CARLIS

WILLIAM M. PORTER, Editor.
D. R. COOVER, Proprietor.

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

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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. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

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The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, William M. Porter; Secretary, Theo. Cornman; Treasurer, P. 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.

HERALD JOB & BOOK
PRINTING OFFICE,
S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St.

POETICAL.

[Written for the Herald.]

LINES SUGGESTED WHILE LOOKING AT MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Dear Mother, glowing thoughts of thee,
This cherished relic gives to me;
But ah! without the artist's power,
I'd think of thee, in this lone hour,
And joy to know thou art at rest,
No sorrow 'ere can cross thy breast.
Though while on earth in tears we sow,
In heaven, no burning tears will flow,
This treasured picture mother dear,
Has witnessed many a falling tear;
The throbbing breast, the heaving sigh,
When none but God alone was nigh.
The voice I love is still to-day.
Thou dost not heed my mournful lay,
Silent in death, my mother dear
Thou can's't not check, the rising tear.
This priceless gift by brother given,
Oft soothes my heart when sorely driven;
On this memento I may look
And calmly all life's troubles brook;
It makes me feel that life is short,
Then may I hope to gain the port
Thou'st gained, and sing the happy song
Chanted by the angelic throng.
As to this spot I oft repair
When I am sad, and lone, and drear,
Methinks your parting words I hear:
"Weep not, I die without a fear,
I have a hope steadfast and sure,
Christ is my hope I die secure."
And gently then our mother dear
Retired to rest, without one fear.
Softly methought, the Saviour said
Recline on me, thy weary head;
And sweetly whispered in thy ear
I am beside thee, do not fear,
As through the Jordan now you go
My arms around you, I will throw,
My everlasting arms of love,
And bear you to your home above;
There from all sin, and sorrow free,
With me you shall forever be
Forever O! the rapturous thought
That I shall hence no more go out;
This vast domain at pleasure roam,
Throughout my long, eternal home,
This habitation of the Lord,
Painted so graphic in thy word.
Of it I some conception formed
But did not deem it so adorned,
It entered not into my mind,
That all the city would be lined
With such magnificence and light,
Past finite comprehension bright.
'Tis true I read the streets were gold
And gates of pearl would wide unfold,
To give the guests admittance there
The bright rewards of heaven to share.
Those hills and vales, such sweet contrast,
This prospect shall forever last.
But am I here, oh! can it be
That I the Saviour's face now see;
'Tis even so, transporting thought,
And I shall hence no more go out.

R. K.

Select Tale.

RALPH MOHUN:

A WILD IRISH STORY.

It was the beginning of December. 184— (said Fred Carew;) we were sitting down to dinner after a capital day's cock-shooting—besides myself there were Lord Clontarf, Mohun, and Kate, my wife—when we were disturbed by a perfect hail of knocks at the hall door. Old Dan Tucker or the Spectre Horseman never clamored more loudly for admittance.

Fritz, Mohun's old Austrian servant, went down to see what was up, and, on opening the door, was instantly borne down by the tumultuous rush of Michael Kelly, gentleman, agent to half a dozen estates, and attorney at law. In the two last capacities he had given, it seems, great umbrage to the neighboring peasantry, and they had caught him at night as he returned home, intending to put him to death with that ingenuity of tortue for which the fine warm-hearted fellows are justly celebrated.

They did not wish to hurry over the entertainment, so he was confined in an upper chamber, while they called their friends and neighbors to rejoice with them, carousing meantime jovially below.

The victim contrived to let himself down from the window, and ran for his life to the nearest house, which, unluckily happened to be the lodge. Two boys, however, saw and recognized him as he entered the demense, and raised a whoop to show that they knew where the fox had gone to ground.

This was made out from a string of incoherent interjections and then he lay panting and contorting himself in an agony of fear.

Mohun sat on the hall-table, swinging his foot and regarding the spectacle with the indolent curiosity that one might exhibit towards the gambols of some ugly new importation of the Zoological society. When the story was told he pointed cooly to the door

The shriek that the miserable creature set up on seeing that gesture I shall never forget.

