Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLIX. CARLISLE, APRIL 11, 1849. NUM XXXII.

Cards.

Doctor Ad. Lippe,

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office In Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. F. Ehrman. ap 9 '46

Dr. I. C. Loomis,

DENTIST. 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 a single tooth to a full sett. ☞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 dwelling to the house adjoining his Drug Store on West High street. april 1

Dr. Geo. Willis Foulke,

GRADUATE of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, respectfully offers his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

OFFICE at the residence of his father in S Hanover street, directly opposite Morrets' Hotel and the 2d Presbyterican church. ap 7 '47

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 Ogilby's store. [nov22-6m

J. Windsor Rawlins, M. D.

GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College, respectfully offers his services to the public. Dr. Rawlins having had eight years experience in the Practice of his profession in Maryland and Pennsylvania, flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction to those requiring his aid. Office in Pitt street opposite the Mansion House Hotel and first door south of the Methodist church.

February 7th, 1849.

A Card.

SAMUEL HEPBURN will resume the practice of the law in the several counties (Cumberland, Perry and Juniata,) of his late Judicial district. Any business entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to.

OFFICE in Mrs. Ege's corner room North Hanover street, immediately opposite the Bank.

Carlisle March 7, 1849 tf.

John B. Parker,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—OFFICE in North Hanover Street, in the room formerly occupied by the Hon. F Watts.

March 21, 1849.

Wm. T. Brown,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. Office in Main street, nearly opposite the county jail, Carlisle. feb 9

James R. Smith,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with S. D. Adair, Esq. in Graham's new building, opposite the Post Office. mar 31 '47

Carson C. Moore,

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

EDWRD CLARKSON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 80½ Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞Orders may be sent by mail.

Dec. 20 1848.-6m.

Conveyancing.

DEEDS, BONDS, Mortgages, Agreements and other instruments of writing neatly and accurately drawn by the subscriber, who may be found at the office of the Carlisle Bank.

dec20tf A. HENDEL.

Plainfield Classical Academy,

(FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.)

FIFTH SESSION.

THE Fifth Session will commence on MONDAY, Nov. 6th, 1848. The number of students is limited, and they are carefully prepared for College, counting house, &c. &c.

The situation precludes the possibility of students associating with the vicious or depraved being remote from town or village, though easily accessible by State Road or Cumberland Valley Railroad, both of which pass through lands attached to the institution.

TERMS.

Boarding, washing, tuition, &c, (per ses.)	$50 0
Latin or Greek	5 0
Instrumental Music	10 0
French or German	5 0

Circulars with references, &c, furnished by

Oct. 11 R. K. BURNS, Principal.

WRIGHT & SAXTON,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE,

Glass, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Oil, Iron, Steel, Nails &c. would invite the attention of persons wanting goods in their line, to the large assortment they have just opened, and which they offer at the very lowest cash prices. feb23

John P. Lyne,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in N Hanover street, Carlisle, has just received from New York and Philadelphia a large addition to his former stock, to which the attention of buyers is requested, as he is determined to sell lower than any other house in town. april

Notice.

THE Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the stated meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at which time any persons having business with said Board, will meet them at their office in Carlisle.

Attest WM. RILEY, Cl'k.

Dyeing and Scouring.

WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louther Street, near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited. sep 2 '46

Rags Wanted.

THE highest price will be paid in cash or in paper by the subscriber for good RAGS. The rags may be delivered at the Paper Mill, five miles from Carlisle, or at the Warehouse of Mr. Jacob Rheem, in Carlisle.

W. B. MULLEN.

Watts' Bar Iron

OF all sizes, for sale at the Warehouse of J & D RHOADS.

GENTLEMAN'S Merino and Cotton shirts just received and for sale by

G. R. CROOKS.

California Money Belts.

All persons going to California would do well by calling at the store of the subscriber and procure one of those safe depositories for any extra change they may have to carry with them. They will also hold a heavy of gold dust. Call and see them. G. W. HITNER.

Poetry.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE OLD MAN.

In a dwelling lone and dreary,
By an unfrequented road,
Marked I oft an old man weary,
Dwelling in this drear abode;
Old man weary,
Dwelling dreary,
Form bowed down by flight of years;
Aged stranger,
Lonely wanderer,
Sorrowing through this vale of tears.

