

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

VOLUME XLVII.

CARLISLE, PA. JANUARY 16, 1890.

NUMBER 21.

HERALD & EXPOSITOR

Office, Centre Square, S. W. Corner, at the Old Stand.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION: The HERALD & EXPOSITOR is published weekly, on a double royal sheet, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable within three months from the time of subscribing, or two months in advance, at the end of the year. No subscription will be taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement. Advertising will be done on the usual terms. Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

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JOHN AND J. HENRY REED,
Attorneys at Law.

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

OFFICE: West Main Street, above the door west of the Court House, and next to the Store of Jason W. Byrd; also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College.

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 J. H. Alexander, next door to the Carlisle Bank. Street attention will be given to all business placed in their care.

WILLIAM H. MILLER,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE: Removed to Hickory Row, in the room formerly occupied by S. D. Adair, Esq., Carlisle, April 3, 1884.

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POETRY.

SONG FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

Old time has turned another page
Of memory and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has sped o'er heart and head,
Since last the year began;
And we have a task to do as yet,
And we have a task to do as yet.

What the boom and brain have heard,
Oh! let us hope that our hands have run
With wisdom's precious grains;
Oh! let us hope that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pains.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year.

While the holy gleams above us;
With a pardon for the few who have
And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
To the land of hallowed rest;
We may miss the glow of an honest brow,
And the warmth of a friendly breast;
But if we regard them while on earth,
With perfect love and kind,
Will their spirits blame their careless flesh
Of those who left behind?
No, no! it were not well or wise
To mourn with needless pain;
There's a better world beyond the skies,
Where good shall meet again.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year.

While the holy gleams above us;
With a pardon for the few who have,
And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days telted on greenly fields
From sorrow's dim alley?
Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?
Are the treasures dear still clinging near?
Do we hear loved voices come?
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shined
A halo round our home?

Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured
To Him who hath spared and given;
And forget not o'er the festive board
The mercies he has bestowed.
Then welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holy gleams above us!
With a pardon for the few who have,
And a prayer for those who love us.

From Next Saturday Gazette.

BY MOTHER.

On a lily upon which blossom first
My infant head reclined,
Ere reason's light in beauty burst
Upon the midnight mind;
What blissful memories now come up,
From all my youthful years,
Ere I had tasted sorrow's cup,
Or shed affliction's tears!

Dear mother, in the midnight dream,
All from your arms I came,
And beside you lay my head,
To breathe sweet childhood's prayer;
Again the light of happier days
Shines on my soul's attire;
I wake to bliss that end to praise,
But oh! thou art not here!

Oh, how I long to see that pink
More charming to my eye,
Than sound of lute or organ lute,
No more, alas! I hear;
For oh! full many a weary mile
Divides us since we met,
Did not one tone, one look, one smile
Can my fond heart forget.

Full many a friend I've found among
The gifted and the grave;
The proud, the aged and the young,
The beautiful and brave;
I've met them in the crowded street
And in the lighted hall;
Yet still I prize the friends I meet,
I've loved these more than all.

When with the graceful and the gay,
In pleasure's path I roam,
I oft times miss my way
To think of thee and home;
To think of all thy love, and how
I loved thee more than now.

Oh, would that I could see thee now,
And press thee to my heart;
Dost thou not day no disappears,
Dear mother, since we met,
But time, my image more endears
As every soul doth so.

And if on this my mother's grave,
When life's long tide is ebbing,
Oh, may I meet on yonder shore
At Heaven's bright gates of gold!

MISCELLANY.

A VICTIM TO SCIENCE.

George Cumber was charged with being drunk at an untimely hour in the streets. When asked by the policeman why he was a victim to science, "Niccupped, George," but I've found it out." "Found out what?" inquired the police constable. "Don't you know, and if you don't, you ought to, you ought to know, that I have been hindering the police constable for many years, and I've just found it out. It's whiskey, sir, I'll tell how I did it. I takes three glasses of brandy, and the effect: three of gin, no got three of whiskey, done in a minute. My grandmother always said I'd be a victim to science, that's what."

AMERICA IN 1788.

