READING GAZETTE & DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA.—TERMS: $1,50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. LAWRENCE GTEZ, EDITOR] SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1863. [VOL. XXIV—NO. 33.—WHOLE NO. 1997.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office, North-West corner of Penn and Fifth street, adjoining the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,50 *a year, payable in advance.*
1,00 for six months, in advance.
To Clubs: Four copies for $5, in advance.
Ten copies for 12, "
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE GAZETTE.

	1t.	3t.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	1y.
¼ Square, 5 lines, or less,	50	50	75	2,00	3,00	5,00
1 " 10 "	50	1,00	1,25	3,00	5,00	8,00
2 " 20 "	1,00	2,00	2,50	5,00	8,00	15,00
3 " 30 "	1,50	3,00	3,75	7,50	12,00	20,00

[Larger Advertisements in proportion.]

Executors' and Administrators' Notices, 6 insertions $2,00
Auditors' Notices and Legal Notices, 3 " 1,50

Special Notices, as reading matter, 10 cts. a line for one insertion.

Marriage notices 25 cents each. Deaths will be published gratuitously.

All Obituary Notices, Resolutions of Benevolent and other Private Associations, will be charged as advertisements, at the above rates.

Advertisements for Religious, Charitable and Educational objects, one half the above rates.

All advertising will be considered payable in advance on the first insertion.

Yearly advertisers shall have the privilege (if desired) of renewing their advertisements *every three weeks*—but *not oftener*. Any additional renewals, or advertising exceeding the amount contracted for, will be charged *extra* at one-half the rates above specified for transient advertisements.

Yearly advertisers will be charged the same rates as transient advertisers for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices*. Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable, and our Work speaks for itself.

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS,
Including PARCHMENT and PAPER DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BONDS, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, LEASES, and a variety of JUSTICES' BLANKS, kept constantly for sale, or printed to order.

Dr. JOSEPH COBLENTZ,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Reading and vicinity. He can be consulted in German and English. Office and residence, 431 Penn street, adjoining the Farmers' Bank.
October 31, 1863–1y*

JESSE G. HAWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE TO NORTH Sixth Street, opposite the Keystone House, Reading.
April 11, 1863–tf

JOHN RALSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE WITH A. B. WANNER, NORTH Sixth Street, (above the Court House,) Reading, Pa.
February 21, 1863–1y

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the north side of Court street first door below Sixth. [dec 22–tf

Charles Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—HAS REMOVED HIS Office to the Office lately occupied by the Hon. David F. Gordon, deceased, in Sixth street, opposite the Court House. [april 14

Daniel Ermentrout,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—OFFICE IN NORTH Sixth street, corner of Court alley. [aug 13–1y

David Neff,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, No. 25 East Penn street, Reading, Pa. [March 10, 1860.

LEBANON VALLEY INSTITUTE,
ANNVILLE, LEBANON COUNTY, PA.

A SELECT BOARDING SCHOOL. COURSE of Instruction thorough and complete—number of Board ers limited. [illegible] Expenses per quarter [illegible] Catalogues and information, address,
March 7–tf] W. I. BURKHOLDER, Annville, Pa

LIVINGOOD'S
United States Bounty, Back Pay and Pension Office,
COURT STREET, NEAR SIXTH.

HAVING BEEN ENGAGED IN COLLECTING claims against the Government, I feel confident that all who have heretofore employed me will cheerfully endorse my promptness and fidelity. My charges are moderate and no charge made until obtained.
WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD,
oct 18–tf] Attorney at Law, Court St., Reading, Pa.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS

CAN NOW OBTAIN THEIR $100 BOUNTY from the U. S. Government, by application to ABNER K. STAUFFER,
March 7–tf] Collection Office, Court Street, Reading.

