CARLISLE HERALD

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty light 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 the arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be charged 1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 3 cents per line for first insertion, and 3 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. Four good Presses, and a general variety of materials 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.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY

THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most certain, speedy and only effectual remedy in the world for all private diseases, weakness of the back or limbs, strictures, affections of the kidneys and bladder, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, dyspepsy, languor, low spirits, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, doubtfulness, trembling, dimness of sight or giddiness, disease of the head, throat, nose or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach or bowels—those terrible disorders arising from the solitary habits of youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the songs of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately cured, and full vigor restored. This distressing affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a wasting of the frame, cough, consumption, decay and death.

OFICE NO 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number. Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.—Dr. Johnston, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the back and limbs, pains in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsy, nervous irritability, derangement of the digestive functions, general debility, symptoms of consumption.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—loss of memory, confusion of ideas, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, aversion to society, self distrust, love of solitude, timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE.

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturna, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this a wful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that deadly poison, Mercury, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many unlearned and worthless pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly educated physicians, incapable of curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive private practice than any other physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following manner: JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,

Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

May 2, 1862—1y.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

I am now receiving a large assortment of new and elegant Spring goods, to which I respectfully call the attention of my old friends and customers, and all in want of handsome and cheap goods.

Particulars in next weeks paper. I will sell as cheap as any store in the Borough.

CHAS. OGILBY Trustee.

April 4, 1862.

GUM BELTING! Just received a large assortment of all sizes—Gum Belting, Gum Hose, Gum Packing, &c., and for sale cheap at the Hardware Store of

June 22, 1860. H. SAXTON!

Selected Poetry.

ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

Repine not thou when dark days come,
For come they surely must,
Nor let misfortune's surging storms,
Prostrate thee in the dust;
But bravely stem the rising waves,
With hope within thy breast,
Remember—with a faithful heart
That all is for the best.

Have courage in the darkest hour,
And tears and moans despise,
For oft thy sorrows and thy woes
Are angels in disguise.
Let hope and faith within thy soul
Be each a welcome guest,
To whisper thee—"cheer up! cheer up!
For all is for the best."

Then fling away all foolish fear,
Be foremost in the van,
Trust like a child in Heaven's God,
While acting like a man.
Confide in Him and freely tell
The sorrows in thy breast,
Hope—and be happy in the thought
That all is for the best.

OUR IDOL.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her,
He bears her away!
Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.

Come stricken weeper!
Come to the bed;
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!
Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eyes—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the skies;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let he grave slumbers
Be mild the sweet flowers

Miscellaneous.

From the Home Journal.

A Modern Jack-of-all Trades.

BY A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

While a theological student preparing for the ministry, I felt bound, of course, to bring stray lambs into the fold whenever opportunity offered; and many were the rebuffs, and puzzling were the impediments I encountered. The following is the oddest of them all.

I was conversing with A—— in his third floor lodging, when there suddenly appeared on the door post a gaunt, bony hand, followed by a head with long dark curling hair, two piercing black eyes, another hand holding a palette and brushes; in short, the entire upper half of an artist—A——'s neighbor lodger, who, after a brief, cautious, preliminary *reconnoissance*, advanced and accosted me. His head was a Vandyke; and in the prominent and noble, but rather careworn features, there was all the dignity of middle age, curiously blended with an air of youth and vigor, imparted by the black hair and eyes.

"If I mistake not, sir, I address a gentleman belonging to the clerical profession."

"I am studying for the ministry, sir," said I.

"Might I ask of you, sir, the favor to write me a sermon?"

"Really, sir, that would depend upon the use you intend making of it, its length——"

"Oh, I want a real sermon—firstly, secondly, fortiethly, and all; something to touch the heart and bring down the house. You never heard me in the 'Stranger' or 'Jack Tims,' or as Oliver in the 'Maid of the Mountain Mist?'"

"I never had that pleasure, sir."

"Hi! You never heard Miss Neville as Pauline to my Claude Melnotte?"

"No, sir."

"Come in, and let me show you her likeness. I'm painting it for an A No. 1 mammoth poster."

Mentally referring this last expression to some gentleman admirer of Miss Neville's, of large dimensions and high social position, I followed into the studio. Over the door was a tin sign, with "Professor Courtenay" in gilt letters. Pots and tin cups of cheap paint, all streaked down the sides, red, yellow, and blue, stood here and there on the threadbare, long unswept carpet. There were half-finished play-house bills on large frames with captivating programmes in bright colors; and the walls were hung all over with the worst taste and crudest manner; back grounds of a sickening pink green, waxy pink hands, mouths of plain vermillion, eyes bristling with blue black lashes, with whites of nearly pure kremlitz, rounded off with a thought of lampblack at the lymphs.

