

# WORLD HERALD

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—Bishop Hall.

E. BEATTY Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1854.

VOL. LIV NO 42

### Cards.

**DR. GEO. W. NEIDICH.**  
DENTIST, carefully attends to all operations upon the teeth, and restores the teeth that are lost or irregularly misplaced. He will also insert Artificial Teeth of every description, such as Pivot, Single and Block teeth, and teeth with "Continuous Gums," and will construct Artificial Palates, Obstrucors, Regulating Plates, and every appliance used in the Dental Art.—Operating Room at the residence of Dr. Samuel Elliott, East High Street, Carlisle.

**DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ.**  
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that are required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to a complete set, in a full set. 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. I. C. LOOMIS.**  
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c., and restoring the teeth that are lost or irregularly misplaced. 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.

### FROM CALIFORNIA.

**C. VON HELEN** respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity, that he has just returned from California, and is prepared to execute all kinds of work connected with his line of business. He has always on hand a large assortment of—

**Rifles, Guns, Pistols, Locks, Keys, Gun Trimmings, &c.** all of which he will sell wholesale or retail. He also attends to repairing Guns, clocks, locks, &c., and to the brass, copper and iron. He hopes that by strict attention to business, and a desire to please, he will merit and receive the patronage of his friends. Residence—West Main street, opposite Crozier's Hotel.

All kinds of Fire Arms made to order. Carlisle, April 26, 1854—ly

### SPLENDID JEWELRY!

**PHOENIX CONLYN**  
West High street, a few doors west of Burkholder's Hotel, Carlisle, has just received the largest and most elegant assortment of—

**SUPERIOR JEWELRY** ever offered in Carlisle, consisting in part of Gold and Silver Watches of every variety, and at all prices, eight-day CLOCKS, Silver and Gold pens, silver, table forks and butter knives, gold and silver spectacles, ladies' and gentlemen's gold pen and pencil, and all kinds of jewelry, description and price, rings, breast pins, &c. at all prices. Also Accordeons and Musical Boxes, with a great variety of Fancy Articles, suitable presents for the Holidays. Persons desiring to purchase are invited to call and examine the assortment. We are prepared to sell at very reasonable prices. Quality of all goods warranted to be as fine as sold for.

**THOMAS CONLYN,**  
West High Street.  
Dec 28, 1853

### REMOVAL.

**SPRING FASHIONS!**  
I have the pleasure to inform my old customers and the public that I have temporarily removed my establishment four doors south of the old stand, on North High Street, where I have just opened a large assortment of—

**BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.**  
which cannot be surpassed in style, quality and price, and to which he invites the attention of the public.

**LADIES' WEAR.**  
For Ladies and Misses his stock is well selected and complete, comprising the most fashionable styles of Hats, Caps, Gloves, and French Gaiters, Morocco Boots, lined with patent leather, of all colors and qualities, to suit her with Morocco Gaiters, and full supply of every description of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters for Ladies, Misses and Children's wear, at all prices.

**GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.**  
Calf, Kid and Coarse Boots of different qualities and prices, black and drab Congress Gaiters; patent leather Saddle Gaiters, Morocco Gaiters, and Pumps, patent leather and cloth lined Tassel Slippers, &c. A full assortment of the above styles of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, and general assortment of Calf, Kid and Coarse Morocco and Shoes at all prices.

This extensive stock of new and fashionable styles has been selected with great care, and the quality is warranted. They only need to be examined to be appreciated. He also compares to manufacturers in his line of goods.

Repairs will be repaired gratis. Feeling confident his assortment will give entire satisfaction, both in regard to quality and price, he respectfully solicits public patronage.

April 12. **JONATHAN COIRMAN.**

**J. H. WISE, W. K. CAMPBELL.**  
**BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**  
At Wise and Campbell's  
New and Cheap Store, S. W. corner of Hancock & Louthan streets.

