BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

VOLUME VII .-- NO. 12.

A HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

And margined by clear flowing brooks:

In one of those tock-sheltered nooks

With mountains piled up in the distance,

Whose changes ne'er weary the eye;

I long for a home in the highlands,

O'erlooking both river and Islands,

The glory that day gives existence

Where fields of a various tillage

Increasing till night veils the sky.

And valley and hill-slope compete

With cattle and woods, and a village,

To render the landscape complete :

Where spring comes with voices of gladness,

And summer with fruitage is crowned;

Where autumn ne'er deepens to sadness,

An elm-shaded house-not a new one-

To gaze on the far-reaching view;

As lazily shoreward she swings,

Well out on an evergreen lawn,

An alcove of volumes well chosen.

Some bronzes at most half a dozen,

Fit powers of body and mind.

Till the breeze sets her off on a gallop,

Or watch the light sail-drooping shallop,

And swift by the low point she springs.

One room, with bay windows projecting

With the vine-covered lattice projecting

A picture hung up here and there,

An old leather cushioned arm-chair-

And no troubling fancies shall chafe me,

To toil for the good of mankind;

Where to go, if kind Heaven vouchsafe me

The wren's homestead, vocal at dawn:

With wings and broad galleries, too,

From whence, by the side of my true one,

And winter's a holiday round.

POETRY. From the San Francisco (Cal.) Golden Era. THE OLD CARTMAN. From the Home Journal.

BY BLUNDERBUSS.

I have a good mind to tell a little story. That it is brief, may be seen at a glance that it is true, I most emphatically avow. If the reader despise it because of the first or the editors of the Era reject it for the in the future, and devote myself to the elaboration of hes into chapters, and the purest Stockton street. Not wishing to accomfictions into volumes of seventeen hundred pany the carrier, he had selected the face, pages each.

With this understanding I proceed at careful delivery of the purchase. once to remark, that five years ago, or thereing miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation, in the prosiest language possible, he was a handcartman, and when not employed, if he could through above hi

kept in my room, for medicinal and sopori-

fic purposes. Although grateful for the in-

you never drink?' 'Very seldom,' he re-

plied dropping into a chair, at my request

and wiping the prespiration from his fore-

head. 'Well, if you drink at all,' I insisted.

you will not find in the twelve months as

excuse for indulging, for you a

fatigued and scarcely able to stand.' 'To be

frank,' said the old man, 'I do not drink

now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor

for fifteen years-since-Since when?

I inquire !, thoughtlessly, observing his hes-

The old man told me. Sixteen years

ago he was a well-to-day farmer near Syra-

cuse, New York. He had but one child-

a daughter. While attending a boarding

school in that city, the girl, then about six-

tern years of age-farmed an attachment for

a young physicians Argusinting her fath-

er with the circumstance, he flatly refused

his consent to her union with a man had

never seen, and removing her from school

he dispatched a note to the young gallant

with the somewhat pointed information

that his presence in the neighborhood of

the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor.

The reader of course surmises the result, for

as such a proceeding could and can have

but one result. In less than a month there

was an elopement. The father loaded his

double barrelled shot-gun, and swore ven-

geance, but failing to find the fugitives, he

took to the bottle. His good wife im-

plored him not to give way to dispair, but

he drank the deeper, and accused her of en-

couraging the elopement. In three months

the wife died, and at the expiration of a year,

when the young couple returned to Syra-

cuse from Connecticut, where they had re

mained with the parents of the husband,

death of his wife, of which they had of

sourse been apprised, had sold his farm,

equandered the proceeds and was almost

destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ains.

ley drank himself into a frenzy, and pro-

ceeding to the hotel where they were stop-

ping, attacked the bushand, wounded him

in the arm with a pistol shot, and then at-

tempted the life of his daughter, who hap-

pily escaped uninjured through the interpo

sition of persons brought to the spot by the

report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested

tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity.

