

POETICAL.



THE HAPPY HOME.

I love the health where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,

Oh have I joined the lovely ones,
Around that bright and cheerful hearth—

The rose that blooms in Swann's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,

Miscellaneous.

GIRL HUNTING—A HALF-LENGTH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.
A theme of perilous risk
Thou handiest, and hot fires beneath thy path

"Can you let our folks have some eggs?"
said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door,

"Oh! we ha'n't no girl but father, and he's had to go 'way to a raisin'—and mother wants to know if you can't tell her where to get a girl?"

Poor Mrs Larkins! Her husband makes but a very indifferent "girl," being a remarkably public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength.

Yet it must be owned that Mr Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts for his family as most of his neighbors. The main difficulty seems to be that "help" is not often purchasable.

Having an esteem for Mrs Larkins, and a sincere experimental pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female tact and perseverance might not prove effectual in ferreting out a "help,"

In the first category stood Mrs Lowndes, whose forlorn log house had never known door or window; a blanket supplying the place of the one, and the other being represented by a crevice between the logs.

baby; and in the ashes on the rough hearth played several dingy objects, which I suppose had once been babies.

"Is your daughter at home now, Mrs Lowndes?"

"Well, yes! M'randy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her?"

"I came to see if she could go to Mrs Larkins, who is very unwell, and sadly in want of help."

"Miss Larkins! why, do tell! I want to know! Is she sick again, and is her gal gone? Why, I want to know! I thought she had L-o-i-s-y Paddon! Is L-o-i-s-y Paddon gone?"

"I suppose so. You will let Miranda go to Mrs Larkins, will you?"

"Well, I donow but I would let her go for a spell, just to 'commodate 'em. M'randy may go if she's a mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks to nobody. What wages do they give?"

"A dollar a week."

"Eat at the table?"

"Oh! certainly."

"Have Sundays?"

"Why no—I believe not the whole of Sunday—the children, you know—"

"Oh ho!" interrupted Mrs Lowndes, with a most disdainful toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle,

"if that's how it is, M'randy dunt set a step! She don't live nowhere if she can't come home on Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

I took my leave without farther parley, having often found this point the sine qua non in such negotiations.

My next effort was at a pretty looking cottage, whose overhanging roof and neat outer arrangements spoke of English ownership.

I made my exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation; and the less reluctantly for having observed on the table the lower part of one of my silver teaspoons, the top of which had been violently wrenched off.

"What does this mean?"

"Oh! nothing more than usual. My Polly took herself off yesterday without a moment's warning, saying that she thought she had lived out long enough; and poor Tom, our factotum, has the ague. Mr Stayner has gone to some place 16 miles off, where he was told he might hear of a girl, and I am sole representative of the family energies.—But you've no idea what capital bread I can make."

"This looked rather discouraging for my quest; but knowing that the main point of table-companionship was the source of most of Mrs Snyder's difficulties, I still hoped Mrs Larkins, who loved the close intimacy with her "help," and always took them visiting with her.

"But, Mrs Randall, the poor woman is really ill and unable to do anything for her children—Couldn't you spare Rachel for a few days to help her?"

"My gals has got enough to do. They a'n't able to do their own work. Cur'line hasn't been worth the cent for hard work ever since she went to school to A.—"

"What! to Bill Green! She wouldn't let him walk where she walked last year!"

Here I saw I had made a mistake. Resolving to be more cautious, I left selection to the old lady herself, and only begged for one of the girls. But my eloquence was wasted. The Miss Raudalls had been a whole quarter at a select school, and will not live out again until their present stock of finery is unweatable. Miss Rachel, whose company I had hoped to secure, was even then paying attention to a branch of the fifth arts.

"Rachel Amandy!" cried Mrs Randall at the foot of the ladder which gave access to the upper region—"fetch that thing down here! It's the prettiest thing you ever see in your life!" turning to me. And the educated young lady brought down a doleful-looking compound of card-board and many colored waters, which had, it seems, occupied her mind and fingers for some days.

"There!" said the mother, proudly, "a gal that's learnt to mak sich baskets as that, a'n't a goin' to be nobody's help, I guess!"

I thought the bonnet likely to be verified as a prediction, and went my way, crestfallen and weary. Girl-hunting is certainly among our most formidable "chores.—Western Clearings.

THE UNLUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

"Do you know Winks," said Barclay Burgg, "that I think the same authors sometimes write in a werry contradictory manner, and knows werry little of human natur."