ASA M. HART,
(Late Hart & Mayer,)

DEALER IN FOREIGN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, &c., Wholesale and Retail, at Philadelphia prices. Sign of the Golden Bee Hive, No 14 East Penn Square. [april 17–tf

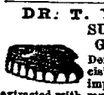
P. Bushong & Sons,

MANUFACTURERS OF BURNING FLUID, Absolute, Deodorized and Druggists' Alcohol; also, Fine Oil, which they will sell at the lowest Wholesale prices, at Reading, Pa.
Orders respectfully solicited. [march 12

G. M. MILLER, M. D.,
Eclectic Physician and Surgeon,

A GRADUATE OF THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL College Philadelphia, offers his professional services to the citizens of Hamburg and vicinity. Painful Surgical operations, such as Setting Broken and Dislocated Limbs, Amputations, Cutting Cancers, Tumors, &c., will be performed under the influence of Ether, at the consent of the patient.
Office at his residence in Main street, Hamburg, Pa.
May 9, 1863–tf

DR. T. YARDLEY BROWN,
SURGEON DENTIST.
GRADUATE OF PENNSYLVANIA



Dental College. Teeth extracted by Franklin's Electro Magnetic process, with Clarke's improvement. With this method teeth are extracted with much less pain than the usual way. No extra charge. Office in Fifth street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. [april 2–1y

SOLDIERS'
BOUNTY-MONEY, BACK-PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY
A. K. STAUFFER,
Attorney at Law, Office in Court Street,
Jan 31–tf] READING, PA.

BOUNTY MONEY, BACK-PAY AND PENSIONS.

APPLICATIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED to. E. H. SHARRER, Attorney at Law,
May 30–tf] Office in Court Street, Reading.

J. WESLEY SEIDERS,
Sign, House and Wall Painter,
No. 16 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
HEADING.

N. B.—GRAINING, GLAZING, BRONZING, Gilding on Glass and China, Glossing, &c.
Work in the country promptly attended to.
November 14, 1863–6m

F. P. HELLER,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER,
AND DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SPOONS, SPECTACLES, GOLD PENS, &c., Sign of the "BIG WATCH," No. 53½ East Penn Street, above Sixth, north side, Reading, Pa.
Every article warranted to be what it is sold for Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., repaired with particular attention, and guaranteed. [feb 1–tf

KEYSTONE HALL,
NO. 369 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTfully inform their numerous friends throughout Berks county, that they have leased the above Hotel, and are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor them with their patronage. At our bar may be found the best and purest liquors, while the table is supplied with the best the market affords.
THOMAS HUMPHREY.
June 13–tf] FRANK HITTING.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL,

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSTON HAS DISCOVERED THE most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates, wake the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

[illegible] Dr. Johnston, a regular graduate of the Medical College of Philadelphia, may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS
Immediately Cured and Full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life and Marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Men who fear the consequences of their acts are those who understand the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street.

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diploma hangs in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometime with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depressions of Spirits, Evil Forbodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming pale, emaciated, having a sallow appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN,

Who have ruined themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all the [illegible] of life by this [illegible] practice, [illegible] ling.

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin-bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of many Unlearned and worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over *your own galling disappointment.*

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms.

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
May 23—1y

WILLIAM PENN HOUSE,
CORNER OF PENN AND TENTH STS.,
READING, PA.
BERTOLETTE GRANT, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE BEING A LICENSED TAVERN, the best of Liquors are kept at the Bar, and as good a table as any other Hotel in the county. Accommodations for Boarders and Travellers. Charges reasonable.
Lunch from 9 to 11 o'clock, daily. [June 6–tf

LADIES' CLOAKS!

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF
FROSTY BEAVERS,
A NEW AND ELEGANT ARTICLE FOR
LADIES' WEAR,
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY
JAMESON & CO.,
CORNER OF SIXTH AND PENN STS.
oct 24

COAL OIL! COAL OIL!!

50 BARRELS COAL OIL JUST RECEIVED in stock, which will be sold at the lowest wholesale and retail prices, by GEO. LERCH & CO.,
Oct 17] 504 Market Square, Reading, Pa

500 New Shape Hoop Skirts.

OF THE BEST QUALITY, JUST OPENED and for sale at low prices,
A. M. HART,
oct 17] East Market Square.

FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, 200 WHIET Granite Tea Setts of the newest style.
FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, 300 GRANITE Dinner Setts of the newest style.
FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, 1000 SETS Common Tedware.
FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, THE LARGEST assortment of Liverpool Ware ever offered in Reading.
FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, A LARGE assortment of Pittsburgh, Boston and French Glassware of every description.
FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, THE CHOICEST variety of Bar and Hotel Glass, China and Queensware furniture ever offered in Reading.
FOR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, 60 BARRELS Mackerel at Philadelphia prices.
march 22 WILLIAM RHOADS, Jr.