The daughter and her husband returned to

Connecticut, since which time the father had

not heard from them. He was sent to the

lunatic savium, from which he was dismis

sed after remaining six months. In 1851

he came to California. He had followed

oncluded the old man, bowing here

How lovingly there I'd betake me, Pap Ainsley. To labors that time would disclose, Where none should disturb or awake me Four years ago last September, (I recol-If I chanced to give way to repose! lect the month, for I had a note of four Sometimes I would seek to entangle to do some pretty sharp financiering to The trout in his hidden retreat: Or, quitting the stream and the angle. meet it.) having two or three dozen volumes On a steed ever steady and fleet. Indulge in a nerve bracing canter 'Pap Ainsley' a task of transportation. Ar- dren.' Away to the glen's sounding hall; riving at my room just as he had deposited Or late in the twilight shade saunter the last armful on my table, and observing Alone by the dim waterfall. that the old man looked considerably fa-With children o'er gravelled walks bounding, tigued after climbing three flights of stairs Their little forms like birds in the air, two or three times, I invited him to take a Exempt from all symptoms confounding,

And grow up bright, spirited creatures, With freshness and beauty endued. My sons should go down to the city, Where all the young men needs must go. To learn from the standing committee Where best they their brains could bestow ; But home they should come semi-weekly, And oftener, too, if the views Of railroad men ran not obliquely.

For health must be native born there-

Their Maker designed that they should,

My girls would develope the features

If only to bring me the news. A neighbor of temper pacific-I'd want one to whom I might lend A new book or pamphlet, prolific Of doctrines we both could defend; Or gossip with, when of a morning We leaned on the low garden wall, Drawn thirber without warning, And heeding no clock chimes at all.

A spirit like this near my d welling. The programme would happily fill, And leave me no want worth the telling Unreached by an everyday will: Yes, thus I'd improve the fair scres Up-river, as long as I could, Rejording that Time's ruthless wreckers Had left me so much real good.

COMPOSITION DURING SLEEP .- Condor cet is said to have attained the conclusion of some of his most abstrace unfinished calculations in his dreams. Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects which in his waking moments sorely puzzled him. Sir J. Herschel is said to have composed the following lines in a dream :-

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with feeble denial; Sure of his love, and oh! sure of his mercy

at last; Bitter and deep though the draught, yet drain thou the cup of thy trial, And in its healing effects, smile at the bitter

Gothe says, in his "Memoirs :"-"The objects which had occupied my attention during the day oft respeared at night in connected dreams. On awakening, a new composition or a portion of one I had already commenced, presented itself to my mind. In the morning, I was accustomed to record my ideas on paper." Coleridge composed his poem of the "Abyssinnian Maid" during a dream. Something analogous to this is what Lord Cockburn says in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey:"-"He ( Lord Jeffrey ) had a fancy that though he went to bed with his head stuffed with the names, dates, and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying thar, during sleep, 'they all

A respectable butcher of Stafford (England ), having lost several halters, was at loss to account for the way in which they had been disposed of. A few days ago, however, his wife happening to go into the pearance of fulness above the skirt, and, to this city, purchased a hand-cre sand pon exemining it, she found the mining halten, with the ends out off, and the rope neatly bound with online, supplying the place of steel hoops,

crystalized around their proper centres."

that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the suff-rer the sympathy I really A DAY ON A RICE PLANTATION .- THE CULfelt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for 'Pap Ainsley,' and never saw him but to think of the

sad story he had told me. One chilly, drizzling day, in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble-top table at an aucreason of the last, then will I eschew truth | tion room opposite, offered to the old man the job of conveying it to his residence on

Furnished with the number of the house, abouts, John Ainsley-or 'Pap Ainsley,' as the old cartman, after a pretty trying strughe was familiarly called-was the owner of gle with the steep ascent of California a handcart, and earned a living by convey- street, reached his destination and deposited the table in the hall. Lingering a moment the lady did not seem to surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that had probably neglected to settle for the cartage. 'Very well I will; pay you,' said the could always be found during working lady stepping into an adjoining room. She hours at the corner of Montgomery and returned, and stating that she had no small California streets. His hair and long beard coin in the house, handed the old man a were quite gray and his limbs feeble; and twenty dollar piece. He could not make ove as heavy a load the change. 'Never mind-I will call tosand or up the steep grade | morrow,' said he turning to go. 'No, no!' e stalwart Teuton on the replied the lady, glancing pityingly at his opposite corner, thereby losing many a job white locks and trembling limbs; 'I will and many a dollar, all the light loads in the not permit you to put yourself to so much neighborhood fell to his lot, and kindheart. trouble;' and she handed the com to Brided men not unfrequently went a square or get, with instructions to sec if she could get two out of their way to give an easy job to it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

Step into the parlor until the girl re turns; the air is chilly, and you must be thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled cold,' continued the lady, kindly, 'Come.' she added, as she looked at his rough attire and hesitated; 'there is a good fire in of books to transfer to my lodgings I gave the grate, and no one there save the chil-

> 'It is somewhat chilly,' replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire. 'Perhaps I may find some silver in the house,' said the lady leaving the room, for I fear Bridget will

not succeed in getting the twenty changed.' glass of brandy -a bottle of which I usually 'Come here, little one,' said the old man, holding out his hands coaxingly to the vitation, he politely declined. I urged, but younger of the two children-a girl about he was inflexible. I was astonished. 'Do six years of age. 'Come-I love little children,' and the child who had been watching him with curiosity from behind the large arm-chair, hesitatingly approached.

