

# Carlisle Herald

CARLISLE, MARCH 14, 1849.

VOLUME XLIX.

NUM XXVIII

### Cards.

**Doctor Ad Lippe.**  
HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office  
in Main street, in the house formerly occu-  
pied by Dr. P. Ehrman. ap 19 '48

**Dr. I. C. Loomis.**  
WILL perform all  
operations upon the  
teeth that are required  
for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing,  
Plugging, &c. or will restore the loss of them,  
by inserting Artificial Teeth from single teeth  
to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few  
doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent  
the last ten days of every month.

**Dr. John J. Myers,**  
HAS REMOVED his Office, and dwel-  
ling to the house adjoining his Drug Store  
on West High street. April 1

**Dr. Geo. Willis Folke,**  
GRADUATE of the Jefferson Medical  
College of Philadelphia, respectfully offers  
his professional services in the practice of Medi-  
cine, Surgery and Midwifery.

**Dr. W. L. Creigh,**  
(Successor of Dr. John Creigh, deceased)  
WILL attend all Medical calls in town or  
country, by day or night, and will give  
every attention to patients entrusted to his care.  
OFFICE on East High street, opposite Ogilvie's  
store. Feb 22 '49

**J. Windsor Rawlins, M. D.**  
GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College,  
Philadelphia, offers his services to the pub-  
lic. Dr. Rawlins having had eight years experi-  
ence in the practice of his profession in Mary-  
land and Pennsylvania, believes himself that he  
can give general satisfaction to those requiring  
his aid. Office in Pitt street opposite the Man-  
sion House Hotel and first door south of the  
M. Church. February 7th, 1849.

**Wm. T. Brown,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice  
in the several Courts of Cumberland county  
y. Office in Main street, nearly opposite the  
county jail, Carlisle. Feb 9

**James R. Smith,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with  
S. D. Adams, East in Graham's new build-  
ing, opposite the Post Office. mar 31 '47

**Casson G. Moore,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in  
the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster,  
deceased. mar 31 '47

**A. S. SHARP**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice  
in the several Courts of Cumberland county  
y. Office next may be consulted at the  
office of F. WATTS, Esq.,  
Carlisle, Dec. 11th, 1848—49.

**EDWARD CLARKSON,**  
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 803 Wal-  
nut Street, Philadelphia.  
Orders may be sent by mail.  
Dec 30 1848—m

**Comveyancing.**  
DEEDS, BONDS, Mortgages, Agreements  
and other instruments of writing neatly and  
accurately drawn by the subscriber, who may be  
consulted at the office of the Carlisle Bank,  
dec 20th A. HENDEL.

**Plainfield Classical Academy,**  
(FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.)  
FIFTH SESSION.  
THE Fifth Session will commence on MON-  
DAY, Nov. 6th, 1848. The number of stu-  
dents is limited, and they are carefully prepared  
for College, counting house, &c. &c.  
The situation provides the possibility of stu-  
dents associating with the vicarious or de-  
voted, being remote from town, the large amount  
of carriage is by State Road or Cumberland Valley  
Railroad, both of which pass through lands at-  
tached to the institution.  
FEBRUARY 1849.

Boarding, washing, tuition, &c. (per sec.) \$50 00  
Latin or Greek \$20 00  
Instrumental Music \$10 00  
French or German \$10 00  
Circulars with references, &c. furnished by  
Oct. 11. R. K. LEXN Principal.

**WRIGHT & SAKTON,**  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOR-  
EIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE,  
Glass, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Oil, Iron, Steel, Nail  
&c. would invite the attention of persons want-  
ing goods in their line, to the large assortment  
they have just opened, and which they offer at  
the very lowest cash prices. feb 23

**John P. Lyne,**  
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in  
Foreign Domestic Hardware, Paints,  
Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in N.  
Haver street, Carlisle, has just received from  
New York and Philadelphia a large addition to  
his former stock, to which the attention of buy-  
ers is requested, as he is determined to sell  
over than any other house in town. apr 19

**WASHINGTON HOUSE,**  
HARRISBURG, PA.  
THIS popular house has recently undergone  
a thorough repair, and has furnished with  
extra fine furniture, of the best quality.  
Members of the Legislature and others, visiting  
the Seat of Government, will find it a very de-  
sirable stopping place.  
feb 27 C. SANDERS, Agent.