Still, there was such surpassing accuracy of drawing, evident likeness and individuality in the faces, that I began to think I had stumbled on a mute, inglorious Sir Joshua or Healy.

"You seem to hit excellent likenesses.—This of the President of the United States is really very striking. Did he sit to you for it?"

"Bless your innocence, no. These are all thrown up, every one.

"What—a—rejected?"

"Thrown up, sir, by the solar camera.—You don't think I draw 'em? Well, that *is* juicy! Why, I pay ten dollars apiece for a photograph of every face I paint. I am the only artist in the United States that can color 'em without hiding the likeness; that's what makes all these big artists so down on me. Re*jected!* No *sir-r*. Well, yes, I do have to talk to 'em sometimes pretty loud to make 'em believe the colors are right.—Plenty of vermilion, chrome orange, and madder lake—that's the secret! All those cups of yellow and red in that far corner are ready mixed for children. These near ones have more white lead in em; they are for these respectable old gents with gray heads and chalky faces and lots of shirt bosom.—That half keg of white lead is just mixed for nothing but gray hair and beards in the Sully style. Oh, I do it scientifically. I can turn my hand to anything—make my own brushes out of pig's hair, dog's hair, cat's hair, hog's hair. Why, I'll tell you what I can do; I can make a wooden beetle run all about the floor, wiggle-wiggle, just so, and you wouldn't be able to tell it from life to save you. I was with Joe Bowers in Cincinnati when he got up that celebrated Pandemonium! You don't believe *that?*"

"Oh, certainly."

Here the professor suddenly removed his hair, startling me by the disclosure of a very high bald forehead; and, choosing one from a pile of wigs of various shades and lengths resumed his seat.

"You see I have all sorts—painting wig, visiting wig, stage wig, promenade wig, et cætera. Now, Pete, where did I leave off?"

This was addressed to a lad who was lolling on a second hand mahogany sofa, the only available furniture in the room. He seemed to be regularly engaged to hear the Professor recite his part for the stage.

"'And I did mark thee——' "

"Oh, yes—

'—and I did mark thee, maiden, as thy form
Pale on the storm beat cliff, against a sky
Whose inky hue frowned o'er the foamy sea;
I marked thy form as if 'twere sculptured there.
And—and—'

"What?"

"Part of the cliff it seemed——' "

"Oh, yes—

'Part of the cliff it seemed, until the wind
With envious finger stirred thy drapery,
And showed me thou wert human!'

"What do you think of that, sir?"

"Very fine. Shakespeare?"

"No, *sir-r!* That, sir, is from the 'Maid of the Mountain Mist,' written by your very humble servant. I'm going to have Charlotte Cushman on here to take Zara. The letter goes by next mail. And let me tell *you*, I wouldn't trust Oliver beyond arm's length."

"Is he your son?" I asked, supposing he meant the prompter boy.

"Son! No, sir; I mean Oliver, the child of night in the "Maid of the Mountain Mist." I wouldn't trust Macready himself with that part, sir! And now to business. Here's paper and things; you'll oblige me greatly by writing a sermon. I want it for the death scene, where the Avenger comes in, you know."

"Really, Mr. Courtenay——"

"Oh anything will do. You can write it in five minutes, can't you? Why, I wrote twelve pages of the "Maid of the Mountain Mist' in one hour."

"I am very certain, Mr. Courtenay, that you are unware of the nature of the very extraordinary request you are making, or I would find it difficult to excuse you. Do you ever attend church?"

"Church? "An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse."

"Then, sir," I replied, austerely, "I don't know that I can better convince you of the impropriety of your request than by, in a manner, granting it."

Thereon I delivered what I considered a very felicitous extempore address on the wickedness and danger of a vagrant course of life.

Though my discourse did not for a moment interrupt his painting, the professor seemed profoundly impressed. His noble and expressive features settled into a calm and dignified repose.

"Attend our church next Sunday. You shall have a seat in my own pew, and an opportunity at once of hearing something in your own line, the eloquence of Dr. A——, and of learning the high import and true bearing of a religious discourse."

"Couldn't *next* Sunday. I'm *possible*.—I *must* go and see my Black Tom punish Glasgow Gip."

"The offence must be of a very grave character that would so imperatively demand retribution on the Sabbath."

