

COURTSHIP EXTRAORDINARY.

I found it pesky hard work to get a wife. I want never good at wife getting. The gals was so shy that I expected to catch one as they catch birds by sprinklin' salt on 'em. I didn't use to go up to the gals and hug 'em like some fellows, bekas I never good get near enuff to 'em. I cum very near having Jane Southwick and Sucky Pandust. They cum to our house and wanted to beg a little yarn for nittin' stockings. Before they went away, it cum up to snow like all natur. They luddent got fur from the house when they was knowin' to my comin'. So they sot out and run like a couple of geese when a ox is arter 'em. I hollowed to 'em to stop and telled 'em I only wanted to cort 'em, but they only run the faster, and the wind blew and the snow flew ritic in their faces, but fast they knowed they was stoppt by a big snow bank that laid all across the road and was as hi as their middle. So they run backwards and forrards, and didn't no what to due, and then I cum up to 'em. So I begun to think which of 'em I should cort. Sucky had the biggest nose; but Jane had the biggest feet. So I sot to considerin' which I should 'groe to cort, and fust I knowed they had cut across Zeke Cornstalk's lot, and was both gone out o' sight as fast as they cud go. I pulled off my hat and stamped on it, I was so tarmed mad, and blowed haff an hour, then I roared like a bull; then I nayed like a hoss, and I vowed that I'd be up to them gals if I had to tear up all the trees out of the ground, brake all the rocks, and drink up all the rivers and that picked up my hat and put it on.

The next time I tride to get a gal was when I went up to Koned to see the monument they were 'recting there about the British. I went into tavern there that was kept by a man they called Wesson; and I sot down to dinner at a grate long table. While I was there a gal cum in that was named Angelina, and she put sum taters on the table, and she lookt so gracious and all fired pretty that I axed her if I mite cort her; she kinder luffed and sed she must take time to think of it as it cum all of a sudden so, that she couldnt make up her mind.

I telled her I'd got no time to wait as I was goin' ritic off with my team, and if she'd agree I'd put her ritic into the ox cart and snake her off home. So she didn't make up her mind, and so I was crosst in love that time too.

There was about a dozen maple trees that grewed a little way from our house, behind the walnut grove. Now all the gals in our parts is dreadfull fond of sap. So I knowed that, and interminded to fix a way to ketch 'em. I went there to them trees and I borholes in 'em with a gullet and stuck in reeds to dreen off the sap and put big pans under 'em to ketch the sap. The sap begun to run and I knowed the gals would get a scent of it. So I went a little piece and watched for 'em to cum. Pretty soon I went back but no gals were there, and the sap was runnin'.

I went home and waited about half an hour and then I went back to the grove, and I thought I seed a white frock waiving about amongst the trees. So I kept stock still, and in a minute I seed the gals cum to the fence, and they lookt all round to be sure that noboddy seed 'em, and they crept along softly as two black snakes and went ritic off to one of the trees. Then one of 'em took out a cup from under her apron and they begin to put in all they new upon the sap.

So I kept as still as a skunk in the day time; and then another gal cum poking along from behind a bush. It was the gal in a white frock. She cum up and put in for her sheer of the sap. Pretty soon three more gals cum over the fence, and one of them was so greedy that she took up a pan and begun to drink out of it. Then I run back to the house and got a bed cord and I made a slipping noose in one end of it, and went back. The gals was all there as thick as crows in a cornfield. So I edged up till I got near enuff and then I throwed the slipping noose over 'em. It cum down over her head of one of the gals and ketched her round the waist. I drawed tight on it and held it fast. I was out of sight behind a bush, but when the rest of the girls seed that one of their number was ketched, they run like turkies and scampered off with all their nite. I kepp pullin' on the rope till I drawed the gal about a rod behind the bushes, but she kepp squawking all the time like a goose tied up in a bag. I tied the end of it around the tree and then goes up to the gal, and found it was Nancy Stratton. So sez I to her: 'You likes sap I takes it—if you'll hold your squealing a minute, I'll court you.'

