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, JUNE 8, 1853. VOLUME LIII. NO 3

Poetry.

THE VISIONARY PORTRAIT.

BY THE HON MRS. NORTON.

As by his lonely hearth he sate,
The shadow of a welcome dream
Passed o'er his heart—disconsolate
His home did seem;
Comfort in vain was spread around,
For something still was wanting found.

Therefore he thought of one who might
Forever in his presence stay;
Whose dream should be of him by night,
Whose smile should be for him by day;
And the sweet vision, vague and far,
Rose on his fancy like a star.

"Let her be young, yet not a child,
Whose light and inexperienced mirth
Is all too winged and too wild
—For sober earth,—
Too rainbow-like such mirth appears,
And fades away in misty tears.

"Let youth's fresh rose still gently bloom
Upon her smooth and downy cheek,
Yet let a shadow, not of gloom,
But soft and meek,
Tell that *some* sorrow she hath known,
Tho' not a sorrow of her own.

"Let her be full of quiet grace,
No sparkling wit with sudden glow
Brightning her purely chisel'd face
And placid brow;
Not radiant to the *stranger's* eye,—
A creature easily pass'd by;

But who, once seen, with untold power
Forever haunts the yearning heart,
Raised from the crowd that self-same hour
To dwell apart,
All sainted and enshrined to be
The idol of our memory!

"And oh! let MARY be her name—
It hath a sweet and gentle sound
At which no glories dear to fame
Come crowding round,
But which the dreaming heart beguiles
With holy thoughts and household smiles.

"With peaceful meetings, welcomes kind,
And love, the same in joy and tears,
And gushing intercourse of mind
Thro' faithful years;
Oh! dream of something half divine,
Be real—be mortal—and be mine!"

THE LADY'S HAND.

BY SHIRLEY.

'Tis dimpled, white, and oh! so soft,
That little fairy hand!
It lies within my own so warm,
So graceful in its petite form;
No words I can command
Will tell the magic, mystic spell
Which in thy hand doth dwell!
As to my burning lips full oft
That little hand I press,
Bestowing Love's caress
Upon the flake of dimpled snow
Which warm with life and youth doth glow,
My lady's soft white hand.

I love to mark the blue veins swell
Upon that little hand!
Each finger tapers, round and fair,
And by that much loved hand I swear,
While I had my health or land,
That gentle hand no ills shall know,
No rude touch bid its whiteness glow,
That snowy hand I love so well.
Would it were now in mine,
That I might leave love's sign,
His signet, and his sweetest seal
On that hand, which, thro' woe and weal,
I'll love—my lady's hand!

The Home Circle.

A FEW HINTS TO A FATHER.

Father, you have a son, a darling son. He has facilities for good and for evil, and must act. Each capable of such intense action that both cannot act on a level; one must be in some measure subservient. Your son is now young; he has no habits, on principles, no character. These must be formed, and you have been appointed by Providence to superintend and assist in this formation. This you must do whether you will or not. The nature of the relation existing between you and your son render your non-participation in the formation of his character impossible.

Toward what course of life would you direct his innocent footsteps? What would you have him become; a man in form only; independent only of good, with feeble wavering energy; his self respect a mere low disgusting pride? You can easily train him for this, as a thousand have been and are being trained, unless his mind is very far above the commonality. Treat him as a machine, impress it upon him that he is a mere tool, and he will soon become such. Make him keenly feel his inferiority, check all his aspirings, and like a sapling bent to the ground, he will soon learn to grow downward. But if you would wish him to become a strong minded, truth loving, whole souled man, treat him as a man, that is to be an equal. Draw out his better nature; strengthen all his aspirings for that which is high and good. Teach him to curb his strong passions, and to attain that self control which enables man to influence his fellow men. Let him feel that he has the germ of the man within him, which needs only a right cultivation to make it serviceable to himself and mankind. Teach him at all times to bring his actions and motives to the standard of right, and only right. Be sure that he feels confidence in you as a sympathizing friend in all cases. Never elevate yourself or depress him so that he can approach you only with an effort. He has his world of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, which, although small to you, are all to him. Encourage him to action; place before him some desirable object, which he may procure by self-denial and extra exertion. Man needs something for which to labor, why not he? Let him find by experiment that there is something to gain by right, or lose by wrong, and an inducement to virtuous actions will be given him. Learn him to think correctly for himself, and not for himself while young and under your care, and he will feel his own individual responsibility, and will not be so easily enticed and deceived when thrown upon his own resources. Above all, early learn him to look upon God as his Father, and heaven as his home, and the chief object of his life here to do good. Early teach him by precept and example to love the Lord and keep his commandments, and it shall be well with thee and thy house to future generations.

