CARLISLE HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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

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.

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.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 8 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.

JOB PRINTING.

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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Secretary of Treasury—HOWELL COBB.
Secretary of War—JOHN B. FLOYD.
Secretary of Navy—ISAAC TOUCEY.
Post Master General—A. V. BROWN.
Attorney General—JEREMIAH S. BLACK.
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Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Samuel Woodburn.
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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 McClellan.
County Commissioners—William M. Henderson, Andrew Kerr, Samuel Megaw. Clerk to Commissioners, Thomas Wilson.
Directors of the Poor—George Brindle, John C. Brown, Samuel Tritt. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

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Assistant Burgess—George Hendel.
Town Council—J. B. Parker (President) John Gutshall, James Callio, sr., Franklin Gardner, Samuel Martin, Peter Monyer, Samuel Wetzel, J. D. Halbert, Jacob Duey.
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. Ealls, 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 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 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 4 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 Science 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.

Andrew Blair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. Cornman, C. P. Humerich, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, Richard Parker, Cashier, Wm. M. Beetem; Clerks, J. P. Hasler, N. C. Musselman, C. W. Reed; 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, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 6.30 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 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 Breneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

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 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meet Monday evening, at Trouts 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, 1809. President, Robert McCartney; Secretary, Philip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Ritter. The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, James B. 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, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

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 two cents unpaid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost of advertising.

Poetry.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say—
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand:
And said—"I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vintage ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the fight was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars—
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
That I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage—
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild:
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Tell my sister not to mourn for me, nor sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly! with calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too and did not fear to die!
And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him calmly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place—my father's sword and mine—
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

There's another—not a sister, and in happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning:
Oh! Friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning—
Tell her the last night of my life, (for e'er the moon be risen,)
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German song we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear—
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eye was on me, as we passed in friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak,
His eye put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay dead;
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sands of that battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn—
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

For the Herald.

Dr. Hardman on the Treatment of diseases of the Chest by Inhalation.

LETTER No. I.

"Spirit of Love and Beauty, of Order, Justice and Truth,
Great Law Giver and Soul of the Universe—GOD;
Grant me, I beseech thee, a knowledge of thy will."

The idea that consumption cannot be cured—that it is necessarily from its very nature, always fatal—has destroyed more human life than the disease itself. This desolating disease has caused more sorrow and tears, touched with melancholy more hearts, severed more ties of affection and love, clad more humanity in habiliments of mourning, caused more misery and death, than the combined ravages of all the pestilential diseases, that from time to time, have scourged the human race. The allied powers at the terrible battle of Waterloo; or, upon the ensanguined plains of the horrible Crimea, lost not half so many human lives by slaughter, as are annually sacrificed, in either this country or Europe, by the withering hand of Consumption. Ah, consumption! Terrible Monarch—insatiable, devouring Tyrant! whence is thy origin, and why hurlest thou the invincible shafts of death upon the fairest and most beautiful of the race? What mandate of authority has heretofore, dared arrest thy terrible progress, or reckon the ghastly victims of thy relentless march? Why smitest thou down, blooming and joyful youth bounding hopefully into the arena of life? Why hast thou introduced sorrow and weeping and badges of mourning and woe to the homes of one third of the human race? Ah, Destroying Angel! Minister of Death! Stay thy potential arm—stop thy wholesale career of destruction—let thy deeds of torturing death be numbered!

There is not, perhaps, in the whole catalogue of human maladies a disease, the nature and cure of which, is so much neglected by the Profession of Medicine; and which at the same time, more pre-eminently demands the attention of that Profession, than that melancholy disease, known as consumption. It is so general, so fatal in termination, and so universally diffused; that scarcely a family is to be found in the broad land, which has not furnished one or more victims, to glut the appetite of this insatiable destroyer of the race. Therefore, it is scarcely necessary to offer an apology for dispensing sound information to the People through the public press, in relation to a class of diseases, heretofore defying the art of man; inasmuch as the whole community will be benefited thereby and perhaps hardly an individual of that community, can be found, who has not, either in his own person, or nearest relative or friend, a painful and melancholy interest. What I say will be common sense observations, based upon facts and sanctioned by experience, and not metaphysical speculations and mysterious hypothesis, clad in senseless and unmeaning technicalities. I choose to address the plain understanding of the people instead of travelling the crooked, slippery and conservative road marked out by the superannuated Fathers of Physic, called "Professional Etiquette," by which truth is so often perverted in its lofty mission of substituting itself for error and dispensing "Light for Darkness;" and if ever triumphant, it is only by its own might, irresistibly bearing down in its march, the allied powers of conservatism, bigotry and dogmatism. The press is potential in correcting all error and wrong; in Religion, Politics, or Medicine and whilst humanity calls for a free and complete exposition of the true principles of the two former, science and philanthropy, press a claim, demanding none the less for the latter.

