

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, NOVEMBER 23, 1853.

VOLUME LIV. NO 9

Cards.

DR. S. B. KEEFER, WILL perform all the services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country.

DR. JOSEPH S. SPRIGGS, OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity—Residence on the Walnut Bottom Road, one mile east of Centreville. Feb 23rd

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

DR. C. S. BAKER, RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country.

DR. GEORGE W. BRISTZ, WILL perform all the operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted from a single tooth to a full set.

GEORGE EGG, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and a side street, opposite Burkholder's Hotel.

WILLIAM H. BRISTZ, 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.

DR. I. C. ZOOMIS, WILL perform all the operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation.

FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES &c. &c. I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock.

S. ELLIOTT, Main street, Carlisle.

F. N. ROBINSON, FINE PAINTS, OILS, PUTTY, &c. &c. I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock.

CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND, STEAM SAW MILL. CUMBERLAND, PA.

TRAVEL AGENCY. THE undersigned are now prepared to furnish all the facilities for the travel of the public.

DEPOTS. Bazley & Co., 315 Market Street, Phila. Geo. S. Small, "Small's Depot," 73 North Street, Baltimore.

JOHN W. BELL & CO., GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE.

Carlisle Female Seminary. THE SIXTH SESSION will commence on Monday, the seventh of November next.

WHITE HALL ACADEMY. THE SIXTH SESSION will commence on Monday, the seventh of November next.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE OR RENT. THE subscriber offers for sale the BRICK HOUSE and Lot, 23 feet from the BRICK

Poetry.

FINNNESS. BY PHOENIX CAREY. Well, let him go, and let him stay— I do not mean to die;

He thought to frighten me with frowns So terrible and black— He'll stay away a thousand years Before I ask him back.

He said that I had acted wrong, And foolishly, beside; I do not care for him, after that— I wouldn't if I died!

He had another eye than that one; He always says she was not cross, And that she didn't pout.

He thought to vex a saint— I guess I'll tell him so—and then— I don't pretend to be.

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parish. I will be with you this evening." With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith hastened to call the flock together.

"Now you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am very sorry you undertook to deceive them so."

"I did not deceive them." "Yes, you surely did." "We shall see," responded the pastor.

"So we shall see," added the lady. The hour for the meeting came around, and person Surely met his people at the church.

"We want rain," blurted out Farmer Sharp, "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Very well. Now when will you have it?" "This very night. Let it rain all night long!" said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, no to-night!" cried Deacon Smith. "I've six or seven tons of well made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck. "We want it to rain to-night!" "Then let it be to-morrow."

"I will take all my day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith. Thus the objections came for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"Stop, stop!" uttered Mrs. Sharp, her worthy husband smartly by the sleeve, "that is the day we have set to go to Snow-hill. It mustn't rain then!"

"This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then resumed his seat. But this would not do; many of the people would not have it put off so long.

"If we can't have rain before then, we had better not have it at all," said they. In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the place.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their say safely in, but on the very day that Mr. Sharp and his wife were to have started for Snow-hill to lay in right good earnest.

Sharp lost his visit, but met the disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Here another month had rolled by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but this time the result was the same as before.

Many of the people had their muck-dirt, and wanted it in two, some in three days, while others wanted it put off longer. So Mr. Surely had not yet occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was, that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants could govern it.

While they had been longing for a power they did not possess, they had not seen its absurdity, but now that they had, in good faith, tried to apply that power under the belief that it was theirs, they saw clearly that they were getting beyond their sphere.

They saw that Nature's laws were their sphere. They saw that Nature's laws were their sphere. They saw that Nature's laws were their sphere.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social and happy."

"And," added the pastor, with a tear of pride stood in his eyes, as he looked for an instant into the face of his now happy wife, "all things above our sphere we will leave with God, for 'He doeth all things well.'—Gleaner's Pictorial.

MINERALS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The mineralogical portion of the Crystal Palace is attracting much attention. The Journal of Commerce says:

"New Hampshire is the only State that furnishes tin. Cobalt ores and bismuth are exhibited from Connecticut, and cobalt from Maryland; chrome from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the new mineral called emerald nickel, from Lancaster, Pa.

