

Poetry

FREMONT.

All hail to Fremont! Swell the lofty acclaim Like winds from the mountains, like prairie flames!

JESSIE FREMONT.

The sun had dived over all the glad mountains, While Fremont and glory rise up hand in hand

Select Tale.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE

In the Magdalene Church, at Girgenti, a town of Sicily, in the Valdi Muzzara, on the site of the ancient Agrigenu, the magnificent ruins of which are still to be seen

Two gentlemen, who conversed in a low tone of voice, were pacing up and down the long aisle that runs along the northern side of the building, and seemed to be enjoying the shade and coolness of the church, as if it had been a public promenade.

Everything is really in such bad disorder there," said his young wife, with a rapid glance through the half open door; "but... go, since you will. I shall begin making my toilet here in the meantime."

"How charming he cried in a peculiar tone of voice—"how charming is not all this disorder! This graceful robe thrown carelessly down—these fairy slippers! There is something that awakens the fancy—something delicious in the very air of this room! All this is absolute poetry."

Without heeding the involuntary, frightful and convulsive heavings—the death throes of his wretched victim, the marquis exclaimed, in a calm, firm voice:

"How beautiful that picture is finished!—How noble and chaste does not the lovely penitent look, all sinner as she was, with her rich golden locks waving over that neck and those shoulders whiter than alabaster, while these graceful hands are clasped, and these contrite tearful eyes seem gazing up yonder, whence alone mercy and pardon can be obtained!

In a very few minutes—the architect came back smiling, and called out from a little distance. "I could not manage to make the experiment, for some one else was in the confessional—from the glimpse I got, a lady closely veiled—but, heavens! what is the matter with you?"

The only answer which the marquis gave the Italian was to place his finger on his mouth, and he continued to stand motionless. After a minute or two he drew a deep sigh. The statue passed out of its speechless magic trance, and returned again to life.

"It is nothing, dear Giulio," said he in a friendly tone. "Do not think that I am superstitious, but I assure you this wonderful and mysterious natural phenomenon has taken me so much by surprise that it has had a strange effect on me. Come, let us go. I shall recover myself in the fresh air," he added, as he took Balzetti's arm, and led to the promenade on the outside of the town. The two gentlemen walked up and down there for about an hour, when the marquis bade the young man adieu, saying, at the same time, "To-morrow, after the festival is over, will you come out as usual to our villa?"

At a very early hour the next morning the marquis entered his wife's private suite of apartments. The waiting maid, who just at that moment was coming into the ante-room by another door, started and looked quite astounded.

"Did your lady ring?" asked the marquis. "No, your excellency," replied the woman, curtsying low and coloring violently.

"Then wait till you are called," said the marquis, as he opened the door of the dressing-room which separated the sleeping-room from the ante-chamber.

As he crossed the threshold he was met by his lovely young wife, attired in a morning gown so tight and flowing that it looked as if it must have been the one in which she had arisen from her couch. The marquis stopped and stood still, as if struck with his wife's extreme beauty. He did not appear to observe the uneasiness, the inward tempest of feelings that, chasing all the blood from her cheeks, had sent it to her heart, and caused its beating to be too plainly visible under the robe of slight fabric which was thrown around her.

"You are up early this morning, Antonio," said the young marchioness, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, with a deepening blush and a forced smile. "What do you want here?"

"Could you be surprised, my Lauretta! light of my eyes!" said the marquis, in the blandest and most insinuating of accents; "could you be surprised if I came both early and late? And yet, dearest, this morning my visit is not to you alone. You know to-day is the feast of the Holy Magdalene, and a great festival in the church. I have taken it into my head to usher in this day by paying my tribute of admiration to the glorious Magdalene of Titian, which you had placed in your own sleeping apartment. Will you permit me?" he asked, very politely, as with slow steps, but in a determined manner, he walked towards the door.

"Everything is really in such bad disorder there," said his young wife, with a rapid glance through the half open door; "but... go, since you will. I shall begin making my toilet here in the meantime."

"How charming he cried in a peculiar tone of voice—"how charming is not all this disorder! This graceful robe thrown carelessly down—these fairy slippers! There is something that awakens the fancy—something delicious in the very air of this room! All this is absolute poetry."

His searching look fastened itself upon the snow white couch, the silken coverlet of which was drawn up and spread out, but could not entirely conceal the outline of a human figure, lying as flat as possible, evidently in the endeavor to escape observation.

"I will sit down awhile," said the marquis, in the cheerful voice of a person who has no unpleasant thought in his mind, "and contemplate this masterpiece."

