CARLISLE HERALD.

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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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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.

General and Local Information.

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Attorney General—JEREMIAH S. BLACK.
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Coroner—David Smith.
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Directors of the Poor—Wm. Gracey, Jno. Trimble, Abraham Bosler. Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.

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Assistant Burgess—Adam Senseman.
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Clerk to Council—Thos. D. Mahon.
High Constable—John Spahr, Ward Constables.—Jacob Bretz, Andrew Martin,
Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, 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 6½ 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. Geo. D. Chenowith, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. Alex. D. Gibson Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. James Kelley, Pastor. Services every other Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Vesper at 3.

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. C. FRITZE, Pastor. Services at 1 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. 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.
David C. John, 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, R. M. Henderson Cashier, W. M. Beetem; Asst. Cashier, J. P. Hasler Teller, Jas. Roney,; 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, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 10.15 o'clock A. M. and 4.25 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.37 o'clock A, M., and 3.15 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

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SOCIETIES.

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

St. Johns Lodge No 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.

FIRE COMPANIES.

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, George Weise, Jr.; Secretary, William D. Halbert; Treasurer, Joseph W. Ogilby. The company meets the second Thursday of January, April, July, and October.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. President, Wm. M. Porter; Vice President, Henry Dinkle; Treasurer, John Campbell; Secretary, John A. Blair. The company meets on the first Saturday in 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.

WOULD YOU?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Could you keep the tints of spring
  On the woods a mist of brightness;
Keep the half-veiled boughs a-swing
  To some flitting wild-bird's lightness;
Through the birch-leaves' rippling green
  Hold the maple-keys from drooping;
On the sward with May showers clean
  Cheat the violets into stooping;

Could you make the rosebud's lips
  Vow to be a bud forever;
From the sedges' wavering tips
  Let the pendant dew drops never;
Could you bid the sunrise hour
  For a life-time overbrood you;
Could you change the year's full dower
  For its faint promise—would you?

Though a bubbling cup we quaff
  From the crystal fount of morning,
When the world is all a-laugh
  And a welcome without warning,
At life's Cana-feast the guest
  Lingering on, with thirst unsated,
Finds a later draught the best
  Miracle—when thou hast waited.

Thought must shade and sun the soul
  With its glorious mutations;
Every life-song is a whole,
  Sweeter for its variations.
Wherefore with your bliss at strife?
  'Twas an angel that withstood you.
Could you give your perfect life
  For a dream of living—would you?

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD!

DEAR SURS: I take my pen in hand to inform yu that Ime in a state of blis and trust these lines will find yu enjoin the same blessins. Ime reguvenatid. Ive found the immorkal waters of yooth, so to speek, & am as limber and as frisky as a 2 yer old steer, & in the futur them boys which sez "go up, old bawld hed" to me, will do so at the Perrill of their hazzard individooally. Ime powerful happy. Heaps of joy has descendid upon me to onct & I feel like a bran new man. Sumtimes I arsk myself, "is it not a dream?" & suthin within myself sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters I know it is a reallerty—2 reallerty's I may sa—& I feel gay. There's considerabul human natur in a man after all.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleled show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The people of Baldwinsville met me cordially, and I immejitly commens restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in baro heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, William, how so?

Sez he, "Bust my gizzurd, but it's grate doins," and then he larfed as if hee'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on an austeer look, "William, I wouldn't be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kep on larfin till he war black in the face, until he fell over on to the bunk whare the hostler sleeps, and in a still, small voice sed, "Twins!" I assure yu, gents, that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was followed by an enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzins, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices.

I found the house chock full of people.—There was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkunses wife, Taberthy Ripley, yung Eben Parsuns, Deaken Simmuns fokes, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsetery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin sumthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, and a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of campfire, peases of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my born dase. I cood stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and seased my dubble barrild gun.

"What uyon airth ails the man?" says Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air yu doin?" and she grabd me by the cote tales.—"What's the matter with yu?" she continured.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me."

"Wall, put down that air gun, yu pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldwinsville by a darn site. On yonder wood-shed," sez I, drawen myself up to my full hite, and spekin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed, where I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man, and my son, Artemus Juneyer, cum and took me down by mane forse.

On returnin to the kitchin, I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Doctor Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot cole.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waing about 18 pounns jintly."

"A perfeck coup de tat," sed the skulemasster.

"E Pluribus Unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinkin Ide let him know I understud forrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasent a skulemaster.

