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, FEBRUARY 1, 1854. VOL.

Cards.

DR. C. S. BAKER

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country.

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Carlisle, Apl 20, 1853

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Carlisle, ap 8'49.

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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, 1852.

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ALL professional business strictly attended to. The German language spoken as readily as the English, [Sep 14 1853

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Instruction in the languages and drawing, no extra charge.

Music taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge. (sept3tf)

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MOUS DE LAINE,

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5w1 R. H. LAWRENCE.

Fish, Fish, O Fish!

A CHOICE lot of No. 1 MACKEREL, in whole, half and quarter bbls, also a lot of mess No. 3 Mackerel for sale cheap for cash at the family grocery store of

June 22.1853. J. G. WILLIAMS,

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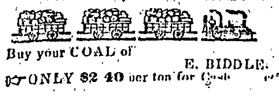

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Poetry.

[From Putnam's Magazine]

PHANTOMS.

BY PROF. LONGFELLOW.

All houses wherein men have lived and died,
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sceno of something moveing to and fro.

There are more guests at table, than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my firestde cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but preceives what is: while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house our lands:
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusky hands
And hold in mortmain still their old estate.

The spirit world around this world of sence
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere,
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapor
A vital breath of more otherial air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires:
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star,
That undiscovered planet in the sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate or cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling links our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night:

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unstendy floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

Select Tale.

From the Lady's Book.

"MUSTARD TO MIX."

A Receipe for Young Housekeepers.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "BOARDING-HOUSE POLITICS," ETC.

"And the ice it isn't water, and water isn't free—and I can't say that anything is what it ought to be."—CHICKEN ON THE HEARTH.

"I feel as if I should fly!"

No wonder poor Mrs. Bunker longed for the wings of a dove, if they could bear her to anything like rest. It was Monday—washing-day—and *blue* Monday into the bargain. The parlor was in disorder (the Bunkers always sat in their parlor on Sunday, and held it sacred the rest of the week); the front hall tracked and littered up with the arrival of a visitor's baggage—the spare room was not ready—the clothes not counted out—the girl idling away her time at the pump—the breakfast dishes unwashed—and the baby screaming, as only a cross child can scream, in its mother's arms, showing not the least symptom of a morning nap, or, indeed, of *anything* but colic.

Mrs. Bunker, as she sat in the midst of this confusion, and expressed her desire to fly, bore no resemblance whatever to an angel—except that angels are usually represented with loose robes and unconfined hair. We question if she had looked at a brush since the day before, and her morning-dress was of the style denominated "wrapper"—a not over-clean chintz. The room itself was cheerful enough, so far as sunshine and comfortable furniture would go; but nothing was in its place; and this disorder, added to the forlorn appearance of Mrs. Bunker, holding the baby in its sour, crumpled night-dress and soiled flannel, was anything but an inviting prospect to a newly arrived guest.

Mrs. Bunker expected her every minute—Aunt Lovey—her husband's aunt, who had brought him up, and had given him all those particular ways that were the bane of Mrs Bunker's wedded life, she having very little idea of the necessity he attached to method in managing a household. Mrs. Bunker, only two years from school, had written very nice letters to this friend of her husband's orphaned childhood. She loved her Joshua, in spite of his unsentimental name, and was inclined to adopt all his family in her affectionate little soul. Nor was it unnatural that she wish them to think well her in return; she particularly desired to gain Aunt Lovey's good opinion, and when the long talked of visit was decided on, had hoped to make a grand first impression. If it hadn't been Monday morning, and if baby hadn't been so cross—if the spare room had only been cleared up after her brother's departure—if the girl was "worth two straws"—in fact, if everything had'nt been exactly what it shouldn't be, Mrs. Bunker would have got up herself, her house, and her baby to the best advantage. She had a very pretty face and figure, a fact of which she was well aware, and as a school-girl and young lady in society, had made the most of. Since her marriage, this was not so apparent to Mr. Bunker, however, as in the days of their courtship. *Then*, she never allowed herself to be seen without her hair in the most wonderful French twists and Grecian braids—or her dress put on to the utmost advantage. Now, "it wasn't worth while to dress for Joshua"; or "baby was so troublesome"; or "she hadn't a thing to put on." It *was* worth while to dress for Aunt Lovey, and she desired to look her very best—only baby *would'nt* go to sleep. "Rock-a-by baby"—

