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, MARCH 8, 1854. VOL. LIV NO 22

Cards.

DR. C. S. BAKER

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

Office and residence in South Hanover street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."

Carlisle, Apl 20, 1853

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DENTIST. WILL perform al operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle

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Carlisle, ap 8'49.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,

DENTIST. WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. ☞Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent from Carlisle the last ten days of every month.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER,

OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9. o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M. [june18'5

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.

HENRY J. WOLF,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, No. 2, Beetem's Row.

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

JOHN W. BELL, BENJ. DARBY

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Carlisle Female Seminary.

MISSES PAINE will commence the SUMMER SESSION of their Seminary on the second Monday in April, in a new and commodious school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hanover street.

Instruction in the languages and drawing, no extra charge.

Music taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge. (apr13tf)

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Near Carlisle, Pa.

THE 15th Session (five months) will commence Nov. 7th. The buildings are new and extensive, (one erected last Fall). The situation is all that can be desired for healthfulness and moral purity Removed from the excitements of Town or Village the Student may here prepare for College, Mercantile pursuits, &c. All the branches are taught which go to form a liberal education. A conscientious discharge of duty has secured, under Providence, the present flourishing condition of the Institution. Its future prosperity shall be maintained by the same means.

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Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.

THE SIXTH SESSION will commence on Monday, the seventh of November next. Parents and Guardians and others interested are requested to inquire into the merits of this Institution. The situation is retired, pleasant, healthful and convenient of access; the course of instruction is extensive and thorough, and the accommodations are ample.

Instructors.

M. D. Denlinger, Principal, and teacher of Languages and Mathematics.

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Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c.

I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, together with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Brushes of almost every description, with an endless variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the VERY LOWEST prices.

All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.

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STRAW WANTED.

The subscriber will pay Cash for STRAW of any kind delivered at Middlesex. Farmers will find it to their interest to sell their straw and purchase other manures.

E. SHRYOCK,

nov30tf) Agent.

MERINOES, CASHMERES.

JUST RECEIVED at the New and Cheap Store of Weise & Campbell a large lot of FRENCH MERINOES.

CASHMERES,

MOUS DE LAINE,

SHAWLS, &c.,

now on hand fresh from Philadelphia, and selling low at WEISE & CAMPBELL'S.

Attention, Limeburners!

Buy your COAL of E. BIDDLE.

☞ONLY $2 40 per ton for Cash.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE undersigned having been the agent of the Keystone Life Insurance Company, of Harrisburg, Pa., continues to act in that capacity, by authority of said Company. He would respectfully inform the community that he will attend to such persons as may signify their desire to insure their lives, and thus give some protection to their bereaved families and friends, in case of death. Office in West Pomfret Street, Carlisle.

May25 tf J. WORTHINGON.

Poetry.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one
Was saying 'I wish he was here!'
To know that the group at the fire side
Were thinking of me as I roam,
O, yes 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches—the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long,
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awakens
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they place me a chair at the table,
When evenings home pleasures are nigh,
And lamps sparkle bright in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the 'good nights' are repeated,
And each lays him down to sleep,
Do they speak of the absent, and waft me
A whispered 'good night' o'er the deep?

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me
At morning, at noon, and at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
Which only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
And pleasure less hailed than before,
Because one is missed from the circle—
Because I am with them no more?

The Nebraska Debate.

TRUMAN SMITH'S SPEECH.

The speech of Truman Smith, of Conn., in the U. S. Senate on Friday, adds another distinguishing mark made by the Smith family in the halls of the National Legislature, this winter. It is the most telling, witty, satirical, and caustic speech yet made. It is right to the point, and nobody will mistake it. Notwithstanding the crowded state of our columns, we make room for the following extracts:

In the last Congress, the Senator from Illinois told the Senate that he had made his last speech on Slavery. What an unfortunate thing it was that this promise had not been kept! (Laughter.) It was a great pity the Senator did not stick to that assertion, for if he had, this bill would never have passed, and the agitation would have kept out of Congress. He denied, most emphatically, that there was anything in the acts of 1850, having the remotest effect upon the Missouri act. He challenged the Senator to produce a single word to sustain the assertion that at the time any one thought that those acts in principle, or otherwise, affected the Missouri Compromise. If the Senator could produce such a word he would abandon the issue. If Mr. Clay was now alive, his eyes would flash with indignation, his eloquent lips pour forth their powerful denunciation against this wanton violation of the compromise of 1820, against this reckless perfidy. He regretted that there were no statesman of this day exalted and elevated above personal considerations to rise and rebuke and restrain, as Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster did, the wild fanaticism of the North and South. The whig party no longer stood forth to resist it.

