

American Counter.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. VOL. 38. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1851. AT \$200 PER ANNUM. NO. 20.

Poetical.

From the German.
THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.
The eagle in the air is soaring,
Light ripples pass the waves among,
And the swan swims in the sea,
Reflecting his form in the glass,
And the swan swims in the sea,
Reflecting his form in the glass.

In the midst of the rocks my wild dwelling I form,
I sail through the air on the wings of the storm,
Mid dangers and combats I dart on my way,
And trust the bold pinion that bears me away.

When by the charm of Phobos, the wave
Of beauty's throng I glide to leave,
Couched at his feet, I listen to the lays,
In Tempe's vale, that echo to my praise.

I perch at the summit of the high throne,
And the thunderbolt leech when his signal is shown,
And my heavy wings drop when in slumber I lie,
Or to the scepter that I give the stars from on high.

Behold the heaven's high arch, serene and bland,
And oh how the flowers attract to the land,
White, heaving in the sun's departing beam,
I stretch my white wings over the purpled stream!

I dwell in the temple, triumphant and bold,
When the anks of the forest I rend from their hold,
I demand of the thunder, the spheres when it shakes—
If I am, a wild joy, a destruction I take!

Oh in the glory life the stars I view,
And that blue heaven the waves give back anew,
In higher regions, reflected, where I roam!

With joy, from the hour that my young life began,
I have soared in the air— I have gazed on the sun,
I cannot stoop down in the dust of the earth—
Allied to the gods, I live in my birth!

When a calm death succeeds to tranquil life,
And the soul detaches without pain or strife,
And to my voice restores its primal power,
Its dying form shall rise in the sun's hour.

Thou, like the phoenix, springest forth from the pyre,
All free and untried, to the stars to aspire,
And to my voice restores its primal power,
Its dying form shall rise in the sun's hour.

Miscellaneous.

[From Dickens' Household Words.]
POISON SALT HERE.
Two centuries ago poisoning was a science—
Now, thanks to a sluggish and "never-minding"
Legislature, the art may be practiced by the
meanest knave. The exciting cause of this
murder has been recently done by poison, fills
columns of every newspaper, and furnishes a topic
for general conversation. Nor is it a new thing.
A parliamentary return states that in ten years
which ended with 1849—without accidental poi-
soning, which were not counted—the appalling num-
ber of 212 persons were murdered by arsenic, and
which sometimes are mortal. The danger is most
imminent when it blows in aquila, for the rapidly
increasing use of arsenic in agriculture has led
to cases of sudden death. The arsenic is con-
tained in the soil, and is absorbed by the plants,
which are eaten by the animals, and the animal
bodies which the human being consumes. These
accidents are to be avoided by stopping the
nose and mouth with handkerchiefs; an efficacious
remedy, likewise is that practised by camels, who
fill the nostrils with sand, and keep them there
till the storm is over.

Another quality of this wind is extreme aridity,
which is such that water sprinkled on the floor evap-
orates in a few minutes. By its extreme dryness,
it withers and strips all the plants, and exhaling
suddenly the emanations from animal bodies, dries
the skin, closes the pores, and causes that feverish
heat which is the inevitable effect of suppressed
perspiration.

Parting Scene between two Irishmen.

Irishmen generally speaking, are not noted for
any great forethought concerning their temporal
welfare, but in anything relating to the spiritual,
they exhibit an unusual share of shrewdness, as
illustrated in the following case, which occurred on
the frontier of the State of Maine, between Jimmy
McGee and Pat McGlarkin.

Pat being called to visit his dying neighbor, Jam-
my McGee, and hearing his last words, he went
before "shuffling off his mortal coil" in the best
best suit of clothes, and smoothing his usually cheer-
ful phiz into unusual gravity, made his appearance
at the bedside of his old friend. Upon meeting Jam-
my, Pat said, "Well, Jimmy, I understand the doctors
have given you up."

"Well, Jimmy, I understand the doctors have given you up,"
said Pat, "and you're a good man, and you'll go to the good
place."

"Oh, yes, Pat—to be sure I stole a bit of the
government timber."

A Little Word.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion of a hand,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And often made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth,
And many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but bowed its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

READING THE WILL, OR THE MERCENARY.

This morning I received a note from my affianced
bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at
two o'clock that day at the house of her late
uncle in Barley street, for the purpose of hear-
ing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in
complying with this invitation. Through Con-
stance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my
acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her
while her uncle lived; he had frequently pro-
claimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence
at something or other in her behaviour, and
bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lu-
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casion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's housekeeper,
had given me information that, on an hour
before her master's death, he had told her he had
handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, how-
ever, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of
this circumstance, Constance being very romantic,
and Constance's mother very suspicious.

THE SIMOON.

The effects of the simoon are instant suffocation to
every living creature that happens to be within
the sphere of its activity, and immediate prostration
of the victims of the disease. The Arabs discern its
approach by an unusual redness in the air, and they
say they feel and smell of sulphur as it passes. The
only means by which any person can preserve him-
self from suffering by these noxious blasts, is by
throwing himself upon his knees, and covering his
face with his hands, and holding his breath until
the whirlwind of poisonous exhalations has
passed over, which always moves at a certain height
in the atmosphere. Instant even teaches the an-
ticipate to incline their heads to the ground on these
occasions.

