

Poetry.

The following lines contain as beautiful and heartfelt sentiments as we ever remember to have read upon the subject spoken of:

A TIMELY WORD FOR WOMAN.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed, Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not The thing we planned it, ere hope was dead, And thou we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear: Much given away which it were sweet to keep. God help us all: who need, indeed his care; And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer, He has his father's eager eyes, I know; And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!) Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think! We are all changed. God judges for us best, God help us do our duty, and not shrink, And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest!

But blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times; and some too gay and light. Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear, Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were you judged by what we might have been And not by what we are, too apt to fall! My little child—no sleeps and smiles between Those that's and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

Miscellaneous.

LADY THIEVES.

In Tail's Edinburgh Magazine for May, which is not reprinted in this country, we find a very entertaining article on the subject of 'gentle Thieves.' We give an extract or two:

Let me say something, then, about Lady Thieves, and inform Mr. Moulie, and Mr. Everybody Else, how I have been learned to handle that sort of business. When I first opened shop I knew nothing about it—had never bestowed a thought upon it; and, when one day I saw a genteel-looking young girl drop her cambric handkerchief upon an article which I usually sold for a guinea, and taking both up together, convey them to her pocket, I seized her unceremoniously, hauled her into my back room, rung the bell for the maid, had her searched, found the article upon her, sent for a Bow street officer (there were no policemen then,) and gave her into custody. What a fool I was, to be sure! It happened that her father was a clergyman, backed by high connections, and looked forward to be a bishop before long. He bailed her out in no time—came down upon me with a charge of conspiracy, and threats of transportation for life, badgered my serving-wench out of his wits, first himself, and then set a batch-faced fellow to cross-examine her, who drove her clean bewildered—more fool I for letting him do it; but I knew no better. I saw it would never do to take the case to trial with such a witness, and by Jove, she saved me the trouble by bolting away before the day of trial came. I was obliged to withdraw the charge and pretend that it was all a mistake. The clergyman talked of prosecuting me for a conspiracy; but he had some conscience and only talked; the girl, I have no doubt, had confessed the theft to him. As I was I got the reputation of a monster; and only recovered my character by acknowledging that I must have been drunk at the time, I who was never drunk in my life! The affair cost me fifty pounds in cash, and damaged my connection to the extent of at least two hundred pounds more. I should have been ruined, but the parson got his bishopric, and left my neighborhood; I put a new name on my sign-board, and in time the event was forgotten.—I had learned a valuable lesson.

The next lady-thief who favored me with a visit did me the honor to rob me to the amount of two-pounds-ten. She did it so clumsy that I could not avoid seeing her. I affected not to notice it: smilingly took her order to the amount of a few shillings, and when I sent home the goods, put the stolen article down in the bill. She called the next day, with the utmost affability, informed me of the mistake I had made in charging an article I had not sent, and which she had not ordered.—She brought her companion with her, to prove that the article charged was not in the packet of goods sent—which, of course, I know well enough. I admitted "the mistake" with perfect good-humor, and she went away.

It will be acknowledged that I learned my lesson well; but though I congratulated myself on that score, I thought the teaching too expensive, and resolved to try another plan next time. I had not long to wait for an opportunity. Lady S—, the wife of a baronet took a fancy to some property of rather rare description, and concealed it in the folds of her sleeve. When she made her purchases, I requested her, under the pretence that I had something remarkable to show her, to step

into the parlor. Closing the door after her, 'Your ladyship is not aware,' said I, 'of what you have done—I have observed that at times you are very abstracting in your manner; I would like to show you what you have been doing.' With that I caught her firmly by the arm, and in an instant drew forth my property. She blushed red as fire, and her eyes asked—but she recovered herself in an instant burst into a laugh and cried, 'Really Mr. Brown, I am much obliged to you—who would have thought that I had been so disraite. Why really, I have robbed you without knowing it.' 'Hardly that,' I thought to myself; but I held my peace, bowed smilingly and attended My Lady to her carriage.