[Mrs. Bunker had been considered to have the best voice in the Highville Seminary, but now her music was confined chiefly to that charming ballad writer, Grandmother Goose.]

"Rock-a-by baby, father's gone a hunting"—Oh, dear, she will be here before I can get him down! There—there—did the drayman say his Aunty Lovey was a-goin' to walkey uppy to the housey? Johnny shall ride, Johnny shall ride (you provoking little monkey, why *don't* you shut your eyes!)—"Wid a possy-cat tied to his side!"—sang, and rocked, and trotted Mrs. Bunker.

"Where *is* that Jane? Not a dish washed—and I don't believe the hot water's on for the clothes. There, there, mother's baby, mother's only little man! Did the naughty colic bother mother's little son? Send the wind right up, so I would. Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross—there, there, don't cry so, mother's little man—'Had a little dog, sir, Banger was his name, sir'; Banger, Buffer, Kicker, Cuffer, *Banger* was his name, sir! Jane! Jane! Where is that girl? I feel as if I should fly!"

At which remark—the energy of which we have endeavored to portray in the most crumpled italics—the door opened to admit, not Jane, but Aunt Lovey, and our history of Mrs. Bunker's tribulations began.

She gave one glance at her visitor, one to herself, and round the room. There was no help for it—she was obliged to deposite baby in the cradle, screaming as he was, and advance to make a "first impression." Aunt Lovey did not look shocked or disgusted—a little surprised certainly, for, knowing her nephew's orderly propensities, this was not what she expected to find his home, and the untidy, tired, fretted-looking woman who introduced herself as his wife, did not certainly answer to the lover's descriptions of his betrothed. However, she had been a housekeeper, and knew what Monday mornings were, with only one maid of all work, and a young child to see to. So she kissed her niece very cordially for the warm welcome she offered, and begging 'not to be minded, as she understood these little troubles,' sat down, laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and asked for the baby.

There it was again—hardest of all! Mrs. Bunker's personal vainty, in departing from her as a married woman, had rested and centered itself on the baby. Aunt Lovey had taken the utmost interest in its advent—knitted all its socks, the very blue pair, soiled and dirty, which he was kicking out at that moment—and in return, had been favored by rapturous accounts of his *beauty* at three days old, his knowingness at three months. Mrs. Bunker had pictured herself presenting the baby in grand toilet to his great-aunt, and seeing her surprise, as the old lady confessed the half had not been told her—"oh, dear!"

But there was no help for it, and she was obliged to withdraw the poor little juvenile from its involuntary confinement, ready to cry with weariness and disappointment, as she tried to coax it into something like good-humor. Jane, drawn by curiosity where duty failed, arrived to complete the tableau, slamming the door, and slopping over the pump-water on her way to the wash-kitchen. She must have been experimenting on the principle that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," for there was a door in the work-kitchen leading directly to the street.

Good Aunt Lovey was no more discomposed by the bold stare the "help" fixed upon her, than she had been by the rest of the picture. It must have cost her an inward tremor to lay down her dove-colored cashmere shawl and split straw bonnet with its white satin ribbons, on the littered bureau, but she did go without invitation, Mrs. Bunker having fairly forgotten to offer one in the combined annoyances and embarrassments of the moment, and then seated in the rocking-chair, from which her niece had risen, she spread the cradle blanket in her lap, and held out her hands for the baby.