**New Lumber Yard.**  
THE subscriber has opened a new Lumber  
Yard at the corner of West street and Locust  
alley where he now has and will keep constantly  
on hand a large assortment of seasoned PINE,  
BIRCH, and PLANE, and other kinds of  
STUFF, all of which he will sell for cash.  
He respectfully solicits the public patronage,  
mar 29-ly W. M. HALEY.

**Dyeing and Scouring.**  
**WILLIAM BLAIR** in Leathers, Street,  
near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's  
apparel, all colors, and washes all kinds  
of satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully  
solicited. sep 24-46

**Rags Wanted.**  
THE highest price will be paid for clean or in  
paper, by the subscriber for good RAGS. The  
rags may be delivered at the Paper Mill, five  
miles from Carlisle, at the Warehouse of Mr.  
Jacob Rhoads, in Carlisle. feb 17  
W. B. MULLEN.

**Watts Bar Iron**  
All sizes, for sale at the Warehouse of  
G. B. RHODES.  
Dec 13-47

**GENTLEMEN'S** Marine and Cotton shirts  
just received and for sale by  
G. B. RHODES.

**GENTLEMEN'S** Marine and Cotton Shirts  
also Silk Shirts, just received by  
april 10-49 G. B. RHODES.

### Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine.  
**THE BATTLE OF LIFE.**  
BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

There are countless fields, the green earth o'er,  
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;  
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,  
With the battle's smoke has obscured the day;  
Where the halcyon's nest, on each rigid face,  
As we met for the death embrace;  
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose  
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze;  
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain  
But a fierce combat, a desperate strife,  
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,  
Who does not share with his faithful hand;  
Friends and comrades around him stand,  
The trumpet sound and the war steed neigh-  
To join in the shock of the coming fray;  
And he flees to the quiet, he charges the foe,  
And he braces his bow to the red tide flow,  
Where the life is at stake, and the death blow,  
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire,  
What though he fall! At the battle's close  
In the flash of the victory won, he goes  
With martial music, and waving plume—  
From a field of fame, to a laurelled tomb;  
But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life  
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;  
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,  
Here or onward to meet the foe;

There is no glory, no that faded glow,  
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.  
Warrior—who canst thou this battle now,  
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,  
As if the day were already won, or  
Pause, and give all thy armor on!  
Dost thou bring with thee blither a dainties will—  
An ardent heart that no fear can chill—  
Thy shield of faith that thou tried and proved—  
To stand thy ground, "the thorn removed"  
In thy hand, and the sword of truth flame bright,  
In thy banner inscribed—"For God and the right!"  
In the night of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead,  
Never had warrior greater need!

These Pleasures wait with her shrewd train,  
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;  
Flattery courts with her hollow smiles,  
Passion with sly tongue beguiles,  
Love and friendship their cherished spells weave,  
True not to deeply they may deceive;  
Hope with her Dead Sea fruits is there;  
Sin is spreading her gilded snare;  
Disgrace with a ruthless hand would smite,  
And Care spread o'er thee her withering smite;  
Hate and Envy with a visage black,  
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;  
Pain and Despair in thy pathway glide,  
Hazard and Want in her demesne joy;  
Wits to degrade thee and their destiny,  
And Death, the Insatiate is hourly near  
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear!

In war with these phantoms that glide the round,  
To think discovered may avert the ground,  
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear  
The groans of the wounded hear may hear,  
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,  
As the iron enters the risen soul,  
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,  
And sinks and vanishes in the rounded cheek,  
The brow is furrowed, but not with years,  
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,  
And stricken with white is the raven hair,  
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is ended; the hero goes  
Worn and scarred to his last repose,  
He has won the day he conquered doom,  
He has sunk unknown in his nameless tomb,  
For the victor's story no mortal ear  
Fame has no echo, and earth, no shed.  
But the guardian angels are hovering near,  
They have watched thee in the conflict here,  
They have seen thee in their wings away,  
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day,  
Ended now is earthly strife,  
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!

**Miscellaneous.**  
**JERRY GUTTRIDGE.**  
A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS FROM BEING MAR-  
RIED TO A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING HUSBAND.

WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr. Guttridge?" said the wife of Jerry Guttridge, in a sad and desponding tone, as her husband came into the log house, from a neighboring grog-shop, about twelve o'clock, on a hot July day.  
"Oh, pick up something," said Jerry; "I wish you would be spry and get it ready, for I am hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop, for Sam-Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over by in' by to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, sit round, I can't wait!"  
"We haven't got any thing at all in the house to eat," said Mrs. Guttridge. "What shall I get?"  
"Well, well, pick up something," said Jerry rather anxiously; "for I'm in a hurry."  
"I can't make visits out of nothing," said the wife. "The last potatoes we had in the house we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast, neither?"  
"Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon?" said Jerry; "that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr. Whitman's, and borrow some meat?"  
"Because, said Mrs. Guttridge, "I've borrowed meat three times that I haven't returned yet." And besides, the baby's cried so, I've had to tend him all forenoon, and couldn't go out."

