

Poetry.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Dear girls, I like to hear you talk About your pleasures, wants and woes; But wish, when out with me you walk, You'd make less noise about your beaux.

In weaving knots, man traps and chains, For husband hunting all excels; With open war and desperate pains Must frighten more than I can tell.

You all admire my FIANCEE, And marvel how I charm'd the man Whom all 'n vain had sought to slay— I won him, girls, without a plan.

I dwelt with a secret lover, Where fops of fashion seldom come; It blooms with many a lovely flower, By honest people call'd 'Sweet Home.'

I kept a little page call'd Pride, A clever lad who could discover A vain pretender at my side, Or at a glance a genuine lover.

My lady's maid was Modesty— I had her from a country place; She had been taught to make, you see, A Bouquet that would shade my face.

Miss Alvanore engaged her once— A fickle faced belle of her date, Who, after having kiss'd her dimes, Discharged her in a fit of passion.

She really was an honest girl, And scorn'd with paint to feign a beauty; To smear my face with peevish pearl She deemed no portion of her duty.

My watchman was bluff Harry Health; He drove me early e'er the park; But grumbled I with old soft wealth I wish'd to ramble after dark.

To midnight routs, to plays and balls, He had a terrible objection; He said they hindered meeting calls, And dim'd my fair and clear complexion.

My dear companion, neat and good, Belov'd by all, was Industry; Though poor she came of noble blood, And claimed descent from Piety.

With dusting brush about the house— In this room, that room, in and out, She frightened every fly and mouse, Who wonder'd why she was about.

If she gleaned in a mirror, strait Its polished surface beam'd with light; 'Twas just the same with pictures, plate— Like Spring, what'er she touch'd look'd bright.

These were the only arts I used; So, ladies, if you like the p'an, Just do the same—you look amused! Yet each might win a nice young man.

Select Cuts.

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

A German Baron, Von D—, at present residing at Paris, was some few years since living in baronial ease at his castle of F—, situated in a somewhat secluded, but romantic district of his native land. On the score of worldly possessions, Fortune had smiled most favorably on the hero of our narrative; but, by way of amends, Nature had been proportionally inauspicious as regarded his personal appearance, and the adornments of the outward man. In sober truth, the Baron Von D— was the ugliest man that Germany had produced for the last century and a half, at least; so ungraciously, indeed, was his appearance, that, with a full consciousness of his inferiority in this respect, he lived in a manner secluded from society, to mix in which his rank and station otherwise fully entitled him. Like his storied prototype, Prince Riquet with the Tuft, however, our baron's rude exterior was but the husk that covered a tender heart, sensitively alive to the bewitching influence of the fairer sex. In plain English, the Baron Von D— fell over head and ears in love—a predicament from which even the potentates of this, our nether world, to say nothing of Teutonic barons, are occasionally not exempt. A young and beautiful girl, a daughter of a goodly pedigree, but of slender fortune, living in his immediate neighborhood, was the object of his adoration—the cynosure of his reveries. Thenceforth, his mind, his every thought, became fixed, absorbed—as it were equally divided between her sylph-like image and his beloved 'meerschauim'; nor is this, by the way, by any means, a disparaging compliment to the lady, when speaking of a German lover. Having by a mighty effort of resolution, such as only the tender passion can inspire, surmounted the bashful diffidence which we have before alluded, the baron made his proposals in form, which, on the part of the parents of the young lady, were most favorably and gladly received. With the lady herself, however, matters fell out far less prosperously; a cold reception of his proposals and a chilling demeanor afforded but too certain an indication that his suit was disagreeable and his attention irksome. Still haunted by the painful consciousness of his personal defects, the baron was very naturally led to attribute his failure to that cause. A far different motive, however, lurked at the

bottom of the young lady's conduct. A cousin (oh! these consins!) had long been, in secret, the suitor; but the narrowness of his prospects in life had hitherto precluded all hope of his wishes meeting with the parental sanction.

The Baron Von D— was one evening seated, as was his wont, in his antique chair, in the spacious hall of his ancestral dwelling, in the wild recesses of the huge gothic chimney, before the dull embers of a wood fire, smouldering, like his own ill stirred love, in a shapeless heap, in sole companionship with his beloved and inseparable 'meerschauim,' his second passion—musing in sad and melancholy reverie on the unstable composition and thoughtless vanity of the female heart; when half-mentally he ejaculated his willingness to sacrifice the better portion of his fortune in exchange, if that were possible, for the boon of personal attraction and exterior endowment. Suddenly, in the dim twilight, and through the dense volumes of smoke, curling in rapid succession from the volcano of his pipe bowl, he perceived a tall and singularly accoutred figure standing erect beside him, as though it had issued from the huge gothic mouldings.—Somewhat startled at the appearance of the unexpected visitor, he was about to call for his attendants, when the stranger, with a polite bow, and in a voice which, although of peculiar tone, yet betokened no hostile purpose, thus addressed him:

'My visit, Herr Baron, is perhaps somewhat unceremonious; but I come with a friendly intent. I am well aware of the subject of your present thoughts; you are willing to abide by them?'