Oft I marked him, aged stranger,
At his solitary meal,
And I feared lest harm or danger,
Unawares on him should steal;
Sad and lonely,
Cheerless, gloomy,
Full of trouble, full of care,
Hopeful never,
Sorrowing ever,
Loads of grief he seemed to bear.

Entered I one morn his dwelling,
Wishing much his grief to heal;
Noble thoughts my mind impelling
And my heart was full of zeal,
Love and kindness,—
Never mindless,
Of the sufferer, though he be
Sad and weary,
Lone and dreary,
Tossed upon life's troubled sea.

Why so gloomy? Why so sorrowing?
Why so given up to grief?
Aged pilgrim, trouble borrowing,
Say, can'st thou find no relief?
Ever grieving,
None relieving
Thy poor sad and aching heart,
Can naught lighten,
Nothing brighten?
Nothing joy or hope impart?

Many sad years have I wandered,
Full of sorrow, full of grief,
Anxious thoughts my mind has pondered,
And I could find no relief;
Yet I linger,
A lone traveller,
Sorrowing through this dreary life;
No one caring,
No one sharing
With the world's bitter strife.

But can hope, no bliss imparting
To thy sad and heavy heart,
Causing (grief and care departing,)
Tears of joy unbidden start?
Doth hope cheer thee,
When thus weary,
Sad, and given up to grief?
Doth it lighten?
Doth it brighten?
Doth it give thy soul relief?

"Aye," responding, thus he answered.
"Hope, the beacon of the soul,
Lights to me a happy goal.
Heaven's blessing,
Hope impressing,
Gives me strength, and gives me power,
God doth aid me,
God will save me,
God will cheer my dying hour.

"Thus I linger, thus I linger,
Sorrowing, sorrowing, sorrowing on,
But hope cheers me as I wander,
Hope bids all my fears begone."
Thus replied he,
"Sad and gloomy,
Hoping yet and sorrowing on,
Thus I wander,
Thus I linger,
Till this weary life be done."

Miscellaneous.

A FATAL COLLEGE FREAK.

"Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute
—Wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red roll his eye's, dilated glow,"
"Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies."
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

UPON one evening a party of collegians and young bloods of the town had met together at my room to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the Sub hunters, who assembled twice in every week. We kept it up jollily until midnight having by that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sally forth and astonish the town by some well-planned and well-directed piece of mischief. Without any one of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture and started forth.

A traveling menagerie had arrived in the town the night before, and among the wonders it contained was a young bear. The poor animal had been so well beaten, that he became very humble and acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were all aware, having visited the managerie the day before. Just as we passed the spot where the animals were confined, it occured to me, what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin and place him in the chemical lecture room, to astonish, on the next day, the professor and the class.

No sooner had I made a proposition to this effect than it was adopted and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent or pavilion which covered the beasts, was erected in the great yard of the principal tavern. The cages, each containing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into town. They were ranged around the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals, the showmen and keepers had retired to rest along with the inmates of the tavern, leaving the tent entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our scheme. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels, the rest crept in under the canvass and entered the arena. It was sometime before we could, in the deep darkness of the place, identify the cage in which our friend Bruin had been placed to sleep. After stumbling over divers things which lay scattered about, and peering here, and there in the dark, we found the object of our search.—There, in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his two white eyes flashing drops of fire at being aroused from his quiet slumber.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him to the college, which was several hundred yards distant.—Some of the revellers proposed that we should throw a halter around his neck and so drag him along. We rejected this, not from any personal fear, since we had arrived at that point which makes one oblivious of danger, but lest we should be seen by some late straggler and have our fun spoiled. A better plan was, after much scheming, devised, and one which met with universal acquiescence.

In the tavern yard stood a water hogs-head, with a sliding lid fastened by means of hasp and staple. We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, upon the door immediately in front of the hogshead, and drive the animal in. We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll the prisoner and prison house to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it into execution. The cage with our united efforts, was slid quietly down from the wheels—Bruin growling all the time in anger—the hogshead was rolled in and placed the open end in front of the cage and the animal stirred up with our canes.

With a terrible yell he rushed in, and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear had roused the other animals, and our ears were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds that wakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshead growled and his voice came like distant thunder, so deadened was it by the the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incumbrance to their voices and they howled as clearly as though they were in their native forests.

Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for a long time, holding our breaths in suspense. But no one disturbed or thought of disturbing us. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning over went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvass, for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshead through the yard to the back gate which we unfastened, and then passing in the road started at a quick rate for our spot of destination. Over and over went the hogshead, the animal within growling at the rough treatment he received, we nearly convulsed with laughter at the uncouth noises he made.

At length we reached the back of the college, when one of our party climbed over the wall and unfasted the gate. We rolled in our prize to the back door of the laboratory, which was the place where our professor of chemistry lectured. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the door the the hogshead would not enter. Such being the case, we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers.

Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, and which was not visited perhaps once a month. He said rightly that if we placed Bruin in this apartment, he would not likely be discovered until sometime during the lecture of the chemical professor, when the noise he would be apt to make would attract attention, and the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We joined our strength, and upon our shoulders, up went the hogshead until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up, hoisted the window, and slided up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshead violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and lay still, or, with only an occasional growl. We shook it again and the brute gave a spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl, and the terrified animal, crouching in the corner remained silent. Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down. We rolled the hogshead up into a corner of the yard, and returning to our rooms continued our revelry till near daylight.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water, and afterwards a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the room just as he had commenced to descant upon the subject. The class were all wrapped in attention—for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon 'Light,' a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustration. He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium, before we heard a crash of bottles and a low, startling growl in the next room. The professor started, stopped a moment, while those of the class not in the secret, looked at each other in astonishment.—There was a pause of a few seconds duration—and then the professor proceeded.

I began to be alarmed. I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper notion of the superiority of man. But from the sounds, I judged that Bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated from us by a thin partition, full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There were a great many carboys and bottles of acid in that room. Should he overset any of these, and their contents touch his skin, he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment, and do some mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions I saw they entertained the same fear.

There was another crash and growl—The professor stopped again, and the class looked round in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise, could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they labored there, was something so ludicrous in the growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could hardly refrain from laughing outright. The professor, who could not tell from whence the sound proceeded, and tho't it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he, preparing for a brilliant experiment. "I will show you a most startling effect."

And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrible howl, that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and through that frail glass—Father of Truth! we had mistaken the cage—there leaped forth, infuriated with the burning liquid that streamed over him—horror!—an untamed royal tiger!

No words can describe the consternation of the class. Not one stirred. Petrified by horror—motionless—breathless—there we sat. Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we with our intense fear. It was our preservation. Maddened with the intense pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds, and meeting no obstacle passed down stairs into the great hall. There he leaped and rolled and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming in with a message, unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger frantic with the acid, which eating to his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed, and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never more shone the light of reason on her vacant eyes. From that day forth she was a gibbering incurable idiot.

On dashed the tiger—on! on! on!—thro' the streets with the populace flying to every side for shelter—passed his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind, before and around, rose up the mingled cry of men, women, and children—"The tiger! the tiger!"

At the extremity of the main street a traveler was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and casting his eyes around, saw the cause. He spurred his horse, who started, snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted not the man. He only saw the terrified steed. One leap, the distance was just saved, and he stuck his claws into the hind quarters of the horse, who unmindful of his double burden, rushed on, bearing the fearful load as though it was a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With a presence of mind and a coolness most determined, for it resulted from despair, he drew his bowie-knife from his bosom, and with a firm stroke, buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed and he died on the instant. But he did not release his hold. Still, with the death grip, he clung to his place, his eyes glassed and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, plunging and rearing in mingled pain and terror—on he went, until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after, cautiously and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They watched awhile and found they did not move. They stole up; both the horse and tiger were dead, and upon their lifeless forms was the traveler, insensible, though alive, and still grasping, his hand the friendly knife.

Washington.

ONE Rueben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about one thousand pounds.—While he was President one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgement was obtained and execution issued against the body of the defendent, who was taken to jail. He had considerable land estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him, that Gen Washington did not know anything of the proceedings and that it might be well to send him a petition with a statement of the circumstances. He did so—and the next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge and severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was consequently restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without first presenting prayers to heaven for 'their beloved Washington.' Providence smiled on the labors of the grateful family, and in a few years, Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to pay the money, with the interest, to this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged; Rouzy replied that the debt of his family to the father of their country, and the preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General to avoid the blessing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

TO MARY ANN.