Poetry.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE COLLEGE GATE.

[Foley's fine statue of Goldsmith stands now in front of Trinity College, in this city, where it commands the admiration of everybody. It is only placed there in a temporary way, but when the pedestal is completed the statue will be erected upon it and inaugurated with due ceremony.]

"He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 27th of February, 1794." He was the lowest on the list."—*Foster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

A lad stood out of the college gate,
With a parchment grasped in his fist;
"He tried to dodge past the jeering boys
That snubbed him with "Last on the list!"

"He stole to the lodging, up three pair of stairs,
In a wretched old tumble down lane,
And to keep his fists in set rig of the ills
That rumbled about in his brain.

"Just passed through the gate and so safely wed,
Honored, and medaled, and praised!
Oh, what a crazy foundation whereon
My fortunes will have to be raised!

"An awkward, ungainly, diminutive doit,
With nothing on earth to attract;
Alike for the desk and the drawing-room unfit—
Devoid both of talent and tact!"

He whispered some melodies into his flute,
As a tear gathered up in his eye:
"What—what shall I turn to—Physic, or Law?
Or Divinity—folly to try!

"The *coif*, or the *mitre*—it is not for me:
I shall ne'er be addressed as 'my lord:'
And as for the baton, or flag—bless my heart!
Only fancy poor Noll with a sword!

"Well! jests, at least, at the gate again
None shall fling at 'the Graduate's' head;
Since fellowships, scholarships are not for me,
I'll take to my flute for my bread!"

Now as you enter that college gate,
Lift up your eyes and you'll see,
Towering over your heads, a bronze,
In its proud serenity.

Yes! the strains from that wretched flute
To the ends of the earth have sped;
Though "Noll" was a drudge so long as he lived
He's deified now that he's dead.

And what is this world?—the college gate,
Through which genius may slink with shame
The list is the measure of life's success,
And the statue is posthumous fame.

VIA SOLITARIA.

Alone I walk the peopled city
Where each seems happy with his own:
O friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though wooed by loving alps of June;
Birds, your sweet and piping voices,
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray,
In vain the evening's starry marches,
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes,
They pass on other fields than yours,
Skies other than your skies.

The soul is like a temple closed,
The place is stolen from my reality;
Life has but one more boon for me,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is but a station
Wherein, apart, a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands—

And I as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating—
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh, vision of delight!
I see a child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call the blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

Tales and Sketches.

A PERILOUS HOUR.

I was apprenticed to a decorative painter, but being of a bold, danger loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder, whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a cool head, and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and so was soon a favorite hand with my master.

We had on one occasion to fasten a lightning conductor, which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a handcart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or cradle. Having flown the kite, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.

Colly had only been married a fortnight, and as we stepped into the cradle the men banteringly asked him if he hadn't a last dying speech for his wife; and then, Mr. Staming having shaken hands with us and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already thronged with starers. Colly was very quiet, and when I waved my cap to the people, he said, snappishly, that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse those gaping fools who, he dared say, desired no better than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near to us but this straining rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of it, I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height.

Good Heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away without slacking the speed in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that windlass the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling-line, and the main rope, with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with affright, and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he cried out:

"Where can I pray?—where can I kneel and pray?"

And so I said, very solemnly:

"Sit down, Jem; God will hear us if we pray to Him sitting down."

The color of his face was of a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain he must topple over.

"Come, Jem, lad," I said, thinking to take the fright off him, "it's bad enough, but it can be mended. Hitch up a bit and put your arm around the rod—may be it will steady you."

"Where are you? and where is the rod?" he asked, in a hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he had gone blind with fright, and self preservation said, don't go near him; but then I remembered his new wedded wife, and that taking him all through he was always a decent fellow; and I thought how I should have liked him to have done if I had been in his case; so I determined to run a bit of risk in his favor. Of course, I durst not get on my feet, but working myself on my hands, I got to him, and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and it was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected any minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard and pushing to get in; but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and by close looking I saw them put somebody on a board and carry him gently away towards the engine house. One [illegible] walked [illegible] with [illegible] then, I knew that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men [illegible]. Not a face was turned up to us. I [illegible] afterwards that our men were so taken up [illegible] sorrow that so good a man and so kind a [illegible] should be killed, that for a while they [illegible] thought about us; and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus we were left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cateails, and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course, that he had gone mad.

