

Carlisle

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, AUGUST 27, 1851.

VOLUME LI, NO. 52

Cards.

DR. H. HINKLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office—
Main street, near the Post Office. Dr. 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 10 to 12 o'clock,
to surgical cases among the poor.
January 22, 1851.

DR. J. C. LOOMIS,
WILL perform all
operations upon the
teeth that are re-
quired for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing,
Plugging, &c., and will restore the loss of them,
by inserting Artificial Teeth, from six to eight
dollars a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few
doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent
on the last ten days of every month.

DR. F. MILLER,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, SIB
GO AND ACCOUEILLER, having
succeeded Dr. Lippé, formerly practicing phy-
sician of this place, solemnly proclaims the
benefits of his profession, and assures that he
will wait upon all who may favor him with a call.
Nov 13, 1m F. MILLER, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC

Dr. A. M. & J. STAYMAN, respectfully
announce to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity
that they have taken the office recently occu-
pied by Dr. Smith, in Snodgrass's Row, and
will be happy to attend to all who may favor
them with a call in the various branches of
their profession. We are prepared to visit pa-
tients in the country at a moderate charge. [apth]

DR. GEORGE E. BREZE,
WILL perform all
operations upon the
teeth that are re-
quired for their preservation. Artificial teeth
inserted from a single tooth to an entire set, at
the most reasonable prices. Offices at the
mouth and residence of his brother, on North
Pitt Street, Carlisle.

A CARD.
Dr. J. W. HENDLE, Surgeon Dentist
informs his former patrons that he has re-
turned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend
to all calls in the line of his profession. 1851

DR. S. B. KEEFER,
OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining
Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, 10 to 12, and
from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5
to 7 o'clock, P. M.

WM. M. PLOCK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in
the several Courts of Cumberland county.
OFFICE, in Main Street, in the room formerly
occupied by G. B. Brandegee, Esq.

GEORGE EGG,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Of-
fice at his residence, corner of Main street
and the Public Square, opposite the 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, on 8/49.

Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c.

I have just received from Philadel-
phia and New York very extensive
additions to my former stock, embracing
nearly every article of Medicine
now in use, together with Pains,
Oils, Vanishes, Teas, Ferriery, Sympis,
Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,
Brushes of almost every description, with an
enormous variety of articles, which I will
sell at the very lowest prices.
All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars
and others, are respectfully requested not to pass
the Old Store, if 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.

Plainfield Classical Academy,
FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.
The Term will commence on MON-
DAY, MAY 5th, 1851.

THIS Institution has been established near-
ly five years, during which time such ad-
vances and improvements have been made
as to render it one of the most commodious and
convenient in the State.
In regard to healthfulness it may be men-
tioned that no case of serious sickness has
occurred in the Institution since it was found-
ed. Its moral purity is attested by the fact that
depraved associates, scenes of vice, and
for dissipation have no existence in the neigh-
borhood.
The course of instruction comprises all the
branches required by the market, professional
men or collegians. Also, modern languages,
vocal and instrumental music, &c.
It is the determination of the Proprietor that
the Institution shall sustain the reputation it has
already acquired for imparting thorough in-
struction, and instilling and establishing in the
principles in the minds of the youth sub-
mitted to its charge.
Terms per Session (Five Months) \$50 00
For catalogue containing references, &c.,
address
R. K. BURNS,
Principal and Proprietor,
Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.,
April 5, 1851.

WHITE HALL ACADEMY.

Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.
THIS Institution will be open for the recep-
tion of Students, on MONDAY, the 5th of
May, next. The course of instruction will
embrace the various branches of the English
Education, together with the Latin,
Greek, French and German Languages, and
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
TERMS.
Boarding, Washing and tuition
in the English branches per ses-
sion (5 months) \$50 00
Latin or Greek, do do do do do do 5 00
French or German do do do do do do 5 00
Instrumental Music do do do do do do 10 00
For further information address
D. DENLINGER,
Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.

BIG SPRING ACADEMY.