As he said this he took up a pillow, its white covering trimmed with white lace, and laid it on the spot where he thought the face of the concealed person must be, and poked himself upon it with all the weight of his somewhat bulky figure, whilst he placed his right hand upon the chest of the declining form, and pressed on it with all his force.

Without heeding the involuntary, frightful and convulsive heavings—the death throes of his wretched victim, the marquis exclaimed, in a calm, firm voice:

"How beautiful that picture is finished!—How noble and chaste does not the lovely penitent look, all sinner as she was, with her rich golden locks waving over that neck and those shoulders whiter than alabaster, while these graceful hands are clasped, and these contrite tearful eyes seem gazing up yonder, whence alone mercy and pardon can be obtained! One could almost become a poet in gazing upon so splendid a work of art. But, ah! I never had the happy talent of an improvisatore. In place, therefore, of poetizing,

I will tell you something that happened yesterday. Our little friend Giulio Balzetti took me around the Magdalene Church, and whilst we were wandering about he pointed out a particular spot to me, and bid me stand quite still there, telling me that there might be overheard what was said at another spot at some distance in the church. And he was right—At that other place stood the confessional No. 6. I had hardly placed myself on the marble flag indicated to me than I heard a charming voice—God knows who it was speaking—but she was confessing the sorrows of her heart fallen in love with another man! She did not mention his name. I should like to have heard it. He must be one of our handsome young cavaliers about the town. And this other loved her too—she could not help it, poor thing—and so she found room for him in her heart as well as for the husband. This other one was so handsome, so pleasing, so fascinating! Well, if her husband did not know what was going on he could not and her little sins to the holy father. She had a husband, she said whom she loved—yes, she loved him, and he loved her; he was very kind to her, and left her much at liberty; in short, she gave the husband credit for all sorts of good qualities, but unfortunately she had been vexed, and it would do him no harm. So she had promised to admit the lover early this morning. Do you hear? This is what the French dames call 'passer ses caprices'—At last she begged the good priest to give her absolution beforehand. And he did so: he gave the absolution! What do you think of all this my love?" said the marquis as he arose from the couch, where all was now as still as death. "Well," he continued in a jovial tone, "our worthy priests are almost too complaisant and indulgent—at least most of them. Our old Father Gregorio, however, would have taken you to task after a different fashion, if you... He broke off abruptly, while he quietly laid the pillow in its own place and deliberately turned down the embroidered coverlet. It was the architect Giulio Balzetti whom the marquis beheld; he had ceased to breathe.

"Have you been to confession lately, my Laura?" asked the marquis. There was no answer.

"Is it long since you have been to confession?" he asked, in a louder and sterner voice.

"No," replied the young woman, in the lowest possible tone.

"'Apropos,'" said the marquis, as he covered the frightfully distorted and blue face of the corpse with the coverlet, "shall we not go to the grand festival at the church to-day. The procession begins exactly at twelve o'clock. I shall order the carriage—we really must not miss it."

He returned to the dressing-room. The marchioness was sitting in a large cushioned lounging chair, the thick tresses of her dark hair hanging negligently down, her lips and cheeks as pale as death, and her hands resting listlessly on her lap.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" asked the marquis, inwardly triumphing at her distress, but with fair and friendly words upon his lips. "You have risen too early, my little Laura; and you have fatigued yourself in trying to dress without assistance. Where is Pipetta? I shall ring for her now." He pulled the bell-rope—approached his wife—slightly kissed her brow—and then left her apartments.

At midday, when all the bells of the churches were pealing, the marquis's splendid state carriage, with four horses adorned with gilded trappings, stood before the gate of his palace and a crowd of richly-dressed pages, footmen, and grooms, were in waiting there. Presently the marquis appeared in his brilliant court costume, with glittering stars on his breast, his hat in one hand, whilst with the other he led his young and beautiful but deadly pale wife. With the utmost attention he handed her down the marble steps, and while her countenance looked as cold and stony as that of a statue, his eyes flashed with a fire that was unusual to them. The servants hurried forwards, the carriage door was opened, the noble pair entered it, and it drove off towards the town. In the crowded streets the foot passengers turned round to gaze at it, and exclaimed to each other, "There go a happy couple!"

The architect had disappeared. No one suspected that on the day of the grand festival he lay dead—a blue and terrible-looking corpse—amidst boots and shoes, at the bottom of a noble young dame's wardrobe; or that, the following night, without shroud or coffin, his body was secretly transported by the lady's faithful servants to a neighboring mountain, and there thrown into a deep cave. But the lady paid a large sum to the convent of the Magdalenes for the sake of his soul's repose.