There seemed to be a rivalry, a perfect competition between Southern Whigs and Democrats as to who should first rush into the support of this repeal. Mr. Clay's view of the Compromise of 1850 was that the South and North should share equally, neither to get any advantage over the other. That was the exact result of it, as told by the Senator from Illinois in his speech at Chicago. Did the Senator from Illinois understand in 1850 that the Missouri Compromise was done away with in principle? If he thought so why did he not tell the people of Chicago so when he addressed them? Had he told them that fact, perhaps he would not have succeeded so well in quelling the mob, or in putting down the contemplated riot. His bill provided for the appointment of a Governor and Judges by the President of the United States. He would undertake now to demonstrate that the New Mexico and Utah Acts did not give the people of those Territories full power and control over the regulation of their domestic institutions. If those acts did not the Senator would not ask it for this one. The Utah and New-Mexico acts gave to the Governors a veto on the legislation of the Territory. It gave Congress a veto on the acts of the Governor and Legislature. Who were the Governors and Judges? They were the creatures of the Administration for the time being.

But to examine the question more particularly, the Senator had declared that by the acts of 185-, the people of Utah had been given full power to regulate all their domestic institutions and relations in their own way, unconfrolled except by the Constitution of the United States. He could not say that polygamy was prohibited by the Constitution in express terms. (Laughter.) Would the Senator from Illinois venture to tell the Christian people of the United States that Congress had given, by the Compromise of 1850, the full power to establish polygamy, or that it had given Brigham Young a power of attorney to have forty wives himself and a proportionate number for the rest of his crew? (Laughter.) If the Senator (Mr. Douglass) was correct, and the people of Utah had full power to regulate their domestic Institutions, then was not this establishment of polygamy under the kind auspices of the Chairman of the Committee on Territories? The Senator was not alone in his ideas.

It appeared that in a council of war held on this bill by its friends, it had been solemnly decided, upon due consideration, that the acts of 1850 gave the Utah people full power to regulate their domestic institutions, and that Brigham Young and all his crew shall practice polygamy, and have as many wives as they pleased. It was to be hoped the President of the Senate was not in that council. (Loud laughter.) He intended to expose this business of polygamy, and explain its modus operandi. (Loud and long continued laughter.)—What he meant was, that he intended to explain how it was that Brigham Young and his crew practiced polygamy. (Renewed laughter.) If any one supposed evil from any suggestion of his, he desired it to be done on that person's responsibility and not on his. (Loud and boisterous laughter, continuing for several minutes.)

The Chair appealed to all present to preserve order, and avoid demonstrations unbecoming the Senate.

Mr. Smith—Suppose the Legislature of Utah should, among their legislative acts, send to Congress a bill formally establishing polygamy, and giving Brigham Young forty, and all others fifteen wives, would the Senator from Illinois suffer it to be approved in silence?—Would he not rather pick it up with a pair of tongs and thrust it out of the window? If he did this, and it would be nothing more than could be expected by the Christian and moral sense of the Union, would not the Senator be violating that principle of self government and congressional non-intervention in the domestic institutions of the Territories? Well, supposing the polygamy is thus established, and they go on increasing—yes, increasing, multiplying and replenishing the earth most rapidly, as they can and will do with polygamy, (laughter,) and they apply for admission into the Union, are they to be admitted? If they do not provide for polygamy in their constitution, it may form part of their common law; and are they to be admitted with this domestic institution regulated by themselves as the Senator says they have power to do? The Senator cannot deny them without denying his own position, and now the people of the United States are to be told that the establishment of polygamy and the exclusive right over the subject has been put into the hands of Brigham Young and his crew, and they are to be admitted into the Union without objection, because of some hidden, unknown principle contained in the Compromise of 1850, and never heard of until discovered by the Senator from Illinois. If admitted and the Senators and Representatives come here, were they to be allowed to bring their forty wives each with them? (Laughter) The Senator would not prevent a man having his wives with him, certainly. (Laughter.) If they brought them here, he would above all other things in the world, like to see the Senator from Illinois in one corner of an omnibus and Brigham Young's forty wives in another. (Loud laughter.)—When Brigham came here as a Senator, with Snooks his colleague, each with his forty wives, would the Senator from Texas, who was ungallantly disposed towards ladies, move to admit them on the floor of the Senate, to hear Senators' speeches? (Laughter.) Would not this lead to a change in the system of compensation and mileage? He had long experienced that the present pay and mileage of Senators, who had but limited families, was altogether inadequate, and that some just and equitable discrimination should be made between them and those who experienced profound solitude—but if this were the case under present circumstances, what ought not to be done in behalf of those who had establishments numbering forty or fifty wives? Present pay and mileage would be altogether insufficient.