THIS Institution will be open for the recep-
tion of students, on MONDAY, the 5th of
May, next. The course of instruction will
embrace the various branches of the English
Education, together with the Latin,
Greek, French and German Languages, and
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
TERMS.
Boarding, Washing and tuition
in the English branches per ses-
sion (5 months) \$50 00
Latin or Greek, do do do do do do 5 00
French or German do do do do do do 5 00
Instrumental Music do do do do do do 10 00
For further information address
D. DENLINGER,
Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.

NOTICE.

THE Commissioners of Cumberland county
do hereby inform the public, that the 11th
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.
WM. RILEY, Clk.

SAVE YOUR PROPERTY

FOR A TRIFLE.
All persons wishing to secure their prop-
erty from fire without the aid of insurance
companies, should have their roofs covered with
Water-Proof Paint. A roof well covered with
this article will last much longer than one not
so protected, and will render it entirely fire-
proof. This article can be had cheap at
the Hardware Store of
JOHN P. LYNE.

Battery.

SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHAS. SWAIN.

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out, and cast aside;
Every stunted weed of Error;
Every-seed that hurts the soil;
Take, whose very growth is error—
Dig them out, what'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight!

Men are agents for the future!
As they work so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen Education's plan;
From the mastery of nature
Teach the majesty of man!

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of progress wide;
Every bad to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom
Close the gates of advancement,
So that from the throne of heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

Political.

GOL. JOHNSTON'S SPEECH AT BRIDLE.

The Erie Gazette, brings us an excellent
report of the speech delivered by Col. Johnston
at Erie, which we would be glad to publish at
length, did our limited space permit, but we
have had only room for the concluding portion of
it.

"I have this, fellow-citizens, endeavored, in
a frank and candid manner, to express to you
my opinions on the questions bearing most di-
rectly on the next election. I have given you
my views freely and fully. Having, as before
stated, no concealments, I could do no other-
wise. I am, in a word, in favor of the reduc-
tion and gradual extinction of the Public Debt,
by means of a sinking fund, of an economical
and judicious administration of State affairs,
and of a wisely framed Protective Tariff, such
as the interests of Pennsylvania require.

I had supposed, fellow-citizens, that these
were properly the questions connected with the
campaign, but my opponents tell us there are
others. A distinguished gentleman, whose
longing eyes have for many years been fixed
upon the Presidency, has taken it upon him-
self to make a speech, and to allege that if
I am re-elected the Union is virtually dis-
solved! I honestly tell you I do not wish to
be elected! I think too much of our admir-
able system of government, too much of our
glorious Union, to be instrumental in produc-
ing such a catastrophe. I think too much of
the noble State in which I live; a State in
which I was born, and out of which I have no
interests, to lend myself, either directly or in-
directly, to the work of dissolving the Union.
Suppose the Union to be dissolved, what would
be the condition of the border State?
The Belgians upon which the belligerent par-
ties would meet; would the border State?
The brother upon which the battle of brother
and brother, and father with father, would be
fought. Can it be that a man who has no in-
terests beyond the limits of the State, would
consent to be the efficient agent of this delu-
sive and its fields and cities with human blood,
and making it the scene of war and desolation?
The idea is preposterous, and unworthy of a
moment's consideration.

But a very different object is had in view
in making the charge. He whose aspiring bold-
ness would reach the Chief Magistracy of this
Union, but cannot reach it save upon the basis
of some palpable lying, gave expression to it
in order that he might introduce an issue
which would enable him to gratify his ambi-
tious longings. But he is doomed to disap-
pointment. He must reach the Presidential
chair by some other loop-hole or avenue, thro'
which to gull and humbug the people. Very
few, if any, will believe the silly charge. We
may go to the bosom of his own party, and
find scarce six men who will not laugh at the
idea of the Union being dissolved by the re-
sult of a single State election!

Why is the attention of the "aspiring House
of Lancaster" thus directed to me? Why
does he not look to and deprecate the conse-
quences attendant upon the success of a politi-
cal friend now in nomination in Mississippi as
the Secession candidate for Governor? Why
does he not make the charge general against
his Secession friends in the South? Why does
he single out me, who never since God gave me
breath entertained a thought, or uttered an asser-
tion, giving semblance and support to the
charge? I repeat, he has done so with a hope
to manufacture some capital in Pennsylvania,
to aid him in gratifying his Presidential aspi-
rations. A vain hope it will be.

