

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, SEPTEMBER 14, 1853.

VOLUME LIII, NO 51.

Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER.
Office in North Hanover street adjoining
Mr. Wall's store. Office hours, more par-
ticularly from 10 o'clock, A.M. and from
6 to 8 P.M. (June 1853)

DR. JOHN S. BRIGGS.
OFFERS his professional services to the
people of Dickinson township, and vicinity—
Residence on the Walnut Bottom Road, one
mile east of Conoverville. (Feb 21/53)

G. B. COLE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend
promptly to all business entrusted to him.
Office in the room formerly occupied by Wil-
liam Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carlisle,
April 20, 1853.

DR. C. S. BAKER.
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional
services to the citizens of Carlisle and sur-
rounding country.
Office and residence in South Hanover street,
directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office,"
Carlisle, April 20, 1853.

DR. GEORGE Z. BRITZ.
DENTIST. Will perform all
operations upon the
teeth that may be re-
quired for their preservation. Artificial teeth
inserted from a single tooth to a complete set,
of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the
mouth and throat treated. Office at the resi-
dence of his brother, on North
Pitt Street, Carlisle.

GEORGE EGE.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Of-
fice 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, Aug. 24, 1853.

WILLIAM H. BRITZ.
Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carlisle.

HAS just received a large and well selected
stock of American, French and English
Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,
Dye-Stuffs, &c. At this store Physicians can
rely on having their prescriptions carefully
compounded.

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Poetry.

THE AUTUMN-DEATH.

BY EDWARD STILES, ESQ.

"First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and what
These are death, the debt is due."
Dial claims that—and we die too."—SHELLEY.

I know 'tis Autumn-time, Mother;
The flowers have passed away,
The autumn of my hopes of earth,
Soon faded to decay.

I feel that I must die, Mother—
I'm fading now to rest;
The low-frost soon
Will gladden on
The vale-cold o'er my breast.

I know 'tis Autumn-time, Mother;
The singing-birds are gone;
I feel so lonely since I've miss'd
The music of their joyous tones.

I know that I must die, Mother—
And, knowing, feel no pain;
For some life's dream
Shed golden beams,
But death to me is gain.

You'll see him when I'm gone, Mother—
When earth's last pang is past;
Then say, I love'd him 'e'en to death,
Forgiving to the last.

You'll give him this fair hair, Mother;
And point my early grave,
That he may mark,
In moments dark,
The wreck of passion's wave.

I know I'm dying now, Mother—
I feel my heart-strings rend;
I've quaffed the cup of sorrow's gall,
My trials soon shall end.

My dying love thou'lt tell;
Thy soft hand rest
Upon my breast,
Mother, farewell—farewell!

CARLISLE, 1853.

The Horse.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

We will relate some instances of the memory
of the horse. One belonging to a gentleman of
Taunton strayed from a field at Corfe, about
three miles from thence. After a long and
troublesome search he was at last discovered
on a farm at Rouscombe, in Dorset, a distance
of twenty-three miles, being the place where
he was found. It is certain that the animal had
not been there for ten years, having
during the whole of that time been in pos-
session of the gentleman who then owned him.

The other is not less remarkable.—A gentle-
man rode a young horse, which he had bred,
thirty miles from home, and to a part of the
country where he had never been before. The
road was a cross one, and extremely difficult
to find; however by dint of perseverance and
inquiry, he reached his destination. Two years
afterwards he had occasion to pursue the same
route. He was benighted three or four miles
from the end of his journey. The night was
so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's
head; he had a black and dreary moor and
common to pass, and had lost all traces of the
proper direction he was to take. The rain
began to fall heavily. Here he contemplated
the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I,"
he said to himself, "far from my house,
and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I
know not which way to direct the course of
my steed. I have heard much of the memory
of the horse, and in that is now my only hope."
He threw the reins on the animal's neck, and
encouraging him to proceed, found himself
safe at the gate of his friend, in about half an
hour. It must be remarked that the horse could
not possibly have been that road with the
exception of the time before mentioned at two
years' distance, as no person ever rode him
but his master.