'Do you think I shall turn my house into a refuge for destitute attorneys?' Ralph said, answering my look of inquiry. 'If there were no other reason, I would not risk it with your wife under my roof. A night attack in the west is no child's play.'

Kate had come out and was leaning over the gallery. She heard the last words, and spoke, flushing scarlet with anger.

'If I thought my presence prevented an act of common humanity, I would leave your house this instant. Colonel Mohun!'

Ralph smiled slightly as he bent his head in courteous acknowledgement of her interruption.

'Don't be indignant, Mrs. Carew. If you have a fancy for such an excitement, I shall be too happy to indulge you. It is settled, then. We back the attorney. Don't lie there sir, looking so like a whipped hound. You here! You are safe for the present.' He had hardly finished, when there came a rustling of feet outside, then hurried whispers, then a knock and a summons.

'We'd like to spake wid the curnel, av ye plase.'

'I am here; what do you want?' Mohun growled.

We want the 'torney. We know that he's widin.'

'Then I'm afraid you'll be disappointed.' It's not my fancy to give him up. I wouldn't turn out a badger to you, let alone a man.'

You see that he took the high moral ground now.

'Then we'll have him out in spite of yez,' two or three voices cried out together.

'Try it,' Ralph said. 'Meantime I am going to dine; good night.'

A voice that had not spoken yet was heard with a shrill gibing accent. 'Ah! thin the best of appetites be to ye, curnel, and make haste over yer dinner. It's Pierce Delaney that'll give ye yer supper."

Then they went off

'The said Delaney is a huge quarryman,' Ralph observed. 'He represents the physical element of terror hereabouts, as I believe I do the moral. We shall have warm work before morning. He does not like me. Fritz, send Connel up; he is below somewhere.'

The keeper came looking very much surprised. He had been in the stables, and had only just heard of the disturbance.

'Get the rifles and guns ready, with bullets and buckshot,' his master said. 'We are to be attacked, it seems.'

LE THE H

VIRTUE LIBERTY INDEPENDENCE

PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1858.

The man's bold face fell blankly.

'By the powers, yer honor, I havent the value of an ounce of poudther in the house. I meant to get some the morrow morning afore ye were up.'

Mohun shrugged his shoulders, whistling softly.

'Man proposes,' he said 'It's almost a pity we found so many cocks in the lower corpse this afternoon. I have fifteen charges or so in my pistol case. We must make that do, loading the rifles light.'

Then he went to a window, whence he could see down the road; the moon was shining brightly.

'I thought so; they have got scouts posted already. The barbarians know something about skirmishing after all. Maddox, come here.'

The groom was a strong English boy, very much afraid of his master, but of nothing else on earth.

'Saddle Sunbeam, and go out by the back gates, keeping well under the shadows of the trees. When you clear them ride straight at the rails at the end of the paddock You'll get over with a scramble, I think. Keep fast hold of his head, you mustn't fall. Then make the best of your way to A—— and tell Col. Harding, with my compliments, that I shall be glad if he will send over a troop as quickly as possible. They ought to be here in two hours. And mind, don't spare the horse going, but bring him back easy. You will be of no use here, and I won't have him lamed if I can help it. You'll have to risk a bullet or two as you get into the road; but they can't shoot. It's odds against their hitting you. Now go.'

The groom pulled his forelock as if the most ordinary commission had been given him and vanished.

'Connel,' Ralph went on, 'go and saw the ladders that are in the yard half through. They will hardly try the barred windows; but it looks more workmanlike to take all precautions Then come back, and help Fritz to pile chairs and furniture all up the staircase, and about the hall near it. Line the gallery with mattresses, two feet deep, leaving space to fire through Light all the lamps and get more candles to fix about; we shall not see very clearly after the smoke of the first dozen shots. When you have finished, come to me. Now shall we go back to dinner?'

I am not ashamed to own I had little appetite; nevertheless, I sat down. Kate had gone to her room. If her courage was failing, she did not wish to show it.

