Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms. Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

LAW NOTICES.

JOHN AND J. HENRY REED,

HAVING entered into partnership for the practice of the Law, will attend to all business entrusted to them.

OFFICE in West Main street, a few doors west of the Court House and next to the Store of Jason W. Eby; and also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College.

Carlisle, Nov. 5, 1843. 3m-9

ALEXANDER & TODD,

Attorneys at Law.

THE undersigned have associated as partners in the practice of Law, in Cumberland and Perry counties. One or both of them may be always found and consulted at the office heretofore occupied by S. Alexander, next door to the Carlisle Bank. Strict attention will be given to all business placed in their care.

SAMUEL ALEXANDER.
LEMUEL TODD.

WILLIAM H. MILLER,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE REMOVED to Beetem's Row, in the room formerly occupied by S. D. Adair, Esq. Carlisle, April 3, 1844. tf-23

J. S. COLWELL. R. P. MCCLURE.

COLWELL & M'CLURE,

Attorneys at Law.

WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to them in the counties of Cumberland and Franklin. Offices, one door west of the Jail, East High street, Carlisle, and next door to Stumbaugh & Hoover's Drug Store, Shippensburg.

April 24, 1844. tf-26

DRUGS, PAINTS & DYE-STUFFS.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK have just opened an extensive assortment of DRUGS, selected with great care and warranted genuine and Pure. Physicians and Country Merchants are requested to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO,

A large assortment of Paints and Dye-Stuffs, every article warranted pure and of the best quality, or no sale. Dyers, Painters and Fullers are requested to call, as we are determined to sell the cheapest and best articles of this line in the market.

Books and Stationary.

We have added to our usual stock, a choice selection of Books and Stationary, which we can sell at a very reduced price.

ALSO,

The largest assortment of CUTLERY ever offered at this place—together with the most fashionable PERFUMERY and *Fancy Notions*.

Carlisle, June 19, 1844. tf-24

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, an assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs

PAINTS, &c. together with Stationary, Fine Cap Paper, by the Ream, Letter & Slates by the dozen, Silver Pencils, Drawing & Sable hair do., Drawing Paper, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, of a fine quality, Painting brushes, Graining do. Shaving do. Teeth do. Flesh do., Shaving and Toilet Soap an great variety, Varnish,

Spices Ground and Unground,

Together with every other article in the Drug line, the attention of Physicians, Country Merchants and Dyers, is solicited as I am determine to sell at very low prices for Cash.

Carlisle, March 13, 1844.

FARMERS' HOTEL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the

PUBLIC HOUSE

lately kept by Mr. Simon Wonderlich, in East High Street, a few doors east of the Court House, where he will at all times take pleasure in administering to the comforts of those who may favor him with their custom.

His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best the market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance—and nothing shall be left undone to please all who call with him.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year.

WILLIAM BROWN.

6m-20 Carlisle, 2, 1844.

ROBERTS' HOTEL.

SIGN OF WASHINGTON AND JACKSON.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has removed from his old stand in West High street, to the public house lately kept by David Bleam, on South Hanover street, in this borough, sign of Washington and Jackson. Where he will be always glad to see his friends from the Country and Travellers, and accommodate them in the best and most comfortable manner.

His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best the market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance—and nothing shall be left undone to please all who call with him.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year.

ANDREW ROBERTS.

April 17, 1844. tf-25

Washington Hotel.

LATE OF MARKET STREET & MARKET SQUARE

HARRISBURG, PA.

The Subscriber, begs leave to inform the public that he has leased this well known House, which has recently undergone a thorough repair, and has furnished it anew with the best of Bedding and other Furniture, and is now prepared to accommodate Members of the Legislature and Travellers in a manner that will please.

W. L. SANDERS.

Dec. 20, 1843.

Patent Medicines.

JUST received a fresh supply of Dr. Young Tar and Mullein, which we offer for sale wholesale and retail, at manufacturers prices.