We now feel a pleasure in announcing that we have just received a splendid and choice assortment of SPRING and SUMMER Goods, which we will offer at such prices as cannot fail to please. The stock consists of—

**DRESS GOODS.**  
Black Fancy Dress Silks, Merinos, Organdies, Brilliants, Lawns, Jaconets, Batistes, &c., &c.

**LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.**  
A handsome lot of Spencers, Undersleeves, Collars, Ruffings, Edgings, Insertings, moccasin collars and undergarments embroidered linen cambric handkerchiefs, &c., &c.

**DOMESTICS.**  
Gingham, checks, tickings, Muslins, jeans, drills, bagging and Bannock. Also all kinds of CLOTHS, &c., &c.

A handsome lot of cloths, cassimere and besting **BOONETS.**

A large assortment of Ladies and Misses French lace, gossamer, belgras, tulle, braids, and straw Bonnets, Misses handkerchiefs, &c., all of which will be sold at unusually low prices.

**HATS.**  
Men's and Boy's common, high, china pearl, astrak and palm leaf Hats, Parasols, Umbrellas and Looking-glasses very cheap.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
We are selling a large lot of Ladies' shoes and gaiters at greatly reduced prices, as we intend discontinuing this branch of our business.

**GROGORIES, &c., &c.**  
Rice and Java Coffee, roasted coffee, brown and white Sugar, Lovings Syrup, Molasses, Teas, Spices, &c.

Our stock, for variety and cheapness, is certainly not surpassed by any in the country. Buyers who wish to purchase articles of superior quality, at reasonable prices, should not fail to call on us.

April 5, '54.

**Fish, Fish, Fish.**  
No. 1, 2 & 3 MACARELL, in whole, half and quarter hogs, Lake White Fish, all kinds of SALMON TROUT, from the Lakes and for the first time brought to this market, in store and for sale by the subscriber.

N. W. Corner, Market Street, Carlisle.  
J. D. HALBERT.

### Select Tale.

#### AN INPOSTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY DONALD MAC LEOD.

M. Dubourg was one of the richest merchants in Paris, and father of the two prettiest girls in the quarter. Helen, the blonde, was long lashed, languishing, possessed of the superb blue eyes and twenty years of age. Zoe, not so tall as her sister, was the most delicious brunette in the world, as full of fun as sixteen years could make her, yet full also of warmth and gentleness. M. Dubourg was a widower, and both his daughters were spoiled. Cousin Anatole Barthez added to his generous and lofty character, the less endearing but not disagreeable qualities of a tall figure, two deep brown eyes, a dark silken moustache, delightful manners, and twenty three years.—Such was the Dubourg family.

M. Dubourg had been three or four times on the verge of ruin; the many successive revolutions which France had seen shook public credit, and often threw our friend into embarrassment. He was saved from destruction only by intervention of his friend Maubray, a wealthy planter of Cayenne, and by his aid ultimately triumphed over his difficulties, and was now, as we have said, one of the richest men in France.

When Maubray was about to return to Cayenne, Dubourg overwhelmed him with protestations of gratitude, and the Southerner to satisfy his friend's sense of obligation, made him the following not unusual proposition: "Your Helen," said Maubray, "is fourteen years old, and my son Edmund is eighteen; a pleasing, unexaggerated disparity. Now, if you will give Helen's hand to my boy, it will draw the bands of our friendship closer, and it will fully cancel any obligation that may now exist between us. What say you?"

"That I pledge myself to fulfill my part of it," Helen Dubourg shall have no other husband than Edmund Maubray."

So M. Maubray went to Cayenne, where the red pepper is, supposing to come from, and M. Dubourg went back to his affairs, and five years rolled away, bringing about the period referred to in the beginning of this narrative, Helen being twenty, Zoe sixteen, Anatole Barthez twenty three years of age. The number of years of Dubourg has not been recorded by the historian, possibly because he fancied it unimportant to his relation. We will go on, if you please with our history.

