

Poetry.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

In a lonesome dell in a narrow glen, In a recess hid from the haunts of men, Where the night owl means on the blasted tree, While the earth cricket chirps its melody—

In earlier years—do traditions tell— A heartstone rose by the haunted well, And a dark-eyed maiden with auburn hair, Shed light o'er the lovers that flourished there.

A fair haired youth on a sunny morn. The maiden saw, and a pure love was born, Which grew and matured as the hours rolled on, Till he wooed her one even—the maid was won—

O'er happiness thus a few moons had flown, When the light of dark eyes on the maid shone— Her heart once true, with the light awhile strove— Then ruthlessly broke the gold chain of love.

The dark eyes glittered as she but their light Was false as the "Will o' the Wisp" of the night, Another they sought in the circles afar, And the dark-eyed maiden moaned in despair.

O'er the form of the maid and her lover asleep— Her spirit in white morn once a year sings, Mournful her death o'er the haunted springs, And the summer breeze sighs, and winter winds tell

Miscellaneous.

DYING HOURS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

It is well known that Dr. Johnson, with all his powerful intellect, such was his singular dread of dissolution, that he could scarcely be persuaded to execute his will, least the act should hasten his end. When a friend called upon him he exclaimed in a melancholy tone, 'Jam moriturus.'

Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand, when seized with a palsy, which put an end to his existence.

The dying exclamation of the Bishop Porteus, is indicative of a mind in happy harmony with nature and nature's God. Sitting in his library, at Fulham, on a balmy eve of May, the countenance of the good prelate beamed with a transient glow, and in the grateful gladness of his heart, as his delightful eye caught a glimpse of the setting sun, 'O, that glorious sun!' 'Soon after,' adds his biographer, 'he fell asleep, and a brighter sun broke upon him.'

Napoleon's last words were 'l'ete d'armee,' an unmistakable evidence how his thoughts were occupied on the eve of his departure from his warlike career. What words could be supposed more in accordance with the tenor of his history? He died in his military garb, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

Cardinal Beaufort, accused of having murdered the Duke of Gloucester, the faithful remembrance of which seemed to have filled his mind with indescribable terrors, for it is stated

his end was one of the most terrible ever witnessed. His last words were—'And must I then die!—will not all my riches save me?—I could purchase a kingdom, if that would save my life! What! is there no way of bribing death?' Shakespeare's description of the Cardinal's death is awfully, yet very scrupulously true.

The death bed of the Countess of Nottingham was one of remorse, from her faithless conduct to the unfortunate Earl of Essex.—'Tis said, Elizabeth shook her on her dying couch, with 'God may forgive you, but I never will.' This same queen, in her turn, endured the pangs of an unappreciated conscience in her last moments; for she exclaimed, 'All my possessions for a moment of time' On the other hand, how many have met death as a holy thing, rejoicing in the casting off the bondage of earth; a calm and peace have pervaded their actions, and a smile has heightened their angelic looks, as they fled from time to eternity.

Yet here she kneels in her unfolding years, All yet unreach'd the height of womanhood, Kneels face to face with death, and feels no fears, Through the keen axe he soon to drink her blood: Calm looks she, as the sexton on the floor, Which, though it loudly rage and wildly foam, Shall bear him bravely to his distant home.'

D'Aubigne, in his History of the Reformation, thus describes the last hours of Cardinal Wolsey. 'On Monday morning, early, tormented, by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. "Past eight o'clock," replied Cavendish. "That cannot be," said the Cardinal; "eight o'clock!—No! for by eight o'clock, you shall lose your master." At six o'clock, on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire of his health, Wolsey said to him, "I shall not live long." "Be of good cheer," rejoined the Governor of the Tower. "Alas, Master Kingston," exclaimed the Cardinal, "if I had served God as faithfully as I had served the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs!"—and then he added, with downcast head, "This is my just reward."—What a judgment upon his own life! "On the very threshold of eternity, for he had but a few minutes more to live, the Cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him. "Master Kingston," he said, attend to my last request; tell the King that I conjure him, in God's name, to destroy the new pernicious sect of Lutherans; and then, with astonishing presence of mind in this his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe, and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated; his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances! He trembled, lest Henry VIII, unfaithful to the Pope, should hold out his hands to the Reformers. "Master Kingston," said he, in conclusion, "The King should know that if he, tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall then have mischief upon mischief—barrenness, scarcity and disorder, to the utter destruction of this realm."

