CARLISLE HERALD.

VIRTUS DIU NOBIS VIVENDI VIS PRÆBET AMANDI

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY WILLIAM M. POMTER.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $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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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.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 5 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

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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 anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call. Every variety of Blanks constantly on hand.

General and Local Information.

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Clerk to Council.—Wm. H. Wetzel.
Constables—John Sphar, High Constable; Robert McCartney, Ward Constable.
Justices of the Peace—George Ege, David Smith, Michael Holcomb, Stephen Keepers.

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 Eells, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. Jacob R. 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 11 o'clock A. M, and 6½ o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. R. D. Chambers, 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 6½ 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, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.
Rev. Wm. L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Sciences and Curator of the Museum.
Alexander Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Principal of the Grammar School.
B. F. Purcell, A. B., Assistant in the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, Richard Parker, Cashier, Wm. M. Beetem; Clerks, J. M. Hasler, N. C. Musselman, C. W. Herd; Directors, Richard Parker, Wm. B. Mullin, Hugh Stuart, Thomas Paxton, R. C. Woodward, John Sanderson, Moses Bricker, Abram Bosler, Jacob Leiby.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, G. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 6.19 o'clock A. M. and 5.30 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 10.00 o'clock A. M., and 2.00 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, Henry Saxton, J. W. Eby, John D. Gorgas, R. C. Woodward, and L. M. Biddle.

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SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall, on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 269 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, William M. Porter; Secretary, A. B. Ewing; Treasurer, Peter Monyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1803. President, Robert McCartney; Secretary, Philip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Hitter. The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, James S. McCartney; Secretary, Samuel H. Gould; Treasurer, Joseph D. Halbert. The company meets the second Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid, or 5 cents to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on the "Herald"—within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per year; Forty per cent if out of the United States. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre paid or five cents if unpaid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost of advertising.

Poetry.

For the Herald.

STUDENT'S GLEE.

Fill to the brim with rosy wine
The sparkling bowl;
Drink to the days of Auld Lang Syne,
And cheer the soul.
To home and friends,
With voices free,
A greeting send,
The Student's Glee.

Raise the foaming wine above
Your noble brows,
Drink to the charming goddess—Love—
Who rules yo now!
To signet ring,
Right cheerily,
A greeting sing,
The Student's Glee.

Raise the goblet to your lip,
With silent tone,
Solemnly the wine to sip
For brothers gone.
As now we stand,
With tearful eye,
And trembling hand,
For those on high.

Why weep? They're free from strife
And sorrow there;
They have escaped a tedious life,
So fraught with care.
Then wish them joy,
The favor given,
Without alloy,
To rest in Heaven.

MILOTIC DRINKING-SONG.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

You may water your boys, brother poet, with lays
That brighten the cup from the stream you dote on;
By the Schuylkill's side, or Cochituate's tide,
Or the crystal lymph of the mountain Croton:—
(We may pledge from these,
In our summer ease,
Nor even Anacreon's shade revile us;)
But I, from the flood
Of his own brown blood,
Will drink to the glory of ancient Nilus!

Cloud never gave birth, nor cradle the earth,
To river so grand and fair as this is—
Not the waves that roll us the gold of Pactolus,
Nor cool Cephissus, nor classic Illissus;
The lily may dip
Her ivory lip
To kiss the ripples of clear Eurotas,
But the Nile brings balm
From the myrrh and palm,
And the ripe, voluptuous lips of the lotus.

The waves that ride on his mighty tide
Were poured from the urns of unvisited mountains,
And their sweets of the south mingle cool in the mouth
With the freshness and sparkle of northern fountains.
Again and again
The goblet we drain—
Divine a stream never Neroid swam on;
For Isis and Orus
Have quaffed before us,
And Ganymede dipped it for Jupiter Ammon!

Its blessings he pours o'er his thirsty shores,
And floods the region of sleep and silence,
When he makes oases in desert places,
And the plain is a sea, the hills are islands,
And had I the brave
Anacreon's stave,
And lips like the honey'd lips of Nylas,
I'd dip from his brink
My bacchanal drink,
And sing for the glory of ancient Nilus!

A Good Story.