"I pity the man that has a helpless, child-  
less wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's  
become of that fish I brought in yesterday?"  
"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife, "with  
tears in her eyes, you and the children ate  
that fish for your supper last night. I pre-  
pared a morsel of it, and haven't tasted any-  
thing but potatoes these two days, and I'm  
so faint now that I can hardly stand."

"Always a grumbler," said Jerry. "I  
can't never come into the house but what I  
must hear a fuss about something or other.  
What's this boy enquiring about?" he con-  
tinued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy

—a little ragged, dirty faced, sickly looking  
thing, about six years old—at the same  
time giving the child a box on the ear,  
which laid him at his length on the floor.  
"Now get up!" said Jerry, "or I'll learn you  
to be crying about all day for nothing."

The tears rolled down the cheeks of  
Mrs. Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she  
raised the child from the floor, and seated  
him on a bench on the opposite side of the  
room.  
"What is Bob crying about?" said Jerry  
fretfully.

"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife, sink-  
ing upon the bench beside the little boy, and  
wiping her tears with her apron, "the poor  
child has been crying for a piece of bread  
these two hours. He's got no nothing to-day  
but one potato, and I spose the poor thing  
is half starved."

"At this moment their neighbor, Mr. Nat  
Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy  
man, made his appearance at the door, and  
as it was wide open, he walked in and took  
a seat. He knew the destitute condition of  
Guttridge's family, and often relieved their  
distresses. His visit at the present time was  
partly an errand of charity; for, being in  
want of some extra labor in his haying  
field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry  
was doing nothing, while his family were  
starving, he thought he would endeavor to  
get him to work for him, and pay him in  
provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sulkily on a  
broken-backed chair, the only sound one in  
the house being occupied by Mr. Frier, in-  
wards whom he cast sullen glances and  
surliness. His visit at the present time was  
partly an errand of charity; for, being in  
want of some extra labor in his haying  
field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry  
was doing nothing, while his family were  
starving, he thought he would endeavor to  
get him to work for him, and pay him in  
provisions.

"What's the matter with little Bobby?" said  
he, in a gentle tone, come, my little fellow,  
come here and tell me what's the matter?"  
"Go on, now, Bobby; go and see Mr. Frier,"  
said the mother, slightly pushing him for-  
ward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth,  
and the tears still rolling over his dirty  
face, edged sideways up to Mr. Frier, who  
took him up in his lap, and asked him  
again what was the matter.

"I want a piece of bread," said Bobby.  
"And won't your mother give you some?"  
said Mr. Frier, tenderly.

"She can't get none," replied Bobby; "for  
taters, too." The worthy farmer knew they  
were entirely out of provisions again, and he  
forebore to ask any further questions, but  
took Bobby in his arms, and took him to  
his house to give him something to eat. Then  
turning to Jerry, said he "Neighbor Guttridge,  
I've got four tons of hay down, that needs  
to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if I  
should have rap to-morrow, and I've come  
over to see if I can get you to go and help  
me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist  
me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of  
meal or a half bushel of meal, and a bushel  
of potatoes, and two pounds of pork."

"I can't go," said Jerry, "I've got something  
else to do."  
"Do, pray, go, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife  
with a beseeching look, "for you are only go-  
ing over to the shop to ride these horses, and  
that won't do you good; you'll only spend all  
the afternoon for nothing, and then we shall  
only have to go to bed without our supper  
again. Do, pray, go, Mr. Guttridge do!"

"I wish you would hold your everlasting  
clack," said Jerry, "you are always full of  
compliments! It's got to be a fine time of  
day if the women are again to rule the  
roost. I shall go over and ride these horses,  
and it's no business to you nor nobody else;  
and if you're too lazy to get your own sup-  
per, you may go without it; that's all I have  
to say about it."

With that he aimed for the door, when  
Mr. Frier addressed him as follows:—  
"Now I must say, neighbor Guttridge, if  
you are going to spend the afternoon over  
at the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys,  
and leave your family without provisions,  
when you have a good chance to earn enough  
this afternoon to last them right about a week,  
I must say neighbor Guttridge, that I think  
you are not in the way of your duty."