"Its a momentuous event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heerd 2wins called by that name afore, sed I, but I spose its all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editor of the Baldwinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of Xchange papurs in the corner, "to apply to the legislatur fur a City Chartur."

"Good for yu, old man! sed I; giv that air a conspickius place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus!" sed pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her nittun work & larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossist old made in the world, "I think yu akt like a pack of fules."

Sez I, "Mis Peasley, air yu a parunt?"

Sez she, "No, I aute."

Sez I, "Mis Peasley, you never will be."

She left.

We sot thare talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn and Josts trupe 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Morul House Breaker, when we broke up and disbursed.

Muthur & childrun is a doin well; and as Resolushuns is the order of the day, I feel obleeged if yule insert the follerin:

WHEREAS, 2 eppisodes has happened up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & WHEREAS, I like this stile, sade Twins bein of the mail perswashun and both boys, there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabors who did the fare thing by said eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartly thank Engine Ko. No. 17, who, under the impreshun, from the fuss at my house on that hospishus nite that there was a konflagrashun goin on, cum galyiently to the spot, but kindly refrained from squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottom of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur given up the idee of Sarahnadin me, both on that grate nito & sense.

Resolved, my thanks is doo several members uv the Baldinsville meetin house, who fur 2 hole daise halnt kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked waise, and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my buzzim teams with meny kind emoshuns tords the follerin individoouls, to whit, namelee—Mis Square Boxter, who Jenerously refoozed tu take a sent fur a bottle of campfire; lawyer Perkunses wife who rit sum versus on the eppisodes; the editur of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who nobly assisted me in wallupin my Kangerroo which sagashus little cuss seriusly disturbid the Eppisodes by his outragus skreechins & kikkins up; Mis Hirum Doolittle who kindly furnisht sum cold vittils at a tryin time when it wasn't konvenient to kook vittils at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsuncs & Watsunses fur there meny ax uv kindness. Trooly youres,

ARTEMUS WARD.

From the Lancaster Express.

THE ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

The Villainous Compounds that Men drink—Interesting Letter from Dr. Cox—Inspection of Liquors—Startling Facts.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, this week, an exceedingly able and interesting letter on the adulteration of liquors, written by Dr. HIRAM COX, of Cincinnati, Inspector of Liquors, and addressed to JAMES BLACK, Esq., of this city. We commend the facts given by Dr. Cox to the attentive perusal and serious consideration of our readers, and especially to any of them who may be in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. The aspect of liquor drinking as presented by the official investigations of Dr. Cox, is not to be viewed merely in the light of an abstract question of Temperance, but as an issue of health or disease—life or death. Those who persist in drinking the liquors sold in this or any other market, may make up their minds to be poisoned, perhaps slowly in some cases, but surely in all. If, with the light now before them, men will insist upon committing a lingering and horrible suicide, their blood be upon their own heads and the heads of their accessories, who persist in furnishing such deadly poisons, disguised as beverages—we wash our hands of it!

Mr. Black deserves and will receive the thanks of this community, for the interest he manifests in the moral and physical welfare of his fellow-citizens—to which the traffic in poisoned liquors is so hostile—and in their name we thank him for furnishing Dr. Cox's letter for publication, which shall now speak for itself:

LETTER FROM DR. HIRAM COX ON THE ADULTERATION OF LIQUOR.

CINCINNATI, (O.) Oct. 8, 1859.

JAMES BLACK, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 29th of September, dated Lancaster, Pa., is now before me. Although not personally acquainted, I take great pleasure in contributing my mite, in any and every possible mode, where the object is the bettering of the condition of the human family. I have had similar letters with similar requests from every point of the compass—from the extreme North, South, East and West—to all of which I have cheerfully responded; believing, although the labor has been considerable, that it would tell in after years in the longevity and health of thousands who would otherwise fill a premature grave, and would contribute to the happiness and comfort of thousands of mothers and children, who are and have been, unfortunately, connected with the unfortunate slaves of intemperance. I rejoice to know that my exposures of the *villainous* liquors with which the markets, East and West, are glutted, have had a salutary moral influence in almost every region of our happy Union. I have letters in my possession from ministers of the Gospel from New Orleans, Nashville, Florida, New York, Boston, Richmond, Alexandria, Norfolk, Washington City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, from Toronto and from Hamilton, Canada, and from all of our Eastern States—congratulating and encouraging me to continue my exposures—that they were causing men to think and stand aghast, more than anything that they could do or say on the subject of temperance. The same effect has been produced in this community. One gentleman tapped me on the shoulder some little time past, and remarked at the same time,—"Doctor, I rejoice to see you take the stand that you do on the subject of poisonous liquors. I can lay my hands on more than thirty of our best citizens, gentlemen who were tippling and tippling from a dozen to twenty times a day, and who were bidding fair to fill a drunkard's grave, who have stopped short, and do not, and pledge themselves that they never will, drink any more, for fear they may get hold of some of the miserable adulterations that Dr. Cox is holding up to public view." Thank God!