'In, say!' sez she—'is this you, and what do you mean by fritening a poor creature to death!'

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times A TEXAS JOKER.

Some three years ago we copied the following sterling bit of fun from the "Texas Morning Star," published at Houston. It lately fell in our way again, and we were so tickled upon reading it once more, that we determined to start it for a second heat.—We will take small odds that in three month's time it will have been re-published in half the newspapers in the country:—

AQUATIC SCENERY.—During the hardest of the storm the day before yesterday, we took along down to the steamboat landing;—while standing on the brink of a deep gulley that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gulley, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combating his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape, gave utterance to the following: "Haynt this a orful sivatation to be placed in, nobow! If I was a steamboat, a rail, or a wood pile, I'd be better worth fifty cents on the dollar than I'll ever be again. Unless I'm a gone case now, there haynt no truth in frenology. I've weighed all the chances now like a general, and find only two that bears in my favor; and the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, and the second a special interposition of Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the chance, I'd give a premium for the skunk hole—their's my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a muskrat, or a water snake, for about two months, perhaps I wouldn't mount the first stump 'o'her side of the Bio, and flap my wings and crow over everlastin' life, skientifically preserved.—But what's the use holdin' on this roof there haynt no skunk hole in these ere diggins; the water is getting taller about a feet, and if my nose was so long as kingdom, it wouldn't stick out much LONGER. Oh, Jerry! Jerry! you're a gone sucker, and I guess your marm don't know you're out; poor woman! won't she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the whole of Bufferto Bio for his coffin? What a pity 'tis some philanthropist, or member of the humane society, never had for sight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water! If they done it in time, they might have had the honor and gratification of saving the life of a fell r being; but it's all day with you, Jerry, and a big harbor to east another in. It's too bad to go off in this orful manner when they knows I offers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey I feel the root givin', way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watt's Doxologer, to prove I died a christian; "On the bank where droop'd the willer, Long time ago."

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboats; his eye caught the prospect of deliverance, and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of "Heave to! passenger overboard and sinking, with a belt full of specie! the man what saves me makes his fortune!" Jerry was fished ashore by a darkey; and to show his gratitude, invited Quashey "to go up to the dog-gery and liquor."

They have at last made up their minds in Mobile to conduct business on a specie basis. The Daily Advertiser announces its willingness to receive the issues of the States Bank and its Branches up to October—but no longer. The Bank of Mobile has come to a like resolution.

SCRAPS.

No trees bear fruit in autumn, unless they blossom in the spring. Of all poverty, that of the mind is most deplorable. Precious, beyond rubies, are the hours of youth and health! let none of them pass unprofitably away. Too much reading, and too little meditation, may produce the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by the very excess of that alimint, whose property it is to feed it. Genius will accomplish nothing of much use without industry. It may like the lightning of heaven, to which it is often compared, rend the knarred and unweildable oak, but it cannot shape that oak into timber for the house or the ship. Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, by whom light, as well as immortality, was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.

An eccentric beggar thus laconically addressed a lady, with whom he was drinking water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay to night! we doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

Melo-tragicon Russell, the singer, has set to music the Tent Scene in Richard the Third, and is singing it at New York. We shall next have the speech of the Ghost of Hamlet's daddy—moster, crowing and all.

A certain divine gave out a psalm to his christians, who attempted to set it to a tune; but having made a blunder, the

clergyman, when he came to that part of the Litany, Lord have mercy on us miserable singers, in his turn made another mistake, and it read as follows;—Lord have mercy on us miserable singers.

The following lines are on the monument of a young girl in Mount Auburn: "Shed not for her the bitter tear; Nor pine with vain regret, 'Tis but the rasket which lies here; The gem is sparkling yet.

An Irishman asked in a store for a pair of silk gloves, and was told, that the kind he wanted would come to a dollar. Oh, by my sowl, think said Pat, I'd sooner my hand would go barefoot all the days of my life, than give ye that for em.