'What is your name dear,' inquired the cartman.

'Maria,' lisped the little one.

'Maria he repeated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; 'I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much

'Did you?' inquired the child, with interest, and was her name Maria Eastman,

'Merciful God!' exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and again dropping ato it with his head bowed upon his breast. 'his cannot be? and yet why not?' He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there suddealy arose to leave the house. 'I cannot meet her without be raving myself, and dare not tell her I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple,' he groaned, as he hurried towards the door.

The little ones were lewildered, 'You are of going?" said the mother, at that moment re-appearing, and discovering the old nan in the act of passing into the hall.

He stopped and partly turned his face but seemed to lack the resolution to do ug t else. 'He said he had a little Maria once, that looked just like me, mother, shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with

The knees of the old cartman trembled. and he leaned against the door for support The lady sprang towards him, and taking im by the arm, attempted to conduct him they learned that the old man, after the

to a chair. 'No no?' he exclaimed, not till you tell me I am forgiven!'

'Forgiven !- For what ?' cried the moth-

Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you ?' he faltered.

'My poor father I she eries, throwing her rms around his neck; 'all is forgiven-all forgotten!"

All was forgiven and the husband, when he returned into in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether of not Bridget suereaded in changing the double engle. I never learned; but this I do know-it took the ionest female all of two months to unravel the knot into, which the domestic affairs of the family had tied themselves during her servant's bad-room, noticed a dress hanging mining for two years, but finding his absence. Pap Aineley, still keeps his cart; up, presenting more than the predicary up strength anoqual to the pursuit; between for money would not indepe him to part strength snequal to the pursuit; returned for money would not indees him to part to this city, purchased a hand-ore sand with it. I people into the back yard of then, Mr. Restman, one day, last week, and disconcluded the old man, howing all face in several the old man dragging the factories to kink him."

In hands in agony, I have not taked figure, vehicle round the enclosure, with his four nor have I seen my poor child. Engretted grandchildren piled promisenously into it. salphabet to Because to always is fun.

From the Salisbury Watchman.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1859.

TURE OF RICE. To many of your reader, doubtless, the mode of planting and cultivating this great article of food is as much unknown as if it were only grown in the East Indies. All, however, are acquainted with its excellent qualities as a nourishing diet.

The plantation which I visited was that of Col T. D. Meares, of Brunswick. The broad, flat piece of ground of many acres extends far along the adjacent creeks. The land is divided into "tasks," by ditches probably giving the best assurance of the through in every direction, though mostly crossing each other at tight angles. No plows are used, the whole work being done with a short hoe and a long narraow one. When a set of hands are put on one of these tasks they must smoothe it off, make the little trench rows, sow the seed and cover it, all in the same day. The tasks are really given to only one, as' for instance, it is her husband (for such he took him to be) the work of one to smoothe so much ground, of another to trench after him, and another to cover it. The numbers of these tasks make a field; this field is not fenced in, but is surrounded by a large ditch and enbankment. These are designated as No. 1, 2, 3, &c., and contain 10, 15 or 20 acres. There is no fencing: the great body of land -containing a number of fields-surrounded by a large canal.

Having given you a faint idea of how the land lays, we will see how it is cultivated. In the fall, after the rice is cut, as soon as perfectly dry the stubble is burned off. Sometimes the weather will not allow this, then it remains, and is chopped under in the winter. In December, the whole land intended for cultivation is gone over with the hoe, breaking clods, &c. In March, the planting season begins, and from that time onward is the rush. As soon as a field is planted, it it is covered with water, and so remains until the rice is pretty well grown. The water is then let off, and soon after the fiield is gone over with the fell feebly over the bedside.—Her lips beings are very apt to maintain that other This is done twice before the crop ripens. The irrigation is managed so that when one field is under water, another may be dry. so beautiful-neater they hover, settling call them devoted and virtuous. "Is this Several hands are constantly employed in on my pillow-softly, softly, they-"A enough? Is it to live? Is there not a ter-