A Capital Story.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

It is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very snare of sorrow. It is a hope undeferred, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love; a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld descend sometimes as chastening griefs upon our nature; but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

Jennie was the morning star of my life. Long before I trod the many wide deserts of the world, I pledged my hopes to her. She was so young that my affection came fresh as dew upon her heart. She was gentle to me, and tender, and fond, and sometimes I thought that she loved me less for my own sake than for the sake of love. So I watched the opening bloom of her mind. I wondered what springs of truth were bursting there to make her a joy and a blessing on the earth. I knew that every pulse was warm with a sacred love; but it was not then that I learned all the deep and abounding faith that had its home in the heart of my Jennie.

Jennie was slim and graceful, with a light step and a gentle dignity of demeanor, which, with her joyful ways, was like the freshness of shade near a sunny place. Her face was fair, with sometimes a pensive expression; it was a good, loving face, with soft, blue, floating eyes, full of beauty and tender thought.—A smile always played on the lips—not forever of gladness, but of charity, and content, and trust in the future to which her hope was turned. And often a song poured through those lips, as though some happy bird were nestled in her bosom, and sang with her breath its hymns of delight in the joys of life.

All this did Jennie seem to me, and more than this she was; and she loved me, and I was confident in her affection. For I was then young, and my heart was warm and my hope was strong. I was as buoyant as the breeze, and my life was for years a perpetual summer's day. It was the time when the pure springs of nature had not been wasted among the fickle and the cold; it was the golden season when trust is the companion of truth; it was the first harvest which garners into the bosom those thoughts and emotions amid which, as on a bed of flowers, "hope clings, feeding like a bee." The heart of Jennie was as deeply stirred, but her soul was more serene than mine.

There was a fearful storm in Europe. I heard of grim tyrants sitting on thrones, whence they gave their commands to armies which marched to the east and to the west, and tore up the vineyards, and trod down the gardens, and blotted out the peace of the world. Anon, there came rumours of a mighty host, that had melted in the north, and glutted with its blood the Russian snows.

Then there came a strange ambition into my mind. My blood became hot. A calamitous frenzy filled my brain. The name of Glory consecrated all these murders to my imagination. I would carry a flag in one of those armies. I would mix in the crimson throng. I would myself bear a sword amid those forests of flashing steel.

And I told this to my Jennie. I thought she would certainly bless me as a hero. I thought she would bind a scarf about my waist, and bid me go "where glory waits thee," if I still remembered her. But, when I said I should leave her for a while and come back with honor, and pride, and the memory of brave acts, and the conscious gratulations of a breast that never knew fear she became pale, and looked at me sorrowfully, and fell upon my neck, weeping most bitter tears. I asked her why she could grieve, and said the danger was one chance among innumerable probabilities of success. But she only sobbed and trembled, and pressed me to her bosom, and prayed me not to go.

I reasoned with Jennie. I tried to persuade her of the glory of war. I told her how much more worthy of love she would think me when I came back adorned with laurels. (O how green are the leaves that bloom from slaughter!) I said her image would be my companion; her voice would be my vesper-bell, her smile my star of the morning; her face would be the visitant of my dreams; her love the mercy that would shield me from every danger. She listened with suspended sobs and trembled, and all the while her eyes were appealing to my own, and penetrating to my heart to invoke its faith, that I might not tempt misfortune to blight the early bridal of our hearts.

When I had done, her answer was as if I had not spoken, for still she only said that I must not go. She gave no more reasons now. And I—did I deserve her love, when I thought that explaining and persuading were answers to the pleading tears, and swelling bosom, and quivering frame, and speaking eyes of that maiden Niobe shaken by her mournful fears?

