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.

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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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County Treasurer—Adam Senseman.
Coroner—Mitchell McClellan.
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Clerk to Coupcil.—Wm. H. Wetzel.
Constables—John Sphar, High Constable; Robert McCarthey, Ward Constable.
Justices of the Peace—George Ego, 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. Morse, 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. Hilliman, A. M., Principal of the Grammar School.
D. 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, Jasper 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, Thomas Paxton, Moses Bricker, Abraham Bosler, Jacob Leiby, R. C. Woodward, Wm. B. Mullin, Samuel Wherry and John Zug.

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 6.30 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. Beetom; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetom, Henry Saxton, J. W. Eby, John D. Gorgas, R. C. Woodward, and E. M. Biddle

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—Praidont, 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. E. Ewing; Treasur , 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. Hitter. 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 15 cents per year. To any part of the United States 22½ 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 advertising.

Poetry.

[Selected for the Herald.

HOPE.

With soft, subdued, and tremulous roar,
The blue waves lap the silent shore,
Beyond whose marge, in languid calm,
Flowers drink the breath of summer balm.

The fretting sunlight softly falls
On the foam's slumbering coronals,
And syren songs, in whispered glee,
Float inland from the blue-lipped sea.

Afar the mystic cadence swells,
As evening notes from swinging bells;
And all the passing waves of air
Thrill with the murmur sweet and rare.

A distant vessel glides along,
I catch the merry sailors' song;
I see the pennons flap and play,
As still she steals along the bay.

But as the evening faint and fair
Comes nun-like through the fields of air,
And sinks into the lap of night,
The vessel slowly fades from sight.

So when the purpling splendors pale
And faith and sight together fail,
Hope, like the vessel in the bay,
Oft fades in trembling gloom away.

Select Tale.

THE SNOW EXPRESS.

A STORY OF THE WHITE AND RED MAN.

Many years ago, while a subaltern, I was stationed at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the Green Snake River, on the north side of Lake Huron. This now dilapitated stronghold was originally erected, on a sandy point stretching out into the lake, in the days of the Indian wars, and I could fancy its slender garrison of sharpshooters watching from their loopholes the clustering forms of their Indian foes as they stole along the borders of the forest. The bullet-holes that riddled its massive walls, and its charred and blackened surface, suggested grim conjectures respecting its brave defenders who filled the graves around its foot.

But now there were no Indians to employ the leisure of the unfortunate company of regular troops, that grumbled away their days within the humble fortification that now surrounded the old blockhouse. Our only enemies were bears and foxes which skulked about the woods, and the only Indians who sought admission to the post were those from a little village about seven miles up the Green Snake River, where a peaceable party of Ojibbeways had taken up there abode.

In this dot in the wilderness I and two brother officers lived the lives of anchorites; only less contented, and by no means forgetting the world by which we seemed very clearly forgotten. Not but what letters reached us—sometimes—during the summer, by an occasional schoner coming up along the lakes. It was during the other half of the year, when the lakes were bound by the universal fetter, ice, that we lived in unblissful ignorance. Twice, however, during each long, long winter, great excitement prevailed at Blockhouse Point. It was when Indians travelling over the snow on snow-shoes, were expected to arrive with the "express." Day after day we used to walk for miles, hoping to meet our bronzed Mercuries; and, when at length they came in sight, with what trembling hearts we returned to the post to await the opening of their sealed wallets by the proper authority, in ignorance of what tidings "the mail" might contain for us!

On one occasion the news I got was sad enough. My dearest friend was to be tried by court-martial on a serious charge. He had not written to me himself, but a mutual friend informed me that, before another month was past, Lowther's fate would be sealed; and this month's delay had only occured in consequence of an important witness being required from the lower porvince. I saw at once that it was in my power to disprove the gravest part of the charge, although Lowthers did not know it. Yet, before the spring should come and the lakes be open to enable me to reach headquarters, the trial would be over, and my friend, in all probability, condemned.

The dreadful thought that he might be sacrificed for the want of my testimony haunted me. I could not sleep that night Many plans disturbed my mind. Could not I write my statement, and send it by an Indian express. Undoubtedly I could. But when I came to count, I found it would not arrive in time unless some one was ever at hand to hurry the messengers on. Why should I not be of the express party? I was young, strong, active and accustomed to exertion. Surely what Indians could do I could do. There was not an hour to be lost. At daylight I obtained leave from my commanding officer—a mere matter of form—for both he and my junior heartily rejoiced at the prospect of Lowther's acquittal. Two Indians were quickly obtained, and everything was made ready for departure in a few hours.

