

and orchards, and pleasure-grounds; and I believe that all my own country consider me rather a respectable man."

Fanny Carr got up and courted.

"But yet I have the character of being a severe and sarcastic and morose man."

"O no, that you are not!" warmly interrupted the little old maid.

"I am glad that you do not think so.—Well, I have one want in my house. Can you guess what it is?"

Fanny looked puzzled. "Money will buy every thing."

"Not the thing that I want."

"Then it must be something very particular indeed."

"It is something very particular indeed."

"O, I'll help you to find it."

"That is very kind, and I hope you will—I want—something to love."

"The world is full of such things," said the little old maid.

"To you who love every thing from the overflowing of your heart, but not me."

Poor Fanny looked infinitely perplexed. "I wish I could do anything to help you."

"You can. I told you I had a carriage and servants, and house and furniture, and plate and money, but I have no one to share them with me; no one to ride with me, walk with me, talk with me, take the head of my table—to love me if they could. In short; I want a wife. Will you take this troublesome office?"

"O, Mr. Jeffrey!" exclaimed Fanny Carr with a face as red as blushes could make it.

The plain brown chariot with the brown horses and brown hammer cloth, and the servants in brown liveries, drew up with a great dash, quite in an unusual manner, at Mr. Pokenham's door. It is very evident that every thing belonging to the brown affair was in a considerable state of excitement, in fact quite in a brown fever or sort of effervescence, and some way or other the agitation was communicated to the family of the Pokenhams within.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. Don't bring them in here, but show them into the drawing room. I always like to receive carriage people in the drawing room; and Jane, fetch me a clean pair of gloves."

"La mamma, a wedding, look at the white favors!" exclaimed Miss Pokenham the first.

"Then there's one chance less in the world," said Miss Pokenham the second.

"It's all right," said Master Daniel, "I like brides cake, and I don't care how many people marry and are miserable, so that I get a good feast by it."

"I like the quarrelling quite as well as the cake," said Master Humphrey.

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, "I declare if it is not deaf uncle Jeff; I thought he'd be glad to come back to us; I made him so very comfortable with his chairs and easy chairs, that I thought he'd soon want to be back again, if that little deceitful Fanny Carr had not poisoned his mind. Mamma's legacy will keep well; it will be fine game," said Master Humphrey.

"How smart uncle Jeff is!" said Miss Pokenham the first.

"White silk and pumps, I declare, and a flower in his buttonhole!"

"And what on earth is that little lump of finery behind him?" said Miss Pokenham the second.

"Why, goodness gracious! you don't think that uncle Jeff has been such an old stupid as to get married himself!" said Miss Pokenham the first.

"I shall faint at the bare supposition," exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham—"an unnatural monster!"

"Here he comes, and his queen doll with him."

Uncle Jeffrey walked into the room as stately as the tallest grenadier in the service of Frederick the Great, dragging after him a bundle of white satin and white lace and French blond and white kid gloves and orange blossoms, and it really was astonishing to see how many dozen of yards they had managed to tie up together.

"Is it you, uncle Jeffrey?" shouted Mrs. Pokenham, of course not expecting an answer to her question.

"I have brought you myself and my better half."

"What do you mean, uncle Jeffrey?"

"You need not speak so loud," said uncle Jeffrey.

"True, true," said Mrs. Pokenham, "I had forgot that you are not at all hard of hearing."

"I am not," said uncle Jeffrey.

"I always told you that I was not deaf."

"You did, of course you did."

"But you never believed me."

"O yes, that I am sure I did," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Speak in a whisper as you used to do. Can't you tell each other what a fool, and a dolt, and what a piece of ugliness is cross and deaf old uncle Jeff?"

"O uncle, and can you really hear?"

"Ay, a pin fall to the ground; I always had excellent hearing."

"Yes, uncle, I know you had."

"But you don't believe it."

"O certainly, certainly."

"Well, if some people are hard of hearing, others are hard of belief. Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you I am married."

"Married! and to whom?"

Uncle Jeffrey lifted up the veil of the bundle of white satin and pumps and vanities and introduced "Mrs. Jeffrey."

"Fanny Carr!" exclaimed the whole congregation.

"Wretch of a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. "Is it thus you come to wound our feelings?"

"And to make you what I hope you will consider a handsome present."

"How liberal! how kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, her hopes reviving.

"Yes, indeed, I have brought you my ear horn, tied with white ribbon, and I hope you will keep it hung up here in the drawing room, to remind you of cross, deaf, old uncle Jeff."