WHICH TO CHOOSE.

Mrs. Champion, a rich widow of only thirty summers, and in the rich bloom of her beauty, was in the matrimonial market, closely besieged by three suitors, all of them good-looking, all gentlemen, and all professing unbounded and disinterested affection for the fair lady. Capt. Trevanion had been a cavalry officer, but had retired from the service. He was a tall dashing figure, with very aristocratic manners, and like Neil Pepper, Paul Clifford's friend, possessing an "uncommon fine head of hair." Indeed, it was rumored that his ambrosial curls were not Nature's gift to him, but the *spolia optima* of some nameless and more favored individual, procured of Bogle by the intermediation of a certain amount of filthy lucre. The Captain had inherited a large fortune.

Suitor No. 2 was a young man about town, very fashionable, polished, and pleasant. He contrived to keep out of debt, but his financial resources were very limited. Mr. Claude Careless evidently had a good prospect of success.

The third suitor, Mr. Stanley Moreton, was an art-student, and also cultivated poetry.—Though very modest and unaffected, he was slightly eccentric in the matter of costume,—wore a Rubens hat, and black velvet coat, and during the Kossuth excitement, had seriously thought of completing his equipment by a feather; but his better genius saved him from the solecism. As he was quite sensitive and timid, had an awkward habit of blushing, and was silent in company, the captain and Careless made light of his rivalship, and considered the contest as confined to themselves.

The captain proposed, after the most approved taste of fashion, dropping gracefully on the knee, and pressing the lips that murmured his vows to the fair hand he solicited as his guerdon.

When he had retired, Claude paid his devoirs, and made his proposal with great earnestness. His professions of disinterestedness were no less emphatic than the captain's.

The painter came next. When alone with the lady of his love, he found a voice which failed him in the presence of others.

To each of the suitors she gave the same reply, namely: That she would return a definite answer to his suit exactly three weeks from the date of his proposal, requiring him in the interval to refrain from calling on or inquiring about her, and to absent himself from the city.

The commands of rich beauty are imperative. Each lover promised a knightly obedience, and kept his pledge. The captain ran down to Newport, Claude went to Saratoga, and Stanley carried his sketch-book up to the White Mountains.

The widow shut herself up for three weeks. At the expiration of that time, punctual to the appointed day, hour, and minute, the elegant captain entered Mrs. Champion's drawing-room, and surveyed himself from head to foot in the Versailles mirror, with a smile of satisfaction. He was engaged in self-admiration, when a light step recalled him to a sense of propriety. He turned and beheld the widow; but a thick veil covered her face. He drew a chair to her side and addressed her—

"Dearest Isabel," said he, in his most persuasive tones, "allow me to remove the envious screen which shrouds charms that were never meant to be concealed."

"Alas! captain," said the widow, with a tremulous voice, and drawing her veil yet closer, "those charms exist no longer."

"Is it possible!" cried the captain in a tone of alarm. "What do you mean?"

"Since I saw you I have been very sick.—When I was a child my parents neglected to have me vaccinated, and the ravages of the small-pox——"

"The small-pox!" cried the captain, pushing his chair back to the other side of the room

"Don't be afraid, captain," said the widow; "it's all over, and I am a dreadful object to behold; but, of course, that makes no difference in your affections."

"Hem!" cried the captain, "it would make no difference if I wanted to retire with you in the country to live like Darby and Joan; but to go into society—to introduce as my wife at balls, and soirees a person disfigured by a dreadful disorder! O, Lord! ma'am, the idea never entered my head!"

"I release you from your engagement—you are free," said the widow.

"I have no doubt, ma'am," said the captain, greatly relieved, "that you will find individuals not exactly in my situation, who will be—will be very happy to—in short, ma'am, I wish you a very good day."

"Cold-hearted, vain egotist!" said the widow, when he had left. "I rightly gauged your character. You only wished for a handsome wife to enhance your consequence and parade in society, as you show off your handsome horse in the street. Let us see whether my thoughts have wronged Mr. Careless."

To Careless she told the same story. The young gentleman heard of the loss of her beauty with great *nonchalence*.

