DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration on the Estate of Benj.
Butler, late of the Borough of Carlisle dec'd., having been issued by the Register of Cumberland County to the undersigned residing in said borough. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate, to present them properly authoriteated, and those indebted to make payment to
ROBERT MOORE,
April 24, 1863—6t.
Administrator.

STRAW GOODS. OF all the NEW Styles, For Ladies FLOWERS.

Bonnet Ribbons, and a general assortment of MILLINARY GOODS! at the lowest Cash prices—Wholesale & Retail—
MILLINERS Will Consult their interest by examining MILLINERS WIII Consult their purchases.

WM. KRUSEN,

No 218 Arch Street, Philadelphia, March 20, 1863.

MILLINERY GOODS.

SPRING, 1863. OOD & CARY, No. 725, CHEST-NUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

STRAW & MILLINERY GOODS
Including STRAW HATS & BONNETS,
MISSES & CHILDRENS STRAW GOODS,
FANCY & CRAPE BONNETS,
French Flowers, Ribbons &c.,
In which they respectfully invite the attention of
Merchant & Milliner.
CASH BUYERS will find special advantage in exmining this stock before nurchasing. amining this stock before purchasing. March 20, 1863-3m.



Watches, Jewelry,

SILVER WARE, and ROGER'S SUPE RIOR PLATED WARE. HENRY HARPER, No. 520 ARCH Street. PHILAD'A N. B. All kinds of Silverware made in the Factory, back of the Store. March 20, 1862-3m.

NEW STORE.

GEO. P. MYERS & SON, GREEN GROCERS

We have taken the Store Rooms formerly occupied by Greenfield & Sheafer in East Main street, next door to the Jail, where we intend to keep all kinds of Queensware and Grocenties. Our stock is now and fresh, carefully selected in the Eastern Cities. We invite the public and friends in general to give us a call and examine our stock of goods as we are determined to slill CHEAP FOR CASH. Our stock consists in part of SUGARS, COFFEE, TEAS, SYRUPS, Molasses Queensware, Willow ware, Cedar ware. Broom-husnes, Cards and Spices of every kind, warranted pure

Green and Dried Fruit, creign and Domestic, and a full desortment ci

Watches Jewelry and Diamonds.

LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.

802 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. AVE always on hand, a large stock of Gold and Silver Watches, suitable for Ladies, entlemen or Boys wear. Some of our own importation, extra fine quality.
Our assortment of Jewelry consists of the most fash-pashle and rich designs; as also the plainer and less xponsive.

xpensive.
Silver Spoons, Forks, Pie. Cake and Fruit Knives;
lso a large variety of faucy Silver Ware, sultable for

Iso a large variety of larcy Silver ware, sureage of ridal presents—
We have also on hand, a most splendid assortment f Diamond Jeweiry of all kinds, to which we invite escal attention. Our prices will be found considerably ess than the same articles are usually for.
All kinds of Watches repaired in the very best mancer and warranted to give satisfaction.
WEDDING RINGS on hand and made to order. Call LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.

802 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
P. S. The highest cash price paid for old Gold and iver. All ordeds from the Country will receive espeiver. All ordeds tro ial attention. April 24; 1863—1y\*

SHIRTS! SHIRTS!! TE have the largest and finest shirts

ever offered in this place.

SHIRTS at 12,00 per doz.

do. '15,00 '' "

do. '20,00 '' "

do. ''20,00 '' "

do. ''30,00 '' "

arranted to be of the best and most celebrated makes, lought before the late advance in prices, sold by the ozen or single, if you want a Perfect Fitting Shirt,

ISAAC LIVINGSTON'S North Hanover Street Emporium. (arch 13, 1863,

SPRING TRADE, 1863. NEW GOODS!!!

OW offering an immense variety of cloths.
CASS.MERES.
VESTINGS.
COTTON GOODS &c...

For Men and Boys' Wear, a larger variety, than can be found in any estab-shment in this place, and at as low prices as can be sid any where, to suit taste and pocket. We manu-eture the above goods to order, in the latest styles, r sell per yard. Customers wishing to have the goods ought of us, cut, can be accommodated, free of charge, u early inspection of our goods and prices, respectful-y solicited.

ISAAC LIVINGSTON, North Hanover Street Clothing Emporlum. March 13, 1863.

DENN MUTUAL LIFE INSUR-(Assets \$1.151 789 50,) -ISESUS LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES,

on favorable terms.