It was really a very nice child, as babies go, in spite of its rumpled costume. Aunt Lovey's first proceeding was to "straighten it out," smoothing the uncomfortable folds of cloth and flannel from under its back, and thus covering its cold little feet. Her handkerchief was produced to dry the little face from the mingled effects of tears and teething, and then warmed on the stove—there was very little fire—the stove never *did* draw on washing-day—to cover the mottled arms and hands. Baby thus smoothed, soothed, and comforted, presented a much more respectable appearance, and received a hearty kiss from its great-aunt, by way of an anodyne. It seemed to have the desired effect, for, after staring with its round blue eyes in the old lady's face, as if endeavoring to recall the features, it gradually winked and blinked itself to sleep, certainly contrary to its most determined intentions.

Mrs. Bunker, who had excused herself as if to overlook Jane's operations, but in reality to take up the crying fit where the baby left off, returned, with eyes very much swollen in consequence, and tried to offer an apology for herself and her house, but broke down again into a little sob, and a clean pocket-handkerchief.

"Come, come, my dear, no excuse is needed," hummed Aunt Lovey, at the mother and the fast retiring baby, to the old-fashioned melody of "Banks and braes." "Just warm a pillow—there, that's right; now shake it up, and make it soft; have every feather smooth and light," unconsciously relapsing into rhyme as well as chime, while she deposited the placid Johnny in his accustomed bed. "And now, my dear, I see how it all is. Could you lend me a clean check apron?—never mind, this towel will do, and I will wash up these dishes post haste. What's your girl's name? Jane? Jane, here, come and rake up this fire a little; there's nothing helps matters along faster than a bright, cheerful fire; it's like a lively disposition, which I'm sure you have naturally."

It was wonderful to see Jane's alacrity in obeying these instructions, given in a quick, inspiriting, and, at the same time, not-to-be-trifled-with tone. Mrs. Bunker, captain as she was, placed herself willingly under the orders so skilful a pilot, and was steered triumphantly through the household difficulties that had gathered so thickly around her.

"And now, my dear," resumed that excellent woman, unpinning the towel that encircled her ample waist, and folding it smoothly before she laid it down, "what else is there to do this morning?"

The fire was burning cheerfully, the dishes put away, the carpet swept, the chairs set back, and the baby still sleeping soundly in the bright warmth that had diffused itself throughout the room. Mrs. Bunker already felt as if she had known Aunt Lovey for a long time; they had talked all the while they were busied about household affairs, and the new neice felt as if she could almost open her heart to the kind old lady, and consult her about those constantly occurring domestic drawbacks and trials. Joshua, good husband as he was, did not seem to understand. It was more effective than a week of formal visiting, and Mrs. Bunker's face and step brightened with the room. Now came the clouds again. There was so much to be done, she didn't know where to begin."

"But what is it?" urged Aunt Lovey, stooping down admiringly over the cradle, for the baby looked very lovely in his quiet sleep, one little round hand pushed under his cheek—he was making as good an impression as his mother could desire.

"Oh, *everything!*" responded the baby's mother, in a despairing tone.

"Ah, I see, *mustard to mix*," and with these cabalistic words, the visitor took a deliberate survey of her hostess for the first time. "Consider me your grandmother, Sophia, and let me advise you to tidy yourself a little; that will be the first step towards it. A neat morning-dress and clean apron are next best, or perhaps better, than a good fire, in any house. I'll see to the baby."

Aunt Lucy certainly made herself at home. She put the tips of her prunella buskins on the stove hearth, and examined the hem of her skirts to see if they had contracted any dampness or mud stains in her recent walk, and then produced her knitting, as if she was settled down for some time. Mrs. Bunker took the advice, as she had former prescriptions, and found it to work as well. The morning's duties, were accomplished with an ease and alacrity that astonished herself, even to making the great chamber as neat as Aunt Lovey's heart could desire, without the mortification of her knowing it had ever been otherwise.