Your face, So fair,	Your tongue, So sweet,	Your wit So sharp
First bent Mine eye	Then drew Mine ear	Then hit My heart
Mine eye To like	Mine ear To learn	Mine heart To love
Your face Doth lead	Your tongue Doth teach	Your wit Doth move
Your face With beams	Your tongue With sound	Your wit With art
Doth blind Mine eye	Doth charm Mine ear	Doth rule Mine heart
Mine eye With life	Mine ear With hope	Mine heart With skill
Your face Doth feed	Your tongue Doth feast	Your heart Doth fill
O face With frowns	O tongue With check	O wit With smart
Wrong not Mine eye	Vex not Mine ear	Wound not Mine heart
This eye Shall joy	This ear Shall bend	This heart Shall swear
Your face To serve	Your tongue To trust	Your wit To fear

HOUSEHOLD ORDERS.

Nancy, go and comb your hair,
Betsey, stop your laughing there!
Kate, make haste and wash the dishes,
And, Susan, mend your father's breeches!
Sammy, run and feed the hogs,
Jim, go out and bring some logs!
I'll whip you, John, you ugly rake,
If you don't stop a kicking Jake!

The Future.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

"Why don't you go to Church?"

Come with me while I interrogate this group, composed, as it is, of every size that frequents our Sabbath school.

'Why don't I see you at Church, my child?'

'*I'm too little!*'

'What are you not able to lisp 'Our Father who art in heaven!' Then you are not too young to go that Father's house, and learn, as your mind opens and your heart expands of the wonders of grace and love that he has in store for you if you will only obey and trust him. Remember it was his only Son and your Savior who said, when upon earth, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and think that he who has chosen such little ones as you to be with him far away in his own glorious home, would he not be pleased were he to see you Sabbath after Sabbath, coming up to meet him in his house of prayer? Go to church, then, and hear the precious tidings that are there told, before your young nature becomes hardened by indifference, or defiled still more by sin.'

'Why don't you go to church my lad?—Your health and vigor are indicated by every movement of your limbs.'

'*My clothes are not fit.*'

'Ah! that is the reason is it? Why, then, are you at Sabbath School? Why are you daily on the streets, meeting and mingling with those that you see at church? If your Father in Heaven has seen fit to cast your lot among the destitute, there is the more necessity for you to draw near to him, for he is no respecter of persons. He judges not by outward appearance, but judges of the heart, and has himself said that he will be a friend of the poor and needy. But how can you ask him to be your friend, if you obey not his word, and honor not his house? Go, then, go to church, for there you may find a spot, (if there be not another on earth,) where you may forget your rags and wretchedness. There all are equal, and though a President or Governor sit by your side, he is no more in the sight of the heart-searching God, than you in your clean but homely garb. Go! it is your Father's house, he has invited you to it. Let not the fear of man keep you from it.'

And here is a little girl just past ten.—'And why don't you go to church, my child?'

'*We have no pew.*'

'Do your parents prize the gospel so little that they cannot spare ten, five, or even two dollars for its maintenance? Do they wish to see the sanctuary closed—the Sabbath abolished—the ministry cease, and everything thrown back to the darkness of heathenism, out of which the preached gospel has alone rescued them? Do they deem these safeguards and blessings of so little importance, that, so far as their action and example go, they *shall* be abolished? Have they no mite to give, and yet stand and enjoy what the mites of others have been and are maintaining? Expostulate with your father, plead with your mother, and then one and all come up to the house of God, and heed what His servants will there say to you.—*S. S. Journal.*

ENERGY AND MIND.—Energy! Energy is everything. How mean a thing is a man with little motive power! All the abilities nature has given him lie useless, like a great and beautiful machine, ready at every point for useful action, but not a wheel turns for want of a starting power! A great man is just like a great machine. He has a great power to set in motion the varied and immense projects which he has in hand; little motives can neither start nor stop him; they may set in full play the powers of an ordinary man, and render him a respectable, nay, even a beautiful piece of mechanism, but never a magnificent one.

Yet there is one point which lifts man supremely above the machine. By the working of *his own* mind he can improve and exalt himself; by directing his eye to what is great and good, he may become so. If then, we can become what we wish to be what high objects should we aim at, and what resolute and energetic efforts should we be ever making to attain them?

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest.

History.

From Macaulay's History of England.

CROMWELL'S PURITAN ARMY.

