husband scold,
She must be the whipper;
And above the youngster's heels,
Pop! goes the slipper.

Bachelor, who lives next door,
Stands it for a season;
But, before the year is out,
Pop! goes his reason.

Maiden lady, up the stairs,
Stamps, each moment faster,
Till, from the ceiling underneath,
Pop! goes the plaster.

Dirty, ragged little boy,
'Neath the window lingers,
Thumb applied unto his nose,
Pop! go the fingers.

All around the neighborhood
Such antics are enacted:
And while mamma is scolding him,
Pop! goes dis racted.

Died of "Greens in his Licker."

A traveler from Virgin'a, as his blooded horse plethoric saddle bags and haughty *insociance* indictaed, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn in Kentucky, one night many years ago. The landlord was a jolly, whole souled fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainment his table and bar would afford, as well as his own merry company to make him glad. Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway sought boniface, and, indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality in setting plain whisky before him, when the means of brewing nectar were so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot and pointing with his finger at the mint he exclaimed:

"I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what this is?"

"A bed of mint," said the somewhat astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what is the use of it?"

"Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the old woman dries it sometimes with other yarbs."

The Virginian almost turned pale at the enormity of this assertion.

"And do you mean to tell me that you don't know what a mint julep is?"

"Not 'cept it's something like sage tea, stranger."

"Sage tea! Go right along to the house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar, and you best liquor."

The landlord obeyed and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of fragrant, dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank, and brewed and drank again; breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out, only to be ordered back. Through the livelong day they brewed and drank; one or two of the neighbors dropped in who were partakers, and late in the night their orgies kept up, ere they made it bed time, the landlord and his Virginian guest, who had initated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers, and when the latter departed the next morning, boniface exacted a pledge that he would stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased free of cost.

The strangers business, however, detained him longer than he expected, and it was the next summer before he came back.

Riding up late in the evening, he gave his horse to an old negro who was at the gate, and inquired:

"Well, Sam, how is your master?"

"Yonder him come;" said the negro, pointing to the a youth who was approaching.

"I mean your old master, fool!"

"Old massa! him gone dead dis tree months!"

"Dead! What was the matter with him? He was in fine health when I left him."

"Yes; you see, massa stranger, one of dem Verginny gemmans come 'long here last year, and show'd him how to *put greens in his licker*, he like it so well, he done stuck to it till it kill him;" said the darkey, shaking his head.

Perils of Teaching Grammar.

I have been sendin my darter Nancy to school, to a school-master in this naborhood. Last Friday I went over to the school jest to see how Nancy was gettin' along, and I sees things I did'nt like by no means. The school-mastor was larnin' his things entirely out of the line of eddication, and as I think improper. I set a while in the school-room and heard one class say their lesson. She said it very spry, I was shokt! and determined she should leave that school. I'v heerd that gramer was an uncommon fine study, but I don't wan't any more gramer about my house. The lesson that Nancy said was nothin' but the most ridiculous luv talk you ever seed. She got up an' the furst word she said was 'I luv!' I looked right hard for her doin' so improper a thing, but she went right on and sed, 'Thou lovest; he loves,' and I rekin you never heerd sich a rigermerole in your life—luv, luv, luv, and nothin but luv. She sed one time, 'I did luv.'

Sez I 'who did you luv!' Then the scholars all laffed; but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed, 'who did you luv, Nancy! I want to know; who did you luv!' The school-master, Mr. McQuailster, put in and sed he would explane when Nancy finished her lesson. This sorter pacyfied me, and Nancy went on with awful luv talk. It got wus and wus every word. She sed, 'I might, could, or would luv!'

I stopt her agin, and sed I recin' I would see about that, and told her to walk out of the house. The school-master tried to interfere but I wouldn't let him say a word.—He said I was a fool, and I knocked him down, and made him holler in short order.

I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him how he larns my darter gramer.

I got the nabors together, and we walk'd Mr. McQuailster off in a hurry, and I recon tharl be no more gramer teachin' in these parts soon. If you know any rather oldish man in your reegen that doant teech gramer, we wood be glad if you wood send him up. But in the footure we will be keerful how we imploy men. Young school-masters won't do, especally if they teeches gramar. It is a bad thing for morals. Yours till deth.