Wolsey was exhausted with the effort.—After a momentary silence, he resumed, with a dying voice, "Master Kingston, farewell!—My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure, understand my words better." It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed—his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight; and the attendants, standing round his bed, looked at each other in affright. It was the 20th of November, 1530. Sir Isaac Newton died in the act of winding up of his watch—a singular emblem of winding up of his own career. Haller, feeling his pulse, exclaimed, "the artery ceases to beat," and instantly expired. The following stanzas, penned on the bed of sickness, merit notice, from their richness and soft harmony. The author's name is Wood, who resided in Kent, England, comparatively unknown to fame, yet his muse was evidently endowed with a keen relish for Nature's beauties, for he seems to riot in her magnificent charms.—Feelingly he wrote, on his dying couch, the following:

"Now bear me hence away, I like not this close room, so small and dim; Around the curtain'd bed are shadows grim; When I faintly play, Turning my mind from prayer, I know they toll me of my coming fate, But oh! not here—I would the change await In the cool air."

Haydn's faults, like those of many other men celebrated for their genius, were impaired before his fame. His latter years were those of a drooping and demented old man.—He was sometimes visited by strangers; but they found him in a simple chamber, sitting before a desk, with the melancholy look of one who felt that all his early powers were gone. When he took notice of his visitors, he smiled, and tears stole down his cheeks; but he sometimes seemed to feel sudden bursts of memory, and talked strikingly of his earthly career.

When the war broke out between Austria

and France, in 1809, the intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the shattered remnant of his remaining strength. He was continualy inquiring for news; he went every moment to his piano, and sang, with the slender voice left to him—

"God preserve the Emperor!"

The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length, having reached Schenbrunn, half a league's distance from Haydn's little garden, they fired, the next morning, fifteen hundred cannon shot, within two hundred yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him full of terror. The old man, rousing himself, got up from his easy chair, and with a dignified air, demanded, "Why this terror? Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is." A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. His strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sung thrice, as he was able—"God preserve the Emperor!" It was the song of the swan. While at the piano, he fell into a kind of stupor, and expired.

Haydn was very religious during the whole of his life. At the commencement of all his scores, he inscribed, 'In nomine Domini, or Soli deo gloria; and at the conclusion of all of them it is written, *Laudes Dei*. "When, in composing, he felt his imagination decline, or was stopped by some difficulty which then appeared insurmountable, he rose from the piano-forte and began to run over his rosary, and he never found this method fail. "When," said he, "I was employed upon 'The Creation,' I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to the instrument, I prayed to God with earnestness, that He would enable me to praise Him worthily.—This master-piece was the fruit of nine years' toil."

We give another anecdote of his brother composer, Mozart; he seems, however, to have suffered, like Johnson, from prevailing fears of death. There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstance of his death. "His sweetest song was the last he sung—the 'Requiem.' He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cygnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," says he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—my Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, you must be better—for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasted frame can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these, my last notes—sit down by my piano here—sing them with the hymn of thy sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emily obeyed; and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas:

"Spirit! thy labor is o'er! Thy term of probation is run. Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore, And the race of immortals begun. Spirit! look not on the strife Or the pleasures of earth with regret— Pause not on the threshold of limitless life, To mourn for the day that is set. Spirit! no fetters can bind, No wicket have power to molest; There the weary, like thee—the wretched, shall find A haven—a mansion of rest. Spirit! how bright is the road For which thou art now on the wing! Thy home, it will be the Saviour and God, Their loud hallelujahs to sing."

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which he rapt and joyous had left with the seal of death upon those features.