Dr. Price, an English divine, in a fast sermon, preached, February 10th, 1788, drew the following character of this country: "There is a declining empire, once united to this, which, if it remains, has in its nature, a book of laws and government, to enable him to understand his colonial rights—a market for his goods, and a Bible to underwrite and practice religion. What can such people do? They wonder we have not succeeded in having them in our power, while it remains in the hands of the British."

Annual Report of the Cumberland County Temperance Society.

One year has expired since your Committee was appointed to the responsible office we now fill; and on retiring, it is due to ourselves and to those by whom we were appointed, to state the principles by which we have been directed in the discharge of our duties, and to present what we deem to be the result of the Temperance movement in our community, during the past year.

Soon after we entered on the duties of our office, we took occasion to present to our fellow citizens the suggestion of the State Temperance Convention to petition the Legislature for a law, giving to each ward, district, township and borough, the privilege of deciding for themselves at the ballot box, at the March election, whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold in any place within their respective limits.

This we did at a popular meeting convened at the Court House; and that the matter might undergo a more full discussion, a convention of the friends of Temperance throughout the county was called. A resolution to adopt the suggestion, and ask for such a law, after a full and very able discussion, was decided by the Convention in the affirmative by a vote of 65 to 5.

We then proceeded in pursuance of such resolution, to test the feelings of the community on this point. In opposition to such a measure, we of course found arrayed the whole drinking fraternity and those whose pecuniary interests are dependent on the destruction of their fellow men by liquor. But this opposition, we should not have been disappointed; but were scarcely prepared to find organized opposition among the professed friends of Temperance.

This measure was however well sustained by large and respectable memorials to the Legislature; though no law—such as asked for, was enacted. On the contrary in the midst of these movements, we were pleased to find the number of Taverns increasing among us, by the granting of two additional licenses in our Borough, giving us now eleven taverns in Carlisle and twenty-eight in Cumberland county, most of which, from the very nature of the case, must be there drinking establishments, instead of being, as the law recognizes, necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Against this increase, in connection with a very respectable number of our fellow citizens, we interposed the only constitutional power we possess in such cases—that of solemn remonstrance. Such have been the means which we have chosen to use during the past year, to assist in arresting the evils of intemperance.

Some evils have a tendency to work out their own cure. Whether the evils resulting from the traffic in liquor will have any such tendency remains to be seen. But we avail ourselves of this occasion—at the close of the year, to inquire of the citizens of our Borough, how they are satisfied with the operation of the license system among them, during this period. By its action, you have seen the sober and industrious citizen becoming a idle frequenter of the drunkard's place of resort; the reformed man you have seen again becoming an inebriate; and among the youth of our Borough, some—lithesome—maintained with love of drink have been seen intoxicated; the silence of midnight has often been broken by the profane oath and the bacchanalian song of the drunkard, issuing forth from the places of this traffic; and even the Holy Sabbath, in violation of all law both Divine and human, has been shamefully and indignantly violated by the prostitution of this work of moral death during all its hours, till even the boy of thirteen has been seen staggering forth drunk on the evening of the Sabbath, from one of the most public licensed taverns of your town.

These have been every where proved to be the legitimate results of the sale of liquor—whether licensed or unlicensed. It makes no difference. And now we ask, what advantage has accrued to our town or to the community, to compensate the moral degradation which has been wrought by this traffic. Who has been benefited by it? We might ask the wretched drunkard—Who? We might ask the widow and the orphan, and those whose homes have been made the abodes of poverty and desolation—Who are benefited by this traffic? But we choose to appeal to the sober, intelligent citizen, and ask him—Who? We ask those who go up from among us to assist in making our laws—Who is benefited by legitimizing the traffic in intoxicating drinks? We ask those who sign the certificates to be presented to our Courts—How, in the sight of Heaven and of an intelligent community, can you give their names to a paper, setting forth that the several taverns (amounting to eleven in Carlisle, and sixty-eight in the county) are necessary to accommodate the public, and to entertain strangers and travellers? We ask our judges, who are so often compelled to read the terms of the business and the multiplication of

liquor-selling taverns in our Borough and county?—Who, but the individuals alone, who are thus authorized to enrich themselves from the earnings of others? Those who engage in this traffic and thus appropriate to themselves the fruits of others' industry, instead of adding to the productive energies of the community, give only in exchange for what they thus appropriate—the almost sole cause of poverty and crime—thus entailing on the public some of the heaviest curses which can befall a people. If this is so, and who can say it is not so? we appeal to the intelligence of our fellow citizens to say, whether, in the whole history of British legislation, a more oppressive monopoly was ever granted to any kind that is enjoyed by the few who now entail on us most of the evils of intemperance? and whether it can be required of good citizens, to submit to such injustice, without availing themselves of every constitutional means to remedy the evil?

