# CARLISLE HERALD.

A Family Newspaper,----Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—*Bishop Hall.*

E. BEATTY, *Proprietor.* CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1851. VOLUME LI. NO. 27.



## Cards.

1851.

**DR. H. HINKLEY,**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—*Office—Main street, near the Post Office.* Doct. H. will give his particular attention to Surgical diseases, and diseases of women and children. He will also give his attention every Saturday morning, in his office, *gratis*, from 11 to 12 o'clock, to surgical cases among the poor. January 22, 1851.

**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 oors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent the last ten days of every month.

**DR. F. MILLER,**

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, having succeeded Dr. Lippe, formerly practising physician of this place, solicits the patronage of the friends of his pre-decessor, and shall be happy to wait upon all who may favor him with a call. nov13,1m F. MILLER, M.D.

**A CARD.**

DR. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist informs his former patrons that he has returned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend to all calls in the line of his profession. [oct31

**CARSON C. MOORE,**

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

**WM. M. PENROSE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. OFFICE in Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by L. G. Brandebury, Esq.

**JAMES B. SMITH,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Has REMOVED his office to Beetem's Row, two oors from Burkholder's Hotel. [apr 1

**GEORGE EGE,**

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OFFICE at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, ap 8'49.

**Plainfield Classical Academy,**

FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.

*The Ninth Session will commence on MONDAY, November 4th, 1850.*

IN consequence of increasing patronage a large and commodious brick edifice has been erected, rendering this one of the most desirable institutions in the state. The various departments are under the care of competent and faithful instructors, and every endeavor will be made to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of students. The surrounding country is beautiful and healthful, and the institution sufficiently distant from town or village to prevent evil associations.

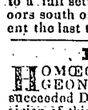
*Terms*—$50 *per Session (Five Months.)*

For circulars with full information address

R K BURNS, *Principal*

*Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.* oct2'50

**Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c.**



I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, together with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Brushes of almost every description, with an endless variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very lowest prices.

All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.

S. ELLIOTT,

May 30 Main street, Carlisle.

**Extensive Cabinet Ware-Rooms.**

ROBERT B. SMILEY, successor to Wm. C. Gibson, CABINET-MAKER & UNDERTAKER, North Hanover street, Carlisle, would respectfully inform the citizens of Carlisle and the public generally that he now has on hand a large assortment of new and elegant FURNITURE, consisting in part of Sofas, Wardrobes, Cord and other Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, plain and fancy Sewing Stands, &c. manufactured of the best materials and quality warranted. Also a general assortment of Chairs at the lowest prices.—Venitian Blinds, made to order and repairing promptly attended to. ☞COFFINS made to order at the shortest notice, and having a splendid Hearse, he will attend funerals in town or country. ☞Dont forget the old stand of Wm. C. Gibson, in North Hanover street, a few doors north of Glass's Hotel.

Sept 4-1y. R. B. SMILEY.

CABINET WAREHOUSE

*Corner of Hanover and Louther sts., Carlisle.*

THE undersigned has always on hand a large stock of superior Cabinet Ware, in all the different styles, which he is prepared to sell at the lowest prices. He invites attention particularly to the *Patent Spring-Bottom Bedstead*, a most useful article, which entirely obviates all objections. The bottom can be attached to old Bedsteads. They have given entire satisfaction to all who have them in use.

☞COFFINS made to order at the shortest notice.

JACOB FETTER.

Carlisle, Jan'y. 22, 1851.—1y.

**Extensive Furniture Rooms.**

JAMES R. WEAVER would respectfully call the attention of House Keepers and the public to his extensive stock of ELEGANT FURNITURE, including Sofas, Wardrobes, Centre and other Tables, Dressing and plain Bureaus and every other article in his branch of business. Also, now on hand the largest assortment of CHAIRS in Carlisle, at the lowest prices. ☞Coffins made at the shortest notice and a Hearse provided for funerals. He solicits a call at his establishment on North Hanover street, near Glass's HOTEL. N.B.—Furniture hired out by the month or year.

Carlisle, March 20, 1850.—1y

**GEORGE Z. BRETZ,**

SURGEON DENTIST—would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to perform all operations on the Teeth that may be required. Artificial Teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, upon the latest and most approved principle. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.—He may be found at the residence of his brother on North Pitt street.

Carlisle, Sept 18, 1850.