"But this is not all," said Mrs. Champion, "my business man has been with me all the morning. My investments were most unfortunate. I am completely beggared."

"How unfortunate," cried Careless, "for I am in the same predicament. I don't see my way through this matter. Now it is very evident that it would be the height of folly for two persons without any income or prospects to marry only to multiply misery. I beg you to consider my proposal of last month only as conditional. Doubtless there are rash unprincipled men who would in my case think only of sentiment, but I am too good a moralist and too good a citizen to think of persevering now. Farewell, madam! farewell forever!—I leave you with despair in my heart and madness in my brain!"

Probably no declaration of despair was ever so hypocritical, and so thought the widow.

"He loved me for my money, as I thought. I begin to believe that all the men are alike. If Stanly prove equally heartless, I shall renounce the perfidious sex."

The young artist heard of the loss of his lady's beauty calmly.

"It is a misfortune," said he, "Beauty is a glorious gift, but perishable; the true heart and mind alone remain unchanged till death.

"But I am poor, Stanley," said the widow.

"You give me new life, Isabella," cried the painter. "The world cannot now that any mercenary views tainted the pure feeling with which I regard you. Trust me, you shall never want while I have brain and hand to work for you."

"Then take me for such as I am and was," cried the widow throwing off the veil, "both in person and in purpose, and forgive the fabricated tale, which proved two of my suitors worthless."

Freed from the veil, her dazzling beauty beamed on the painter in undimmed radiance, and her hand thrilled to his touch. Need we say that they were happy?

REGULARLY SOLD OUT.—During the month of January, 1850, while stopping at the Sutter House, in Sacramento City, California, I accidentally overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, one of whom was from New York city, and had been in the country nearly a year, and the other had just arrived.

The newcomer was lamenting his condition and his folly of leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters, who were just budding into womanhood, when he asked the New Yorker if he had a family.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them."

After this reply, the couple sat for a moment in silence; then the interrogator again commenced:

"Was you ever blind sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir, I so stated it."

Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh, ah," and a general laugh followed; and after that the New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who had six children and never saw one of them.

IMPROVING SHAKESPERIAN READINGS.—A teacher in one of the schools is in the habit of giving his pupils in composition extracts from poems, the Bible, &c., which scholars are required to transpose into their own language, making all the blind or doubtful plain. One day he gave out the following from Shakespeare's play of Othello:

"Trifles, light as air, are to the jealous confirmation strong,
As proof of holy writ."

One little fellow, who stood at the head of his class in philosophy and chemistry, immediately wrote, and handed in the following translation:

"Trifles, *weighing fifteen and a-half pounds to the square inch*, are as good proof to jealous folks as a verse in the Bible."

Ladies' Department.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

The feeble health of the women of America is fast becoming, or rather I fear has already become, proverbial; and the lately published Registration Report, for 1855, present some striking and alarming facts. In examining the record of death and the long list of fatal maladies, we find a very striking equality in the number of deaths of males and females arising from many diseases. For instance—the large number of 770 persons died in this State during the year 1855 of typus fever. It seems marvelous that the deaths should have been divided between males and females with such an approach to exact equality as the following figures show, viz: 388 male, and 382 female.

Again, under the head of convulsions, we find, total (excluding two where the sex was not recorded,) 402; and of these, 202 were males and 200 of females; of the 347 deaths from scarlatina, 173 were of males and 164 of females. The striking equality proves that there was no special cause exerting an injurious influence upon either sex.

Referring now to consumption, we might expect to find a similar state of things; but no, it is strangely and sadly different. Excluding the deaths below 10 and over 60 for reasons suggested in the report, viz: That wasting and decay arising from old age or constitutional weakness, were often erroneously returned under the head of consumption; and excluding also the deaths between 40 and 60, when there is nearly an equality and when any special causes would probably produce their effects, we obtain this remarkable result: Total deaths from consumption between the ages of 10 and 40, 2,590; of these but 966 or 37 per cent. are of men, while 1,624 or nearly 63 per cent. are of women. Between 10 and 30 the difference is still greater; during this period the deaths of females are 1,123 out of 1,735; i. e., nearly 65 per cent. 10 to 20 is worse still—very nearly 67 per cent.