The principles of action which we commend to the friends of Temperance, as best suited to the present state of things among us, are

1. For every one's personal safety and for the benefit of others, as well as for the sake of consistency—**Abstinence from all participation in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks, or the traffic in them.**
2. For the reformation of the inebriate, and the salvation of the temperate drinker—**(1.) MORAL SUASION; and (2.) the overthrow of the traffic, and the consequent removal of the principal source of temptation and the means of intoxication.**
3. For the reformation of the inebriate, and the salvation of the temperate drinker—**(1.) MORAL SUASION; and (2.) the overthrow of the traffic, and the consequent removal of the principal source of temptation and the means of intoxication.**
4. For the overthrow of the traffic—**The force of public opinion, embodied and concentrated in the Law.**
5. For this discouraging the use, manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks—**Users of effort among all who are the friends of the Temperance cause.**

These we present as our principles, and ask the co-operation with us of all the friends of humanity among us, who are not sure that they have some more effective means of combating our common foe. The legislation we ask—by the question of having licenses—by the decision of the legal voters in every municipality of the legal voters in every municipality of our commonwealth; instead of being vested, as it now practically is, by the decision of some of our Courts, in twelve irresponsible and perhaps interested men. As this is a question in which every moral community is interested, we ask that it should be made a matter of municipal regulation; and when we thus declare ourselves ready to lay the axe directly at the root of the evil, we think that those who refuse to go with us in this measure, but who continue to sustain the drinking establishments among us by their sympathy and their influence, should be the last to complain, if we do not choose to expend our energies in merely lapping of the branches.

It is supposed by some, that the Temperance cause is declining among us. We, however, do not, on the whole, see evidence of such decline. We believe that Temperance principles never had a firmer hold on the feelings of our citizens generally, than at the present time. Those whose attention is directed mainly to our taverns and to those who frequent them, find enough in them to make the heart sick; and it is not a matter of wonder that those whose associations or occupations compel them to look at the fatal results of drinking, as exhibited in the drinking riacid which these haunts of dissipation and vice nourish and keep together, should be led to fear that all is lost. But this circle is limited, though sufficiently large, we admit, to include some of our young men of wealth, of talent and of promise. Another view presents us with the sober, dignified portion of the community—many of them pledged to the Temperance cause, who laboring "not at all of them under our organization"—yet laboring to promote its interests; and many others, though never having signed the pledge, still acknowledging its power, and conforming to it in their practice. In the fashionable and polite circles of our town, though there is still much to be condemned, we believe the last year has presented us with more to commend, than any former year; and it gives us great pleasure to be able to present a decided opinion, that respectability and immediate influences of our drinking establishments, temperance principles are never more fully exemplified than in some of the present indications.

Some of our present indications, however, lead us to fear for the results of the coming year, and to the fact alone can't be ascertained in this matter, as they don't have a subject for their control.

The more public movements of the year which we now enter, it is to be hoped, will present fewer temptations to dissipation; so that the wholesome influence which has been exerted by the political canvass of the past year, to recover some of our former habits, may be maintained, and the necessary will supply a portion of the

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married as the world goes—well. Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes moving before me in her pride of life, weave a waking dream over her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrilling the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and with affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes down through his heart and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his inquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshaded beauty.

The Pilgrim Sabbath.