A man named Benjamin Hunt, laboring under an attack of Hydrophobia, was recently conveyed from Camden, New Jersey, to the hospital in Philadelphia. During the paroxysms, he presented a most horrid spectacle. He foamed at the mouth, and exhibited the most intense agony. He died the day after his arrival.

Mrs. Burnham, wife of a respectable clergyman of Boston, was recently taken suddenly ill, and during a violent turn of vomiting, ejected a live frog, half grown. It is supposed she received it into her stomach, in the tadpole state in a draught of water.

The carriage and cob manufactory of Vanderwerken & Co. at Newark, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire last week. It was one of the most extensive establishments in the city. The loss is stated at upwards of ten thousand dollars. No insurance.

They have a regular dog market at New York. This accounts for the number of puppies which crowd Broadway.

Ben Count has challenged Freeman, the American giant, to fight for £200 or £500 a side. Freeman says he cannot fight him.

The people of Reading are the worst kind of newspaper patrons: those of Pottsville are men of no metal.

It will afford sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or enslaved the world.

This is well said, though we know not who has said it.

ILL ASSORTED MARRIAGE.

Life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections, and hopes gone by forever.

The Secretary of the Treasury acknowledges the receipt of five dollars, sent to him anonymously from New York, to pay duties on the importation of goods.

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They talk a little overmuch about American repudiation in Europe. Read the following in regard to French finance from an English paper:—

The national debt of France, which in 1872, under Charles IX., was only 17,000,000f., was, in 1832, 5,410,495,017f. At the present time it is almost 7,000,000,000f. France has already been bankrupt six times, viz:—under Sully, who deducted the interest formerly paid on the capital; at the end of Louis XIV's reign, under Desmarets, who paid neither capital nor interest; at the fall of the "systeme Law," under Lepelletier, under the Abbe Terrai, who did not pay the assignments; during the revolution, after the creation of 45,000,000 of mortgage; lastly in 1799 by the reduction of two-thirds of the debt.

AMERICAN STATE DEBTS.

The London Observer of the 31st of July states, that the gentlemen at the Hague who signed the petitions to the American Charge-d' Affaires, respecting the non-payment of the interest of the North American loans, have recently received an answer from the Charge-d' Affaires, in the name of his government. The answer informed them, that while the President fully feels the force of the obligation which the States have upon themselves in contracting their debts, and is fully persuaded that their obligations will be fulfilled at no very distant period, nevertheless, he (the Charge-d' Affaires) is most strictly enjoined by the Secretary of State

to declare, in the most formal and positive terms, that it is the decided and irrevocable resolution of the General Government not to agree to be held responsible in any manner whatever for the non-performance of those obligations. The Charge-d' Affaires, however, states his conviction that the present state of affairs in the United States, upon the whole, is such as to encourage the hope that credit will be gradually restored.

"This is the patent age of new inventions—For killing bodies and for curing souls!" Aye, and for divers other strange things.

Mr. Abram Marble, of Illinois, has constructed a "carriage to be propelled by wind, for the purpose of carrying heavy burdens and breaking prairies, and the like." It is said to be a simple and ingenious invention, and that the carriage can be made to run in any desirable direction in level parts of the country, no matter whence the wind may come. It is also represented as being well fixed, so as to guard against the effects of sudden gales of wind or storms.

A LEETLE AHEAD OF US.

O'Connell calls Lord Brougham a "miserable rotten remnant of an old Brougham," "the wretched old driveller," and all this in a public speech! and more, proposed to petition Parliament not to suffer him to vote again in that body until he takes the temperance pledge; which was carried amid long continued laughter.

This exceeds American refinement. Mr. Dickens may put in his note book.

SCOLDING.

A scolding person never has the power of good government. Those who govern, well, are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

As the water that flows from a spring, does not congeal in the winter, so those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

THE USE OF MONEY.

It is not the plenty of meat that nourishes, but a good digestion; neither is it abundance of wealth that makes happy, but the discreet use of it.

WHAT IS THE MOST PERFECT GOVERNMENT?

"That," said Bias, "where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor."

"That," said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where virtue is honored and vice detested."