The Board of Trustees Lave declared a Scrip Divilend of forty per cent. upon the Cash Premiums received in 1801, on all Policies in force on the 31st of December, and have decided to receive the Scrip Divilends of 1853, 1854, 1855 and 1856 in payment of Premium Notes or Leans on Policies due the Company, sill be ciedited on the same with the Scrip of said cears.

ears.
The undersigned is ready to deliver certificates to parties entitled to receive them, at the Carlisle Agen-y, at his office on Main street, at any time after the y, at his once on many late of this notice.

Pamphlets, tables of rates, applications and every incomation furnished without charge.

A. L. SPONSLER

March 13, 1863. Agent, Carlisle

1863.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! INCE the decline in Foreign ex-change Leidleh Sawyer & Miller have received heir stock of Foreign Spring dress goods, embracing all he latest fabrics and newest styles in the market.

PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS,

Vool and silk Poplins, Pungoes, Tinta Cloth, Shepierd Plaids, Groundines, Bareges, Lawns, Delaines &c.
All kinds of Mourning and funeral goods of Bissons
inportations, Spring Mantles, Shawls, Balmorals,
loop Skirts, Sun Umbrellas, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.,
LIOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS,
lain and fancy; all kinds of pantings at low prices.
We have a large stock of desirable goods, such as
ancy silks, dress goods, Belaines, Bareges, Lawns,
nany other goods loft over from last season, which we
rill sell at last years prices.
We have an immense stock of Domestic goods, also
Tornets Dislochtes Wilnesons

Jarpets, Oilcloths, Window Shades, ooking Glasser, House furnishing goods, &c.
We will make additions to our stock as the season
dvances. Thankful for past petrouage, we hope to nerit a continuance of the same.

LEIDIGH SAWYER & MILLER. April 3, 1863.

Ready Made Clothing, F our own manufacture, the most ex-

tensive stock ever exhibited, warranted as represented, sold Wholesale or Retail at the lowest market price, got up in the most FASHIONABLE STYLE,

o please the most festidious taste, be sure and call be ore furnishing elsewhere at ISAAC LIVINGSTON,

North Hanover Street Clothing Emporium.

March 13, 1863.

ANDKERCHIEFS, Ties, Stocks, Ribbons, Suspenders, Under Shirts, Drawers, a ISAAC LIVINGSTON'S North Hanover Street Emporium.

North Hanover Street Emporium.

## R UNING TH

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1863.

NO. 20.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor. TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

Selected Loetry.

THE CARELESS WORD. A word is ringing through my brain, It was not meant to give me pain; It had no tone to bid it stay, When other things had passed away, It had no meaning more than all Which in an idle moment fall; It was when firs the sound I heard. A lightly uttered, careless word.

That word-oh! It doth haunt me now, In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe: By night, by day, in sun or shade, With the half smile that gently played Reproachfully, and gave the sound Eternal power thro' life to wound. There is no voice I ever heard. So deeply fixed as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone, Like those whose joyous sound is gone, Strikes on my ear I shrink-for then The careless word comes back again. When alone I sit and gaze Upon the chierful home fire blaze, Lol freshly as when first 'twas heard. He turns that lightly uttered word.

When dreams bring back the days of old. With all that wishes could not hold: And from my teverish couch I start To press a shadow to my heart .-And its beating echoes clear That little word I seem to hear; In vain I say, while it is heard, In vain I say, while it is heard, Why weep?-'twas but a foolish word

It comes-and with it comes the tears, The hopes, the joys of former years, Forgotten smile, forgotten looks, Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks And all as joyless though they were T'e brichtest things life's spring could share. Oh! would to God I ne'er had hear ! That lightly uttered, careless word.

It was the first, the only one Of these which lips forever gone Breathed in their love-which had for me Rebuke of harshness at my clee; As if these lips were heard to say, "Beloved let it pass away," Ah! then, perchance-but I have heard The last d'ar tone-the careless word!

Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part, Whose words are treasures to some heart, Deal gently, ere the dirk days come, When e'rth hath but for one a home; Lest musing o'er the past, like me, They feel their hearts wrung bitterly, Aud, heeding not what else they heard, Dwell weeping on a careless word.

## Miscellaneous

ROASTING A MAN ALIVE! A True Story of Irish Burglars.

BY J. GOLDRICK.