The least the Senator from Illinois could do, would be to propose to give each wife two dollars a day. (Laughter.) Was it not manifest that the idea that these people were entrusted with the sole and exclusive power of regulating all their domestic institutions, was an absurdity! He referred to the fact that New Mexico had sent hither a delegate who could not speak one word of English, and that a proposition had been gravely made in the House to employ an interpreter to explain the proceedings to him. He regarded Mr. Clemens' letter, published to-day, as a true exposition of this measure. He intended to retire, possibly before the close of this session, from public life, and seek repose and consolation in private life. He would hereafter take no active part in any political agitation or elections. The democratic party had the executive and both branches of the Legislature. Was it then good policy to interrupt all business by a renewal of this agitation? A bad beginning had taken place in the House. The Deficiency bill which had occupied weeks, had been killed and time and labor lost. Let this negro question go there, and Senators would see in the House a perfect insurrection—North and South warring one upon the other. He ventured to assert that this bill, after all, would not pass. It might pass the Senate, but when it reached the House the gag would not succeed, and the bill would, for the rest of the session, stand in the way of other business, and finally be lost. The passage of this bill would explode the platforms of both parties, and the parties themselves. He would never have anything more to do with political conventions. Both parties had adopted platforms to abide by the compromise and now both parties exploded them. Hereafter he would fight on his own hook. In his retirement he would take with him a platform adopted by the democratic convention of June 11, 1846, held at Concord, N. H., which platform was drawn up by the present President of the United States. That platform declared the adherence of the democracy to the principles of that party from '76 down; and as to the question of slavery, it said 'that while they deplored its existence as a moral and social evil, they would be forbearing to others, and would not consider themselves wiser than Washington, Franklin and Jefferson:" He agreed with every word of this platform. He would stick to it if the President approve this bill to extend to Nebraska a great moral and social evil? How could the Senator from Illinois ask the President to do so? He supposed the reference to Franklin and Jefferson was the petition signed by the former, and presented to the first Congress for the abolition of slavery, and the declaration by the latter that all men are born free and equal. In his future career he would avoid all agitation on the subject of slavery. If the North has to be sold out, he preferred to choose his own master. If compelled to select one he would prefer a higher toned Southern gentleman. He would then be sure of humane treatment. He would never select for his master a Northern demagogue or doughface. He would not have to rule over him one of those fellows called Yankees, who leaving their own country, go down South and become the hardest tyrants, and are selected as the best overseers.

His father whom he followed to his grave in 1829, he remembered was a slaveholder. All his early recollections were connected with the institution. His personal observations of the kindness, gentleness, and providence with which slaves were treated by a majority of their masters and the grateful acknowledgements of kindness and affection, by the slaves of their superiors, had done much in his mind to mitigate the evils, but still he did not regard it as a desirable institution or one that ought to be extended. The repeal of this compromise would not benefit the South.—Why, then, throw a fire-brand to the demagogues at the North, which would arm them with power. If this bill were passed he never desired to see another whig convention, nor did he think the democrats ought to have another. They had better shake hands and go back to their original elements, and forget all old party associations. He would put no trust in any Northern man with Southern principles. Martin Van Buren was one of these. He had gone so far once, as impudently to intimate to Congress his intention to repeal an act on the subject. Where did he bring up? Why, on the Buffalo platform, surrounded by the very worst of all fanaticism. All things were accomplished now in the name of democracy.—He had a strong idea of becoming a democrat himself, if this bill passed. Democracy of late had become exceedingly rampant. The whigs were now less than one-third of this body, and in two years would be less than a quarter of it. If this bill passed they might as well separate entirely. Let an independent party be formed of men who would put down demagogues and negro agitators. This bill was a move on the political checkerboard. It had, as it appeared to him, considerable reference, if not to the exigencies of the present administrations at least to some future Presidential election—in 1856 or 1860. With the Concord platform written by the President in 1845, an independent party might be formed. He would have no objection to putting it under the banner of the Senator from Texas, and completely routing the demagogues North and South. He would not hunt runaway negroes, but he would hunt demagogues and doughfaces, and put down every man North and South who should dare to introduce the question of slavery into Congress. Of course, in all these remarks he had no reference to any one in the Senate. (Laughter.)