Lady Thief Number Three was a Dowager of three score at least, who came at regular intervals, who bought pretty freely, but always stole as much as she could. This was a difficult case and I hardly knew how to deal with it. She wore a large pocket to contain the plunder, and was constantly dropping something into it. If I taxed her with theft, I should lose her custom, and that of her connection, which was large and of high class—I could not persuade her that she plundered unconsciously; she was too wide awake for that. I had serious thoughts of keeping a professional picket on the premises, to rescue my own property from her grip, but feared the remedy might prove worse than the disease. One resource remained: I had kept a pretty correct account of all she had purchased during the six months' patronage she had bestowed upon me, and when I made out her account at the end of the season, I set down each article at its proper date. The old lady sent her steward to settle the account to which she made no objection; but she never again entered my shop. One day my friend, Dr. Johnson, had finished his morning levee, and was preparing to go forth on his daily round; his assistant brought him a prescription which, being old and creased, he could not well decipher. My old friend, when he saw it, determined for some reason or other, to compound the himself. He stepped into the dispensary, where stood the young girl in a morning dress, and requesting her to be seated, began collecting the necessary ingredients. As he stopped to reach the vessel, he looked accidentally into a small mirror that lay on a shelf, and distinctly saw the girl take from a side-table, a gilt phial of costly perfume, and then place it in her pocket. He at once led her into the house, and charged her with the theft, and had her searched by his wife and daughters. The delinquent did not deny the crime, but refused to reveal her name, and became excited and furious when not allowed to depart. Poor Johnson, who never dreamed of the consequences, sent for an officer and had her conveyed to prison.

That act was the ruin of him. The girl was a young lady, daughter of Colonel J—, who, and whose family lead the fashions of the place. The young lady was bailed out, owing to his influence, for a trifling sum, and the bail was forfeited, under the pretence that she was too sensitive to appear in answer to such an odious charge. The town was full of military sparks, who united with the Colonel in spreading the most infamous reports concerning Johnson—reports which placed him in an abominable light, and blasted his character for ever. In less than a month, every house in the town was shut against him. Even the poor, to whom he had been a benefactor for twenty years, hooted him as he walked the streets.—His eldest son, whom, after making interest in his behalf for years, he had at length placed advantageously in the town bank, was abruptly discharged; his daughters were shamefully expelled from school where they received their education; and his whole family consigned to general ignominy and execration. Johnson lost his practice almost at one swoop, and as a consequence he lost his credit. He had saved but little all; nothing; and was obliged to sell off his property and retire from the town. The breaking up of his household, the loss of his character, the distress of his family—all together had such an effect on his spirits, and indeed upon his health and faculties too, that he never was the same man afterward. He came to London, and endeavored to open a connection in a middle-class district in Paddington; but the vile reports which had ruined him at C—, followed him here, and defeated all his exertions. He fell rapidly into poverty; his charming daughters declined into governesses and ladies' maids; his two boys went off to Australia; his wife died broken-hearted and he himself doomed to a solitary garret, and nothing to subsist on but the hard-earned wages of his girls, fell gradually into premature decay.

A NICE QUESTION.—Sam.—'You'll get it for looking at turkey last night. Mas'r knows it.'

Pompey.—'I didn't look it. Warn't do turkey mas'r's? Well, Aint I mas'r's?—Well, I eat the turkey didn't I? Well, Aint de turkey part of me? Mas'r aint got so much turkey, but aint he got more nigger? Last ye the turkey only changed places.'

Prophetic Destruction of Russia.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming addressed a very full audience on this interesting subject on Tuesday, the 29th ult., in Halkin street, Belgrave-square, London.

The lecturer began by observing he had no desire to fit predictions in the Scripture to any present and passing events, however stirring. He desired impartially to ascertain whether anything was said in Scripture in relation to the Muscovite empire and its future, and to explain such references as he might discover fairly and without fear. It might be a contribution of some light to those awful subjects on which all parties felt so deeply, and most parties foresee so little. Our duty, he had no doubt, was to meet and repel, if able, the colossal power which for years had been making preparations to overshadow and enslave Europe. Whether we or Russia should eventually succeed might, perhaps, be inferred from prophecy more clearly than seems probable to those who have not studied the subject. The chapter from which he drew his views was the 38th of Ezekiel. He would first identify the names in that chapter as the names of nations destined to play a momentous part in the last days. The names of the nations therein given that were to form themselves into a confederacy in the last times, were Gog, Magog, Meshech, Tubal, Gomer, Togannah and Tarshish.