"You will be changed when you return," she said.

I change! I knew I could not change! Why should Jennie doubt my truth? I would prove it. My mind was fixed. My fancy was flushed by ambitious anticipations. I was resolved to leave, Jennie, at length, when her entreaties failed, reproaching me, but so gently, that her very upbraiding sounded like a benediction. And so it was. It was not even the selfishness of affection. It was a pure, tender, earnest solicitude. She told me I was breaking faith with her in thus going away to engage in war. Was it for this that she had become the affianced of my heart? Was it for this she had pledged her love, with every sacred vow, to answer mine? Was it for all that I should take my hand from the pleasant cares of peace to corrupt it in the villanies of war; that I should mix with the worst of my kind; that I should ride over the harvests of the poor, and carouse in the glare of their burning homes, and see sweet babes made fatherless, and wives bereaved, and brides left desolate in the world? Oh no. It was I that broke my pledge. I was not true to my early vow. I was not all for her. I had made a new idol for my heart. I had declared I would never cause any sorrow to her, by denying to her love one of its earnest wishes. And now I was doing this. I was making her grieve; I was risking the leaving her desolate to the end of her days. For the sake of what? For the sake of a soldier's ambition. Ambition! As though to wear the gray hairs of a good old man were not a nobler hope than to die in a trench, or live, shuddering with the memory of carnage, and fire, and blood, and all the nameless horrors of a war!

I cannot tell all the horrors of that parting. An infatuation burned in my head, and blinded me. At length I went. Jennie's last blessing upbraided me more deeply than her first reproach. When she knew that I should go, she said not one more desponding word; and then did I feel how gentle she was in sorrow, as she was serene in the days of joy. But I comforted myself. I decided that Jennie, good as she was—dear, loving, noble—could not comprehend the idea of patriotism. And, once, a thought of falsehood crossed my mind. I reflected that I had never tried her—she might not be true to the absent: it would be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors and the crimes of that long adventure. Instead of two years I was away seven; and from the first I was sad, sick, remorseful.—Nothing but memory recalled to me the thought of love. And then did Jennie's reproaches rise up in judgment against me. I was long lost from her during the confusion of that terrible campaign. A solid continent now lay between us, and now an ocean. I heard not of her during four years. Ah! she has forgotten, said I, the fiery, wilful one to whom she gave her early love.

At length I returned; but I was not he to whom she had said that sweet and dear farewell. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—a cripple, an object. I came home with a fleet filled half with trophies, half with the limbless, sightless remnants of a glorious war.—But then it *was* a glorious war. Yes; in twenty years the earth had been dyed with the blood of six millions of men. What a miserable thing—the relic of a man—I looked, when in the sunny summer we bore down the Channel. I thought of Jennie, as the parting cup went round. I already looked upon her as lost; I had not falsified my pledge, yet had I not broken my own faith in doubting hers? I repented all I had done. Could I bind her to her own? Could I ask her to take, instead of the manly figure she had last seen, a creature such as I then was?

I had feelings of honour—naval honour—honor that blooms on the drum head—honor that struts in a red sash, and feathered hat.—I would release her! As though love were an attorney's bond. As though a penful of ink could blot out the eternal record of a heart's first faithful affection. I wrote to her. I said I heard she was unmarried still. I had come home. I was also unmarried; but I was maimed, distorted, disfigured—an object to look at. I had no right to insist on our contract. I would not force myself upon her. I would spare her feelings. I would not extort a final ratification of her promise. I loved her still, and should always with tenderness remember her; but I was bound to release her. She was free!

Free! Free, by virtue of a written lease.—Free, by one line, when the interwoven memories of a life's long faith were bound about her heart; when every root of affection that had struck into her bosom had sprung up with new blossoms of hope, to adorn the visionary future. Free, by my honorable conduct—when she cherished as on an altar the flame of her vestal love, made fragrant by purity and trust. Her letter was not like mine. It was quick, passionate, burning with affection. It began with a reproach, and the reproach was blotted with a tear—it ended with a blessing, and a tear had made that blessing sacred too. Let me come to her. Let her see my face. Let her embrace me. Let me never leave her more; and she would soothe me for all the pains I had endured. Not a word of her own sorrows!