The intelligent of all classes are accustomed to regard with profound respect and veneration our puritan ancestors. Politicians and statesmen, as well as Christians, unite in admiration of their unquenchable love of freedom, their stern integrity, their devotion to the truth and to heaven, their noble sacrifices, and their patient endurance of privation while laying the foundation of our Republic on the firm rock of religious principle. And in nothing is their adherence to principle more manifest than in their sacred regard for the Sabbath. The graphic description given by Rev. Dr. Barnes of the manner in which they spend their first Sabbath in America, affords a striking illustration of their character. In his eloquent discourse at Worcester, he says:

"The 'Mayflower,' a naive now immortal had crossed the ocean. It had borne its hundred passengers over the vast deep, and after a perilous voyage it had reached the bleak shore of New England in the beginning of winter. The spot which was to furnish a home and a burial place was now to be selected. The shallow was unshipped, but needed repairs, and sixteen weary days elapsed before it was ready for service. Amidst ice and snow, it was then sent out, with some half dozen pilgrims, to find a suitable place to land. The spray of the sea, says the historian, froze on them, and made their clothes like coats of iron. Five days they wandered about, searching in vain for a suitable landing place. A storm came on the snow and the rain fell; the sea swelled, the rudder broke; the mast and the sail fell overboard. In this storm and cold, without a tent, a house, or the shelter of a rock, the Christian Sabbath approached—the day which they regarded as holy unto God, a day on which they were not to do any work." What should be done? As the evening before the Sabbath drew on, they pushed over the surf entered a fair sound, sheltered themselves under the lee of a rise of land, kindled a fire, and on that island they spent the day in the solemn worship of their Maker. On the next day their feet touched the rock now sacred as the place of the landing of the pilgrims. Nothing more strikingly marks the character of this people than this act. The whole scene—the cold winter, the raging sea, the driving storm, the houseless island, the families of wives and children in the distance, weary with their voyage and impatient to land, and yet the sacred observance of a day which they kept from principle, and not from mere feeling, or because it was a form of religion, shows how deeply imbedded true religion is in the soul, and how true it is affected by surrounding difficulties.

What spectacle more sublime than is here presented! The founders of a mighty nation, surrounded by gold, pearls, and conceiving that nation on the first morning of its existence, the Father of the Universe, devoting their first hours on the shores of this new world to the sacred duty of the Sabbath.

Who can doubt that heaven smiled benignantly on the scene, and accepted the humble offerings of that first Sabbath down to the present time, the nation has been the object of His peculiar care. And now shall we follow the public example which all admire? Shall we, as they did, regard the institutions of Jehovah, and thus secure the continuation of national prosperity? Or shall we, as they did, trample on His Sabbath, and thus allow our disregard alike for the memory of our ancestors, the highest good of the nation, and the authority of Heaven?

PRIMITIVE WORSHIP.—We find it one of our exchanges the following description of a church in Delaware.

"At Carlisle, a new building, which occupies the site of the old one, is a fine example of the Quaker style of architecture, built of brick, only about twenty feet square. Small as it is, it has all the appliances, outside and in, that are usually found in those of larger dimensions. The congregation consisted of but one man, a very respectable Quaker farmer, living about four or five miles distant, who attended regularly twice a week, and sits out the usual time alone.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married as the world goes—well. Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes moving before me in her pride of life, weave a waking dream over her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrilling the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and with affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes down through his heart and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his inquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshaded beauty.

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. As the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveless, that fears nothing for itself; and if ever I yield to darkened feelings it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I would not, minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple-page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily move across my path; and I would whisper to them, as they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with her jewels laying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on for a while, undevoted. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for future happiness, and the quiet meal is still a pleasant and delightful novelty of mutual reliance and affection. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attention alone will not keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband first, in his ignorance, breaks in upon the hours they were wont to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till by and by they can come cease their necessities no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon the hollow world for the support which one who has promised to be their lover and friend, could not give them.

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affections of the high minded and thinking being. Remember that he will give up his brother of his heart with whom he has had even a fellowship of mind, the society of his contemporary runners in a race of arms, who have held with him a stern companionship; and frequently in his passionate love he will break away from the arms of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the voice of his sorrow. I will be kinder than at first, but it will not long. And the think you that an idle bluntness will obtain the mind that has been used for years to an equal communion? Think you he will give up a weak dalliance, the amiable whims of youth, and search into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady; believe me not. Think you your indifference to such light letters? Credit and the old-fashioned absurdity that makes a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. If your nobility is as complete, and your gifts of mind as capable as ours, I would charge you to water the soil of your mind, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope that when your life is bound with another, you will go on equal terms with a friendship that will pervade every earthly interest.