He referred to the first map of the ancient world, in Bagster's Polyglot Bible, as a very fair picture of the distribution of these races. He showed the descendants of Gog and Magog inhabiting the east and northeast of the Buxine, on the Don, and the Dnieper, and the Caucasus. Josephus says, "The Scythians were called Magog by the Greeks." Caucasus is Gog-chasan, i. e. Gog's fort. Meshech is settled amid the Moshie Mountains, east of the Black Sea. The river Araxes is Resh in Arabic, and the people on its banks were first called Rosh. Rosh was the Russians. Tubal was the origin of the Jews; Meshech the source of Muscovy. It is the Prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal who is to head the last confederacy. Gomer first settled in Asia Minor, spread into the Crimea, formerly Cimera—a word originating in Gomer, then extended into Germany, or Gomerland. These are to be united in pre-occupying Palestine, now a portion of the Sultan's dominions, and preventing the predicted return of the Jews.

From the express prediction in Ezekiel, xxxviii, he gathered that this confederacy, of which the Prince of Rosh, Tubal and Meshech was the leader (i. e. the Czar,) had now begun its career. From one part of the chapter he gathered it would be arrested in its course for a little by a quiet, supposed by us to be a peace; but only to accumulate again as a gigantic avalanche, driven by irresistible force towards Palestine. Gomer, or Germany, would unite with Russia, and swell its bulk and add to its impetus. But he showed, after Chamberlain, that "Tashish, and its lions, described as a commercial, warlike nation, having ships, and wealth and traffic with the East, which was to oppose and meet the Prince of Rosh with great power, was in all probability the type and symbol of Great Britain."

The lecturer quoted from Bishops Lowth and Horsley, and showed that these great divines concurred in this. From all these and many other grounds, he came to the conclusion that Russia would sooner or later possess the Mediterranean, seize Palestine, and on its plains, in the language of the prophet, finally perish amid the judgments of Heaven. He saw in our country's present course—were only that should be our whole available resources pitched and pointed against Russia with all our energy—the line and duty of destination also, and, therefore, her our immaturity, as a nation, amid the desolations soon to sweep broad Europe. While precepts alone were to regulate our conduct, it was nevertheless cheering to see it indicated and approved in the page of prophecy. He did not dogmatise on unfulfilled prophecy, still less dare to predict. All he sought to do was to ascertain if Scripture had spoken on the subject, and what it had said. It is clear that statesmen are at their wits' end; the nation is perplexed; no solution of existing complications is given by any one. The student of prophecy may breathe a free air, live on a loftier level, and bring down from the sacred oracles lights of no transient or misleading tendency. He did not on so difficult a subject give forth dogmatical judgments, or denounce those who differed from him. He left what he had submitted as a data for others to ascertain, and arrive at or reject his conclusion.

A little incident occurred in one of the schools in Massachusetts, a few days since, which is perhaps, worth relating. One of the classes were reciting and the teacher asked a little American girl who the first man was.—She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next Scholar, an Irish girl, who answered "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so proud about it, he wasn't an Irishman."

AMPUTATING A LEG.

We don't know when we have been more shocked than in perusing the following. It occurred in St. Lawrence county, in this State and is given on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity:

"A young man addicted to intemperate habits, during one of his periodical 'sprees,' took a sudden notion to pay a visit to his 'sweet-heart.' On the evening alluded to, the young lady, and a female associate were the only occupants of the house where she resided. "About ten o'clock in the evening the young man arrived at the house considerably worse from the use of 'beverages.' His strange manner in approaching the door excited the suspicion of the young ladies, who supposed the house was attacked by robbers. He knocked at the door and demanded admission; but his voice not being recognized, from the thickness of his tongue, the ladies refused to comply with his demand.

"Determined to force an entrance, he commenced a series of assaults upon the barred and bolted door by kicking and pounding.—After a number of desperate kicks, the panel of the door gave way, and the leg of the besieger went through the aperture, and was immediately seized by one of the ladies and firmly held while the other armed with a saw, commenced the work of amputation.