One morning after breakfast, as all the family sat at table, a letter was handed to M. Dubourg, and which he immediately proceeded to read aloud. Helen kept her eyes fixed upon her plate. Zoe drummed upon the table with impatient fingers. Anatole, however, moustache and loopy as he was, M. Dubourg rubbed his hands and said, "This is a happy day for me, my dear. I shall now pay off my heavy debt of gratitude. Maubray's son will find a treble treasure in you Helen, for you are rich in beauty, rich in virtues, and rich in fortune. But I see you don't look exactly so happy as I expected."

"You need not be astonished at that papa," said Zoe; "that letter announces the arrival of a lover whom we have never seen, and whose face and disposition are equally unknown to us."

"He is the son of him to whom you owe your present brilliant position, and to whom your father is indebted for the preservation of his honor."

"You are right, dear father," said Helen, "and I should be both happy and proud to pay your debt of gratitude. Pardon me now and you shall have no cause to reproach me in future."

Anatole shrank and the blood mounted up to his forehead, but an imploring look from Helen kept him silent.

"Well my child," continued the father, "Edmund may be here at any moment, for the vessel which brought his letter only preceded his own by twenty four hours. But how will he come? My old friend writes, that he is very eccentric, and may possibly take a fancy to appear as some one else. Never mind, come in what character he may, he shall be welcome."

M. Dubourg rose to leave the table, when a servant announced M. Duplan.

"I do not know any one of that name," said the merchant, "but ask him to come in."

The servant introduced a young man of twenty five, whose countenance and somewhat embarrassed features did not conceal handsome features and distinguished address. After the first ordinary remarks, the stranger explained the object of his visit at first with great circumlocution and avoidance of the point.

"I am," said he, "a friend of the Maubray family."

M. Dubourg glanced at his family, as much as to say, "Ah this is the form which his eccentricity takes."

Edmund Maubray and I sailed in the same ship from Cayenne. I must tell you that, for some time past, my unfortunate friend has hated and despised the world; he persuaded himself that the human heart, always open to evil passions, had no room for noble or generous feelings. All affections appeared to him unworthy, every good action the result of calculation. This melancholy humor soon degenerated into a disease, and he faded by isolating him from all who loved him. My society was the only one that he would endure; but even I was obliged to banish from my conversation every effusive expression which friends customarily make use of. The voyage appeared to make him worse, he grew sadder every day; he shunned the society, and even the looks of the other passengers, and he passed those days without addressing a word to me. One night, however, he became more communicative and spoke to me of the project of family alliance formed by his father and you, sir; he told me that he could not insure happiness to your daughter, and then he looked himself up in the state room. The next morning he was found dead in his bed."

The stranger ceased speaking, and then looked for some signs of sorrow or sympathy from the faces around him, but in vain.

"Not badly imagined; my son in law would

make a clever comelion," thought M. Dubourg. Anatole and Helen looked at each other, though they wished the story had been true. But Zoe looked at Anatole and the stranger, and said to herself, "If Helen and my cousin were not so much in love I should think that she could be very happy with this handsome fellow."

And the stranger thought, "Here is deep sorrow now, which I fancy won't play very deep furrows, in those foreheads, nor desolate those young hearts much." Neantime, as the scene began to grow awkward, the stranger arose.

"What are you doing?" asked M. Dubourg. "You are not going away, I presume. You are the kind friend of him who should have been my son in law, you cannot, therefore, refuse the hospitality which I offer you. No obligation, if you please, Mr. —, I forgot the name already. Mr. —."

"Duplan. Yes, that is the name. Well then it is settled that you remain our guest, Mr. Duplan."

The stranger remarked the odd emphasis which M. Dubourg gave to his name, and the rather mocking smile which his lips wore; but he only said in reply:

"I will not be indiscreet enough to accept it." M. Dubourg rang the bell, and offered a servant to go to the hotel for the stranger's luggage.

"But my dear sir," I declare to you, that you shall not leave my home. It would look well for M. — Duplan to be living anywhere else, would it not? You will reside here, sir, and you will be treated precisely as though you were Edmund Maubray in person."