Scarcely could that happiness be real. And had my long absence, had my miserable disasters made no change? Was I still, for Jennie, the beloved of other days? "What did you tell her?" said I to my confidential comrade, the one eyed commodore, a bluff old hero, with a heart as warm as ever beat under gold buttons. He had taken my letter, and brought back Jennie's answer.

"I said you were battered about the hull, till you were a wreck."

"And what did she say, Did she shudder, as with aversion?"

"No; she sobbed, and cried, and asked me if you were injured much, and said [you must have suffered bitterly; but, she said, too, that you must come to her. 'Miss,' I said, 'he is so knocked about that you won't know him.—He'll frighten you. He's a ruin. He has hardly any body left.' And then she flushed to the brow; 'Give him that,' she cried, 'and tell him to come. If he has enough body left to hold his soul, I'll cling to him!'"

And where in tale or song, in history or fable, is an answer recorded of more heroic beauty? What had *I* to teach *her* of honour. Hers was the honor of the heart; the truth of the soul; the fidelity and love of a woman born to bless this world. Mine was an honour worn like a feather in a cocked hat, like an epaulet, like a spur. It was regulation honor—honor by the rules of "the service." Jennie's was better than mine.

. . . . . .

I lived with her near the old place. And my wife, the love of my early days, was still fond Jennie—gentle, tender, trustful—and, from that day, I hurled my ideas of the pride of war.

Jennie was my only glory, and she was faithful to me forever!

THREE SORTS.—There are three kinds of men in this world—the *wills*, the *wonts*, and the *cants*. The former effect every thing, the other oppose every thing, and the latter fail in every thing. I *will* build our railroads and steamboats; I *wont* don't believe in experiments and nonsense, while I *can't* grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy.

Miscellaneous.

"SHE IS THINE."

She is thine—the word is spoken,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart!
Though all other ties are broken,
Time these bonds shall never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness,
From the altar's holy shrine;
Oh, remember, in her sadness,
She is thine and only thine!

In so fair a temple never
Aught of ill can hope to come;
Good will strive, and striving ever,
Make so pure a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,
Say what care should cloud that brow;
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou!

KOSSUTH AND SHAKSPEARE.

Twenty thousand of the English working people, who were kindled by Kossuth's eloquence and charmed by his surprising familiarity with their language, lately opened a penny subscription for a testimonial of their regard to the exiled Governor. A large sum was collected, and the tasteful literary men to whom it was entrusted, determined to present him a magnificent copy of Shakspeare, sumptuously bound and emblazoned, encased in a carved box representing the home of the British bard. Early last month the offering was made by Lord Dudley Stuart and Douglass Jerrold; and, in the course of the patriot's reply, he informed the assemblage how he had studied and acquired, not only the English tongue, but the principles of English liberty.

"The name of Shakspeare," said he, "carries back my memory as far as 1837. For having dared to claim my lawful right, I was in prison till the voice of my nation's universal indignation released me from it. For months there I was in a damp, lonely chamber, seeing neither the sky nor the earth, with none of those inexhaustible consolations which bountiful Nature affords to misfortune and suffering. And there I was, without book to read, without a pen to write; there I was with God, with my tranquil conscience, and with nothing to arrest the musing eye. Imagination raises its dreadful wings, and carries the mind in a magnetic flight to portentous regions of which no philosophy has dreamed. I gathered up all the strength of my mind, and bade him stop that dangerous soaring. It was done, but I got afraid of myself. So I told my jailors to give me something to read. Yes answered they, but nothing political. Well give me Shakspeare with an English grammar and dictionary—that you will take, I trust, not to be political; of course not, answered they, and gave it to me, and there I sat musing over it. For months it was a sealed book to me, as the hieroglyphics long were to Champolion, and as Layard's Assyrian monuments still are. But at last the light spread over me, and I drank in full cups, with never quenching thirst, from that limpid source of delightful instruction and instructive delight. Thus I learned the little English I know. But I learned something more besides. *I learned politics. What! politics from Shakspeare! Yes, gentlemen, what else are politics than philosophy applied to the social condition of man, and what is philosophy but the knowledge of Nature and of the human heart; and who ever penetrated deeper into the recesses of these mysteries than Shakspeare did?* He furnished me the materials—contemplative meditation wrought out the rest."