THOMAS. JEFFERSON SOLE.

A club of unmaried men recently gave a ball in Washington, and called themselves "The Merry Bachelors." Merry Bachelors! Oh, pshaw, don't talk nonsense! You might as well say a skeleton is merry, because it grins! It won't do.

No More Free States.

The Newport Free South, an independent anti-slavery journal published at Newport Kentucky, has a leader in a recent number on the "Sacredness of Judicial Decision." It regards as one of the curiosities of modern times the awe and veneration with which the party calling itself Democratic, has all at once been brought to regard judicial decisions, especially a late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. It says:

The decision, though contrary to the uniform practice of the Government and the understanding of the people for three score and ten years, and subversive of the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty for which the leaders of the party at the North had stoutly contended, was immediately adopted, at the dictation of its Southern head, into its political creed as the pole star for its future guidance. "The Supreme Court," they say, "has decided that slavery has a constitutional existence in all the Territories of the Union, and that neither Congress nor the people of the Territories can exclude it therefrom, but are bound to protect the slaveholders in the enjoyment of their slave property. Such is the decision of the highest tribunal in the land, from which there is no appeal, and to which all good citizens are bound quietly to submit. As an authoritive exposition of the meaning of the Constitution which is the Supreme law of the land, all legislative bodies, all judicial and executive officers, State and National are bound to conform to the principles of this decision, and to be controlled by them in the discharge of their official duties."

Such is the decree promulgated by the magnates of the party, and to it all the serfs respond, Amen. It did not use to be so with the party calling itself Democratic, in former years. Until the slave Olligarchy made them servile, its leaders were no such sticklers for the sanctity of judicial decisions. They held that the judiciary was but a coordinate branch of the government, and that its decisions, though conclusive upon the rights of the parties in the cases before it, were not binding upon the officers in other departments of the government, who as well as the members of the judiciary, were bound by their official oath, to support the constitution as they understood it.—They broadly asserted that Senators and Representatives, the President, and all executive officers, acting under the same responsibilities, were as competent to interpret the constitution for themselves as were the Judges of the Supreme Court. They went further and extended this right of private judgment to every citizen of the Republic.

The action of the party in its Conventions was conformable to this doctrine.—With such men on the bench as Chief Justice Marshall, Joseph Story and Bushrod Washington, the Supreme Court had decided, not with a divided bench as in the Dred Scott case, but *unanimously*, that the charter of the United States Bank by Congress was Constitutional. Yet in the face of that decision, the Democratic party has, for the last twenty-five years in National and State Conventions, solemnly resolved that Congress has no constitutional right to charter a National Bank. It is simply because the Dred Scott decision supports and extends Slavery, to do which the Democratic leaders are under bonds, that it has such an awful sanctity in their eyes.

We appeal to every intelligent Democrat to say whether the *dicta* of Chief Justice Taney and Judge Wayne are entitled to more weight or should carry greater authority than the opinions of Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Story. If not, how will he account for the fact that the decision of a *divided* Court in the Dred Scott case, is held more sacred and binding on the government and country, than the decision of a *unanimous* Court in the case of the United States Bank, except on the ground that the former decision establishesslavery in all the Territories of the Union and nullified every attempt by Congress or by the people of the Territories to exclude it therefrom!

It is manifest that the principal reason why this Dred Scott decision is received with such veneration, that it is accounted treason to the party to dissent from its dicta, is that it makes the constitution, by its own inherent force, to carry slavery into the Territories and protect it there. If this decision shall be permitted to stand as the law of the land and the rule of political action, the perpetuity of Slavery in the Territories and in the States to be formed out of them, is insured. We know that it is said that the people when they come to form a State Constitution, may prohibit Slavery. But this right is, in effect, denied by the Dred Scott decision. Upon these doctrines, President Buchanan gave a true practical commentary, when he asserted in his Kansas message that in the formation of a State Constitution, the people have no right to interfere with the title to slaves, held in the Territory at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. They may prohibit the importation of slaves after the adoption of the Constitution, but cannot free those held as chattles at the time of its adoption. This denies to the people of the Territories any constitutional mode by which they can rid themselves of the curse of slavery, but saddles it forever upon them and their posterity. The President's Bull, translated into plain English, is—"NO MORE FREE STATES."

