CARLISLE HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

VOL. LVII. CARLISLE PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1857. NO. 23.

E. BEATTY,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet, containing FORTY COLUMNS, and furnished to subscribers at the rate of $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:

	3 Months.	6 Months.	12 Months.
1 Square, (12 lines,)	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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The CARLISLE HERALD JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Three good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for Plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or any thing in the Jobbing line, will find it their interest to give us a call. Every variety of BLANKS constantly on hand.

☞ All letters on business must be post-paid to secure attention.

1857.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Th'rday.	Friday.	Saturday.	1857.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Th'rday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JAN.	...	...	...	...	1	2	3	JULY	...	...	...	1	2	3	4
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		26	27	28	29	30	31	...
								AUG.	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
FEB.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
									30	31	...	...	...	...	...
MAR.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEPT.	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	29	30	31	...	...	...	...		27	28	29	30	...	...	...
APR.	...	...	...	1	2	3	4	OCT.	...	...	...	...	1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	26	27	28	29	30	...	...		25	26	27	28	29	30	31
MAY	...	...	...	...	...	1	2		...	...	...	...	...	...	...
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	NOV.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	31	...	...	...	...	...	...		29	30	...	...	...	...	...
JUNE	...	1	2	3	4	5	6	DEC.	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	28	29	30	...	...	...	...		27	28	29	30	31	...	...

General & Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—FRANKLIN PIERCE.
Vice President—JESSE D. BRIGHT.
Secretary of State—WM. L. MARCY.
Secretary of Interior—ROBERT MCCLELLAND.
Secretary of Treasury—JAMES GUTHRIE.
Secretary of War—JEFFERSON DAVIS.
Secretary of Navy—JAS. C. DOBBIN.
Post Master General—JAMES CAMPBELL.
Attorney General—CALEB CUSHING.
Chief Justice of United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—JAMES POLLOCK.
Secretary of State—ANDREW G. CURTIN.
Surveyor General—J. P. BRAWLEY.
Auditor General—E. BANKS.
Treasurer—HENRY S. MAGRAW.
Judges of the Supreme Court—E. LEWIS, J. S. BLACK, W. B. LOWRIE, G. W. WOODWARD, J. C. KNOX

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. JAMES H. GRAHAM.
Associate Judges—Hon. John Rupp, Samuel Woodburn.
District Attorney—Wm. J. Shearer.
Prothonotary—Daniel K. Noell.
Recorder, &c.—John M. Gregg.
Register—William Lytle.
High Sheriff—Jacob Bowman; Deputy, J. Hemminger.
County Treasurer—Adam Sensaman.
Coroner—Mitchell M'Clellan.
County Commissioners.—George M. Graham, William M. Henderson, Andrew Kerr. Clerk to Commissioners, Michael Wise.
Directors of the Poor—George Brindle, John C. Brown, Samuel Tritt. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Col. ARMSTRONG NOBLE.
Assistant Burgess—Samuel Gould,
Town Council—R. C. Woodward, (President) Thos. M. Biddle, John Thompson, Michael Sheafer, Henry Glass, David Sipe, Robert Irvin, A. A. Line, Michael Holcomb.
Constables—John Spahr, High Constable; Robert McCartney, Ward Constable.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. CONWAY P. WING, Pastor.—Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr. EALLS, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

St. Johns Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. JACOB B. MORSS, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock, A.M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. JACOB FRY, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. KREMER, Pastor. Services at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first Charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. JOHN M. STINE, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (second Charge) Rev. THOMAS DAUGHERTY, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret, near East street.—Rev. JAMES BARRETT, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Service at 10½ A. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, President and Professor of Moral Science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W. Marshall, Professor of Ancient Languages.
Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Alexander Schem, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, Principal of the Grammar School
James P. Marshall, Assistant in the Grammar School.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, Richard Parker; Cashier, Wm. M. Beetem; Clerks, J. P. Hassler, N. C. Musselman. Directors, Richard Parker, John Zug, Hugh Stuart, Thomas Paxton, R. C. Woodward, Robert Moore, John Sanderson, Henry Logan, Samuel Wherry.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R. ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendant, A. F. Smith. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward, leaving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 3.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 10.43 o'clock, A.M. and 2.48, P.M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY. President, Frederick Watts; Secretary, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, Wm M. Beetem; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetem, Dr. W. W. Dale, Franklin Gardner, Henry Glass and E. M. Biddle.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—President, John S. Sterrett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Hoffer.—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Brenneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre-paid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre-paid.)