Even now I tremble when I think of that time; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons, sweeping round at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly—thank God he was so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times, as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear; and with a grin, and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself towards me. I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed twice round that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being once more aside of the rod, he got it into his muddled head that I had fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but, at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort; and I cried out to him to sit down, and he cowered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom; and by another good providence, I happened to have a bit of red lead pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "Get us down. Colly's gone mad;" this I shut in my tobacco-box, and was fortunate enough just to drop it at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine-house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the sleek twine fell between Colly and myself, took it in my hand, and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then, having got him in, I scrambled in myself, and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we got down, he wrestling and fighting me all the way.

He was in the mad-house for some months, and then went to scavengering, for he never could face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that adventure.

OLD AGE.

I cannot tell where childhood ends, and manhood begins; nor where manhood ends, and old age begins. It is a wavering and uncertain line, not straight and definite, which borders betwixt the two. But the outward characteristics of old age are obvious enough. The weight d[illegible]. Man is com[illegible] he[illegible]st at forty, [illegible] fifty. Aft[illegible] the body shrinks, [illegible] height, [illegible] as the cartilages be[illegible] thin and dry. [illegible] hair whitens and falls awa[illegible] frame [illegible] the bones become sm[illegible] have less animal and more earthy matter. The senses decay, slowly and handsomely. The eye is not so sharp, and while it penetrates further into space, it has less power clearly to define the outline of what it sees. The ear is dull; the appetite less. Bodily heat is lower; the breath produces less carbonic acid than before. The old man consumes less food, water and air. The hands grasp less strongly; the feet less firmly tread. The lungs suck the breast of heaven with less powerful collapse. The eye and ear take not so strong a hold upon the world:—

And the big manly voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound.

The animal life is making ready to go out. The very old man loves the sunshine and the fire, the arm-chair and shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full-grown apple from its bough, full-ripe, full-colored. Such are his general characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and new persons, which fit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old better. He is not venturesome; he keeps at home. Passion once stung him into quickening life; now that gad-fly is no more buzzing in his ears. Madame de Stael finds compensation in science for the decay of the passion that once fired her blood; but heathen Socrates, seventy years old, thanks the gods that he is now free from that "ravenous beast," which had disturbed his philosophic meditations for many a year. Romance is the child of Passion and Imagination; the sudden father that, the long protraction mother this. Old age has little romance. Only some rare man, like Wilhelm Von Humboldt, keeps it still fresh in his bosom.

In intellectual matters, the venerable man loves to recall the old times, to revive his favorite old men—no new ones half so fair. So in Homer, Nestor, who is the oldest of the Greeks, is always talking of the old times, before the grandfathers of men then living had come into being; "not such as live in these degenerate days." Verse loving John Quincy Adams turns off from Byron and Shelley and Wieland and Goethe, and returns to Pope,

Who pleased his childhood and informed his youth.

The pleasure of hope is smaller; that of memory greater. It is exceedingly beautiful that it is so. The venerable man loves to set recollection to beat the roll-call, and summon up from the grave the old time, "the good old time,"—the old places, old friends, old games, old talk, nay, to his ear, the old familiar tunes are sweeter than anything that Medelssohn, or Strauss, or Rossini can bring to pass. Elder Brewster expects to hear St. Martin's and Old Hundred chanted in Heaven. Why not? To him Heaven comes in the long used musical tradition, not in the neologies of sound.