The stranger's resistance was useless. M. Dubourg, constantly repeating and emphasizing Monsieur Duplan, showing him into the room destined for Edmund Maubray.

So the day went on, and Duplan found himself taken care of with the most affectionate assiduity. And yet he was not easy; Dubourg's ironical smile, and his way of saying "M. Duplan," began to make him nervous; he could not comprehend the whisperings of Helen and Zoe, nor the ferocious and inquisitive looks of Anatole; but what most annoyed him was, that not only no one seemed to pity poor Edmund's fate, but that no one even dropped such a common expression of sorrow as common politeness would require. Finally one night Monsieur Dubourg, the old gentleman, said to him half mockingly half vexedly:

"My dear M. Duplan are you satisfied yet, with the result of your observations?"

"Observations, sir?"

"You know better than I do."

"I assure you sir that your words are riddles to me."

"Well, well, none is so deaf as he who will not hear. You are not satisfied, apparently; although, if I were sensitive, I might fancy that you were taking too much time. Come, M. Duplan, let us end this useless comedy; it only takes a moment to see that a woman is pretty, but it takes a whole life to reveal the wealth of her heart."

"But, my dear sir, I am absolutely ignorant of what you are a little about."

"Ah, this is a little too much. I won't indeed get angry; friendship and gratitude prevent that. So, do as you will, Mr. Duplan; I tell you clearly, play as long as you like only I tell you, that your acting is superfluous; it is forewarned, and I know all about it! Then fearing lest he should be hurried into anger, M. Dubourg hurried away.

Duplan stood still in the middle of the room, and rubbed his forehead for an idea, which, however, did not come.

"He has been forewarned—he knows all about it; what the deuce does he know? what has he been forewarned about?"

M. Duplan thought about it all night; and not having slept well, he descended early into the garden, to continue his meditations. There Anatole saw him, and made haste to follow him.

"Monsieur," said he, "I dislike ambiguity and diplomacy. I love at sight lines."

"Well, sir, I am happy to say, that in this we perfectly agree."

"I will, therefore, if you allow me, frankly explain my conduct."

"But, sir, as far as your conduct concerns me, it needs no explanation."

"Pardon. You must have marked a certain reserve on my part, unnatural to our age and our position in this house."

"I have remarked that you said but little to me."

"Yet I am not, neither can I be, your enemy; that my relationship to M. Dubourg prohibits; yet I am still less your friend."

"My dear sir, may be just as you please, for all me."

"Unfortunately no. I should be happy to tell you that I detest you, but gratitude forbids; or, I should be happy to acquire your friendship only another feeling is in the way of that."

While Duplan was wondering whether Anatole were crazy or no, the latter said:

"You seem amazed. I will therefore tell you, understand me. I will therefore tell you, Monsieur, I love her."

"You love her? Love whom?"

"Sir, such a question from you! But, yes, I do love her, with a love that began in childhood. Her father does not know it, and I know his indolence, and must be silent. This great love then must be sacrificed. I will quit Paris; I will leave my family. But though I yield up one who is dearer to me than life, I will never resign the sacred right to watch over her. You owe her at least, and much happiness as I would have given her, and if you fall in this duty, you shall answer to me."

"Once more, will you allow me?"

"I have said all I have to say; anything more would be superfluous."

"But I have the right to demand an explanation."

"Because you have not declared yourself."

"My good sir, I know all. — And Anatole how did he walk so bravely?"

"There's another one," said Duplan. "What the deuce is it that they know so well? I meditating, he walked on. At the end of '89

### Historical Sketch.

#### WASHINGTON.

The Revolution was over. Eight years of conflict had ceased, and the warriors were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into plow-shares, and their camps into work-shops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings; for alas! in the remnant of that gallant army of patriotic soldiers now about to disband without pay, without support stalked poverty and disease. The country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers of that period, according to history and moral tradition were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of paternal inheritance to fall back upon, thrown out of even the perilous support of the officers at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp, their situation could be better imagined than described.

A single instance, as a sample of the condition of many of the officers, related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss.