**LUMBER YARD.**

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL YARD in West High street, a few doors east of Messrs J & D Rhoads's Warehouse, where he now has and will keep constantly on hand a first rate assortment of all kinds of seasoned pine boards and plank and all other kinds of wood, all of which he will sell low for cash

April 3, 1850. JOHN N. ARMSTRONG

**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, Clk.


## Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker.

### THE PRINTER.

"The printer, in his folio, heraldeth the world. Now some tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea fights, law suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, and plays; then again, as in a new shifted scene, treason, cheating, tricks, robberies, enormous villanies of all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created—to-morrow of great men deposed—and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, &c. Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news.'

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;
All silent within, save the ticking type,
All without save the night-watch turning;
And heavily echoed the solemn sound,
As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone,
With the joy of festivity gleaming,
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;
Yet the Printer still worked at his lonely post,
As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,
And building bright hopes for the morrow,
Nor dreamed he that Fate was then waving a wand
That would bring to him fear and sorrow;
Yet the Printer was there in his shadowy room,
And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom.

The young wife was sleeping whom lately had bound
The ties that death only can sever;
And dreaming, she started, yet woke with a smile,
For she thought they were parted forever;
But the Printer was clicking the types that would tell
On the morrow *the truth* of that midnight spell.

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow,
And restless, the pillow was pressing,
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his dream
His loftiest hopes now possessing;
Yet the printer worked on, 'mid silence and gloom,
And dug for ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up
His budget of grief and gladness;
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,
For the happy a full cup of sadness;
Strange stories of wonder to enchant the ear,
And dark ones of terror to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall bear,
To palace and cot on the morrow;
Oh welcome, thrice welcome to many a heart—
To many a bearer of sorrow,
It shall go like the wild and wandering air,
For life and its changes are impressed there.

## Miscellaneous.

From Bartain's Magazine.

### A WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Who that hath set down in measureless content and enjoyed the pleasure which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, 'How long will this last? What will occur to disturb the happiness now vouchsafed?' I never had an animal to which I was particularly attached—and never had one from a cat to a horse to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my uses or caresses of it, and ask, 'What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape or death?'

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the inquiry arise, 'How long will this last?' No sign of rupture is presented, no token of dissolution is observable; but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution. How will it come, and when?'

I confess that such anticipations are not always the evidence of a well balanced mind; too often they come from a morbid state of feelings, that frequently produce the very evil they suggest. The anticipation of evil is not so much the result of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a want of self-sustaining power.

Years ago it was my chance to be near a young woman, at the moment on which she was taking leave of a lover. She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

'Can it last?' said she to herself. 'And why not? if he loves me now when my station and consequently my manners are less desirable than his, surely he must love me more when I have had the advantage of his association, and have constantly improved by that intercourse.' She passed onward. I heard no other words, but her steps indicated a heart at ease, or if disturbed, it was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

'Can it last? and if not, when will it fail? How will its diminution manifest itself?' These were queries which arose in my mind often, as I thought of the approaching nuptials. And once, a few days after the marriage, I saw her leaning against the trunk of a tree which was then in full blossom. She was evidently connecting her own new estate with the lovely hopefulness of the branches above her, and as she raised her eyes again, it was evident that she was thinking of the future, which was radiant with hope. For one moment a cloud seemed to pass over her face; it was rather doubt than pain.

She looked again at the tree and its munificence of bloom, the cloud passed from her face, and she came away in evident delight.

That was a spring of disappointment, as I remember; a frost destroyed the early vegetation, and entirely ruined the blossoms on the tree at which she had been looking. No fruit was borne.

It was, I apprehend, my own infirmity that led me to think more of changes which might come across the path of the newly-married person, than anything in her condition; for though I subsequently saw where the danger lurked, yet then it was with me only the foreshadowing of a somewhat morbid sensibility, contrived to anticipate enough to make the present gloomy with anticipations of the future. So I watched. Blessed be the race of croakers, whose stomachs are constantly constantly conjuring up a cloud to darken their minds, and who are too selfish to let any one pass without the benefit of their overshadowing forebodings. I watched this case, for the first exclamation which I have recorded of this young woman had touched a chord of melancholy in my own disposition, and so I was anxious to see 'how long it would last;' Low long the peace, joy, and domestic felicity would continue. It did not seem to me that the disturbance could originate with her.