Postage on "THE HERALD"—within the County, FREE. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid or 2 cents unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

CANCER CURED.—Cancers, Wens, Ulcers, Tumors, Scrofula, White Swelling, &c., cured without Surgical Operation by DR. LOUNSBERRY.

☞ Dr. L.'s Pamplet (2nd edition) on the Treatment and Cure of Cancers, Tumors, &c., will be sent to any address (free) on receipt of a postage stamp. Office, No. 118½ Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Poetry.

The Fireside.

When the snow flakes softly rattle
  On the darkend window pane,
And the night winds moan and murmur
  In a wild and fitful strain—
O, how welcome is the cheerful,
  Brightly burning, ruddy light,
Glowing from the evening fireside,
  Glowing, sparkling, warm and bright!

How the mellow beams are dancing
  On the ceiling in the hall,
E'en within the heart's dark corners
  With a gentle glance they fall.
And in the clear and pleasant radiance,
  And in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's filled with sadness,
  Lights the eye with radiant rays.

Loved ones meet around the fireside,
  Through the dreary winter eve,
Whilst the storm without is wildest,
  Tales of other days to weave.
Songs that to the heart are dearest,
  Breathe upon the hallowed air,
Voices gay in mirth are mingled,
  "Household words" are sweetest there.

How the aged and the weary,
  Look back to the happy hearth,
By whose merry light they started,
  Ere they tasted aught but mirth.
Though the glow has long been faded,
  Brighter than of yore it burns,
When the spirit worn with wandering,
  To that cherished vision turns.

Then whom falling snow flakes rattle,
  On the darkened window pane,
Let us gather round the fireside,
  Heedless of the night-wind's reign,
And when life's cold winter cometh,
  'Mid the darkness and the storm,
We'll again in memory's chamber,
  Meet around the fireside warm.

Select Tale.

From Chambers' Journal.

EDITH WALSINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

I was always very romantic. At fourteen, I wrote verses of a dark and dreary character, and was melancholy and misanthropical; at seventeen, I proposed to a young lady nearly twice my age, who very wisely refused me; and I was so profoundly miserable, or thought myself so, that I meditated for days about suicide, but could not determine upon the exact form of violent death that might be advisable. Even Oxford, with all the boating, and beer drinking, and cricketing, wine parties, whist, billiards, and various boisterous diversions, did not cure one of my sentimental tendencies. I was all but plucked for my "little go;" because during the vacation before this dreaded ordeal, I had been flirting with a blue-eyed cousin named Ada, instead of devoting myself to Euripides, Horace and Euclid.

In my twelfth term—this is, after about two years and a half residence at College—it seemed almost time to make some preparation for my final examination, or "great go;" and I was informed by a candid tutor at the close of the summer term, a few days before the glorious saturnalia of commemoration, that nothing would save me but very steady reading during the whole of the long vacation. Whereupon I packed my portmanteau full of clothes, and an enormous deal-boxfull of books, and shunning my blue-eyed cousin, I got into the train, and giving myself only a two days holiday in London, I went forthwith to Sandhaven.

Everybody knows Sandhaven and its dull High Street, and its sands and its assembly-rooms, and its bazars and bathing-machines, and flies and young ladies on horses, and old ladies in vehicles and infants in perambulators drawn by chubby maids; its billiard rooms, eating-houses, suburban tea gardens; its steamers arriving daily and departing daily; its circulating libraries, not a novel-less than ten years old; its three churches and eight chapels; its wind, its heat, its dust, its glare; the terrific greed of its lodging-keepers; and, during the season, its generally unquiet, unstudious character. What could have induced me to select Sandhaven, I know not; but the stubborn fact is—I did select it.