Barclay Burgg was a short, athletic man, whose bristly hair and dark beard plainly showed him to be "a son of St. Cripin."

"Vell, now I ask you, Winks, in the most distinct manner," continued Burgg, looking his companion as full in the eyes as if he was mesmerizing him, "if you ever heard of a traveller in all your life; ether dead or alive, but vat would tell tales?"

"Never," replied Winks, "and I'll make my affidavit if its necessary."

"Strike me!" asked Winks, with astonishment, "vat Barclay, if your fist had hit my eye just now instead of the table, I don't think I'd ha' been harder struck."

"Vell, Winks," said Burgg, delighting with the last speech of his friend, "with all your faults, I must say, you've been arguing for near fifteen year, and I don't believe you've ever contradicted me yet."

"Don't believe it!" answered Winks, "vat I knows it—vat's the fun of an argument, unless one side talks velle the other listens."

"Vell," remarked Mr Barclay Burgg, "I was going to say that if I'd never travelled, I'd never had so much to tell, and I say again, if a man travels after he dies, he will tell tales ven he gets to the end of his journey. Winks," he continued, "some twenty year ago, I was a vatchnan in a town I lived in, and there I met with the unluckiest man in the world."

"The devil you did," replied Winks, with surprise, "if you vat?"

"In every vat," answered Burgg—"he never went to a tavern to take a dram, but his money was hotter—he never vent to a party but he came off with another man's hat and cloak—he never vent on a journey, but vat somebody took his carpet bag and left a trunk in its place, and I did hear he was unfortunate vuice as to sign another gentleman's name on a check instead of his own."

"He must ha' been werry miserable," ejaculated Winks.

"But," continued the ex-watchman, "that's vat my story. I was going on to say, that vat night after taking my first nap on a doorstep, I preparing for the second. You see, Winks, all the taverns vere at the other end of the town from vere I was, and consequently I was never troubled with wists from the officers, so between you and I, I had rather a nice situation. Vell, in my walk, I came to the corner of a little alley where there was a shop, and vat should I see layng before the door but the unfortunate man, drunk. 'Poor fellow,' says I, 'you'll never get out o' trouble,' and I took him to the vatich 'vay for the rest of the night. The next mornin' ven he was called up, I giv'd the Mayor my statement, and I never can forgit his sorrowful face, ven his honor called on him to explain. Winks, I ront putted to give his purse vords, for he had travelled more than me, and consequently vas smarter, but as he came up to'rds the Mayor he made a werry low bow, and said, 'I've always considered myself, your honor, as the unluckiest man in the world, but as I never vos drunk till last night, I believe the punch pitcher of my misery to be so full that you can't let down the kiver. I was iuwited, says he, last evening, by a friend, to sup on sausages and gin, and I do believe I took a luttel too much, at any rate he requested me to sleep tith him in the shop, vich I did. I woke up alter awhile, your honor, said he, 'with an intolerable thirst, and vent to the keg of vate to take a drink. The kegs vere not labeled, your honor, and the light vos werry dim, and as my bad luck would have it, sir, I vent to the wrong keg, and I never discovered, until I had emptied the cup, that I had filled it vith gin. My friend of the shop got werry vexed and turned me out. If your honor verry do the same,' said he, weeping, 'I will try my luck in some other country.'"

"Did the Mayor discharge him?" asked Winks.

"On the spot," said Burgg.

"He didn't believe the story tho!" inquired Winks.

"I should like to see any vun that didn't believe it," remarked Burgg, fiercely. "Vy the Mayor nearly vopt, and it had so much effect on some of the gentlemen present, that ven the poor fellow vos going out, I heard vun of them say to him; 'Here, my man, take thy hat.'"

As to maintaining a family, the farmer has every advantage over other classes of men. It costs a prudent farmer not a farthing to bring up a large family, half boys and half girls, in case they enjoy the usual health of prudent families in the country.

The country parson and doctor and lawyer stand out a totally different footing in regard to the expense of rearing and maintaining families. These men can rarely devote time enough to farm labor to set their children a perfect example. They are often called away from home, and then the boys are idle and vicious. The modern clergyman must have extremely delicate hands or the ladies will not relish his preaching;—and why should not his sons' hands be as white as the father's? The doctor must lie late in the morning, for he was out most of the night—can you expect his sons to rise early? The lawyer spends weeks at court, and cannot superintend his family or his workmen as the farmer can. He is obliged to live as the judges and as all the great folks do while at court, and he brings home expensive habits. His family catch the ideas, and his boys have not a steady example before them. They are self-taught, if taught at all.