The New York Post, commenting on Mr. Varley's report remarks:

Many important lessons have been learned from this cable, and many are yet to be learned, perhaps, before it ceases—as in the natural course of things it will soon cease—to bind the two continents in electrical union; but it is now very clear that, like the vegetation of a past season, this cable is of no further use, except as a means of preparing for another and better. We may expect at any moment to learn that the continuity of the cable is interrupted.—From that moment it ceases to be of any value for any purpose. But the practicability of an electrical union of the two continents has been established, and it is idle to suppose that such a discovery will remain long unimproved.

Ex-Governor William Walker, of the Wyandotte Indians in Kansas, complains that in 1855 he gave a valuable old portrait of a celebrated Indian to Baron Clinch of Germany, who promised to send him in return a barrel of fine Rhenish wine, but the wine has not come. The Indian chief thereupon exclaims, 'Give me nature's in preference to patent nobility.'

Hiram M. Moore, at Waverly, N. Y., one day last week, threw his shoulder out of joint by sneezing. A solemn warning.

There are forty six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars.

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer, of September 29.]

Double Elopement—The Boker and Dean Case Outdone.

Mr. Lloyd, a highly respectable farmer of Wickliff, arrived in this city last evening in an excited state of mind. He sought out Marshall Gallagher and told him that his two daughters had eloped Monday night with two hired men, brothers, and named respectively Chauncy Lewis and Watson Lewis. Mr. Lloyd said he thought they were in this city. The Marshal put on his seven league boots and commenced walking rapidly round the city. He found the enterprising parties at last at the Franklin House, on Pearl street. Watson Lewis had already married one of the sisters and retired for the night. Chauncy Lewis was making arrangements to marry the other sister when the Marshal appeared and took him and his intended to the police station. Locking Chauncy Lewis up in the Watch House, Mr. Lloyd took his daughter to the Commercial House and locked her up in a room.

Mr. Lloyd, in addition to being an extensive and flourishing farmer, keeps a tavern in Wickliff, which is very favorably known throughout this section. It is located near the lakeshore, and near where the steamer Griffith was burned some years since. Mr. L. owns some four hundred and fifty acres of land in Wickliffe, and is quite wealthy. His daughters are named Mary and Laura. Mary is about twenty years old and Laura about sixteen. They are splendid looking girls and are fashionably and richly dressed. They are both well educated, having enjoyed superior advantages in this respect.

The Lewis brothers are uncouth, uneducated and overgrown specimens of humanity, and can neither read or write. They hired out to Mr. Lloyd some six months ago. He paid Watson, the eldest one, $13 and Chauncy $10 a month. Chauncy Lewis, the young man who didn't get married and who passed the night in the watch-house, is a sleepy and stupid appearing young man.—We doubt if he knows enough to exercise the sagacity of a common Shanghaie chicken and go under cover when it rains. He was released this morning at the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd and requested to "scoot," which he hastily did. He promised, with tears in his eyes, never to come within ten miles of Wickliffe again. The married brother of course cannot be interfered with.

The parties eloped at about 11 o'oclock on Monday night and were not missed until yesterday morning. The brothers hired a horse and buggy at Willoughby, and went to Mr. Lloyd's house where the girls were awaiting them, with their trunks all packed. The girls left the house noiselessly and got into the buggy and moved slowly towards Cleveland. One of the brothers walked all the way here (about sixteen miles) and the other rode and drove. Arriving here they stopped at the Commercial House. In the evening a Justice was called in and Watson and Mary were married. Chauncy and Laura concluded to postpone being united until this morning, which conclusion fortunately enabled Mr. Lloyed to prevent the ceremony. The parties all moved from the Commercial to the Franklin, where they were found as above stated.

This is a mostremarkable case of elopement that we ever heard of. It utterly eclipses the Boker and Dean case. What two handsome and cultivated girls, as the Misses Lloyd certainly were, could find to admire in such fellows as the Lewis brothers, is more than we can imagine. Mr. Lloyd and his wife are overwhelmed with grief by this inexplicable conduct of their daughters.

Condition of the Cable—A Discouraging Report from Mr. Varley.