It was not until Mr. Bunker had come from the store, and been duly astonished and delighted at his aunt's unexpected arrival, and the tidy appearance of the whole household—to tell the truth, he wondered how the last happened to be so—that Mrs. Bunker found time to seek an explanation of the significant sentence applied by the old lady to her state of despondency with regard to domestic affairs. Significant she was convinced, though she could not exactly make out the application, as her aunt had seen the mutton chops destined for dinner arrive from the butcher's, and she had never heard of mustard being taken with them. They had been duly served, praised, and eaten; the dinner dishes were washed and put away, so was the baby for his second diurnal nap, and Mrs. Bunker, notwithstanding she had company, found herself seated to her sewing by three o'clock for the first time in a month, while Jane, like the unfortunate "maid" mentioned in one of the baby's favorite lullabies, was

"In the garden,
Hanging out the clothes."

Aunt Lovey, looking thoughtfully over her spectacles, thought her nephew's description of his wife not so far out of the way after all, as she hemmed away very industriously at a pile of new towels, the most fascinating work, next to crotchet one can undertake; it slips by so fast and evenly, and there seems to be so much accomplished.

"But, Aunt Lovey," said Mrs. Bunker looking up suddenly, and finding those penetrating grey eyes fixed on her, "what did you mean by 'mustard to mix?'"

"Oh, I did not explain, did I? Well, when I was first married and moved out west—Utica was out west then, from Connecticut—I knew no more about managing for myself than you do now. I used to find my work accumulate, and I would get discouraged and go about a whole week, feeling as if the world rested on my shoulders; and that made me mope, and your uncle John got discouraged, because I did, and there was no end to the snarl things would get into. Our only near neighbor was a nice tidy body, who always looked like wax work."

"Something such a person as you," interrupted Mrs. Bunker, playfully.

"Well, perhaps so; but you never saw my house; her house was like a pin from one end to the other. One day I just ran in to borrow a little meal—ours had given out unexpectedly—and I found my good neighbor in a flurry, acting just as I used to feel sometimes."

"Oh, she had *everything* to do,' she said, 'and company coming to dinner.'

"Everything? well what? As far as I could see everything was done.'

"'Oh, the table's to set;' and up and around the room she went again.

"'But it was two hours to dinner—what else?'

"'Why, well, then, *mustard to mix*!'

"That was every earthly thing, come to think of it; but she had been flurried by the sudden arrival, and did not stop to see that it could not possibly disturb any of her arrangements. So I went home, and found I generally had *mustard to mix*, when my flurries came on; that is, if I set myself right to work to clear up the snarl, it wasn't half so bad as I felt it was. Setting down to fret over matters only snarled things the more, and then poor John was troubled to see me worried, and things would go from bad to worse."

"But, aunty," said the young wife, with a half sigh, curling in a smile, "do you think I shall *ever* make a housekeeper? I know Joshua is disappointed."

"Yes, yes, my dear, why not? Only you will have to learn how to *mix mustard* to begin with."

☞Away up in Vermont a long time ago an Irish "help" had spoiled a lot of candles by letting them fall into a hogshead of rain water. The patience of her mistress gave way entirely under the disaster, and she retired to her room in a passion. While trying unsuccessfully, to calm her excited feelings, by taking violent exercise in the rocking chair, an odor more penetrating than agreeable assailed her nose and caused her to exclaim—

"Mercy sakes, Bridget what is the matter now?" "Nothin ma'am," replied Bridget "I only put the candles in the hot oven for to *Dry!*"

Miscellaneous

MARRY FOR LOVE.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
(As few that marry but have some)
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And bread as well as children send.
So fares the hen in a farmers yard;
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw
But when in search of nicer food
She clucks amid her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self same hen,
That scratched for one could to catch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the same cause d'ye see,
Jenny' resolved to marry me!

THE DUEL IN THE BUSH.

