CARLISLE HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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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.

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

1857.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Thu'day.	Friday.	Saturday.	1857.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Thu'day.	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	...
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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
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MAR.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEPT.	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
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	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
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	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
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MAY	...	...	...	...	...	1	2		...	...	...	...	...	...	...
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	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.

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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 Senseman.
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 Shesfer, 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 RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, 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, 20 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.

FOR SALE.—A BARGAIN.—The Chandelier and Lamps of the First Presbyterian Church. Apply to

SAMUEL ELLIOTT,
J. S. D. HALBERT,
CHAS. OGILBY,
Committee.

Jan. 7, 1857.

Poetry.

HEAVEN.

I have great thought of thee,
Thou unseen world, with all thy crowned souls;
Sometimes thy gates I see
Here, where men die, and Time's bleak torrent rolls.

For in thy glorious clime,
By sword and flame, and the deep, drowning sea,
Are gathered from time,
Apostles, saints, a goodly company.

My eyes are all too dim
To sweep the vast and solemn distance through,
Where the swift planets swim
The ether's deep, illimitable blue

Too dull and weak my sight
To shoot the gulf that earth from thee divides,
Or gaze upon the light,
That, like a cloud, God's upper temple hides.

I do not crown thy hills
With shades—enchanted radiance, and the ray,
And bound of flashing rills,
Where one may walk and dream the years away

I see in thee my home,
If faith shall lift me to thy blessed shore,
Where grief may never come,
And death's pale havoc shall be mourned no more.

And shall I tread thy vales
Not as a viewless thing, a shadowy form?
This brow shall feel thy gales
As it now feels the sunlight and the storm.

The self-same eyes that here
Grew dark and weary on life's fever'd road,
Upon thy distant sphere,
Shall see the starry garniture of God.

These bodily limbs that bear
Their burden weakly, totter, and then die,
Shall go to thee, and wear
The beauty and the splendor of the sky.

And tread the hills unseen,
Real and fair—a glorious dwelling-place,
That, with their luminous green,
Roll onward, singing through the radiant space.

But there upon thy brow
Shall a transcendent beauty sit and shine;
And every vein shall glow
With overflowings of the life divine.

My thoughts that here lie bound,
And pine and struggle hard in fruitless toil,
Shall walk their flowery round,
And reap in thy bright world a golden spoil.

There shall my soul expand
In knowledge, and go forth in stronger flight;
Angels shall take my hand,
And lead me on through splendors infinite.

And while the thought shall come,
That it is heaven where I am gone to dwell,
Through my eternal home,
The gushing joy shall like the billows swell.

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of The New York Tribune.

Iowa—Prairie Notes.

IOWA CITY, Feb. 8, 1857.

I have heretofore stated that I believe the State of Illinois superior in its capacities for growing grain to any other equal area of land on the face of the globe. That is, on the whole, more inviting and attractive than any other new State, I have not said, and shall not say; for its prairies are often too flat and wide, and often too wet; while it is deficient in timber and running water. But, after every proper deduction has been made, Illinois remains the leading State of the northwest, and that wherein food may be produced most easily and abundantly.

Yet Iowa, as observed in winter rambles between the Mississippi and her capital, justifies in her natural resources and allurements the superlatives of her eulogists. Though her prairies often excel her timbered lands in area, and her timber, even where it exists, is often scanty and scrubby, yet her surface is often rigid and rolling; she has in consequence, more springs, with more and larger streams than Illinois; and I judge that her settlers are less commonly scourged and paralyzed by agues. Yes, Iowa is a noble State; but I wish she had extensive 'pineries' on navigable streams in her centre, like Wisconsin.

Almost every one here who isn't getting drunk, is getting rich, or thinks he is. The soil here has so often doubled in market value that almost every one who came in three years ago and bought land now counts himself at least on the high road to wealth. Many a quarter section which was bought for $200 since 1850, is now held at $200 to $2,000 per lot—said lot containing, perhaps, an eighth of an acre. Of course, this is true only of village and embryo city property; but there is very much unfenced, unbroken prairie, which never had any thing done upon it to embrace its value, now held at $10 to $30 per acre; while timbered tracts range still higher. And the harvests usually grown wherever the land has been fairly broken and tilled seems to justify these prices.