At last we have something official and intelligible in regard to the condition of the Atlantic Cable. Mr. Varley, "the Electrician of the Electric and International Telegraph Company"—so he is styled by the company—has made a report on the state of the cable as observed by him on the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of September, and the result is by no means encouraging. He finds "a fault of great magnitude at a distance of between 245 and 300 statute miles from Valentia," and possibly in water 410 fathoms in depth. He finds the cable unbroken, but thinks the power used will shortly eat away the exposed copper wire in the faulty place by electrolytic decomposition. He is satisfied also that there is another "fault" more distant than this, the approximate locality of which he could not estimate without communication with Newfoundland. From authentic data shown him at Valentia, he is also of the opinion that there was a fault in the cable on board the Agamemnon before it was submerged offering a resistance equal to 1,000 or 1,200 miles of cable situated at a distance of about 560 miles from one end of the 1,200 mile coil, and supposed to be the fault which caused so much alarm when the ships were 500 miles from Ireland. He is satisfied that the cable has been seriously, if not fatally, impaired by the use of too powerful currents from the large induction coils, especially from this side, and that the present conducting strand is too small to have answered its purpose, even had the insulation been found. We here quote what he says:

"To satisfy myself on this point, I attached to the cable a piece of gutta perch-covered wire, having first made a slight incision in the gutta percha to let the water reach the wire; the wire was then bent so as to close up the defect. The defective wire was then placed in a jug of sea water, and the latter connected with the "earth."—After a few signals had been sent from the induction coils into the cable, and consequently into the test wire, the electricity burnt through the incision, rapidly burning a hole nearly one-tenth of an inch in diameter. When the full force of the coils was brought to bear on the test wire by removing them from the cable, and allowing the electricity only one channel, viz: that of the test wire, the discharges, as might be expected, burnt a hole in the gutta percha under the water half an inch in length, and the burnt gutta percha came floating up to the surface."

Mr. Varley closes his discouraging catalogue with what, though intended to convey some consolation to the directors, is perhaps the most discouraging part of this report.—He says: "It is not, however, altogether impossible that some intelligible signals may yet be received through the cable, as stated in my previous communication." He does not say that such a result is even probable, much less that the present cable can ever be turned to any practical use, but implies a contrary opinion. The publication of such a report by the company is a practical admission that they cannot escape is conclusions, and that they had no better face to put upon the matter

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The Germans of Baltimore, and many of the native citizens united in a festival in commemoration of Baron Steuben of the Revolution.

Newly Seeded Meadows and Pastures.

Let the season be as it may, there will unusually be some spots in newly seeded grass grounds where the Spring or Autumn seeding for some reason has not yet taken well, and they consequently are bare.—The month of October, when, the September rains revive the withered and feeble growing grass that has suffered in the Summer drouth after the Spring sowing, will show such places where the seed has failed; and now is the time to re-seed them, particularly with timothy, or red top.

One method is this: Examine the field closely by walking carefully over it with a bag of seed thrown over the shoulder, taking along a boy with a bundle of small sticks. Wherever a bare spot is found, strew a sufficient quantity of seed, and let the boy drive a stick five or six inches into the ground so that the next Sring's thawing of the Winter frost will not throw it out. The seed will come up this Fall and make growth enough to hold in the ground for the Winter. When the snow goes off in the Spring, as early as possible, go over the land again with a bag of clover seed—if you wish the clover added to the timothy, or red top—and sow that, letting the boy follow and pull up the sticks as he goes. The opening and shutting of the surface of the land by the Spring frosts, will cover the clover seed, and when the growing season arrives, a fine young growth of the grasses will appear, and the future meadow, or pasture be uniformly covered with the young crops of grass. The young growth will probably give but little crop the first season, but will be sure for the year following.

It is quite too common a thing for farmers to turn over their newly seeded field's for another crop of small grains, and a re-seeding of grass, because the young grass has *apparently* failed, when it is only feeble and has made little growth by reason of drouth, or otherwise; when, with a little patience, and coaxing, the coming mid-summer would show a beautiful sod, and a late harvest of excellent hay.—*American Agriculturist.*

Raising Turkeys.