Hays' Liniment, for sore eyes &c.
Dr. Hewes' Hoofs and Horns Liniment.
Dr. Sheep's cure for Sick Headache.
Dr. Swayne's Syrup of Wild Cherry.
Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
Dr. Swaim's Panacea.
Do. Vermifuge.
Do. Hauck's Cancer Specific.

Together with a general assortment of the most approved patents and proprietary Medicines.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK.

June 1

POETRY.

The Old King and the young Heir.

LINES FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

BY CHAS. WEST THOMSON.

"——all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty."
Shakespeare.

High upon the walls of night,
Hangs the belt of proud Orion,
And the winds are moaning light,
Like the growl of slumbering lion.
There's a sadness every where,
O'er the wintry landscape lying;
Men look round with thoughtful air
For the poor old year is dying.
The poor old year!

There he lies, his sceptre gone,
All his pride and strength departed;
Poor old monarch, pale and wan,
Sick and weak, and broken-hearted,
His straggling hair and matted beard,
Show how, how much he is neglected;
Yet once by many he was feared,
And by the most at least respected,
The poor old year!

On his bed of withered leaves,
He drags his snowy sheet around him,
His palsied hand no more receives
The rod of power, as when they crown'd him,
His fading eye no more retains
The faces near him friend or lover;
There's scarce a breath of life remains,
Alas! poor King! 'tis almost over.
The poor old year!

The clock! it strikes the midnight round,
One—two—three—four—five—six—seven;
He stops and listens to the sound,
Eight—nine—ten—eleven—
Twelve!—and the moment that the bell,
Its last tone to the air hath given,
He falls, as stricken by the knell,
And gives his spirit up to Heaven.
The poor old year!

But hark! what means this merry chime,
Thro' the frosty midnight ringing—
'Tis the prancing steeds of time,
The young heir! the New Year bringing,
How they shout him—how they quaff
Bumpers to his health and glory;
The poor old year hears not their laugh
He is but a theme for story.
To the merry New Year.

Joyous, blithe he seems and gay;
Full of hopes and promises—
Pure and fresh, as winds that stray
In summer landward from the seas.
He looks so fair and smiling now—
How each heart his presence cheereth!
Think you he will keep his vow?
Will he prove what he hath spoken,
A happy New Year?

God be with us—we know not
What beneath his robe he hideth;
Whether a calm or adverse lot,
Unknown, fate for us provideth,
God be with us—let's be gay;
In his smiles hope on, hope ever;
Dream not of the coming day,
But make ourselves amid his favor
A happy New Year.

MISCELLANY.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE; OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting abutments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They saw the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watch word, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of WASHINGTON. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; the tip reaches up and cuts another for his hold. It was a dangerous adventure; but as the pride, life, fate and hands into these cliffs, and draws himself up carefully, to the full length of his body, four above

While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he cuts his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voice of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last.—He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the hilt. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same nich with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood."—He is too high, too faint to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters to come and witness or avert his destruction, but one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fatal boy is told upon his father's hearth stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father who is shouting with all the energy of despair, *"William! William! Don't look down!* Your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down, keep your eye toward the top!"—The boy didn't look *down*. His eyes are fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there.—He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche and another foot is added to remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that vast pier. How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother, sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under the overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon the cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade sticks again in the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts.—That niche is his last. At the last he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.—An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closing his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a tuft of the boys head and shoulder. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. A moment more, with a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops the arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, but with the cry of "God" and "Mother" upon his lips, not just loud enough to be heard in Heaven, the listening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, just holds him up in his arms before the tearful breathless multitude, such shouting, such kissing and weeping for joy, never blessed the ear of human being as recovered from the jaws of the howling gulf, yesterday.

A BAD BARGAIN.

The following occurred in one of the towns of Massachusetts, not far from Rhode Island. It is a compound of fun and benevolence, appetite and cunning, high and low, depravity, such as seldom comes to light:

'Husband, what do you think I have done to-day?' said Mrs. C. to the keeper of a country store, where the drunkard's 'O be joyful' was still sold, upon his return home to dinner.