A NIGHT MARCH TO THE HOLY CITY.—Notwithstanding our fatigue and the inviting nature of our quarters, we found it impossible to sleep. We were but three hours' distance from Jerusalem. Rising at midnight, we pursued our way by the light of innumerable stars, glorious in the depth of an Asian sky. Not a sound was heard, but the tramp of horses' hoofs upon the rocky pathway. The outlines of the hilly region we were travelling were dim and indistinct; far grander than they would have appeared by the light of day. We came to a tremendous descent, long and slippery, over steps of rock and deep gullies, worn by the winter rains. With many a slide and narrow escape from falling headlong we reached the bottom of the valley in safety, where we found the caravan of camels and asses, with their guides, asleep by the wayside, waiting for the morning light to enter the city gates. We pursued our way; an hour yet remained; that hour was one of strange and indescribable excitement. I had seen, by moonlight, the time-hallowed gloom of the old world, and the wonders of nature in the new—I had stood alone, at that hour, within the awful circle of the Coliseum; had watched the lunar rainbow spanning the eternal mist rising from the base of Niagara; but this night's march across the desolate hills of Judea awoke a more sublime, more thrilling interest. I was approaching the walls of that city (the scenes of events which must ever remain the most, touching in their influence upon the human heart), which I had long and earnestly hoped to see, and my wish was about to be realized. As the stars began to fade from the heavens and the dawn to break over the eastern mountains, I sought to pierce the gloom which wrapped the silent region around. But nothing could be distinguished; it was not until the first red glow of morning glanced upon the eastward hills that I caught sight of the city. But there was nothing grand or striking in the vision; a line of dull walls, a group of massive towers, a few dark ovals, rising from a dead and sterile plain; yet being that was Jerusalem, the Holy City; her mournful aspect well suits with the train of recollection she awakens.—*Walks about Jerusalem in 1842.*

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

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VALUABLE SECRET.—"Sarah, I wish you would lend me your 'thimble.' I never can find mine when I want it."

"Why can you not find it, Mary?"

"If you do not choose to lend me yours, I can borrow of somebody else."

"I am willing to lend it to you, Mary. Here it is."

"I knew you would let me have it, to borrow, when you have lost anything?"

"Because you never lose any of your things and always know where to find them."

"How do you suppose I always know where to find my things?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. If I knew, I might perhaps, sometimes contrive to find my own."

"This is the secret. I have a place for every thing, and after I have done using anything, it is my rule to put it away in its proper place."

"Yes, just as though your life depended on it."

"My life does not depend on it, Mary, but my convenience does; very much."

"Well I never can find time to put my things away."

"How much more time will it take to put your things in their proper place, than it will to hunt after them, when they are lost?"

"Well, I'll never borrow of you again."

"Why? You are not affronted, Mary?"

"No, dear Sarah, I am ashamed and I am determined, now, to do as you do—to have a place for everything and everything in its place."

CHARITY.—Many persons imagine that, unless they behave with rudeness to their inferiors they cannot command respect. The homage done such individuals they appear like respect, but the inner feeling is that of contempt. One's conduct should always be civil and polite, for civility and politeness can alone disarm the malice of pride and arm a guard against the venom of the vulgar.

"It is, embarrassy a crime!"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Then what a wicked creature brother John must be, he huge contempt! Sally like all possessed, so he does, and I seen him."

"Jane take that child to bed."

"They say a man cannot love as deep as a woman. This must be fiction. Women may weep in tears, but men's grief is deeper, and their dry tears are shed in the innermost recesses of the heart."

"The gray is not deep. It is the luminous deposit of an angel who is seeking up, when the unknown hand reads the last ray at the head of a man's life, and the gray only adds to the words of the crown of thorns."

CHARITY.—Many persons imagine that, unless they behave with rudeness to their inferiors they cannot command respect. The homage done such individuals they appear like respect, but the inner feeling is that of contempt. One's conduct should always be civil and polite, for civility and politeness can alone disarm the malice of pride and arm a guard against the venom of the vulgar.

"It is, embarrassy a crime!"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Then what a wicked creature brother John must be, he huge contempt! Sally like all possessed, so he does, and I seen him."

"Jane take that child to bed."

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