Chemists from various colleges have written to me, stating that they had analyzed various samples of the various alcoholic liquors in our markets, and find the same pernicious developments which I had, at various times, indicated in articles which I had written from time to time, one of which you will find at page 128 of the "Crusader," which accompanies this letter. Another evidence that the exposures which I have been making have had a salutary moral effect, is, that there has not been one-fourth as much liquor sold yearly since as was previously; and another is, that a number of large liquor establishments have closed, their proprietors ruining many of their fellow-citizens who had become their sureties. A number of distilleries have closed in this vicinity. They have, as it is familiarly called, "burnt their boilers." One year previous to these break ups, one of our largest distillers and liquor merchants in the city, says to me, "Dr. Cox, your articles on the adulterations of liquors have taken more trade from Cincinnati and more money—at least $100,000 per month—since they have been put in circulation. For God's sake, stop them, sir!—you will break me up. I have been to New York," he says, "to Boston, to Rochester, to Canada West, and have just returned; and wherever I stopped there was nothing talked of but the poisoned liquors of Cincinnati, and Dr. Cox's exposures; for God's sake, I say again, stop it!"

Although the liquors are villainous in the extreme, there are *other* large cities equally as culpable. For example; A gentleman of our city, a druggist, that he might have pure liquor as a medicinal article, and that kind for purity, &c., that he could recommend to his customers, went to New York and purchased two half pipes of splendid "Seignette Brandy," one *pale*, the other *dark*. When passing, one day, he called me in to see his "*beautiful, pure* brandy," just from N. York! I stopped, looked at it, smelled at it, but before tasting it, happening to have some blue litmus paper in my pocket, I introduced a small piece—it came out red as scarlet! I then called for a polished spatula, put it into a tumbler containing, perhaps, half a gill, and waited on it fifteen minutes—at the expiration of which the liquor was black as ink. The spatula corroded, and, when drained, had a thick coating of rust, which, when wiped off left a copper coat almost as thick as if it had been plated. I charged him on the spot, under the penalty of the law, not to sell a drop of it; took samples of it to my office, and the following is the result of the analysis, viz:

1st sample, (*dark*,) 56 per cent. alcoholic spirits by volume, and 41 per cent. by weight, specific gravity 0 945. The tests indicate *Sulphuric Acid, Nitric Acid, Nitric Ether, Prussic Acid, Guinea Pepper*, and an abundance of *Fusil Oil*. *Base*—common whiskey, not one drop of wine.

2d sample, (*pale*,) 54 per cent. alcoholic spirits by volume, 40 per cent. by weight; specific gravity 0 955. This article has the same adulterations as the first, but in greater abundance, with the addition of *Catchue*. Remark—Most villainous concoctions.

As a matter of course, these articles of liquor could not be sold without a violation of the liquor law, consequently I condemned them. They were purchased on four months' time. The purchaser immediately notified the New York merchant of the character and quality of his goods, and directed him to send for them; but, instead of sending for them, he waited till the notes became due, and brought suit in our Court of Common Pleas. I analyzed the liquors in the presence of court and jury, showed them satisfactorily that they were the pernicious, poisonous and villainous liquors which I had represented them to be, and the defendant gained his case triumphantly: and Mr. New York merchant vanished before I could get a State's warrant, or he would now be learning an honest mode of making a living, at one of our State Institutions, at Columbus.