"Upon this Jerry, who had round, and look-  
ed Mr. Frier full in the face, and grinning  
horribly he said, "you old meddling vagabond!  
who made you master over me to be  
telling me what's my duty? You had bet-  
ter go home and take care of your own  
children, and let your neighbors alone!"

Mr. Frier sat and looked Jerry, calmly in  
the face, without uttering a syllable; while he  
having blown his nasal, marched out of doors,  
and steered directly for the grog shop, leav-  
ing the wife to pick up something if she  
could, to keep herself and the children from  
starvation.

"Mr. Frier was a benevolent man and a  
Christian, and the true spirit of christianity  
he always sought to relieve distress where-  
ever he found it. He was endowed, too,  
with a good share of plain common sense,  
and knew something of human nature; and  
he was well aware that Mrs. Guttridge re-  
ally loved her husband, notwithstanding his  
idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his  
family, he forebore to remark upon the  
scene which had just passed; but telling the  
afflicted woman he would send her some-  
thing to eat, he took little Bobby by the  
hand, and led him home. A plate of victu-  
als was set before the child, who devoured  
it with a greediness that was pitiful to be-  
hold.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Frier, "why has  
he left starved? Betsy bringing him a dish of  
bread and milk; that will get the best out of  
his poor empty, starved stomach."

Betsy ran and got the bowl of bread and  
milk, and little Bobby's hand soon began to  
move from the dish to his mouth, with a  
motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum  
of a clock.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr. Frier  
had been relating to his family the events  
which had occurred at Guttridge's house,  
and the starving condition of its inmates; and  
it was at once agreed that something should  
be sent over immediately, for they all said,  
"Mrs. Guttridge was a clever woman, and  
it was a shame that she should be left to suf-  
fer so."

Accordingly a basket was filled with bread  
a jug of milk, and some meat and vegeta-  
bles ready cooked, which had been left from  
their dinner; and Betsy ran, and brought a  
pie, made from their last year's dried pump-  
kins, and asked her mother if she might not  
put that in, so that the poor starving  
creature might have a little taste of some-  
thing that was good?"

"Yes," said her mother, "and put in a bit  
of cheese with it. I don't think we shall be  
any the poorer for it, for he has given us the  
poor lenthel to the Lord."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Frier; "and I guess  
you may as well put in a little dried pump-  
kin; she can warm it up for the children, and  
it will be good for 'em. We've got a plenty  
of green stuff a growing to last till pump-  
kins come again." So a quantity of dried  
pumpkin was also packed into the basket,  
and the pie laid on the top, and George was  
despatched, in company with little Bobby, to  
carry it over.

Mr. Frier's benevolent feelings had be-  
come highly excited. He forgot his four  
tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his  
wife about what could be done for the Gut-  
tridge family. Something must be done  
soon; he was not able to support them all  
the time; and if they were left alone much  
longer they would starve. He told his wife  
that he "had a good mind" to go and  
enter a complaint to the grand jury,  
ag'in Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that  
didn't provide for his family. The court  
sat at Saco to-morrow, and don't you think,  
I had better go and do it?"

"His wife thought he had better go over  
and talk with Mrs. Guttridge about it, and  
if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr.  
Frier said he "could go over, and talk with  
her, but he didn't think it would be of the  
least use, for the love of the boys, as he  
was, and he didn't believe she would be  
willing to have him punished by the court!"

However, after the consultation, he con-  
cluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs.  
Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly,  
he took his hat and walked in without cere-  
mony. Here he beheld the whole family,  
including Jerry himself, seated at their little  
table, doing ample justice to the basket  
of provision, which he had just before sent  
them. He observed the pie had been cut  
into two pieces, and one half of it—and he  
tho't rather the larger half—was laid on  
Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into  
small bits, and divided among the children.

Mr. Frier had reserved none to herself,  
except a small spoonful of the soft part, with  
which she was trying to feed the baby.—  
The other eatables seemed to be distributed  
very much in the same proportion.  
Mrs. Frier was a cool, considerate man,  
whose passions were always under the most  
perfect control; but he always censured  
for years afterwards that he thought he  
felt a little something like anger rising  
up in his stomach!

He sat and looked on till they had finish-  
ed their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread and  
meal enough for two common men's din-  
ners, and swallowed his half of the pie and  
a large piece of cheese, by way of desert;  
and then rose, and took his hat, and without  
saying a word, marched deliberately out of  
the house, and steered his course again to  
the grog shop.

