

# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, & C. & C.

Edited and Published for the Proprietors, at Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIV.—NO. 18.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1942.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6,—NO. 57.

## POETRY.

From the *Book for 1894.*

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. H. BROOKMAN.

Tell me a story, sweet,  
Here under this shady tree,  
If thou'lt keep it safe in thy faithful breast,  
I'll whisper the whole to thee.

I had a lover, once,  
To my early sunny hours,  
A fair and faithful youth was he,  
And he told his love to me.

I remember his waking sigh—  
We roamed in a verdant spot,  
And he called for me a cluster bright,  
Of a purple Forget-me-not.

But I was a piddly girl,  
So I tossed it soon away,  
And gather'd the dandelion buds,  
And the wild grape's gaudy spray.

He marked their blended hues,  
With a sad and reproachful eye,  
For one was the symbol of thoughtless mirth,  
And one of conjury.

Yet he would not be baffled thus,  
So he brought for my crystal vase,  
The rose geranium's tender bloom,  
And the blushing Hawthorn's grace.

And a brilliant and fresh bouquet,  
Of the most rose buds he bore—  
Whose elegant brows with dew drops pearl'd,  
Wave-rich in the heart's deep lore.

I would not refuse the gift,  
Though I knew the spell it wore,  
But I gave him back a snow white bud,  
"Too young, too young to love."

Then he proffer'd a myrtle wreath,  
With damask roses fair,  
And took the liberty only to think,  
To arrange it in my hair.

And he prest in my yielding hand,  
The everlasting pea,  
Whose questioning lips of perfume breathed  
"Will thou go; wilt thou go with me?"

Yet were we but children still,  
And our love thus seem'd so sweet,  
Was well expressed by the types it chose,  
For it pass'd away as fleet.

Though he brought the laurel leaf  
That changes but to die,  
And the amaranth, and the evergreen,  
Yet what did they signify.

Oh, 'er his vanished love,  
Stupitious words had power,  
So I put a French marigold in his hat,  
That gaudy, jealous flower.

But the rootless passion shrunk  
Like Jonah's gourd away,  
Till the shivering ice-plast best might mark  
The graates of its chill decay.

And he said 'er the faithless sea,  
To a brighter clime than ours,  
So it faded that fond and sickle love,  
Like its alphabet of flowers.

## THE BRIDE.

She is dress'd, she is ready—the orange-wreath now  
Is entwining her beautiful maidenly brow  
And its white blossoms blend with her dark raven  
Hair.

And her cheek is as pale—but a blush lies  
Waiting her young sisters are busy, her mother is still,  
And her eyes the crystal tears of sorrow-dew  
As she looks on the treasure now leaving her  
Oh! she never had dream'd 't was such sadness to part!

He comes! with the eager step he only tends  
O'er his bride's worshipp'd idol emotion'd he bends,  
But the sob of her mother arrested his bliss,  
And pity for her weep dam'd his first nuptial kiss.

And exclaiming "O my mother! fear not for thy child,  
She shall smile when a bride, as her infancy smiled,  
For no sorrow shall reach her when safe on my  
Bread."

Then, thou bride of my bosom, come home to thy  
nest.

## Miscellaneous.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

### The Suicide's Burial.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

On the night of the 31st December, 182—

I made one of a gay and animated party at

the house of a friend in Castle street, St.

—

Though in the invitation I had

received nothing to that effect had been in-

stituted, it was, I believe, the intention of

our host, and the majority of his guests, to

bid farewell to the Old, and welcome the

New Year, in this festive manner. For

myself I had other intentions; and I when

prevailed upon to attend the party, I did

not fail to inform my friend that circum-

stances, which it were needless then to

particularise, rendered it desirable I should

withdraw some time before midnight. My

reasons for this apparent singularity (as I

learn them from my diary) were as fol-

lows:—Firstly, I wished to hail the birth

of the Young Year in the silence and pri-

vacy of my chamber; and, lastly, I did not

bare to infringe upon a long-established

habit of night-reading, the more so, as I

had that day purchased at a book sale a

curious old folio copy of "The Antinomies

of Melancholey"—till then known to me

only by report, and which I was therefore

impudently burning to enjoy.