'I cannot possibly tell, my dear; I dare say something clever.'

'Well, I never did such a thing before, but the man looked so pitiful, I thought I would encroach upon your wardrobe a little for once, as I knew you could well supply the poor creature's wants without any inconvenience to yourself.'

'You have given away one of my coats, I suppose; I hope you did'nt make a mistake, and give my go-to-meeting one, did you?'

'Oh no, I gave away one of your shirts. He said he'd none and called to beg one—so I gave him one, and he went off as happy as if I had given him a cow. I don't know when I have seen such a smile at so small a gift.'

'Given a shirt! I should like to know who there is so poor as to be without a shirt. Old Tom Jones is the poorest creature I know of, and I don't believe but he has got a shirt, as poor a drunkard as he is.'

'Tom Jones!—there, I don't believe but it was Jones; I have heard you describe him, and it was him I know. He looked cunning, and that smile of his seemed to be half joy, half fun and if I was Irish, I should say the other half *savage*.'

'Very likely it was Jones, for he has been in the store to-day.'

'Has he? and had he a short jacket on, and holes in his pants, and miserable shoes without stockings?'

'Just so.'

'He is the very man. Had he a bundle or had he put his shirt on?'

'He had a bottle, as usual, but I saw no bundle, and I did not notice whether he had a collar or not.'

'His bottle! well I hope you did not fill it for him, for the story will come like the story in the papers lately, where the wife told the husband she would supply the drunkard's family out of the house, as long as he supplied the rum from the store. Did you let him have any?'

'Any what, my dear, molasses or vinegar? You have no objections to my selling him any thing he will pay for?'

'Yes, I have, you know I have. I would not sell him rum for pay, and you may trust him for any thing else. I wish you would let him have molasses.' His wife would be glad of that. But did you let him have any rum?'

'Yes, my dear, I did. He seemed so feeble and wished that I would let him have a little.'

'How much?'

'Half a pint!'

'Half a pint, enough to make him get drunk, and he will lose his shirt before he gets home, and I might as well have turned him off without it. Well now, husband let me know, do you trust Jones for rum?'

'No.'

'Did he pay for it?'

'Yes.'

'How much?'

'Six cents.'

'In money?'

'No.'

'How then?'

'In rags.'

'In rags! I'll bet a dollar you have bought your own shirt back again, and I'll go this minute and see.'

'No, you sh.ll sit still and finish your dinner.'

'No, no, you shan't go, I'll go myself. It will be such a good one. I'll make you ashamed of selling rum this time, at any rate. There! there! Here it is torn to pieces, and you have bought it for rags.'

SUMMER AND WINTER.—Man should learn to accommodate himself to the winter as well as the summer of life; for the summer passes away—the trees lose their verdure—the earth is deprived of its greenness—the sky its brightness. The streams let bubbles no more, but rushes with impetuous flood to the ocean. The melody of the grove is hushed—the busy hum of insect life is stilled. Nature approaches the grave of winter. Ah! if we could awaken the moral of which these signs admonish us—if we could but read the lesson which kind providence has written on the face of nature, for our benefit and improvement—if we would study the dictates of fate—and remember, that each leaf which falls, each flower that dies, is but an emblem of man's hundred doom, how much of the selfishness, the sleeping of the mind, the sinfulness of life, would be swept away, and earth would be but a vestibule of Heaven's eternal volume! with less vice and imperfection, it is true, but still susceptible, and ever of correction and improvement, being so peopled with beings destined for immortality.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Are there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in one of the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:—

'He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used.'

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed, in another paper, that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means the old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

'She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine.'

Of these likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St. Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health until he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

'He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never sat awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt.' After having read all this from my little book, I said to myself, 'You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people.'

