



WILLIAM P. COLE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. Will be published every Tuesday, for One Dollar per year...

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Orphans, Widows, and Soldiers. Large amount of LAND is due to A BOLD SOLDIER, his Widow or Orphan, who engaged in the TEXAS REVOLUTION.

THE OLD GREEN LAKE. 'Twas the very merry summer time That garlands, hills and dells, And the south wind rung a fairy chime...

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh As I think of that rich hour, When my heart in its gloze seemed to be Another woodside flower...

The door of God's great Workshop standeth open; Dweller outside, gird up thy loins and gird; Many there are, and grievous burdens groaning...

'There's Very few Cabin's Now-a-Days.' 'There's very few cabins here, now-a-days.' These words were said one summer evening...

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ain't fifty of 'em all, who live on their own land? There ain't more than a hundred who work for themselves...

'But how come this about?' I asked, 'I can scarcely tell. But years ago the jobber in land came in. He got farm after farm by mortgage...

I could not answer his question. My heart was saddened by the change in my native county. Am'd all the signs of wealth, cultivation and enterprise...

'I had; and twenty acres of good land once. Betwixt the Bank and the mortgage hunter, their acres has dwindled into one on which my cabin stands...

'Your grand children are yet living?' 'Thomas went to Philadelphia three years ago; he was just eighteen then...

'As for Nancy, my grand daughter,' he continued in a broken tone; 'two years ago, she wanted to do something for herself...

'Yes, times is changed,' he said. 'There's very few cabins now-a-days. I can remember when this county was settled by hard-working folks from New England and Pennsylvania...

'Now, do you know, stranger, that there's twelve hundred souls in yonder village? and do you know that three...

'I can't go on, stranger,' he said in a choking voice. 'Good evenin', and he turned towards the cabin, but looked over his shoulder after a moment...

LITTLE MARY'S STORY. 'Mary,' said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlet...

'Huan!' said the eldest child, 'don't let dear mamma hear you, come nearer to me;—and they lay their cheeks together.

'Well, Thanksgiving day we were so happy we set around such a large fire with so many people—sunts and uncles and cousins...

'I'm very cold,' said Letty. Does papa know, up in heaven that we are poor and hungry now?

'Mamma had heard! The course garment, upon which she had toiled since sunrise, dropped from her hands and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast through her closed eyelids...

Native iron exists in the form of an oxyd, called iron ore. To produce iron for economic purposes, two processes have usually been necessary...

The following remarks are from an old pamphlet, which accidently came into the hands of a correspondent...

The gentleman of fortune, whose farm is his amusement, may wait years for his reward. The common farmer wants his pay down. Plans of improvement have been recommended...

Information Wanted. About three weeks since, during the late rise in the river, a young man named Robert Gordon, about 19 years of age...

The American Women in Reply to the English. 1. The meeting views with feelings of interest the late doings of an assembly of ladies in London...

2. The meeting is deeply sensible of the evils of slavery, will use all just and honorable means to ameliorate and finally to abolish it wherever and under whatever form it may now exist...

3. The meeting respectfully tenders its thanks to the noble and honorable ladies assembled at Stafford House...

Some curious stories are current respecting the zeal with which the police ferret out imaginary plots against the State...

Overgrown animals, of all descriptions, are less useful in most kinds of business, and less hardy than those of a smaller size...

Extremes are to be avoided. We want well formed animals, rather than such as have large bones...

Horses that are snug built are slow ways fast travellers. It is no easy matter to select a horse that is perfect in all points...

The following remarks are from an old pamphlet, which accidently came into the hands of a correspondent...

Great crops may be obtained at great expense; but if the labor and expense is not remunerated, the crops themselves will be ruinous...

It had been a fancy, born of our day, dreams, that for every leaf that falls, a human soul ascends; for every leaf that unfolds, a spirit glides from the dim past into the active present...

We watch the yellow leaf as it struggles with its downward tendency, essaying in vain to hang in mid-air, shrinking from the cold resting-place, and buoyed up with a momentary hope...

As we stand beside the spent leaf, so stand weeping ones around the new-made grave. Ah! as they embalm their dead in tears and undying memories...

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