The husband was fond of amusements; and he kept and used a good gun and some well-trained dogs. But though these drew him occasionally from his home, yet the fine disposition of the wife found in the dumb but sagacious companions of her husband, objects of regard. She learned to like them, and as became their nature, they loved her, joyed in her caresses, and seemed to have a sober resolve to watch over her safety, and to secure it even at the cost of their lives. I confess that I was disappointed at this, having anticipated that the litter of dogs would have disturbed the equanimity of the wife, and thus have provoked reprisals from the husband.

It was not long before some event—I think it was the ordinary result of 'security,' the miserable pride of trying to make one's self considerable in jeopardising the peace and comfort of a family by going 'security' for a man, in whom others could not have confidence, or they would not have asked security—that swept from the husband a considerable portion of the property which had made his condition better than the wife's before marriage.

'And here,' said I, 'it will cease to last.'—I hope that my feelings were of the right kind; I think now that they were only those of curiosity. Some people seem to desire an evil that they have foretold—I think I only desired to know how the loss of property was to affect the wife.

Her husband was the first to tell her of the misfortune.

'I am sorry, my dear,' said the quiet wife, 'sorry indeed. It will compel you to do much of the work which you have hitherto hired other persons to perform. Do not let the loss of your property mortify you, nor suffer yourself to dwell on the error, if it was an error, of the act by which the loss occurred.'

'But you—you, my dear wife——'

'It will not,' said she, 'essentially affect me; it will not add to my labors or my anxiety.—I must look after the household affairs whether we have one farm or two.'

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that her husband should lose the social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed; but it was a pardonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This then was not much of a grief.

'It lasted yet.'

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause.—I was not in the house during the short sickness of the child, but I attended the funeral, and followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the churchyard. When the clods fell upon the coffin I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed necessary to prevent her from 'going unto him.'

And I said, 'It lasts no longer.'

The friend and neighbor led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him, that she might lean on his manly strength, showed me my mistake.

The mother had suffered, but the affection, nay, the happiness of the wife was complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unsodded grave of her only child.

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministrations of new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as much as she, and yet at the moment of deepest anguish he had hushed his own grief that he might sustain her in her sorrow. The mother mourned but the wife rejoiced. How beautiful and beautifying for the moment had sorrow become. It seemed to me as if affection had never before possessed such charms; it needed affliction to make it apparent, as the sunlight pouring through the crevices into a darkened chamber becomes visible only by the floating particles that reflect the ingushing rays.

The affairs of the couple were not so prosperous as the virtues, the industry, the economy, and the womanly excellence of the wife seemed to deserve, yet she never repined. I think one or two instances of excess on the part of the husband drew largely upon the forbearance of the wife, but as even the excess was accompanied with expressions of affection—they, though maudlin, seemed to compensate. The feeling then was rather a slight apprehension for the future than grief for the present—sorrow and deep mortification might have been felt. But these few instances, joined with some unaccountable decay of means, did not disturb the happiness of the wife, a happiness which seemed to me a perpetual joy.

Was the woman apathetic? Had she no sensitiveness? Was she made to go through life with a gentle laugh, and drop into the grave with a smile? Her anguish at the death of her son proved the contrary.

The loss of property, to one who had been poor before, seemed to produce no grief; but let the reader remember, or if he has not known the fact let him now learn it, that the loss of property is felt more bitterly by those who have from poverty risen to possessions; than it is by those who from infancy to the disaster had always been rich.

The loss of property produced no grief.

The death of her child led to new affection for an enlarged joy in her husband.

His unfrequent but still obvious departure from sobriety, long unattended with rudeness or neglect, did not offend the pride of the wife.

'It will last always,' said I.

'I must mean as a mother,' thought she, 'I must abate a portion of my social state, and I may, once in a long time, be mortified by some low indulgence in my husband, but fixed, deep permanent grief as a wife. it is probable I am to be spared, as a comparison of my own constitution with that of my husband shows that in the course of nature I shall be spared the misery of mourning for his death, and be saved from the solitary woes of widowhood.'

The loss of property rendered necessary more labor on the part of the husband, and that labor kept him more from his home than formerly; but the gentle welcome of the wife cheered the toilworn husband, and her delicate caress changed the gloom settling on his brow into smiles of satisfaction. There was perhaps more pleasure in the efforts which she was making, to produce the evidence of gratification in her husband, than there was in the mere exchange of smiles of welcome and thanks. The wife grew proud of her influence to bring him back to enjoyment, she felt a new consequence when she found that she could not only reciprocate smiles but dispel frowns, not only share in the pleasures of home, but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification by producing the happiness of another.