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Then the scholar becomes an antiquary; he likes not young men unless he knew their grandfathers before. The young woman [illegible] in the newspapers [illegible] the [illegible] the world is "all before [illegible]." It is a hard world; he [illegible] know it. He works a little, and hopes much. The middle aged man looks round at the present; he hopes less and works more. The old man looks back on the fields he has tr[illegible] "this is the tree I planted; this is my footstep," and he loves his old house, his old carriage, cat, dog, staff and friends. In [illegible] where the vine grows, I have seen an old man sit all day long, a sunny autumn day, before his cottage door, in a great arm-chair, his old dog crouched at his feet, in the genial sun. The autumn wind played with the old man's venerable hairs; above him on the wall, purpling in the sunlight, hung the full cluster of the grape, ripening and maturing still more. The two were just alike; the wind stirred the vine leaves, and they fell; stirred the old man's hair and it whitened yet more. Both were waiting for the spirit in them to be fully ripe. The young man looks forward; the old man looks back. How long the shadows lie in the setting sun; the steeple a mile long reaching across the plain, as the sun stretched out the hills in grotesque dimensions. So are the events of life in the old man's consciousness.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Among all the gay courtiers who crowded round Charles II, none was more celebrated for his conviviality and wit than the Earl of Rochester. He early displayed remarkable talent, and was much distinguished at Oxford; had he lived in better times, he would probably have graced his high birth; but, after making the grand tour, as it was called, he came to court at the early age of eighteen, there quickly to become the leader of every excess. As his companions found that his wit was greater at the close of a long debauch than at the beginning, it was their amusement to make him drink deeply, and he himself confessed that for five years he was never sober. During this time he was writing satires and squibs upon all around him, and, as may be supposed, making himself many enemies. In one instance he handed the king a paper which Charles opened in the expectation of finding a droll description of some ladies, but it proved to be a witticism on the monarch himself. On another occasion, he scribbled on Charles's bedroom door the well-known mock epitaph:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

He joined Charles in many of his wild pranks in the streets of London. At one time he disappeared from the court. Just then stories were circulated about a wonderful physician, necromancer, or Italian mountebank, who was practising on Tower Hill; those who consulted him were startled when they found him disclosing secrets which they hoped were known to none but their most intimate friends; the life of the court seemed laid bare by his wonderful powers; and nothing was talked of for some time until the shrewder minds felt sure that only Rochester's talent could carry on such a game, and so it proved. At other times he was inimitable as a porter or a beggar; indeed, he could personate any character to perfection.

That he had a spirit for better things, had he been wisely directed, is evident from his volunteering to join the Earl of Sandwich when he went to sea in 1665; during the engagement that followed, it was necessary that a dispatch should be carried from one ship to another in the very heat of the fight, and in an open boat. Rochester went on this mission, at the imminent risk of his life, [illegible] the [illegible] of the court used to taunt him with [illegible] avoiding the duels which his satires brought upon him. Sir C. Scrope thus wrote of him:

"Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word,
Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword."

His constitution was not strong enough to bear his excesses, and early broke up; then, convinced of his past folly, he sent for Dr. Burnet, made confession of his reckless life and negation of all religion, and entreated to have his doubts about Christianity dispelled. Burnet has left a touching account of the unfortunate nobleman's last days; he desired that all his wicked writings should be destroyed, and longed to undo the evil he had done by making his deep repentance known to all the world. He died at the early age of thirty-three.

A CHAPTER ON APPLES.

[illegible] THOREAU.

The flowers of the apple are perhaps the most beautiful of any [illegible] its copious and so delicious to both sight and scent. The walker is frequently tempted to turn and linger near some more than usually handsome one, whose blossoms are two-thirds expanded. How superior it is in these respects to the pear, whose blossoms are neither colored nor fragrant!

By the middle of July, green apples are so large as to remind us of coddling, and of the Autumn. The sward is commonly strewed with little ones which fall still-born, as it were—Nature thus thinning them for us. The Roman writer Palladius said: "If apples are inclined to fall before their time, a stone placed in a split root will retain them." Some such notion, still surviving, may account for some of the stones which we see placed to be overgrown in the forks of trees. They have a saying in Suffolk, England:

"At Michaelmas time, or a little before,
Half an apple goes to the core."

Early apples begin to be ripe about the first of August; but I think that none of them are so good to eat as some to smell. One is worth more to scent a handkerchief with than any perfume which they sell in the shops. The fragrance of some fruits is not to be forgotten, along with that of flowers. Some gnarly apple which I pick up in the road reminds me by its fragrance of all the wealth of Pomona—carrying me forward to those days when they will be collected in golden and ruddy heaps in the orchard and about the cider-mills.

A week or two later, as you are going by orchards or gardens, especially in the evenings, you pass through a little region possessed by the fragrance of ripe apples, and thus enjoy them without price, and without robbing anybody.