Every kind of bird is a lover of rice, and an enemy to the interests of rice plant- a shiver ran over her frame' and all was to bestow it on? I suspect there is." And ers, but the one most dreaded is the rice-bird. over. Her spirit had gone to congregate later, we are told ahat Caroline felt with It is a small bird, of darkish brown color, with angels in happiness. I laid my hand pain that the life (we have seen what that ident Washington in receiving strangers: with a sharp stout bill with which it grasps on that forehead—it was growing fearful was) which made Miss Ainley happy could the stalk of tice, and squeezes the milk from cold. My heart cramped; the strength of it as affectually as if done with a pair of my manhood gave way; I sunk to my knees nippers. The only means of getting rid of and wept bitterly. them is by powder and shot; and though | Again I stood beside her, when her thousands upon thousands are killed, they friends had done their office of love. Out sition ensues on the social status of single still appear as thick as at first. During the stretched in her shroud of pure white she season of killing, hogs and dogs upon the lay, her stiffened hands confined over her plantation all got fat. The negroes are provided with guns, and stand upon the banks dark lashes lying, so like sleep, on her and shoot from morning until night. When marble cheeks. That smile was there, like a flock of these birds come down near a starlight on a heavy crusted snow-it was rice field, they swoop with noise like thun- buried with her, der, and the beautiful green rice stalks fall pose there is no means of correct calculaion, as they never fail to appear, though consumed 35 kegs of powder in shooting them, and that one year he had used as ffuch as 50 kegs. The shot was in pro-

Of late years an extensive trade had grown up in the rice straw. The scarcity of hay, and the inferiority of the article brought from the North, induced Mr. Meares some years ago to try cured rice straw, to put up with clover with salt and water. It succeeded well, and for that which he sent to market he found a realy sale. Other planters adopt it, and the r'ce straw is now very generally used as a food for horses, &c. Though by no means equalto the hav which you have, and is generally everywhere in the West, yet it is far superior to the Northern apology for hay, which has for so long been an article of food iq. the Cape Fear region.

The plantation of Col. Meares is one the oldest on the river, there are fields in it which have been planted regularly for forty years and still produces luxuriantly. The machinery for clearing the rice is of the best pattern. The rice as it is sold by the planters in the husk, passes through the rice mill, and it is exposed for sale in tierces as we use it upon the table.

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. He is rising in the world, added he : when to was in England, no one thought it worth while

feits!" &c., &c.

THE DYING GIRL. Open the window," said the dying girl,"

that I may feel the wind on my for head for the last time forever-raise me up, that I may look upon the sun once more before I die." As she requested, I placed my arn. under her head, and raised it from the pillow. How beautiful was her pale face lying there so helplessly, with her large bright eyes turned up to the sun like a worshipper, the black bair sweeping over her arm to the pillow, and the golden light lying upon her thin features, imbuing them as it were with glory and vitality, till the whole form seemed consumed in a bright without. Her eyes grew brighter as she gazed, and she seemed refreshed with the soft wind stirring about her. "How brightly and quietly,"she whispered,"does he go o his rest, melting away tint by tint from

O, that my departure may be like thatmay I sink to my death calmly and painlessly' by leaving behind me the bright reflections of a brief existence." For a few moments she languidly closed

her eyes and remained; then opening them again, she gazed in my face and said-"Death, death-if this is it, it is neither

meet parents, sisters, friends' in a glorious world, a region of spirits, bright, high, how -" here her voice again died away in a soft with blank missgivings and obstinate quesmurmuring sound. She gathered strength a tionings, as she calculates her chances of moment and continued,

"My brother' he is in a strange land, how glory, where we shall live for ever and ever hand to the hair lying in a mass upon the pillow. But the almost transparent fingers moved again. "It is all fading, floating," she said; how glorious the angels throng clearing out ditches, stopping leaks in em- heavenly smile broke upon her face, her rible hollowness, mockery, want, craving. of smothered music. The features settled, others, for want of something of your own

As she requested, I took a long curl from before them as does the rice before the her head—that head on which I had so resper's hoop. Left to themselves, but a often tossed flowers in childish play. I few hours would suffice to clear the field, stood gazing on the corpse till a strange but a half dozen muskets scare them off for inviterious feeling of another world crept time. But few who do not live in that over me-I felt as if a dark spirit was section have any idea of the immense dam- overshadowing me. Awe-struck, I held up age they do to the rice planters; and I sup- the ringlet and gazed upon it. No touch of death was there. Bright and beautiful as ever, it streamed from my hand. more numerous some years than others, looked till it seemed to grow alive in my Mr. Meares informed me that last year he grasp. Again I turned to the death and the wandering of my soul ceased. I knelt The gentlemen turn them into ridicule; down and prayed fervently that my death bed might be like hers.