"Oh, it's my fancy bull-dog I'm talking of—the greatest curiosity in the known world—Barnum cried over him—black as your hat—not a white hair in him; that's why I call him Black Tom. He got badly legged last Sunday, and I've laid a ten on him that I can't afford to lose. Now, Sunday *after* next—let me see. Bob Stalling's mare to try—no, *sir-r;* I'm engaged twenty Sundays ahead. But about religion, *you* can't teach *me* anything. I've had experience—I've been on the anxious bench with the girls, women, backsliders, burning brands, cast-aways, and all the rest of 'em. I drew tears from the Reverend Jabez Speakes to such an extent that I had to lend him my handkerchief, forgetting that it had a print of Epsom races on it. I thought Bony Bill, who was setting behind me, would die a laughing. But there was no laughing in me. I was dead in earnest. I went into a regular course of study; took to doing good, gave money to every beggar I met, attended meeting strictly, and was the happiest fellow in the would."

"And may I ask what diverted you from a path so agreeable?"

"Could't stand the moral ecstasy, sir. It was too much for my mental organization. I was so ex *quis* itely happy in the paths of virtue that everthing seemed in a luminous-colored mist, just as if I had been in the raibow at Ningara Falls, and things going hum a rum rum all around me."

"I think you mistake more excitement for calm rational conviction."

"No *sir-r;* I've argued it all out with myself. I was just as quiet and as much in earnest as you are now. I've read all your philosophers, Locke, Leibnitz, Swedenborg, *Cuzzen*, and all of 'em. I know what's objective and subjective, *a priori* and *a posteriori*. This brush is objective, outside. It's a confounded old stump. That's what I think about it inside, and that's subjective. Now, philosophers say that happiness is the chief end of all our actions. They assume that to be a universally valid *a prioriori* cognition. But it isn't so in my case. I can't stand pure happiness."

This grave denial of my minor premises completely baffled me. In despair of convincing Professor Courtenay that religion ought to be the end of all his actions, I left him, without any further attempt at his conversion.

A SAVAGE COMBAT.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A CALIFORNIA BULL AND A GRIZZLY BEAR

A fine young bull had descended to the bed of the creek in search of a water hole.—While pushing his way through the bushes, he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of driftwood as the two powerful animals writhed in the fierce embrace.—A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge.—Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore shoulders. But instead of showing any signs of defeat he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had prompted him to seek an open space. A more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw—lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him, when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in their wild state, broke through the opening.

A trial of brute force that baffles description now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by my cattle, my sympathies were with the bull, which seemed to me to be much the nobler animal of the two. He did not wait to meet the charge, but lowering his head, boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. No sooner had he got within reach of the bull's horns, than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping his head to the ground by strength and the weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked strips of flesh from his shoulders with his paws. The animals must have been of nearly equal weight. On the one side, there was the advantage of superior agility and two weapons—the claws and teeth; but on the other, greater power of endurance and more inflexible courage. The position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his nostrils—and the bear straining every muscle to drag him to the ground. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended on the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased, struggling to regain his breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps. The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the conflict. The cattle upon the surrounding plain had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants, but, as if withheld by terror, none seemed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force, that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length, by a sudden and well-directed blow of the head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent that the battle must soon end. Both were grieviously wounded, and neither could hold out much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly trying to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping and thrusting and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At last, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremendous charge; but, blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of speedy victory; he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe.

The two rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would have terminated the bloody strife so far as my favorite was concerned, when to my astonishment I saw the bear relax his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrails burst entirely through the wound in his belly. The next moment the bull was up, erect and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final and most desperate struggle that ensued, both animals seeming animated by supernatural strength.

The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy that the bull, upon drawing his head away, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue, a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly.—With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust, but his strength was gone.—A few more thrusts from the savage victor, and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of the claws, a groan, a gurgle in the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttering a deep bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off—not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the battle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds, a death-chill came over him. He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself up, his legs apart, his head gradually drooping; then dropped on his knees and expired.

The Indian Summer.

This beautiful, almost fairy season, is nigh at hand. It sometimes occurs in October, though we believe it is not regarded as genuine and orthodox, if it appear before November. For ourselves, we are glad to see it at any time. Why called "Indian Summer?" you ask.—The only reason we have heard of, was, that during this period the Indians are accustomed to gather their stores of corn and rice and nuts for the Winter.