We were a strange looking party. Our object being speed, each carried his own traps, and as few of them as possible. I was clad in a beaver coat and fur cap. My kit consisted of a blanket, a bearskin, and a wallet to hold provisions. The two Indians, who were brothers, were similarly equipped. With rifles ready loaded for any game that might present itself, and snow-shoes on our feet, we set out.

In case we succeeded in getting to headquarters at the time appointed, a gratuity had been promised to the Indians, (which I resolved to give whether won or not,) and they unmurmuringly pressed on, nearly the whole day, on their cumberous snow-shoes, scarcely giving themselves time to cook the game we killed; then, shouldering their packs and starting off again. They endeavored to beguile the weariness of the way by lively sallies, at which they laughed till the silent woods rang with their merriment, Chingoos, (the ermine,) the younger brother, was the most joyous as well as the most active of us all, and, however wearied he might be when we stopped for the night, he laughed and jested as he cut with his tomahawk the evergreens which were to form our not uncomfortable shelter, and bestrewn beneath the bearskins on which we slept. Shegashie (the gray fish) was our cook and firemaker; and the rapid way in which he heaped on scores of dry branches, and raised a blazing pile above the snow, always excited my admiration.

When we had accomplished nearly half of our journey, we had not overstepped the time we allowed ourselves; but the continuous exertion was beginning to effect our limbs, and the perpetual glare of the sun on the snow inflamed our eyes. This we found by far the greater hardship of the two. I shall never forget the joy we felt, one morning, when the sun remained hidden beneath heavy cloud-banks in the east. Almost forgetting our swollen limbs in the gladness of being delivered from his dazzling rays, we travelled merrily on through leafless forests of gigantic trees; through tracts of smaller trees, thickly studded with the larch, the spruce, and the fir, whose dark foliage gloomed almost black against the stainless snow; through woods tangled with wild vines, and fragrant with juniper bushes, until at length we reached the shores of a small frozen lake.

Once more we rejoiced that the day was dim for, in crossing lakes and rivers, we always suffered most, being deprived of the network of branches which yielded us a shade; sometimes almost impenetrable. But our exultation was short-lived. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the Indians, and looking up, I saw a few large snow flakes floating through the air.

"Let us put off our snow-shoes," said Shegashie; "we must halt here"

"Why?"

"Because the snow will blind our eyes to the path."

The path, however, was an Indian figure of speech. We were travelling through an untrodden wilderness, guided from point to point by some rock, or bank, or quaintly formed tree. But these objects dwelt vividly in the Indians reccollections. They had traveled this road twice before, and whatever an Indian once sees, remains imprinted in his memory forever.

At Shegashie's announcement I looked over the lake longingly. I could not bear to lose an hour, far less a day; and I said that perhaps we might get across before the violence of the snow-storm came on. My guides shook their heads. However, after a time, they agreed to make the attempt.

Accordingly, off we started across the lake the snow-flakes floating and playing lazily around us; and more than once, we congratulated ourselves that their appearance had not deterred us. But when we had got half-way across, the snow-storm came dashing down in our faces with a fierce gust that almost threw us off our feet. Staggered and breathless we stopped. Near as the brothers were, I could see no more than the dark outlines of their dark forms through the thick curtain of snow that fell between us; while nothing was visible beyond but dazzling snow-flakes tumbling, whirling, and rushing down to overwhelmn us.

"We must," cried Shegashie, "keep the wind in our faces, or we shall never reach the shore."

He at once led the way, his brother and I following, and with difficulty distinguishing him as he shuffled heavily on before us. Already the weight of the snow on our snow-shoes impeded us greatly, and it increased each moment, until we could scarcely drag them along. The snow blew in our faces, sharp as icicles, whirling past us in wild eddies, almost beating us down. As the storm increased, the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily in our faces, began to waver, and to dash the snow down upon us in every direction. It was impossible to go on.