It may be that some of the ideas advanced in these letters, will appear novel to my Professional brethren, and call down upon them the scanning eye of the critic; but however much my faith may have been shattered in that "honorable body," in these "latter days," I still have faith enough to believe, they will not ignore free discussion of great practical principles; and deny me a fair, claim and impartial hearing. Let me exclaim in the language of Themistocles to Eurbiades, when the latter uplifted the staff of his indignation to chastise him, "*Strike, but hear me.*"

Physicians have so long contented themselves, in viewing consumption, as an incurable disease, that the public mind has to a great extent been directed into the same channel of opinion, that no sooner is a person pronounced "consumptive," than all hope of a restoration to health vanishes, and then follows despondency of mind, with its depressing and enfeebling influences upon the entire body. The mind and the body are very intimately united, and it should not be surprising that they should affect each other, and that when strong impressions are made upon the one, it would be reflected upon the other. Many diseases of a grave character, have acknowledged such a cause. Spasmodic Asthma and some affections of the throat and heart are thus produced. Long continued depression and anxiety of mind, brought on by the reflection, that "my disease is an incurable consumption," may produce great irregularity in the process of digestion and assimilation, perverting nutrition, deranging the nervous system, producing debility and hastening the fatal catastrophe.

Another plain reason why consumption has been so uniformly fatal; is, that the patient believing it incurable, makes no attempt to find a cure, contenting himself with the use of PALLIATIVES; thus lulling himself into a false security, whilst the disease with steady and sure pace, marches on in its desolating career of death. When *too late* it is discovered that *palliatives* are not *cures*, and during this supposed truce, the "Grim Monster Death," is allowed, slowly to sip his morning draught from their anaemic blood.

These palliatives are often administered by regular Physicians; but in the majority of cases ignorant charlatans deal such doses; or they are carried through the country by unprincipled patent medicine venders, whose sole object is gain.

This paliative treatment will not do—we must make a bold front—face the enemy eye to eye—take up arms and combat him heroically. There is no time to lose when the disease is once seated—no truce to be granted; no palliatives given; for while this is doing, your patient rapidly approaches the couch of everlasting rest.

I have said that Quacks are usually the venders of palliative nostrums. There is perhaps no greater curse to the dearest interests of the human race, than the vast hords of Quacks, that infest every nook and corner of the country; and by intrigue, falsehood, and a consummate knowledge of human nature, impose upon the credulity and ignorance of their fellow creatures, tampering with health and life; for the gain of a few paltry pieces of silver. Heaven may forgive such—Earth cannot—and well might we exclaim

"Put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the RASCALS naked round the world."

I cannot better express my feelings upon this point, than by an extract from a valedictory address delivered by me before the "Medical and Scientific Society" of Cincinnati at the termination of my services as Resident Physician to the Marine Hospital "The sufferings of the poor invalid, upon whom the chastening hand of Omnipotence has been laid, are sufficiently ample, without the multiplied tortures and agonies, inflicted by the merciless hands of those, professing to practice the "Healing Art" without either knowledge or experience to guide them, thus adding to the ravages of disease, the potent influence of ill directed remedies, to hasten a fatal termination."

Let this suffice, as an introduction, to what may appear in my subsequent letters. See Dr. Hardman's advertisement.

The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post-Office anecdote:—

"A rap at the delivery window.

Postmaster—'Well, my lad, what will you have?'

Boy—'Here's a letter, she wants it to go along as fast as it can, cause there's a feller wants to have her, what is here, and she's courted by another fellow what ain't here; and she wants to know whether he is going to have her or not.'

Having delivered his message, the boy departed, leaving the Post-Master so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

A boy, some fifteen years of age, went to a store to make a purchase of an article, but for the life of him could not recollect what he was sent for. After a long study, and scratching his head and biting his nails, a happy thought seemed to strike him, and he remarked to the merchant; "O, you know what I want—I want some of that stuff that makes a biscuit *hump* itself." (The boy wanted *yeast*.)