An interesting incident.

A few days since we mentioned the arrival of the packet ship Montezuma at Liverpool, after a short passage from this port. At the same time we published a complimentary card to Captain Lowder, for his exertions in saving the crew of the French brig which was fallen in with in a sinking condition. We have a letter before us from A. Williams, Esq., our next-door neighbor, who was a passenger in the Montezuma, giving an interesting account of the manner in which the unfortunate mariners were taken from the wreck.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

After describing the voyage, the writer says:

"But the most thrilling scene of the passage occurred on Sunday, the 2nd of April, at 2 P. M., while the passengers were promenading the deck, and contemplating the majestic and terrible heaving of the ocean, such as usually succeeds heavy winds. Mrs. Cipriani, the only lady passenger described and announced 'a sail,' apparently four or five miles distant from us, to which all eyes were immediately directed. Dr. Patison jocosely observed, 'Suppose it should be a wreck, and that we should take off five or six persons in distress?' to which some one answered, 'Very little probability of that.' When our second mate, taking the glass, said, in an honest but blunt and gruff voice, 'disappeared.' On hearing that word, the Captain, as quick as thought, took the glass, and after a long and earnest gaze, with a quick movement to the first mate, gave orders to bear down toward her with all sail, and saying 'signal of distress,' words that to a novice on the sea produces a fearful thrill of feeling he will never forget.

"Whatever she wants she shall have, if I've got it."

Then commenced a scene of activity among the crew, of watchfulness by the officers, and anxiety among the passengers that could scarcely be surpassed. As the vessel was near, and her situation became visible to the naked eye she was seen a dismasted, shattered, and water-logged French (Newfoundland fishing) brig, tumbling and rolling from side to side, with every swell of the sea sweeping her decks entirely across. A small sail tied to a temporary (jury) mast was all that kept the vessel manageable, and on her deck, clinging to her torn and splintered side, were some ten or fifteen persons gesticulating violently for help, and ringing in our ears through the gusts of the raging wind, 'secours (help.)' On nearing her, as the hulk rose from the trough of the sea to the crest of the swell, the name 'St. Bernard de Pechamp,' was read on the stern, and it was evident that she was in a sinking state.

With promptness, still, and humanity, above all praise, our ship was hoisted to, our quarter boats lowered to those rolling billows and in them loaded the gallant mate (Moore) and some of her crew to pull for the brig, now nearly alongside of us; but at a moment when one wave threw this little boat some 80 or 100 feet in one direction, a tremendous heave of the ocean brought the brig alongside, and within twenty feet of the Montezuma on her starboard quarter. The violence of the sea heaving both vessels a terrific distance up and down made us fear an awful crash, perhaps fatal to both. The next swell came, and crash came the two together. Our starboard stern being raised up in the air, came with tremendous force down upon the larboard quarter of the brig, crushing her bulwark and part of her deck, and showing her off some 30 or 40 feet, when by dexterous use of our helm and sails, we kept clear of her. Moore, our mate, in this frenzied moment of peril had boarded her, and was seen at the helm. Thenceforth she was kept clear of us, and our two boats went dancing and rolling between us, some 4 or 5 times each, till these poor sailors, 16 in number, and most of their valuables, were brought on board our ship. The Captain, the last one to quit his sinking vessel, half starved, oppressed with grief and care, looked the stolid image of mudo despair.

None of them could understand or speak a word of English; but luckily Moore and Mr. Cipriani spoke the French, through whom we learnt that the brig had been dismasted and shattered, as we then saw her, seven days previous, and all by a single sea, since which they had been tumbling as we saw them, having been passed by five vessels, to one only of which could they raise the signal of distress; but the violence of the storm prevented them giving succor. A most remarkable providential circumstance occurred to heighten on our minds this scene, and not only had our ship for the twenty-four hours previously run exactly in the direction of this brig, the usual distance of 280 knots, but at the moment of our nearing her the intense violence of the wind ceased, causing a comparative calm, and during the taking off the wrecked entire calm, the first and only one during the passage, after which the breeze sprung up and away we flew again at the rate of 11 or 12 knots; next day, after the rescue, we rose the storm about the same hour, the wind covering the sea with a white foam, in which the French commander said his hulk would not have survived ten minutes, and attributing the safety of their lives to Captain Lowder, who treated them throughout with the most liberal and generous hospitality.