The last lingering shadow of a hope passed away, and we felt there was nothing left but to die. Once or twice I wondered I did not feel the torpor, which is the precursor of death among the snow, steal over my senses; but we determined not to die inactive, and the violence of my exertions heated me to such a degree that more than once I found myself wiping the moisture from my brow, as I fought the hopeless battle against the whirlwind.

That I am alive to write this, is a proof of the unslumbering Providence watching over all; for there was no earthly hope for us, when an unseen hand guided us to safety. How we reached the shore none of us ever knew; but, at length, still battling against the snow, Shegashie's snow shoe struck against a tree. Close beside it was a thicket of dwarf firs, and we shrank into its shelter—saved for the time.

For hours the snow continued to fall, as if inexhaustible; at length, however, it ceased, and the setting sun shone out in the western sky, red and angrily. The Indians said that another snow-storm was at hand; so we set about making the best preparations we could for the night. Our friendly thicket was no bad shelter, Chingoos and I set to work with our tomahawks to cut away the branches, until the place resembled a bower; then, shaking the cut branches free from snow, we laid them up in soft piles to sleep upon. In the meantime Shegashie busied himself in making a fire and collecting fuel. We were short of food for during the last day or two game had been unusually scarce. But we had sufficient for the night, and hoped to obtain more on the morrow, Shegashie having set several snares round our camp for the small Arctic hares which abound in those forests.

Soon after dark the snow recommenced; and although we were unusually well sheltered, I never felt cold so intensely as I did that night. I have rarely felt more rejoiced than I did when I saw the early dawn steal over the landscape, and was able to rise from my freezing couch and awaken my companions, who rose looking as comfortless as myself—especially Chingoos, who trembled as if he had an ague fit. But a little hot coffee revived him.

Shegashie went to inspect his snares, and, to his great disappointment, he found that they had not been disturbed, so that there was nothing for it but to start afresh without breakfast. Just as we had tied on our snow shoes, a few flakes of snow, like tiny birds, came floating between us and the clear blue sky. They were true harbingers, and within a few minutes the clouds began to gather and the snow to darken the atmosphere. Warned by the past day's experience, we remained in our camp. Hour after hour the snow poured down in driving masses; but we were sheltered from its fury. We had fire, and the snow settling on the roof and sides of our bower made it warm; so we felt that we had more cause to be thankful than to complain, though we were compelled to fast.

Before long, Chingoos' indisposition of the morning returned, and as the day wore on he continued to get worse; until by evening, it was quite evident that he was in the first stage of a fever. We did the best we could for him, by giving him hot coffee and such other trifling comforts as our slender stock afforded.

The next morning broke bright and beautiful; but it was at once evident that poor Chingoos could not travel that day. The fever increased, and the ague so shook him that it was with the greatest difficulty he could take the coffee from our hands. The snares were still empty, and this day also was passed without food.

On the third morning Chingoos was still worse. No game had been snared or shot, and hunger pangs were becoming very fierce. We were so weak that we could scarcely creep. About mid-day a hare came leaping by thro' the snow. I shot it, and we dressed it immediately. To this day I think that was the sweetest meal I ever tasted. We made a part of the hare into soup for our poor patient; but he was unable to take it—to our surprise, for it seemed to us delicious beyond expression.

From that day we never wanted food, and were able to give all our thoughts and anxieties to Chingoos, whose last hour was evidently drawing near. He held out his hand to his brother, and Shegashie, forgetting the stocial demeanor of his race, which he had tried hard to maintain, burst into tears as he folded it in his bosom. Whe he released it, it fell cold and stiffened upon the snow.

Shegashie did not speak for hours, but wept incessantly. The earth was frozen too hard to admit of our digging a grave. We were therefore compelled to lay the lifeless Indian deep in the snow in a shady place, until his brother could return in the spring to bury him.

On the following morning we resumed our journey, but it had now become a melancholy pilgrimage. The day seemed long and dreary without the joyous youth, whose lively jests and ringing laughter had echoed among the old trees. Towards evening, for the first time in all our travels, we came on the signs of a human being. The broad trail of a pair of snow-shoes preceded us along the course we had to follow.

My guide, judging by the tracks, announced the wearer to be an Indian, and not one of the white hunters who are sometimes to be met in these forests. He was right. The wearer of the gayly-trimmed hunting-shirt whom we overtook about two hours after, with his dirty blanket, rifle, tomahawk, and knife, his arms covered with bracelets, and bunches of earrings weighing down the lobes of his ears, fully attested the accuracy of Shegashie's foreknowledge.