Here is a story of an equine geographer,
who was the cause of saving his master some
distance in traveling. Mr. Cunningham, in
his amusing account of New South Wales, re-
lates the following interesting anecdote of a
horse:—A friend of mine in the habit of rid-
ing a good gelding, that whenever he ap-
proached a gully, his sagacious animal invari-
ably opposed his wishes, to cross at the particu-
lar spot he had been accustomed to, always
endeavoring to lead off to another part of the
gully, where no passage was known to exist
by the rider. Resolving to see whether the
cunning rogue would give him the rein, and
soon found himself carried over the gully by
a rout he had never before followed. Still,
however, thinking that the former was the
nearest, he was curious enough to have both
measured, when he found the horse's judgment
correct, that way being the nearest by several
hundred yards.

In the story we are now about to relate, we
hardly know whether most to prize the intel-
ligence of the dog or the docility of the horse.
Dr. Smith, of the Queen's county militia, Ire-
land, had a beautiful hockney, which although
extremely spoiled, was at the same time won-
derfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland
dog, named Caesar. These animals were
mutually attached, and seemed perfectly ac-
quainted with each other's actions. The dog
was always kept in the stable at night, and
usually lay beside the horse.

When Dr. Smith practiced in Dublin he visited
his patients on horseback, and had no other
servant to take care of his horse, while he
was in his house, but Caesar, who he gave
the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very
quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his
friend, the dog. When it happened that the
doctor had a patient near at hand, who dis-
pleased him he paid his last visit, he did not
think it worth while to remount, but called to
his horse and Caesar; they both instantly
obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the
door where he entered, until he came out
again.

While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's
county, the horse seemed to be implicitly
obedient to his canine friend as he could pos-

sibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to
the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the
bridle upon his horse, and, giving the reins to
the former, desire him to take the animal to
the water. They both understood what was
to be done, when off trotted Caesar, followed
by the horse, who frisked, capered, and played
with the dog all the way to a rivulet, at the
back of the town, about three hundred yards
distant from the stable, and after the horse
had quenched his thirst, both returned in the
same playful manner as they had gone out.

The doctor frequently desired Caesar to
make the horse leap over this stream, which
might be about six feet broad; the dog, by a
kind of bark, and leaping up towards the
horse's head, intimated to him what he want-
ed, which was quickly understood; and can-
tered off, preceded by Caesar, and took the
leap in a neat and regular style. The dog
was then desired to bring him back again, and
it was speedily done in the same manner.—

On one occasion, Caesar lost hold of the reins,
and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he
immediately trotted up to the dog, who took
hold of the bridle and led him through the wa-
ter, quietly.

White, in his Natural History of Selborne,
presents the peculiar disposition of the horse by
the two following anecdotes, and notices the
first as exhibiting a striking instance of an
association between animals totally dissimilar
in their organization.—

"Eren great dissimilarity of kind does not al-
ways prevent social advantages and mutual
fellowship; for an intelligent and observant
person has assured me, that in the former part
of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened
also on a time to have but one hen. These two
incongruous animals spent much of their time
together in a lonely orchard, where they
saw no creature but each other. By degrees
an apparent regard began to take place be-
tween these sequestered individuals; the fowl
would approach the quadruped with notice
of complacency, rubbing herself quickly against
his legs, while the horse would look upon with
satisfaction, and move with the greatest ease
and circumspection, lest he should trample on
his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual
good offices, each seemed to console the vacant
hours of the other; so that Milton, when he
puts the following sentiment in the mouth of
Adam, seems somewhat mistaken:—

"Much less can bird with beast, or fish with
fowl."

"So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

"Many horses though quiet in company,
will not stay one minute in a field by them-
selves; the strongest fences cannot restrain
them. My neighbor's horse will not only not
stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear
to be left alone in a stable, and, discovering
the utmost impatience, and endeavoring to
break the rack and manger with his fore feet.
He has been known to leap out of a stable
window after company; and yet, in other re-
spects he is remarkably quiet."

The following anecdote is given on the au-
thority of Dr. Macdonell, of Belfast, well
known for his great talents as a naturalist.—
"A gentleman with whom the doctor was
acquainted, had a horse, which had been ob-
served to disengage his head from the halter,
and to enter the door of the stable, and go out
in the middle of the night only, and regale
himself upon corn in a field at a considerable
distance. The horse returned to his stall be-
fore the break of day, and had continued this
practice for some time without being detected.
He adroitly opened the door, by drawing a
string fastened to the latch, with his teeth;
and, it is said, that on returning to the stable,
he shut the door."