Not the least happy of the rescued seemed a noble dog, who seized and saved a boy as he was being swept exhausted from the deck, which he offered to Captain Lowder, who declined taking from him his favorite animal. The providential saving of this crew was more forcibly impressed upon us by our having just arisen from a sermon by the Rev. Mr. May, a passenger, on the subject of the care of Providence of those 'who go down to the sea in ships.' Our admiration of the magnanimous and truly admirable conduct of Captain Lowder produced an immediate meeting of the passengers, who voted unanimously to present him with a piece of plate, not for its value, but as a testimony of esteem."

A man of words many; is often without sense any. So saith the *Proverb*.

THE MESSENGER.

D. A. MANALLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Friday, June 2, 1843.

We give the readers of the Messenger a long yarn this week, but it is far from being without its moral. We have seen much of the same sort of game played on a small scale. Read it, and then say if you do not remember having seen nephews or nieces or cousins, trying to "come the agreeable" with some cross old uncle or aunt because they happened to be rich.

Gold! gold!—The gold mines lately discovered in Haywood and Macon counties are like to prove the richest yet discovered in the State. Some of them, we understand, yield from three to five dollars worth per diem to each hand employed. This is the "better currency," and it seems our Haywood and Macon friends are about to line their pockets quite bountifully with it.

A man in New Orleans has invented what he calls a flying machine, with which he expects to "soar aloft and journey through the air." He had better have a care lest he meet the fate of the Millerite who attempted to "soar" from off a tall tree to heaven, and fell to the earth and broke his neck.

TENNESSEE.

The contest for the August election in this State is growing warmer and still warmer. Some of the Democratic papers assure their readers that Polk's majority for Governor will not be less than from ten to twelve thousand—while some of the Whig papers seem equally confident that Jones' majority for the same office will be from twelve to fifteen thousand. The more calm however, of each party are content to claim about eight thousand majority for their respective candidates.

They have perhaps as much excitability on political matters in Tennessee as any other State in the Union—their candidates are very busy traversing the State by districts and counties and companies, while the people manifest as much excited solicitude as if the fate of the world, now and forever, depended upon which party had the ascendancy in that State! A concern for the political prosperity of the country is right and proper, and it is the duty of every man to feel such concern as will prompt him to discharge his duty in this respect; but it is an easy matter to be so far carried away in this as to neglect other duties of equal importance. If the time, labor and money that have been spent in Tennessee during the last ten years to advance the interests of political parties had been directed, it would have built a school-house in every neighborhood in the State, furnished each house with a library, and paid, for years to come, the salaries of the teachers.

FARMING.

Though others may be of equal importance and as such entitled to like attention or the part of the public journals of the day, yet as there is no one pursuit in which so many of the citizens of this country are engaged, or one on which so many others depend as farming, we deem it the duty of all conductors of public papers to keep this interest more or less before their readers at all times.

We have often adverted to the modes of farming as practised in this section of the country, and published much which we thought would be calculated to aid the farmer in increasing the value and products of his farm. Most that we have published has been borrowed from other journals, on whose credit we gave the articles without vouching for their correctness. Hereafter we design to confine ourselves to facts in relation to soils, experiments, products, systems, which come more immediately under our own notice or that of our friends in the section of country where our paper has most extensive circulation. This we shall do—because, in the first place, there are many things bearing upon the farming interest of this country which are peculiar to the country, and in consequence of this, experiments which succeed well in other places will not do here at all; and, secondly, because many of the receipts and recommendations which go the rounds of the papers are nothing more than the chimeras of the brain of some raw collegiate, who, however well he may understand those branches of science and that portion of the classics necessary to his graduation, knows practically nothing about farming. It is a subject, or if you please, a science, with which we profess to have a practical acquaintance; and one, the proper understanding and management of which would tend, perhaps, more than any thing else to advance at present the interests of this portion of North Carolina. We shall proceed next week to shew wherein we think an improper course has been pursued, and wherein a different one would tend directly to increase the farmer's profits as well as the value of his land.

There is a valuable agricultural paper published at Jamestown, in this State. It is printed on a medium sheet, every other week, at the low price of one dollar a year, in advance. We would recommend it to the attention of the farmers of this part of the State. It is, so far as we know, the only paper in this State which is exclusively devoted to agricultural matters; for that reason, and for its real worth, it ought to be sustained. Address, the Editors of "The Farmer's Advocate," Jamestown, N. C.

There has been an alarming drought in some parts of Georgia this spring. Much injury, it is apprehended, has been done to growing crops.

The Democrats of Indiana lately held a State Convention, which propounded sundry questions, embracing subjects of National policy, to Messrs. Van Buren, Calhoun, Cass, Johnson and Buchanan; to which inquires these gentlemen have respectively replied, and all of them avowed their opposition to a National Bank, and other prominent measures which the Whig party deem important to the interests of the country.