It was late in a summer afternoon, and by appointment the husband ought to have returned two or three hours before. The noise of revelry had for a long time disturbed the outer edge of the village in which the dwelling was situated—some vulgar frolic, hitherto kept in a distant part of the county, had been adjourned to that neighborhood—but the way of the husband on his return did not lie in that course. The wife had gone to the door frequently to watch for his approach, and to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile which makes home delightful, which attracts and retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and stretched her eyes along the road in the hope that some token of his approach would be presented; there was none. Even the dogs that had followed her out failed to give notice of his coming. She leaned over the railing with distrustful hope—he would come soon, and would repay her for all her anxiety by extraordinary evidence of affection. She summoned up for consolation the thousand kindnesses of her husband, his constant changeless love, his resistance of those errors that marred the domestic happiness of so many families; and like a true wife, she suffered the lustre of her own purity, excellence and affection, to gild the character and conduct of her husband.

She was startled from her revery of delight and charity by an unusual outbreak of noisy debauchery from the wretched drinking house below. She leaned forward, and stood fixed in horror at the sight.

Her husband was in the midst of the riotous host, in sickening, disgusting familiarity with an abandoned one of her own sex.

She stepped back until an angle of her own house concealed from her the painful scene.—A thousand previous matters that had scarcely excited thought became then of importance, in the explanation which was given in what she had seen. She raised her apron to her eyes, but there were no tears; her hands dropped on the fence before her; a feeling came over her heart such as she had not before experienced.

She felt as a woman regret for the loss of property—the mother had mourned the death of her child—and anxiety had been felt for some slight errors in her husband; but property could be regained by labor, or relinquished without effort—every dream of the mother gave back to her heart her beloved child and refreshed with a spiritual intercourse; and every waking thought that turned toward the dead one, was lustrous with the sense of his heavenly intercourse, and consoling in the promise of a future union—the errors of a husband that do not imply dishonor, nor exhibit themselves as evidences of wanting affection, may be mended or endured; but when the heart is suddenly overwhelmed with the evidence of shame, insult, dishonor, when all the purity of woman's thoughts is outraged with the proofs of guilt, and all the years of her charity and enduring love are dishonored by the unerring tokens of ingratitude and infamy, and the confiding, the consoling, the truthful wife becomes the witness of the destruction of her domestic peace, despair sweeps over the heart, like the blastings of the simoom; and then, all the unmentioned sufferings of the woman, all the cherished sorrows of the daughter, all the poignant anguish of the mother are lost, in the overwhelming torrent of—'The Wife's First Grief.'

☞There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable, but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not one particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position: not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine: but what I want is the heart and the gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, "Be courteous;" and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire bound system of misery and constraint. —*Dr. Chalmers.*

☞Mrs. Partington hearing that a young man had set up for himself, "Poor fellow," said she, "has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time?" And she sighed to be young again.

### PATENT LABOR SAVING FLUID.

**Or how a Yankee got his fingers burnt.**

'Don't make yourself uneasy about the dresses, ladies,' exclaimed a labor-saving man. 'I have a few bottles of the patent transparent washing-fluid in my trunk. that will in five minutes time, without the least labor or inconvenience in the world, ma'am, renovate the dresses in a manner that is truly astonishing, and bring back the color to a few shades brighter than the original tint.'

A raw-bone Vermonter, sitting by our side, and who, until this time, kept as silent as a pine slab, here drew up his long neck and exclaimed:

'Stranger, you'll oblige me much by discontinuing your remarks about your infernal washing fluid; for I'm in rather a good humor to-day, and I don't wish to be *riled*. I once purchased a bottle of that stuff, and it came nigh ruining me for life, and I've taken an oath to lick the first man who ever offers me another bottle. I could tell you a yarn on that subject that would bring the tears to your eyes, but of course no man wants to hear a yarn now.'

The Yankee, however, did tell his yarn.—Having on such an application made a purchase, he proceeded to detail his experiment.