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy, old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing desk, so that I might always have it before my eyes, to remind me what to do, and from what I should refrain.—Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health than I used to be. Formerly, I had headache every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months.—Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hours length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these old people—and that is, that I have been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you from living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St. Petersburg?

HUMOR AND POLITICS.—The editor of the Niles (Michigan) Courier, a Whig paper, thus humorously alludes to his losses on the election:—"The Locofocos rampant this town are getting quite dreary, while the Whigs look as sour as church mice. Well, we won't growl, but it grates confounded hard, to rig a fellow out from head to foot, and then have him cut your acquaintance.

A CUTE CHAP.—"Jem how do you get your living now a days?" "In the old way; by being a friend to a fellow that finds their suits for 'em while they last, and then I dispose with 'em."

☞The following story, says the Boston Transcript has long been a favorite in private circles, but we are not aware that it has ever appeared in print. We believe it originated somewhere in the neighborhood of old Cape Ann. A traveller in a stage coach overheard an old lady from the country, thus address her companion:

"Friendship, Miss Bishop, is like a spider's web, the least breath of air will destroy it. Bets Wade and I was gals together; all the difference *was*, I *was rich* and Bets was *poor*. Well, one day, Bets got married, and there was no *end* to the things my husband did gin (did not give) that gal. He gin her *sights* and *sights* o' things. He gin her a *great* keeler tub and a *little* tub. He gin her *two* wooden bowls painted yaller outside, and red inside; he gin her a *churn*, and a *churn dash too*. Miss Bishop, and he gin her a peck of raisins and a quart of tea, and yet that ungrateful wretch never set foot inside our house for *two* years! One day as I was *cading* (carding) tow before the door—I never thought myself above cading tow, Miss Bishop—a chaise drove up. Who should it be but Bets Wade! I thought I must be polite in my own house, and so says I 'Bets come in.' She came in and she *sot* down. My husband soon came in, I hit him the wink not to speak to Bets, and that touched her up pretty well, for my husband always sot every thing by Bets—all the world and more too, sometimes.—She said she'd been living so long in that seaport town Pawtucket, she thought she must once more wait on her country friends. 'That seaport town Pawtucket! *that* made me mad, Miss Bishop, it's no more of a seaport town than Merrimac River! but Joe had lived too long in the woods to be skeared by an owl, much more by Bets Wade. Bets asked me if I wouldn't give her some tea. I told her I would if she'd wait till tea time come; so I went *down* into the cellar and got a pound of pound cake, and a pound of short cake, and two pounds of sage cheese of my own making—Bets Wade never put better into *her* mouth *in her* life—and I brought 'em up and put 'em on the table, and says I—'Bets, eat!' and good Lord! she did eat! if she eat one mouthful she eat *two* pounds. I should think the critter hath had any thing to eat for *two* months. When she was filled, she said that she must go, for she had an antic horse and a new chaise. *Antic horse* and a new chaise! The horse warn't bigger than a Newfoundland dog, and they had to tie the poor creature to a post to keep him from tumbling down, and as for the chaise, that was made in Adams' day, and then 'twant new! no, it never was new! and if Bets Wade ever got a ride off that horse, she did, well—no, she never did! She had to take the poor critter into the chaise afore she got home, and that's a fact certified."

INTERESTING VARIETIES OF THE BIBLE.—When the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, his reply was, "Because they were ignorant of the Bible." If the lovers of general reading often fail to acquaint themselves with the sacred volume, one reason that may be assigned is, that they are not aware of its interesting variety.—This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following extract from her recent work, entitled the "Poetry of Life."

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep,—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyre in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust, to the cattle upon a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon, to the tall cedar of Lebanon—from the crystal stream gushing out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge: from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude; from the low, dull fall of secret, to the din of battle or shout of a triumphant host; from the wanderer in the wilderness, to the satrap on the throne; from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes; from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blest; from the still voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence; from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognisance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no experience or conception of the mind that may not find a correspondent picture, or be thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply, and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the enjoyment of some portion of the treasures of wisdom contained in the language and the spirit of the Bible."