Between the years 1760 and 1760, a Scotch
lawyer of eminence made a journey to London.
At that period such journeys were usually
performed on horseback, and the traveller
might either ride post, or be willing to travel
economically, he bought a horse and sold him
at the end of his journey. The gentleman
above alluded to, who was a good judge of
horses, and was an excellent horseman, had
chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had
sold the steed on which he rode from Scotland
as soon as he arrived in London. With a view
to his return, he went to Smithfield to pur-
chase a horse. About dusk a handsome one
was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he
was led to suspect the animal was unsound,
but as he could discover no blemish, he became
the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey;
his horse had excellent paces, and the few first
miles, while the road was well frequented, or
travelled spent in congratulating himself on
his good fortune, in having made so good a
bargain. On Finchley Common, and at a place
where the road ran down a slight ascent and
up another, the traveller met a clergyman
driving a one horse chaise. There was no
doubt within a sight, and the horse by his ma-
nœuvre plainly intimated what had been the
proving of his former owner. Instead of
passing the chaise, he ran close up to it, and
stopped it, having no doubt but his rider
would embrace so fair an opportunity of ex-
ercising his vocation. The clergyman never
doubted the identity of the equestrian, pro-
duced his purse unasked, and assured the
astonished lawyer that it was quite unne-
cessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend
to offer any resistance. The traveller related
the story to the gentleman, and with many apolo-
gies to the gentleman he had so innocently and un-
wittingly affronted, pursued his journey.

The horse next made the same suspicious
approach to a coach, from the windows of
which a blunderbuss was levelled, with de-
monstrations of death and destruction to the
rider, though neckless, as he used to express
it, of all offence in word or deed. In short,
after his life had been once or twice endangered
by the suspensions to which the conduct of his
horse gave rise, and his liberty as often
threatened by peace officers, who were dis-
posed to apprehend him as the notorious
highwayman who had formerly ridden him, he
found himself obliged to part with the in-
sensible animal for a mere trifle, and to pur-
chase at a dear rate one less showy, and of
inferior action, but of better moral habits.

"The world is governed too much for its
own good."

A Railway Incident.

A RIDE WITH A MADMAN.

In the month of August, 18—, it was incu-
bered upon me to take a journey to a town at
some distance from my own residence. The
time being no object with me, and the country
through which my route lay very beautiful, I
resolved to take it in what was to me the most
enjoyable way; but after diligent inquiry for
any thing in the shape of a stage, I found that
the mail-coach had ceased running the week
before; so that "the rail" was my only chance
of getting to my place of destination. Where-
upon I made a virtue of necessity—submitting,
though with the worst grace he could; for my
habitual dislike to this mode of traveling was
increased by one of those unaccountable fits
of reluctance to taking a journey which
sometimes seizes one, and which is usually set
down to the score of nervousness. So I tried
to explain mine; which as the time drew near,
rose to a complete dread of it, to my no small
annoyance, for I had a contempt for omens and
presentiments; and, and, and, and, and, and, and,
I tried to push I push I push out of it.

The morning broke, dull, wet, oppressive,
with apparently half a score of thunder-storms
in reserve for my special use; and at six o'-
clock I jumped up from an uneasy dream, in
which I was struggling with some nondescript
wild beast, to find I had only half an hour left
to make my toilet and get to the station. Of
course everything went wrong; strings slip-
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course everything went wrong; strings slip-
ped into knots—but more necessary—submitting,
though with the worst grace he could; for my
habitual dislike to this mode of traveling was
increased by one of those unaccountable fits
of reluctance to taking a journey which
sometimes seizes one, and which is usually set
down to the score of nervousness. So I tried
to explain mine; which as the time drew near,
rose to a complete dread of it, to my no small
annoyance, for I had a contempt for omens and
presentiments; and, and, and, and, and, and, and,
I tried to push I push I push out of it.

The morning broke, dull, wet, oppressive,
with apparently half a score of thunder-storms
in reserve for my special use; and at six o'-
clock I jumped up from an uneasy dream, in
which I was struggling with some nondescript
wild beast, to find I had only half an hour left
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