A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian in great wrath called upon the green grocer, and laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said:—"I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you've sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry; your father the elder, Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look black; Berry—for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay until Christmas, Berry."

There are trees in Wisconsin that take two men and a boy to look at the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

The Eastern War.

PRIVATE WAR CORRESPONDENCE

As a general thing, the most interesting letters regarding the siege of Sebastopol and the fighting in the Crimea, are those written by officers and soldiers to their friends at home. The writers generally describe scenes in which they bore a personal part. The following letter from Lieutenant Colonel Barton, to his brother in London, has been published by the latter. It refers to the doings of his regiment in the engagement before Sebastopol on the 18th of June:

"Before Sebastopol, June 21.

"I had but time for one glance at the position, but that was quite sufficient to show that it was a regular Balaklava charge which was expected of us. However, there was nothing for it but to obey; so, having whispered my view of affairs to E., and told him the part I wished to play, we sprang over the ridge and went at it. How I blessed my stars at having a good pair of legs to take me like the wind over the vines that entangled the path between me and a house on which I had fixed as my head quarters. Grape, canister and round shot swept around me like hail; and, for encouragement, just as I reached the cover of the building, surprised to find myself with a whole skin, one of the latter crashed through the building as though it had been paper. E. had taken a line to my right, and I was gratified to see that he had also reached the cover of the walls in safety; but determined to join me. I almost immediately saw him spring from his lair, and with uplifted sword call upon his men to advance.

"Again the battery opened, and it was with the most intense interest that I watched his charge down the hill. The vine holes—for they are partially sunk—made the footing very uncertain; he suddenly turned an awful umersault, and I thought all was over with him, as with many others—but no, again he was on his legs—"Forward men"—again reached the Russian battery, and a few more strides placed him by my side. And did not we, then, devotedly wish we were back again?—However, there was nothing for it, but to back close, dodge a shot as best we could, and aggravate the enemy as little as possible. And there we spent fourteen dreary hours, the enemy at one moment bringing down our house with round shot, burying the wretched wounded beneath the ruins; then throwing shells among us, which owing to the softness of the ground fortunately penetrated deep, and in bursting, only formed craters large enough for one's grave; and if a leg was injudiciously allowed to protrude beyond a certain limit, it instantly furnished a target for a dozen rifle balls. Under these most trying circumstances, it was most gratifying to find that my young soldiers, many of them only having landed the day before, behaved most admirably. Indeed, to a family man, who has got a sneaking kindness for his wife and bairns, it is amusing to see how recklessly some of them will expose life. When I wanted to send a report to the General, I had no difficulty in finding volunteers to take it. The knowledge that they would get a drink of water was sufficient inducement, though certain to have some fifty balls fired at them during their transit both ways.

"Many escaped through this ordeal almost miraculously, but one of my messengers came to grief. He was laden with commissions for and reached the general in safety; at length he reappeared, loaded with the precious freight, and broke cover cheered on by the thrifty crowd. As usual he was twiggled in a moment, and a volley of balls cut up the dust around him, and when within fifty yards or so of the goal the poor fellow was winged and dropped heavily. For a time he was so still that we feared he had got his quietus, but shortly the arms began to move, and he soon appeared, dragging his wounded leg—two tins of the precious water, and my note between his teeth. I found the poor fellow's wound was slight, the ball having only grazed his knee joint, and you may imagine my sorrow when part of the wall afterwards fell on him, and hurt him a good deal. You will hardly credit that numbers begged of me immediately afterwards to be allowed to go and bring in the water which he left on the ground when he began to travel on all fours. A positive veto alone stopped them, for my homily to the text, that water is not worth blood, was not much thought of. This is a long tale, but fourteen hours might furnish many such anecdotes. To conclude my story: At nightfall, when the riflemen fired wide, we gradually got our wretched friend to the rear. Scorched and paroled by a burning sun, my men fled off, at 10, P. M. Choked with the dust of ages which had risen from the ruins, and bespattered with blood and brains, it was with a sense of thankfulness that I again reached my hut."