CAPPING THE CLIMAX OF RASCALITY.—The following is an extract from a letter to Rev. John Marsh, N. Y., from J. H. Coffin, an able and zealous temperance agent, now lecturing in the Western New York. Our readers will see that the rum seller carried his speculation a step beyond the ordinary point. No comment that we could make on the facts here recorded, would add to the impression they will produce on every mind.

A poor misguided wretch, who had swallowed down all his substance lived by hanging round one of those dens of corruption and doing little jobs as occasion offered. He sickened and died at the rum-hole where he had gotten his bane for years. The rumseller *very kindly* sent for the minister to come and attend his funeral.

In the kindness of his heart he went and performed the duties of a clergyman at a funeral. The daughter of the poor lost wretch, came in from the country to take a last look at her father, but was told *it looked so bad that it would be imprudent to open the coffin.* After the coffin had been let down into the grave, and the people retired the Sexton felt there was something wrong about it raised the coffin and opened it, and behold there was nothing in it but *a log of wood!* After the unprincipled rumseller had ruined him, soul and body, to clap the climax, he made the last outrage on his putrid corpse, and sold the body for dissection! His frame now hangs up in one of the doctor shops in this village.

A WHOLE FAMILY LOST.—Of all the miserable groups that will sink to perdition, I have often thought that the family group will be the most wretched. An entire family in hell, parents and children, brothers and sisters, what a spectacle to contemplate! A family lost beyond the possibility of redemption! A family spending eternal ages in weeping and wailing and woe—"Reaping the bitter harvest which their sins have sown."

Impenitent parents, have you seriously thought of the probability of such an issue! Have you reflected that, persisting in your present course, you must perish, and that your children influenced by your example, will probably perish with you! Oh, if there is any prayer that parents should offer with agony of desire, it is this: Gather not our souls with sinners. The misery of Dives was augmented by the apprehension that his five brothers would come to that place of torment. It was not benevolence that led him to desire Abraham to send a messenger from the eternal world to warn them of their danger. It was the dread of meeting them in hell. He had done much probably to corrupt, and strengthen them in their rebellion against God, and he knew they would curse him for the agonies they would suffer.—*Rev. A. Rood, in the National Preacher.*

RUMORS OF WAR.—War by the United States is becoming a familiar idea. The greatest of all moral evils is presented to the public mind as not only a possible, but a probable sequence of the impetuous, selfish and unwarrantable course of the Federal Government. We are to rush into a war, at the bidding of an accidental President, for the special interests of a political cabal, and a company of pecuniary speculators.

We are to insult a weak neighbor, bully a friendly Power, drive a well-disposed ally into a hostile position; and all this with peculiar professions of peace-loving and humanity on the lips of the man who stands in the attitude of the nation's chief representative. Would to Heaven that the men who talk so glibly of war, could be impressed as the first into the service, with the first note of preparation! Would that they could be arrayed in the front ranks to receive the first onset of the enemy—to fall the first victims to the barbarous appeal to arms, which the teachings of Christianity, the experiance of the world, and the spirit of the age hold in abhorrence! Would that the severance from home and kindred, the privations of the camp, the hardships of the march, the anguish of wounds, the terrors of death, might be their's if any one's! Justice, could she always prevail, would make the men who urge a resort to carnage and rapine, to secure the aims of national or personal avarice or ambition, the first to feel the pangs they invoke on others.—War! Do we count its cost, its pains, its horrors, its atrocity, when we tolerate the suggestion of such a clamity!—*North American.*

INFLUENCE.—"That man has grown among kind and affectionate sisters!" Tender heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tender feeling of the heart, which are so apparent in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold with the chilling contact with the world will often melt there with pure enjoyment, as some fondest tone within reach of his ear, or glance of his sister's eye.

And he will turn from purposes which tempted and false philosophy has presented into expediency and wrong, for the gentle influence which moved him in his early years.