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NO. 38

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The Tide of Death.
By Mrs. ROBERT M. CRISP.
The tide rolls on—the waves cease to rise—
That sweeps the pleasures from our hearts,
The loved ones from our side—
That brings afflictions to our lot,
And snatches at our throats,
And bears from youth's untried brow
The charms that gladdened there.
The tide rolls on—wave after wave
The swelling waters of our griefs
Before it all is bright and fair,
Behind it all is woe:
The record of the good and brave,
That kneels not dead;
The record of the good and brave,
That kneels not dead;
The record of the good and brave,
That kneels not dead;

STRANGE LIFE OF A MURDERER.
A writer in the *Thomsonian* *Watsonian*, gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter, in that county. Three years in a dungeon, it seems, is nothing to what he has endured:
About 21 years ago, a young lady of this section of country, belonging to a respectable family, became the victim of a vile seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narrative. His mother, in the case of the proper case, and she, unfortunately, married a man of low breeding, and in adverse circumstances, consequently her son was destined to receive but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar, and in some respects very extraordinary. When only seven years old, he was attending a school, and was by some means his left arm and hand were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his right hand.
At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattlesnake, being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to his aid the presence of mind he was master of. Fortunately he was in the proper season, and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the very jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen he had several attempts to take the life of his step-father, which shows that he would not be imposed on. About this age he also snapped several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked by a young lady, though fighting in a high sphere, his superior in intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy's misfortune, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives who made severe threats against her. But what cared he, who had successfully battled against rattlesnakes, panthers, and even the high power of heaven, for the threats of man? Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims, after finding all his efforts for a compromise unavailing, he commenced a determined course. He procured his license, placed a magistrate at a conspicuous place in the woods, and proceeded himself on foot to the house that sheltered her whom he loved; he secretly forced the door of her chamber, and conducted her about five miles through the woods to the place of death.

Before arriving at the place upon which the hymenial altar had been temporarily erected, illuminated by the blaze of lighted knots and the rays of the pale moon alone, our hero fell into his former path of bad luck, for he was too well to snake bite to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis, and like a brave and undaunted boy, pursued his course, and in accordance with his intentions, was lawfully married about 12 o'clock at night. His moonshin hie did not long keep him in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unceasing attention. After his final recovery, he took his wife to the home which he had provided for her, hoping that his cup of misfortune was then going to sleep as best they can.

Anticipated babe, has gone, leaving his sweet home, to the penitentiary, that to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years, who to him must seem long. Who can contemplate his past life and not say, surely he is the child of misfortune. Have his misfortunes ended? Alas! who can tell! The fact is yet concealed by the dark curtains of futurity.

A MISTAKE IN THE WEIGHT.
Andrew Wyman was like Lord Byron, in one respect. He had a great horror of growing fat. What added to his apprehensions on this score, was the fact that he was afflicted with a disease which would enable him to fill respectively the office of Alderman.
Andrew stood five feet eight in his stockings, and weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds, (a very respectable weight,) within which he endeavored to keep himself by the free use of vinegar and other acids, which are reported to diminish any tendency to plumpitude.
Andrew was in the habit of weighing himself once a fortnight, in order to make sure that he was not transgressing proper grounds.
He had been absent from home rather more than a week, and just stepped out of the cars in the depot, when his attention was attracted by an instrument for determining weight.
Mechanically he placed himself on the platform, and adjusted the weight to one hundred and forty-five. To his surprise, he found this not sufficient. With an air of alarm, he advanced it five pounds—still ineffectual. Imagine his consternation when the scales fell at one hundred and seventy-five!
"Good heavens!" said he to himself, "There can't be any mistake about it; I've gained thirty pounds within a fortnight!—I was afraid it would be so. It was so with my father before me. At this rate, I shall go beyond him in a few weeks."
He entered his house with an air of settled melancholy upon his face, which excited the fears of his wife, who had come forward to greet him with his absence.
"Why, Andrew—Mr. Wyman—what is the matter?" she asked.
"Matter enough," he groaned, "I weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, gaining thirty pounds within two weeks, or the rate of fifteen per cent. per week. Suppose I should go on at this rate, or even at this rate, that the present crop of Great Britain and Ireland is one-quarter greater than ever was in any former year. What just brought in as samples of crop weighs from 63 lbs. to 65 lbs. per bushel, and none seems to be tainted or injured in the slightest."
"I am sure, you don't look any larger," said Mrs. Wyman; "you don't find that your clothes have grown too small for you?"
"Why, no."
"I'll tell you what, Mr. Wyman," said his wife, struck with a sudden idea, "are you sure you didn't have your value in your hand when you were weighed?"
Andrew's face brightened up. "Wait a minute," said he, "I'll go to the depot, and renew the experiment. A moment after, he entered the house again, his face glowing with joy.
"You've hit it, wife," he exclaimed; "I've weighed myself again, and only weigh one hundred and forty-three."
"Mr. Wyman was so elated by the altered result, that he could not resist the temptation to purchase a 'flock of a collier' that she had seen at Mrs. Leask's the day before.