In the story of "Emily Oxford, or life in Australia," we find the following incident of George Flower, a famous policeman who was sent out to hunt a notorious bush-ranger, named Millighan:

He met Millighan as a fellow ranger—and who supposed Flower to be dead. After some conversation, Flower said: "Now suppose a mounted policeman, or thief taker, a fellow of real pluck, was to come upon you when you were alone, and was to challenge you to surrender, what would you do? Would you draw your trigger at once, and not give him a chance?"

"No," cried Millighan, "I'd tell him to stand off and have a fight for it."

"Millighan," said Flower, still keeping his eagle eye fixed on him, "are you speaking the truth?"

"Yes, so help me heaven!"

"Now let us suppose," continued Flower "that such a man as that fellow George Flower—the fellow that was drowned the other day—was to be in the same position with you as I am now?"

"I'd tell him," said Millighan, "that one of us must die, and challenge him to fight fair."

"How fight fair?"

"Why I'd ask him to measure fifty yards, to walk backwards five and twenty paces, and let me do the same."

"And do you think that he would do it?"

"Yes I do, for he was a man. I have often wished to meet that fellow in the field, for what I most want in this life is its excitement and to be killed by the hand of a man like Flower, or to escape by killing him in fair fight—either way would be something to suit me."

"Millighan," said Flower, slowly, "I believe every word you uttered. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. *I am George Flower!*"

Millighan started. He gazed on Flower, whose eye was now riveted on that of his adversary. Millighan's carbine dropped from his hand, but he did not change color or betray any alarm.

"Pick up your piece," said Flower, pointing to the carbine and assuming a proud and careless attitude. I am all that you have said of me, Millighan. I might have shot you like a dog before I spoke to you just now; but I could not do that, for you are a man as well as myself, and you are as brave as generous. Pick up your piece and walk backwards five and twenty paces, but let us shake hands first." Millighan took Flower's hand, and sighed heavily as he shook it. "Do not surrender," suggested Flower, half fearing that Millighan would do so, and break the charm that bound him to the man.

"Surrender!" cried Millighan, with a smile and a sneer; "no! I'll never do that. And knowing you to be a brave foe, I have still a chance, for I shoot as straight as you do. But tell me in earnest, are you George Flower?—Yes, you must be. But hear this—(his blood began to warm)—if you are not, we must fight this day, for we cannot after this live together." And Millighan took up his carbine, and satisfied himself that there was powder in the pan, and with his left thumb he pushed the corner of his flint round so as to insure ignition when he drew the trigger.

Flower placed his carbine against a huge stone, then put his hands into his pockets and looked at Millighan; "I *am* George Flower," said he, "and who but George Flower would deal with you as I do? Don't let us talk much, or I may forget my mission and become a bushranger myself." And Flower took up his carbine, and examined the powder in his pan, and touched the flint as Millighan had done.

"Flower! for Flower you must be," said Millighan, "grant me, if you shoot me, one desire that has haunted me. I do not dread death, but I have a horror of burial. If I fall, suffer me to lie on the very spot. Let the eagle come and feast upon my carcass, pluck these eyes from their sockets and the skin from this brow: let me lie here in this lonely region, and let my bones bleach in the sun, and the rain fall, and the moon and stars shine upon them."

"My God!" exclaimed Flower, seizing Millighan by the arm, "the same dread of being buried has ever haunted *me*. If I fall by your hand, let me rest here, with my head pillowed upon this gun. Let no man living be shown the spot where I fell."

"Take your ground," said Millighan. "I am ready."

"There is my hand, said Flower, "and should we meet in another world we shall not be ashamed of each other, my boy."

Tears were standing in the eyes of both Flower and Millighan when they parted. Each stepped backward pace for pace. Millighan followed by his little terrier, Nettles. When they were about fifty yards apart, they halted and looked at each other for several minutes. Both simultaneously levelled their carbines, but each was indisposed to be the first to fire. At last Millighan discharged his piece. He aimed at Flower's heart. His bullet whizzed past Flower's head, and carried away part of the left whisker. Flower fired, and Millighan fell flat on his face. The ball had entered his left breast. Flower ran to the spot to catch any last word Millighan might desire to breathe. But Millighan was dead.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD TEACHER.