Still, the picture has its shades. Land speculation, as a consequence of these rapid enchantments of price, has become an epidemic which attacks all and will yet ruin thousands. The bubble will be swelled till it bursts. A crash in Europe or on the seaboard—a failure of crops or any great disaster, causing a contraction of credit and a general collection of debts, may collapse at any moment. There is many an operator who now counts his wealth by hundreds of thousands, and confidently expects soon to reckon it by millions, who will find himself bankrupt before many years roll around, unless I am much mistaken.

The more I see of land speculation, where its ravages are most general, the less I like it. Here men are eagerly grasping all the land they can possibly purchase, paying exorbitant usury, putting off needy creditors, living crowded in wretched huts, and letting their children grow up in ignorance, in order that they may clutch more land. I conversed to day with a thrifty, sensible farmer, who came in sixteen years ago, when there were not three settlers in his township, and took up a choice location, on which he has lived till a few months ago, when he was obliged to sell it and remove to the nearest village in order to educate his children; monopoly of lands all around him, in part by non-residents, having deprived him of all school privileges. Another pioneer, who came out fifteen years ago, and has since acquired a property worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, said compassionately to his poor brother, who has just joined him from New York—"If you had come out when I did, you might by this time have been as well off as I am." "Yes," replied the other; "but I would not swap estates with you, and have my children no better educated than yours are."

I talked to-day with an intelligent, thrifty Irishman, whose account of himself is worth noting. Five years ago last April, he landed in New York, with some four hundred and thirty dollars in his pocket. He hung about the city for six months, looking vainly for employment, until his money was all gone, some twenty dollars expected. Winter was now just ahead, and he concluded, as his last chance, to put out for the West, and was set down in Toledo, with the sum total of ten cents remaining. He immediately got hold of a spade, wherewith he earned a dollar a day till he could do better. Soon he was employed about a freight depot, and before a year rolled around, he was earning $60 dollars per month, and pocketing the money at each month's end. When he had thus accumulated a little capital, he pushed on across the Mississippi, and is now the owner of five hundred and fifty acres of good Iowa land, lying between the capital and the Mississippi. I am sorry to add that he was on the way to Davenport to close a bargain for another tract of land.

Everybody complains that too many speculators, lawyers, doctors, merchants, &c., are coming in; with too few farmers and mechanics; and everybody is aggravating the distemper thus complained of. Whosoever buys a lot of land that he does not personally need, in the expectation that some one will soon buy it of him at an advance, is doing what tends to unsettle the public mind, inflame the spirit of speculation, and discourage patient industry. It seems a sorry business to grow potatoes or corn, or work out for a dollar per day, where men are making their thousands by buying lots one day and selling them the next at ten to fifty per cent. advance. Hence, I am not surprised by complaints that vegetables are scarce in this infant city, and dearer than in New York, though thousands of acres of rich, unbroken prairie lie within a circuit of ten miles. Spring wheat sells here at 65 to 80 cents, and is produced in abundance; Indian corn is worth fifty cents per bushel, but this is extraordinary; Meats range from 20 to 30 per cent. below the current prices in New York. Wood is worth $4 to $5 per cord. House rent is very high, and all kinds of labor bear good prices; for work is abundant and workers relatively scarce. But for railroads now in progress, and soon to be carried across the State, there would be a back-set in land speculation ere long; and in spite of the general thrift and active demand for labor, there will be a large emigration to Kansas and Nebraska next Spring.

As to this city, I could conscientiously praise it if I did not think the prices of corner lots already high enough. Its location is a good one—inferior only to that of Madison, Wisconsin—with the Iowa river on one side, and handsome bluffs affording eligible sites for dwellings. The ground is uneven, but not too much so, and it seems calculated to be permanently healthy. The buildings are wisely (or luckily) scattered over a large area, giving the place a striking resemblance to Janesville (Wis.) three years ago, or Washington City in 1830. I suppose there are from five to seven thousand people here, but the casual observer would hardly expect the number to exceed two thousand. All these Western towns are densely packed with inhabitants—houses being crowded as fast as built to their utmost capacity. I rejoice to note among the buildings now being erected a commodious Public Hall which, as yet is sorely needed. The trade of this city is now very active, but will receive a temporary check when the railroad and the Capital shall have taken their westward way to Fort des Moines.