The Indians greeted each other with grave courtesey, and the same polite reception was extended to me, but, in spite of all their gravity, I fancied I perceived a gleam of joy in the wild eyes of the stranger. No wonder, poor fellow! I thought. Perhaps he has passed the whole winter without looking on one human face. He belonged to a party of Indians living far to the north of Green Snake River, and his dialect was a great trial to my Indian erudition.

As his path for the next day or two would be the same as ours, the stranger proposed to join us. Though I must confess that the sight of his blanket, caked with filth, made me feel a repugnance to his company, yet I was too prudent to object, and afterwards, when we stopped for the night, and I found that, leaving the fire-making to Shegashie, he was content to bustle about to collect fuel, and to assist me in forming our night's shelter, I felt more charity towards him, and was more resigned to his raising his pile of branches near my own.

As we sat, that evening, round our campfire, I had a better opportunity of observing our new acquaintance. He was a tall, finely-formed Indian, and more masculine than I had ever seen any of his race. Moreover, there was an unusual fierceness in his demeanor, and a strange fire gleamed from his eye. He took the tobacco we give him with great pleasure, but he was disappointed that our fire-water was all expended. However, he did not let that damp his spirits, but talked on with more than Indian volubility. Shegashie's stock of news, for which he asked, was soon exhausted. Poor fellow! he had but little heart to talk of any thing except his beloved brother, to whose story the stranger listened with a contracted brow, but with few indications of sympathy. In his turn he treated Shegashie to a number of amazing and horrible stories which were current in the woods. I lost the gist of many of these though not being able to comprehend his language. But there was one I understood somewhat better than the others; it was concerning a very fierce Indian called Mamiskogahjbe, (Great Red-nailed Bear,) who come from her beyond the Great Lake, (Superior,) and who, on his return home from a hunting expedition, had found his squaw and children the prey of cannibal Indians. Enraged at the sight, this hero fell upon them single-handed, and took the scalps of all except one. The one had fled; and, ever since, Mamiskogahjbe had prowled through the woods, gnashing his teeth and seeking him everywhere. The missing Indian had shrouded himself in every disguise. "But all to no purpose," said the stranger, savagely, "for Mamiskogahjbe slays every Indian he meets, so that that villain must fall beneath his knife at last."

When I had got over the novelty of the stranger's excited manner and gleaming eye, I became somewhat weary of this Indian hyperbole, but Shegashie listened to every word with breathless attention. I was lounging beside the fire, more asleep than awake, when I was aroused by the stranger abruptly demanding of my guide if he had ever seen this redoubtable brave, the great red-nailed bear, to which the young Indian replied in the negative.

"Liar!" thundered the savage, springing to his feet. "I am Mamiskogahjbe," and in a moment he stabbed my companion in the chest.

I sprang upon him in an instant, and seized his right arm, which, by a violent effort, he succeeded in disengaging. He aimed a deadly blow at me with his knife, but I evaded it, and drew my own. With a yell at his disappointment, he began to draw his tomahawk from his belt with the view of hurling it at my head, but I darted upon him, pinioning his arms. His foot gave way, and we both rolled together on the snow. A struggle for life between us succeeded. The Indian kept making little digs at me with his knife, but he could not purchase enough to do more than penetrate my clothes and inflict slight wounds upon me. He rolled over with me, hoping to get me underneath, but I always rolled further than he wished, and got on the upper side again. At length I lost patience, and, still holding his right arm tightly down, I loosened the hand which held my knife. But, quick thought, Mamiskogahjbe changed his knife into his left hand also. Then commenced another rolling and tearing struggle, more like that of tigers than men, for my foe assailed me fiercely with his teeth. We stabbed at each other wildly, and many a wound I gave and received. At length, the Indian relaxed his hold, fell back, and I arose victor.

My first thought now, after a fervent prayer for deliverance, was for the poor guide. I found that though desperately wounded, and bleeding profusely, he was not dead. I bound up his wounds as I best could, and placed him on his bed. My own wounds, though numerous, were marvelously slight, more cuts than stabs, and even those my thick clothing had prevented from doing much damage. I dressed them, and heaping more wood on the fire, sank down beside it to watch my poor Shegashie.