THE ARAB HORSE.

Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, who is as familiar with Arabs as he is with antiquities, gives, in his late work on Assyria, some curious details respecting the true horse of the desert. Contrary to the popular notion, the real Arab is celebrated less for unrivalled swiftness than for extraordinary powers of endurance. Its usual paces are but two—a quick walk, often averaging four or five miles an hour, and a half-running canter; for only when pursued does a Bedouin put his mare at speed. It is the distance they will travel in emergency, the weight they will carry, and the comparative trifle of food they require, which render the Arabian horses so valuble.

Layard says that he knew of a celebrated mare which had carried two men in chain armor beyond the reach of some Aneyza pursuers. This mare had rarely more than twelve handfuls of barley in twenty-four hours, excepting during the spring when the pastures were green; and it is only the mares of the wealthy Bedouins that get even this allowance. The consequence is that, except in the spring, the Arab horse is lean and unsightly. They are never placed under cover during summer, nor protected from the biting winds of the desert in the winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs. Cleaning and grooming are strangers to them. They sometimes reach fifteen hands high, and never fall below fourteen. In disposition they are docile as lambs, requiring no guide but a halter; yet in the flight or pursuit their nostrils become blood-red, their eyes glitter with fire, the neck is arched, and the mane and tail are raised and spread out to the wind; the whole animal becomes transformed.

The vast plains of Mesopotamia furnish the best breeds, and those breeds are divided into five races of which the original stock was the Koneylch. The most famous belong either to the Shammer or to the Aneyza tribes. Their pedigrees are kept scrupulously, and their value is so great that a thoroughly bred mare is generally owned by ten or even more persons. It is not often that a real Arabian can be purchased. The reason is that on account of its fleetness and powers of endurance it is invaluable to the Bedouin, who, once on its back, can defy any pursuer but a Shammer or Aneyza with a swifter or stronger mare than his own. An American racer, or even an English hunter, would break down in those pathless deserts almost before an Arabian became warmed up to its work. Where thorough-bred mares have been sold, they have brought as high as six thousand dollars; but these it is understood are not of the best race. The Arab who sells his mare can do nothing with his gold, and can not ever keep it, for the next Bedouin of a hostile tribe who comes across his path, and who has retained his mare, will take it from him and defy pursuit. Layard thinks that no Arabian of the blood has ever been seen in England. If this is so we can scarcely suppose that any have come to America, and must believe the so-called Arabians give to our Government, at various times, to be of inferior breeds. Rarely, indeed, are the thoroughbreds found beyond the desert. It will be a subject of regret, to those who admire fine horses, to learn that the Arabian is considered to be degenerating, the consequence of the subjugation of Arabia, and the decline of the Bedouin.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

GENEALOGIES IN THE BIBLE.

Genesis ch 5.—The Rev. Dr. Cumming says, curiously, that "it is a remarkable fact that the names which are given in this chapter of memoirs and epitaphs, when literally translated from the Hebrew, contain a prophecy of the gospel of Christ, each one conveying a great and blessed truth. "Adam is the first name, which means, 'man in the image of God;' Seth, 'substituted by;' Enos, 'frail man;' Cainan, 'lamenting;' Mahalaleel, 'the blessed God;' Jared, 'shall come down;' Enoch, 'teaching;' Methuselah, 'his death shall send;' Lamech, 'to the humble;' Noah, 'rest,' or 'consolation.' It is thus that if you take the whole of the names, and simply in the order in which they are recorded, you have this truth stated by them: 'To man, once made in the image of God, now substituted by man frail and full of sorrow, the blessed God himself shall come down to the earth, teaching, and his death shall send to the humble, consolation.' This is just an epitome of Christianity."

Varieties.

A MODERN BLUE BEARD.