The monk Gregorio—the accommodating and favorite confessor of the fashionable world—was also soon after missing. But he was not dead—he lingered for some years in a subterranean prison belonging to a monastery of the strictest orders; a punishment to which he had been condemned through the influence of the Marquis d'Arena.

That the confessional No. 6 was removed will be easily believed.

The Marquis never alluded to these events before his wife. When they appeared in public together, as also in society at his own home he treated her with respect, often with attention. But he never again spoke to her in private, nor did he ever again enter those apartments which had once been the scene of so dreadful a tragedy.

Epidemics.

One unvarying character of epidemics is, that they are all fevers. The Black Death of the fourteenth century, an aggravated form of the Oriental or Bubo plague, was a fever, deriving its name from effusions of black blood forming spots on the arms, face, and neck. The Oriental plague, still in existence in Egypt and eastern Europe, and the sweating sickness of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were both fevers; and even the cholera of the present day, in the last or perfect stages of its developments, is a fever. All the ordinary epidemics, such as typhus, scarlet fever, measles, and small-pox, are recognized fevers.

Epidemics are generally preceded by two signs. One is the influenza. The plague, cholera, &c., have all been heralded by this disease. The first attack of cholera in England was preceded by an outbreak of influenza, which resembled in the minutest particular that which ushered in the mortal sweating sickness of 1815; and the cholera of 1847 was preceded by the influenza of 1847.

Epidemics are periodical. The first appearance of the sweating sickness was in 1845. It spread over England for a year, then disappeared. After a lapse of twenty years it broke out again, went over all its former haunts, and after six months died away. In eleven years it came again, and again died away in six months. A fourth time it returned after a sleep of eleven years, continued six months, then disappeared. Its fifth and last visitation was after a period of twenty-three years. It raged—as it had raged before—in six months, as usual, disappeared; and since then, this was 1861, it has never been known in any country whatsoever. The Oriental plague breaks out in the East every ten years; the fever epidemics of London occur every ten or twelve years; the Irish typhus epidemics have been decennial visitations for the last hundred and fifty years. Epidemic cholera remained with us fifteen months, on its first visitation. After sixteen years it broke out again, for exactly fifteen months as before. Again—this time after an absence of only five years—it came for seventeen months coming earlier and leaving earlier than it had done before. According to this rule we may expect it again, after even a shorter absence.

Epidemics are rapid in their effects. Death generally occurs after a few hours; seldom, if the disease can be protracted. The great object of all modern treatment of cholera, for instance, is to gain time; for if the disease does not kill at once, the patient will oftener recover than die after a prolonged attack. It is the shock, rather than the exhaustion which destroys.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they rejoice also when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolution of one season is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift-wood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for departed relatives, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow you; why, then, should a person grieve, when journeying the same road which has been assuredly traveled by all our forefathers? Life resembles a cart, exact rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

DISINFECTING AGENT.—Now is the time to attend carefully to the purifying the premises reeking with animal or vegetable matter.—The Scientific American says that the best and most simple disinfecting agent known is the chloride of zinc. It is made by dissolving zinc in muriatic acid, and is applied in a diluted state to foul and offensive drains, cess-pools, &c. The sulphate of zinc, however, is nearly as good, is cheaper, and is more easily managed. It can be purchased of any druggist in the form of salt. A pound of it, dissolved in two pails of warm water, and thrown into an offensive cess-pool, will soon deodorize it. During the hot weather, this disinfecting agent should be applied pretty freely. Copras (sulphate of iron) may be applied in the same manner and for the same purpose. It is not so good a disinfectant as the chloride of zinc, but is much cheaper.

An Offer Made and Accepted.

The Boston Post has a pleasant correspondent at Paris, from whose last letter we clip this:

Paris is a city of wonderful occurrences.—The suicides are wonderful, the lives extraordinary, and the deaths unnatural. Of the marriages there are constantly happening the drollest, the oldest, the most bizarre imaginable, of which the following is a specimen.

Madame la Comtesse X*****, a very rich widow, living in an aristocratic faubourg, went daily into the populous quarter of the city for the purpose of distributing alms. In order not to attract attention and to prevent curiosity she was in the habit of leaving her splendid equipage and proceeding modestly in an omnibus. It was thus that upon one occasion she addressed herself to a conductor of one of the vehicles who had attracted her notice, by his politeness and attention towards his passengers. She desired him to reserve for her, at a certain hour every day, a place in the carriage, off the step of which he pursued his avocation. During many months the place was scrupulously preserved, to the great contentment of the lady. And, to testify her satisfaction to the young conductor, who physically, remarkably possessing; she one day abruptly observed to him, "I might easily pass for your mother, for I am beyond my fortieth year—but, if my age does not frighten you, I offer you my hand in marriage, and my brilliant position!"