The next morning Shegashie was so weak from loss of blood that each moment I expected to see him pass away, and leave me alone in the woods to die in my turn. I now bitterly regretted that I had ever entered on this disastrous enterprise. However, there I was, and had nothing for it but to make the best of it, so I set to work, buried my dead enemy in a snow-bank, collected wood, shot a hare, dressed it, and returned to my sad task of watching my wounded guide.

At the end of ten days, despite every adverse circumstance, Shegashie was a great deal better; yet it was evident to both of us that it would be a long time before he could travel. The poor fellow earnestly entreated me not to stay with him, but to leave him to his fate, and he directed me in the right way to pursue my journey. I would not have deserted an enemy thus, much less one with whom I had faced sorrow, danger, and death. Yet powder and shot were rapidly failing. After much cogitation, I took all the spare snow-shoes, and, by the aid of a bearskin, succeeded to making a sleigh capable of holding Shegashie very comfortably, as well as all our belonging. I rose proudly the next morning, and placing my companion in the sleigh, re-commenced my journey.

It was weary work to drag that clumsy sleigh, the wasted Indian looking out now and then to direct me on our way. I was often obliged to make long detours to avoid thickets and places where the trees grow too close to admit my sleigh between them. When day was done, I had the fuel to collect, the fire to make, shelter to prepare, Shegashie to move, his wounds to dress, and then the game to cook which I had killed during the day. Many a time I thought I should be obliged to give up the struggle. When I lay down to rest I was sometimes so tired that I could not have resisted another Mamiskogahjbe, had he come to end the work the first one had begun; and when morning re-appeared, I re-commenced my tugging and dragging with arms so weary, that I did not care if another snow storm came and sent us to sleep till the great day of awakening.

Neither Indian nor snow-storm came, and I was compelled to go on from day to day enacting by turns the parts of horse, forager, firemaker, cook, builder and nurse. At length, I became so exhausted that one morning, though it was scarcely mid-day, I began to look about me for a suitable place to encamp for the remainder of the day and night, hoping, after such a rest, to start fresher on the following morning. Suddenly, a thin column of smoke, ascending from the trees at a short distince, caught my eye, and, turning off from our route, I made the best of my way towards it. It rose from the hut of a newly-arrived settler. The man gave us a hearty welcome, and we slept beneath a roof, for the first time for considerably more than a month. The next day we put his horse to the wood-train; and two days more brought us to headquarters—less I believe, for the reward promised, than from pity for our worn and miserable condition.

The time appointed for the trial was now nearly three weeks past, and I did not doubt that it was over. But the severe illness of the accused had again deferred it. The proceedings were only now coming to a close. So far, they left on the minds of those who witnessed them but one impression—that my poor friend's military career was ended. Suddenly I entered the court, attired in wornout rags, my face haggered, my eyes inflamed, my swollen feet hobbling awkwardly on the floor.

Order restored, my testimony was received with the greatest attention, and Lowther was acquitted with honor.

Poor Shegashie! When the spring come, he left me, and returned by a schooner to Green Snake River, whence, accompanied by his relatives, he travelled down to the scene of his only brother's death. They dug a deep grave for Chingoos, and laid him in it on the spot where his life had departed. But Shegashie never more returned to his native village. Parting from his relatives at the grave, he returned to me, and remained with me—a gentle, unobtrusive, faithful friend—until consumption, the bane of his race, took him from me a few years ago.

☞ Mrs. Smithers has a great idea of her husband's military prowess. "For two years," she says, "he was a lieutenant in the horse marines, after which he was promoted to a captainby in a regular company of sapheads and minors."

For the Herald.

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

LETTER, No. II.

Hippocrates was the founder of the science of Medicine. He flourished 460 years before the Christian Era. From his day down to the present period of time, his followers have been accustomed to write voluminous essays upon the cause and nature of Consumption, describing with the utmost minuteness the multiplicity of phases which it may assume, and the diversified phenomena which it presents; and then in conclusion, as a synopsis, offer nothing more than mere palliation as treatment, or some potent remedy, brought into use by accident, heralded by the influence and sanction of some great name, to enjoy a short-lived popularity, and then sink into merited oblivion. Without stopping at present to discuss the nature of such remedies and their mode of application; I will pass immediately to a consideration of the various methods by which chronic diseases of the lungs have been treated.