Suddenly our host got up and went to the window. His practiced ear had caught the tread of the horse which Maddox was taking out as quietly as possible. We watched him stealing along under the trees till their shelter failed him Then he put Sunbeam to speed, and rode boldly at the rails—A yell went up from the road, and we saw dark figures running; then came a shot, just as the horse was rising at the fence He hit it hard and the splinters flew up white in the moonlight, but he was over. We held our breath, while several flashes told of dropping shots after the fugitive They did not stop him, though; and to our great relief, we heard the wild rush of the frightened horse subside into a long, stretching gallop, and the wind brought back a cheery hollo—'Forr'ard, forr'ard away!'

'So far so good,' said Ralph Mohun, as he sat down again, and went in steadily at a woodcock. 'Don't hurry yourselves, gentlemen We have three quarters of an hour yet; they will take that time to muster. Clontarf, some Hock?'

The boy to whom he spoke held his glass with a pleasant smile. The coming peril had not altered a tint upon his fresh beardless cheeks—rosy and clear as a page's in one of the Boucher's pictures.

A good contrast he made with the miserable attorney, who had followed us uninvited (it seemed he only felt safe in our presence,) and who was crouching in a corner, his lank hair plastered round his livid convulsed face with the sweat of mortal fear.

It struck Mohun, I think He laid his hand on Clontarf's shoulder, and spoke with a kindliness of voice and manner most unusual with him—

"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchell cows the game;
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame."

Even at that anxious moment I could not help laughing at the idea of Ralph quoting poetry—of that grim Saul among the prophets

I went to keep up Kate's spirits. She bore up gallantly, poor child and I left her tolerably calm She believed in me as a 'plunger' to an enormous extent, and in Mohun still more When I returned my companions were in the gallery.

This ran round two sides of the hall, which went up to the roof. The only access to the upper part of the house was by a stone staircase of a single flight The kitchen and offices were on the ground floor, otherwise it was uninhabited.

Ralph had his pistols with him, and his cavalry sword, long and heavy, but admirably poised, lay within his reach.

'I have settled it,' he said. 'You and Connel are to take the guns. Smooth bores are quickest loaded, and will do for the short distance. Clontarf, who is not quite so sure with the trigger, is to have the post of honor, and guard the staircase with his sabre Throw another bucket of water over it, Connel—is it thoroughly drenched? And draw the windows up,' (they did not reach to within ten feet of the floor;) 'we shall be stifled else.—But there will be a thorough draft when the door is down, that's one comfort One word with you, Carew.'

He drew me aside, and spoke almost in a whisper, while his face was very grave and stern.

'You will do me this justice, whatever happens. Unless it had been forced upon me, I would not have risked a hair of your wife's head to save all the attorneys that are patronized by the father of lies But, mark me! if it comes to the worst, keep a bullet for HER. Don't leave her to the mercy of those savage devils. I know them She had better die ten times over than fall into their brutal hands. You must use your own discretion, though, I shall not be able to advise you then. Not a man of them will be in the gallery till I am past praying for. Nevertheless, I hope and believe all will be right. Don't trouble yourself to reload; Fritz will do that for you. I have given him his orders. Aim very cooly too; we must not waste a bullet. You can choose your own sword; there are several behind you. Ah! I hear them coming up. Now, men, to your posts'

There was the tramp of many feet, and the surging of a crowd about and against the hall door. Then a harsh, loud voice spoke—

'Onst for all, will you give him up, or shall we take him, and serve the rest of yoz as bad? You've got women there, too,——'

I will not add the rest of the threat for very shame I know it made me more wolfish than ever I thought it possible to feel, for I am a good-natured man in the main. Mohun, who is *not*, bit his moustache furiously, and his voice shook a little as he answered—

'Do you ever say a prayer, Pierce Delaney? You need one now. If you live to see to-morrow's sunset, I wish my right hand may wither at the wrist.'

A shrill howl pealed out from the assailants, and then the stout oak door cracked and quivered under the strokes of a heavy battering-ram; in a hundred seconds the hinges yielded, and it came clattering in; over it leaped three wild figures, bearing torches and pikes, but their chief, Delaney, was not one of them.