'My present thoughts! who in the devil's name—'

'Hush!' mildly interrupted the visitor; 'the least said is soonest mended;— But I have no time for explanation. If you are sincere in your purpose, I have the power of gratifying your wishes. Of that, you may rest perfectly assured. Only it is requisite that you should sign this little document, producing a slip of paper.'

A document! what sort of a document? cried the bewildered baron.

'A mere trifle,' responded his interlocutor; 'merely a memorandum of our little transaction. I am a man of few words. So, if you are in earnest, let us proceed to business. To every person but yourself, you will henceforth appear a perfectly altered man. Your suit will be accepted, you know in what quarter. Are you content? Answer on the instant, or the opportunity will be lost to you forever.'

The baron, as we may well imagine, felt some little misgiving. But the tone, the manner, the whole demeanor of the stranger was imposing. That he possessed the power of diving into the most hidden thoughts of the human mind was clear from the short colloquy that had just taken place. Why should he not possess the power he mentioned? Beside the opportunity might never occur again.—In a word, what between surprise and bewilderment at the strange and sudden occurrence, the brightness of the prospect thus unexpectedly opened before him, and last, though not least, a no inconsiderable bias towards superstitious credulity, he affixed his name to the proffered document. Whereupon the stranger, with another polite bow, disappeared in one of the dark recesses of the hall.

The Baron, recovering in some degree from his dream, for such he at first imagined it to be, albeit he, on the other hand, felt perfectly satisfied on his being broad awake, after musing for a few moments on his late adventure, resolved to put the fact of his metamorphosis to an immediate test. He rang for his attendants. The summons was obeyed, and the servants made their appearance. In the evident surprise depicted on their countenances, he read an assurance of some remarkable change having really taken place in his outward form. He consulted his looking-glass, but to his own eye no alteration whatever seemed to have supervened. This, he recollected, was in strict accordance with the stranger's undertaking.

The following day, the Baron lost no time in still further assuring himself of the reality of the auspicious change in his appearance; on some trifling pretext, he summoned together his whole household and presented himself among them. This time there was no room left for doubt on the matter. From whisperings and other indications of surprise, one or two of the more confidentially employed among them, ventured on a respectful congratulation to their master on the manifest and surprising improvement that had so suddenly taken place in his person. Full of the most pleasing anticipations, and clad with hope, he ordered his equipage, and paid a morning visit to the house of his hitherto obdurate love. Here, too, as though by magic he found that a most propitious change had taken place. His reception by the fair one was as favorable as it had previously been discouraging. In short the happy day of union was arranged, and nothing now seemed wanting to his felicity.

The evening preceding his wedding day found the Baron Von D— seated as, before in his antique chair, in the self-same cor-

ner of the huge gothic chimney piece, and whiffing the perfume of his faithful 'meerschauim.' But how different the tone of his thoughts and the subject of his meditations. All was now alluring hope and blissful anticipation. Imagine, however, his surprise, when feeling a hasty tap on the shoulder, he turned round and beheld his quondam mysterious visitor at his elbow.

'There was one little circumstance I forgot to mention at our last interview,' said the stranger; 'your wish as to a favorable change in appearance has, you know, been gratified, and your suit has been successful. Should you, however, persist in espousing the object of your attention, you will fall a lifeless corpse on the very steps of the altar. Be careful therefore. The young lady is secretly espoused to her cousin E—. Take my advice: renounce in public all claim to the hand of the lady, and recommend her parents to sanction her union with her cousin. Mark me! it is the only course you have left!'

The poor Baron would fain have remonstrated with his visitor; but he had disappeared as before. At first he was tempted to hazard the issue; but reflecting that if one part of the drama had come to pass, the denouement might possibly follow with equal certainty, he wisely resolved on following the stranger's advice, however unpalatable; and this resolve he carried into effect the next day.

Disgusted with the scene of his disappointment, the Baron Von D—, having arranged his affairs in Germany, shortly afterwards retired to Paris, and in the gaieties of the capital had nearly lost sight of his adventure, when lately, to his surprise, he received a legal summons to pay 100,000 francs and three years' interest on a promissory note.—In vain the Baron protested that, in the whole course of his life, he had never affixed his name to any security of the kind. The note was produced with his genuine signature attached. It was then only that his former adventure recurred to his recollection, and that the whole mystery began to unfold itself.