Muscatine, thirty miles east from Iowa City on the Mississippi, and the same distance almost due west from Davenport and Rock Island, enjoys the advantage of being the point at which the great river attains its furthest western longitude, and is of course nearer to the heart of Iowa than any other port on the river. It is compactly built, rapidly growing city, enjoying railroad communication (by a branch) with Davenport and Iowa City, and very soon to have a railroad running due west into the interior. It is a spirited and stirring place, temporally overshadowed by the railroad and bridge advantages of Davenport, yet bound to go ahead. Adieu to Iowa! H. G.

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald.

A Northern Man's Impressions of the South.

One who has never been South, and whose notions and opinions are formed entirely from books and hearsay, would have his ideas considerably changed by a tour, however brief through the seaboard slave States. So much is said about the slaves and their masters, the sugar plantations, cotton fields and rice swamps, that a large majority forget all about the country itself. Having had occasion to pass through some of these States a few weeks ago, a few observations concerning them may not prove uninteresting to Lancaster county men, particularly as of late years considerable emigration has been going on in that direction, chiefly, however, to Maryland and Virginia. The reason why Pennsylvanians have not found their way further down, still, becomes as clear as daylight, when one has once had a glimpse of the country.

Maryland and Virginia, are two quite respectable States in an agricultural point of view. True, much of the soil, through the mismanagement and carelessness of the native farmers, has become unproductive and is "worn out," but by northern farming and northern energy, can again be made productive to an extent that will pay the farmer handsomely for his labor; but this is not the case with those States lying still further south. Such as have traveled through the above mentioned States, must have remarked the large amount of rocky and swampy land, which it is very probable will never be rendered productive, the soil being poor in the first place, and the expense of reclaiming it in the second, being so great as to prevent all idea of its being attempted. Things become ten times worse as soon as you get out of Virginia into North Carolina, which is the poorest and meanest State agriculturally in the Union, South Carolina excepted, which in this respect bears off the palm from every country in the world.

Virginia, from having been the mother of Presidents and statesmen, has condescended to be the mother of negroes, and the result on her prosperity is only too apparent. The wretched dwellings of the white population, and the still more miserable cabins of the slaves, speak even louder than Governor Wise himself, of her miserable condition. An almost endless succession of stunted pines lines the railroad from one end of the State to the other. A few other species of deciduous trees are sometimes seen, but it is very rarely that the oak or the hickory is found. North Carolina is better off in her pine forests, for here the trees grow to an immense size, and form one of the chief sources of wealth to the people. So far as other timber is concerned, she is quite as badly off as Virginia. The country, too, is more uneven, and the soil seems much inferior, and in fact, from this point down to New Orleans, the soil has an appearance that would be very uninviting to a Lancaster county farmer, resembling very much the red, sandy appearance of that portion of Lancaster known as Muddy Creek, but is still less productive

There is not so much cotton raised in North Carolina as I supposed. The pine forests which cover almost the entire country furnish quite as reliable a source of wealth, and with much less trouble. I here witnessed the manner of making rosin, turpentine and tar. An incision is made in the tree with an axe, about a foot from the ground, and a strip of the bark about three feet long, is then taken off above the cut and extending down to it. The cut is shallow and catches the liquid as it oozes out of the tree. The rosin is secreted in that portion of the tree from which the bark has been taken. Each year the bark is taken off a foot or too higher up than the previous year, and this practice is continued until the tree dies, which is in about six or eight years: afterwards the tree is cut down, and then burnt in a conical shaped kiln, from which the tar is produced. The amount of rosin made in North Carolina is astonishing. I saw thousands of barrels lying along the road, waiting to be sent to market. Much is also made in South Carolina.