A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others, he had tried school teaching.

'How long did you teach?' asked a bystander.

'Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach.'

'Did you hire out?'

'Wal, I didn't hire out, I only went to hire out.'

'Why did you give it up?'

'Wal, I gave it up—for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a district and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles, named my object in introducing myself, and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the district. He wanted to know if I realy considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and 'jography,' or showing my handwriting. But he said no, never mind; he could tell a good teacher by his gait.

'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell,' says he, 'jis's well's I'd heerd you examined,' says he.

'He sot in the door, as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was considerable frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked off as smart as I know'd how. He sed he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone 'bout fur enough—then I s'pected s'thing was to pay, and looked around. Wal, the door was shet, and Snickels was gone!'

'Di'l you go back?'

'Wal, no—I didn't go back.'

'Did you apply for another school?'

'Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school, said the gentleman from Swampville. 'I rather judged my appearance was against me.'

A CASE.

Miss Fitzneancy—elderly maiden—charged Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, although proud of his personal appearance, was short—very short—considering his whiskers; his height even in French boots, reaching only to four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitzneancy, on the contrary being fond of extremes, ran up a foot higher—and stayed there; being of remarkably right deportment. She swore the abbreviated, yet amorous butcher kissed her by assault—and hauled him up for it. Butcher with some expression of disgust, more emphatic than necessary, denied the charge. Butcher was *fat*—lady wasn't—Cleaver had antipathy to what he irreverently termed, 'scraggy' woman, and vowed he *hadn't* kissed her; *wouldn't! Money couldn't have him* to.'

Being cross examined, lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances—when, where, how &c.—lady replies with great particularity. On Monday morning—ten o'clock—in the entry—resisted all she could, but he persevered, and triumphed!—Lawyer asks—'did not he stand on anything *late th foor?*'

'No he stood on the floor—no chair, stool, or anything else being brought into requisition.'

'But my dear madam, this is impossible? you are twelve inches taller than him. How could he reach your lips?'

Lady had'nt thought of that, but she was not to be tripped by the glibbest lawyer of them all, so she replies—

'Oh! ah! well—I know—yes! to be sure! but then you know—*I scrooooched a little!*'

'Exactly! Thank you, maddam: that'll do.'

'Nothing farther, your honor.'

Verdict for the short defendant

TRIUMPH OF LEARNING.—Mind constitutes the majesty of man; virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement is flowing through the land, like another Niagara, is destined to roll on downward to latest posterity; and it will bear then, on its bosom, our virtues, our glory, or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It, then in a great measure, depends upon the present, whether the moth of immortality or ignorance and luxury shall prove the overthrow of the republic, or knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption and the remorseless tooth of time. Give your children fortune without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them education and they will accumulate fortunes; they will be a fortune to themselves and to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold; for it buys true honor; they never can spend or lose it, and through life it proves a friend; in death a consolation.

THE SABBATH AND THE OLD CHURCH BELL.—Nothing awakes more pleasing recollections, and tells more of "Auld Lang Syne," than the sound of the old church bell on a Sabbath day, whether it be pleasant or stormy, swinging from its old weather-worn turret, the same pulpit from which it preached the "tidings of great joy." Its sounds are always eloquent to the sensitive mind, and it makes the mind revert to the scenes of long, long ago, when in childhood its mysterious yet touching tones, the first source of admiration, and in following years its sound was a melodious muse to the soul. Although he who preaches language of hope and consolation to the flock who see wont to assemble within the sacred walls may fail, yet the old bell does not cease to preach from its belfry pulpit. No doubt it has rang the funeral dirge of a father, a kind mother, son and daughter, and still rings on; its sounds are no less thrilling than when for the first time it broke upon the hills which have so often echoed with its well known voice.