'My purchase was on Saturday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, and I took my big black bottle of fluid, put it in my coat pocket and started for home. Now, thinks I to myself, my wife always picks up her clothes on Sunday night and does washing Monday morning, after breakfast; and so it would be a good joke for me not to let her know anything about the blessed fluid, but get up Monday morning, while she is asleep, put the clothes in a tub, pour on the fluid, stir 'em up with a stick, and hang them up to dry. 'Lord!' says I to myself, right in the street, as loud as I am talking now, 'I'll do it, by ginger, if I have to get up at two o'clock!' So when I gets home I just takes the bottle of fluid out in the wood shed, and pokes it up on a high shelf among a lot of old beer-bottles and blacking boxes, and went around the house as if nothing had happened.'

'Saturday night I went to market just as usual; and Sunday we both went to church in the forenoon, and staid at home and talked about our future prospects in the afternoon; but I kept a keeping still about the fluid, and didn't let on but what I expected she would do the washing the next morning just the same as ever. But I didn't sleep much that night. I kept thinking about stirring up that tub of clothes, and getting 'em out to dry before daylight. Once I got into a little short doze and I dreamed of swimming across a deep river of gushing fluid, and the rocks at the bottom and both sides were all petrified shirt bosoms and pillar cases, and there was an old washerwoman on the banks of the river who kept a stirring on us with a long pole.—I reckon I woke up about five o'clock; for 'twas just about half between daylight and dark, and I could just see the leastest stroke of light in the world among the clouds around the tops of the Green mountains. I turns over and looks at wife and she was sleeping as sound as a dead salmon; so I carefully slid out o' bed, hurried on my clothes, and in less than ten minutes, had the old wash tub filled clear to the top with all of wife's white clothes, and all I could find of my own. I poured-in about a pail full and a half of clean rain-water, and then goes in the wood-shed, takes down the bottle of fluid, walks back to the tub, and pours her all in! Lord! but 'twould have done you good to hear it *siz!*

'Well,' says I to myself, 'if that's the dirt coming out, it makes a good deal of noise about it any way; and I guess its doing up the thing handsomely.' So after letting it *siz* for about a minute, I takes up an old broom handle that was standing near and wallops the things about like a lamb's tail in fly time, for about three minutes, and then takes hold of 'em with my hands, to string 'em out on the fence. But gentlemen you'd better believe I dropped that *ere* pile of duds mighty sudden! bilin water wasn't a circumstance to 'em, and afore I could get my hands into a pail of fresh water, I thought in my soul I should lose 'em both. For about a minute, I was as mad as a scratched kitten. I finally thought I would not wake up my wife with my bellering, but hang out the bilin duds with the old broom-handle and let 'em drain and dry on the fence; but the plaguy things never *cooled* to the last minute, and every time a drop of the pesky fluid splattered on my hands or face, it burnt worse than a half bushel full of live red coals. I soon got tired of that sport, however, and before I got on the fence half of what was in the tub I just washed my hands and face in some cool rain-water, and streaked it off to bed. But I couldn't sleep a wink; my hands pained me so that I had to keep a blowing on 'em to keep from bellering, so says I to my wife, says I—

'Susan, hadn't you better get up and put your clothes to soak?'

'Ho, h-u-m,' says she, rubbing her eyes with her thumb joint and kind o' winking, as if she was half asleep. 'Yes, John, I guess I had; but how long have you been awake?'

'Oh, sometime,' says I, blowing my hands, and digging my legs with my toe-nails, all the time to keep from groaning; 'but get up now, Susan, do, dear, or you will be late with your breakfast, and I've got to go out of town this morning on important business.'

'If that's the case,' says she, 'I'll certainly hurry.'

'You may depend upon it, gentlemen, I was in a mighty uncomfortable fix about that time! I wanted to groan like a dying horse and have something *cooling* wrapt around my fingers; and then again, I did't want to make a noise, till wife had seen how nice I had fixed her things. Well, wife she hurried and dressed herself and went out into the kitchen to fill up a tub, and in a few minutes I overheard her say to herself, says she—

'Good Heavens and earth! What does all this mean! I never put these things to soak! John! John! Get up and come here, *do!*

'I ran under strong impressions, gentlemen, that this customer wasn't very slow in his movements about that time; for in less than forty seconds, I was there, and says I—

'What's the matter, Susan? What's the matter?'