Humorous.

A DUTCHMAN ABROAD.

"Hollo, friend, can you tell me the way to Reading?" enquired a downeaster the other day of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, whom he found hard at work beside the road a few miles from Reading.

"O, yaw, I could tell you so pesser as any body. You must first turn de parn round, de pritch over and de prook up stream, ten de first house you come to ish my proder Hans pig barn; dat ish de piggest parn dere ish upon dis road; it ish eighteen feet von way, and eighteen feet back again. Mine proder Hans thought to thatch it mit shingles, but he sold dem, and so shingle it mit straw and clapboard it mit rails; after you go py my proder Han's pig parn, de next house you come to ish a hay stack of corn stocks, pilt of straw, but you must not stop dere too. Den you goes along till you come to tree roads, you take any of dem tree roads and den you kit lost. Den you musht kit over de fence into a great pig pen mit no fence around it. Den you take the road upon your right shoulder, and go down as far as the pritch, den you turn right pack agin. Ven you ish comin back, you come py a house dat stands right along side of a little yaller tog. He runs out and says pow, wow, wow, he duz, and pites a little piece out of your leg, den he runs and shumps into an empty pig pen dat hash four sheep in it.—Den you look way up on de hill down in de swamp there, and you sees a plu white house painted red, mit two front doors on de pack side; well, tere ish vere my proder Hans livgs, and he would tell you so petter as I could. I don't know.

"Wall, I swow, by hokee, mister, you are about as intellergent as aunt Jemimy; but I reckon as how you don't know her though, she's dumb. But I say yeou, why don't yeou dig out them pesky weeds, hey?"

"O, dear me, I has had very pad luck. Von or two days next week, mine proder Han's pumpkins proke into mine pig patch, and ven I drove dem to home, every tam little pumpkin in de field catch up von little piece of pig in his moth, and ten dey run through to tuyful, as if de fence was after dem, and a post stumbled over me, and I'm almost kilt, I am."

"Whew! Dew tell!"

"Den I tinks as how I musht take me a vrow, so I goes to Reading, and tells Kotterepn if she would take me for worse as petter, and she asks me 'yaw.' So I takes him home, and eat seven quarts sour krout, and vent to ped well enough, but de next morning she shump up tead! She vos a very heavy loss; she weigh more as dree hundred and seventy pounds. Den my leetle poy takes sick and tied. O! I'd rather give tree shillings, as to have that happen. He was so fat as putter. Den my hens come home mit dere ears split, and mine hogs all come home mit nine of dem missin."

Picayune.

☞Sylvester challenged Johnson to match a couple of his rhymes, that run somewhat thus:

"I John Sylvester,
Hugged your sister."

To which Johnson immediately replied:

"I Ben Johnson,
Hugged your wife."

"But," said Sylvester, rather chargined at the turn, "that's no *rhyme.*"

"No!" retorted Johnson, "but its *true.*"

READING AND THINKING.—Always have a book or paper within your reach, which you may pick up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. If you can give fifteen minutes a day it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they are right they afford a portable pleasure, with which one may travel or labor without any trouble or incumbrance.

Miscellaneous

PUBLIC VIRTUES.

BY BEN JOHNSON.

Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For public good—these things will be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest and most during imagery;
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in Judgement of posterity,
Are more condemn'd as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit alike to gods and men;
The one, until the period of our race,
To inspire us with free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;
The other, to vouchsafe us, after death,
An honorable mention and fair praise,
To accompany our actions and our name;
The rest of greatness princes may command,
And therefore may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting high, and happy memory
They should without, being satisfied, pursue:
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.