'The left-hand man is yours, Carew; Connel take the middle one,' said Ralph, as coolly as if he had sprung a pack of grouse While he spoke his pistol cracked, and the right-hand intruder dropped across the threshold without a cry or a stagger, shot right through the brain. The keeper and I were nearly as fortunate. Then there was a pause; then a rush from without, an irregular discharge of musketry, and the clear part of the vast hall was crowded with enemies

I can't tell exactly what ensued. I know they retreated several times; for the barricade was impassable; and while their shots fell harmlessly on the mattresses every one of ours told—nothing makes a man shoot straight like being short of powder—but they came on again each time with added ferocity.

I heard Mohun mutter more than once in a dissatisfied tone. 'Why does not that scoundrel show himself? I can't make out Delaney.' All at once I heard a stifled cry on my right, and, to my horror, I saw Clontarf dragged over the balustrade in the gripe of a giant, whom I guessed at once to be the man we had looked for so long. Under cover of the smoke he had swung himself up by the balustrade of the staircase, and grasping the poor boy's collar as he looked out incautiously from his shelter, dropped back into the hall, carrying his victim with him.

With a roar of exultation, the wild beasts closed round their prey. Before I had time to think what could be done, I heard, close to my ear, a blasphemy so awful that it made me start even at that critical moment; it was Ralph's voice, but I hardly knew it—hoarse and guttural, and indistinct with passion.—Without hesitating an instant, he swung himself over the balustrade, and lighted on his feet in the midst of the crowd They were half drunk with whiskey, and maddened by the smell of blood; but, so great was the terror of Mohun's name, all recoiled when they saw him thus face to face, his sword bare and his eyes blazing That momentary panic saved Clontarf. In a second, Ralph had thrown him under the arch of a deep doorway, and placed himself between the senseless body and its assailants. Two or three shots were fired at him without effect; it was difficult to take aim in such a tossing chaos; then one man, Delaney, sprung out at him with a clubbed musket. 'At last!' we heard Mohun say, laughing low and savagely in his beard, as he stepped one pace forward to meet his enemy. A blow that looked as if it might have felled Behemoth was warded dexterously by the sabre, and, by a quick turn of the wrist, its edge laid the Rapparee's face open in a bright scarlet gash, extending from eyebrow to chin.

His comrades rushed over his body, furious, though somewhat disheartened at seeing their champion come to grief; but they had to deal with a blade that had kept half a dozen Hungarian swordsmen at bay, and, with point or edge, it met them everywhere, magically. They were drawing back, when Delaney, recovering from the first effects of his fearful wound, crawled forward, gasping out curses that seemed floating on the torrent of his rushing blood, and tried to grasp Mohun by the knees and drag him down.

Pah! it was a sight to haunt one's dreams. (You might have filled my glass, some of you, when you saw it was empty.)

Ralph looked down on him, and laughed again; his sabre whirled round once, and cleared a wide circle; then, trampling down the wounded man by main force, he drove the point through his throat, and pinned him to the floor. I tell you I heard the steel plainly as it grated on the stone. There was an awful convulsion of all the limbs, and then the huge mass lay quite still.

Then came a lull for several moments. The Irish cowered back to the door like pounded sheep. Their ammunition was exhausted, and none dared to cross the hideous barrier that now was between them and the terrible Cuirassier.

All this took about half the time to act that it does to tell I was hesitating whether to descend or to stay where my duty called me—near my wife Fritz knelt behind me, silent and motionless; he had got his orders to stay by me to the last; but the sturdy keeper rose to his feet.

'Faix,' he said, 'I'm but a poor hand at the swording, but I must help my master anyhow;" and he began to climb over the breastwork. The colonel's quick glance caught the movement, and his brief, imperious tones rang over the hubbub of voices loud and clear.

'Don't stir, Connel; stay where you are. I can finish with these hounds alone.'

As he spoke, he dashed in upon them with lowered head and uplifted sword.

I don't wonder that they all recoiled; his face and form were fearfully transfigured; every hair in his bushy beard was bristling with rage, and the incarnate devil of murder was gleaming redly in his eyes.

Just then there was a wild cry from without answered by a shriek from my wife, who had been quiet till now. At first I thought that some fellows had scaled the window; but I soon distinguished the accents of a great joy. My poor Kate! she had roughed it in barracks too long not to know the rattle of the steel scabbards.