'Ho, ha, ha!' said I, 'well Susan, I suppose I might as well own up to the joke at once, for my hands ache so that I can't hold in any longer. It's nothing but *washing fluid*, and it cleans the clothes without any rubbing, and its well it does, for no pair of hands in this world could stand it to do the rubbing. I got up this morning while you were asleep, and done up the washing, and hung part of 'em out on the fence to dry.'

'While I was saying this, wife she took a little stick, and in trying to lift out of the tub one of her—or that is—one of her garments—by ginger! the tarnal thing burst right in two! Although I was sufferin' from my burnt hands, and was as mad as a Green Mountain catamount, at what the infernal *fluid* had done, I couldn't a kept from laughing at that moment if I'd a died for it.'

'Wife took a peep at the clothes on the fence—called up the young doctor to dress my hands, and then sat down and had a good crying spell. The Doctor hurried into the room, and after seeing wife a sitting in the rocking-chair a crying and me a walking the room a groaning like a fall wind in a grave-yard, says he—

In the name of calomel and hot jalep what's the matter now?'

'Nothing particular,' says I, 'only I've burnt up all the clothes in the house, and both of my hands, with a bottle of thunderin' washin' fluid that I've been experimentin' with.'

'The Doctor looked at my hands, and says he—

'Where's the bottle?'

'Out on the door-step,' says I.

'The Doctor went and poked at the bottle, and went out in the wood-shed and took a peep at the old beer-bottles and blacking boxes, and after swearing a little to himself, came back into the kitchen, and says he—

'Well, you have immortalized yourself, and no mistake, and you shall be known hereafter as the WASHING FLUID EXPERIMENTER.'

'What in the thunder are you laughing at?' says I.

'Why,' says he 'your bottle of washing fluid stands out on the shelf where you put it, I suppose; and you have used a quart and a half of *oil of vitriol*, that I've had on hand these six months.'

'Gentlemen, I'm a man that don't use profane language only in extreme cases, but if I didn't make the atmosphere in that room *blue* for a few moments, then t'was because I didn't know how. I went and smashed up the uncorked bottle of fluid, and swore eternal enmity to everything of the kind, and we've always washed our clothes in the old fashioned way ever since; and if a man ever offers me a bottle of the infernal stuff again, he has got to be a smarter man than I am or take a thrashing.'

By the time our loquacious Vermonter had finished his very interesting washing-fluid story, our stage had arrived at Vienna, where as good luck would have it, part of our passengers left, including all the children, and the dealer in patent transparent washing fluid, so that during the remaining part of the trip, we had a very lively and pleasant time.

### SOLILOQUY.

To take a paper, or not to take a paper—that is the question; whether it is better to know no news; to sell my grain for half its value for the reason that I never know when markets are the highest; or rear my children up void of knowledge, to be the laughing stock of neighbors because I know not what is taking place beyond the narrow limits of my own acquaintance except what I may vaguely glean from hearing others talk; to sit long winter nights and gaze most listlessly upon the glowing coals because I have no newspaper to cheer the weary moments, as they slowly chase each other down the pathway of Old Time; to house myself on a rainy day without a paper, and as a consequence become most "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue"—to suffer all these things, or to end them now by sending for a paper. If I do this, then do I incur the dread responsibility of having to fork out *one dollar and fifty cents cash!* oh money, money, loth am I to let my grasp of thee relax. Some have called thee "slave," but yet, methinks thou dost possess a happy faculty of diffusing a spirit of independence into the spiritual combination of man's nature. Thou hast been called the "root of all evil"—surely they did err who named thee thus, for the tree of which thou art the root, bears fruit fair to the view and yielding a spicy aroma.—Oh, money, thou art a friend when all other friends forsake; thou providest for our wants when charity retires to her cell and locks the door. Before thee, nations bow—proud knees grow supple. Where thou art, all acknowledge thy supremacy—let poets revile thee as they may—let philosophers despise thee as they will—yet I love thee still; I cling to thee with an affection that can know no abatement. And shall I let thee go to gladden the Printer's heart, and to rattle in his purse? Ah! there's the rub? Guess I won't subscribe.

☞"Josh, does the sun ever rise in the West?"

"Never."

"Never?"

"*Never!*"

"You don't say so!—Well, you won't catch me to emigrate to the West, if it's always night there. I've a cousin in Iowa, who is always writing how pleasant it is in that region, but it must be all *moonshine*, I reckon."