I was appointed to the office of Chemical Inspector on the 19th of March, 1855. Since then I have made upwards of 600 inspections of stores, and lots of liquors of every variety, and positively assert that 90 per cent. of all that I have analyzed were adulterated with the most pernicious and poisonous ingredients. The business of inspecting, against the will of men who are only governed by motives of cupidity, I have found an up-hill business. I have had more *lawing*, more squabbling and quarreling with unprincipled things, bearing the shape and form of men, made after God's image, since I have been engaged in the capacity of Inspector, than I had during half a century before. You may think that I have heard it thunder some; well, so I have. I am 66 years old, but in all my recollection I have not heard *thunder* that has had the same effect on my nervous system, nor anything else to affect my sympathetic nerves so much as the sad effects of imbibing the miserable concoctions sold in our markets under the character of healthy beverages, with which *Cocktails, Brandy Smashes, Mint Juleps, &c., &c.*, are concocted, and which sent nineteen young men, all under thirty years old, and all sons of some of our most respectable citizens, to a premature grave, during the winter previous to my appointment, some of whom had not been drinking three months! Not only young men, but many old men of our city, who were not considered drunkards, died, during the same winter, the horrid death of the drunkard with the *Delirium Tremens!* These facts induced me to accept the unthankful appointment I have, as physician to the Probate Court, examined upwards of 400 insane cases, two-thirds of which number became insane from drinking the poisonous liquors sold at the doggeries and taverns of our city and county. Many of them were boys of from nineteen to twenty years of age, some of whom were laboring under a hereditary taint—and perhaps in many of them the mental derangement never would have been developed, had they not drank of these poisoned decoctions. One boy, seventeen years of age, the principal support of a widowed mother and a little sister, was induced, on the 4th day of July, 1855, to drink some *beer*, and from *beer* to the horrible *rot-gut whiskey*, kept in the low doggeries of our city. They all got drunk, and the boy referred to became hopelessly and incurably insane, and is yet in the insane asylum at Dayton. In examining the case, for the purpose of getting all the antecedents with it, I learned that the grandfather of the boy died insane. I think the probability is altogether in favor of the idea that insanity never would have been developed in this case had not these poisoned admixtures acted as a powerful excitant cause. I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor also is kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there, and called for some whiskey, and the first drank, and the moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while he at the same time caught his breath like one suffocated or strangling. When he could speak, he says to his companion—"Och, Michael, but this is warming to the stomach!" Michael drank and went through like contortions, with the remark, "Wouldn't it be foine in a cowld frhosty mornin'?"

After they drank, I asked the landlord to pour me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a bit of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments, and examined it. I found it had but seventeen per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had forty per cent. to be proof, and the difference in per centage made up by *Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Pelitory, Caustic Potassa*, and *Brucine*, one of the salts of *Nucis Vomicæ*, commonly called Nux Vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man. I had the manufacturer indicted, but by such villainy he has become wealthy, and I never have, owing to some defect in the law, been able to bring that case to a final issue.

Yours, respectfully,

HIRAM COX, M. D.

THE INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

COOK'S CONFESSION.

Cook's confession, which was read at his late trial at Charlestown, Va., is one of the most extraordinary articles ever written. It commences by stating that he first became acquainted with Brown in Kansas, after the battle of Black Jack. The next time he saw him was at the Topeka Convention, on the 4th of July, 1856. About the 1st of November, 1857, Cook again saw Brown, and agreed to join him in the organization of a company to put a stop to the aggressions of the Pro-Slavery party. Cook also got Richard Realf, L. T. Parsons, and R. J. Henton to join them. From Topeka they went to Leavenworth, and here, says Cook, he learned for the first time that Brown's ultimate destination was Virginia.—At Tabor they procured teams to transport two hundred Sharpe's rifles, where they had been lying for a year.

There were, also, other stores, consisting of blankets, clothing, boots, ammunition, and about two hundred revolvers of the Massachusetts Arms patent, all of which were transported across the State of Iowa to Springdale, and from there to Liberty, at which place they were shipped to Ashtabula county, Ohio, where they remained till brought to Chambersburg, Pa., and were from there transported to a house in Washington county, Md., which Capt. Brown had rented for six months, and which was situated about five miles from Harper's Ferry.

At Pedee, Iowa, they stopped over winter, where they pursued a course of military studies. Col. H. Forbes and Capt. Brown had some words, and he (Col. F.) did not come on; consequently A. D. Stephens was the drill-master.

Cook, in his confession, says:

The people of the neighborhood did not know of our purpose. We remained at Pedee till about the middle of April, when we left for Chatham, Canada, via Chicago and Detroit. We staid about two weeks in Chatham—some of the party staid six or seven weeks. We left Chatham for Cleveland, and remained there until late in June. In the meantime, Capt. Brown went East on business; but previous to his departure he had learned that Col. Forbes had betrayed his plans to some extent. This, together with the scantiness of his funds, induced him to delay the commencement of his work, and was the means, for the time being, of disbanding the party. He had also received some information which called for his immediate attention in Kansas. I wished to go with him, but he said that I was too well known there, and requested me and some others to go to Harper's Ferry, Va., to see how things were there, and to gain information. While we were in Chatham he called a Convention, the purpose of which was to make a complete and thorough organization. He issued a written circular, which he sent to various persons in the United States and Canada. The circular, as near as I can recollect, read as follows:

"CHATHAM, May ——, 1858.