No Pennsylvania is in favor of the dissolu-
tion of the Union. No Pennsylvania would
sustain a candidate for office, of either party,
who had expressed, or would dare express, a
single sentiment favoring so dire a result. I
have mingled freely with the people, and never
found one whose loyalty—whose devotion to
the Union, I could for a moment suspect. Why
there is a vasty world of difference of opinion
respecting our common Religion. Men may dif-
fer, and do differ, on that subject; but in
regard to the question of maintaining and per-
petuating our glorious Union, all agree—
all are united—all stand together, and, if needs
be, will fight together.

One of the arguments, fellow-citizens, bro'
forward in support of my alleged hostility to
the Union is based upon a law restoring our
State prisons to fugitive Slaves, passed in the
session of 1847—a law which has remained
upon the statute books for the space of four
years without affecting the integrity of the
Union in the slightest. In the month of
March last, a bill passed the Senate respecting
this law, and futtunately went to the House,
where, through the action of its democratic

Miscellaneous.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

BY GEORGE WATTS.

At the death of Philip Doddridge, an emi-
nent lawyer in Virginia, who died in the City
of Washington, a member of Congress,
it was stated as a reason for retaining his body
longer than usual, that, on a former occasion,
he had narrowly escaped the fate of being bur-
ied alive. He had fallen into the catastrophe
of his condition. His respiration had ceased, his
pulses no longer throbbd, his limbs were jer-
ry and rigid, and his face exhibited the sharp
outline of death. The family physician and
friends all, with the exception of his wife, be-
lieved him to be dead. Mrs. D., however,
would not relinquish every hope, and contin-
ued to apply, from time to time, every remedy
she could think of to restore vitality, and fi-
nally succeeded in administering a small quan-
tity of brandy, which immediately restored
him to life and the command of his limbs. He
lived many years afterwards, and was wont to
relate, with deep feeling, the painful and hor-
rible sensations he experienced during the pe-
riod he was supposed to be dead. He said
that though he was perfectly unable to move
his finger or give the least sign of his being
alive, he could hear and was conscious of
everything that was going on around him.—
He heard the announcement that he was dead,
and the lamentations of his family, the direc-
tions for his shroud and all the usual prepara-
tions for his burial. He made elaborate ef-
forts to show that he was not dead, but in-
vain; he could not move a muscle. Even des-
pair and the immediate presence of a fate
more appalling to humanity than any other
earthly terror, could not rouse the dormant
power to perform the slightest of its functions.
At last he heard Mrs. Doddridge call for brandy,
with the delight and rapture of love for
her which the horrors of his situation may
easily explain. He felt that he was saved.—
He humbly desired that it was as little as
brandy could do to restore him to life, as it
had produced his living death." Mr. Dodd-
ridge was unfortunately admitted to the inter-
ment in a coffin, and a fit of im-
temperance had, no doubt, produced the con-
dition from which he was relieved by the per-
severance and love of his wife, who adminis-
tered at the latest moment, the powerful stim-
ulant which restored him to life. Otherwise
his fate would have been that of many others,
who have been buried before life was extinct.

Another instance of premature interment
occurred in this country, and has been related
by Mrs. Childs in her letters from New York. It
is an additional proof of strong conjugal affection,
and of the necessity of leaving the body,
where there remains the least doubt of the ex-
istence of life. The uncle of Mrs. Childs
was attacked in Boston with the yellow fever,
and considered as dead. His affectionate wife,
however, did not abandon all hope, but con-
tinued with him during his illness, contrary to
the remonstrances of her friends, and persist-
ed in refusing to allow his body to be taken
from the house for interment. "She told me,"
says Mrs. Childs, "that she never knew
how to account for it; but though he was per-
fectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance
quite dead, there was a powerful impression
on her mind that life was not extinct."