WHAT A FACT!—It is estimated that there is annually expended in the borough of Pottsville, one hundred thousand dollars for spirituous liquors. What a magnificent sum this would be to appropriate to the local improvement of the place; and what a wonderful influence the diverting of such a sum from its present purposes, would have upon the morals and happiness of the inhabitants!

☞A military man, in his dying moments, opening his eyes beheld three doctors in conversation over him. Said he, "Gentlemen, I surrender, if you propose to *fire in platoons*," and extending his limbs, breathed his last.

HARD RUN.—A poor fellow who took the over land route to California, writes back that he was so hard run in May last, that he had to boil his cotton umbrella for greens—for a knuckle of ham had to use an old boot.—There's a bill of fare for you.

## Science.

From the National Intelligencer.

### AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY—No. II.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Hudor is the Greek word for water. Ginomai, or gennao added, gives the origin of the word hydrogen. Metron, pathos and aulos, added to hudor, give hydrometer, hydropathy, and hydraulic. Hydrate of lime in newly slaked lime, containing twenty-one per cent. of water and seventy-nine per cent. of the oxyde of calcium. Hydraulic lime is *water cement*. It was most fortunately discovered in large quantities at the very commencement of the Hudson and Erie canal, in the rock excavated for the work. Before this discovery, made by an agent who had visited Europe in behalf the work, the calculation was to import this indispensible article from Europe. It has since been found in very numerous and large deposites, adding immensely to the facilities and the progress of the vast works of internal improvement already completed and now advancing by American enterprise. No one work, probably, made so large a demand for hydraulic lime and water cement as the Croton Aqueduct of New York.

The various uses, both in architecture and agriculture, for this material, are numberless and nameless. For most public works it is indispensible. For numerous domestic purposes it is exceedingly convenient. It is so powerful as a cement that two masses of stone cemented by it will sometimes break in another part of the mass before seperating at the point of junction.

The oxyde of iron, in connexion with a portion of alumina, or clay, causes its great cementing power. In preparing it for use, it is burnt like common limestone. Instead of slaking it is ground, when, with a mixture of sand, it is formed into a mortar, and ready for use.

Though numerous deposites of this very valuable material have already been discovered and brought into use, advancing immensely the improvements and the wealth of the country, deposites still more numerous doubtless yet remain unknown. Once let each of the eighty thousand schools, and the six millions of families in our country, become an "*Exploring Agency*," to discover the resources of science and of wealth under their feet and within their reach, and numberless beds of hydraulic lime, marl, valuable ores, and other minerals, both rich and beautiful, will be brought to view and put to their proper use. Another discovery, still more important than lime, marl, or gold, will certainly be made in the operation. It has already been made in very numerous cases. This most important discovery, certain to be thus made, is that bad boys are good boys—the worst, the best. Leaders of rowdy gatherings will be, they have been, very often leaders in exploring expeditions; the more efficient for being juvenile, voluntary, and gratuitous.

*Experiment.*—Let any teacher or parent request his pupils or children to find what curious and beautiful minerals he can, and the result will be the commencement of a "*Geological Cabinet*," for the school or the home of the young explorers.

### RISING IN THE WORLD.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reasons have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind; those extraordinary powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the parent, lay the foundation of a rise, and, by and by, the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap, that so much misery is produced in the world. Society may aid in making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible and do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep from their minds all inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

INSURANCE ON CHARACTER.—There has an association been formed in London for the insurance of character. The assured, who wish public situations, are enabled to offer security for good conduct, by the payment of a moderate premium to the company, who guarantee his fidelity, and protect his employers from loss by defalcation or general misconduct.—This is certainly something "new under the sun."

☞Professor Newman says, that it is a mathematical certainty, that if the existing population of the world were to increase for about eleven or twelve centuries, at the same rate as the British population has done for some time past, no room would be left on the solid earth for men, women and chileren to stand upon, allowing only a square foot for each.

☞In Ohio they have a literary gazette called the "*Buckeye Blossom*;" in Kentucky, the "*Rose of the Valley*;" in New Jersey, the "*Belvidere Apollo*;" in Maryland, the "*Kent Bug*;" in Ohio, the "*Toledo Blade*;" and in Mississippi, the "*Bowie Knife*;"

PHOGNESS.—The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Our schoolmaster used to do it occasionally in two.