The extensive use of nickel in the manufacture of German silver, gives interest to every discovery of it. All parts of the Union furnish iron, but Pennsylvania excels in the number and variety of specimens.

North Carolina furnishes hard-some specimens of these are silver ore, well sulphurated lead. There are silver ores from South America, Mexico, and Europe; but none from the United States, except in connection with lead. California is the only State which sends an ore of quicksilver.

Good. We overheard a queer thing from the little fellow about six years ago, a short time ago. The subject of 'wedding cake' had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having reflected intently on something, "I ain't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why so?" was the inquiry. "Because," answered the little fellow, "you didn't send me any of yours."

A Legend of Old Ireland.

FARMER GUINNESS AND THE GENII. A great many years ago, when pigs were swine, and the Evil Genii held communion with mortals on earth, there lived in the north of Ireland a good-natured, industrious farmer by the name of Guinness.

His farm, consisting of a few acres of land, was not in the best possible condition for tillage, one portion being dry and barren, another wet and marshy, while the whole was almost entirely destitute of an enclosure.

Still farmer Guinness entered upon his agricultural life with commendable industry, not doubting that with perseverance he would be able to bring his farm under a tolerable state of cultivation.

Now the neighbors of farmer Guinness, who also owned a like quantity of land, close rather to idle away their time at the ale-house, than in the laudable endeavor of improving their estates.

Yet, when they saw that their neighbors' farm produced crops far superior to their own, they began to feel envious, and made complaint to the Chief of the Brit Genii, their master.

The Chief was well aware that farmer Guinness said prayers regularly to all the Saints, and was a devout worshipper of his old enemy, St. Patrick, in particular, and he knew that unless he could make the crops of the farmer decrease to an equality with those of his own servants, he might lose their allegiance.

So the Chief called together the evil genii of the woods, the evil genii of the mountains, and decided that some plan might be devised by which the crops of the farmer might be greatly decreased.

Then the evil genii of the woods proposed a scheme for injuring the farmer, to which the others assented, and went their way.

Now, at this time there were very few fences in Ireland, and it was customary for every person to protect his cattle from wild beasts, by shutting them into a covered enclosure at night, and allowing them to run at large during the day.

Such a state of things required that those fields devoted to cultivation should be constantly watched, lest the cattle, pigs, and donkeys should run over the fields and destroy the crops.

Accordingly farmer Guinness had made a neat pathway around his fields, in which his children were daily to be seen walking back and forth, for the purpose of watching the grounds and protecting them from the cattle and other animals that ranged the commons.

When the conversation of the genii had broken up, and the evil genii of the woods had received his commands from the Chief, he prepared immediately to execute them. Having plucked up a large quantity of black thorns by the roots, he carried them from the forest, and transplanted them in the path that surrounded the grounds of farmer Guinness.

By this means he hoped it would be impossible to protect the cultivated fields from depredations, inasmuch as it would be exceedingly difficult for any one, much less children, to walk in these paths.

On the same night on which this convention of evil genii had been held, the holy St. Patrick was informed of the injury that was projected against the farmer, and he determined to protect his faithful servant.

So he sent a fairy to the farmer with a beautiful ring of very curious workmanship. And the fairy put the ring upon the little finger of the farmer, and informed him of its virtues.

"Whenever an evil is meditated against your estate," said the fairy, "you have only to press your finger on this ring, and that which was intended for a curse will become a great blessing."

When, therefore, on the next morning, the farmer went forth to his daily labor, and saw the thorns in the path, he guessed that it was the work of an evil genius, and he thought himself of the ring. Pressing the talisman on his finger, he commenced praying:—"O, St. Patrick, let it so happen that whenever a path of thorns shall be placed around a field, it may prove a blessing instead of a curse."

Secretly he had uttered these words when St. Patrick himself appeared before him, holding in one hand a sun-glass, and in the other a watering-pot. And as soon as the Saint concentrated the rays of the sun upon the thorns, and sprinkled water upon them, they took root and began to grow; and they increased in size so rapidly that in a few hours they were changed into a beautiful hedge.