One that has never seen a southern swamp, cannot have the slightest idea of what it is. The season in which I saw them, being winter, there was of course no vegetation, and my chances of observing them, all the better.—The ground is covered with water, from six inches to two feet deep, and out of these marshes, rise enormous trees, mostly pines. A most singular feature in these trees is, that about two or three feet from the water, the trunk suddenly enlarges to three or four times its usual girth; this, I suppose, arises from the soft, yielding nature of the soil, which renders it necessary for the tree to have a wider and consequently firmer base for its roots.—The aspect of these swamps is oftentimes very peculiar. Through the trunks of the trees you can see for hundreds of yards, nothing but the shining water, at this season of the year, unrelieved by animal life, of any kind. During the summer months, however, they are the abode of almost every species of vermin. They account also for the sickness that prevails in so many parts of the South, during the warm weather. Sometimes these marshes extend almost without interruption, for a hundred miles; a person begins to think the South is nothing more nor less than one interminable box, and he is not very wrong.

To one who has been accustomed to see Conestoga teams all his life, southern horses and southern teams present a very strong contrast. The bone yard would be deemed the fittest place for nearly every horse I saw after I left Washington. A more wretched, abject lot of beasts can be found no where, unless it be in Italy, which they say beats the world for sorry horses and mules. Oxen are more used in the South than horses, for the reason, I presume, that they are kept with less expense. I am confident, six good horses would eat up the entire produce of many of the plantations I saw; oxen therefore are preferable, both as a matter of economy and policy. Nothing surprised me more, than the small number of horned cattle, and live stock generally, kept on southern farms. Two or three cows, as many hogs, a couple of goats half a dozen of barn fowls, and a few yoke of oxen, constituted the planter's property—his negroes excepted.

In the matter of barns, they are entirely destitute. I do not now remember, of having seen a single barn after leaving Richmond.—The extreme meagerness of southern crops, renders out buildings entirely unnecessary to the planter. He would not know what to do with it, if he possessed one. A rickety shed, a dozen feet long, answers every purpose, and costs nothing. I saw immense corn fields in all the States down to Louisiana, but not a grain of corn. I can't imagine what becomes of it, unless used for the support of their negroes. I judge from the appearance of the stalk, that such ears of corn as we see in Lancaster county are altogether unknown. They plant their corn as we do, except that they never put more than one grain in a hill, it being found that one stalk is quite as much as one hill will grow.

A perceptible change for the better takes place in the character of the country, as soon as you get into Georgia. The soil looks better; the cotton and corn-fields show a more vigorous growth. Alabama is still better than Georgia, and in some places the country looks quite respectable. The swamps still show themselves, however, and the entire State, if it has not the submerged look of the Carolinas, is yet flat and uninteresting. It is anything else than the place where a northern man, though he comes from among the rocks of New Hampshire, would desire to live. I am very confident that were twenty-five Lancaster county farmers to locate in any southern State, south of Virginia, before the close of the first year, twenty four of them would have found their way home again, and no one would blame them. I hold it as almost impossible for a northern man to feel at home, or even to become reconciled to the routine of a southern plantation, and the farmer who makes up his mind to try his future in the south, would better consider the step he is about to take. I should advise every man with such intentions, to go any where, rather than here. He can't farm here with the limited means he could in one of the western States; everything is high, from bread up to niggers. I heard a man say yesterday, he could not buy a good field hand in his part of the State, for less than fifteen hundred dollar.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16, 1857.

The Clock in the Heavens.

A vivid illustration of the swift passage of time may be seen any clear evening, in the rising, culmination, decline and setting of the starry heavens. To mark our progress toward the vanishing point of our earthly existence the Builder of the skies has fitted up the vast illuminated machinery of planets and stars as the great Chronometer of Duration, by which we may measure with perfect accuracy the times and seasons, the days and years.—For this purpose were the signs placed in the firmament when the earth had been fitted up as man's dwelling place. "And God said let there be light in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years"

David and Job and other sacred writers, as they give utterance to their reflections upon the power and greatness of that Being "who stretcheth out the North over the empty places, and hangeth the earth upon nothing," had occasion to speak of the *circuits* of the sun and moon, and stars; although the knowledge they possessed of the heavenly bodies must have been limited, compared with modern science. The lesser circuits are types of the greater and sublimer motions of the heavenly bodies in years and cycles, as they roll on to accomplish their ultimate and grandest cycle around the eternal Throne of God, where in the sublime language of the Scriptures, "there is neither parallax nor shadow of turning."