Even the laboring mechanic has many disadvantages, on rearing a family, compared with the laboring farmer. Children cannot aid him in his shop. The blacksmith, carpenter, joiner, mason, and painter, have no business for very small hands.—But the farmer, just look at the means he has to keep every finger employed, small and great.

What backs can bend so readily to pick up the apples, the potatoes and corn, as the backs of the youngsters, who will do much in a day when attended by a parent? What horseman so good to guide Dobbin among the drills of corn and potatoes as the lad of seven years? At tith he will drive an ox team, use an axe, a hoe, a rake, and a fork with admirable skill. In short, there are but few branches of farm-labor that cannot be greatly advanced by the assistance of well-bred children.

Three years ago we saw a man ploughing in Concord with oxen and a horse. His only assistant was a little son four years of age. He rode the horse and guided the team. He was so small that his prudent father, Mr Tuttle, a very good farmer, lashed him to the saddle, and there he caught the healthy breezes of summer, and a good appetite for plain and wholesome food; while he was kept away from the idle and mischievous company of village boys, and village loungers.

If any man can bring up a family well, it is the home farmer.—If any man can lay up money, the healthy farmer can.—And if any man can command health, it is the farmer in his airy fields and sunny plains.

MILITIA ELOQUENCE—WHO'S AFRAID?—We are uninforming which of our gallant militia officers made the following spirited address to his warriors at the last General Review:

"Tenshun Squad! This is a great country, and has got a tairing start among the white nations and Injuns of the arth. What makes it great? What does the conglomerated elements of its greatness cum homer? I answer—just bring your right foot into line, Sargent Snake—I answer in a voice of hah-thunder—The Militia!"

"Stop your darn'd cheerin', men; don't plause at my eloquence, for you'll put me out, if you do. Yes! the Militia. Take that away, and there aint nothin' left. The militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable coustain, but for the Militia. It keeps the ardent spirits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic severity. I'm attached to it, myself. I think it's rich. The system can't be bettered. Folks call it a 'farce.' I don't see nuthin' to laugh at in it. It's a plagued solemn piece of bizness, when you come to hug down to the naked reality out. 'Taint ererybody that can put on the regimintalities and look like old Mars, the God of War, with a decided tetch of Julius Junius B utus Ceazar-her thrown in for effect. No sir-ee! There aint a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia officer, all rigged in the full catamountments of glory, with stripes to his breechclothes, epaulets piled up on both shoulders, brass buttons from head to foot, silver stars shinin' in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand. Such a site's enuff to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!"

"I believe the preluscent delirium of this destined Republic is centred in its militia. It can't stand without it. With it, its prodd motto is: DIVIDED WESTAND, UNIT-ED WE FALL!"

"Stop cheerin'—you put me all out!—'General Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sippo, Afrika-ous; so did Boneypart; so did that old Wizzigoth that ravished all Europe and burnt his fences and its stone walls; and also, s-gers, do I."

"I believe if all our doors would bust threv the parafurinals of the animal economy, and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency ker-slump into the broad savannars of this smilin' land of ass's milk and untanned bunny, that nuthin' astir could put 'em out but the militia! That ar a fact! Three cheers for the Militia in general, and the 9999th Regiment in particuler. Sogers! ground arms!"

"Who's afeerd? Whar's Mexiko, Kaliforniko, and Oregon? Who's afeerd of them? Sogers!—The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar yaller, half-Spanish varmint, that Mexiko, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is, 'Liberty and death, now and forever, one and inseparable. Whorravr for Mexas! Down with Texico! Let's licker.'"

SIMPLE CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Mr Wakley, at an inquest he held yesterday, stated that a few days back the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness; a hind; because he stuttered so excessively that he could barely articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour.

Mr Wakley, however, had him called, and telling him that as stot could not be discharged from a gun without powder or air, so words could not come from the mouth unless the lungs had their powder, viz: air. He told the lad to inhale air, or draw in his breath strongly, and he having done so, Mr Wakley asked, "Can you talk now?" The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly, "Yes, I can, Sir, very well."