A Humorous Story.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

We think it high time that "Cousin Sally Dilliard" was again brought to the memory of the public. Especially will it keep our friends in good humor with themselves for at least a week after the reading.

Scene—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the court—"May it please your worships, and you, gentleman of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisition, it has never befallen me to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault. A more wilful, violent, dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this country. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One, said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight, another that he had seen the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk and didn't know much about the skrimmage,

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentleman, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Capt. Rice's, and as a great deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time, as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzackly, (giving the lawyer the wink, and at the same time clearing his throat), Capt. Rice he gin a treat and Cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the reumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go? Well Cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness—Capt. Rice, he gin a treat and Cousin Sally Dilliard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your Cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you let me.

Chops—Well, sir go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard she comes over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go.

Chops—There it is again. Witness please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Capt. Rice he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness, you are before a court of justice; unless you behave yourself in a more becomming manner you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Capt. Rice's.

Witness (alarmed)—Well, gentlemen, Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court (after deliberating)—Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris; with your story but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but, howsomever, as it was, she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go? I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and Cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife hoisted her coats and waded right through—

Chops—Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness—Well, that's all I know about the fight!—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

The person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

He was born in Perthshire, studied at St. Andrews, in Scotland, and went to Paris in his twenty first year, and affixed on the gate of the College of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that University to dispute with them on a certain day, offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three hundred auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confessed that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the President and Professors, with a diamond and a purse of gold; and dismissed with repeated acclamations. From Paris he went to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals, the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city. He visited Padua, where he engaged in another disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem, in praise of the city, and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration, equally unpremeditated, in condemnation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle, and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any way his antagonist should propose, in a hundred different kinds of verses.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expense of any pleasure in which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel. He practised, in great perfection, the art of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music; he danced with uncommon gracefulness; and on the day of his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France—where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times in succession.

He excelled, likewise, in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this model of erudition to look for him at the tavern,

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters, in all of which he succeeded without difficulty, since he had so much power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation. Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, nor his courage inferior to his skill. There was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, traveling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three who appeared against him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton; looking on his sanguinary success with indignation offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The Duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared; their weapon the single rapier, which was then in use in Italy.

The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, but Crichton contented himself with calmly warding off his opponent, and suffered him to exhaust his vigor by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant, and pressed upon him with such force and agility that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire; he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The Duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his varied merit, made him tutor to his son, Vincentio di Gonzago, a prince of loose morals and turbulent disposition. It was at this time that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety.

But his success was of short continuance; for as he was one night, in the time of carnival, rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men, masked. Neither his courage nor skill in the emergency deserted him. He opposed them with such activity and spirit that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who, throwing aside his mask, discovered himself to be the prince, his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince, who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought to that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honors paid to his memory. The court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning. The contemporary wits were profuse in their encomiums; and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.—*Home Journal.*

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions: here am I, for instance, in ten short months, changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire,

Ladies' Department.

TO JULIA.

BY CUSH.

Gladsome and bright is the foaming wave,
Where the boatman dips his flashing oar;
Sparkling like gems are the drops that lave
The fairy skiff as it dashes from shore.
But brighter far is the sweet blue eye,
That beams with delight on the white wave's crest,
And purer the crystal drops which lie
'Neath the trembling lid, in the hour of rest.

Gentle the wind that sighs through the vale;
Or the breeze which comes rippling o'er the main;
Fair are the pennons that float on the gale,
Which pipes to the storm-king a merrier strain.
But sweeter the voice, in its own cheering notes,
Which thrills through the heart that has learned to adore;
And fairer the form that lives in our dreams,
Yet lives still in beauty when dreamings are o'er.

To the spirit of Beauty we whisper a prayer,
Calm as the zephyr that breathes on the flower,
We bow at the shrine of the spirit of Love,
And yield up our heart to its mystical power.
We pray that life's current serenely may flow,
Nor the storms of dark Passion in angry tones speak;
That the sunshine of Hope and the fullness of Love,
Be the star that shall guide us—the port that we seek.

CARLISLE, Nov. 1857.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER.