A year is not an absolute, but relative period. A year on earth is more than 12 of the moon; and a year of the planet Neptune is about 160 of ours, while a year of the sun in his sublime circuit, is about 18,000,000 of ours! The duration of a year is marked by the regular periodic recurrence of similar phenomena. It is that which repeats itself successively, and yet remains the same.

To estimate the relative magnitudes and distances, and circuits of the heavenly bodies—the lights in the firmament is a study as delightful as it is profound; and if prosecuted with the right frame of mind, if we "may look through nature up to nature's God," it is adapted to inspire the mind with rapturous emotion.

By this estimate, we not only ascertain the causes of the seasons, and the magnitude of the year, but embracing the known and probable circuits of the starry systems we are able to form some comparative estimate of the vastness of Eternity.

The comparative insignificance of the brief space of time permitted us here on earth, will appear from the following views:

See, then, the moon revolving around the earth; the earth and the other planets revolving around the sun; the sun, with all his recline, with a vast number of other suns with their systems, revolving Alcyon, one of the seven stars; and these, with an inconceivable number of others, performing other and grander cycles, till we embrace the entire system of material universe encircling with the sublimest grandeur, the one eternal Centre, the Throne of God.

But we shall fail to appreciate these grand movements, without some comparison of the periodic times of these celestial bodies.

Observe, then, 1st:—That a period of about 6000 years has elapsed since the creation of man; and 2d, that the sun, although moving at the rate of 35,000,000 miles a year requires about 10,000,000 years to perform his sublime journey! Then it would require 6000 such periods as that of man's history, each 6000 years, for the sun to complete his circuit around the central star of Pleiades! What conceptions must we have at all adequate to appreciate the magnitude of that duration necessary for the entire starry systems to accomplish a single circuit around the throne of Heaven!

If the periods of regular revolutions have proportions at all corresponding with these measureable distances, how would language fail and mathematics be taxed to its utmost to represent the magnitude of that duration required to complete an entire circuit of the system of the universe! And when that period beyond computation, has rolled away, and the hour hand of the great Clock of Nature has returned to its former position, Eternity, with its ever increasing joys or sorrows has but begun!

In that awfully sublime career are we borne upon the swift wings of time, and when we can estimate the magnitude of that duration, we can begin to apprehend the import of the question propounded by Him who made the Heavens, and ordained the circuits, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

☞ Tobacco was introduced into England soon after the discovery of Columbus, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and thence found its way into Europe; but not until fifteen years after do we hear of it among the Turks, whence it seems that the Orientals must have acquired their knowledge of this plant through some other channel—most probably from their Tartar neighbors. But, from whatever clime we first derived that fragrant weed, there is no doubt that the earliest method of using it was in a pipe, and not in the form of cigars, or by imbibing the juice by chewing—which latter practice was unknown to the early lovers of tobacco, and is unpractised by the Orientals even at this day.—*Oscanyan.*

☞ A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain? "No, sir," was Abernethy's prompt reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

☞ It has often been remarked that children will ask questions, which even the wisest are puzzled to answer. "Mother," exclaimed Charley, "how big was I when you was a little girl?" Wasn't that a poser.

Sleeping Postures.

Like most other things, sleep has its unpoetical aspects. Indeed, few sleepers, caught in the act, are poetical objects. Most sleepers are quite the reverse. An Imogen, such as Shakespear has painted her, dreaming of Posthumous and better days to come, is not an every day vision. A Christable laid down in her loveliness, is not a type of common place humanity asleep. Of course, Imogen did not snore, not utter inarticulate sounds at periodical intervals. Of course Christabel did not lie with her mouth open, and an expression of hopeless vacuity on "her face, O, call it fair, not pale;" or twist her shape into quite nondescript postures, not to be told in rhyme or explained by reason. But that is what your ordinary sleepers do. They snore to the top of their bent, and that in some temperaments, in *altissimo.* They utter broken murmurs, most absurdly compounding of hissing, moaning, and nasal constituents. They lye gapping to an extent utterly incompatible with the sublime and beautiful. They are to be seen too, curled on, or collapsed into positions really worthy of study, as showing the eccentricities of *poses plastiques* possible to the human form, not less diversified than illogical.