When the dragoons came up at a hard gallop there was nothing left in the court-yard but the dead and dying. Mohun had followed the flyers to get a last stroke at the hindmost. We clambered down into the hall, and, just as we reached the door, we saw a miserable crippled being clinging round his knees, crying for quarter. Poor wretch! he might as well have asked it from a famished jungle tiger—The arm that had fallen so often that night and never in vain, came down once more; the piteous appeal ended in a death-knell, and, as we reached him, Mohun was wiping coolly his dripping sabre; it had no more work to do.

I could not help shuddering as I took his offered hand, and I saw Connel tremble for the first time as he made the sign of the cross.

The dragoons were returning from the pursuit; they had only made two prisoners; the darkness and broken ground prevented their doing more. Ralph went up to the officer in command.

'How very good of you to come yourself, Harding when I only asked you for a troop. Come in; you shall have some supper in half an hour, and Fritz will take care of your men. Throw all that carrion out,' he went on, as we entered the hall, strewed with corpses 'We'll give them a truce to take up the dead.'

Clontarf came to meet us; he had only been stunned and bruised by the fall His pale face flushed up as he said, 'I shall never forget that I have to thank you for my life.'

'It's not worth mentioning,' Mohun replied, carelessly. 'I hope you are not much the worse for the tumble. Gad! it was a near thing, though. The quarryman's arms were a rough necklace.'

At that moment they were carrying by the disfigured remains of the dead Colossus. His slayer stopped them, and bent over the hideous face with a grim satisfaction.

'My good friend, Delaney,' he muttered, 'you will own that I have kept my word If ever we meet again, I think I shall know you. *Au revoir*,' and he passed on.

I need not go through the congratulatory scene, nor describe how Kate blushed as they complimented her on her nerve.—Fortunately for her, she had seen nothing, though she had heard all. Just as we were about sitting down to supper, which Fritz prepared with his usual stolid coolness, and when Kate was about to leave us, for she needed rest, we remarked the attorney hovering about us with exultation on his face yet more servile and repulsive than its abject terror

'Mrs. Carew,' said Mohun, 'if you have quite done with your *protege*, I think we'll send him down stairs. Give him something to eat, Fritz; not with the soldiers, though; and let some one take him home as soon as it's light. If you say a word, sir, I'll have you turned out *now*.'

Mr. Kelly crept out of the room, almost as frightened as he had been two hours before.

The supper was more cheerful than the dinner, though there was a constraint on the party, who were not so seasoned as their host. *He* was in unusual spirits; so much so that Clontarf confided to a cornet, his particular friend, that 'it was a pity the colonel could not have such a bear fight once a fortnight, it put him into such a charming humor.'

We had nearly finished, when, from the road outside, there came a prolonged, ear-piercing wail, that made the window pains tremble. I have never heard any earthly sound at once so expressive of utter despair, and appealing to Heaven or Hell for vengeance.

We all started, and sat down our glasses; but Mohun finished his slowly, saving, like a connoisseur, the rich Burgundy.

'It was the wild Irish women keening over their dead,' he remarked, with perfect unconcern. 'They'll have more to howl for before I have done with them. I shall go round with the police to'morrow and pick up the stragglers. Your men are too good for such work, Harding. There are several too hard hit to go far, and my hand-writing is pretty legible.'

The stout soldier to whom he spoke bent his head in assent, but with rather a queer expression on his honest face.

'Gad!' he said, 'you do your work cleanly, Mohun.'

'It is the best way, and the shortest in the end,' was the reply; and so the matter dropped.

The dragoons left us before daybreak; their protection was not needed; we were as safe as in the Tower of London. The next morning, while I was sleeping heavily, Ralph was in the saddle scouring the country, with what success the next Assizes could tell.

I go there again this winter for the cock shooting, but I don't much think Kate will accompany me.