I established myself in very expensive and not very comfortable apartments. They had these recommendations: there was a fine view of the sea; the landlady, a widow of about forty, was plain; her daughter, a girl of seventeen, was still plainer; and the servant girl positively hideous. I shall, at least, thought I, be safe here. Arriving on a Friday, I thought it as well to see something of the place during that and the following day. If I set to work on the Monday, and made a fair start, it would be better than to begin before I knew any thing of the institutions of the town or its inhabitants. So on Friday I bathed and hunted, and had a donkey-ride—and dropped into various billiard-rooms—rather astonishing provincial pool-players by the experience attended at Oxford—and I also haunted the various bazars, and I danced, though with much decorum; ay, even solemnity, at the assembly rooms. On Sunday I went to church.

Full of resolutions, on the evening of that day I retired to bed early; but before doing so, arranged an elaborate machinery to enable me to rise early next morning. I am a very heavy sleeper, and had not my alarum with me; so I tied a string round my finger passed it under the door, and gave orders to the servant girl to pull the string until I got out of bed. She obeyed me scrupulously, and at seven, despite various remonstrances, which I growled forth in tones not by any means gentle, I was pulled out of bed by my finger, and half an hour afterwards was unpacking the colossal deal box, and arranging my library for the ensuing literary campaign. I was to read only eight hours a day; this I thought moderate, in prospect it looked so; if necessary, this was to be increased to ten or twelve. More steam might be put on—that was the exact expression—as the danger grew more imminent; but at present eight hours would do.

My subjects were divinity, logic, Latin composition, four plays of Sophocles, the *Odes*, *Epodes*, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace, the first four books of Herodotus, and the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil.

The three hours in the evening were to be devoted respectively to Herodotus, Horace, and Virgil, all which I had read before, and was therefore only compelled to refresh my memory by re-perusing them; with the assistance of an English translation and a Manilla cheroot.

During the early part of Monday my progress was marvellous. The hour intended for theology was spent in unpacking; but at ten I assailed the logic with vigor; moved on to the Latin writing at eleven; and soon after twelve was absorbed in the woes of Antigone. At one, or thereabouts, I heard the tramp of horses, and what more natural than for one moment to leave the twin-sisters and that turbulent tyrant Creon, and rush to the window to see who might be the passers-by? Would that I had never done so.

CHAPTER II.

Can I ever forget the witchery of that smile, the heaven of that calm pale brow, the latent music of those eyes, the poetry of that tiny foot, the glitter of those pearly teeth, the majesty of that arm, the temptations of that waist, the rapture of those wavy ringlets? O, Edith!—no, not Edith either.

What a perfect command she had of her horse? (To be sure he was daily over-worked and underfed: was that her fault?) With what grace she sat in her saddle, and how fascinating was the tremulous vibration of the feather in her wide awake hat! Can it be a matter for wonder that, after gazing on such charms from my window, Imene appeared an inspired and pusillanimous time-server; Antigone, a strong-minded woman with a grievance, sadly addicted to vaporing and sentiment; Creon, an utter ruffian, and the chorus a bore?

Before two my books were closed, and I was wildly searching the streets and shores of Sandhaven for the lovely object of my strong and sudden passion—in vain. That day at least I found her not—nor the next—nor even the day after. Not one line could I read: it was utterly useless to attempt it.

Friday is usually accounted an unlucky day.—*Quintam fuge*. It is a classical superstition which the moderns have endorsed. I found it in my case the fortunate one; for after three days vain and restless roving to and fro, in quest of the faultless creatures whose beauties had lured from my Sophocles, and destroyed my equanimity, on Friday I caught a glimpse of her on the sands. She was with two other young ladies, whom I took to be her sisters. They were amusing themselves in gathering shell and pieces of seaweed. They were unaccompanied by any gentlemen. Each wore a wide-brimmed brown straw hat—it was the year those abominations came into fashion. She—Edith I was going to say—I had imagined her name must be Edith—looked beautiful even under that grotesque and dreadful covering. I passed them and repassed them. In looking at her, I threw an energy and fervor into my admiring gaze, which I thought in no way displeased her. I sat down on a rock some two hundred yards off, and, taking a volume from my pocket—not Sophocles this time, but Keats—I affected to read, but watched their movements narrowly.