"The grasp was firmly maintained, and the saw vigorously plied, until the leg was completely severed from his body.

"With the loss of his leg, the intoxicated wretch fell upon his back, and in that condition lay the remainder of the night. "In the meantime, the ladies were almost frightened to death. With the dawn of morning the revelation was made that one of the ladies had participated in the amputation of the leg of her lover!

"The wretched man was still alive. His friends were immediately sent for, and he was conveyed to his home, where, with proper treatment, he gradually and miraculously recovered, and is now alive and well.

"We hardly credited," says the editor of the journal from which we quote, "the latter part of the story, and contended that the man must have bled to death on the spot, insisting indeed that it could not be otherwise. But we were mistaken. "The leg was a wooden one!"—Harper's Magazine.

A MODEL EDITOR.—He must know all about his own country, his own State, his own county, and every other country, State and county. He must know events of the current hour, must remember everything he ever read or heard during life. He must be thoroughly familiar with all the records of past histories, and prepared to utter prophecies as to the future, a much harder task than many imagine, if he wishes to avoid being thought mad or foolish. He must be posted in all the innumerable ologies, oosophies and ographies into which the limitless domain of the so-called or truly called sciences is divided. He must know every great man of history, every hero, god, goddess, of ancient mythology and of the paganism of all times. He must remember the name of every poet, and able to quote all the poetry that has ever been written, be thoroughly versed in all religious controversies and doctrines of the old or later times. He must understand every practical question of all periods, and the names and histories of each agitator and leader. He must know all opinions prevalent or exploded, and believe most of them. In short he must be a cyclopedium of knowledge, a locomotive magazine of everybody's belief; he must be both changing and unchanging in his principles. He must never be converted from his opinions, and yet must be ready to embrace every principle or issue propounded to him. Impossible as such a character is, until the world sees such a man, it will never be satisfied that it has seen a model editor. The world is the most shameless, unreasonable old rascal of a tyrant that ever sat upon a throne.

A GRAMMATE suggests the following for the million in these hard times. He says it can, at the option of the consumer, be taken as a bread or a pudding:—"Cut up four laths in a peck of sawdust. When well mixed, bake it by placing a napkin containing it, in the sun for half an hour. Serve up with sauce made by soaking cedar shingles in a pail of water."

A JERSEYMAN was very sick, and not expected to recover. His friends gathered around his bed, and one of them says: "John do you feel willing to die?" John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered, with his feeble voice: "I—think I'd rather stay—where I am—better acquainted."

A PEDAGOGUE relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell hostility. "H-o-r-s-e horse," commenced Pat. "Not horse-tilly," said the teacher, but "hos-tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day, not to say hos?" De jabbers it's main thing wid ye one day, an' another the next."

THE WEDDING.

The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity, of bright, becoming color, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was warned not to forget the ring, and all were assembled around the altar. "I will," was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name written—Sophy Grey, was Sophy Grey no more; and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved, and admired, by the crowd of relatives and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stoketon was still dearer and prettier than ever Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriages were entered and the house was reached. Sophy walked into her father's house—her childhood's home—her home no longer, and the bridal dress was changed, and the travelling dress took its place, and all crowded round her—the father, the mother, the sister, the brother—all crowded round her to say good bye—to look and look on that dear face once more—to know that her fate was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one—to think that she was going away—away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and long embraces, and a father's mingled tear of joy and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's sobs; and Sophy Grey left her father's house—left it with the brightest beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and another moment the carriage door was closed, the last good bye uttered—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy!—how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all had been interest and hurry!—Who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest at parting is over; the forlorn, empty look of the room—the work book, the drawing materials, the music all gone; or perhaps one single thing to remind how all was—a flower, perhaps, that has been gathered and cast a side—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.

Medicines.