Dried Flowers for the Scent Vase.—When winter comes, and our sweet scented summer flowers are gone, it affords us great pleasure to stir up a vase of dried blossoms, for there their fragrance still lingers sweet as ever; and the mind is carried back by it to some pleasant garden and the hum of bees, and to fields redolent of new moon hay. But summer is the season to lay up our store, to gather and dry the fragrant buds, blossoms, and leaves, against a winter's dearth, when black clouds and a snowy coverlid usurp their place. There are many plants, which have little or no odor while growing, but which become fragrant if freshly cut and quickly dried in the sun. The hay of our meadows and the modest woodruff illustrate this fact. Others there are which yield a rich perfume during life, but from which the delicious scent evaporates at their death, such as violets, jesmine, or orange blossom. There are, however, a plenty of plants for our vase, and these must be gathered and spread out very thinly on paper of a dark color. Thin brown paper laid on a gravel walk answers best. Let the sun shine on the plucked flowers and leaves, in full force, and you will soon perceive how rapidly the whole becomes a dried mass, like new made hay, the process of making which may here be imitated with success. Choose the flowers from time to time as they come into blossom, and when dried, place them in the vase. A little good hay cut small may be used with advantage; indeed everything that is fragrant helps to make an Olla Podrida, or Pot Pourri Jar;—rose leaves, bay, woodruff, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon thyme, sage, (not too much) meadow sweet, ribes, or black currant leaves, bay leaves, syringa flowers, and many others. When autumn approaches, add to your vase ground allspice, bruised cloves not too many, but orris root in powder with a liberal hand.

Webster Matched by a Woman.—In the somewhat famous case of Mrs Bogden's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago. Mr Webster appeared as counsellor for the applicant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. Wm. Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the Court and jury. He therefore, resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out, "We don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know!" Mrs. Greenough replied "That is just what I was about to say sir," and went on with her testimony. And notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the "deep pinch" to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and next extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blowed his nose which rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall. Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bogden a neat woman?" Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir, she had one very dirty trick." Webster—"What's that ma'am?" Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff!" The roar of the Court House was such that the future "Defender of the Constitution" subsided, and neither rose or spoke again until Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair to another witness—having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.

His Head Cut off by a Railroad Train.—Peter Jones, a boy about seventeen years old, was run over and killed on the Wilmington and Zanesville (Ohio) Railroad last Friday afternoon, about 1 o'clock, opposite the Trimble Farm, two miles east of Sabins, by the train coming west. Young Jones had quarrelled with his parents and left home, and for some days had been staying with a neighbor; but yesterday this neighbor told him he could keep him no longer, and advised him to go home. He accordingly took his clothes and started, but stopped on the railroad, which which was but a few rods from the house.—When the train came along, he was curled down between two ties, and the engineer did not see him till almost on him. Jones then raised his head, but immediately laid it down again, with his neck on the rail, and the wheels cut his head off as though it had been done with an axe. The head was found some twenty feet off the track, standing on the severed neck, with the face toward the road, and looking naturally, except that it was very pale and the tongue out about an inch. The body was horribly mangled, it having been rolled over and cut and bruised by the train. He had been cracking hazlenuts on the rail, and as he was out all the night before, it is possible that he stopped there for that purpose, and fell asleep.

To Stop a Railroad Train.—A correspondent of the Washington, (D. C.) Intelligencer proposes to "stop a train of cars whatever may be the running speed," by having an oil vessel placed in front of the driving wheels, and immediately over the rails of each side of the track, with a communicating string leading to the engineer's stand; almost immediately a constant stream of oil could be poured on the rails, and the forward motion of the train would entirely cease, when, or soon after, the last car of the train reached the oiled portion of the rails. By having another fixture, not differing materially from the first, in the rear of the hindmost car, immediately overhanging the rails on either side of the track, a stream of sand could be poured on the rails, thus preventing another train from being stopped by the same cause.

ERALD.

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NO. 6.

WHY I DIDN'T GET ANGELICA.

I once fell in love with a most charming girl. Prudence dictateth that it is best not to disclose her name so I will merely designate her by the appellation of Angelica. That was not her real name, but she resembled an angel so closely, that the name is singularly appropriate. She did not have wings that I am aware of, though I never examined her personal arrangements sufficiently to be sure—but then she had the most gorgeous cerulean "orbs," and the most tantalizingly kissable mouth, and the sweetest little foot, and she wore the prettiest of all conceivable dresses, and the biggest of all inconceivable hoops, and she had the most charming way of lifting her skirts so as to show an inch or two of ankle, and of stooping her shoulders so that her dress fell and allowed a view of the most ravishing NECK; and if all these virtues don't constitute a marvellous resemblance to a thorough bred angel, why I don't know anything about the article.