"Two calls, at intervals of half an hour,
had been made by the death-carrier, to take
away the dead bodies, and the constant cry,
as usual on such occasions, 'Bring out your
dead!' but her earnest entreaties and tears
induced them reluctantly to grant her another
respite of half an hour. With trembling
haste, she renewed her efforts to restore
life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in
hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet.
The dreaded half-hour again came round, and
found him as cold and rigid as ever. Again
she renewed her entreaties so desperately that
the messenger began to think that a little gen-
tle force would be required. They accordingly
attempted to remove the body against her
will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung
to it with such force and strength, that they
could not easily loosen her grasp. At last, by
 dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case,
she promised that, if he should show no signs
of life before they again came round, she
would make no further opposition to the re-
moval. Having gained this respite, she renew-
ed the watch upon the bed-post, and renewed
her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed
knots of hot water about him, forced brandy
between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and
held hot cloths to his nose; but still the body
lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously
at the watch; in five minutes the promised
half-hour would expire, and those dreadful
voices would be passing through the streets.—
Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the
head she had been sustaining; her hand trem-
bled violently, and the hartshorn she had been
holding was spilled on the pallid face. Ac-
cidentally the head had become slightly inclined
backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed in-
to his nostrils. Instantly there was a short,
quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and
when the death-moment came again, they found
him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive,
and has enjoyed unusually good health."

Many additional cases are recorded of por-
tents apparently dead, who have been so for-
tunate as to escape the horrors of premature in-
terment. Among these is the case of the cele-
brated Lady Russell, mentioned by the cele-
brated Oliver of Geneva, and one by Dr. Crichton,
physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas,
now Emperor of Russia. Lady Russell remain-
ed for the space of seven days and nights
without any sign of life, and her burial was
prevented only by the violent grief of her hus-
band. On the eighth day, as the parish bells
were ringing for obsequies, Lady Russell sud-
denly raised her head, and to the amazement
and indescribable joy of Lord Russell, told him
that she was ready to accompany her to church. Her
recovery was rapid and complete, and she
lived many years afterwards, and had several
children.

"I knew a girl," says Oliver, "twenty-five
years old, named Ellen Dow, who narrowly es-
caped being buried alive. She died at a dis-
tance of two leagues from Geneva. For some

Miscellaneous.

THE MARE IS MINE NOW.

BY GEORGE WATTS.

An old gentleman had an only son, and
on condition he would maintain him. As they
had but one horse, the father rode and the son
walked to the Justice's office to get the busi-
ness done. The writings were drawn and ex-
ecuted, and the son put the deeds in his pocket.
The old gentleman then walked out of the
room, and was in the act of mounting,
when John stepped up and takes the bridle out
of his hand, and rides off, saying, 'Father the
mare is mine,' and left the poor old man to
struggle home alone.

Next day the father, who kept his sorrow to
himself, was sitting before a blazing fire, when
he called his son and exclaimed—
"Johnny I have been thinking of some more
property which was omitted in the deed, and I
give to you now or wait till I have done
with it."

"Oh," says the son, "the deeds have not been
sent away to the register, and it is best that the
business should all be done together."

"Well, then," says the father, "get the pa-
per." The son hastened to his old bureau and
brought them to him. "The father asked for
them were all," says John, "and then he
looked them under the forelock and burning
found, cried out, 'Johnny, the mare is mine,
now!'"

Miscellaneous.

RAPPING TO SOME PURPOSE.

OR, THE SORROWS OF A MAN WHO DIDN'T
PAY THE PRINTER.

BY A. D. RICHARDSON.

Mr. Franklin Burbank was a lucky man.—
Every body, said so, and of course what every
body says must be true. Not that I intend to
youth for the truth of any statement because
every body believes it; in fact, I have a faint
recollection of having heard reports at times
which were quite extensively circulated, on
the truth of which I should not be ready to
stake anything I valued very highly.

Be that as it may, of the truth of the fact
recorded at the commencement of this article
no one ever expressed a doubt; so allow me
to repeat emphatically that Mr. Franklin Bur-
bank was a lucky man. Some people, indeed,
went so far as to say he was born with a silver
spoon in his mouth; but in regard to the truth
of this statement, I do not feel prepared to give
any evidence, for the best of reasons. How-
ever, Mr. Burbank was a man well to do in
the world. He had a pleasant wife, half a
dozen interesting children, and moreover, was
the possessor of a block of buildings up town,
which were a sore temptation to certain per-
sons to disregard the first clause of the tenth
commandment. And when he rode out of a
pleasant afternoon, behind his elegant gray, there
were many who envied his position.