"That," said Pittacus, "where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never the base."

"That," said Cleobulus, "where the citizens fear blame more than punishment."

"That," said Chilo, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

"But that," said Solon, "where an insult done to the meanest subject, is an insult to the whole community."

She who makes her husband and her children happy, says Goldsmith, retains the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue; is a much greater character than ladies describe in romances, whose occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quivery of her eye.

FATHER MATHEW IN LONDON.

Father Mathew, says the correspondent of the New York Tribune, is in London, and is daily administering the pledge to thousands of all classes. He is very popular; his earnest and unassuming demeanor delights every one. He is accompanied by Earl Stanhope, a nobleman of great influence.

It is a great blessing to the metropolis that he has gone there; there is much want of a change. Father Mathew says the people of Ireland (that is, the Teetotallers) are better dressed and better off than the same class in London.

"Will you give me that ring on your finger?" said a village dandy to a girl, "for it resembles my love for you—it has no end."

"Excuse me, sir," was the reply, "I choose to keep it as being emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

"Ma, wheresabouts shall I find the State of Matrimony?" said a hopeful young lady. "I recon it's one of the United States," replied the mother.

PRESERVES.

"Are you fond of preserves, sir?" said a Yankee landlady to a Yorkshire man just arrived in this country. "Whoy, no cum, I cawnt say I is," said Yorky. "I used to, but ever sin brother George got transported for shootin' in 'em, I never touches none."

It is needless to say that the preserves to which the landlady alluded were "apple sars and peach fixins;" those which John Bull had formed a distaste for they were the precincts which the game laws of England make it penal to intrude on.

Getting into debt without intending to pay, is an improvement on stealing.

"Man is an imitative animal," as the monkey said to the dandy.

He that accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may ere long be obliged to sell his necessities.

NEWSPAPERS.

Dr. Johnson, when in the fulness of years and knowledge, said, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I should have deemed it a loss not to have seen, never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

ROBBERY AND ATTEMPT TO MURDER.

The Buffalo papers record an atrocious attempt to murder, made on the 15th inst., on board a schooner in that port. It was made by a boy of only sixteen, upon the mate. After mangling his victim with an axe, the young scoundrel robbed him of \$80 and decamped. He was arrested on his way to New York. The mate was alive at last accounts, and it was thought might recover.

LIFE AND LABOUR.

A seamstress in London, it appears, is paid 1 1/2d. for making a sailor's shirt. By working very hard, "and finding her own needles," she may thus earn 4 1/2d. a day. The price of the cheapest quartan loaf size can buy is 5 1/2d. A loaf of bread is 1d. dearer than her whole day's work. One of these wretched sufferers was caught taking prussic acid the other day. When the labor of life is so severe, who can wonder that the poor should often be reckless in leaving it? When we contrast the wages of industry with the rewards of dissipation, is there room for surprise at the prevalence of vice? Monthly Magazine.

FROM THE OREGON TERRITORY.

The Methodist Missionary Society have received advices from their mission establishment in Oregon, to the 1st of April, brought by the Hudson Bay Company's express, via Montreal. The prospects of the mission were good, and the mission family were in the enjoyment of health. The Rev. Mr. Frost, one of the missionaries, with his family, had left for the United States, via the Sandwich Islands. Some time in March, Mr. Olly, a member of the mission, a carpenter, was drowned in the Columbia river.

SLEIGH, SLEW.

Michael Sleigh and James Ryan quarrelled in Pittsburgh on the 21st ult. Ryan slew Sleigh with the second blow. He dislocated his neck.

Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, is contributing regularly and liberally to the agricultural papers. "This is as it should be. Nothing is more commendable in planters and farmers, than, from their experience, to give instructions to those engaged in like pursuits. One paper from a practical man is worth a volume on agriculture from a mere theorist."

GRATITUDE.