A trick as the reader may by this time well imagine, had been dexterously played off on the Baron's credulity, by bribing the household, and by preconcerted arrangement with the young lady. The main incidents of the plot were easily contrived; credulity and a predisposition for the marvelous did the rest.

The foregoing narrative, however romantic it may appear, is nevertheless, but the succinct outline of an actual occurrence, the particulars of which are shortly about to engage the attention of the legal tribunals of France. The circumstances recall to mind some of the most picturesque legends of necromancy and diablerie of the Middle Ages.

A Man Dying and Reviving.

The North British Review, a publication of respectable authority when it treats of things probable, in a late number relates the following extraordinary case: 'The condition of trance may be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving after Dr. Dheyno, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Colonel Townsend of Bath, a gentleman of high and Christian character. Colonel Townsend could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort or somehow he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right, Dr. Baynard hid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Mr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued for about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination, found the pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and to speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to the particulars of this fact but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel Townsend actually expired.'

Interesting Sketch.

CAPT. ALDEN AND GEN. PRESCOTT.

HORSEWHIPPING A TYRANT.

Gen. Prescott, the commander of the British troops on Rhode Island, was one of those mean spirited petty tyrants, who when in power exercised their ingenuity to the utmost in devising means of annoying and harassing all who have the misfortune to be subject to their authority, but when circumstances place them in the power of others, are the most contemptible sycophants and parasites. An aristocrat by birth, he had been reared in the lap of power and nurtured under the influence of those peculiar institutions which, in elevating the few by depressing and degrading the mass, prepare that privileged few to become the most vicious and arbitrary rulers, particularly of a people who aspire to freedom and equality. Narrow-minded men in the extreme, a heart that knew not the least touch of benevolence, and callous to every feeling of pity, he was far from being a fit person to be placed in authority over the patriotic inhabitants of Rhode Island, who could be more easily congealed by lenient measures than by the use of constraining influence. From the first day of his power, he pursued a system of the most pitiful tyranny, with a view to crush the spirit of those who had dared to resist the oppressions heaped upon them by the mother country.

Writhing under a sense of wrong and injustice, and maddened to desperation by the meanness and malignity of the tyrant, the people of the Island determined to rid themselves of the curse, no matter at what risk or sacrifice. Various plans were suggested, and even assassination was hinted at, but it was reserved for Col. Barton, of Providence, a bold and courageous man, of mature and carry out a plan by which they were relieved of their burden for a time, and their tyrant was taught a severe but well merited lesson. It was a bold and daring experiment, but its success proved that the most hazardous enterprise, when undertaken with zeal and carried out with decision and energy may be accomplished. Its very daring is a guarantee of success.

With a few chosen men, in four whale boats, Barton embarked about nine o'clock in the evening, at Warwick point, and with muffled oars, carefully and steadily felt his way across to the Rhode Island shore, passing the British ships and guard boats lying at anchor in the bay, without attracting attention. Landing in a little cove not far from Prescott's headquarters, he divided his men into squads—each having its special duty assigned—and silently advanced towards the house. Passing about midway between a British guard-house and the encampment of light-horse, the Colonel and his party reached the gate where stood a sentry on guard. 'Who goes there?' he cried, as he became aware of the party. 'Friends,' replied Barton. 'Advance friends and give the countersign.' 'We have no countersign to give: have you seen any deserters to-night?' 'This threw the soldier off his guard, thinking then soldiers from the camp—and his musket was seized, and himself gagged and bound, before he was aware that he was in the hands of enemies.

Entering the house, Barton found Mr. Overton, the proprietor, reading in the large open hall, the rest of the family having retired, and inquired of him for Prescott's room. He pointed upward, intimating that it was immediately above. Hastily ascending the stairs, the Colonel found the door locked. No time was to be lost, and the door being burst open by a blow from the head of a negro, who was one of the party rushed in to find Prescott, who took them to be robbers, on the floor, in his night clothes, with his watch and purse in his hands. Stepping up to him, and laying his hand quietly on his shoulder, Barton informed him that he was his prisoner, and that any noise or alarm would insure his immediate death. Prescott begged time to dress, but it being a hot July night this was refused, and he was hurried on board the boat with his aide-camp, who was also secured, together with the sentinel. With as little noise as they came, they found a carriage in waiting to convey the prisoner to Providence. 'You have made a bold push to-night,' said Prescott to Barton, as they drove hastily over the road, endeavoring to draw him into conversation. 'We have been fortunate,' replied the Colonel laconically, and thus the colloquy ended.

Before morning the prisoners and their captors were in Providence, there Prescott was delivered into the custody of Gen. Spencer, who treated him with consideration far above his deserts.