"Mr. ——: DEAR SIR—We have issued a call for a very *quiet* Convention at this place, to which we shall be happy to see any *true* friends of freedom, and to which you are most earnestly invited to give your attendance.

"Yours, respectfully,

"JOHN BROWN."

As the names were left blank, I do not know to whom they were sent, though I wrote several of them. I learned, however, that one was sent to Frederick Douglas, and I think Gerrit Smith also received one. Who the others were sent to I do not know. Neither Douglas nor Smith attended the Convention. I suppose some twenty five or thirty of these circulars were sent, but as they were directed by Capt. Brown, or J. H. Kagi, I do not know the names of the parties to whom they were addressed. I do know, however, that they were sent to none save those whom Brown knew to be radical Abolitionists. I think it was about ten days from the time the circulars were sent that the Convention met. The place of meeting was in one of the negro churches in Chatham. The Convention, I think, was called to order by J. K. Kagi. Its object was then stated—which was to complete a thorough organization and the formation of a Constitution. The first business was to elect a President and Secretary. Elder Monroe, a colored minister, was elected President, and J. H. Kagi, Secretary. The next business was to form a Constitution. Capt. Brown had already drawn up one, which was read by the Secretary. On motion, it was ordered that each article of the Constitution be taken up and separately amended and passed, which was done. On motion, the Constitution was then adopted as a whole. The next business was to nominate a Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State. Capt. John Brown was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief; J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War, and Richard Realf, Secretary of State. Elder Monroe was to act as President until another was chosen. A. M. Chapman, I think, was to act as Vice President. Dr. M. K. Delaney was one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the organization. There were some others from the United States, whose names I do not now remember. Most of the delegates to the Convention were from Canada. After the Constitution was adopted, the members took their oath to support it. It was then signed by all present. During the interval between the call for the Convention and its assembling, regular meetings were held at Barbour's Hotel, where we were stopping, by those who were known to be true to the cause, at which meetings plans were laid and discussed. There were no white men at the Convention, save the members of our company. Men and money had both been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada. When the Convention broke up, news was received that Col. H. Forbes, who had joined in the movement, had given information to the Government.—This, of course, delayed the time of attack. A day or two afterward most of our party took the boat for Cleveland, Capt. Brown remaining. He, however, started in a day or two for the East. Kagi, I think, went to some other town in Canada, to set up the type and get the Constitution printed, which he completed before he returned to Cleveland. We remained in Cleveland for some weeks, at which-place, for the time being, the company disbanded. Capt. Brown had had the plan of the insurrection in contemplation for several years; in fact, he told me that it had been the chief aim of his life to carry out and accomplish the abolition of slavery.

In his trip East, he did not realize the amount of money that he expected. The money had been promised *bona fide*, but owing to the tightness of the money market they failed to comply with his demands. The funds were necessary for the accomplishment of his plans I afterwards learned that there was a lack of confidence in the success of his scheme. It was, therefore, necessary that a movement should be made in another direction, to demonstrate the practicability of his plan. This he made about a year ago by the invasion of Missouri, and the taking of about a dozen slaves, together with horses, cattle, &c., into Kansas, in defiance of the United States Marshal and his *posse*. From Kansas he took them to Canada, via Iowa City and Cleveland. At the latter place he remained some days, and, I think, disposed of his horses there. It seems that the United States Marshal was afraid to arrest him, and this was all that was wanting to give confidence to the wavering in the practicability of his plan and ultimate success. He came to Harper's Ferry about the last of June, though I did not see him till late in July, or the early part of August, when we met on Shenandoah street, Harper's Ferry, opposite Tearney's store. I do not know who were his aiders or abettors, but have heard him mention Gerrit Smith, of New York, Dr. Howe, of Boston, and Sanborn and Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York City. What connection, and how far connected with his plan, I do not know, but I know he wrote a letter a few weeks previous to his attack to some gentlemen in Boston, which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"Date ———— ————.

"GENTLEMEN: I have got nearly all my *machines* on, and shall be ready to start them in a few days, unless prevented by a special Providence. Everything is working well.—I shall want *all the funds* you promised me in a few days. Yours, truly,

"CALM & STILL."

