

HERALD

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

THESE 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 23, 1853.

VOLUME LIII, NO. 92.

Cards.

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Stores and Shops.

GEORGE BEE.
This institution commenced in Fall Term on the 1st of September, under the care of Miss Susan PAINE, assisted by competent teachers. Instruction in the languages and drawing, not extra charge. Must be taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge. (Sept 13)

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Original Poetry.

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.
By EDWARD STILES DOR.
"That heart, methinks,
Were of strange mould, which kept no cheer-
lessly merry manhood's days;
And love and innocence made holiday;
Or, that owned
No transient sadness, when a dream a glimpse
Of fancy touched past joys."

I love the Memory of the Past—
Of childhood's trusting years;
Before my heart had felt one pang,
Or known the blight of tears—
Before my life's fair page was writ
That line of woe which
Which bids me start from youth's pure bliss
To doubt—not dream again.

I love the Memory of the Past,
Gay and free from care,
I kneel beside a parent's knee,
Lisp'ing up childhood's prayer;
Or basking in his softening rays,
I limned his mountain springs
With joy's imaginings.

I love the Memory of the Past,
It often brings again
The music of a soft low voice,
As if from some strain
Was wafted from that stainless land—
The land of bliss above—
Where the purple heart and venomed tongue
Ne'er blot the dreams of love.

I love the Memory of the Past,
It comes in midnight hours,
Recalling those unquieted hours,
When earth seemed naught but flowers.
It opens up full many a grave,
And gives up full many a name
Full many a wreath now flowing back
From the spirit land of dreams.

I love the Memory of the Past,
It makes a lingering tone
Of days I prize in tracing hours,
In hours—like those that were
Before on life's first page was writ
That line of woe which
Which bids me start from youth's pure bliss
To doubt—not dream again.
Carlisle, 1846.

A Capital Story.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.
BY J. R. PAULDIN.
In the reign of the renowned Waldemar, Emperor of Trebes—whose name is recorded in the oldest histories and legends—there lived a large, overgrown man, called Wapwallop, who, though he had two heads, possessed rather less than an ordinary portion of brains. He was neither wise, learned, nor witty, but was very remarkable in a giant, excessively good-natured, and, instead of preying on the inferior race of beings around him, always did them a good turn whenever it fell in his way. He was very ignorant—so we cannot learn that he had ever went to college—could scarcely read or write, and knew no more about primary, secondary, and tertiary formations, than that paragon of ignorance, the man in the moon.

At a little distance from his castle, which was much larger than the Crystal Palace, lived a little dwarf, not more than two feet and a half high, who, though he knew everything, was exceedingly vain, looked down on, rather, with great contempt on his ignorant neighbors, and took every opportunity to show off his learning; but the giant, who had a great respect for his superior scholarship, in his seldom ventured to set up his opinion in opposition to the learned little man, and when he did, he was sure to get the worst of the argument. The most common subject of dispute was as to the relative superiority of a weak man, over a strong, ignorant one. Wapwallop was rather inclined to the opinion that physical qualities—he did not call them so, for he scarcely knew the difference between physical and moral qualities—had the advantage over a weak one—whenever it came to the pinch. The dwarf, whose name was Fadladdin, denied this in toto, and so stimulated the giant, with descants on mental association, scientific combination, division of labour, and the superiority of head work over hand work, that though he had two heads they were altogether in a state of hostility, and butted each other like a pair of mad bulls. At length, one day, Wapwallop said to Fadladdin, after one of these discussions—

"Well, my little friend, the proverb says, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.'—Let us go forth into the world and seek adventures. There is nothing like experience, which settles these matters much better than our neighbor, Judge Bridgeman."

The dwarf assented, provided he would not walk too fast and take him up when tired, and all things being ready, they set out on their journey.

As they proceeded, the dwarf, who carried a little hammer and nails, stopped the giant a piece of iron, to pick up a public knock off a piece of rock, lecture on a thistle, or dissect a beetle to see what species it belonged to. The giant thought, as before stated, one of the best instances follows in the world, at last got out of all patience, and exclaimed rather pettishly—

"What is the use of all this nonsense? Don't you see there is a shower coming, and we shall be wet to the skin before we can get any shelter?"

"My friend," replied the little dwarf, "if you know that knowledge is power, and that every man owes it to his neighbor, you would not walk too fast and take him up when tired, and all things being ready, they set out on their journey."

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Miscellaneous.

A SNUBBER.
An Albany paper that chronicles a scene in the Police Court of that city:
As Squire Parsons was attending to the Police returns at 6 o'clock, on Sunday morning, a young man was brought up charged with a breach of the peace, whose personal appearance was the signal for a general outburst of merriment from the spectators. Half a dozen, without a crown, and with but a hat rim, stood on his head at an angle of 45 degrees—his coat bereft of half its skirts, bronzed throughout with dirt and grease—his pantaloons as many colors as Joseph's coat, each color having its own patch of territory, while his boots struggled hard to resist the disposition of his feet to protrude. Thus accoutred, the Squire bade him stand up, and politely inquired his name.