"Ten minutes to twelve," exclaimed I,

as, adjusting my cloak for departure, I

looked at the dial in the hall; "let me walk

ever so fast, I shall scarcely be home in

time."

As I entered upon the dark street, and

the door closing behind me, cut off a stream

of light so brilliant as to nearly rival that

of the sun, I was struck by a sudden

blow, and fell full length on the pavement.

The distance I had to traverse was more

than half a mile, and I was, when I

was in, at right angles (famous for being

the birth place of Nell Gwynne, the hu-

mane and renowned mistress of the second

Charles) a long procession of men and wo-

men slowly and silently advanced. In

front a huge lantern, containing three can-

dles, was carried on a pole, and many of

both sexes present bore similar conven-

iences of the usual size. By aid of their

light and that of the lamps, I was just en-

abled to discern, in the centre of the crowd,

above the heads of the bearers, the dark

outline of a coffin. Upon gaining the

middle of the broad street, it halted as if

to form a square, and the men lowered their

burden to the ground.

I stood petrified with astonishment. A

funeral at the dead of night, its solemnities

performed by a large and apparently indis-

criminate concourse of people, not arrayed

in the outward garbs of mourning, but in

their ordinary habiliments, staggered me—

I could not comprehend it. A ghastly pro-

cession on the gloomy shores of Stympalus

or Plegethon, could scarcely have more

appalled me. To be thus returning from

a brilliant party, one at which the elegances

and not a few of the blandishments of life

prevailed, with thoughts dwelling only on

the fair and lovely in this world, and to

stumble unexpectedly on a corpse, the kind

reader will admit was reason sufficient to

give me pause.

It was indeed one of those stern, start-

ling realities of living experience, which,

in moments of hilarity, came unbidden, it

is true, but which, in consideration of the

beneficial effects they are calculated to

produce, the good will never disregard or

esteem unwelcome.

Desirous of learning whose funeral it

was, and why it took place at this unsea-

sonable hour, I made my way through the

crowd till I came to the body. Some slight

injury had befallen the old parish bur-

whereon it rested, which a man was repair-

ing; and by the light held for that purpose,

I obtained a full view of the coffin. It was

of the coarsest materials, rudely construct-

ed, and evidently that of a person below the

middle stature. Ornaments it had none,

unless the rings for grave-cords at its sides

could be so called. In lieu of a breast-

plate, the initial letters of her name, with

the age of the deceased, were set in black

nails, thus—

M. B.

21.

I soon learned that these were the re-

mains of Margaret Bourne, a young wo-

man who had poisoned herself in conse-

quence of a disappointment in love, and

that as a verdict of *felo de se* had been re-

turned at the inquest, she was to be buried

without passing bell, and denied the cus-

tomary rites of Christian sepulture.

There were many women round the

corpse. They were decanting in homely

but emphatic language upon the beauty,

virtues, and misfortunes of her who now

lay "in cold obstruction" before them, a-

like insensible to their praise and pity.—

Much was said in censure of one James

Hughes, who had deceived her; of a cruel

uncle who had first robbed, and then dis-

owned her; and of the jury, who, they

averred, should have brought in a verdict

of insanity, which they did not scruple to

add would have been the case had the de-

ceased been of rich or powerful family.

The bearers were preparing to resume

their duty, when a woman, after gazing a

brief while on the pallid coffin, hastily

took off and spread her cloak carefully over

it; a second woman, perceiving it was too

short to answer the intended purpose, fol-

lowed the example of the first. I did not

seek to analyse the motive, whatever it

might be, which prompted these acts; it

was sufficient to observe it caught, on the

part of the last, by that fine drawn intui-

tion of the feelings which despises the aid of

words. I looked in their faces; they seem-

ed respectable women of the middle age,

and I would venture a trifle, had daughters

themselves; but whether this was the case

or not, at least they compassionated the lot

of her whose insensate remains they had

thus respected.