Mr. Merriam, and everybody else who owns a thermometer, has observed that from the end of August to the end of September, there is a gradual and constant diminution of heat; but that about the middle of October, a change occurs, and for two weeks or more, there is with slight exceptions, an increase of daily heat. This is not peculiar to our continent. In northern Europe and Asia, there is a period known as "the second summer," the "afterheat," setting in just before the beginning of Winter. But in America, this period is marked by one feature almost unknown elsewhere. We refer to the brilliant changes of the foliage of trees. It would seem as if Nature were trying to conceal the decay which is stealing upon her, by the increased gorgeousness of her apparel, and the Spring-like youthfulness of her voice and air. But let us not slander her.

This change in the hues of vegetation is indeed perceptible somewhat in September. It begins, in a small way, before frost; but the most sudden and brilliant colorings are produced by icy Jack. Sometimes, he does his work at odd spells throughout October and the first of November; sometimes he does the most of it in a single night. And what a grand exhibition he makes! At his touch, the oak turns a rich brown, or reddish purple; the birch and larch are yellow; the tulip-tree a rich lemon color; the pepperidge firey scarlet; the maples nearly every tint from green to gold and crimson, and scatlet and pink; the evergreens retain their original green and set off the other hues in fine contrast.

One gets a fine display, if he command the view of a range of wooded hills ascending by gentle slopes, he then sees the tops of the trees, in all colors, and fading off into the distance. And the effect is still further hightened if the sun is declining behind the hills. The oblique rays glancing through the many tinted leaves, give them increased brilliancy is often subdued by a haze of blue vapor and smoke.

Attempts have been made to represent the phases of Indian Summer on canvass, but as yet with only partial success; no coloring, and no verbal description can place it before the eyes of one who has not beheld it. And, what adds to the charm of this season, the temperature of the air becomes milder than it had been for several weeks; on some days, it is balmy and still and voluptuously soft, beyond anything in the sweetest day of June. These are the days for enjoyment, perhaps beyond any days of the round year. As to a scientific explanation of these various phenomena, we do not propose now to attempt it.—*American Agriculturist.*

AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves!—Autumn leaves!—lie strewn around me here!
Autumn leaves!—Autumn leaves!—how sad, how cold, how drear!—
How like the hopes of childhood's day, thick clustering on the bough,
How like those hopes in their decay—how faded are they now!

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," and Autumn in all its rare magnificence is upon us once again. The verdant coloring of the woodlands is changed, and now is exhibited the variegated "purple, green and gold," which lend to the forests of America that peculiar beauty which is seen in no other land. "Sad, mellow and melancholy," as is the season, yet there is that softened deliciousness and mellowed loveliness about it, that leads the soul from "Nature up to Nature's God," and brings the "heart attuned aright," to worship and adore the Great Architect of the Universe. To some the season is only indicative of the fading glories of the year, and of the evanescent and transitory nature of their lives, whilst to others it is a season when the whole heart leaps to meet its beauties, and make such say that they could live forever with its "golden glories." Decay is marked upon its forehead, but still we love the Autumn season—"the saddest of the year."

"Sweet Autumn!—Sabbath of the year"
I love thy golden day!
The bloomy hectic of thy cheek—
How lovely in decay!

No painter can gild or illustrate the very spirit of beauty, with a pencil dipped in the brightest imagery, so well as the unseen hand, which colors the American landscape, year after year, with the witchting beauty of the Autumn-time. "Swee-Sabbath of the year," it is now when one can turn only over the leaves of the great book of the past, and look forward with trusting hope and confidence to the unrevealed future, and take from the season a view of the chequered existence of which we are permitted to partake. In the sober Autumn—"brown and sere"—Nature is more lovely, and quiet reflection is indicated upon her features; and whilst admiring the "*golden pomp*" of the Autumnal season, the delicacy of its beauty leads us instinctively to love and admire the "melancholy days" of the Autumn season. When it shall have passed away, its requiem will be sung by the howling winds of winter, whose keen blasts and rude embraces we must prepare to meet. But the gentle footed Spring—lovely in her sweet virginity—will come anon, to smooth the wrinkled brow of the Winter-time, and warm hearted, beautiful Summer be here again, and Autumn return to take her place in the seasons' annual round, which He has appointed. Let us admire the "purple, green and gold"—the softened beauty of the Autumn season—and from the very nature of it take lessons that will result in making us "wiser and better." The nights now are glorious in the softened moonlight—the days are delicious in their quiet beauty, and it is a luxury to live amid all the magnificent surroundings of this beautiful season. Yet,

"Autumn leaves!—Autumn leaves!—lie strewn around us here!
Autumn leaves!—Autumn leaves!—how sad, how cold, how drear!"

☞ A reaping machine, worked by electricity, reaps and shocks the wheat at the same time.

The Two Brothers.