When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieut. Colonel Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the Baron.

"For myself, I could stand it, but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."

"Come, come," said the Baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them their countenances were warm with gratitude, for he left there all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served through the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these poor negroes on the wharf at Newburg, apparently in great distress.

"What is the matter, brother soldier?"

"Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now the Congress has no further use for me."

The Baron was absent for a few moments, and then returned with a silver dollar which he had borrowed.

"There it's all I could get. Take it."

The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and as he reached the deck, took off his hat and said,

"God bless you, Master."

These are only single illustrations of the army at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this view in the close of his farewell address to the army at Rocky Hill, in Nov. 1783.

And now being about to conclude these, his last public orations, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character and to bid a final adieu to the armies, he has so long had the honor to command, he can only offer, in their behalf, his remonstrances to their country, and his prayer to the god of armies.

May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others.

With these wishes and this benediction, the Commander-in-Chief is about to retire from the service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scenes to him will soon be closed forever.

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 26th of November. A few days afterwards, he notified the President of Congress, which body was then in session at Annapolis, in Maryland, that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed thence and surrender to that body the commission which he had received years before.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington, was put in motion, and marched down Broad street to Francis' tavern, his head quarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawing up in line facing inwards, through Pearl street, at the foot of Whitehall, where a large number in readiness to convey him to Powell's Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were gathered the generals and field officers to take their farewell.

They assembled there were Knox, Greene, Clinton, Steuben, Gates, and others, who had served with him faithfully in the tented field. But alas! how few were there who had entered the war with him seven years before! Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster fell at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered while a prisoner at the battle of Long Island, and Mercer fell, mortally wounded, at Princeton, the brave and chivalrous Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches of Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina, the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched upon a bed of sickness. Indeed the battle field and time had thinned the ranks which entered with him on the conflict for independence.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eyes and glanced on the faces of those assembled a tear started down his cheek and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Men stood around him, whose hands uplifted to cover their brows, told that the tears which they in vain attempted to conceal bespoke anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought to him; turning to his officers he thus addressed them:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, and I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

He then raised the glass to his lips and added—

"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will take me by the hand."

Gen. Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced incapable of utterance—Washington grasped him by the hand and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the silent eloquence of tears. What were more words at such a scene? Nothing! It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling though unspoken.

When the last officer had embraced him, Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the line of light infantry.

His step was slow and measured—his head uncovered—and tears flowing thick and fast to show he was no base old soldier.

Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. Arguing soldier, who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks and extended his hand.

"Farewell, my beloved General, farewell!"

Washington grasped his hand, in convulsive emotion, in both of his. All discipline was men as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and violent sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engrained upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length Washington reached the barge at Whitehall, and entered it. At the first stroke of the oars he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. Their answer was only in tears; and the officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of the noble commander was lost sight of in the distance.

### Miscellaneous.

#### A LOVING HEART.

BY W. R. GARNETT.

Sweeter than the sweetest flower,  
Brighter than the brightest gem,  
Richer far than Flora's bowers,  
Art or nature's diadem—  
Purer, sweeter,  
Fairer meeter,  
Is a kind and loving heart!

Wealth may prove a toy deceiving;  
Beauty's charms a world of light;  
But Affection is a blessing,  
From a soul serene and bright;  
Kindest, purest,  
Truest, and surest,  
Is a faithful loving heart!

#### THE YANKEE AND ENGLISHMAN.

At one time, after the Trollope and the Ball at Hiale, and the "Lives of them," had been telling their abusive stories about this country and its sovereign, there was nothing that gave an American a greater pleasure than to mislead an itinerant English cockney who came to be traveling among us. "These are all 'ills," said one of those to a passenger on the deck of a Hudson river steamer, as they were passing the West Point Highlands; "waste the name of 'em!"

"Ben Crockett and Ben Anthony," answered the interrogated passenger.

"Thank-ye," said our cockney tourist; and down went the new titles of the old mountains Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis made it all right to his mind. He pursued his inquiries: "Where does the 'Ulson river empty into?" said he.