We are sorry to see that Mr. SIMMS is about to retire from the editorial department of the *Magnolia*. He did honor to the work and to himself.

The *Lady's World of Fashion*, for May, has also been received, which we think we noticed sometime since. It is in our opinion among the best works of the kind in the country.

We have had some remarkably hot weather heretofore of late. Very indeed.

Crops look very promising this season thus far. In some parts we have rarely seen wheat look better.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—Don't speak so cross, said one little boy yesterday in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross—there's no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the injunction, or rather the exhortation—for it was made in a hortatory tone and manner—we set the juvenile speaker down as an embryo Philosopher. In sooth, touching the point involved in the boyish difficulty which made occasion for the remark, he might properly be considered as a philosopher. What more could Solomon have said on the occasion? True, he has put it on record, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, and this being taken as true—and everybody knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of kindness over that of wrath. But our young street philosopher said pretty much the same substantially, when he said, "don't speak so cross—there's no use in it." No indeed there is certainly no use in it. On the contrary, it invariably does much harm. As a man angry, it inflames his ire still more; and confers in his enemy him who by a kind word, and a gentle and forbearing demeanor, might be converted into a friend. It is in fact an addition to fuel to a flame already kindled. And what do you gain by it?—Nothing desirable, certainly unless discord, strife, and contention, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, be desirable. He speaks "the words of truth and soberness." "Don't speak so cross, there's no use in it!"

A REMARKABLE MAN.—At a temperance meeting recently held in Alabama, Col. Labiniano, who had been twenty-three years a soldier in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience tall, erect, and vigorous, with the glow of health in his face, and said: "You see before you a man seventy-nine years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of Heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing.—In the deserts of Egypt, I have marched for days, with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have torn open the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how could I survive all these horrors? I answer, that, next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life."—and he continued. "Harron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French Army, has stated it is a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

YOUNG PEOPLE.—Whenever you hear a young man lecturing his mother on gentility, contradicting her parents, putting on a complaining whenever she cannot have her own way, depending upon it she will make a poor companion. In prosperity she will never be satisfied—in adversity she will despond and complain—in sickness she will distress herself and all around her—never choose her for a life companion. On the contrary when you see a mild, modest, unassuming girl who may be sometimes seen ministering to the wants of poverty and sickness, who is ever mindful of her own, who is ever ready to relieve distress by her own, who is ever ready to relieve distress by her own benevolent labors—she will make your home a paradise—she will cheer you in prosperity—sustain you in adversity—smooth and soothe the pillow of sickness—she will indeed be a treasure—with or without wealth she is a pearl above all price.

When you hear young men sneering at their old-fashioned parents, or listening to such remarks from others, alighting or teasing their sisters and brothers, fond of gambling, too lazy to keep up the fires or get themselves a drink of water, such a fellow is a bad chance for a husband. On the contrary if he loves his parents—is kind and obliging to his sisters and brothers, industrious and attentive to his business or his studies, kind and considerate to the poor and unfortunate—he will be a good man or a good husband.

EXTERNAL APPLICATION OF LACQUINUM.—A case of death from the absorption of lacquinum applied externally, has just occurred in Paris. A young dramatic writer, M. Camille Bernay, whose first attempts had been very favorably spoken of, was ordered by his father, who is a physician, to apply for a slight indisposition a poultice on the stomach, on which he was to let fall a few drops of lacquinum. To assuage the pain, which was acute, let fall not four or five drops, but the contents of a whole vial. The effect was almost instantaneous after the application of the poultice. Antidotes were applied immediately, but M. C. Bernay died shortly afterwards.

Several of the most extensive landlords in Ireland had reduced their rents 20 per cent, of course much to the satisfaction of tenants.

Whim-whams, and Opinions

OF

OLIVER ODDFISH, ESQ.

BY WHALEN WHACKENWELL, SCHOOL-MASTER.

CHAPTER I.