Then the farmer was of great value to him, and that it would of itself protect his farm from the depredations of the cattle, while his children could be otherwise employed in cultivating the lands.

So that at the end of the year, it was found that the crops of the farmer were increased instead of being diminished.

Now, when the Chief saw that the evil that had been projected against the farmer had proved a blessing instead of a curse, he called together the genii, in order that another plan might be devised for injuring his crops.

At this convention the evil genius of the swamp promised to take the matter in hand, whereupon the Chief and the other genii went their way.

Then the evil genii of the swamp went to the grounds of farmer Guinness, and dug several long trenches across his fields, which immediately became filled with water, and into these trenches he made large piles of stones near those trenches, and conveyed serpents to them, hoping by these means to prevent the farmer from cultivating at least one-half his estate.

When farmer Guinness rose in the morning and saw these trenches, and these piles of stones across his fields, he again conjectured that it was the work of an enemy. And having thought himself of his ring, he pressed it upon his finger and said:—"O, Saint Patrick, let it so happen that whenever ditches shall be dug through wet and marshy fields, it shall prove a blessing instead of a curse."

Then St. Patrick again appeared, holding a large shillalah in one hand and a shovel in the other. And he threw the stones into the ditches, and having covered them with earth, the wet land became dry, so that at the close of the next year the lands of farmer Guinness produced crops very much larger than they had during the year preceding. And as for the

toads, lizards and serpents, the holy Saint drove them out of the country, and cast them into the depths of the sea, and they have never ventured to show themselves in the Island to the present day.

It is reported that the father of these reptiles, known as the "Sea Serpent," is occasionally seen to raise his head above the waters of the Irish coast, entreating St. Patrick to be permitted to return to the Island.

But the Saint gives him a blow with his shillalah that drives him far away towards the American shores.

Again the Chief saw that his project for injuring the crops of farmer Guinness had proved ineffective, and he called another convention of the evil genii. At this meeting the evil plan that could not fail greatly to injure the crops of the farmer was proposed.

So after the convention was ended, the evil genii of the mountains went to the giants of the Island, who were his servants, and ordered them to carry a vast number of rocks from the mountains, and place them on the grounds of the farmer, and then entirely cover a large part of his possessions.

But when, on the following morning, the farmer saw what had been done to his land, he again pressed his finger upon his ring, and said:—"O, St. Patrick, let it so happen that whenever such rocks as these shall be placed upon such fields, it may prove a blessing instead of a curse."

Now the rocks were a species of gypsum, and the land was dry and barren. And St. Patrick heard the farmer's prayer, and immediately appeared with a huge sled-hammer and broke up the rocks so that they crumbled like salt.

And when these rocks were dissolved, and scattered over the land, the barren places became productive inasmuch that at the end of the third year the crops of farmer Guinness were the largest of all the farmers on the Island.

And as for the giants, who thought to do so much mischief to the farmer, the Saint ordered them to quit the country forever. So the giants took a vast quantity of rocks and crags from the mountains and carried them to the leagues into the sea, and attempted to build for themselves a castle. And they thought to outfit the Saint by leaving an isthmus to connect with the Island; on which they might retreat when his ire should be assuaged. But St. Patrick, knowing their design, destroyed a portion of their isthmus by a storm, and the ruins are known as the "Giant's Causeway" to the present time; and the Island, in commemoration of the wrath of St. Patrick, is called "The-Saint."

Farmer Guinness prospered, and became one of the greatest farmers in the whole Island. And it has so happened that since the days of farmer Guinness, that agriculture, not only in Ireland but in the whole world, have found the following phenomena to be verified, viz:—"A hedge of thorns around a farm—ditches through wet and marshy lands—and a certain kind of dissolved rock scattered over a barren soil—each do prove a great blessing instead of a curse to all farmers."

Miscellaneous. CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

There are some curious incidents on record of sleeping and waking. In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blow over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body.

Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was probably owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium, until at last unable to pursue his business, he sank into a deep stupor and died.

Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also, at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amidst the glare of non-day, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends, stretched on his death bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Henault slept seventeen or eighteen hours at a day for fifteen years.