"Into Hudson's Bay," and down went a memorandum to that effect.

It isn't four years since a similar wag made a kindred tourist believe that the remains of the horse that General Jackson rode at the battle of New Orleans was buried beneath the site of the present Bowling-green fountain!

But of all the connected exaggerations ever put on an Englishman, we regard the story of the Yankee to the cockney in a London and Liverpool rail-car, as the richest "specimen" we have yet encountered—in fact a regular "mugget." He had been boasting of the great speed on the English rail roads; and while the engine bell was ringing, on approaching a station, it suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What that noise?" he inquired, with an air of innocent ignorance.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes, we've got bells, but we can't use them on our rail-roads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. 'Taint no use; the sound never reaches the village till after the train goes by."

"Indeed! I exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact! say the Yankee; yes, had to give up bells. They've tried the steam whistle—just 'fad. I was on a locomotive when a whistle was tried—got in a most tremendous rate—had to hold my hair on with both hands, and two horse weight crossing the track about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screechin' like a trooper. I screamed awfully; but it wasn't no use. Next thing I know, I was a 'peckin' myself out of the road-side, and the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and a dead engineer lying beside me. That 'blessed whistle' sang along, mixed with howls and shrieks that I'd heard the engineer utter when we first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him!"

"After that we tried 'light' engines, 'specin' that they would travel faster than sound. We got some that was so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the line of the road when we came by, 'supposin' it was 'mornin'. But the old locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light dust on its behind. Folks petitioned agin't it; they couldn't

### From Mrs. Child's Life of Hopper.

#### FRIEND ISAAC T. HOPPER.

Upon one occasion, Friend Hopper went into the Court of Chancery, in Dublin, and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes in every forty miles. But I can't say as that is true, exactly; the rest I know to be so."

"The mental reservation" as the last "fact" stated, probably disarmed suspicion as to the character of the previous statements.

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"What is the matter with my hat?" inquired he.

"Take it off," rejoined the officer; "you are in his Majesty's Court of Chancery."

"That is an honor I reserve for his Majesty's Master," he replied. "Perhaps it is my shoes that mean that."

The officer seemed embarrassed, but said no more; and when the Friend had stayed as long as he felt inclined, he quietly withdrew. One day when he was walking with a lawyer in Dublin, they passed the Lord Lieutenant's castle. He expressed a wish to see the council chamber, but was informed that it was not open to strangers.

"I have a mind to go and try," said he to his companion. "Will 'thou go with me?"

"No indeed," he replied, "and I would advise you not to go."

He marched on, however, with his broad beaver on, and found the Lord Lieutenant surrounded by a number of gentlemen.

"I am an American," said he; "I have heard a great deal about the Lord Lieutenant's castle, and if it will give me no offense, I should like very much to see it."

His lordship seemed surprised by this unceremonious introduction, but he smiled, and said to a servant, "show this American what- ever he wishes to see."

He was conducted into various apartments, where he saw pictures, statues, and ancient armor, antique coin, and other curious articles. At parting, the master of the mansion was extremely polite, and gave him much interesting information on a variety of topics.—When he rejoined his companion, who had agreed to wait for him at some appointed place, he was met with the inquiry, "well what luck?"

"Oh, the best luck in the world," he replied; "I was treated with the greatest politeness."

"Well, certainly, Mr. Hopper, you are an extraordinary man," responded the lawyer; "I would not have ventured to try such an experiment."

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the Sergeant-at-Arms "if he might sit upon the throne?"

"No, sir. No one but his Majesty can sit there."

"Where does his Majesty differ from other men?" inquired he. "If his head were cut off, wouldn't he die?"

"Certainly he would," rejoined the officer.

"So would an American," said Friend Hopper. As he spoke, he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him he was locked.

"Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he; "is this the key hanging here and unlocked at the gate. He removed the stain covering from the throne, carefully dusted the railing with his handkerchief, before he hung the stain on it, and then seated himself in the royal chair."