I saw her writing with her parasol on the sand. How my heart palpitated! Is it, I thought, some tender sentiment, some gentle encouragement?—does she inscribe her name, possibly, and her address? I was in a fever of expectation. I sat absorbed, as they may have thought, in my book, until they moved away some distance, when I followed to the spot where she had written, in large clear characters, Edith Walsingham. It was then Edith. This, then, was her name. How true my presentiment! Had it been revealed to me in a dream? I looked round to see no one was watching me, and wrote in large letters under my own name, Henry. I then hurried after them, that I might, if possible, see what the earthly abode of the goddess was. Everything favored my design; they never looked round once, but went directly up a hill from the sands, and entered the door of 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place.

I returned immediately to the sands. How happy was I now! That morning, when I left my lodgings, all was doubt and uncertainty; now, did I not know everything?—her very name and address? I felt so calm and contented, that I could have almost returned to the society of Antigone and Imene for an hour or two, but I determined first to re-visit the sea-shore. I wandered back to the spot where I had written my Christian name under hers, and was hurt and disgusted to find that some mischievous and ill meaning person had scrawled under them, in large, coarse-looking letters, A PAIR OF IDIOTS. This was the treatment which sentiment met with at the hands of the vulgar. I had always been a friend to education, except in my own particular case; I now bitterly regretted that the masses, or any of them, could write. I looked around, but to no purpose, for the miscreant who had committed this sacrilege. Not a bone in his body should have remained unbroken.

I quickly obliterated the ribaldry that had been added, and left the two names as they stood originally, until it occurred to me that I would destroy her surname, place my own opposite, and bracket the two Christian names together. I then sat myself down on the shingles, and watched the tide come in, ripple after ripple washing up nearer and nearer to the writing, until at last the two names, still united, were submerged under the waters of the Atlantic; and, as the tide had now reached me, I woke from my reverie with my shoes and stockings wet.

This evening I dined with some appetite; it had entirely forsaken me during the three preceding days. With my cheroot, I attempted Herodotus, but soon laid the venerable Father of History aside; took up Virgil, but with the same result. Even my favorite Horatius Flaccus could not, on this occasion, be tolerated; but was exchanged for my pen, with which I wrote an acrostic on Edith Walsingham. I went to bed reciting my lines, which at the time seemed a very happy effort of my muse, repeating the euphonious name which had inspired them, and on the beauty of its enchanting owner.

Next morning I was up betimes, long before the hideous servant had plied the string fastened to my finger. I had now some object in life—that object was Edith Walsingham. I would read, ay, read even before breakfast, and divinity too; so for one hour I applied myself unremittingly, and afterwards took my first meal with cheerfulness and appetite.

Before I should commence my logic at ten, there was ample time for a short walk, and what could better settle my mind for the day's study than one glance at 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place? When I approached it, there was an unusual stir and bustle in front of the house. Servants were running about; the dining-room table, so far as I could see from the opposite side of the way, was covered with a cold collation. Presently up dashed a carriage and a pair to the door, and out floated one of the young ladies whom I had seen with Edith on the sands, robed in soft India white muslin.

A horrible suspicion seized me; I felt dizzy and staggered, as the thought passed through my mind that Edith was to be the bride of another. Suspense was torture I could not endure, so I walked boldly over to the driver of the carriage and pair. 'Is there a wedding here this morning?' I asked.

'Yes, sir,' answered the coachman.

'One of the Miss Walsinghams?' I suggested.

'No, sir: Miss Jones.'

I breathed freely. It was not my Edith; but she would probably be a bridesmaid, and I should see her in all the virgin purity and whiteness of muslin, light as gossamer. I was again happy and full of expectation. What would I have given to be invited to the breakfast, and called on to propose the bridesmaids' healths?

In another moment another carriage arrived, and this time two India muslin bridesmaids descended—one I recognized as of the trio on the sands, but not my Edith. When would she come? I crossed the road again to Jehu the second, and remarked in a very unconcerned way, that I believed Mr. Walsingham lived here.

'No sir,' he replied firmly, 'Mr. Jones.'

'Then Miss Walsingham is on a visit to Mr. Jones?' I, by way of conjecture, observed.