In the meantime, the men who had engaged to go with him, had, most of them, arrived at Chambersburg, Pa., and been sent to the place which he had rented in Washington county, Md., about five miles from Harper's Ferry.—The greater part of the men kept out of sight during the day, for fear of attracting attention. The arms, munitions, &c., were carried from Chambersburg to his rendezvous. The spear-heads and guards came in strong boxes, and the shafts passed for fork handles. They were put together by our own men, at the house where most of them were found. Letters of importance came to the Chambersburg post-office, and were sent by some of our own party to head-quarters. The letters of minor importance came to the Ferry, to J. Smith & Sons. All allusions to our business were made in such a blind way that they would not have been understood by any outside parties, even should they have been miscarried. The attack was made sooner than it was intended, owing to some friends in Boston writing a letter finding fault with the management of Capt. B., and what to them seemed his unnecessary delay and expense. I do not know who these persons were, or how far they were cognisant of his (Capt. B.'s) plans. But I do know that Dr. Howe gave Capt. Brown a breech-loading carbine and a pair of muzzle-loading pistols, all of Government manufacture. They were left either at the house of Capt. Brown or at the school-house where most of the arms were conveyed. At what time and for what purpose they were given to Capt. Brown, I do not know. It was supposed that Colonel Hugh Forbes was dead. I was told by Capt. Brown that when on East, he had been told by Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, that some of the negroes at that place had informed him (Hyatt) that Forbes had 'gone up'—a phrase which Capt. Brown and the rest of our company understood to mean that he had been killed. I do not think that Forbes had any cognizance of our plans from the time of our leaving Pedee, a year ago last April. Previous to his quarrel with Capt. Brown, we considered that he would hold a place next to Brown in command, I do not know the present whereabouts of Luke F. Parsons or Chas Moffet. The last I heard of Parsons was through Capt. Brown, who informed me that Parsons had started for Pike's Peak, and that he (Brown) thought he would be pretty tolerably peaked before he got there. A short time before the attack on Harper's Ferry, Capt. Brown requested me to find out in some way, without suspicion, the number of male slaves on or near the roads leading from the Ferry, for a distance of eight or ten miles, and to make such memoranda that it would be unintelligible to others, but in such a manner that I could make it plain to him and the rest of the company. He gave me two dollars to pay my expenses with. I took the road from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown under the plea of gaining statistics for a work to be published by John Henri, and to decide a wager between him and Mr. Smith. I did not go any other road. A few days after this, Capt. Brown sent his wagon over by his son Oliver and Jeremiah Anderson, to bring my wife and myself to his house. They gave me a note from him, which, as near as I can recollect, read as follows:

MR. COOKE—Dear Sir; You will please get everything ready to come with your wife to my house this morning. My wagon will wait for you. I shall take your wife to Chambersburg, and shall start early to-morrow morning. Be as expeditious as possible. Be careful not to say or do anything that will awaken any suspicion.

You can say your wife is going to make a visit to some friends of her's in the country. Be very careful you do not let any of our plans out. Yours, &c.,

J. SMITH.

My wife and myself accordingly left Harper's Ferry that night, accompanied by Oliver Brown and Jeremiah Anderson, for Capt. Brown's house in Washington County, Md.

The next day, after dinner, Capt. B. and his son Watson, together with my wife and child, started for Chambersburg. When Capt. B. returned, he told me that he had got her a good boarding-place in Chambersburg, at Mrs. Ritner's, and that she liked her boarding place very well.

There were some six or seven in our party who did not know anything of our Constitution, and, as I have since understood, were also ignorant of the plan of operations until the Sunday morning previous to the attack. Among this number were Edwin Coppie, Barclay Coppie, Francis J. Merriam, Shields Green, John Copeland and Leary. The Constitution was read to them by A. D. Stephens, the oath afterwards being administered by Capt. Brown. Sunday evening previous to our departure, Capt. Brown made his final arrangements for the capture of Harper's Ferry, and gave to his men their orders. In closing he said:—

"And now, gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds—you all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one, if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it."