DEATH AMONG THE ALLIED TROOPS.
The allied armies of Great Britain and France have been swept away by thousands. The pictures that are given of the sufferings of these poor fellows, while struggling in the arms of death, are truly appalling. A correspondent at Constantinople informs us that "the troops are hardly the same with which they arrived." Another eye-witness gives the following sketch:
"As an instance of the capricious action of the disease, I may mention what was told me by one of our principal surgeons here. He had been to visit the camp of the 5th Dragoon Guards and of the Emussik-lookings, which was pitched in a very healthy-looking site. There, however, sickness raged, and in a few days the skeletons of regiments (for all our cavalry regiments are mere skeletons of regiments and nothing more, as few colonels could bring 250 sabres into the field in the healthiest state of their troops) were reduced considerably—in fact they lost about 26 men. During the doctor's inspection there was a heavy thunder storm, and as he sheltered in one of the tents he expressed his satisfaction at an occurrence which, in accordance with vulgar notions and even with philosophical investigation, is supposed to produce that beneficial operation called 'clearing the air'; but after the thunderstorm the disease became worse, and when the surgeon went to see the camp he found that the five men of the ambulance corps—a body of men heretofore singularly free from illness had been seized with cholera, and of these five men four were dead in less than six hours. The conduct of many of the men French and English, seems characterized by a recklessness which verges on insanity. You find them lying drunk in the kennels, or in the ditches by the roadside, under the blazing rays of the sun, covered with swarms of flies. You see them in stupid sobriety gravely piling the rind of cucumbers of portentous dimensions, and eating the deadly cylinders one after another; to the number of six or eight, till there is no room for more, all the while sitting in groups in the fields or on the flags by the shops in the open streets, and looking as if they thought they were adopting highly sanitary measures for their health's sake; or frequently three or four of them will make a happy bargain with a broker for a large basket of apricots, 'kill-johns,' scarlet pumpkins, water melons, and then they will retire beneath the shade of a tree, where they divide and eat the luscious food till they are nearly dead, and a heap of peal, rind and stones. They dilute the mass of fruit with raki, or peach brandy, and then stagger home or go to sleep as best they can."

OLD BERS.—The Reading *Gazette* says that from all parts of the county we have the most cheering intelligence of entire satisfaction and unanimity in the Democratic re-echo. The regularly nominated ticket finds universal favor, and will be elected by the full party vote. We have the same good news with regard to the State ticket. Governor Booth's majority will not be less than it was in 1851, and if the vote is large, it will reach 5000.

AMERICAN ARTISTS' UNION.—The subscribers to the *Union* of the Artists have respectively informed that the unpropitious hour which they have received the Secretary's letter, and that the whole number of subscribers (20,000) will be disposed of within a few months. Through the kindness of the young man, and sending in the names of the subscribers, and enclosing one dollar, no letter taken from the office unless paid for.