'Dare say she may be,' said the charioteer; 'there's a deal of company in the house.'

Carriage after carriage drove up. I had now counted six bridemaids, and Edith was not among them. But heavens! what is this? Edith leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman—Edith arrayed as a bride, rustling in glacis silk, covered from head to foot with Brussels lace, and veiled. O, Edith—Edith Walsingham!

I gazed for one moment at the carriage as it rolled away; I would have followed to the church, but had not strength to do so. I reeled home, and threw myself on the sofa. The plain landlady called her plainer daughter; they held a consultation in the passage, and were sending off the very plain servant for a doctor, when I rose and rebuked them, and then lay down again. I slept I scarcely know how long—I hardly remember anything more of that awful day.

Next morning I ate no breakfast, I tried to read the *Times*, and got as far as the supplement and the marriages, among which I saw: 'On Saturday, 17th, at Paul's Church, Sandhaven, by the Rev. Peter Jones, uncle of the bride, Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Jones, Esq; to Percy Batkin, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister at-law.'

'Mary Jones, now Mary Batkin,' I soliloquized—'what could have induced her to inscribe on the sand that other name?'

Two hours afterward, I purchased a copy of the *Sandhaven Herald*, in which was the following paragraph: 'We rejoice to state that Percy Batkin, Esq., the celebrated author of many works of fiction, led to the hymenial altar, on Saturday last, the eldest daughter of our respected fellow-townsman, Alexander Jones, Esq. Mr. Batkin is, we understand, upon the point of giving to the world of letters another three volumed novel, under the attractve title of *Edith Walsingham*.'

'And it was this, then, of which she was thinking, when I saw her write? Need I add that I at once left Sandhaven a blighted being, but found that, in addition to being blighted, I should be, if I did not read, also plucked—that I therefore read—passed 'great go'—and am now romantic no more

PRINTERS VS. ORATORS.—Compare the orator with the newspaper, and we gain a faint glimpse of the obliquitous power of the latter. The orator speaks to a few hundreds or thousands—the newspaper addresses its million of millions. The words of the orator may die upon the air—the language of the newspaper is stamped upon tables as imperishable as marble. The arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that a majority of his hearers may be scanned at leisure without a fear of perplexity. The passion of an orator inflames the whole assembly—the feelings of a newspaper sways the continent. The orator is for an edifice—the newspaper for the world; the one shines for an hour—the other for all time. The orator may be compared to lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment only leaving it again in darkness—the newspaper to a sun blazing over a whole earth, "and fixing on the basis of its own eternity." Printing has been happily defined 'the art which preserves all arts'. Printing makes the orator more than the orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery thro' which the orator thunders forth in the ears of ages. It leans from the tomb over the cradle of the rising generation.

SOMEWHAT STINGY.—Old Pinchem had the reputation of being a most miserly man. One day coming out of his stable with three small nubbins of corn in his hand, his cow, an attenuated burlesque on the bovine genus, approached and made it evident that the provender would be highly agreeable to her palate. Pinchem gave her one of the nubbins, which seemed only to inflame her hunger, for she followed him bellowing for more. With a sigh of regret, he gave her another, but just as he was about to enter his door the cow intercepted him, and seemed inclined to contest the passage for the remaining nubbin. Thoroughly enraged, the old reprobate flung the last bite to the animal and exclaimed, "There, you darned fool, take it and founder!"

Poetry.

BY-AND-BY.

There is an angel ever near,
  When toil and trouble vex and try,
That bids our fainting hearts take cheer,
  And whispers to us—"By-and-by."

We hear it at our mother's knee:
  With tender smile and lovelit eye
She grants some boon on childish plea,
  In these soft accents—"By-and-by."

What visions crowd the youthful breast—
  What holy aspirations high
Nerve the young heart to do its best,
  And wait the promise—"By-and-by."

The maiden sitting sad alone,
  Her thoughts half uttered with a sigh,
Nurses the grief she will not own,
  And dreams bright dreams of—"By-and-by.

The pale young wife dries up her tears,
  And stills her restless infant's cry,
To catch the coming step, but hears,
  How sadly whispered—"By-and-by."