After a few days' stay in Providence, Prescott was sent under an escort to the headquarters of Washington, on the Hudson. On reaching Lebanon, the party stopped for dinner at the tavern of a Capt. Alden, who was an ardent Whig, and hated the very name of Prescott. Nothing could afford him higher gratification than an opportunity to inflict condign punishment upon the detested tyrant, and Prescott unwillingly afforded him that opportunity. At the table Mrs. Alden waited upon the General, and among the dishes pre-

sented for his acceptance was the 'succotash,' or corn and beans, a favorite dish with New England people, but which seemed to excite Prescott's wrath and resentment. Taking the dish in his hand, and forgetting that his position was that of a prisoner and not of master, he looked at it a moment and exclaimed indignantly. 'What is this! what is this! are you going to treat me to the food of hogs?' As he said this, he dashed the dish upon the floor, breaking it in pieces, and strewing the contents in all directions. Mrs. A. was a woman of too much spirit to brook such an insult to her cookery and table, and she left the room to inform her husband of the circumstance.—In a few moments Capt. Alden, bearing a huge cart whip in his hand, entered the room and demanded of Prescott what he meant by such conduct in his house. The General, seeing vengeance on every lineament of the Captain's face, appealed to the officers of his escort for protection.

'Protection!' said the Captain; 'I'll show you the protection you deserve!' and seizing him by the collar he dragged the cowering wretch from his chair, and with all the force of a vengeful arm rained down upon his devoted head and shoulders a shower of blows with his whip, which made the victim writhe with agony and cry for that mercy he had so frequently denied to others. I'll teach you to insult those ministering to your wants, you tyrannical minion of English oppressors!—and at every word the long lash of the whip wound its snake like folds around the quivering body of the wretched victim, until with mere exhaustion he released him, remarking as he did so, 'There, if ever you want another lesson in good manners, come to me and I'll give it to you with pleasure.'

The officers present made no effort to relieve the prisoner from the well deserved punishment. They felt that he had richly merited castigation, and the erst fallen general was too well assured of their feeling toward him to approach them; but he took a terrible revenge, when, after a time, he was exchanged and returned to his command at Newport, by burning the towns and hamlets in his immediate neighborhood, and turning the inhabitants houseless upon the world. He never forgot or forgave the infliction of punishment upon his person, and when upon a subsequent occasion, three of the citizens of Newport waited upon him regarding the business of the town, he stormed and raved in such a manner at one of them that he was compelled to withdraw. After the others had announced their business and the General had become somewhat calm, he inquired: 'Was not my treatment of Folger rather unkind?' 'Yes,' replied the other. 'Then,' said Prescott, 'I will tell the reason: He looked so much like the d—d Connecticut man that horse-whipped me, that I could not endure his presence.'

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed by time, and there remains no record of them any more, yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plains of Shinar! What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Carlyle.

A Belgian paper mentions that a woman named Dupriez, the wife of a farmer residing at Tourpes, while she was feeding her poultry, took up a young chicken in her hand to caress it. A cock flew up, picked her violently in the arm, and thus inflicted a wound which was not considered serious, but which afterwards became inflamed to such a degree that the woman died from the effect of it.

DEATH OF A MAN WHO VOTED FOR PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.—Mr. Benjamin Blackford died at the residence of his son, Mr. Wm. M. Blackford, in Lynchburg, Va., on the 20th ultimo. He was one of the few men living who enjoyed the proud recollection of having voted for 'The Father of his Country' for President; and he has also voted in every succeeding Presidential election.

FOR SALE.—An Interest of the whole of the Wrightsville Foundry for sale, situated in Wrightsville, York county, Pennsylvania, well established, and doing a good business, one of the best locations in the State for a Foundry. The proprietors, not living in the place, cannot give that attention to the business that it ought to have—proposes now to sell an interest or the whole of the establishment, on easy terms. Apply to, or address Wm. W. Wolf, Manchester, York county, Pa.; or Edmund Wolf, 126 Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md. August 8 '65. W. W. WOLF & CO.

CHEAP GOODS.—The subscriber is now opening a fresh lot of seasonable goods, at the new location, opposite to the Railroad Office, in Main street, Carlisle, which will be sold at the lowest price, April 11, 41. MARGARET SKODGRASS.

BONNETS, BONNETS.—The subscriber is just receiving another supply of Spring and Summer Bonnets consisting of English Straw cloth, Braid, satin Straws, Neapolitan, and Bon Braid, also a new supply of very choice Colored and White Bonnet Ribbons varying in price from 12 1/2 to 60 cents per yard. Also a large assortment of Childrens and Misses Straw and Braid Hats. May 16 '65. GEO. W. HETNER.