OLIVER ODDFISH was born—that is, I suppose he was born, though I have no positive proof of the fact; but for the life of me I know not how else he could have found his way into this sin-polluted world: and until there is some evidence to the contrary, or at least until some one denies the position, I shall consider it true. He was born—without knowing why himself, or his parents knowing what for—on the 10th of January old style, Anno Domini, 1777—and consequently, as any one, by a plain sum in simple subtraction, may see, was just sixty-six years old last January. To know on what particular day of the month he was sixty and six, you have but to calculate the difference between the Old and New Styles, which many who will read this, his biography, are no doubt utterly unable to do, so great and sad has been the change in the *modus operandi*—(There now! there's a little scrap of Latin which I have unconsciously let slip; but never mind—it will show that I am not as ignorant as some might suppose)—of teaching, since men like my humble and unpretending self have been neglected, and preference given to those who have lost sight of the substance in the shadow, and for the sake of the flower have forgotten the fruit.

Oliver was born of respectable parentage—or, at least, they were certainly as much so as their neighbors. I know that I am using a definite term. People's ideas of respectability are as vague and unsettled as the residence of Jack O. Lantern, and as diversified as the configuration of their faces. With some, a man is respectable in proportion to the amount of filthy lucre he may have heaped together, without regard to the means used in the acquisition, or the end proposed in the use of it. With others, respectability consists in the ability to trace back the family genealogy for some twenty generations, and point to some Duke, Count, Marquis, or even a vastly rich man, as a sort of parent stock, from whence the rest have sprung. The present generation may be as poor as Job's turkey, which I have always understood, was so poor that it could never afford to wear more than one feather in its tail at a time; but no matter—there was a rich man in the family once. Or if the present race be rich, they are respectable, though their ancestors were poor, or mean, or anything else you choose. With old fashioned men like myself, a man is respectable in proportion to the soundness of his principles and the correctness of his practices, whether he be rich or poor. And by this rule alone am I governed when I say that Oliver's parents were respectable. Men of the manners and habits of the old revolutionary times do not judge of a man's respectability by the weight of his purse, the fineness of his coat, the length of his hair, or the size of his whiskers. We have seen many a proud family which, like potatoes, the better part being under ground, vaunting themselves upon what they were; and others claiming respectability because they happened to be able, from time to time, to get credit for fine clothes, to curl their hair like a Frenchman, cover their faces with whiskers like a pirate, sport a cane like a fencing-master, and put on airs like a fool. With us, these things weigh lighter than a feather. Old folks, as we are, look for honesty of heart—love without hypocrisy—friendship without affectation—industry, frugality, and economy, without avariciousness—liberality and benevolence without prodigality—a readiness to do what ever ought to be done, regardless of incurring the charge of being "common"—and a constant exercise of that uprightness of conduct, and common sense prudence, which will secure the love of the good, the esteem of the bad, and fill his house with peace and his barns with plenty. Such is "old times" respectability, and such were the parents of Oliver Oddfish.

The place which he claims as having the honor of giving rise to his illustrious name, was a beautiful little village way down East—that is to say, somewhat this side of sun rise, to which he always proudly looked as being characterized by larger onions, better cider, more apple sauce, merrier quilting frolics, prettier girls, better children, fewer old bachelors and old maids, a soberer decor, and a better pafson, than any other town in the State. This, you know, is perfectly natural. Early recollections are fondest and best; most endearing and lasting. Wherever men wander, to what subject soever they turn their thoughts, however well they may prosper or be lost and happy they may be, still

"There is a land of ever land the pride," to which the heart fondly turns, and on which it looks with a thrill of pleasure, known or felt in reference to nothing else. The home of childhood! How sweet the word—how precious the thought—how enchanting the recollection! How many thousand delightful scenes flit before the memory! The houses—the trees—the gardens—the fields—the arm chair of the father—the cushioned seat of the mother—the play-grounds of little brothers and sisters—and above all, those parents, and brothers and sisters themselves! The melo-dious and affectionate voice of a mother—the kind, instructive words of a father—the innocent prattle of brothers and sisters who loved each other so well! Ah! the recollection of these innocent and happy days forms one of the brightest spots in man's existence! But to the subject of this memoir, and to the writer, as well as to thousands of others, they are all gone! Yes—cold reality rushes in, and tells us they are all gone! Forever gone! The soul shudders and sickens, and turns away in search of something to relieve it—but where is that something to be found? Ah! where?—echo answers, where!

But perhaps I have spun out the present

chapter to a sufficient length; by your leave, therefore, gentle reader, (if gentle you be, which I very much question) we will both pause and take breath, for, like the Dutchman running up hill, I have "got so full of wind I must stop and pto some out."

THE RULING PASSION STONG IN DEATH.—When Lawrence was lying stretched on the deck of the Chesapeake, mortally wounded, and the immortal spirit about quitting its frail tenement, his last dying injunction was—"Don't give up the ship."