We have been permitted to copy the following sprightly letter from a young lady in Baltimore, to her friend in Carlisle, describing the effect of Thalberg's music. Although not written for the public eye, it possesses sufficient merit to entitle it to a wide circulation. We hope this "Wild Flower," in her season of buds and blossoms, will occasionally furnish a *bouquet* for the *Herald.*

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20, 1857.

Some time ago, a western paper thus immortalized itself.—"Our village has been visited by a German, named Thalberg, who plays *very well* on the piano." Well, only think of it, dear cousin, I have heard this same Thalberg. Yes, *I*, your little Wild Flower, who never in all my life before knew what *music* meant, save as trilled by thousands and thousands of birds in my native wild-wood, as organed by the mighty thunder or as murmured by my baby Niagara—all unrivalled still, and yet my soul was last night lifted quite out of my body and borne up upon the breath of that sweet, invisible, unearthly melody, away, above, beyond all care, all trouble, all remembrance of books and schools and toil. I worshipped, too, not as "all the world" worships. No, no, people around me clapped their hands and laughed and said: "Isn't it grand?" "Sweet," "delightful!" &c. But I, oh! I was afraid to breathe, lest I might bring my fled spirit back again. I only sat still, so still feeling my eyes growing wider and wider, and trying to stop my ears to every thing merely human, and wishing I could lock fast in my brain, and keep there forever, all that sweetness. *I* could not have clapped my hands, nor praised him with a single word, but I said softly, deep down in my heart, "*dear* Thalberg," and I did so want to kneel down all alone and *thank* GOD, for after all, I felt Him, loved Him, worshipped Him, sometimes I quite forgot Thalberg.

Frezzolini sang and Strakosh, and the whole house applauded. Have you, my good cousin, ever felt the strange-weird power of the violin? I thought I had, but never as when in answer to the touches of Henry Vieuxtemps and Herr Kletzer, there came now a wild wail of anguish—now a shriek of agony—now the sweet murmurings of blessed joy, and now the plaintiff note of sad, sweet sorrow. I cannot describe it. I must not stop to try, this letter will grow too long.

With the "Witches Dance," yet sounding in our ears, we were pushed out by the crowd, and now, if you will listen, I will tell you of my downfall from the sublime heights to which I had been so suddenly transported—first, I heard a voice, saying—"if I had a wife as could sing like Strakosh, I'd shut her up in the house, sit right down by her and make her sing to me all the time. Happy Strakosh! But you are not his wife. I wonder who is? Heaven pity her! Then, I heard another voice, saying, "Have a cab 'm!" Then I heard a "splash, splash" through the mud—then a few steps—a glance at the stars, *daring* to shine—brave stars! Then, I heard the door-bell—a form which I now believe was my own, glided in, up-stairs to a dark room—lit a lamp, which burned just long enough to show the extreme disorder of things in general and of *my* things in particular, as my toilet had been made at a moment's warning. I did not fall then, oh, no! what did I care? "Had I not heard Thalberg?" So, "*serene in my unclouded bliss.*" I laid me down to pleasant dreams from which I was aroused this morning by—"Girls, the rising bell's rung." "Hurry! you'll be too late for prayers." "Ain't it cold?" "O mercy! where's my shoe?" I need not enumerate, the work was done. I was *down*, emphatically.

With many tears your,
WILD FLOWER.

The Times quotes a lady's opinion as to the possibility of reducing the price of board. "Talk to me," says Mrs ——, (any boarder may fill up the blank,) "of reduction of provisions—flour cheaper, and potatoes cheaper, and sugar cheaper: *I* don't find it so. When *I* go to market, my purse comes back as empty as it did six months ago. They ask as much for beef, mutton, pork, poultry, and fish, as they did before the what-d'ye call it—the panic. But *one thing, I do know*; my young men—perhaps because they can't 'stop in,' as they used to do, and take a plate of oysters, raw or roast—*eat a great deal more than usual.* Reduce board! No, sir; we must raise it.

Man is never wrong while he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image, than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

AUTUMN, OR OUGHT 'EM.—At Hitchcockville, Connecticut, a few evenings since, at a corn husking, two hundred bushels were husked, forty girls kissed, five "engaged," and everybody at home before ten o'clock.

Selected for the Herald.

From "RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE IN THE WEST," by the Rev. John S. Roberts.

WOMAN'S TRUTH.

Some years ago, whilst making a missionary tour in the West, I happened upon the following incident; and, as I never knew either the name or residence of my informant, I feel no delicacy in publishing the annexed brief sketch.