LAMENTABLE DEPRIVATION.—A case came to our knowledge at a late hour on Saturday night, which, for heartless and revolting depravity, exceeds anything that has come under our notice for some time. It appears that a young woman residing near Phoenixville, married a coal digger named Hutchinson, some four years ago, and that after the ceremony, the parties went to live at the home occupied by the girl's parents. The girl's mother was a young and sprightly woman, and an attachment sprang up between her and her daughter's husband which ended in their eloping together to this city. Hutchinson got work at the Temperance Forge, and his wife remaining ignorant of his whereabouts until one day last week, when she received a letter from the depraved man, telling her that he had abandoned his evil life and was then residing alone. He further told his wife to come and live with him, and expressed the greatest repentance for what had occurred. The unfortunate woman came to this city, accompanied by her two children, one of whom she had the extreme mortification of learning that her mother and husband still resided, as man and wife together. Enraged at his conduct, she made an oath before a justice of the Peace, stating the facts of the case; but the offender could not be arrested; they had taken the stage for Steubenville, and thus escaped. The broken-hearted woman, who had been in the city for some time, on Saturday evening, and asked his honor's assistance as to how she should act in the matter.—He promised her all the assistance in his power, but up to last evening he had not succeeded in learning any intelligence of the runaway. The poor woman is in a destitute condition, having no means whatever for support.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BURG.—We clip the following reference to the abundant harvest of Europe, from the Foreign correspondence of the *Reading Times*, dated the 27th inst. "The harvest in this country, which have ruled for the last six months, cannot be kept much longer."
LONDON, September 1st, 1854.—There is little to chronicle during these hot days of August, beyond the rumors that daily reach us from the East, and which are calculated to excite the interest and admiration of the unprejudiced abundance of the harvest. The latter is coming in rich and bountiful beyond even the most sanguine expectations, the weather being in a high degree propitious towards it. Suppose I might say a whole country. It may be safely stated as a fact, that the present crop of Great Britain and Ireland is one-quarter greater than ever was in any former year. What just brought in as samples of crop weighs from 63 lbs. to 65 lbs. per bushel, and none seems to be tainted or injured in the slightest. The crop of wheat in this country, which have ruled for the last six months, cannot be kept much longer.
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WHEN YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR HAT.
—Young man, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat, and be off. It is a simple matter, and one that you should know. When you are asked to "take a drink," when you find out that you are courting an extravagant or slovenly girl. When you find yourself in doubtful company. When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income. When you are abusing the confidence of your friends. When you think you are a great deal wiser than older and more experienced people than yourself. When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes, because you haven't the money to pay for them. When you see a woman waiting upon a lady just for the "fun of it."

THE TUESDAY DEMOCRATS are beginning to discover that Know-Nothingism is but an other Whig trap, and are rapidly leaving the secret organization and returning to the old Democratic party. In Port Wagon, Indiana, at a late election for city clerk, the Know-Nothing candidate was defeated by a large majority. The Democracy triumphed. In Berkeley Springs, Virginia, the Know-Nothing candidate for sheriff, the Democratic candidate elected over a regular Know-Nothing candidate. Know-Nothingism indeed has seen its best days.

HON. GEO. KREMER.—This gentleman died at his residence near Middleburg, Union county, on the 10th inst. in the 81st year of his age. He was a native of Maryland, and was not only well known in this State, but throughout the Union. He represented the Union county District in Congress during John Quincy Adams' Administration, and was author of the charge of bargain and sale against Mr. Clay. He was a man of strong native intelligence—in short, a self-made but eccentric character.

Dr. J. H. McCallister, Homoeopathic Physician.—Office and residence, 13 East Second Street, between Chestnut and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. March 1st, 1854.

Dr. G. Moore, Surgeon Dentist.—Continues the office of Dr. G. Moore, Surgeon Dentist, at the corner of North Second and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. N. B.—Entrance 2d door on Orange st. No. 1414.

Dentistry.—The first premium, a superior class of Dentistry, was awarded to Dr. John W. D. D. Moore, of Philadelphia, by the Pennsylvania State Society of Dentists, at the annual meeting held at Lancaster, Pa. on the 10th inst. The prize was a gold watch, and the diploma was presented to him by the President of the Society, Dr. J. H. McCallister.

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And Agency in the West.—JAMES HESLON, Real Estate and Collecting Agent, Monthly, Weekly, and Daily, at the corner of North Second and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. March 1st, 1854.

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