A man named Wardle was recently taken before one of the County Courts of England, charged with bigamy, and the facts elicited during the investigation, creating quite an extraordinary sensation. The original indictment simply charged William Wardle with intermarrying with Sarth Martin, his former wife, Ellen Wormsley, being still alive; but before the trial was over, it was proved that this wholesale polygamist had previously married *six other women*, and that he stood before the court the husband of *eight living wives!* Blue Beard himself, if our memory is not treacherous, had only seven, and avoided being brought up as a bigamist by killing them off as fast as he got tired of them. But Wardle simply left his wives when the whim seized upon him, and changed his stock whenever the humor took him.

At the time of his committal at Gloucester, according to an English paper, six of his wives had been discovered, viz: Ellen Wormsley, whom he married at Manchester; Sarah Martin, married at Walsall; Matilda Graft, married at Birmingham; Mary King, married in the Isle of Man; and Hannah King, whom he married at Dymock, in Gloucestershire. Besides these, two others have been discovered since his committal, one of whom has taken to herself another husband, and it may be that, like the celebrated razor-strop man, Wardle has "a few more left," scattered here and there over England. All the eight wives, with the exception of the last were brought to Gloucester for the purpose of being confronted with their faithless Don Juan, and the trial was expected with the deepest interest.

The women were all placed in a room by themselves, and formed quite a harem of every complexion, from the fairest blonde to the darkest brunette; while so great was the anxiety and curiosity of the immense crowd about the court house to see them, that the officers in charge might have made a handsome speculation by exhibiting them at so much a head. The gossipping public were, however, doomed to disappointment. Wardle, in view of the crushing proofs arrayed against him, pleaded guilty. The Judge deferred passing sentence, but if a man is sentenced to ten years' transportation for marrying more than one wife, this fellow should get a ticket of leave for at least eighty. If the Judge had the power of sentencing him to pass the remainder of his days in the same apartments with all his eight wives, Wardle would have anything but a pleasant life before him.

TABLE-TURNING WONDERS.

The Paris correspondent of N. Y. Weekly *Times* relates the following:—

The *Charivari* has seen some marvellous experiments in the turning of tables and other objects more or less ponderous. Sixteen people the other day got into an unharnest omnibus, joined hands and started the wheels. Its motion gradually accelerated, and it finally landed them at their place of destination.—But this is nothing to an achievment performed by two individuals upon the Column Vendome. A gentleman willing to be convinced, saw an invalide climbing up the spire, to embrace the statue of Napoleon at the top. He called to him to hold out his hand, and the two formed the chain of connection around the brazen column. But no motion succeeded.—The gentleman looked at the invalide. He had a silver nose! No science had laid it down as an important condition that the experimenters have no metal about them. He begged the invalide to remove his nose, which he did with an alacrity above all praise. But the column did not move. Thought best to adjourn to a neighboring restaurant, where they dined in a delightful frame of mind. Between them they drank three bottles of champaign. After the coffee, they again repaired to the column, formed the chain and waited. This time their success was complete. Not only did the column turn, but the little iron railing, the whole Place Vendome, the ministry of Justice and all the houses in sight revolved with it. The invalide had his silver nose on during the experiment and it did not seem in the least to interfere with its success. A detailed account of the phenomena witnessed on this interesting occasion, is to be submitted to the Academy of Sciences.

☞ Spring, the murderer, who is to be hung on Friday of next week, still protests that he is innocent, and his son guilty of the murder.

LET 'EM WRIGGLE.

A rural philosopher somewhat advanced in life, whose limited knowledge of nature's mysteries had been acquired without the aid of science, and who knew not whether a microscope was "something to eat or a new fangled farming machine," was once in conversation with a youthful friend fresh from school, who talked to him of the wonderful developments made by that instrument, a specimen of which he carried about him. While the old man was making a frugal meal in the field at noon, the youth produced his microscope, and explained its operations, which he illustrated by exhibiting its power upon several bugs and diver minute atoms of inanimate matter at hand. To his surprise, his aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and stung by his indifference, he detailed to him how many scores of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and in each drop which quenched his thirst. At this his hearer was sceptical; to prove the fact, the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was then devouring, and placing it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalcules was triumphant pointed to. The old man gazed up on the sight indifferently, and at length, with the utmost nonchalance, took another huge bite.