I was visiting at my grandfather little boy, a long time ago. It was I think three or four years after the memorable battle of Waterloo. The armies then stationed in the towns and villages of the interior of Ireland, were not yet disbanded. A great number of the yeomanry were still under arms. The country was much disturbed; farmers burdened with enormous taxation; law partially administered; Orangeism rampant; while robbery, outrage and vagabondism of the darkest die, were matters of almost every day occurrence. My grandfather was reputed rich; one of

those Irish farmers denominated Middlemen, in good circumstances. His house was comfortable, a goodly-looking mansion of the cottage order of that day, substantially built on the roadside, one mile from Dromhair, in the hospitable county of Leitrim. The old gentleman was, at the time I write, about eighty years of age, yet sturdy and active, for a person so far advanced in life. His consort, who was not my grandmother, but his wife by second marriage, was nearly twenty years younger than he. She was in personal appearance anything but a pleasing woman to look on, and was besides, cursed with a sour temper, always unhappy, sulky, and dissatisfied. So very disagreeable was she to the children of his first wife, that seldom any of them could be induced to visit the old family mansion, or endure to call her even by the cold, icy appellation of stepmother. Yet, strange to say, I believe she liked me, in some queer kind of way peculiar to herself, though I must confess to my shame that her cold partiality was never duly reciprocated.

Besides the old couple, the other inmates of the cottage consisted of a middle aged man of many years servitude, and a young girl, brought up in the family almost from

infancy.

It was in the latter end of September, a dark, cold, windy night, about 11 o'clock; the old man and his wife had retired to their chamber, a sleeping room off the parlor; the hired man crept to his bunk on the garret, and in a short time was sound asleep. The girl and I were still up at the kitchen fire, telling stories of fairies, goblins, King's sons and daughters of good old Ireland in happy days gone by. She was a fine, fat, tair, bouncing young blonde of about twenty-two summers, full of good humor, Irish wit, and vivacity; honest and faithful to her old guardian; devoted to her religion; and, I really believe, as virtuous as a vestal of the Golden Age. I was at the time eight or nine years of age, -a little slim, spindle shanked, white-

headed, gabby kind of codger, immoderately fond of listening to tales of the marvellous, and as Winny possessed an inexhaustible fascinating way of telling her stories, it was only natural to suppose that I loved the girl, and at the time preferred her society to that of any other living being on the face of the

earth. The girl's bed stood in a small closet off the kitchen fire, a kind of convenient sleeping place, called a pouch, in tarm houses of that day; and as I never had, up to this time, slept alone, and could not endure the idea of lying either with the old couple, or the hired man, it was not thought indecorous in virtuous old Ireland that a gaffer of my age should sleep with the servant maid, pro-

objection. Winny hadn't the least, neither had I, and accordingly at about half-past 11 o clock, we found ourselves in the warm pouch bed, with the fire raked and the lights extinguished.

It might have been half an hour after we retired, when a gentle rap was heard at the

"Who's there?" asked the girl, with a kind of tremulous voice, giving me at the same time a slight nudge with her elbow to arrest my attention.

"A friend, Winny; open the door," was the reply from rather a genteel voice out-

I can't till I know who you are, and what's your business," spoke the girl, sitting up in the bed and commencing to dress herself. "Make no fuss, Winny," said the voice 'don't wake the od man, a colleen, I only want to hand in this story-book to the little boy. It was sent to him by me, and in troth it'll make him laugh till the buttons fly off his jacket. Here, take it out of my hand, and don't keep me standing in the cold all night,'

The girl still hesitated, but the temptation of a story-book, and one so funny, was more than a little boy fond of the marvellous could resist. I kicked off the blanket, leaped out of bed, and in two springs was at the front door, drew back the bolt, removed the cross-

bars, and swung the heavy door full open. But horror of horrors! instead of the smooth tongued bearer of a funny storybook, in marched six or eight huge fellows, with guns in their hands and faces black

The foremost of the villains stroked me on the head, called me a good boy, bid me not fear, and taking me up in his left hand as if I had been a young kitten, laid me back in the bed and commanded me to cover up my head, and keep my mouth shut, on pain of being instantly shot, if I gave the least alarm. Poor Winnyl she was bound hand and foot, blindfolded, and put to keep me company. The man on the garret was similarly dealt with, after receiving a crack from the buttend of a musket that nearly frac-

tured the poor fellow's skull. One scoundrel stood sentinel at the door with fixed bayonet. Another in the centre of the floor, with cocked musket, threatened shoot the first who attempted to utter a syllable. Two others went into the old gentleman's room, while two more commenced to ransack the house for body. Everything valuable that could be borne away was collected. Yarn, linen, bacon, butter, bed covering and wearing apparel were stuffed into sacks brought for the purpose, and piled on a cart in waiting at the door. The old gentleman was then rudely lifted out of bed, blindfolded, and placed in an arm chair in in the same manner. He was then commanded to give up his money, on pain of be some sort of animal adopted to live on these being roasted alive!