Notwithstanding his intense astonishment, he conductor took off his cap and at once accepted the offer, refusing, by way of generous acknowledgement, to accept of any compensation for the distance she had already ridden. The marriage was recently celebrated. The conductor finds himself a man of 40,000 francs income, and a husband of a busom person, whom it is his delight daily to promenade with her on the Champs Elysees, in an elegant carriage, drawn by a pair of expensive horses, the envy and admiration of all who see them. Is not this a wonderful concurrence, Colonel? Do not be in the least surprised if you hear of your correspondent, in an omnibus conductor's situation, on the watch for a similar widow and a similar proposition—fares, if you please, gentleman!—one fair in particular."

"Mary," said Major Jones, to his love, "I wish I was a fish and you was a bait, Lordee, how I'd bite."

Drug Stores.

B. J. KIEFFER, DRUGGIST, has moved his store from the corner of Third and Chestnut streets to the corner of Third and Market streets, and has enlarged his stock of medicines, chemicals, and fancy goods. He has also a large assortment of French, German and domestic fancy goods, all fresh and of the very best quality. His assortment of FANCY GOODS is large and embraces almost every thing necessary for the Toilet and Family. He invites special attention to his Fancy Work Boxes, Ladies' Bags, Cologne bottles, Watch and Card Trays, Port Folios, Fortmonies, &c., &c. Quick sales, small profits and strict confidence in trade shall characterize our business. B. J. KIEFFER, corner 3d and Market streets.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, With a Splendid variety of CONFECTIONARY AND FANCY GOODS. The undersigned has just replenished his stock of goods, and as his Drugs and Chemicals, have been selected with great care, he is prepared to fill all orders promptly. His friends may rely upon the genuineness and purity of every article. His stock of CONFECTIONARY is large and selected with special reference to the Holidays. It will afford any variety persons may desire in that line. He has a large assortment of French, German and domestic Fancy Candles, all fresh and of the very best quality. His assortment of FANCY GOODS is large and embraces almost every thing necessary for the Toilet and Family. He invites special attention to his Fancy Work Boxes, Ladies' Bags, Cologne bottles, Watch and Card Trays, Port Folios, Fortmonies, &c., &c. Quick sales, small profits and strict confidence in trade shall characterize our business. B. J. KIEFFER, corner 3d and Market streets.

FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c. I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, together with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soap, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Brushes of almost every description, with an endless variety of other articles, all determined to sell at the very lowest prices. All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms. S. ELLIOTT, May 30. Main Street, Carlisle.

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS! Fresh SUPPLY! I have just received a fresh stock of Medicines, Paints, Glass, Oil, &c., which, having been purchased with great care at the best city houses, I can confidently recommend to Families, Physicians, Country Merchants and Dealers, as being fresh and pure. DRUGS—Paint Medicines, Fine Chemicals, Instruments, pure Essential Oils, Herbs and Extracts, Spices, ground and whole, Essences, Perfumery, &c. Cod Liver Oil—warranted genuine. DYESTUFFS—Indigo, Madder, Sumac, Alum, Log and Gum Woods, Oil Vitriol, Coppers, Lac Dye. PAINTS—Wetherill & Brother's Pure Lead, Chrome Green and Yellow, Paint and Varnish Brushes, Jersey Window Glass, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Copal and copal Varnish, and Red Lead. All of which will be sold at the very lowest market price. Also, a fresh and splendid assortment of FANCY GOODS, Fruits, Confectionary, and innumerable other articles calculated for use and ornament, all of which are offered at the lowest cash prices, at the cheap Drug Book and Fancy Store of the subscriber on North Hanover street. S. W. HAVERSTICK.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.—Pub. Entertainment.—The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and the public generally, that he intends opening a public house of entertainment on the 1st of April, in the building now occupied by Mr. Woods at a store on the corner of North Hanover and Louth streets, in the borough of Carlisle. He will be ready at all times, to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, and no pains will be spared to make all feel entirely at home. His table will at all times be supplied with the best the market can afford. His stable with a good and attentive hostler, and everything to make man and beast both comfortable will be provided. Boarders will be taken by the week month, or year, at reasonable rates. He hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to receive a share of public patronage. P. AUGENBAUGH, Carlisle, March 5, 1866.—Smo.