The coroner added, that inhalation, or self-inflation of the lungs, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty had not until lately, and even then only a few of them caused it to be practiced as a remedy for defective articulation.—English paper.

PLUME AND PLAID.—A Southern Editor thanks the following frank announcement: "We shall not support any man for office short of Ten Dollars, besides his anti-union fee. That's what the lawyers charge for attending to an assault and battery case, which is a light and lovely occupation compared with that of editorially attending to a candidate's case, to say nothing of the awful wear and tear of conscience in this peculiar branch of our business."

ETIQUETTE.—In England the fashionable world, it is believed, are governed by the following maxims: "It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive she has noticed you, by an inclination of the head."

"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless intimate. The reason is if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if she bows to you, you as a gentleman, cannot cut her."

PATRICK'S COLT.—A gentleman who favors us with some reminiscences of the early settlement of this place—formerly called Derryfield—relates the following anecdote: "When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day, soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the black colt. 'Don't come home without him,' said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received rough treatment. 'Why, Patrick, what is the matter—what in the name of wonder ails you?' 'An' faith, isn't it me, yer honor, that never'll catch the ould black colt again! bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch me eyes out o' me head? An' faith, as three as me soul's me own, I had to climb up a threen alther th' colt!'"

"Where is the best?" "An' it's tied to the tree, he is, to be sure, yer honor." We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and, on reaching the field, we found, to our small amusement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with a bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as "Patrick's colt."—Manchester American.

SALE OF VALUABLE LANDS. PURSUANT to a Decree of the Honorable Court of Equity for the County of Cumberland, I shall expose to sale on Saturday, the 3d day of January, 1846, on the premises, all the LANDS of the late William Bate, except the Dover Tract. The Lands will be sold in four separate tracts. A credit of one and two years will be given. The purchaser giving bond with approved security. DUNCAN GRANGER MACRAE, Commissioner. Nov. 22, 1845.—353-1c.

Fresh Fruit. 50 Whole, half, and quart boxes Raisins, 1 Bbl. Hickory Nuts, 5 do. Apples. Just received and for sale by W. PRIOR. Nov. 22, 1845.

NOTICE. Whereas, Felix Bell, late of Sampson county, N. C., has departed this life, and Letters of Administration have been granted to the subscriber, this is therefore to give notice to the next of kin and distributees of said estate, that the subscriber is now ready to close the same, and pay to those entitled, their share of said estate. JOSIAH WILKINS, Adm'r. 353-6m. Nov. 22, 1845.

NEW BOOKS. Wandering Jew, complete; both Harper's and Secret History of the Tyler Dynasty. Fremont's Exploring Expedition. Mary Dalton, or Wealth and Worth. Ingralls' History of the War of 1812-14. Together with a variety of SCHOOL BOOKS. Just received and for sale by R. W. HARDIE. ALMANACS.—Turner & Hughes' Farmers' and Planters', and Presbyterian and Comic for '46. Nov. 22, 1845. 353-1f.

OIL! 8 Barrels TANNER'S OIL, for sale by GEO. MCNEILL. Nov. 22, 1845.

FAIR NOTICE. ALL persons indebted to the Estate of John McArn, by note or account, are requested to make immediate payment to Mr Alex. Johnson, who, in my absence, is authorized to grant discharges. Those failing to do so, are hereby notified that every claim will be put in suit without discrimination, between this and the 1st February. The distance at which the Administrator lives, and the responsibility which rests upon him, render it impossible for him to indulge, however much disposed he might be to do so under other circumstances. D. B. MCARN, Adm'r. 353-1f. Nov. 22, 1845.

BUTTER. 20 Pickins prime Mountain Butter, for sale by GEO. MCNEILL. Nov. 22, 1845.

FOR SALE. 3000 BUSHELS ALUM SALT.