I enclosed the hair in a purse Louisa had worked during her illness, and gave it to her brother, who afterwards raised the white slab over her grave, with the inscription of "My Sister."

CERTIFICATES .- Dr. Q. R. Philander Doesticks, thus recommends some wonderful Patent Medicine to the public;

To show that "no family should be without it," we will inform the reader that it was risge which to celibacy is denied." Currer only last Saturday that our youngust boy, a Bell at least spoke that about new, and testhree-year old, fell into a seventy-foot well, tifled that which she had seen." and accidently broke his kull, both arms left leg, snapped his back bone, demolished both lungs, eradicated his digestive apparat-us, besides injuring himself generally. He laid at the bottom of the well in dilapidated condition, an honesad nine minutes, before he was discovered. mmediately applied Desticks' Four Tor Power Balsam to the curb stone, three fourths of a jiffy, our three-year was playing hop-scotch in the back . gard. safe and sound, besides having a new jacket and a fine crop of "fuzuriant whiskers," for which latter our little son will probably nevor field words to express his gratitude to the rangemed Doctor. "Always keep this in rateable Balsam on band, in case of accidenta." "Chution! Beware of counter-

has lost his feeting, and stow finds that he of me, my dear," me spelled, "I have but that tends to produce that is so far a Vital bas slipped out of a very pleasant circle. one fool,

From Bentley's ( London ) Miscellany. OF OLD MAIDS.

About the time that Miss Brome was negotiating with some London publishers for No mistress or head of a household, therethe production of "Poems by Currer, Ellis, fore should trust her domestics with the and Acton Bell"-the unknown names care of the store-rooms, closets, and kitch-(1846)—we find in a letter of hers to Miss Wooler, her old schoolmistress at Roe Head, over each of them herself. The best hour an expression of her pleasure at knowing, for inspection, in regard to these matters, in Miss Wooler's own instance, toat "a lone is immdiately after breakfast. All the mawoman" can be happy, as well as cherished terials or stores, as well as the necessary diwives and proud mothers. "I am glad of rections, may then be given out. She that. I speculate much on the existence of should also see, for herse'f, that everything unmarried and never-to-be married women is made the best use of ! those to whom now-a-days; and I have already got to the she entrusts the culmary of crations, and essence, burning intensely within, tadiating point of considering that there is no more that nothing is left to the chances of disorrespectable character on this earth than an der and waste. No budy should ever reunmarried woman, who makes her own gard herself, above this routine of skillful way through life, quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother: may be, her domestic duties are of the first and who, having attained the age of forty- importance. Thus, in regard to the simple the sight!" Turning her head wearily five or upwards, retains in her possession a matter alone of the dinner table-its appointaway, she sank to the pillow, murmuring" well regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy ments, and the mode of conducting on such simple pleasures, and fortitude to support an occasion-the influence of faithful atinevitable pains, sympathy with the suffer- tention to duty, on the part of the female ings of others, and willingness to relieve want head of the household affeirs, is at once as far as her means extend." We have al. evident. Everything should not only be ready seen the impersonation she eventual ly sketched of such a character in one of self. Clean table inen should only be givthe old maids in "Shirly." But that same story contains ample evidence of the atrug sad nor painful—it is only going home to gles and searchings of heart which this in a closet in the dining room, and only that vexed question cost the still unmated wri-

ter. Caroline Helstone is made to pine, What was I created for, I wonder? Where will be grieve when he hears that I am is my place in the world? Ah, she sees dead-tell him that I prayed for him, that presently, that is the question which most I shall meet him in the eternal world of old maids are puzzled to solve; other people solve it for them by saying : "Your place when I am gone, give him one of these is to do good to others, to be helpful when -and she attempted to raise her slender help is wanted." That is right in some measure, she reflects, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but wandered for a moment in the air, and then she perceives that certain sets of human sets should give up their lives to them and their services to them and their service, and above me, smiling, beckoning, with wings then they requite them by praise -they voice grew fainter, then stopped like a tone in that existence which is given away to was, in her heart she deemed it deeply dreary because it was so loveless-to her ideas, so forlorn. And still later, a disqui women in England, and the author's beiief he might be presented for that purpose, it that they should have more to do-better was thought before this should be done pation than they possess now. She comin certain households she names are in busiearthly employment but stitching and sewing; no earthly pleasure, but an unprofitacome, of anything better. "This stagnant