"Ephraim Smith, your Honor."

"Where do you live?" asked the Magistrate.

"Upon the Erie Canal."

"How long have you lived there?"

"Ever since the snow-bow 'Betsy Baker' was launched."

"Are you the Captain?"

"No, I'm the snubber."

"Well, now, your Honor, I suspect that you was named an educated man, and yet you don't know what a snubber am!"

"I confess I don't, please tell us."

Swelling and raising to his full height, with a sense of the dignity of his position as lexicographer to a Court of Justice, Mr. Smith with a bow of majestic consequence thus unbosomed himself:

"A snubber, may it please the Court, is one notch higher than the first mate, and betwix him and the cook. He has double rations soon after the six leaves to the heel-planting dock, and amidst the whiffetrees on passing a look. In a storm he takes the post of danger immediately about the stovepipe, with an axe in hand, ready to cut away if the gale carries away the top-lane. If the gale carries away the top-lane, I mount the hatchcock and raises a flag of distress. If the crew heave to the small boat, it is the last man to leave the ship, and then only not that I have lashed the helm to keep the boat before the wind and prevent her sinking crosswise the canal. In a calm I wait upon the cook—washes dishes, peels potatoes, and empties the kitchen arrangement. In short the snubber is the biggest man on the quarter-deck, or before the mast, excepting, perhaps, the Captain."

"My dear friend," said Wapwallop, "you who understand all about the moon, the stars, and the clouds, why don't you exert a little of your power over them, and send the clouds about their business, that we may find our way out of this quagmire into which I have just plunged ankle deep? Come, bestir yourself, and let this matter rest."

"Ah!" sighed Fadladdin, in a feeble voice, "if a man with two heads, you certainly have not justly come to your share. I cover the planets, the stars, and the clouds' light as well as—fly—to guide the sailor, like all other giants I have ever read of. I don't believe you have sense enough to make a marriage lawul."

"How!" quoth the giant. "Knowledge is certainly power—there is not the least doubt of it."

Saying which he put the little dwarf in his pocket, and managed at length to stumble upon a rock, where they agreed to rest their weary limbs for the night. All was darkness, rendered more intense by the thick branches of the trees; and the dreary silence was only interrupted by the howlings of tigers, wolves, and other beasts of prey, gradually gathering around on every side. The little dwarf crept close to the giant, and, feeling himself now quite safe, and having recovered from his fatigue, began to instruct the giant in the instincts, habits, and character of the various animals that were prowling around. He told him how many species of each there were, and in what they differed from each other, and finally talked Wapwallop fast asleep. But he was soon waked up by the squeaking of Fadladdin, and, looking round, it seemed as though the lower branches of the trees were hung with a thousand lamps, that glistened all around them. The forest rang with a diabolical chorus of howlings, screams and growls, and the lights as well as the music approached nearer and nearer. Fadladdin besought the giant to protect him, but he only laughed and replied:

"You know all about the instincts, habits and varieties of these animals, and knowledge is power. Why don't you send them about their business, and have done with them?"

"My dear friend, it is no laughing matter. If I were as big and strong as you, I think upon the whole, I would not, just now, mind being as great an ignoramus. But I beseech thee, my dear friend, to dispense these disagreeable visitors."

The giant laughed so loud that he made more noise than all the wild beasts together, but at length, emboldened by numbers, and impelled by hunger, they came so near that the little dwarf was in agonies, and the giant breaking off a great limb of a tree, laid about him so stoutly that the howling choir dispersed in great confusion, and appeared no more that night.

"There," said Wapwallop, "you see there is more power in my right arm than in all your knowledge"—and this time the little dwarf was too grateful to call him a block-head.

Emerging, on the morrow, from the forest, they came to a town, where they stopped to rest and refresh themselves, but were struck with the confusion which everywhere prevailed. The women were running about with their children in their arms, and terror was painted on every face. It was with difficulty they could get anything to eat, and at length they were obliged to help themselves. As they sat quietly eating their food, a horrible uproar arose at a distance, and approached nearer and nearer. "Shrieks, groans, and cries of despair were heard on every side, and before our travellers were aware of the danger, a party of armed Arabs, eager for plunder, and drunk with carnage, rushed upon them. The poor dwarf was thrust through the body with a spear, and died on the spot; but the giant, seeing the slaughter, which he had been seen to witness, in an agony of grief, he turned to the giant, and, bringing his little friend to life again, and turning his face discreetly towards home, for ever left unattended the question of mental and physical superiority, and whether knowledge is power.

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