After taking the town, I was placed under Capt. Stephens, who received orders to proceed to the house of Col. Lewis Washington and to take him prisoner, and to bring his slaves, horses and arms, and as we came back to take Mr. Alstadt and his slaves, and to bring them all to Capt. Brown at the Armory. When we returned I stayed a short time at the engine-house to get warm, as I was chilled through. After I got warm, Captain Brown ordered me to go with C. P. Tidd, who was to take Wm. H. Leeman, and I think four slaves with him, in Col. Washington's large wagon, across the river, and to take Terrence Burns and his brother, and their slaves, prisoners. My orders were to hold Burns and brother as prisoners at their own house, while Tidd and the slaves who accompanied him were to go to Capt. Brown's house, and to load in the arms and to bring them down to the school-house, stopping for the Burnses and their guard. William H. Leeman remained with me to guard the prisoners. On return of the wagon, in compliance with orders, we all started for the school-house.—When we got there, I was to remain, by Capt. Brown's orders, with one of the slaves, to guard the arms, while Tidd with the other negroes, was to go back for the rest of the arms, and Burns was to be sent with Leeman, to Capt. Brown at the Armory. It was at this time that William Thompson came up from the Ferry and reported that everything was all right, and then hurried on to overtake Leeman. A short time after the departure of Tidd, I heard a good deal of firing, and became anxious to know the cause, but my orders were strict to remain at the school-house and guard the arms, and I obeyed the orders to the letter. About 4 o'clock in the evening Tidd came with the second load. I then took one of the negroes with me and started to the Ferry. I met a negro woman a short distance below the school-house who informed me that they were fighting hard at the Ferry. I hurried on till I came to the Lock kept by George Hardy; about a mile above the bridge, where I saw his wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, who told me that our men were hemmed in, and that several of them had been shot.—I expressed my intention to try to get to them, when Mrs. Hardy asked me to try to get her husband released from the engine-house. I told her I would. Mrs. Reed begged of me not to go down to the Ferry. She said I would be shot. I told her I must make an attempt to save my comrades, and I passed on down the road. A short distance below the Lock I met two boys whom I knew, and they told me that our men were hemmed in by the troops from Charlestown, Martinsburg, Hagerstown and Shepherdstown. The negro who was with me had been very much frightened at the first report we received, and as the boys told me the troops were coming up the road after us soon, I sent him (the negro) back to inform Tidd, while I hastened down the road. After going down opposite the Ferry, I ascended the mountain in order to get a better view of the position of our opponents.

I saw that our party were completely surrounded, and as I saw a body of men on High street firing down upon them—they were about a half a mile distant from me—I thought I would draw their fire upon myself; I therefore raised my rifle, and took the best aim I could and fired. It had the desired effect, for the very instant the party returned it. Several shots were exchanged. The last one they fired at me cut a small limb I had hold of just below my hand, and gave me a fall of about fifteen feet, by which I was severely bruised, and my flesh somewhat lacerated. I descended from the mountain, and passed down the road to the Crane on the bank of the canal, about fifty yards from Mr. W.'s store. I saw several heads behind the door-post looking at me; I took a position behind the Crane, and cocking my rifle, beckoned to some of them to come to me; after some hesitation, one of them approached and then another, both of whom knew me. I asked them if there were any armed men in the store. They pledged me their word and honor that there were none. I then passed down to the lock-house, and went down the steps to the lock, where I saw William McGreg, and questioned him in regard to the troops on the other side. He told me that the bridge was filled by our opponents, and that all of our party were dead but seven—that two of them were shot while trying to escape across the river. He begged me to leave immediately. After questioning him in regard to the position and number of the troops, and from what sources he received his information, I bade him good night, and started up the road at a rapid walk. I stopped at the house of an Irish family at the foot of the hill, and got a cup of coffee and some eatables. I was informed by them that Captain Brown was dead; that he had been shot about four o'clock in the afternoon. At the time I believed this report to be true. I went on up to the school-house, and found the shutters and door closed; called to Tidd and the boys, but received no answer; cocked my rifle, and then opened the door. It was dark at the time. Some of the goods had been placed in the middle of the floor, and, in the dark, looked like men crouching. I uncocked my rifle, and drew my revolver, and then struck a match; saw that there was no one in the school house; went into the bushes back of the school house and called for the boys. Receiving no answer I went across the road into some pines, and called, but could find no one. I then started up the road toward Capt. Brown's house; I saw a party of men coming down the road; when within about fifty yards, I ordered them to halt; they recognized my voice, and called me. I found them to be Tidd, Owen Brown, Barclay Coppie, F. J. Merriam, and a negro who belonged to Washington or Alstadt. They asked me the news, and I gave the information that I received at the canal lock, and on the road. It seemed that they thought it would be sheer madness in them to attempt a rescue of our comrades, and it was finally determined to return to the house of Capt. Brown. I found that Tidd, before leaving the school-house to go for Brown, Coppie, and Merriam, had stationed the negroes in a good position in the timber back of the school house. On his return, however, they could not be found. We therefore left for Capt. Brown's house. Here we got a few articles that would be necessary, and then went over into the timber on the side of the mountain, a few yards beyond the house, where the spears were kept. Here we laid down and went to sleep. About 3 o'clock in the morning, one of our party awakened and found that the negro had left us. He immediately aroused the rest of the party, and we concluded to go to the top of the mountain before light. Here we remained for a few hours, and then passed over to the other side of the mountain, where we waited till dark, and then crossed the valley to the other range beyond.