Angelica was accomplished too. She could pitch into a seven octave piano, and make more noise on it than Gottschalk and Thalberg put together. Her "Sailor Boy" was immense, and her "Etude de Concert" was absolutely crushing. Then she sang—oh, Lord! you ought to have heard her sing! My knowledge of musical matters is limited; but, if I understand my friend, "The Protem" correctly, her voice was a mezzo contralto, and ranged from 'E sharp,' in alt, to 'F accidental,' in major. (I may not have got the technical terms exactly correct; but doubtless near enough for you to understand it.) She could paint in water colors also. She once painted a picture for me, which *I* conceived to be an excellent likeness. Some did not think so. My friend, "The Protem," said it looked like a map of Coney Island, with a clam scow drawn up on the beach; while another friend, (the Don, Vice Pres. Cabarlo Club,) said he was not decided whether it was intended for a ruined abbey by moonlight, or a doughnut, with a soft shell crab walking over it. Well, that only showed their want of taste, and disgusting ignorance of everything relating to art.

I did love Angelica—deeply, devotedly, dearly—I loved her as no man ever yet succeeded in loving woman. I venture unblushingly to assert that Abelard's love for Eloise was as a sick chicken to a patent self-cooking hydraulic ram, when compared with mine—that Romeo was cool, Leander indifferent, and Faust decidedly unfriendly. Nay, more, that the immortal Villikens himself never loved his Dina as I loved Angelica. And yet, hear it, ye Gods! she loved not me—no, nary love.—Oh! listen, all ye unsuspecting and trusting youths, who pin your faith upon me! Listen, all ye confiding, but fearfully bamboozled lovers, who trust in the words of females! I can tell you a tale of woman's inconstancy that will cause your bones to corrode, and groans of mingled horror and detestation to issue from your parched epiglottis!

For four months she allowed me to visit her, and encouraged me in my wooing. She accepted presents from me.—I entertain vivid and melancholy recollections of a certain golden locket which I gave her. It cost me—well never mind what it cost—it was a fabulous sum, but let it go. Then there is a vision of a magnificent ring that I gave her, which haunts my waking thoughts continually, for its procurement necessitated an outlay of a ruinous amount of ready cash, and you know book-keepers are not generally burdened with an alarming superfluity of tin. And there was a fan—a perfect gem of a fan—with a beautiful picture on it, representing a blue-haired gentleman talking to a yellow-ochre colored damsel with green arms and speckled hands, and two sky-blue-lilac horns, eating chick weed. The fan had also a pearl handle, and a border of some stuff like that which they powder babies with. Oh! I remember that fan—never forget it as long as I live; it was the last thing I gave Angelica.

Now I'll tell you how I learned that my love was not returned. I went around to her house one night, and there beheld a young man paying attention to her, sitting by her side on the sofa, and seemingly on very good terms with her. At my entrance they appeared a little confused, and the deepest, deadliest jealousy arose in my heart. I looked at that young man with a look that would have shivered a glass bottle at forty rods. It did not seem to have much effect on him, however. Then I devised several mild methods of punishing him, such as twisting his ears off and making him swallow them; pulling his toes off with a pair of pincers; smashing him into infinitesimal fragments, with a big rock, and feeding ducks with his bleeding remains. I did not have a favorable opportunity of putting any of these delicate intentions into operation, or it assuredly would not have gone well with that ridiculous young man. I say ridiculous, for so he was. A perfect fop, rigged out in broadcloth and silk—rings on his fingers and breast pins and studs, and such a neck-tie, and patent leather boots, and all that sort of thing!