I propose giving my mode of raising turkeys. It is my opinion that farmers can realize a pound of fowl cheaper than they can a pound of pork. Heretofore I have been unfortunate in raising turkeys, but this season I adopted a different mode—a plan of my own invention--by which I have been successful. Others may have adopted the same course, but not to my knowledge.

Young turkeys are apt to die before they attain the age of three weeks. I came to the conclusion that the fatality among them was caused by vermin, heavy feed and cold damp weather. My method this season has been this: Take the eggs of the first laying and set under hens; the second laying let the turkeys hatch. Two or three days before hatching sprinkle the nest and the fowls themselves with sulphur. When the young were hatched I took a little sulphur, gunpowder and lard, mixed, and greased their heads and necks, to keep off the vermin while the young brooded. If it does not remain on, in eight or ten days put on another coat.

Mode of feeding them.—I took equal quantities of wheat bran and Indian meal and wet with sour milk or lappered milk, with a good lot of fine cut shives once in two or three days in with it, and fed till a month or six weeks old; then lessen the bran. Feed them early in the morning, to keep them from rambling in the dew.

Such has been my method of feeding and management, and I have lost only two out of farty hatched. Ducks managed in the same way—lost three by accidental causes out of thirty-five hatched. One only died when young. Chickens in like manner, with greased heads and sulphured nests, lost about three in about sixty. This is my mode and my success.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

Experiments in Draining.

Every judicious experiment in draining (we agree with the Country Gentlemen,) unlike many other experiments, must always result in success. It may, therefore, seem unnecessary to record the results, but so decisive and striking do they generally prove, and at the same time they are so little appreciated by those who have never practiced thorough draining, that we are always glad to record these results for the encouragement of beginners.

The editor of the New England Farmer gives in a late number the details of a recent experiment. Stone drains two feet deep were first employed some years ago and their immediate effect was to increase the product of the low, wet land through which they were cut from one ton of poor coarse hay per acre to "three tons of good English hay per acre." But the draining was not deep enough; the ditches gradually became choked and rushes and coarse grass resumed their growth.

The land was then thoroughly drained by cutting four feet deep and laying in pipe tile. Previous to this operation, attempts were made to tile it; it could not be plowed, however, till about the close of the spring months, and even then was so wet that the furrows were left in compact masses, which were afterwards broken to pieces with great labor by the hoe. The last spring (the draining having been completed) it could have been easily plowed "at any time after the 10th of April; and, during the wet month of May which followed, and at any time since, notwithstanding the constant succession of rains, the soil has been so light and porous as to fall to pieces whenever it has been worked. It is now covered with the heaviest crops that have ever stood upon it."

Harvesting Potatoes.

Mr. Editor:—I regard it as a very bad practice to allow potatoes to dry, after removing them from the soil. As soon as dug they should be removed at once and with all possible dispatch, to the bins. Here they should be covered with a small quantity of moist soil, and protected as fully as possible from the air. Potatoes that have been exposed for any length of time to the sun's rays, assume a greenish hue, and a sickly, sweetish taste, resembling that of copper. In this state a certain principle in the tuber becomes a poison, and of course the potatoe is in that condition not only repugnant to the taste, but an injury when eaten to the health. When grown on wet soils from which the crop cannot be taken without a portion of the soil adhereing to the tubers, as much of the plastic soil as convenient should be removed; but they should never be exposed to the process of drying. Light, if too fully admitted to the bins, after the roots have been housed, will effect a most rapid and serious deterioration of the crop. It is important, therefore, that this principle be as much as possible excluded.—When it may be desirable, from any cause, to admit light into the cellar, a covering of straw may be placed over the bins. This will effectually secure them, and may, in cold seasons be of great service in protecting them from frost.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

Thorough Cultivation.

Professor Mapes, in the Working Farmer, speaking of the advantages of thorough cultivation of the soil—"high farming" as it is sometimes called—including sub-soiling, under draining, and the use of improved fertilizers and implements, says:

"Ten years ago we gardened thirty acres with an average of at least twenty hands. We now work more than one hundred acres in similar crops with eight hands, and all this difference is attained by the use of artificial fertilizers and improved tools.—Among these are the digging machine, Subsoil Lifters, Knox's Horse-hoe, various Weeding machines, Seed sowers, Manure distributers, Diggers for potatoes and other crops, and our profits, as a consequence, are many times greater than before.