The Count de Ligniville and the Count de Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much that when they put on the same dress—which they did now and then for amusement—their servants could not distinguish the one from the other.—Their voice and deportment were the same and these marks of resemblance were so perfect that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers suspecting the change.—Count de Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him; and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day the Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and having suffered him to shave one-half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and put his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed; but to his astonishment he found that a new beard had sprung up! Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sank down in a swoon on the floor. While they were endeavoring to call him to life, Count de Ligniville, who was half-shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he had seen the two brothers together. The sympathy that existed between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain, and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them; so on this account they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams. The day that Count de Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was nearly sinking under it.

Harper's Ferry.

Were you ever at Harper's Ferry? says a soldier's letter. The scenery here is magnificent, sublime. No portion of our vast country seems to have been designed upon a scale at once so beautiful and impressive. It is peculiarly calculated to inspire in the mind of the classical student and lover of nature exalted views of the limitless greatness and incomprehensible wisdom of creative power. I believe the historian has failed to convey any correct or adequate idea of the many and diversified beauties of the place. One must *see*, to appreciate, from the Maryland Heights on the one, and those of Bolivar and Loudon on the Virginia side. The eye is permitted to range, without obstacle, over an area of country for forty miles in extent in all directions. Our signal department occupy the summit of the heights on either side, affording so many and such variety of *natural* positions for artillery. If properly and skillfully defended, it would appear quite impregnable against any and every means for military to successfully carry it by siege or storm. The unwieldly, massive, shapeless craggs and boulders, and jutting precipices, toppling and o'erhanging the canal and track at the gorge or pass, the wide, yawning chasm and rocky glens, and weird granite castles, the dismal cave, with its dark, unmeasured windings, into which the glad sunlight of God never streamed, with its curious, and wondrous arches, and niches, and winding corridors, and springs of gushing, rippling, sparkling nectar, the seething, boiling, restless waters of the Potomac, as they go leaping and dashing over their rocky bed with the might and force of a thousand falls, each and all present to the observing and studious mind objects of engaging and lasting moment.

HOMESICKNESS.—To the question: "Can I do anything for you my man?" asked patients by hospital visitors, the answer, very often, is: "Can't you get me leave of absence, I want to go home." This comes from as brave and true hearts as ever beat steadily in battle—from men who have undergone hardships and hunger and fatigue without a murmur—but who find themselves prostrated by wounds or by sickness—and whose thoughts now turn toward loved ones at home. What sick man, on a hard bed, in a room filled with other sufferers, exposed to the gaze of the curious, often experimented on by on by young "sawbones," and with a few coveted delicacies, would not yearn for home comforts, for the pillow smoothed by a beloved female hand, and for the cheering society of watchful friends. Governor Andrew's proposition, that wounded men be sent to their own States is hailed with exceeding joy by the inmates of the hospitals, and they "want to go home." In Heaven's name let them be taken there, and that as soon as possible.—*Letter from Washington.*

WASHINGTON AT WATERLOO.—"My dearly beloved hearers," said a very popular preacher down South, when haranguing his hearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude during the present war, "you must do what General Washington done at the battle of Waterloo. In the heat of the skirmish his horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his horse to the enemy? Not he. He sung out at the top of his voice, "A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" A horse was instantly brought him by Frank Marion, and he drove the British from the field and secured the liberty of South Carolina."

A COLORED FALSTAFF.

A Western correspondent on one of the Mississippi gun-boats gives the following account of a spicy conversation with a philosophical colored man:—

"I noticed upon the hurricane deck today an elderly darkie with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me:—

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run soons, hab I knowd it war comin."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my prefeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Selfpreserbashun am de fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men sets different values upon dar lives—mine is in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you!"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."

"Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'ginst any Goberument dat ever existed, for no Goberument could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your Company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sojers, let alone a dead nigga—but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

Influence of Sensible Women.

It is a wondorous advantage to a man in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have sensitive regard for your character, honor and reputation. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships, I mean pure friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him—if he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will have many an unheeded gap even in the strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigue's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gourney, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to a man "*præsidium et dulce decus*"—bulwark, sweetler ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.—*Bulwer.*

PIETY AND PROFITS.—A gentleman who employs a large number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his people in a due attendance at church on a late fast, day told them that if they went to church, they should receive wages as though they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to tell their employer that if he would pay them for over hours, they would likewise attend Methodist Chapel in the evening!

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

Almost every young lady is public spirited enough to have her father's house used as a court-house.

Prentice says the night cap would be the cap of liberty—if it were not for curtain lectures.