Mr. Frier now broached the subject of his  
errand to Mrs. Guttridge. He told her that  
the neighbors could not afford to support her  
family much longer, and unless her husband  
went to work, he did not see but they would  
starve.

"Mrs. Guttridge began to cry. She said that  
"she didn't know what they should do; she  
had talked as long as talking would; she  
was not able to do any thing but to cry."  
"Don't cry, Mrs. Guttridge, don't cry,"  
said Mr. Frier, solemnly.  
"I'm sure I do," said Mrs. Guttridge; "I be-  
lieve all there is in the world."

"And don't you know," said Mr. Frier,  
"that the Bible says: 'He that won't work,  
neither shall he eat.'"

"I know there's something in the Bible  
like that," said Mrs. Guttridge, with a  
serious look.  
"Mr. Frier now represented to Mrs. Gut-  
tridge the improbability of her husband's be-  
ing able to get the nature in his  
stomach; and he advised her to be satisfied  
with her lot, and to be contented with what  
she had, and to be thankful for it. He said  
that she should be contented with what she  
had, and to be thankful for it. He said  
that she should be contented with what she  
had, and to be thankful for it."

"Well, it is or is he not, in the habit of  
spending his time, when he might be  
at work, earning something for his family to  
live upon?" inquired the judge.  
"Why, as to that," replied the witness—  
"Mr. Guttridge does not work much; but  
I don't know as he can help it; it doesn't  
seem to be his nature, to work. Some-  
how, he don't seem to be made like other folk;  
for, he tries ever so much, he can't ever  
work but a few minutes at a time; the nature  
don't seem to be in him."  
"Well, well," said the judge, "causing a  
judicial glance at the culprit, who stood  
with mouth wide open, and eyes fix-  
ed on the court, with an intense look,"  
"that showed he began to take an interest in the  
matter; "well, well, perhaps the nature will  
be able to get the nature in his  
stomach."

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to step aside,  
and Mr. Nat. Frier was called to the stand.  
His testimony was very much to the point,  
clear, and conclusive. Guttridge to say,  
that the judge retained a dignified self-possession,  
and setting back in his chair, all the case  
was clearly made out. Jerry Guttridge was  
unquestionably guilty of the charges against  
him. The court, out of delicacy, towards the  
feelings of his wife, retreated into pronounc-  
ing sentence until she had retired, which  
she did on an ultimatum being put, that the  
case was closed, and that she could return  
home. Jerry was then called, and ordered  
to hearken to his sentence, as the court had  
repeated as follows:

"Jerry Guttridge, you have been found  
guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and  
not providing for your family, and giving  
reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier when  
he reproved you for your idleness; the court  
orders that you get twenty lashes with the  
cat-o'-nine tails upon your naked back, and this  
sentence be executed forthwith by the con-  
stables at the whipping-post in the yard ad-  
joining the court house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face as-  
sumed diverse deep colors, sometimes red,  
and sometimes shading upon the blue. He  
tried to glance round upon the assembled  
multitude but his look was very sheepish,  
and unable to endure the gaze of the hun-  
dred of eyes that were turned upon him, he  
settled back upon a bench, located his head  
upon his hand, and looked steadily upon  
the floor.

The constables having been directed by  
the court to proceed forthwith to execute the  
sentence they led him out into the yard, put  
his arms round the whipping-post, and tied  
his hands together. He submitted without  
resistance; but when they commenced tying  
his hands round the post, he began to cry  
and beg, and promised better fashions; if  
they would only let him go this time.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge, to  
the grand jury."  
"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?"  
asked the foreman. "I did not think that he  
had had enough to do any thing worth com-  
plaining of to the grand jury."

"It's because he hasn't got life enough to  
do anything," said Mr. Frier; "that I have  
come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr.  
Foreman, he is a lazy idle fellow, and won't  
work, nor provide anything for his family to  
eat, and they have been half starving this  
long time, and the neighbors have had to  
keep sending them something all the time to  
keep them alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry is a peac-  
able kind of a chap, Mr. Frier; has anybody  
ever talked to him about it in a neighborly  
way, and advised him to do differently?—  
And may he be has no chance to work,  
where he could get anything for it?"

"I'm sorry to say," replied Mr. Frier, "that  
he has been talked to a good deal, and it  
does not do for me yesterday afternoon, and  
offered to give him victuals enough to last  
his family almost a week; but I could not  
get him to do it, and he went off to the grog  
shop, and to some jockeys swap horses. And  
when I told him calmly, I did not think he  
was in the way of his duty, he flew into a  
passion, and called me an old meddling vagabond!"