There is thus about all natural products a certain volatile and ethereal quality which represents their highest value, and which cannot be vulgarized, or bought and sold. No mortal has ever enjoyed the perfect flavor of any fruit, and only the godlike among men begin to taste its [illegible] and ambrosia [illegible] every earthly fruit [illegible] palates fall to pieces [illegible] the heaven of the gods without knowing it. When I see a particularly mean man carrying a load of fair and fragrant early apples to market, I seem to see a contest going on between him and his horse on the one side and the apples on the other, and, to my mind, the apples always gain it. Pliny says that apples are the heaviest of all things, and that the oxen begin to sweat at the mere sight of a load of them. Our driver begins to lose his load the moment he tries to transport them to where they do not belong, that is, to any but the most beautiful. Though he gets out from time to time, and feels of them, and thinks they are all there, I see the stream of their evanescent and celestial qualities going to heaven from his cart, while the pulp and skin and core only are going to market. They are not apples, but pomace. Are not these still Iduna's apples, the taste of which keeps the gods forever young? and think you that they will let Loki or Thjassi carry them off to Jötunheim, while they grow wrinkled and gray? No, for Ragnarök, or the destruction of the gods, is not yet.

There is another thinning of the fruit, commonly near the end of August or in September, when the ground is strewn with windfalls; and this happens especially when high winds occur after rain. In some orchards you may see fully three-quarters of the whole crop on the ground, lying in a circular form beneath the trees, yet hard and green—or, if it is a hill-side, rolled far down the hill. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. All the country over, people are busy picking up the windfalls, and this will make them cheap for early apple-pies.

In October, the leaves falling, the apples are more distinct on the trees. I saw one year in a neighboring town some trees fuller of fruit than I remember to have ever seen before, small yellow apples hanging over the road. The branches were gracefully drooping with their weight, like a barberry bush, so that the whole tree acquired a new character. Even the topmost branches, instead of standing erect, spread and drooped in all directions; and there were so many poles supporting the lower ones, that they looked like pictures of banian trees. As an old English manuscript says, "The mo appelen the tree bereth, the more sche boweth to the folk."

Surely the apple is the noblest of fruits. Let the most beautiful or the swiftest have it. That should be the "going" price of apples.

THE WILD APPLE AND ITS FLAVOR.

The time for wild apples is the last of October and the first of November. They then get to be palatable, for they ripen late, and they are still perhaps as beautiful as ever. I make a great account of these fruits, which the farmers do not think it worth the while to gather—wild flavors of the Muse, vivacious and inspiriting. The farmer thinks that he has better in his barrels, but he is mistaken, unless he has a walker's appetite and imagination, neither of which can he have.

Such as grow quite wild, and are left out till the first of November, I presume that the owner does not mean to gather. They belong to children as wild as themselves—to certain active boys that I know—to the wild-eyed woman of the fields, to whom nothing comes amiss, who gleans after all the world—and, moreover, to us walkers. We have met with them, and they are ours. These rights, long enough insisted upon have come to be an institution in some old countries, where they have learned how to live. I have heard that "the custom of grippling, which may be called apple gleaning, is, or was formerly, practiced in Herefordshire. It consists in leaving a few apples, which are called the gripples, on every tree, after the general gathering, for the boys, who go with climbing-poles and bags to collect them."

As for those I speak of, I pluck them as a wild fruit, native to this quarter of the earth—fruit of old trees that have been dying ever since I was a boy and are not yet dead, frequented only by the woodpecker and the squirrel, deserted now by the owner, who has not faith enough to look under their bows. From the appearance of the tree top, at a distance, you would expect nothing but lichens to drop from it, but your faith is rewarded by finding the ground strewn with spirited fruit—some of it, perhaps, collected at squirrel-holes, with the marks of their teeth by which they carried them—some containing a cricket or two silently feeding within, and some, especially in damp days, a shelless snail. The very sticks and stones lodged in the tree-top might have convinced you of the savoriness of the fruit which has been so eagerly sought after in past years.

THEIR BEAUTY.

Almost all wild apples are handsome. They cannot be too gnarly and crabbed and rusty to look at. The gnarliest will have some redeeming traits even to the eye. You will discover some evening redness dashed or sprinkled on some protuberance or in some cavity. It is rare that the Summer lets an apple go with streaking or spotting it on some part of its sphere. It will have some red stains, commemorating the mornings