Another is recorded to have slept once for forty days. A man twenty-five years of age, at Timbury, upon Bath, once slept for a month, and in two years he slept again for seventeen days. Dr. Mannix mentions a woman, who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep; and Dr. Elliotson, who has collected several instances of this sort, quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered.

Herodotus, in "Melpomene," alludes indelicately to the case of the Scythians, or Tartars, in the extreme North who were reported to sleep six months of the year. "Two young gentlemen," says Dr. Graves, "college students, went to bed in perfect health the night previous to their Examination; they slept soundly; the elder one rose early in the morning, and left his younger brother in bed still asleep; he remained so for two hours more, having slept altogether for more than ten hours, when he awoke in a state of complete insanity." The same author likewise relates the case of a gentleman who fell asleep with his head resting on his hands, folded together before on the table, after dinner. On awaking, one arm was paralyzed, and remained paralytic to the day of his death; which followed not long after.

The celebrated General Elliot, Frederick the Great, and John Hunter, seldom sleep more than four or five hours in the twenty-four. Dr. Mannix mentions a lady, in perfect health, who never slept more than three, or four hours in the twenty-four, and then only half an hour at a time.

General Pichegru, according to Sir Gilbert Blane, had only one hour's sleep in the same space of time for a whole year. The venerable

St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts; eight he devoted to sleep, eight to recreation, and eight to converse with the world. De Moivre slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Quinn, the celebrated player, could at his pleasure slumber twenty-four hours in succession; and Dr. Seid could, when he liked, take as much food and as much sleep as would carry him for a couple of days. Theodosius, falling asleep in the morning watch of his last great battle, saw in his dreams an apparition that assured him of a victory over his desperate foe Eugenius; and the issue of the forthcoming day verified, or coincided with, this strange presentation.

The Dauphin, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., the descendant of the Sovereigns of France and Navarre, shut up in a loathsome nook, with a hole in the wall, through which his scanty rations were thrust, was killed by the want of sleep. His feverish temples were severely laid upon his pallet, when a stern voice pealed round the walls—*Caput eius est?*

By a refinement of cruelty of this description, his ductile and confiding spirit, drawn out to the last gasp, silently gave up the ghost on the 8th of June, 1793, in his 10th year. The famous St. Dominic never reposed except on the floor, or the bare boards which served him for a bed. St. Bonaventura, one of the first Franciscans, made use of a common stone of some size, instead of a pillow; and St. Peter of Alcantara slept but one hour and a half in the twenty-four hours, for forty years together, either kneeling or standing, with his head leaning aside, on a little piece of wood fastened for that purpose in the wall. He usually ate but once in three days; yet he lived to be old, though his body was so attenuated and weak that it seemed to be composed of the roots of trees, and his skin so parched that it resembled the dry bark of a tree rather than flesh.

People may sleep in all sorts of postures. According to Mr. Wilkinson, the ancient Egyptians, who, as everybody knows, shaved their heads, slept with their heads resting on an iron prong, like that of a pitchfork, wedged with bedding so close that they did for the sake of keeping their heads cool, which they supposed strengthened their wits. The position will sleep on horseback, and the same man at his post. An entire battalion of infantry have been known to sleep on the march. It is about three or four o'clock in the morning that this propensity to sleep is the most overpowering—the time seized upon by troops for driving in the enemy's outposts, and taking the bivouac by surprise. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating ray of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name *lunatic*. There is a greater proneness to drowsiness during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become infested with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping escape the miasma. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

DEATH OF A CONSCIENTIOUS MESS.—An old man, named Shuman, who has lived in a hotel in Albany, N. Y., for many years, in apparent poverty, and subsisting entirely upon the charity of the citizens, died a few days ago. Previous to his death he sent for a gentleman, to whose surprise he bequeathed various sums of money, amounting altogether to \$3,700, to children and grand children residing at Newark and Albany; and confidentially informed him where his property was deposited. He also stated that about twenty-five years ago, he was porter to a mercantile house in Hamburg, and having been long in his employ, was frequently entrusted with considerable sums of money for conveyance to other establishments. In an hour of evil influence he was induced to violate his trust, and absconded to this country with a large sum of money. Having arrived, he invested the greater part of it in the purchase of two houses, which were consumed by fire before he was insured. Considering himself deserted by heaven upon him for his dishonesty, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to a severe course of industry and parsimony, with the single object in view of making restitution to the persons whom he had injured, or to their descendants.