So that we shall not be far from the truth in saying, that of the deaths from consumption between the ages of 10 and 25, those of females are to those of males as 2 to 1.

Here evidently is indicated in language too plain to be misunderstood, the existence of some special cause producing consumption among females out of all reasonable proportion; and which does not act in the case of fevers and of many other diseases. It may be said that woman's more delicate organization renders her more susceptible to the attacks of disease; but if her organization is sensitive and delicate, it is also endowed with great powers of endurance. Besides, the same thing might be said in regard to typus fever; but statistics disprove the hypothesis; and moreover, men from their occupations are much more exposed to the danger of consumption than women are, at least by any necessity. But it is illogical to seek in the dark distance for causes, when all sufficient ones lie open before our eyes. Look at the dress of the women.

Enslaved by tyrannical fashions imported from the central city of immorality and despotism, with a head dress that may be well enough in a temperate clime for a lady who never goes out but in a carriage, or the nursery woman in shaded gardens, but criminally absurd where the sun burns with all but tropical power, and where the intense cold penetrates the skull and stops the action of the brain; with their necks, and shame to their regard both for health and modesty, more than what is entitled to be so called, exposed one moment to the heated air of a ball-room, and another to blasts like those which froze the blood of the stern Pilgrim Fathers; with arms pinioned to their sides, with shoulder blades displaced and back bones twisted by steel bound corsets that compress the chest and contract the waist till it is wasp-like, in defiance alike of the laws of health and of physical beauty, as a glance at the models of Greece or at the pictures of the middle ages would show them, a beauty which consists not in the artificial forms invented by man or woman, but in the free and full development of that glorious organism which God has given as the temple of the soul; with form contracted by a fashion imported from the gardens, not of Paradise, but of Paris; loaded with skirts and silks that trail through the varied filth of the streets and sidewalk, that ruin their husbands and increase that ease in walking for which American ladies are so renowned, with shoes so thin that a stout man would catch cold through them at once with a general thinness of dress and recklessness of exposure which I need say no more of, for every man that cares for the modesty and health and happiness of his countrywomen, gazes at them with wonder and sorrow.

Why need we seek further to learn how it is that the American women who are frequently said to be the most beautiful in the civilized world, are so frail and delicate, and die so early? As the moral law can never be violated without degradation to the soul, and the absolute certainty of retribution here or hereafter, so all violations of the laws of physical health cause injury to the body, and bring with them the inevitable penalty of disease. And the American mothers are to some extent responsible for these wasted lives, and for the heart rending sorrow that is brought to many a bereaved husband and orphaned child. But in this *free* country they have not real independence enough to preserve their daughters' modesty and health, if some coxcomb French fashion lays upon them its irresponsible laws, and that ugly, tight jacket, with half a skirt, which a year ago was a sign of reproach to any woman in the streets of Paris, must now be put upon the virtuous daughters of New England mothers.

The small waist is the beauty of a *wasp*, and not of a woman; and the trailing in the mud of costly silks is more suited for spendthrifts than for the wives of simple American citizens.

☞ A wife joining her husband, in a conveyance of real estate, was asked by the judge, who examined her in private, according to the act of Assembly, whether she acted without compulsion on the part of her husband. She struck her arms akimbo, and replied, "*He* compel me! no—nor twenty like him!"

AN INVITATION.

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be. SUCKLING.

Wherefore, Fanny, look so lovely,
In your anger, in your glee?
Laughing, weeping, fair, capricious!
If you will look so delicious,
Pr'ythee, look at me!

Wherefore, Fanny, sing so sweetly?
Like the bird upon the tree—
Hearts in dozens round you bringing?
Byrenl! If you must be singing,
Pr'ythee, sing to me!

Wherefore, Fanny, dance so lightly,
Like the wave upon the sea?
Motion every charm enhancing—
Fanny, if you will be dancing,
Pr'ythee, dance with me.

Wherefore smile so like an angel,
Angel-like although you be?
Head and heart at once beguiling—
Dearest! if you will be smiling,
Pr'ythee, smile on me!

Wherefore flirt, and aim your arrows
At each harmless fop you see?
Coxcombs, hardly worth the hurting—
Tyrant! if you must be flirting,
Pr'ythee, flirt with me!