"It is a terrible thing to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not vibrate through all time, in the wide spreading currents of sound—not a prayer is said, that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will."

[illegible]

LIST [illegible]

Written by [illegible] brothers and [illegible] the German by [illegible]

Beloved Eng. [illegible] promise, I write [illegible] your letter dated [illegible] I have safely kept [illegible] my letter found [illegible] you all, and [illegible] from the exile of [illegible] for the great [illegible] State a little [illegible] I have seen I will [illegible] the afternoon by [illegible] to behold the [illegible] of Kings and Pr[illegible] ier great [illegible] all nations sh[illegible] ing mind man was told [illegible] also exiled in the [illegible] the impression [illegible] dity and [illegible] of the waters [illegible] ads no water [illegible] I often with [illegible] ance this into[illegible] ap- pointed for [illegible] ch, Bro. Theo[illegible] a journey to [illegible] nd pilgrims and [illegible] s, make haste [illegible] ls, and in all [illegible] , where were [illegible] n of the [illegible] ch us. Three [illegible] and paint these [illegible] nes, and the [illegible] e. The well [illegible] le at eat was all [illegible] o'clock at [illegible] ver a long as I [illegible] e of persuasion [illegible] with a congre[illegible] ar- rived at [illegible] ase. All the [illegible] too was [illegible] As I stood on [illegible] your where [illegible] nd likewise [illegible] ple. Just [illegible] the Saviour [illegible] nt speed. [illegible] le- deem our [illegible] sent who [illegible] Philip Dodd[illegible] ml who dwell [illegible] al in the [illegible] of them. He was [illegible] no to this [illegible] ion into deep [illegible] to receive any [illegible] ere is as mild as [illegible] ere had apples, [illegible] r, squashes and [illegible] of April, in [illegible] d there water [illegible] I day but to- [illegible] ace letter from [illegible] a letter is a [illegible] ny friends.

May 22? [illegible] written, Sister [illegible] pa, in order to [illegible] l, and on Monday [illegible] where we had [illegible] al, and were [illegible] ship and attend [illegible] ed and rode over [illegible] n, through the [illegible] as far as eyes could [illegible] a tree to be [illegible] ; it was the most [illegible] er beheld. At noon [illegible] we rested an hour [illegible] k for a house for [illegible] a thousand [illegible] and will move [illegible] o-morrow day after we [illegible] and yesterday we arrived [illegible] em. The Arabs began to [illegible] we returned. We live here [illegible] 's hill; often in the [illegible] I resort to the top of the house to [illegible] bors cultivating [illegible] on the roofs of their houses [illegible] now many wild flowers [illegible] ing blossoms. I have had to [illegible] appearance of American [illegible] are very thick, with [illegible] le of the windows; I have [illegible] blooms and coolers from [illegible] I will send home if opportunity [illegible] and; my mother I send a [illegible] as a pledge of love. This letter [illegible] the American traveller [illegible] ing for my letter, therefore I [illegible] Live well all of you in the fear [illegible] the blessing of God rest and remain with [illegible] Remember my love to all inquiring friends also my near and dear relatives, and subscribe myself you daughter and [illegible]

☞The following is published in a New French newspaper: "A poor shepherd in the environs of Ytlot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with [illegible] difficulty purchased last season a house which, in old clothes, furniture &c., [illegible] with a view to occupy his leisure evenings during the present winter. On one evening, while he was turning over the leaves [illegible] he immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves with a [illegible] scarcely forgetting [illegible] the man when he found [illegible] a bank bill of five hundred francs [illegible] On the margin of one of the pages [illegible] these words:

"I gather together [illegible] very with very great difficulty [illegible] nature, but those which owe [illegible] nothing I make thee, whoever shall read this Bible, my heir."