· I have no money in the house, gentlemen,

That's a lie for you old Dives,' spoke the leader. 'Where's the 100 guineas your wife here, and the mother of the little boy in the bed, took out of the feather pallet day before yesterday, and hid by your order in some safer place,' continued the robber, giving the old man a rude shake that nearly jostled him out of his seat.

' No such thing, sir,' said my grandfather, I can safely swear on the Bible, there is not a copper under this roof at the present, except the ten pounds already in your hands, 'It's some place else out of doors then,

answered the villian, give us the whereabouts, or take the value in good sound roast.

You would not be so barbarous as to roast poor old man of eighty; replied my grandfather, appealing to the humanity of a scoundrel, who had no more of a feeling than a tiger of the jungle.'

Wouldn't I indeed,' answer the leader, with another shake and rude laugh, which evinced his determination to carry the wicked threat into execution, 'keep us five minutes longer in waiting, and may I be \_\_\_\_\_if I don't roast your old hide on that fire like a salt herring.' 'I have no gold or silver either within or without my house,' finally replied the old man,

whatever treatment you give me.' Down with his drawers, off with his flesh bag,' roared the miscreant, and suiting the itans. action to the command, the poor old gentle man was stripped naked to his waist, lifted between four of the scoundrels and laid on the burning embers of the hot turf fire raked out for the purpose.

His shricks were terrific; the old woman dropped off into a fit; the girl screamed at the top of her voice; the robbers all gathered around the fire; the sentry left his post at the door and dashed up the ladder, to settle accounts with the man on the garret, whose lusty yells were bidding fair to gather the

whole perish around the house. In the confusion 'worse confounded' that ensued I found a chance to slip out, in bare buff order as I was. Outside the door I stumbled on the sentinel's gun, which, in the hurry goes everywhere; engages in everything; is of his flight up to the garret, he had forgotten. I ran cross lots, with the fire-lock in my hand, and when about twenty rods from the house I cocked and discharged it. The recoil of the likely to be until the end of the world. Agitapiece knocked me down, but after a minute I tor in politics, disputant in theology, faultwas able to rise, and heard the whole brigade finders in morals, prying up peaceful citizens' of cut-throats flying in wild confusion over houses to see if the under-pinning is safe the hill in the direction of Dromahair. The report of the gun alarmed them, and suppos ing, I presume, that an armed force was in screwing, or twisting, or rolling, or churning, pursuit, they precipitately fled, leaving the or kuitting, or sewing, or plowing to show.

When I entered the house I found many of the neighbors before me. The old man was untied and cared for.

Next morning all the gentlemen of the county, with the authorities and doctors, were asfund of that kind of lore, and had a most sembled. The guns were examined and found tions be collected, and a wall be built of the to be the arms of the yeomanry of the district; the horse belonged to the officer of the company; the robbers were the soldiers of the which the indefatigable Yankee has invented, village, some of them my grandfather's near neighbors. The ten pounds were restored, but for the credit of the service the infamous

affair was quashed. The old man never recovered from the shock" of that night; about ten months after he died, children, of whom he had seven then living -Winny was bequenthed forty pounds, married an industrious husband, and emigrated to America.

This was the last robbery that came to my horrid Yankees?

viding the fair damsel herself should have no knowledge in that peaceful locality, and the last man I heard of roasted alive in the beloved land that gave me birth.

THE MILESTONE.

Along the road, two Irish lads One summer's day were walking, And all the while, with laugh and grin, In lively strain were talking.

About the fair-about the girls, And who were best at dancing; While at each pretty face they met, Their oyes were brightly glancing.

And so they strode for many a mile, And grow in time quite frisky, And now and then from lip to lip They passed the darling whisky.