Wherefore, Fanny, kiss and fondle
Half the ugly brats you see?
Waste not love among so many—
Sweetest! if you fondle any,
Pr'ythee, fondle me!

Wherefore wedlock's lottery enter?
Chances for you, one to three!—
Richest ventures oft miscarry—
Fanny, Fanny! if you marry,
Pr'ythee, marry me!

Humorous Sketch.

DRESSING BEFORE GIRLS.

A PAINFUL INCIDENT.

Lewiston Falls, Maine, is a place,—it is! You can't exactly find it on the map, for it has been located and incorporated since Mitchell's last,—but it's there, a manufacturing city with banks, barber shops, and all the appurtenances of a locomotive, going-ahead, Yankee settlement.

Just about the neatest thing in the new city is the new clothing store, that "riz up" and "rained down lately," on the Jonah's gourd or Aladdin's principle, and which by the same mysterious dispensation, became endowed with the cutest Yankee salesman that the Dirago State ever turned out.

The other day an up river young 'un, who is about to forsake father and mother and cleave unto Nancy Ann, came down to get his suit, and was of course bound to find his way to the new clothing store. Not that he swaggered in with that easy, don't care swagger of a town-bred searcher of cheap clothing, for the verdant tint was tolerably fresh on him yet, and he stopped and knocked at the door.

He had just effected an entrance at the grist mill and *Journal* office, where he had been doing business in that same unobtrusive manner, and the boys all agreed that Nehemiah should be let in immediately, and he was delighted with the cordial reception he met with.

The proprietor was ready to forward him a "suit" at once, if he was fit, or they would take his measure and furnish him to order. Nehemiah drew a hand-bill from the top of his hat, and spread it on his knees for easy reference. It was headed—

"WINTER CLOTHING AT COST!"

and stated that in consequence of the mildness of the season, over five thousand dollars worth of ready made clothing was to be closed up and sold at an enormous sacrifice! A list of prices followed, and Nehemiah running his thumby finger down the column, lit on a particular item.

"Say—ye got any of these blew coats left, at five dollars?"

"Brown, have we any of those cheap coats left?" inquired the polite Mark of his partner.

"We sold the last this morning, did we not?"

Brown understood the cheap clothing business and answered promptly:

"All gone, sir."

"Jest's I spected," murmured the disappointed candidate; "darnation seize all, told you they'd all be gone."

"We have a very superior article for ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! that's an all-fired price for a coat!"

"We can make you one to order."

"Y-e-s! but I want it now—want it right straight off—fact is, Squire, I must have it."

"You'd find these coats very cheap at ten dollars."

"Dunno 'bout it! Say, you got any of those dewrable doeskin trousers left, at two dollars—sold 'em all tew, mint ye?"

Fortunately there were a few left, and Nehemiah was open for a trade, but acting on the instinct of the Newbegins, it must be a dicker.

"Dew you ever take projuce for your clothing?"

"Take what?"

"Projuce—gardin sass and sich, don't dew it, dew you?"

"Well, occasionally we do, what have you to sell?"

"Almost anything; little of everything—from marrowfat peas to rye straw; got the all killinist dried pumpking yeou ever sat eyes on—'spect you'd like some of that dried pumpkling, squire."

Mark declined negotiating for the dried pumpkin, but inquired if he had any good butter.

"G-o-o-d butter? now, squire, I expect I've got some of the nicest and yallerist you ever got your eyes on; got some out here now—got some in a sugar box, out in dad's wagon; brought it down for Kernel Waldron, but ye can have it; I'll bring it right straight in, be darned if I don't."

On the strength of the butter, a dicker was speedily contracted, for which Nehemiah was to be put in immediate possession of a coat, vest and pants, of good material and fits.

"Now, then," said Mark, "what kind of a coat will you have?"

"I reckon I'll have a blew one."

"Yes, but what kind—a dress coat?"

"Certainly, squire, certainly—jest want a coat for to dress in."

"Ah, exactly; just look at those plates," pointing to the fashion plates in the window, "and see what style you fancy."