Leigh Hunt has remarked that though a man in his waking moments may look as proud and self possessed as he pleases; though he may walk proudly, sit proudly, eat his dinner proudly; though he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, and, in a word, may show himself grand on the most trifling occasions, he is reduced to rediculous shifts, when once floored by the great leveler, sleep. "Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown; in the most ludicrous postures, so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in pantomine should create wider laughter. The toy with a string between its legs is hardly a posture master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled together; what a scare crow to judge majestic power in!" Few sleepers, in effect, show to advantage after they have come to years of discretion; it is only infancy, and early childhood that will bear examination, on artistic studies of grace, when the senses are steeped in forgetfulness.

☞ When Galileo first announced the astronomical fact that the world was not flat but round, that the sun revolved not around it, but was stationary, save probably revolving upon its own axis, they imprisoned him. Who? the ignorant? Alas, no—the intelligent—the learned. Did the light of truth blind their moral vision, as doth a bright and sudden light blind the natural eye of man? Or was it hard to unlearn and combat the very errors they themselves had promulgated? The hill of fame is rough and stony—the path of Genius is at least sorrowful.

Franklin was not persecuted for his discovery. His element was hid in a cloud, or perhaps they shrunk from him as did the English lady, when a gentleman told her that that was the American philosopher who bottled up thunder and lightning.

Columbus was called insane when he talked of discovering a western continent, and his propositions treated with neglect. Yet he did discover the land in the West. Sorrow was his reward—a prison held him also.

Ingratitude for those who labor for the world's good, and posthumus fame. This is the reward of genius.

The intelligent agriculturists of the present day are anxiously looking for the discovery of a chemical agent that shall supercede the use of the coarser and more bulky manures, which require so much labor for their use that he who takes a ton of hay off the land must needs put in some other form a ton on. Men of science are engaged everywhere in America, England and France, to ameliorate the soil. Azotes, phosphates, alkalies, salts, acids, gases, volatiles, fixers, we have. What principles, what agents are wanted? The answers is, many, and they are all known, and no other is yet to be discovered. But the plant is the true chemist. Put the agents within reach, and it will distil, the gases will evolve all of such qualities and quantities as are required to nourish and perfect its growth.

No agents to be discovered? No! all are within reach.

Gunpowder was a great discovery—a new principle—yet nitre, carbon and sulphur were agents long known. The proper combination and manipulation, were necessary to give the new property.

Glass also was a great discovery, yet the materials for its manufacture were likewise well known. This discovery was accidental, and so undoubtedly will the ingenuous declare, if the truth be told, were all the truly simple and useful improvments, inventions and discoveries.—*Cor. Ger. Tel.*

☞ Our readers will remember, that two weeks since we published an item which has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that a Mrs. Thomas, of Gloucester, Mass. was so frightened by crossing an unplanked railroad bridge, that she lost her speech.—This item has caused one of our married correspondents to wake up. In a note to us, he writes: "Will the editor be so kind as to inform me what railroad bridge it was, the crossing of which caused such a miracle? Tell me, in the name of humanity! Let me know of its location, and I will take my wife across it, or perish in the attempt! A toll-gate that bridge ought to pay!" We wish we could give our correspondent the required information, but as the editor who first set the paragraph afloat was so culpably careless as to leave the exact locality of the bridge a mystery, we cannot solve the question. Our correspondent will, therefore, have to grin and bear it, and find comfort in the consolatory assurance that "there is a good time coming."

☞ Honor the aged and infirm.

Humorous.

Greasing the Track.

Speaking of Railroad bridges, *Porter's Spirit of the Times* publishes an excellent story by "H. P. L." under the caption of "Bringing a Railroad Company to terms." The story goes that a railroad train was thrown off the track by running over a cow, on one of the roads leading West; and while the engineers were repairing damages, one of the passengers, who knew the owner of the cow—an old Dutch woman named Sally Rauchfuss—regaled the company with a story, going to show how the old lady on a previous occasion had a pig killed by the train, and how

SHE BROUGHT THE COMPANY TO TERMS.