"Don't" exclaimed the boy, "*don't* eat it Uncle Ben; don't you see 'em I-See 'ems squirm and wriggle?"

"*Let 'em wriggle!*" said the old philosopher, munching away calmly, "*they've got the worst on't; of they kin stan' it, I kin,*" and he deliberately finished his meal.—*Clinton Courant.*

A PETITION.

The following is a copy of a petition recently presented to the Legislature of Indiana:

"Yore petishuner, Susanner Bakum, wud spekfully enjine yore honoribul boddie not tu pass anny law tu let her husbind off from hur as hur husbind, bekes he is a drunkird an I abuzes her a most to doth. she is got sivril smol children, and tha are purty ni nakud, and in a starvin condishin, and shez getting to old and hez losto awl hur tethe, and kant git nary nuther. Shez making hur daze livins by hard nocks. Shez a poor coman, and hez to wash hard, and hur husbind iz drunk awl the time. He beetz hur and hnant got no rite to leave hur poor and destitoot. Eff yore honribul bodde hes any feelinz dont yo do it.—Kunsidderr poor comans effeekshun fur hur husbind; due, now, yur honribul bodde & geems. "And your petishunal prey fur yer, awl yur honribul bodde & geems.—SUSANNER BAKUM.

☞ The maxim, "Murder will out," was wonderfully illustrated in the detection of the man who was recently executed on Long Island. The reporter said, "The man's story was remarkably confuted, the finger of Providence, as it seemed, clearly indicating its falsity.—Foot tracks were observed in the ground between the barn and the house corresponding exactly, *even to a hole in the sole* of the overshoes on Atchinson's feet; and it was proved that until within an hour after the murder, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, a hard frost set in, the ground previously having been wet and sloppy. The prints, therefore, *could not have been made in the morning*, when the ground was hardened by the frost which had intervened, as it were, to fix a seal on his testimony of guilt!

PUT YOUR NAME IN YOUR HAT.—A correspondent of the Providence Post alludes to the recent railroad accidents and the frightful loss of human life by which they were attended, and says that for some time he has not traveled without his name in his hat, with his place of residence, and a duplicate of the direction on his trunk. If he experienced the common lot of travellers, and gets killed in any of the various ways now in vogue, the railway officials, who are always exceedingly polite to the remains of the passengers, will not only find this, but also full directions where to apply for money to defray the expenses for sending home the body.

☞ There is a power in numbers mentally as well as otherwise. Who, for instance, could be eloquent with nothing for an audience but four apple women and an indentured apprentice? No one. 'Cause why? it is impossible, and "can't be did." Before a nation can produce a Demosthenes it must first produce mobs. Place man an hundred miles apart, and such a thing as eloquence would never have been heard of. Ideas, like horned critters, are gregarious in their habits, and only become sublime when properly hemmed in by sympathy.

☞ A Chinese eating saloon has just been opened at San Francisco. We quote from the bill of fare:

Grimalkin Steaks,	25
Bow-wow Soup,	12
Roasted Bow-wow,	18
Bow-wow Pie,	6
Stews Ratified,	6

The latter dish rather bothers us. What is meant by stews *rat*-ified? Let us pause.

☞ "Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink." "Thank ye, Thomas, can't afford it." "Well, I'll pay for it." "Oh, I am not speaking of the money." "What then?" "Loss of health and energy; for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up-hill-business to work steady on under the influence of liquor; it does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, want more, and become reckless; and that's why I can't afford it—so here's home to dinner!"

☞ A man's spirit depends a good deal on the way he moves. Rush along at the rate of a mile a minute, and your sensations will become as buoyant as a stock market. Substitute for this the inanimate crawl of a canal boat, and in less than an hour your soul will feel as if it were laboring under two fifty-sixes and a supper of pig's feet. If you don't wish to become melancholy, and dwell on the advantages connected with charcoal fumes, never travel behind a horse that takes over three minutes to do a mile. A special edict with a switch tail. Obey and live.

☞ A dog that will fetch a bone will take one. No allusion to tattlers.