"O, darn your plates—don't want any crockery; 'spect Nancy has got the allkilliniest lot of arthenware you ever sot your eyes on."

"Yes, I see; just step this way then, and I think I can accommodate you."

Nehemiah soon selected a nice blue coat, and a vest of green, but was more fastidious in his new suit. He appeared to indulge a weakness for long pantaloons, and complained that his last pair had worried him exceedingly, or as he expressed it, "blamedly," by hitching up over his boots, and wrinkling about his knees.

Nehemiah delved away impetuously amid a stock of two or three hundred pair until his eyes struck upon a pair of lengthy ones, real blazers, with wide yellow stripes running each way. Nehemiah snaked them out in a twinkling. He liked them—they were long, yellow, and just the thing, and he proceeded at once to put them on. The new clothing store had a corner curtained off for the purpose, and Nehemiah was closeted therein.

The pants had straps and the straps were buttoned. Now, Nehemiah had seen straps before, but the art of managing them was a mystery. On consideration he decided that the boots must go on first. He then mounted a chair, elevated his pants to a proper angle, and endeavored to coax his legs into them.

He had a time of it. His boots were none of the smallest and his pants were none of the widest; the chair, too, was rickety, and bothered him; but bending his energy to the task, he succeeded in inducing one leg into the "pesky things." He was straddled like the Collossus of Rhodes, and just in the act of raising the other foot, when whispering and giggling in his immediate vicinity made him alive to the appalling fact, that nothing but a chintz curtain separated him from twenty or thirty of the prettiest and wickedest girls that were ever caged in one shop.

Nehemiah was a bashful youth, and would have made a circumbendibus of a mile any day rather than meet those girls, even if he had been in full dress; as it was, his mouth was much ajar at the bare possibility of making his appearance among them in his present dishabille. What if there was a hole in the curtain? What if he should fall?

It would'nt bear thinking of, and plunging the foot into the vacant leg with a sort of frantic loosedess, he brought on the very catastrophe he wished to avoid. The chair collapsed with a sudden scorouch, pitching Nehemiah head over heels through the curtain, and he made a grand entrance among the stitching divinities, on all fours like a fettered rhinoceros.

Perhaps Collier never exhibited a more striking *tableau vivant* than was now displayed. Nehemiah was a "model" every inch of him, and though not exactly revolving on a pedestal, he was going through that movement on his back—kicking, plunging, in short, personifying in thirty seconds, all the attitudes ever chiseled! As for the girls, they screamed of course, jumped upon chairs and cutting boards, threw their hands over their faces, peeped through their fingers—perfectly natural!—screamed again and declared they should die—they knew they should!

"Oh, Lord!" blubbered the distressed young man; "don't gals, don't! I didn't mean tew, I swear to man I didn't—it's all owin to them cussed trowsers—every mite on't; ask your boss, he will tell you how it was. Oh, Lord, won't nobody kiver me up with old clothes, or turn the woodbox over me? Oh, Moses in the bullrushes, what will Nancey say?"

He managed to raise himself on his feet, and made a bold plunge toward the door, but the entangling alliance tripped him up again, and he fell kerslap on the goose of the pressman. This was the unkindest cut of all.—The goose had then been heated expressly for thick seams, and the way it hissed in the seat of the new pants was afflicting to the wearer. Nehemiah riz in an instant, and seizing the source of all his troubles by the slack, he tore himself from all save the straps and some fragments that hung about his ankles, and dashed through the "Emporium" at a 2 40 rate, and made tracks for home.

Anybody Like Me.

"Anybody like me!" I aint anybody—I'm married—I aint a bachelor any longer. This isn't my home; 'tisn't my carriage, my horses, my opera box; oh, no! they're Mrs. Smith's. I'm not John K. Smith, the richest broker on Montgomery street, but that fashionable Mrs. Smith's husband!

Nelly came down to the office yesterday. Sweet Nelly! She always consoles papa for all his cares—clustering curls, blue eyes—dear Nelly!

"Whose lovely child is that?"

"Mrs. Smith's." Of course she is! There it is! She don't belong to me; oh, certainly not! I wish I felt a little more clear on that point.