And manhood, with its strength and will,
  To breast life's ills and fate defy,
Though fame and fortune be his, still
  Has plans that lie in—"By-and-by."

The destitute, whose scanty fare.
  The weary task can scarce supply,
Cheats the grim visage of Despair
  With Hope's fair promise—"By-and-by."

The millions whom impression wrongs
  Send up to heaven their wailing cry,
And, writhing in the tyrant's thongs,
  Still hope for freedom—"By-and-by."

Thus ever o'er life's rugged way,
  This angel bending from the sky,
Beguiles our sorrows day by day,
  With her sweet whisperings—"By-and-by."

Miscellaneous.

Disease and Crime.

Light is daily coming in upon the world of mind, and by the help of clearly established facts, arguments may be adduced which will have a stronger tendency to compel men to take care of their health, than any which have arisen from conscience, money or duty; that is, the argument of *Shame*. Let men fully understand that certain bodily affections tend to crime, and that crime thus committed confines to the Penitentiary, then may the community wake up more fully to the sentiment,

HEALTH IS A DUTY.

and therefore, the neglect of its preservation, a sin, which in the natural progress of things, leads to loss of health, and life, and honor.

In a recent trial of a 'forger,' who handled millions of dollars in a year's business, the defence was that he was insane. Among the evidence offered was that he could sleep only three or four hours out of the twenty-four. In a previous number we stated, that a growing inability to sleep was a clear indication of approaching insanity, and on the return of sleepfulness, the intellect became clear. There were other symptoms. There was the sound of trip-hammers in his ears; blacksmith's sparks floating before his eyes, and there was pain in the head a large portion of the time. These symptoms, lasting so long, had at length so affected the brain, as to destroy all perception, or comprehension of the *effects* of crime; and when the organ of a man's perception is destroyed, he will plunge headlong, and with utter recklessness, into any kind of wrong doing which circumstances throw in his way—arson, robbery, murder, anything; and, if not detected or prevented, the crime, whatever it may be, will grow into a habit, and habit is second nature; consequently he will revel in it, it becomes his meat and drink, and he would rather do it than not. Hence the prisoner declared without hesitation, that if he were released he would do it again; and he rather liked it, and nothing could prevent him but cutting off his hand, if it came in the way, to forge paper.

It was shown in the trial, that there was insanity on the father's and mother's side; but no indication of it on the part of either father or mother, It is well known, however, that insanity, as well as personal features, overleaps a generation or two. Often a child bears a striking resemblance to a grand-parent, without a lineament of parental feature.

The acts of the prisoner were admitted by his counsel, and the question of guilt or innocence, rested on this—was he insane or not?

The use which we wish to make of these developements is practical, and is of high importance. A wise and stern medical treatment would have deferred, if not prevented, the combination of events. And how?

The prisoner was under the habitual influence of constipation, and an anodyne, which intensified this constipation every hour, while the principle of the medical practice in this case, was to let the bowels take care of them selves—which they did not do. This individual was never seen by his business associates without a cigar in his mouth, he smoked fifteen or twenty a day. The immediate effect of smoking tobacco falls on the brain, excites it; during that excitement he could not sleep, and the reaction went so low that he could not sleep; on a troubled repose was possible during the brief transition from one to the other. During the excitement, the brain ran riot in the direction of the opportunity, and expended its energies in that direction, but during the reaction the power was not left to carry on the bodily functions.

The effect of constipation is to thicken the blood, to make it more impure; hence more unfit for healthful purposes. The more impure the blood is, the thicker does it become, the slower is its progress, and if nothing is done to alter this state of things, stagnation and death take place. Stagnation means accumulation, for the moment the blood stops in any part of the body, the coming current flowing in, causes an accumulation, precisely as in the closing of a canal gate, or the damning up a stream. This accumulation in the blood vessels distends them, causes them to occupy more room than nature designed, consequently they must encroach on their neighbors. The neighbors of the blood vessels are the nerves; hence the nerves are pressed against; that pressure gives what we call "pain." As there are nerves everywhere, a point of a needle cannot be placed against the surface of the body without some pain, which shows the universality of nerve presence; hence, we may have pain anywhere, and will have pain if there is pressure. This accounts for the steady pain in the head. The excitement of the day sent the blood to the brain too fast, the repose of the night was too short to allow of its removal; besides the energies of the system had been overtaken, and there was not power enough left to remove a natural accumulation, let alone the extraordinary.