If there is a crime of deeper die than another it is base ingratitude. Were we to wound the feelings of our best friends, if we were to disregard the voice of our mother who brought us into the world, or the instructions of a loving father, were we to curse God who made us, who preserves us, and who is so merciful to us; it could be known only as ingratitude. Yet how devoid of gratitude is the whole human race! Where is a man to be found who is even sufficiently grateful for all these things, much less one who deserves them? Each man has a debt of endless gratitude, which he cannot even comprehend much less express in words. Gratitude is one of the "deep affections" of the soul, thankfulness.



AGRICULTURAL.

MEADOW HAY.

Low ground hay should never be suffered to stand till it turns. This greatly injures it as a feed for stock, and renders it fit for little else, often, times, than for little wherens, if it were cut early, and before the seed has ripened and fallen out, it would make excellent fodder for sheep and other stock, and be highly beneficial in eking out other hay in the spring. There are some species of low ground hay, which requires cutting as early as herds grass. We think that in most instances it is better to cut early while the grass is green and succulent, and to give it a good salting,—say from three pecks to a bushel to the ton or load. This with care in packing, will ensure its preservation, and cause it to come out bright and sweet in the spring. When a liberal quantity of salt is allowed, far less care is requisite in making, as the antiseptic properties of the mineral will retain it in perfect sweetness, if stored quite green.

Make Cultivator.

From the Temperance Advocate.

NEWBERRY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Report of the Committee on the Fruit Garden and Vineyard.

There is no department of Horticulture, which has been so much neglected among us generally, as the cultivation of fine and delicious fruits. This is a matter of surprise when we take into consideration the profit, and the pleasure to be derived from an abundant supply for our own consumption. How delightful and wholesome at all seasons of the year (as we may if we will) surrounded by our friends and neighbors, to refresh ourselves with the various gifts of Pomona. I repeat, it is a subject of regret to find so much carelessness still existing among us, on this important branch of Horticulture, for where will you find, among our agricultural friends generally, any who are acquainted with the choice fruits of the earth, even by name? Many, perhaps, have never tasted a Gage Plum, and few have ever eaten a delicious Pear—'tis true they have eaten what they term good pears—but if they had ever tasted such pears as would in reality melt upon the tongue, I feel persuaded they would give it up that they never before had tasted a good pear.

The same ignorance exists in their knowledge of good Apples, but not so generally as with Cherries, Plums, and Pears. Among a people who have so much leisure, and the means of improvement, this should not be. But I have already inflicted upon this society, and the public, a long report exclusively devoted to the cultivation of Fruit Trees, adapted to the Orchard, and I feel, if this has not been the means of directing the attention of my friends, to the destitute and neglected appearance of your Orchards. I must confess that I am unable to do anything to remedy the evil. But this Society will perhaps be pleased to learn, that I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Many of the varieties enumerated in that report, produced fruit of a most excellent quality, during the past season, and others show promising fruit at this time. I will dismiss this part of the report, by again urging upon you to repair without delay the withered and neglected appearance of your orchards. Make them a useful ornament to our country. Bestow on them some care and attention, and remember, when you set about it, that a good tree occupies the same space as a worthless one—and in time you will be blessed with the fruits of your labour.—The Strawberry, Rasperry, Currant and Gooseberry, are valuable and desirable acquisitions to the Fruit Garden, and maturing as they do before we can have the requested supplies from the orchard, deserve a place in the collection of every family.

The Strawberry derives its English name from the custom originally followed by putting straw under the fruit, to protect it from the ground; the botanical name, Fragaria, is given from the fragrance of the fruit. It is regarded as wholesome when ripe, and in domestic concerns is used in many ways—it forms a delicious dessert, is used with sugar and cream, and preserved in many different ways. The Strawberry is a native of almost every clime and country—very excellent varieties are to be found among us. Select a place with rather a sandy top, soil this should be well prepared, by previously cleansing the ground of any perennial plants; it should then be well manured, and dug to the depth of an espade, rake off level, and proceed in lay off the rows, 15 inches apart. Having the ground thus prepared, take up the plants and dress them, by taking off the decayed leaves, and shortening the roots with a sharp knife—the plants should be dibbled in the