The Arabs of the desert call these winds Samoum,
or poison, and the Turks Shamylaw, or winds of
Syria, from which is formed Samiel. Their heat is
excessive, and it is difficult to form any
idea of its violence, without having experienced it;
but it may be compared to the heat of a large
oven at the moment of drawing out the bread.

When the wind begins to blow, the atmosphere as-
sumes a peculiar aspect. The sky, at other times
so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy,
and the sun loses its splendor, and becomes of
violet color. The air is not cloudy, but grey and
thick, and is in fact filled with an extremely sub-
tle and penetrating exhalation. The wind, al-
though it is not at first remarkably hot, but
ways: light and hot in proportion as it continues.
All animated bodies soon discover it by the changes
it produces in them. The lungs, which a few minutes
ago were expanded, are contracted, and become
painful. Respiration is short and difficult, the car-
tilages and dry, the body consumed by an internal
heat. In vain is recourse had to large draughts of
water, nothing can restore perspiration. In vain is
coolness sought for; all bodies in which it is usual
to find it, decrease the heat that touches them. Marble,
iron and water, notwithstanding the sun no
longer appears as hot.

The streets are deserted and the dead silence of
night reigns everywhere. Inhabitants of houses
and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and
those of the desert in their tents or their caves, where
they wait the termination of the destructive wind.
It usually lasts three days, but if it exceeds that
time it becomes insupportable. We to the
traveller, whose tent is a useless remnant of a
house, and whose only shelter is a few skins, which
which sometimes are mortal. The danger is most
imminent when it blows in aquila, for the rapidly
increasing use of arsenic in agriculture has led
to cases of sudden death. The arsenic is con-
tained in the soil, and is absorbed by the plants,
which are eaten by the animals, and the animal
bodies which the human being consumes. These
accidents are to be avoided by stopping the
nose and mouth with handkerchiefs; an efficacious
remedy, likewise is that practised by camels, who
fill the nostrils with sand, and keep them there
till the storm is over.

The corpse remains a long time warm, swells, turns
black, and is easily separated; all of which are signs
of the disease. The animal bodies which the human
being consumes, are to be avoided by stopping the
nose and mouth with handkerchiefs; an efficacious
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Parling Scene between two Irishmen.

Irishmen generally speaking, are not noted for
any great forethought concerning their temporal
welfare, but in anything relating to the spiritual,
they exhibit an unusual share of shrewdness, as
illustrated in the following case, which occurred on
the frontier of the State of Maine, between Jimmy
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Pat being called to visit his dying neighbor, Jam-
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before "shuffling off his mortal coil" in the best
best suit of clothes, and smoothing his usually cheer-
ful phiz into unusual gravity, made his appearance
at the bedside of his old friend. Upon meeting Jam-
my, Pat said, "Well, Jimmy, I understand the doctors
have given you up."

"Well, Jimmy, I understand the doctors have given you up,"
said Pat, "and you're a good man, and you'll go to the good
place."

"Oh, yes, Pat—to be sure I stole a bit of the
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an opp window sitting in the air upon them, seems to
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PAYING AN OLD DEBT.

A TRUE NARRATIVE, WITH A MORAL.

A merchant, very extensively engaged in com-
merce, in our Atlantic city, died intestate, Febru-
ary 18, at the age of seventy-five. After his
death, among his papers a package of very consid-
erable size was found, carefully tied up and labelled
as follows:

"Notes, due bills and accounts, against sundry
persons down along shore. Some of these may be
got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are
poor; most of them have no money. My
children will do as they think best. Perhaps they
will think with me that it is best to burn the pack-
age entire."

About a month after he died the sons met togeth-
er, when the elder brother, the administrator, pro-
duced this package, read the supercription, and
suggested what course should be taken in regard to it.
Another brother, a few days younger than the eldest,
said, "I am a man of impulsive temperament, unable
at the moment to express his feeling by words,
while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one
hand; by a spasmodic jerk of the other towards the
fire, he dashed it, and in a moment the package was
put into the flames. It was suggested by another
of the brothers that it might be well first to make
a list of the debtor's names, and of the dates and
amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intend-
ed discharge was for all, to inform such as might
offer payment that their debts were forgiven. On the
following day they again assembled, the list had
been prepared, and all the notes, due bills and ac-
counts, the amount of which including interest, was
about thirty thousand dollars, were committed
to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death,
continued my informant, in the month of June, that
I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting room,
waiting for an opportunity to speak with him; there
came in a young man, who looked old and weary,
as though time and rough usage had been to wind-
ward of him for seventy years. He asked me if my
brother was not the executor. My brother answered
that he was the administrator, as our father had
directed.

"Well," said the stranger, "I've come up from
the Cape to pay a debt owed the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, being at
that moment engaged with other persons at the
counter. The stranger, however, did not sit down, but
glanced at the list, and then, with a look of de-
spair, drew out a very ancient pocket book and
began to count out his money. When he had fin-
ished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twisting
his thumbs with his old, gray, meditative eyes
fixed on the floor, he looked up and said, "I know
the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly
wished the old man's name might be found on the
forgotten list. My brother was really a miser, and
asked him the ordinary questions, name, resi-
dence, &c. The stranger answered, "I am from
the city of Philadelphia; I had a long time, and with
the interest amounted to between seven and eight
hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and
after examining the list, he said, 'I have not a
single name lighted up his name on the list. My
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