But there is a law of our body, whereby pressure from any cause not only gives pain, but may destroy the part pressed against, and consume it, by dissolving it into a gaseous and fluid substance, which in this condition is conveyed out of the body. A band put around an arm of a foot in circumference, will, if tightened every day, in a time not long reduce the circumference to six inches. Constant pressure cannot be exerted against any portion of the human body without imparing its structure, or causing its diminution and final destruction These are principles of universal admission. They are first truths in medicine. From some *unknown* cause, this accumulation and pressure was determined to a particular portion of the brain, where fearlessness of consequences is situated; and we believe, if the prisoner's brain could be examined this day, that portion of it, most probably small in the beginning, would be found almost wholly wanting, having been destroyed by long continued pressure, or to be of abnormal structure.

We believe that a medical treatment, which would have sternly interdicted the use of the cigar materially at first, and gradually thereafter, until its final extinction, together with securing a natural condition of daily acting bowels, with a plain and substantial diet—*and kept him there*—would have saved him and all his from all the subsequent calamities. Artificial excitements, whether from tobacco, opium, or alcohol, if largely persevered, will work ruin to mind, body and soul. It is right that it should be so. Omnipotence has ordained it. If a man is in a physical condition which impels him to do what is illegal, or if he be in a mental condition which impels him to do what is illegal, the question whether he is to be punished or not depends upon the manner in which he became subjected to that condition. If such condition be the result of birth, or by a fall or stroke, or other occurrence out of his control, he should go free of penal suffering; but if he placed himself in that condition by the unbridled indulgence of his appetites or his passions, he ought to be made to suffer a just penalty, whether he knew that such indulgences tended to such a result or not. It is a man's duty to inform himself of physiological as well as civil law. Ignorance of the former ought not to work his escape any more than ignorance of the latter does; otherwise, a man has only to get drunk to secure impunity from any crime which may be committed in that condition; thus all penal statutes become a farce, and anarchy rides rampant through the land.

So, also, if a man perverts his moral sense, and by a course of vicious reasoning persuades himself that he ought so commit murder, and thinks of it so much as to feel impelled to murder some one, he is properly amenable to the law of the land.

It is no very difficult matter for ordinary minds to persuade themselves as to any desired course—that it is right; that there is no harm in it; and that, if they meant no harm by it, no blame could be attached; but, if for such flimsy considerations, men are to be excused from penalties, there is an end at once to all law and to all government.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Every man should be held responsible for his deeds, unless they are clearly proved to be the result of a physical, mental, or moral condition, which he had no agency in originating, or exaggerating to the criminal point. Hence the prisoner was convicted.

A PUNCTILIOUS Englishman, riding on a stage box, in Maine, was surprised to hear the driver familiarly address him thus: 'Captain, I guess we'll have rain 'fore long.' Our English friend pulled up his shirt collar, and looked away. Shortly after the driver made another observation, whereupon the gentleman said, 'My man, I'll thank you not to address yourself to me,' and, unconsciously pulled at his dickey again, but the good natured loquacity of the driver was not so easily repressed, for, when again it had been rebuked with another pull at the dickey, it broke out in this overwhelming manner: 'Look here, captain, if you pull your collar much more you'll jirk up your shirt tail.' The Englishman confesses that it was impossible for him to maintain his habitual reserve from the instant, so, passing from one extreme to the other, he indulged in repeated outbursts of merriment, in which the driver heartily joined, and they parted at the journey's end upon the best of terms.

A JUDICIAL AND JUDICIOUS HINT — General D——— was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished upon personal cleanliness. Complaining on a certain occasion to the Chief Justice B——— of the suffering he endured from rheumatism, that learned humored Judge undertook to prescribe a remedy.

You must desire your servant, he said to the General, to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of the quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels and scrubbing your person with a flesh-brush.