Everybody knew Mr. Burbank. Elderly la-
dies always recommended him to their neph-
ews as a model man; and what was of far
more practical benefit to him, his name was
good on 'Change for almost any sum. People
said, too, that he was a happy man, and on
the whole, I am inclined to agree with them in
this respect. Had you marked his round, jo-
vial countenance, and partly firm, you would
surely have pronounced him a man who made
the most of the good things of this life.

Mr. Burbank was a punctual man. So said
Madame Rumor, and who ever questioned her
veracity? Perhaps, too, his conduct afforded
such a belief. Regularly, at the end of every
quarter, he settled all his bills with a prompt-
ness seldom witnessed. Al! did I say? No;
there was one bill which had been accumulat-
ing for the last dozen years, and that was the
printer's. For all that time he had enjoyed
the fruits of the printer's unceasing toil.

He had always breakfasted over the contents
of the morning paper, and as systematically
smoked over the evening edition. And if,
through the negligence of the carrier, he had
not received his paper, or had received it an
hour behind the time, he had always esteem-
ed it his especial privilege to speak of it in a
tone as near grumbling as such an invariably
good-humored man could approach. Why he
had never paid for his paper, I do not profess
to know. It was one of those mysteries which
mortals are not permitted to look into. Cer-
tainly it is that he had been presented with his
bill without number; but we will be
charitable and suppose that the remembrance
of it always slipped from his mind, the mo-
ment it was fairly and snugly deposited in his
pocket-book.

Now, the printer, was one of those whole-
souled, generous-hearted beings, who are con-
stantly on the lookout for the 'good time com-
ing,' and wait its approach with a patience
highly commendable. For years he had toiled
on, early and late, in season and out of sea-
son, and Mr. Burbank had enjoyed the fruits
of his unrewarded labors. For aught I know
he would have enjoyed them still, had not an
event occurred which somewhat destroyed the
usual equanimity of his feelings. The circum-
stances upon was on this wise:—One evening
returned to his household gods rather later
than he was wont, he was fairly established in
bed and had fallen into a sound slumber, when
suddenly there came a succession of sounds
apparently from the ceiling beside him.

Mr. Burbank uttered a sound somewhere
between a snore and a groan.
Rap, rap, rap, again was heard.
Mr. Burbank rolled over.
Rap, rap, rap.
Mr. Burbank—now fairly awake—started
from his pillow and listened eagerly.
Rap, rap, rap.
'What?' said he, 'what can that be?'

'What?' inquired his better half, just awa-
kening from a pleasant dream.
Rap, rap, rap.
'That?' answered Mr. B. firmly.
'Spiritual rappings,' suggested Mrs. B.
'Do you think so?' gasped Mr. B.
'That is my opinion,' replied Mrs. Burbank
with the voice of a woman who has made up
her mind.—

At that moment, as if to demonstrate the
truth of her opinion, again the sounds were
distinctly heard.—
Rap, rap, rap.
'Would you speak to it?' inquired Mr.
Burbank.

By all means,' replied his helpmate.
Mr. Burbank attempted to speak, but the
words stuck in his throat. At length, after
several unsuccessful efforts, he faintly articu-
lated—
'Is it a spirit?'

Rap, rap, rap.
'Does the spirit wish to communicate with
me?'

Rap, rap, rap.
'Is it on an errand of peace?'

Mr. B. emphasized the last word peculiarly;
but he waited in vain for an answer. The spi-
rit seemed very taciturn and would impart no
information in regard to its message. Of course
no more sleep was to be enjoyed that night.—
Mr. and Mrs. Burbank held a long consulta-
tion and finally agreed to say nothing in regard
to their nocturnal visitor, but wait further de-
velopments. The next night they retired at
an early hour, and had just composed them-
selves into a quiet slumber when the same
sounds were re-announced. For several weeks their
sleep began to affect seriously the health of
Mr. Burbank. His mind, jolly countenance
grew thin and haggard, and he was reduced
almost to a walking skeleton. Wherever he
went he was assailed with inquiries in regard
to his health, and sympathizing friends al-
ways concluded by kindly inquiring, 'What has
been certainly ill, and advising him to go home
and call his physician. Of course such advice

Miscellaneous.

OPPOSED TO MATRIMONY.