He commenced a retail tobacco store, and in five years raised sufficient money to accomplish his object. Ascertaining that the house in Hamburg had an agency in Philadelphia, he proceeded thither, and paid the sum of \$14,000, being equivalent to the original sum he had embezzled, with a certain rate of interest. The latter, however, was generously returned to him by a son of one of the partners, and he, together with some surplus money, he has bequeathed as above stated. The \$3,700, principally in doubloons, was found concealed in his pantaloons. The remainder was found under the patches of his jacket, with the exception of a small sum in shillings and discovered in an old snuff jar.

A new Wheelbarrow has been invented. Do not laugh, for it is a good invention. It is very wonderful it has not been thought of before. The wheel is placed under the center, so that none of the weight of the load rests upon the hands. A man can wheel twice the usual weight.

The French papers speak of a new invention called the musical bed. It is so constructed that the pressure of the body causes the performance of the air or more organs, according to the length of the slumber. A dial is placed at the head of the bed, with a minute hand to be set to the hour when the sleeper wishes to wake; and when this hour arrives a grand dial is excited from Verdi, with imitations of trombones and kettle drums sufficiently loud not only to waken, but to inspire a lively disposition to get up.

"Miss, will you take my umbrella?" "I do, sir, and you too." "Can't spare but the umbrella," replied the bachelor. "Then, said she, 'I can't take it, as my umbrella is too good for the whole leg or nothing!'"

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The priest and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock; from the bottom to the top not less than one hundred feet, and many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock when it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve.

The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few from the sexton, or head man, with a wand or sword, is conducting around the building. The clock is struck in this way. The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or a little boy with a mallet, and an over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and the one on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a large niche in a rude figure of a man, is a bell in his right hand, and a scythe in his left hand. In front is a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of time, and then glides with a slow step round behind time; out comes an old man, raises his mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twenty times on the bell, that echoes through the building and is heard around the region of the church. Then the old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twice and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: there is a high cross with an image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, and comes out in front, facing the cross, and then walks round to his place again. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in; so twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous clock, peered on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for the real clock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1600, and has performed those mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it was out of repair.

THE EFFECT OF FRAUD.—We recollect says the New York Mirror, when a boy, of casually overhearing a tailor tell his book-keeper that he "must make the good customers pay for the losses by the bad ones." The injustice of such a system of doing business made an impression on our young and tender conscience, which, instead of being effaced by time, has only been deepened by experience. It exposes at a single flash the evils of the credit system. All trades must live—and there must be a balance on the profit-side of the account. If Mr. Jones fails to pay for his coat, Mr. Brown must pay double price for his, or the poor tailor must starve into all mercantile transactions, and the honest industry of the better half of the community has to double its efforts to make up for the frauds and extravagances of the other. A large portion of every dollar earned by every man who works for a living goes to support some lazy scoundrel, some idle vagabond, who lives like the spider, by preying on the substance of others. And we shall hardly overstate the evil, in asserting that one half of the civilized world is working day and night to support the other half in idleness and crime.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD AND DRINK.—H. Doebner, Esq., editor of The Hollander, a paper published in the Dutch language, in the Holland Colony, in Western-Michigan, communicates to the Tribune an interesting item which he called from one of his Netherlands exchanges, of one Engeltoe Van der Vliet, a female Quaker, near Rotterdam, aged 65 years, who has not eaten in 35 nor drank in 31 years. She is now in her last decline. Professors and doctors and numerous scientific men from all parts of the world go to see her. The Board of Health, of the Hague, instituted inquiries into the matter as far back as 1826. No medical man has yet ascertained the true condition of that wonderful lady. She lives in good humor, and suffers with Christian love and faith, her lot and condition. This is certainly a remarkable phenomenon in the history of humanity, and is an important new item for the whole world