Well, there we sat for some time, hardly saying a word. Then I got mad and jumped up Said I—suppose I was not wanted there—then Angelica said she was sorry I had not found that out sooner—then ridiculous young man laughed—a disgusting, coarse, vulgar laugh! Then I got more mad, swore at ridiculous young man, whereat he only crossed his legs, raised an eye-glass, stared at me awhile, and then laughed again. Then I got furious, and dared ridiculous young man to meet me in the open field and settle our dispute with deadly weapons. At this Angelica threw herself frantically into his arms, and called *me* names and kissed *him!* That put a climax to my agony, and I determined to castigate that young man. I raised my fist and aimed for his proboscis, and then, I—I—well, then I walked out—that is to say, I fell down stairs about then—don't know exactly how it was, but I am sure I did fall down all the way—I felt convinced that Angelica did not love me—and soon discovered the reason. *Ridiculous young man was rich—I was poor!*

* * *

GOLD IN NEBRASKA.—As a counterpoise probably to the Kansas gold stories, the Nebraskians are starting reports of gold discoveries of marvellous richness in their own Territory. The mines are said to be found on Cherry Creek, a tributary of the south fork of the Platte river. They are therefore located in the same tract of country as the Kansas mines, only a little further to the north. The character of the reports from this new region may be judged by the following, taken from a letter written at Plattsmouth, (N. T.) "Two trappers had been at the mines, and they say that gold is as plenty as copper is at the mines of Lake Superior, in Michigan. They were there only three weeks, and had no tools but their hatchets, bowie-knives, and frying pan, and they brought with them in dust, as the proceeds of their labor, four thousand nine hundred dollars."

* * *

A novel incident occurred at the Marshall County Fair, which was not laid down in the programme. A couple presented themselves and were married in the amphitheatre, in the presence of hundreds of spectators. Though no premium was offered for such an exhibition, the parties went their way looking as if each had just obtained a prize above all price.

* * *

LUXURIES.—The following is travelling.—If you want to keep poor, buy two glasses of ale each day, amounting at the end of the year to $36,50; smoke three cigars, $54,75; keep a big lazy dog, $15; a cat, $4; in all, the snug little sum of $110,25. Enough to buy several barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee a good coat, a respectable dress, and half a dozen pairs of shoes—more or less.

Ladies' Department.

HOW TO PRESERVE WOMEN.

There is nothing in the world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother is a woman—wife, sisters, pretty cousins, are women; and the daughters will be if (Heaven spare them!) they live long enough. And there is a love of women in general which we do not deny. A fine magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health, a ripe, red cheek, and flashing eye, is something that does one good to look at as she illuminates the side-walks, and everyday streets. A North River steamer, under full headway, with colors flying is rather a pretty sight—rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag to see her pass, and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificence, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty, and bliss of life—(men's life, we mean, of course.) Any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot pickle them. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them up in cans and seal them up air tight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure the public will thank us for an infallible receipt.

Have the feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs through the skin that the shiver comes. It is natures quake—the alarm bell—at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head, but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air If the shiver comes during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is almost as necessary as air and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion

This much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means no less important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man Marriage, it is true brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies evolved in relation to the family, the new energies developed by new responsibslities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, brings about a delightful play of the heart and intellect which, in their reaction upon the body, produces an effect that is nothing less than preservation. Then, there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly: No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in the heart no place for religion The calmness, the patience and the joy and hope that are in possession of that woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There! you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is not the less sober truth. It has within it the cure for many diseases—the preventive for more. It might be made longer; but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

* * *

LADIES AND HOUSE-WORK.—A friend of ours remarkable for strong, good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than anything else. In this, it must be owned that his strong, good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But, as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgment of comfort on this account, and he, therefore made no objections to it.

One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble indeed.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chamber-maid knew no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very cooly.

"Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise, "you certainly do not mean to say that you cannot cook a dinner"

"I certainly do: then," replied his wife, "How should I know anything about cooking."

The husband was silent, but a look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered, "as much surprised as I should be in finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't you know how to cook, and the mistress of a family? Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

* * *

ADVICE, WORTH MILLIONS, GRATIS.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right for she would be sure to take it.—Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her. Every fool has a right to be on the best terms with himself, and that man is a greater fool who differs with him about those terms, Every child who makes a noise, has a right to be turned out of the room; and, supposing you have not the right, you are perfectly justified, if its parents are absent, in usurping it.

* * *

☞ Aunt Betsy has said many good things among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.