BY GEORGE WATTS.

'Is your family opposed to matrimony?'

'Wal, no, I rather guess not; seen as how my
mother has had four husbands, an' stands
a pretty smart chance for havin' another.'

'Four husbands? Is it possible?'

'O, yes. You see, my mother's christened
name was Mable Sheets, an' dad's name
was Jacob Press; an' when they got married,
the printers said it was puttin' the sheets to
press. When I was born the printers said I
was the first edition. An' you see, mother
used to be the fairest critter to get to evenin'
meetin's. She used to go out pretty late every
night, an' dad was afraid I'd get in the early
candle light, come up with a pillar, an' put
me to sleep with the boot jack. Wal, dad
had got up every night to let mother in; if
he didn't get down and open the door pretty darn
quick when she cum, he'd ketch particular
thunder; so dad used to sleep with his head
out of the window, so to wake up quick, an'
one night he got his head a little too far out,
an' he slipped out altogether; an' down cum,
an' mother right down on the pavement,
an' snatched him in ten thousand pieces!'

'What? Was he killed by the fall?'

'Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I rather
kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden
fetch up on the pavement that killed him. But
man she cum cum, an' found him lyin' flat,
an' she had him swept up together, an' put in
a coffin, an' had a hole dug in the bury-
in' ground, an' had dad put in, an' buried up,
an' had a white oak plank put up to his head,
an' had it white-washed all over for a tomb-
stone.'

'So your mother was left a poor lone, vid-
ow?'

'Wal, yes, but she didn't mind that much;
wasn't long, she married Sam Hild; you
see she married him because he was just dad's
size, and she wanted his size, an' she had
clothes. Wal, the way old Hild used to hid-
den was a caution to my wife. Hild used to
hide the toughest hide of any hide across a hill's
hide, and the way Hild used to hide away a
liquor he hid was a caution to a bull's hide.
Wal, one old day old Hild got his hide so full
o' whiskey that he pitched head first into a
snow bank, and there he stuck and froze to
death. 'So man had him pulled out,' an' had
him laid out, an' then she had another bury-
in' ground, an' had him buried, an' then she
had another white oak plank put up at his head,
an' white-washed all over, an'—'

'So your mother was again a widow?'

'O, yes, but I guess she didn't lay awake
long to think about it, for in about three weeks
she married John Strong—an' he was the
strongest-headed cuss you ever did see. He
went a fishin' the other day an' got drowned,
an' he was so tarred strag-headed, I'll be
damned to damnation if he didn't float right in
the current, an' they found him about three
miles up the stream, an' it took three yoke o'
oxen to haul him out. Wal, man had him bur-
ied alongside o' mother, an' had a white
oak plank put up at his head, an' white-washed
all over, so there's three on 'em all in a row.'

'And your mother was a widow for the third
time?'

'Yes, but man didn't seem to mind it a
tarnation. The next fellow she married was
Jacob Hayes, an' the way mam does make him
haze is a caution, now I tell ya. He does
anything a leetle out of the way, mam makes
him take a bucket and white-wash brush an'
go right up to the buryin' ground, an' white-
wash the three old plank, jest to let him know
what he may come to when she's panted Lin-
in the same row, an' got married to her fifth
husband. So you see my father ain't a tar-
nal sight opposed to a dose of matrimony.'

How SCHOLARS ARE MADE.—Chastly appar-
atus and splendid cabinets have no magical
power to make scholars. As a man is in all
circumstances, under God, the master of his
own fortune, so he is the maker of his own
mind. The creator has so constituted the hu-
man intellect that it can only grow by its own
action, and by its own action it will certainly
and necessarily grow. Every man must, there-
fore, educate himself. His books and teacher
but helps; the work is his. A man is not
educated until he has the ability to summon
in an emergency all his mental powers in vic-
torious exercise to effect his proposed object. It
is not the man who has seen most, or read
most, who can do this; such a one is in dan-
ger of being borne down like a beam of bur-
den, by an overladen mass of other man's
thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast
merely of native vigor and capacity. The
greatest of all virtues that was to the sig-
nificant of his mind, and the greatest of all
virtues had given him strength and he over-
came the largest bow; but because self-discipline
had taught how to bend it.—Darius Water.