1. By medicines given through the medium of the stomach, by which they are conveyed into the blood, and thus medicate the entire system.

2. By medicines applied to the outside of the chest, called counter-irritation, with the object of diverting the disease from within to the outside.

3. By *inhaling* medicines directly into the lungs, thus bringing them into direct contact with the seat of disease.

These are the only possible means that can be used to act upon the diseased lungs. Upon the first and second means enumerated, the "old faculty of Physic" have hung all their treatment for ages past, and such continues to be their practice down to the present time. It has been so unsuccessful as to establish the incurability of Consumption in their own minds, as clearly as a thousand deaths to a single cure can. The administration of medicines, thus directed by erroneous principles, could not result otherwise. They were intended to produce a curative effect upon the lungs, and and yet applied to the stomach—were intended to cure *local* disease in the lungs, and yet from their mode of administration must spend their influence upon the entire constitution! The last-mentioned method—by *inhalation*—brings the remedies in the form of medicated vapors into the lungs, in direct contact with the seat of disease, thus producing a curative effect where it is demanded. In the treatment of no other disease have we so potent a remedy—one so certain and so rational—one so simple and philosophical—one so safe, and yet so successful.

Consumption is caused by an obstruction to the free ingress of air to the lungs—by the deposition of tuberculous matter in the air-tubes and cells, or in the pulmonary tissue. This deposit appears in a diversity of forms, sometimes in the form of small, shining, homogenous bodies, in size, varying from a millet seed to a pea—at other times in large irregular masses from one to three inches in size, of a greyish color; or, gellatinous in nature, of a rose colored appearance. They may increase in size by the repeated aggregation of new ones; or, by the accumulation of new accretions to their substance. They may remain stationary for years, if not excited to assume a new character, and if not very numerous may exist for a long time, without any serious detriment to the health, or even comfort of the individual. But unfortunately this is seldom the case. A change usually takes place in the deposit, called *softening*. This commences, in general, at the centre, and progresses toward the circumference, ultimately converting the whole tubercle into a soft-yellowish mass of matter. The irritation produced by this confined matter, speedily produces inflammation and ulceration; and thus bursting through its containing walls, establish a communication between the tubercle and bronchial tubes. This increase irritation, and producing cough, the patient discharges it, by expectoration, leaving behind it a *cavity*. You will see by this, a portion of the lung is destroyed. These cavities are often lined by a membrane, endowed with the faculty of secreting matter, by which irritation of the lungs and distress of the patient is increased. Several of these cavities may form simultaneously in near proximity to each other, spread, destroy the adjacent tissue and form cavities, irregular in shape and of great magnitude. It is by such a process of destruction that the lungs are disorganized, and so much impaired that, unable longer to perform their allotted function, the patient perishes.

Now, what do these facts point to?

Firstly—Prior to the formation of cavities, endeavor to promote absorption of the tubercular deposits by appropriate inhalants. What I mean by absorption is the power of certain vessels to take up and convey these matters from the lungs. It is analogous—indeed the same process—by which a black eye, or discolored bruise, vanishes or fades away.

Secondly—after softening of the tubercles and the formation of cavities, promote the expectoration of the contained matter, and then change the character of the lining membrane of the cavity, and thus accomplish a cicatrization, or healing up of the cavity. This can all be done by proper expectorant and Alterative Inhalations.

In order that you may see more clearly, the delightful philosophy of such an application of medicine, permit me to advert to a few facts in regard to the Lungs. The lungs are two conical organs, situated within the chest. Their function is that of respiration. The respiratory movement embraces not only the inspiration of air, but also its expiration. The Lungs are separated from each other by the heart, and a membranous septum, called the mediastinum. The right lung has three lobes, the left but two. In structure these organs are composed of the bronchial tubes terminating in air cells, the ramifications of the pulmonary artery and veins, arteries and veins of the bronchia, nerves and lymphatics, all held together by a tissue called their parenchima. The trachea, or windpipe, divides into two branches, one communicating with the right and the other with the left lung. These branches divide and subdivide to their termination, which is in the intercellular passages and air cells. Before their termination, they diminish in size, varying from one fifteeth, to one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter. The air cells are irregular in shape, with thin walls, and communicating with the intercellular passages and bronchial tubes. It has been computed that these cells cannot fall far short of *six hundred millions*, and present an absorbing surface of about *fifteen hundred square feet*. The minute vessels for the distribution of the blood over this vast surface are called capilliars, and are contained between the two layers forming the walls of these cells.