> The great wish, she continues—the sole aim of every one of them is to be married, but the majority will never marry they will die as they now live. They scheme, they plot, they dress to ensure husbands. they don't want them ; they hold them very chesp; they say "the matrimonial market is overstocked." And then anon comes this spostrophe-"Men of England! look at your poor girls, many of them fading around you, dropping off ip consumption or declius; or, what is worse, degenerating to sour old maids-envious backbiting, wretched, because life is a desert to them; or, what is worst of all , reduced to strive, by scarcely modest coquetry and delinsing artifice, to gain that position and consideration by mar-Bell at least spoke that she knew, and tes-

state of things makes them decline in health;

they are never well; and their minds and

views shrink to wondrous narrowness."

A good story is told of a doctor in a tows not a hundred miles from Vermont.
The doctor kept missing his wood, and set breakings—of broken ties and allenated af-three of a new insighbor, who soon ap-fections. But men gassip, too. Oh, what keen, biting, withering will-ring gassipings cool started of with an armful. The potor frastily gathered op an armed of green wood and followed tridging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same explaining, "There, you must burn green wood part of the time, as well as I," and departed, leaving the third to his own re-

VERY CONNUSTAL - Mr. Jenkin plant remarked to his wife, that in her be a four fools .- "Who fire they?" she asked "Beautifool, dutified, youthfool and dellig

DUTIES OF A LAPY IN HER HOUSEHOLD. Without regularity, no house can be managed with any degree of economy or comfort, en, without keeping a careful supervision house-care; for, however accomplished sho in its proper place, but have a place by iten out after the soiled has been returned to its appropriate place. Glass should be kept number of glasses given out that may be wanted. Everything being thus at hand, and the utmost carefulness enforced, much trouble, and in the course of a year, conbecoming an old maid-and asks herself, siderable loss, will be avoided. Punctuality in the management of all home affairs is also indispensable. The meals should always, unless unavoidable casualties intervene, be ready at the accustomed and expected hour. If the mistress is punctual, the domestics will also be so; and thus the mind of the husband will not be ruffled. and there will be no confusion and no blekering's but harmony, and a cheerful appre ciation of every meal, followed by genial relaxations and pleasant conversation. These are not trifles, however, they may appear so to some. If the in-olveney of thousands could be traced to its source, it would be found to have commenced with the non-performance of these household duties by the wife-or the female head of affairs-for "without order there is no economy."

The following extract from Wahington's

"Information being given by Mr. Van ot make her happy; pure and active as it Berkel (the Dotch Minister) that Mr. Cazenove, just arrived from Holland, and of a principal mercantile house there, had letters for me which he wished to deliver with his own hands and requesting to konw when it might be proper to know whether they were of a public nature, and whether plains, for example, that while the brothers he was acting in a public character. If so then to let them come to me through the ness or in professions, their sisters have no Secretary of State; if nor, then for him to send them, that the purport might be known before he was introduced, which ble visiting; and no hope, in all their life to might be at the next levee, where he might be received and treated agreeably to the consequence he might appear to derive from the testimonial of the letters. It being conceived that eliquette of this sort is essential with all foreigners to give respent to the Chief Meristrate and the dignity of the Government, which would be lessened if every person who could procure a letter of introduction should be presented otherwise than at levee hours in a fermal manner."

> Gossip is the bane of social life-always indicating a little mind, having affinity with petty concerns; often a malicious mind, delighting in traducing others; irreverence for truth, ri-king the violation of it for the pleasure of telling stories, which way be false, often are known to be so; great lack of honor, a sneaking disposition, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face; presumptive want of power to talk on nobler subjectsat least, the lack of interest in them. Male gossips are worse than female. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriage, flirtations, servants, entertainmets -and a world of mischief they do there-of heart-burnings, betresinkings, and heartthey have-half untrue, wholly needless; full of they, hatred and all uncharitableness.

No keenness or culture of the intellect that does not embrace culture of health -- A on weakly, no morality, and not even a religion, that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from deteriors. tion, and is cultivated to the highest perfection, will ever last long. No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they were naturally entitled, among others, without maniferes of riseel. opment as the only reliable foundation of Manlisess and reliability of character. All