40 barrels 500 sacks Liverpool ditto, 100 bags prime Rio Coffee, ditto, 20 hhds. N. O. and St. Croix Sugars, 20 bags Pepper, Spice & Ginger, 15 tons Swedes & English Iron, 2000 lbs. viz: Cast, German, English, and Am Brister, 250 side Stone Lard, 500 ditto Upper ditto, 100 ditto Skirting ditto, 80 pieces Cotton Bagging, 100 kegs Nails assorted, 50 coils Hemp Rope, 60 bbls. Brandy and Whiskey, 60 ditto Old Rye Whiskey, 1 pipe Holland Gin, 1 ditto French Brandy, Old "Hennessey" Brandy, in glass, 1 pipe sup. Malaga Wine, 15 q. casks White and other Wine, 40 dozen London Porter, in quarts and pints, 5000 lbs. Dry Hides, 5000 lbs. Castings, Sperm Candles, Cider Vinegar, Chocolate, Saltpetre, Copperas, Indigo, Madder, Epsom Salts, Beet Soap, Starch, Cigars, Canned Herring, Mackerel, No. 3, in barrels, 8x10 Glass, Putty, Lead Sdgr., Hyson and Imperial Tea, Collins Axes, Horse Shoes, Fur and Wool HATS, SHOES, &c. &c.

And a full assortment of HARDWARE & CUTLERY. Purchased at the late Package Sales in New York at reduced prices. Persons wishing to purchase will call. T. S. LUTHERHO, 353-3w. Nov. 22, 1845.

FOR SALE. A Two Horse Wagon and Gear, and one Mule, now in the hands of Wm. F. Broke, No. 22, 1845. GEO. MCNEILL.

HOUSE & LOT For Sale. Will be sold at public Auction, on Monday the 1st day of December next, at the Court House in Fayetteville, the House and Lot situated on the northeast corner of the Court House Square, the property of the late Mrs Ann Murry. The lot is a desirable one, containing also thereon in all its branches, a full and complete hardware and shoe establishment. Terms of sale, 6 and 12 months credit, the purchaser giving negotiable notes with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale. WM. WARREN, Adm'r. With the Will annexed. 352-2f. Nov. 22, 1845.

TOWN BAKERY. MRS. E. NEETZEL. RETURNS her most grateful thanks to the friends of her late husband, and others who have been kind in her bereavement, for their kind attention and assistance, and begs to assure them all, from the bottom of her heart, that all her hearts is vouchsafed, her gratitude for their kind offices will be unceasing.

She also begs to inform them and the public generally, that she has taken the framed house nearly opposite to Mr Geo. McNeill, and formerly occupied by her late husband, where she has resumed the business of BAKING, and all other articles in her line at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Wedding and other fine Cakes furnished for parties. Year of the best quality at all times. Nov. 22, 1845. 353-6f.

REMOVAL. Jas. D. McCALLUM, MERCHANT TAILOR. Has removed his Establishment from his late stand, to the store next door west of the Cape Fear Bank, recently occupied by Mr Wm. J. Anderson. He will warrant his work to be equal to any in the place, and charges as moderate. Nov. 22, 1845. 34-1f.

LIFE INSURANCE. CAPITAL \$2,500,000. The Insured entitled to participation of Profits in both European and American policies. NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LONDON. U. S. BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS. (OFFICE 74 WALL STREET, New York.) Jacob Harvey, Esq., Ch'n. George Barclay, Esq., John L. Palmer, Esq., Sam'l. S. Howland, Esq., Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., Gosham A. Fox, Esq., James Burrman, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq. Philadelphia: Clement C. Biddle, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Sears C. Walker, Esq., Geo. Rex Graham, Esq., J. LEANDER STARR, Manager and General Agent for the United States and British N. A. Colonies.

The Subscriber, having been appointed Agent for this Company in the Town of Fayetteville, is prepared to effect Life Insurance, and to furnish all desired information and explanations on the subject. STARK & PEARCE, Agents. Fayetteville, Nov. 22, 1845. 353-1f.

New York city Advertisements. SHERWOOD'S Vibratory Magnetic Machine. THE Vibratory Movement recently substituted for the Rotary, in this Machine, by the subscriber, endows it with an extraordinary superiority over every form in which it has been constructed. It is compactly fitted together with its battery, wires, and other appliances, in neat mahogany cases, of several sizes and power, at (two sizes) \$13 and \$16 each; and forwarded to order, to any part of the Union, the Canada, West Indies, or South America. Each case is accompanied with a Manual (7th edition, pp. 224, 32 mo.)—including a complete Manual of the Practice of Medicine, with a very full Glossary—giving clear and ample directions for the use of the instrument in the various diseases to which it is applicable, and which are found, by the successful practice of hundreds of operators, to include the most prevalent, as well as the most peculiar and obstinate, that are known to the medical profession; with the proper Medicines for each case. A. H. SHERWOOD, M. D. 119 Chamber st., New York. Nov. 22, 1845. 353-2w.