THE GAMESTER.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, a gentleman, whose names was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance. He had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospects of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passion.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed there to be fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue his fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of connoisseurs, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and other moveables that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectation of being repaid, refused to lend him a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success; and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in the company would sat him sixty guineas upon it—the company were silent. He then demanded fifty—still no answer. He sunk to forty, thirty, twenty—finding the company still without answering, he cried out, it shall never go for less, and dashed it against the floor, at the same time, attempted to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

The last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent; to his wife. Upon his entering her apparment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and sternness; his disposition being quite altered with his miefortunes. "But, my dear Jemmy," says his wife, "perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony; and looking at her cried, "There you lie my dear, his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," says she, "but I really thought it was; at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What, all!" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me: your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken; I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect, he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

A GREAT MAN.—Every man is great as a man; for he who possesses the divine power of a soul is a great being, be his place in society what it may. He may be clothed in rags—may be occupied in the lowest business—may make no show—be scarcely known to exist—but yet he may be more truly great than those who are commonly so called; for greatness consists not in force of soul—that is, in the force of thought, but in moral principle and love, and this may be found in the humblest condition. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with the most invincible resolution—who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully—who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns—whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering.

THE HARDEST MODE TO DIE.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain, to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground.—In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him.

Th cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defence was pressed on him by a blow, which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval of thought. But it by no means follows, that the inflicting of fatal wounds is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds, it is propable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensation, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab, the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath.

Some of these cases are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go under a mortal wound, till it finally comes to a sudden stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water of a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs, concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."

Captain Basil Hall, who, in his early youth, was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass," and almost immediately sank dead upon the turf.—*Quarterly Review.*

AWFUL DEATH.

A most tragical tale is told of the sufferings of three soldiers of a detachment of the 60th regiment, now stationed at Toronto, and a black man, who got into a boat, the soldiers with the intention of deserting, and getting over to Crab Island, and from thence, as opportunity offered, to America. After a while, the wind rising, they were driven out of their course, and so were in the boat for several days, without food or water. At length one of the soldiers proposed to draw lots that one should be killed to furnish food for the others. They did so, and the lot fell upon Thomas Buckley, one of the soldiers, who forthwith bound up his arm, and opened a vein to bleed himself to death; one of the others, and the black man, sucked his blood, and afterwards went raving mad, and jumped into the sea.—Buckley also died; and there remained only one soldier out of the party in the boat. Wm. Lennon, who threw the dead body into the sea, lashed the helm, and left himself to his fate. He had not tasted any of Buckley's blood, because, according to his own statement, he had felt a scruple at doing so, as he had been his comrade. After eleven days' drifting, the boat was driven on the coast of St. Domingo, and the coast guard found the survivor, and after giving him some refreshments, carried him to Jacmel to the English Consul, before whom he made relation of the facts as above, and he was sent back to Tortola in the steamer.—*Barbadoes paper.*

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—"What is meant by Mason's and Dixon's Line?" asked a bright, blue eyed girl of twenty years of age, when sitting at her father's table, a few days ago. The answer was, "it is a phrase usually employed to describe the boundary between the free and slave States." "But why do they do it in that way?" was her inquiry. The reply may be worth giving to some of our readers. "In the seventeenth century, James II, of England, then the Duke of York, gave certain lands to Lord Baltimore and to William Penn, and a difficulty soon sprang up as to the proper owner of these lands on the Delaware. Again and again was the affair carried into the Courts, till in the year 1760, when George the III. came to the crown, the Lord Chancellor of England made a decision; but new difficulties sprung up in drawing the boundary lines. The Commissioners finally employed Messrs. Mason and Dixon, who had just returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where they had been to observe the transit of Venus. They succeeded in establishing the line between Delaware and Maryland, which has ever since been called 'Mason and Dixon's line."

☞Adversity is worth more to some folks than rich aunts and uncles, two mile placers, or cart loads of similar notions. There's Buttertubs, never knew that he had either an idea or muscle, until he got within a yard and a half of the almshouse, while Miss Topsby was within a shadow of nothing and nobody, until reduced to a six penny calico, one fill of bread and water per day, and a narrow seat in the charity pew. Buttertubs is now one of the Councilmen, and Topsby is engaged to the distinguished lawyer, Jerloum Ruplevin, Esq.—Nothing like adversity to bring out the four-story inwards. Well there ain't.

☞The fellow whose attention was riveted has again burst open.

DULL CHILDREN.