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury.  
"Abominable!" the foreman, there is no more  
to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be  
indicted, if anybody in the world ever did."

Accordingly, the indictment was drawn  
up, a warrant was issued, and the next day  
Jerry was brought before the court to answer  
to the charges preferred against him. Mrs.  
Sally Guttridge and Mr. Nat. Frier, were  
summoned as witnesses.

When the honorable court was ready to  
hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Gut-  
tridge back him to appear to an indictment  
found against him by the grand inquest for  
the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in  
the words following:

"We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle per-  
son, and not providing for his family, and for  
giving reproachful language to Nat. Frier,  
when he reproved him for his idleness."  
"Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this in-  
dictment—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jerry, "and here is my  
wife, who can tell you the same any day."  
Sally, haven't I always provided for my family  
as you see?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Guttridge. "I don't  
know but what you have as well as I—"  
"Stop, stop," said the judge, looking down  
upon her spectacles at the witness, "stop  
Mrs. Guttridge, you must not answer ques-  
tions until you have been sworn."

The court then directed the clerk to swear  
the witness, whereupon he called Nat. Frier  
and Sally Guttridge to step forward and  
hold up their right hands. Mr. Frier ad-  
vanced with a ready, honest air, and held  
up his right hand. Guttridge lingered a  
little behind; but when, at last, he faltered  
and held up her thin, trembling hand, and  
raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in  
tears towards the court, and exhibited her  
worn features, which, though sunburnt, were  
pale and sickly, the judge had, in his own  
mind, more than half decided the case against  
Jerry. The witness having all been sworn,  
Mrs. Guttridge was called to the stand.

"Now, Mrs. Guttridge," said the judge,  
"you are not obliged to testify against your  
husband; anything more than you choose—"  
The court will ask you questions touching  
the case, and you can answer them or not,  
as you think best. And, in the first place,  
I will ask you whether your husband neg-  
lects to provide for the necessary wants of  
his family; and also, whether you do, or do  
not have comfortable food and clothing for  
yourself and children?"

"Well, we got pretty hungry a good deal  
of the time," said Mrs. Guttridge, trem-  
bling, "but I can't know but Mr. Guttridge does  
the best he can about it. There don't seem to  
be any victuals that he can get, a good deal  
of the time."

"Well, it is or is he not, in the habit of  
spending his time, when he might be  
at work, earning something for his family to  
live upon?" inquired the judge.  
"Why, as to that," replied the witness—  
"Mr. Guttridge does not work much; but  
I don't know as he can help it; it doesn't  
seem to be his nature, to work. Some-  
how, he don't seem to be made like other folk;  
for, he tries ever so much, he can't ever  
work but a few minutes at a time; the nature  
don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the judge, "causing a  
judicial glance at the culprit, who stood  
with mouth wide open, and eyes fix-  
ed on the court, with an intense look,"  
"that showed he began to take an interest in the  
matter; "well, well, perhaps the nature will  
be able to get the nature in his  
stomach."

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to step aside,  
and Mr. Nat. Frier was called to the stand.  
His testimony was very much to the point,  
clear, and conclusive. Guttridge to say,  
that the judge retained a dignified self-possession,  
and setting back in his chair, all the case  
was clearly made out. Jerry Guttridge was  
unquestionably guilty of the charges against  
him. The court, out of delicacy, towards the  
feelings of his wife, retreated into pronounc-  
ing sentence until she had retired, which  
she did on an ultimatum being put, that the  
case was closed, and that she could return  
home. Jerry was then called, and ordered  
to hearken to his sentence, as the court had  
repeated as follows:

"Jerry Guttridge, you have been found  
guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and  
not providing for your family, and giving  
reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier when  
he reproved you for your idleness; the court  
orders that you get twenty lashes with the  
cat-o'-nine tails upon your naked back, and this  
sentence be executed forthwith by the con-  
stables at the whipping-post in the yard ad-  
joining the court house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face as-  
sumed diverse deep colors, sometimes red,  
and sometimes shading upon the blue. He  
tried to glance round upon the assembled  
multitude but his look was very sheepish,  
and unable to endure the gaze of the hun-  
dred of eyes that were turned upon him, he  
settled back upon a bench, located his head  
upon his hand, and looked steadily upon  
the floor.

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guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and  
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