When Bainbridge lay struggling in death, on the bed of sickness, his memory reverted to the stirring scenes in which he had many years before borne an active part.—He imagined himself in command of a gullant vessel, surrounded by his officers, on the eve of an engagement—and summoning all his energies for a final effort, he exclaimed, "Call all hands to board the enemy."

When Porter, in a foreign land, was sinking in the grave—his body worn out with the exposures and hardships to which he had been subjected for a period of many years, in the service of his country—in his last moments he directed that his body should be buried at the foot of the flag-staff, that even after death the glorious stars and stripes of America might wave over him!—*Boston Journal.*

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.—A young lady in New York, having lately received a violent blow on the middle of her forehead, by running against a door in the dark, suffered very much from pain about the part, and also from a disturbed state of mind. The latter being considered by two scientific gentlemen as caused by a local affection of the brain, they enquired if she was not visited by apparitions of persons and other objects. She replied at once that she was, and described them in a vivid manner.—These apparitions terrified her very much, until she was told that they were caused by a morbid condition of the brain, in consequence of the blow she had received, when her terrors vanished, and she does not now mind the visit of apparitions, on reflecting that they proceeded from this cause. This case, with many others of the same character, is highly important, both in mental and medical science, as they give to this functional derangement local and ascertainable external cause.

THE SETTLEMENT IN AFRICA.—The bark *Globe*, at New York, brings intelligence from Monrovia, Africa, to the 25th of March. The settlements are generally represented in a favorable condition. The Methodist Mission is in a very prosperous condition at Monrovia. The schools are full, and every thing looks very encouraging. Mr. Chase and Rev. Mr. Wilson had, with a company of fifty, made a visit to the Gollah country. They soon lost sight of any human habitation, pitched their tents in the woods for many nights, and finally reached a distance of 300 miles from the starting point. The country through which they passed is represented as a beautiful farming section, and will do doubt in time be thickly studded with Colonial settlements.

A large quantity of foreign wheat has been released free of Duty at Dublin, for the purpose of being manufactured into flour and bunsolita for the use of the emigrant vessels now taking in passengers for North America.

TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A man's home should be his earthly paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and that to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his aim to provide every thing convenient and comfortable for his wife. With every provision he can possess, he will make her a life of care and toil.—She is the centinel who can seldom if ever be relieved. Others may sleep, but if there be one who must watch, it is she. She ought, therefore, to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband.

HOME AND ITS AFFECTIONS.—How sweet are the affections of kindness! How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our friends! Distrust and doubt darken not the brightness of its purity; the cravings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of that scene. Parental fondness and filial affection blossom there, in all the freshness of an eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold, if we can but turn to our dear circle, and ask and receive all that our own heart claims.

CULTIVATING THE GRAPE.—We hope every farmer and every mechanic, (says the *Boston Cultivator*) who owns as much as six square feet of land, will have one grape vine growing on it—a native vine, we mean, not a foreign one for a mere show, but one that will bear fruit without artificial aid.

It is surprising that so few of our young men take any interest in setting grape vines about the house. It is not because they relish not the fruit, for you will see them traversing the meadows wood to flch what does not belong to them; and to make sure of their prey they will pluck it before it is fit to eat.—How much less labor would it be to take home a root or a cutting and place it where the grapes might hang on till they were fully ripe!

We have many fine native grapes, in our meadows and by the woodsides which are at least equal to the imported kinds. In addition to the common purple grape, many sorts of which are rich and excellent, when they are permitted to ripen on the vines, we have several kinds of reddish grapes that have not the foxy taste which some dislike in the purple kinds.—Then we have a variety of wild white grapes.

The grape is cultivated with less labor than any other kind of fruit, and it is a constant bearer. It is less subject to depredations of worms and insects than most kinds of fruit, and there is less trouble in having it in one's own garden than in going a mile to borrow a supply from a neighbor's meadow.

Any one may be informed that grapes can be propagated from cuttings; that is, by burying a vine cut from a growing one.

We copy the following from the *Van Buren* (Arkansas) Intelligence of the 29th ult:— Gov. M. BULLOCK has just returned from a visit to the Indian tribes in the south-west. He had been sent out as a commissioner by the government; to act in conjunction with the Commissioners of the Texian Republic, for the purpose of entering into a treaty of peace and friendship with those tribes. The commissioners were met by all the tribes, except the Comanches, at the Waso village. There was no treaty entered into. The Indians and Texans exchanged flags of truce, and arrangements were made for entering into treaties at a future day.

Immense meetings for the repeal of the Union, continue to be held in different towns, in Ireland.