That expensive plate just going home is Mrs. Smith's. What if I did pay for it? Don't I belong to Mrs. Smith? Poor oppressed woman! They have not only all their own property and half of their husband's, by law, and the rest by possession; but they need more *rights*. Where right sare wrong, I wonder what rights the petitioners would use?

And then the idea of calling me "anybody;" I'm an animalcula; I'm a bubble, a jack-o'lantern, a vision. I'm absorbed, swallowed up, extinct!

HEAVEN BROUGHT DOWN TO US.—At the Yale commencement, Mr. Perkins, of Vermont, ridiculed the aristocratic idea of those who anticipate heaven only as a *glorified Fifth Avenue*. And this reminds us of a tender mother, who was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child an idea of heaven, and the necessity of being a good boy in order to obtain admission there hereafter. She pictured to his imagination the happiness of the blest, and as an additional inducement for him to lead a correct life, that he would be like the angels, who have golden harps in their hands. "Mamma," responded the urchin, sternly gazing into his mother's eyes, "mamma, *that makes no difference to God* I'd rather have a jews-harp." The astonished parent rang the bell, and the nurse removed the pointe little stripling to his crib.

FUNERAL OF WASHINGTON.

The following from the Ulster county *Gazette* of Jan. 4, 1800, gives a brief account of the funeral of Washington:

GEORGETOWN, Dec. 20th.

On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington—the father of his country and the friend of man—was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors, and with funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues—the beautiful and sublime scenes—the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul gone. His mortal part was there, indeed! but oh! how affecting! how awful the spectacle! of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes fallen—yes, fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty portico, where oft the hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There, those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive and a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin was inscribed "Surge ad Judicum"—about the middle of the coffin, "Gloria Deo"—and on the silver plate—

GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Departed this life on the 14th December,
1799, Æt 68.

Between three and four o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute-guns awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was moved—a band of music, with mournful melody, melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed, and moved in the following order: Cavalry, infantry and guard, with arms reversed; music; clergy; the General's horse, with his saddle, holsters and pistols; Cols. Sims, Ramsay and Payne, ball-bearers. The corpse. Cols. Gilpin, Marsteller and Little, pall bearers; mourners; Masonic brethren; citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted; the infantry marched towards the mount and formed their lines; the clergy, the masonic brothers and the citizens descended to the vault, and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessels in the river and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry, the cavalry and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac, back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed commander of the armies of the United States and to the departed hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever. No—the name of Washington, the American President and General, will triumph over death! The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages!

CLERICAL WIT UNWITTINGLY.—At a recent Medical Convention held at Lewiston, the Clergy and members of the Bar were invited to the repast given at the De Witt House, by the followers of Galen, and after the cloth was removed during the interchange of sentiment the Rev. Mr. B., while alluding to the intimate relations between the professions of a clergy and a physician, in all seriousness remarked that "*when the doctor was called the Minister was sure to follow.*"

This decided hit "brought down the house" at the expense of the society there assembled to advance the theory and practice of medicine.—*Bath Tribune.*

The above reminds us of a hard hit at the doctors which may be found in the Bible. In the 16th chapter of the second book of Chronicles is the following:—

"And Asa, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not the Lord, *but the Physicians.*—And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one and fortieth year of his reign."—*Lynn News.*

A harder hit at the medical fraternity is given in Mark's gospel, (v. 26,) relating to a "certain woman" who "*had suffered much from many physicians*, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better but *rather grew worse!*"—*Masonic Mirror.*

A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.—An English preacher, advocating the generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with the following successful appeal:

"From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of, that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts."

The result was an overflowing collection.

A WIFE AND A HUSBAND.—The Syracuse Journal perpetrates the following upon the marriage, at Rochester, of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

This case is the strangest
We've known in our life:
The husband's a husband,
And so is his wife!

SCENE.—The crowded deck of an American packet to California:—Californian to the skipper. "I should like a sleeping berth, now if you please." Skipper. "Why, where have you been sleeping for the last two weeks since we left port?" Californian. "Wall, I've been sleeping on the top of a sick man; but he's got better, now, and he says I've got to move my boots."

☞ "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."