It was a very warm, dusty day, and my fellow-travellers were two very intelligent and gentlemanly-looking young men. The monotonous mot on of the coach, together with the heat, had made me somewhat drowsy; and I was about passing off into a "slight snooze," when I was rather startled by the following sentence, uttered in quick and emphatic tones: "*I will never again place any confidence in Woman's Truth and integrity.*"

I immediately looked up, and found my fellow travellers engaged in earnest conversation. Just then I caught the speaker's eye, who was a very handsome man of about twenty-five years of age. I smiled when our eyes met; and, apologizing for entering into the conversation, (stating at the same time that I was a minister,) I said, "probably it is a love matter; and, as I am considerable of a doctor in such affairs, possibly I may be able to furnish a cure for your skepticism."

"No," was the reply, given in feeling tones. "No, my dear sir, you cannot restore confidence when it is gone forever. You cannot furnish a panacea to cure a heart once grossly betrayed and deceived. You cannot bring back that faith which falsehood has destroyed eternally."

I presume my face must have shown signs of interest and attention, for the young man, after looking at me intently for a moment, continued as follows:

"You are a stranger; I believe, a gentleman; and (as you say) a minister. In all human probability you will never meet me again, or ever know the heroine of my brief story; and, therefore, I will relate it; so that should you ever be called upon to preach a sermon in regard to woman's truth, you will have at least one point on which to hinge several heads."

I thanked him for his politeness, and he thus proceeded: "I once cherished the warmest feelings of friendship for a young lady of great beauty, extraordinary intellect, and varied accomplishments. She was the charm of a large circle of admiring relations and acquaintances; but none of her friends, I feel sure, admired and esteemed her half as much as he who tells you this little tale. I thought she was the genuine embodiment of truth and honor. I looked upon her as a perfect paragon of purity; and I confided in her as one who was always actuated by the highest principles of integrity and true religion.

"To make the story brief, however, let me say that I was deceived—grossly, lamentably deceived. She, in whom I had unbounded faith and confidence, and on whose truth and integrity I would have staked my life, told me a wilful, deliberate and damnable falsehood; a lie for which there was no excuse, as the statement was entirely voluntary on her part, and concerning a matter with which the world had nothing to do. "This little bit of life experience," continued the young man, "has entirely destroyed my confidence in woman's truth; and, if you have a cure for such a state of feeling (my skepticism, as you are pleased to call it) I will be much obliged to you for the prescription.

I confess that I was rather puzzled by the case presented to my observation; and, just as I was about offering what I thought a cure for the disease, the stage stopped in a small town for the purpose of changing horses. My companions got out, and I remained in my seat, intending to resume the conversation as soon as we were once more on the road. But when the driver's horn sounded for starting, I found myself the only occupant of the coach—the young men, (I presume citizens of the little town or its vicinage) having left me alone to finish my journey. I have often thought of this brief stage story—this small bit of "life experience," and often, when thinking of it, I cannot refrain from repeating. "Beauty and intellect, when combined with truth, integrity, and religion, are woman's choicest glories; but beauty and intellect, when coupled with falsehood, treachery and deception, are Satan's most effective agents in leading the female heart to perdition."

A new cook every month is no unusual average for seven families out of ten. In reply to our asking, on one occasion, why it was not advertised that employers must bring references, a female Hibernian replied—"Oh, when things look agreeable, we often take 'em without." A friend was accosted in the street by a girl, who desired to have a particular number pointed out. He did so and saw her going down the area of the house adjoining. When he told her of the supposed mistake, she said, "Oh no—it is no mistake, we always inquire the character of a lady from her next door neighbor before going to live with her."

A RECEIPT.—When the stopper of a glass decanter is tight, a cloth wet with hot water and applied to the neck, will cause the glass to expand, and the stopper can be removed.

"*Another.*—when the contents of a decanter are "applied to the neck" inwardly, and the owner of said neck becomes "too tight," a bucket of ice water poured over his corporosity, will cause the 'tight' to disappear, and the police will be saved the trouble of removing him to the watch house.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS knew how to put down duelling. Two officers asked leave to fight a duel. Leave was given, and the King became a spectator. With him came the Provost Marshall—"Now gentlemen," said Gustavus to the combatants, "fight till one of you are killed; the Provost Marshal will hang the survivor." The officers shook hands, and the dificulty was settled.

Punch says that every family ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kitten.