JAMES MCCLINTOCK, M. D.—Late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, and Acting Professor of Philadelphia Hospital, Blockley; Fellow of the Anatomical Medical Association; member of the Philadelphia Medical Society; member of the Medical-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; formerly President and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Castleton Medical College, Vermont; and also, late Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Berkshire Medical Institution, Pittsfield, Mass., &c., &c. Has lately introduced in a popular form, several of his various prescriptions for the relief of chronic diseases of the climate. The name of each article will imply the disease for which it is intended to be used. Dr. McClintock's PECTORAL SYRUP—For Coughs, Croup, &c. Price 25 cts. Dr. McClintock's ASTHMA AND HOARSENESS CURE REMEDY. Price 50 cts. Dr. McClintock's TONIC ALTERNATIVE SYRUP—For Purifying the Blood. Price \$1. Dr. McClintock's Dyspeptic ELIXIR—For giving tone to the stomach, relieving pains after eating, heartburn and all disagreeable symptoms arising from indigestion. Price \$1. Dr. McClintock's RHEUMATIC MIXTURE—A Purely Vegetable Remedy for Rheumatism. Price 50 cts. Dr. McClintock's RHEUMATIC LINIMENT—For Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, &c. Price 50 cts. Dr. McClintock's ANODYNE MIXTURE—For Pains, Tooth ache, Headache, Neuralgia, &c. Price 50 cts. Dr. McClintock's FEVER AND AGUE SPECIFIC—A certain cure for all Intermittents. Price \$1. Dr. McClintock's DIARRHOEA CORDIAL AND CHOLERA PREVENTIVE—A Safe Remedy. Dr. McClintock's VEGETABLE PURGATIVE PILLS—For Constipation, Headache, &c. Price 25 cts. Dr. McClintock's STIMULANT PILLS—For irregularity in the Functions of the Liver and Bowels—the best Liver or Bill made. Price 25 cts. a box. For sale by Dr. J. McClintock, at his Medical Depot, No. 7, Corner NINTH and ELBERT Streets, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. Legitimate Dealers in Medicines who wish to be Agents, will please address Dr. McClintock, furnishing reference, name of Post Office county and State. For sale by W. A. Kelso, Samuel Elliot, Carlisle, J. H. Griswell, Shippenburg, Emmerson & Co., L. Rankin, Mechanicsburg; Joseph Horton, Newville; J. B. Zimmerman, Andersonburg; Haines & Feltz, Millersburg; A. C. Kline, New Bloomfield; Harriet M. Singer, Newport; B. E. Gardner, York Springs; J. Miller and J. S. Nixon, Chambersburg; B. Stewart, Waynesboro; George Bergner and D. R. Jones & Co., Harrisburg. Dr. McClintock can be consulted, without charge daily, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A. M., at his Depot, December 6, 1854—13.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE LATEST SPRING STYLES! I am now receiving from New York and Philadelphia an immense stock of new, desirable and Cheap Goods which I would call the attention of all my old friends and customers, as well as the public generally. Having purchased most of my goods from the largest importing houses in New York, I am enabled to give better bargains than can be had at any other house in the county. Our assortment of NEW STYLE DRESS GOODS is large, complete and beautiful. Another lot of the elegant and cheap BLACK SILKS, embroidered handkerchiefs, gloves, collars, ruffs, edgings, and linings, a stock that for extent and cheapness defies all competition. Muslins, gingham, calicoes, de leges, daines, tickings, checks, a tremendous assortment—Gloves and Hosiery cheaper than ever. Cloths, cravat necks, corsets, cottonades, &c. &c. a full assortment at very low prices. CARPETS AND MATTINGS. An entire new stock of three ply, Ingrain, cotton and venetian carpeting, brought very cheap and will be sold very low. Also white and colored Mattings. BOOTS AND SHOES. A large supply of ladies and gentlemen's boots, shoes and gaiters. Intending to give up the grocery department, I will dispose of what I have on hand in Black Hoo, at low prices. Also some well made Clothing of hand, which I will sell for less than cost as I want to close it out. Come one and all to the Old Stand on East Main street, and select your goods from the largest and cheapest stock ever brought to Carlisle. CHARLES OBLEY.

NEW SPRING GOODS.—The subscriber is now opening a large and general assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, consisting of Black and Colored Silks, Chiffon, Parasols, French and English Hosiery, &c. &c. &c. and a full assortment of the latest styles of Spring Goods, at the usual variety of Spring Goods at the lowest prices. GEORGE W. HITCHER.