When structures of such vital importance are diseased, when the air-tubes and air-cells become clogged and filled with tubercular deposits and matter, it must be apparant that the most disastrous results will follow, unless such obstructions are speedily removed. To attempt to have efficient access to them by any other means than by *inhalation*, must prove abortive as the delicate air-tubes and cells necessarily lie out of reach of every other means of administering medicines.

Ladies' Department.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny summer flings,
Her rosy arms around the earth,
And brightest blessings brings;
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the sea,
My lassie bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be;
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain bower,
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace;
The wild rose parted with a blush,
That nestled on her face;
The sunbeams got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she ne'er had grown to be
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her
The joyous matin song,
And some of their soft innocence;
She's been with them so long.
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

THE FRENCH FASHIONS.

PARIS, Nov. 15, 1867.

The soft spring like weather of the *etede St. Martin* had prevented, until the last few days, any considerable display of winter materials; but the November northerly blasts of this week render cloth and velvet not only endurable but comfortable. The make of dresses is an important question at the present moment. Basques appear to be destined to be quite laid aside; they are now scarcely ever allowed in full dress, but are sufficiently adopted in walking and home dress to insure their tolerance for one more season. With regard to trimmings, flounces are quite as much as ever in favor; they are sometimes made double; and, when single, are trimmed with velvet, ruches, chicorees, lace, or a flat plaiting of ribbon, or with the same material as the dress. Trimmings at the sides of the skirts are as much seen as flounces, but are considered quite neglige when simply composed of bands of velvet, or of a stripe of black and white checks. A half breadth of a darker shade than the dress, covered with an open passementerie, with Grecques, arabesques, or with a trimming of velvet arranged like the letter V reversed, graduated in size from the bottom of the dress to the waist, is much admired. In some of the rich silks and new materials, these trimmings are woven in; thus, on a ground of dark blue, green or dove color, are quilles of black velvet, which, when fringed at the bottom, suit well for a double skirt. On lighter and bright colors, flounces of black lace are so well imitated that they almost require to be touched to be quite sure that they are only a pattern on the dress. On others the pattern is *en tablier*, with bows also in the design. Others in shaded and black stripes, with lace arranged *en echelle* on the lower stripes.

As we have before noticed, the Algerian burnous will be, for neglige, the cloak of the season; it replaces the talma, of which it is a modification, only it is fuller at the bottom, and is invariably accompanied with a hood. Some burnous are made without seams, some with seams on the shoulders, and others with a seam down the whole length of the back, which slightly defines the figure, and disposes the fullness only where it is required. The hood is sometimes made flat by means of a double seam round, forming a point in the middle, at the end of which is a long tassel of mohair or floss silk; the outer part of the hood is cut half way, and turned back in a reversed V, trimmed with two tassels to match that on the point. Sometimes it is folded back twice, resembling a round berthe. At this season shawls are always worn. The Indian cashmere holds the first place; then follows the French Shawls, embroidered in colored silks, with which gold is sometimes mixed, are very rich and pretty, but extremely expensive. The shape of bonnets has not yet been much altered; the front comes rather more forward on the top of the head; the most fashionable colors are white, bleu de chine or maize, either in satin or velvet.

The Court will return to Paris on the 17th of this month. The Empress, it is said, changes with regret the pleasant liberty which she enjoys at the country palace, for the stately existence, strict etiquette, and solemn ceremonies of the Tuileries. The happy mother delights in accompanying the baby prince in his morning ride round the noble park of Compiegne, mounted on a very handsome jet black donkey, caparisoned in Spanish fashion, and adorned with gay ribbons and artificial flowers. The child is a fine little fellow, and gives evidence, by his rosy cheeks, of the invigorating and beneficial influence of country air.

Great preparations are being made in England for the nuptials of the Princess Royal and the Prussian Prince. Windsor Chapel will be the scene of the royal wedding, which will be attended with the same etiquette and ceremonies as marked the marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert. The city of Berlin will offer to the royal bride a table of exquisitely wrought silver, as a testimony of the homage and fidelity of the Prussian people to their future Queen.