"Well," said he, "do I look anything like his Majesty?"

The man seemed embarrassed, but smiled as he answered, "Why, sir, you fill the throne very respectably."

There were several noblemen in the room, who seemed to be extremely amused by these unusual proceedings.

One of the Hops.—A school-boy, lately, who thought his pocket money came rather seldom, thus addressed his father: "Please, papa, tell me if the words *St. Florian's* are still on our quarter dollars?" "Of course they are, you stupid boy," said papa; "but why do you ask that?" "Because," replied young Hopper, "it is such a long time since I had one, that I almost forget."

The following pertinent question, says an exchange, was recently addressed to a lawyer of our acquaintance at a fair in a neighboring village:—"If distance tends to augment the view, and view tends to reduce it, can distance recover any legal redress?"

A town meeting in Warren recently took action upon the dog question, and according to the town records, it was voted, "That all persons within the town, owning dogs, should be insured."

Among the curiosities lately added to the Schenectady Museum, is a mosquito's bladder containing the souls of twenty-four miners, and the fortunes of twelve printers—nearly half full.

An English paper semi-jociously says that it has been "stagnant of mind, a pretty wife, and gold mine," will make almost any man "wealthy, wealthy and wise."

If a hungry man should come home to dinner and find nothing on the table but a beet, what would be his exclamation? That beet's!

"Bleeding at the ear," says a Western editor, "is trying to persuade a bar-keeper to trust you for a three-cent hippo."

The woman who undertook to repair the woods, has abandoned the job, on account of the high price of soap suds.

### From Mrs. Child's Life of Hopper.

#### FRIEND ISAAC T. HOPPER.

Upon one occasion, Friend Hopper went into the Court of Chancery, in Dublin, and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes in every forty miles. But I can't say as that is true, exactly; the rest I know to be so."

"The mental reservation" as the last "fact" stated, probably disarmed suspicion as to the character of the previous statements.

"What is the matter with my hat?" inquired he.

"Take it off," rejoined the officer; "you are in his Majesty's Court of Chancery."

"That is an honor I reserve for his Majesty's Master," he replied. "Perhaps it is my shoes that mean that."

The officer seemed embarrassed, but said no more; and when the Friend had stayed as long as he felt inclined, he quietly withdrew. One day when he was walking with a lawyer in Dublin, they passed the Lord Lieutenant's castle. He expressed a wish to see the council chamber, but was informed that it was not open to strangers.

"I have a mind to go and try," said he to his companion. "Will 'thou go with me?"

"No indeed," he replied, "and I would advise you not to go."

He marched on, however, with his broad beaver on, and found the Lord Lieutenant surrounded by a number of gentlemen.

"I am an American," said he; "I have heard a great deal about the Lord Lieutenant's castle, and if it will give me no offense, I should like very much to see it."

His lordship seemed surprised by this unceremonious introduction, but he smiled, and said to a servant, "show this American what- ever he wishes to see."

He was conducted into various apartments, where he saw pictures, statues, and ancient armor, antique coin, and other curious articles. At parting, the master of the mansion was extremely polite, and gave him much interesting information on a variety of topics.—When he rejoined his companion, who had agreed to wait for him at some appointed place, he was met with the inquiry, "well what luck?"

"Oh, the best luck in the world," he replied; "I was treated with the greatest politeness."

"Well, certainly, Mr. Hopper, you are an extraordinary man," responded the lawyer; "I would not have ventured to try such an experiment."

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the Sergeant-at-Arms "if he might sit upon the throne?"

"No, sir. No one but his Majesty can sit there."

"Where does his Majesty differ from other men?" inquired he. "If his head were cut off, wouldn't he die?"

"Certainly he would," rejoined the officer.

"So would an American," said Friend Hopper. As he spoke, he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him he was locked.

"Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he; "is this the key hanging here and unlocked at the gate. He removed the stain covering from the throne, carefully dusted the railing with his handkerchief, before he hung the stain on it, and then seated himself in the royal chair."

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