"Old Sally Rauchfuss always carries her point by sticking to it, therein differing from post-office stamps, which my old friend here, nodding to Old Comfortable, says are disreputable, because they stick at nothing, and never hold on. Old Sally had, two years ago, a pig, which she justly esteemed the pride of her pen; so fat that he could hardly walk, so fat he could hardly see, so fat he could hardly grunt; in fact, he was so well taken care of that none of these powers were called into play, or more properly speaking, work. His over care caused his death; for, getting out of his pen one day, he rolled down to the railroad train. The iron-horse coming along was unheeded by the pig, who thought (perhaps so!) that it would get out of *his* way—but it didn't. The lean earth was literally larded at his death, and the iron horse fairly snorted at the pig's last grunt.

"Old Sally, on learning her loss, raged liked a southwester—'Mine big, oh mine big,' and 'town mit ter railroads!' was the cry. From morning till night she poured out her sorrow to her neighbors; she poured out her wrath on the unlucky agent of the road who was stationed at H. It's only a mile or two from where she lives to this town—we passed it coming out this morning. Well, this agent had his life bothered out of him by old Sally. In the midst of the busiest calculations regarding the sale of tickets and making change, he would see a sun-bonnet walking up, till it filled the little round hole of the office window, and then a voice—

"'You pays me vor mine big? Yaw! I not coes 'vay dill you bays me vor mine big. I shtays yuste strate in dis rooms dill you bays me'

"'Now, g'way from here!' shouts the agent, 'Come, good woman, step aside, I want to get a ticket,' says a man in a great hurry. She just looked at him indignantly, never moved, and commenced again:

"'I coes 'vay ven you bays me vor mine big. Mine big vot veigh dree hoontret bounds und vas smasht to beeces by ter stimgine, I vants mine money.' The agent is raving, the man who wants a ticket thrusts his hand through the pigeon hole, nearly dislocating his elbow as old Sally shouts about 'mine big!' and just as the locomotive comes snorting up to the depot the agent manages to have old Sally drawn to one side, who at once turns the tide of battle from the agent to the locomotive tender, baggage and passenger cars, and all the inhabitants thereof; standing on the depot platform and raging at one of the engineers in particular, shaking her fist at him.

"'I makes you bay vor mine big!' looking directly at the man, who drowns her voice with an escape of steam, looks intensely delighted at her, and says:

"'Hello, old gal. Hain't they paid for that pig yet? Put it to 'em; they're as rich as blazes!' And this advice exactly agreeing with old Sally's determination, she at once launches out into a tirade of abuse, which is only stopped by the 'all aboard!' of the conductor, and the 'whiz! whoo hoo!' of the departing train.

"Day after day old Sally besieged the agent but he stood his ground, until one day came and went, and another, and old Sally failing to appear, great was the agent's joy, believing that he was delivered from her importunity.

"One stormy, rainy night, the mail train, dashing along at full speed, suddenly slackened, stood still. Buzz! whizz! Round went the driving wheels of the locomotive, but ahead it would not go. It was directly in front of old Sally's house that this came to pass.

"'What's to pay?' sang out the conductor. The brakeman and engineer, fireman and conductor, had to get out, stirring round in mud up to their knees. 'What is to pay?' 'Grease!' sung out the fireman, and all hands, after working with sand and gravel on the rails, found that the wheels at last would take hold, and tearing mad got under way again, hearing, as they started, old Sally crying out at the top of her voice:

"'You bays for mine big, now, eh?' What answers were made must remain unrepeated!

"When the conductor of the train reached H——, he told the agent that he must pay for that pig, or there would be one old woman charged to the company as a 'dead loss' the next time the cars were stopped in that spot.

"Next day the agent paid old Sally the full value of her pig, on conditions that she would never bring the company to terms by again *greasing the track!*"

REMITTED THE FINE.—A pert lawyer in the South lately insulted the Judge, who fined him $50. He repeated the insult, and the Judge doubled the fine; he tried it again, and the fine was repeated. Finally, he asked permission to go home. "What for," said the Judge. "Why to buy your Honor's paper at 10 per cent, to pay my fine!" Judge—"Humph! I remit the fine."

☞ "Come here, my little Eddy," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor where a large company was assembled; "do you know me?" "Yes sir, I think I do." "Who am I?" "Let me hear." "You are the man who kissed sister Angeline last night in the parlor." Angeline fainted.

Nature designed the heart to be always warm, and the hand to be often open.