THE army which now became supreme in the state, was an army very different from any that has since been among us. At present the pay of the common soldiers is not such as to induce any but the humblest class of English laborers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable seperates him from the commissioned officer. The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in climate unfavorable to the health and vigor of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people, and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude.—These persons, sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion. The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in their solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into service, nor had they enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre, that they were not janissaries, but free-born Englishmen, who had, of their own accord, put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England, and whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.

A force thus composed might, without injury to its efficiency, be indulged in some liberties, which, if allowed to any other troops, would have proved subversive to all discipline. In general, soldiers who whould form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate, in any regiment, religious meetings at which a corporal, versed in Scripture, should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity and self command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp, a political organization and a religious organization could exist without destroying military organization. The same men who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field preachers, were distinguished by steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

In war this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage characteristic of the English people was, by the system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated.—Other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. Other leaders have maintained orders as strict. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the fiercest enthusiasm. From the time when the army was remodeled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found either in the British Islands, or on the Continet, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier, when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's picked men to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; and the banished cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, driving before it in headlong route the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which prevaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists, that in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizens and the honor of women were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the redcoats. Not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths.

"I feel want a [illegible] [illegible]," said what you want, [illegible] to his son—

"I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," replied the youth.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensitive young man, than asking the girl he loves to marry him. At there are few who do not find their moral courage tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, and seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth, trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, which, in one way or the other, they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suitable to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the subject with due solemnity—if gay and lively, he will make the subject an excellent joke—if sentimental, he must woo her in a strain of high wrought romance, and if severely practical, he relies upon straight-forward common sense.

There is one maxim of universal application. Never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a man who neglects one? Women cannot make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving men occasions to make them. In every case it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity she expects him to improve it, and through he may tremble and feel his pulse throb through every limb, though his heart fills up his throat, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, yet the awful question must be asked—the fearful task accomplished.

In the country, the lover is taking a walk by moonlight, with the lady of his love—talks of the beauty of the scenery, the harmony of nature, and exclaims—

'Ah! Julia, how happy would existence prove, if I always had such a companion.'

She sighs and leans more fondly on the arm that tremblingly supported her.

'My dearest Julia, be mine forever!'

This is a settler, and the answer, ever so inaudible, makes or undoes him quite.

'Take pity on a forlorn bachelor,' says another, in a manner that may be either jest or earnest—'marry me at once, and put me out of misery.'

'With all my heart, whenever you are ready,' replies the laughing fair one, and a joke carried thus far is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attention to a lady says,

'Wel, Mary, when is the happy day?'

'What day, pray?' she asks with a conscious blush.

'Why, every body knows we are going to get married, and it might as well be one time as another; so when shall it be?'

Cornered in this fashion, there is no retreat.

'Jane, I love you! Will you marry me?' would be somewhat abrupt, and a frank given 'Yes,' would be short and sweet for an answer.

'Ellen one word from you would make me the happiest man in the universe.'

'I should be cruel not to speak it, then, unless it is a very hard one.'

'It is a word of three letters, and answers the question—Will you have me?'

The lady of course says 'Yes,' unless she happens to prefer a word of two letters, and answers 'No.'

And so this interesting and terrible process in practice, as simple as it is in theory, is varied in a hundred ways, according to circumstances and the various dispositions.

One timid gentleman asks—'Have you any objections to changing your name?' and follows this up with another which clenches its significance—'How will mine suit you?'

'Will you tell me what I most wish to know?'

'Yes, if I can.'

'The happy day when we shall be married?'

Another says—'My Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expects we shall.'

'All the world is very impertinent.'

'I know it—but it can't be helped. When shall I tell the parson to be ready?'

As a general thing, a gentleman need never be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to a point of declaration.

A VALUABLE BOY.—"What can you do?" asked a traveler of a country urchin whom he saw in front of a farmer's house, tickling a toad with a long straw.

"O, I can do more'n considerable—I ride the turkeys to water, milke the geese, crow down the old rooster, put up the peas nails in paper to make 'em curl, hamstring the grasshoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, keep tally for dad and mammy when they scold, at meals, and put the buttons on dad's coat when he's at prayers in the morning."

A friend of ours who keeps a boarding house, says the appetite of a certain boarder [illegible] more approximates nearer to the bottomless pit than anything he has ever seen. He never becomes satisfied, and is always hungry, is the reason he assigns for this opinion.