I have forgotten to state previously that before I left Capt. Brown, in Cleveland, Ohio, he gave me orders to trust no one with our secret, and to hold no conversation with the slaves, which order I obeyed with but a single exception, which I here mention. The exception to which I allude is simply this: I met a party of four negroes, two free and two slave, near Bolivar county, Virginia. I asked them if they had ever thought of their freedom. They replied, "they thought they ought to be free," but expressed doubts that they ever would be. I told them that time might come before many years, but for the present to keep dark, and look for the good time coming, and left them.

I see from some of the newspapers, that I have been represented as Capt. Brown's chief aid. This is incorrect. Kagi was second in command, Stephens third, and Haslitt fourth. Further than this, I do not know that Capt. Brown had made known any preference as to superiority of rank. Edward Coppie and Dolphin Thomas were the only lieutenants he commissioned. Owen Brown, Barclay Coppie, and F. J. Merriam were not at the Ferry when the attack was made, but remained by order of Capt. Brown to take charge of the premises, and to guard the arms left at B.'s house in case of an attack. I do not know of any person in the Ferry or its neighborhood who knew of our plan, save our own party, and they were pledged to keep it secret.

Richard Realf, one of our original party and our Secretary of State, came from Chatham to Cleveland, a few days before Capt. B. arrived from the East. Soon after his arrival, he (Capt. B.) sent Realf to New York city, at which place he embarked for England for the purpose of carrying out the plans of Capt. Brown. Realf was born and raised in England. He is a peasant's son, but his native talents brought him into the notice of some of the nobility, who took charge of him, and made arrangements to give him a finished education. He was taken into the family of Lady Noel Byron, where he made his home while pursuing his studies. Falling in love with a young lady of noble birth, who was a relative of Lady Byron's, he was censured by Lady B. for his presumption. He became offended at her for her interference, and finally left Lady B. to work his own way in the world. About this time the Chartist movement was made, which Realf joined, and the result was, he was obliged to seek safety by emigrating to the United States. He was some years in New York city. A part of the time he was there he was engaged as assistant superintendent of the Five Points' Mission. He is well known as an author and a poet. He gave up his situation as assistant superintendent, and went to Kansas in the summer or fall of 1856. I first met him in Lawrence, Kansas. No word was received from him to my knowledge, after he left for England, to which place he went in his own capacity and that of our Secretary of State, to solicit funds for the support of our organization. He proposed to deliver a course of lectures in various parts of England, and the net proceeds of which were to be given to carry out Capt. Brown's plan. He is a man of rare talents, and a powerful and fluent speaker. He is about twenty-eight years of age. Mr. Kagi, I believe, got a letter from some one in England, a few months ago, stating that he had quite a sum of money with him, but farther than that, we have been unable to find any trace of him. Capt. Brown and the rest of our company who knew him, think he is dead.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND LAFAYETTE'S DAUGHTER.—N. P. Willis—the clever journalist who deals so largely in personal gossip—avers that Louis Napoleon was, in 1855, desirous of marrying Clementine, the accomplished daughter of the liberty-loving Lafayette; that he told him to go ahead—whether right or wrong—and court her; and that if she said "yes," to take her. Whether Louis unsuccessfully attempted to "win and wear" Clementine, is not known; but one thing is certain, and that is this: The lady married the M. Beaumont, who now represents the French Court at Vienna. If the Emperor could not himself make a wife of the old patriot's daughter, he could and did make a Minister Plenipotentiary of her husband.

LACHRYMATORIES.—We have often wondered how the tears of the mourners at the Roman funerals were collected so as to bottle them. A gentleman who made and published a "Tour in Wales," gives a representation of a Lachrymatory, or narrow species of spoon (somewhat like our narrow spoon, but shorter handled,) destined to collect the tears of the relatives of the deceased, in order to deposit them in the little vials which were placed with the ashes in the urn, memorials of their grief.