No fact can be plainer than this, it is impossible to judge correctly of the genius or intellectual ability of the future man, by the indications of childhood. Some of the most eminent men of all ages were remarkable only for dullness in their youth. Sir Isaac Newton, in his boyhood, was inattentive to his study, and ranked very low at school till the age of twelve. When Samuel Wythe, the Dublin school master, attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, he pronounced the boy an "incorrigible dunce." The mother of Sheridan fully concurred in this verdict, and declared him the most stupid of her sons. Goldsmith was dull in his youth, and Shakspeare, Gibbon, Davy and Dryden, do not appear to have established in their childhood even the common elements of future success.

When Berzelius the eminent Swedish chemist, left school for the university, the words "indifferent in behavior and doubtful hope," were scored against his name; and after he entered the university he narrowly escaped being turned back. On one of his first visits to the laboratory, when 19 years old, he was taunted with the enquiry whether he "understood the difference between a laboratory and a kitchen." Walter Scott had the credit of having the "thickest skull in the school."—Milton and Swift were justly celebrated for stupidity in childhood. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising. Clarius, the great mathematician of his age, was so stupid in his boyhood, that his teacher could make nothing of him until they tried him a geometry. Carracci, the celebrated painter, was so inapt in his youth, that his master advised him to restrict his ambition to the grinding of colors.

"One of the most popular authoresses of the present day," says an English writer, "could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it but said as every body did learn, with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen, the apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty, had published thirty volumes." Dr. Scott, the commentator, could not compose a theme when twelve years old; and even at a later age, commit to memory a poem of a few stanzas only. At nine years of age, one who afterwards became a chief justice in this country, was during a whole year, unable to commit to memory the little poems found in one of our school books.

Labor and patience are the wonder works of man—the wand, by whose magic touch he changes dross into gold, deformity into beauty, the desert into a garden, and the ignorant child into a venerable sage. Let no youth be given up as an incorrigible dolt, a victim only to be laid upon the altar of stupidity, until labor and patience have struggled with him long enough to ascertain whether he is a "natural fool," or whether his mind is merely enclosed in a harder shell than common, requiring only a little outward aid to escape into vigorous and symmetrical life.

MARRIAGE BY PROXY.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes: "It is but recently that I became aware of the fact that marriage by proxy was allowable in the Old Dominion. Some years ago a sable son of Africa, called General—a title which he had not earned by gallant service in the battle-field, neither had he acquired it as Gen. Mathew Arbuckle did his of the same grade, but had received it from his sponsors in baptism, if he ever had any—sued and won the love of a colored lady sporting the rural name of Milken Sally. A day was fixed for their wedding; the officiating clergyman being a colored gentleman, slave on an adjoining plantation, a stickler for dignity, and a firm believer in the resolutons of '98 and 99,'—those who needed his services had to go to his cabin. General and Milken had to make the most of it, and as Mahomet would not go to the mountain it remained for the mountain to go to Mahomet. The eventful evening at length arrived; the guests are assembled, the groom has come, but the bride is missing. The venerable clergyman at length becomes impatient, expresses his astonishment at Milken's absence; when the General, rising from his seat thus delivers himself: "Look here broder Culifer, it is no use waiting for dat darkee; I knows her like a book; she bin gone to sleep, setting fore de fire. I'se authorised to speak for her.' so jes go ahead jes de same if she was here." Old Culifer thought it a wise suggestion, and proceeded to unite them in the holy bonds of matrimony. When the General went over to Milken's cabin, sure enough, there she was fast asleep by the fire with some of her wedding finery in her hand. She was terribly provoked to learn that her wedding had come off and she was not there."

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—Late foreign papers give the details of one of the most shocking occurences we ever remember to have met with. It seems that some of the poorer class of houses in the town of Dowlais, Glamorganshire, Wales, are infested to a considerable degree by rats, but no one seemed to imagine that the presence of those intruders, although dangerous to property, would be attended with peril to personal life. A poor working woman having occasion to go from home, put her young child to bed until her return. Upon opening the door of the apartment in which in which the child lay, she saw three large rats jump from the bed, and on looking in that direction was terrified at perceiving that the bed clothes were all stained with blood to a considerable extent. Upon moving the coverlet a shocking spectacle presented itself.—The rats had mutilated the poor infant, and destroyed its life, having eaten away the wall of the belly, and actually destroyed portions of the intestines. The agony of the unhappy mother upon discovering her loss may be better conceived than described. Her cries brought her neighbors to her assistance, and the occurrence has produced a painful sensation throughout the neighborhood.