At length, a milestone standing close Beside the hedge, they saw, And straight up to it they went, To con its letters o'er. They read, and quickly doffed their hats,

With sorrow on each face,

Then lightly stepped above the sed,

And turned to leave the place. "Spake low, we're near the dead," cried one, "His grave we'll not be trublin'; An old man, sure Ico, and His name is Miles from Dublin "

THE YANKEE. BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There lies between the St Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, a little grove of land, a few hundred miles wide and long, which seems to have been made up of the fragments and leavings, after the rest of the continent was made. Its ribs stick out beyond all covering; it has sand enough to scour all creation, there are no large rivers, but there are many nim ble little ones, that seem to have been busy since the flood, in taking exercise over rifes and rocks. Its indigenous productions are ice, Indians, and trees. Its wild fruit are whortleberries and chestnuts. About the time that this part of the continent was first explored, a plague had swept off a large por tion of its Indians. Trading and commercial adventurers had endeavored to effect a settlement in yain. The place seemed too hard for Indians and roving traders. This tongue of land was set apart, apparently, for a wilder ness, and it had peculiar aptitudes for keeping men away from it. Its summers were short, its winters long, its rocks innumerable, its soil thin. Bounded to the north by hyperborean cold, to the east by endless forests, to the sou h by the ocean; only to the west was there an opening through which the people could make their way out, should there ever be a population. To settle this cold sterile, and sombre corner of the creation a race of men was raised up called the Puritans. Nat front of the kitchen fire. His wife was served uralized as that every plant has its insect, and every animal its parasite: so there must shores, and that animal was the Puritan .-The Puritan was not described by Cuvier, or ings. They have been described in popular literature and in newspapers; and if we may not believe them, what shall we believe?

Taking our idea from political speeches and newspapers, the Puritan was a hard, tough, gaunt creature, utterly devoid of taste and of the finer affections, but excessively endowed with a holy combativeness. He was always to be seen with his eyes earth-bound, and sanctimonious face; whenever they were lift ed it was to find fault, or money, as the case might be He is supposed to regard all men as wrong but himself, his vocation is to put all things right Therefore he is the moral tinker of the universe, and is for mending rips in morals, and putting patches upon conduct generally, making up the deficiencies he detects in providence and creation. Like the sen bird, he is ever on the wing, and never better pleased than in storm. This character infests the whole Western continent, and citements than all the rest of the population put together. No other personage could have lived in New England, and nothing else could live there if he did. He was tougher than the stone, drier than the sand, more obstinate than the seasons, and, indeed, some naturalists tell us that since the Puritans dwell in New England its climate has grown much milder; even New England winters could not stand the eternal fault finding of the Pur-

As long as this controversy between nature and the Puritan was confined to New-England, men were putient. But within a hundred yea s we have seen great mischiefs introduced upon the rest of the continent. There is the Hessian fly that has robbed millions on mil lions of dollars from the wheat crop; there are weevils, and blights, and the curculio on trees; and then we have the Canada thistle, the very Yankee of botany-sharp, hungry, and prolific, with a million of seeds and every seed sure to sprout,-growing ten times a fast when you cut it up by the roots as when you let it alone. Among all these none have been so much deplored as the spread of the Yankee. He is the plague of the continent; always and everywhere the same disputing. meddling, reforming character he was in England, and is in New-England, and seems the vender of gimeracks to every housekeeper, he has always; some new way of grinding, or horse and cart at the door, with all their His ploughs and washing-machines would build the Chinese wall. The Puritan Yankee has at last exhausted the patience of the saints of the plantations, and they have determined to "hunt him home to his den." and to shut him up there all by himself. We would suggest, therefore, that all the Yankee invencarts, plaughs, respers, churns, sewing machines, clocks, stoves, and all the contrivances and that all the Yankee books, spelling-books, reading-books, histories, geographies, theological books, be piled upon the top of these, and that it be rendered lawful to shoot any Yankee who attempts to scale the wall; and then it may be hoped that, left to feed upon theee, leaving one hundred guineas to each of his they may become refined beyond the body, and paradventure the, whole stock may rise some windy day in blessed translation and leave the world in peace, to shudder at nothing any more, except the remembrance of the

Lines for Music.

The deedal fanes of rosy light Are clinging round the amber dawn And crimson isles of verdure bright Lie bathed in odor freshly drawn. The vesper fire of vernal touch

Ascends with starlike foot of snow, While hearts of gold that love too much And cradled fair in sleep below.

Undying crimson swells and curls O'er limpid wild and lustrous bay, And showers on showers of crystal pearls On music's pinious glide and stray. From fairy harps the faintest string Is reft to deck the golden hair. And Beauty's own eternal spring

With sweeter pang is quivering there.