Correction does much, but encouragement does more; encouragement after centuro is as the sun after a shower.

The Housekeeper.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

PRESERVING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

The present season is unusually productive of all kinds of fruit and vegetables. The markets are now or soon will be overburdened, and a superabundance of fruit will be found in almost every garden. Every housekeeper should be provided with a suitable number of fruit cans, and should put up a supply for the coming winter; and, if besides, a few dozen cans were preserved against a barren season, they would go far to relieve the disappointments arising from our fickle climate. The method of preserving fruits in air tight vessels is comparatively new, and since its introduction it has been confined to a few individuals. In the method of preserving, there is nothing mysterious. The fruit only requires to be sufficiently sealed to expel all the air contained in the cells, and to be put, while hot, into the cans, which should be filled as full as possible without causing the syrup to interfere with the sealing or soldering. The safest method of putting up such fruits as berries, peaches, &c., is to place the cans in a vat or other vessel of boiling water; then scald or steam the fruit, fill the cans, and seal up immediately, while hot. To preserve the color of hard peaches, when it is desired to have them whole, they should be thrown, when peeled, into cold water, until they are ready for sealing. If soft peaches are preferred, they may be cut up as if intended to be eaten with cream, and need not be put into the water.—When ready, they should be treated as described above. For some uses, it is better to add as much sugar to the fruit as will be required to prepare it for the table, first reducing it to a syrup, by boiling. It should be skimmed. To preserve tomatoes, they should be more thoroughly boiled, in order to expel the excess of water. Corn, beans, and other garden vegetables may be preserved in the same manner, only they require to be more thoroughly cooked than fruits.

TOMATO PRESERVES.

Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!—THE LATEST SPRING STYLES!

An entire new stock of three ply, Ingrain, cotton and woolen carpeting, bought very cheap and will be sold very low. Also white and colored Mattings. 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 that line, at low prices. Also some well made clothing on 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.

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS!—The undersigned is now opening in the store room of William Leonard, on the corner of Hanover and Louther streets, in the Borough of Carlisle, a large and general assortment of STABLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, embracing almost every kind and variety of goods adapted to this market, together with an assortment of GROCERIES. His stock having been nearly all purchased within the last two weeks, buyers will have the advantage of selecting from a FRESH STOCK, as well as of the late decline in the price of many articles. He will be happy to exhibit his goods to all who may favor him with a call, and pledges himself to sell every article as low or lower than they can be purchased elsewhere.

NEW SPRING GOODS.—The subscriber is now opening a large and general assortment of LADIES DRESS GOODS, consisting of black and colored Silks, Challis, Barages, Chaus de Jaimes, French and English Laines, also a general variety of goods for boys wear, a full assortment of Ladies and Childrens Hosiery, Gloves Handkerchiefs, also English and other STRAW BONNETS, Bonnet Ribbons, Bonnet Lains, with the usual variety of Spring Goods at moderate prices.

NEW AND SEASONABLE.—The undersigned having enlarged and fitted up the Store-room formerly occupied as the Post Office, immediately opposite the office of the American Volunteer, in South Hanover Street, has opened a large and general assortment of NEW AND SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, comprising a great variety of fancy and staple French, British and domestic goods, a general assortment of Ladies' Leghorns, Straw, Neapolitan and Gimp Bonnets, Bloomers of various kinds and quality, Gaiters, Youth and Childrens Panama, Lephorn Bonnets, hats, white and colored Carpet Chains, Groceries &c., &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

BONNETS, BONNETS.—The subscriber is just receiving another supply of Spring and Summer Bonnets consisting of English Straw, Gimp, Braid, satin Straws, Neapolitan, and Ben Braid, also a new supply of very choice Colored and White Bonnet Ribbons varying in price from 12 1/2 to 50 cents per yard.

Also a large assortment of Childrens and Misses Straw and Braid Hats. GEO. W. HIXNEIL. May 16 '65.