Again the procession moved forward, not

in order, but in scattered groups; and not-

withstanding the churchyard, where, by the

side of her parents, it was intended to bury

her, was full two miles distant, the little

band heard so far interested me, that I re-

solved upon testifying my sympathy for

her sad fate, by following her to the grave.

Margaret Bourne was the only surviving

child of John Bourne, an inconsiderable but

respectable barge owner in K—

At the age of fourteen she lost her father, who

left his widow in humble, but (as their ex-

penditures were small) competent circum-

stances. About two years after this bereave-

ment, her uncle, by the father's side, pre-

vailed on them, under promise of a higher

rate of interest, to lend him their money,

which by some crooked means I never

heard clearly explained, he ultimately con-

trived to wrest from them entirely. This

villanous and mercenary act, together with

the harassing anxieties of law consequent

upon an attempt to enforce the rights of

herself and daughter, brought the widow

to a premature grave; and poor Margaret

was thrown on the wide world a friendless

and most destitute orphan.

Educated in the daily observance of re-

ligious duties, under an exemplary mother,

she was happily proof against those pow-

erful and seductive temptations which,

through the medium of the passions, as-

sault the youthful and inexperienced, and

under whose intoxicating influence so many

fall.

But her modest virtues, though they

blossomed and had been nurtured in secret,

at length, through Providence, raised her

up a friend.

This was a Mrs. Trokes—a devout wo-

man, since dead, whose character de-

merits a passing encomium. She was the

wife of a retired tradesman, who had long

been a local preacher among the Wesley-

ans. Beneficence, in every shape, was

her distinguishing characteristic; her in-

telligence and address would have put to

the blush many of far more exalted rank.

Having a family no longer, a large por-

tion of her time was disinterestedly de-

voted to attendance on the sick poor, and the relief

of their most urgent wants. The good she

did in this way was incalculable; and such

was her discretion, that many wealthy,

pious people intrusted her with the dispen-

sation of their alms. (Wherever misery

shivered, or sickness pined on a squalid

couch, sent forth its despairing groan on

the fetid air, in that room you might find

her ministering consolation, or providing

solid comforts like some Catholic "Sister

of Charity," or a spirit whose home is

heaven.

This saint-like woman, on learning the

character and desolate position of the or-

phan, interested herself on her behalf, and

procured her employment as a glove sewer,

which, as she was industrious, amply pro-

vided for her humble wants.

In personal appearance, Margaret Bourne

was considered handsome. Her pale fea-

tures were mild and pensive in their ex-

pression, and her figure was symmetrical

and graceful. If so unassuming a creature

could in anything be pronounced remark-

able, it was for a degree of intellectual at-

tainment superior to her station, for the

winning suavity of her manners, for tim-

idity, modesty, and reserve.

About six months after her mother's

death, a young man of good character,

named James Hughes, foreman in the

house she worked for, commenced paying

his court to her. This lasted without in-

terruption for two years, during which she

was known frequently to declare her hap-

piness, and how gratified she was by his

attentions. But a withering blight was

soon to come over her dearest prospects.

There are few that, in their passage

through life, can fail to have observed,

without wonder, what trivial accidents form

the hinges whereupon the impenetrable and

resistless doors of human destiny inexora-

bly turn. The simple accident of a change

of lodgings, on the part of Hughes, was,

in all probability, the remote cause of this

fatal girl's death; for by such means he

was brought into contact with an artful and

clever woman, who, though she bore by no

means a good character, had notwithstanding

this disadvantage, ingenuity enough to

entrance him from Margaret Bourne, and

(furthered in her schemes by the tempta-

tions of a legacy she had lately received)

at last to secure him for herself.

From the day that Hughes deserted her