'Why,' said the General, after a few minutes reflection upon what he had just heard, 'this seems to me to be neither more nor less than washing yourself!'

'Well,' rejoined the Judge, '*it is open to that objection*.'

☞ It was a judicious resolution of a father, when being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he answered:

'I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving themselves, and become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful ornamental members of society.'

Humorous.

MARY ANN'S WEDDING.

AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

'We are all preparing,' said Mrs. Jones, 'to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the gals was going, and we was going to take the baby. But come to dress the baby, couldn't find the baby's shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawers on purpose. I know'd jist where I'd put it; but come to look for't 'twas gone.

'Far mercy's sake!' says I 'gals' says I, 'has any on ye seen that baby's shirt?'

'Of course, none on 'em seen it; and I looked, and looked, and looked, and I looked again, but 'twant nowhere to be found. It's the strangest thing in all natur,' said I, 'here I had the shirt in my hand not mor'n ten minutes ago, and now it's gone, and nobody can tell where. I never seed the beat. Gals,' says I, 'do look around, can't ye? But fretting woul'n't find it; so I give up, and I went to the bureau and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby, and at last we were ready for a start.'

'Father harnessed up a double team—we drove the old white mare then, and the gals and all was having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow I couldn't git over that shirt! 'Twant the shirt so much, but to have anything spirited away right from under my face and eyes so, 'twas provoking.'

'What ye thinking about mother?' says Sophrony, 'what makes ye look so sober?' says she.

'I'm pestered to death, thinking about that are shirt. One of you must have took it, I am sartain,' says I.

'Now, ma,' says Sophrony, says she, 'you needn't say that,' says she, and as I'd laid onto her a good many times, she was beginning to get vexed, and so we had it back and forth, and all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.'

'Seeing company kinder put it out of my mind, and I was getting good natured again, though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, 'what could become of that shirt?' till at last they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it. Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was mor'n half frightened to death, when she came into the room with Stephen and the Minister told them to jine hands. She first gave her left hand to Stephen. 'Your other hand,' says the minister, says he, and poor Steve, he was so bashful too, he did'nt know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake, and that the minister meant him, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That would'nt do any way, a left-handed marriage all around; but by this time they did'nt know what they was about, and Mary Ann joined her right hand to his left, then her left with his right, then both their left hands again, till I was all of a fidgit, and thought they would never get fixed. Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey, and to make matters worse, she began to cough, to turn it off, I suppose, and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been drinking, and the tumbler stood right there, and I was so nervous, and in such a hurry to see it all over with, I ketched up the tumbler, and run with it to her, for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink—I don't know how it happened, but the tumbler slopped, and gracious me if between us both we did'nt spill the water all over her collar and dress.

'I was dreadfully flustered, for though it looked as though 'twas my fault, and the fust thing I did was to out with my handkerchief, and give it to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up and she took it and shook it, the folks had held in putty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I did'nt know what had given them such a start, till I looked and seen that *I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt!*'

Here Mrs Jones, who is a very fleshy woman, undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.

'Why, said she, with tears of laughter running down her cheeks, I'd tucked it into my dress for a 'kershief.' That came from being absent-minded, and in a fidgit.'

'And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?'

'Dear me, yes,' said Mrs. Jones, 'and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever 'tended.'

'And the baby's shirt, Mrs. Jones?'

'La, me, said Mrs. Jones, 'how young folks do ask questions. Every body agreed I ought to make Mary Ann a present on't.'

'Well, Mrs Jones?'

'Well,' said Mrs. Jones, 'twant long 'fore she had a use for it. And that's the end of the story.'

☞ A lady of wealth put her daughter, who had been pampered by indolence, under a governess. Upon calling to inquire how her daughter progressed in her studies, she was told: 'Not very well.' 'Why, what is the reason?' 'She wants capacity.' 'Well, you know I don't regard expense, purchase one immediately.'

☞ Somebody has written a book on 'The art of making people happy without money.' We are in excellent condition to be experimented upon.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night, at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a method of 'doing the thing' which few of our readers have been aware of.

☞ An English paper states that abstemious and facetious are the only two words in the English language wherein the five vowels follow each other in their proper order.