Sensations of the Dying. The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubt-edly to some extent erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death, in the very last stages of existence, are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering-not more than they frequently are to the attentions and so-

licitude of friends. It is certainly a consola tion to reflect that, whatever may have been the measure of suffering undergone by one of our cherished associates, during the term of his illness, the final moment is not attended

with an aggravation of distress. Those who die by violence or accident undaubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, "shuffle off this mortal coil" more easily than those who are suspended by the neck It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head, and soon deprives it of consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attached, and which causes such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood as that of the brain. Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it. It is something singular in this case that those who are shot, alnot have penetrated any essentially vital or- inquires how they can cut stone without gan, immediately fall to the earth, apparently striking? under an irresistible feeling of their approach. ing return to dust, exclaiming, as it were voluntarily, "I am a dead man."

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few life, must occasion unutterable feelings of ug- pepermint tea, and they drop off. ony, independent of the mere sensation of pain in the parts sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood spots of the blade. The rushing of the heart must spots ?"." Yes, sir," replied the indvidual spots of the blade. said my grandfather, except ten pounds, by any naturalist. None of modern etanogram of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured, there is probably an in conceivable agony for a few seconds, a flushing thought of home, friends and family, and all is over. Those who are cut in two by a heavily burthened railroad car must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person loes not necessarily die on the instant His situation is the most distressing, perhaps, of any which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for years, but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings and emotions; but beyond the motion of his breast and countenance, his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless, and he essentially causes more disputes, controversies, and exit in the full possession of his faculties. The least beholds his body in the grave while he his yet disturbance of his position is liable to launch

him at once into cieruity. Death by cutting the throat is the least seemly mode of making away with life that ever entered the head of a madman: and it the least certain and most painful mode of committing suicide. Such persons have the disadvantage of dying for want of breath, and pert thief, who extracted therefrom a purse of bleeding to death. They labor, too, under the difficulty of not knowing the precise seat of the arteries. They generally cut too high by several inches, and if their knife happens to be dull, they can scarcely accomplish either of their objects in reaching the windpipe or the important blood vessels. Unsightly wounds are created, and the unfortunate victim of tem. porary insanity has the mortification of hearing his own folly made the theme of animadver sion and jest.

In taking laudanum a person exists in a state of insensibility. for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In pois oning from arsenie, a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed; and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of this viscus. Prussic acid is rapid and acts by paralyzing the brain. Death by lightning is instantaneous. In a

visitation of this subtle fluid we might almost picture to ourselves the very parent of life (for such may electricity be deemed) assuming the arrows of death for the purpose of fell destruc-In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence.

the mind becomes satisted with disgust. We

cannot do better than to turn to the contempla-

tion of its features in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions bodily suffering. A young lady of eighteen was engaged

to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. " Oh,dear mamma," replied she, pettishly, "I was thinking about my husband being

twice my age.' That's very true, but he is only thirty-six He is only thirty-six now, but when I am

Well? Oh, dear why then he'll be a hundred and wenty.

"BEFIn the interchange of laden and iron compliments between soldiers, it is thought more blessed to give than receive.

## Brevilies.

The child who cried for an hour, did not

A'person in speaking of wigs, says they are 'lies with the hair on.'

Embrace many opportunities as you please, out only one woman He that loses his conscience, has nothing

left worth keeping. Which of the feathered tribe lifts the heavest weight?-The crane.

A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what it is.

To make hens lay. Wring their necksthey will lay any where then.

To see if a girl is amiable—step on her dress in a ball room, The fellow who picked up a living has be-

come round-shouldered You can get a crack most any where but for a cracker you must go to a baker's."

The printer who has nothing but "the devil to pay," may think himself lucky. Juries, like guns, are often " charged, and sometimes with very poor ammunition.

income is three thousand dollars a year. The man who minds his own business nas obtained steady employment.

An object of" interest," A girl whose

The "Golden Rule." One made of the eal California ore.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general convulshun." The man whose "soul was in arms, isn't reported to have been very heavily bur-

Summer costumes are simple in Egypt. They consist of a straw hat, a small shirt-

collar, and a tooth-pick. The editor of the Albany Transcript says that the New York Day Book is set up entirely by girls, and adds that he should like' to set up with them."

An Irishman complained of his physician that at he so stuffed him with drugs that was sick after he was well. A common case. It is said that the man who first intro-

'make light of the affair." Our "pil-grim" fathers derived the name from the wry faces they used to make at a physic.

duced gas to the public, was disposed to

The man who changed his mind, probably got something more valuable by the operation. "Sam, I have lost my watch overboard,

it lies here in twenty feet of water. Is there any way to get it ?" "Yes," says Sam, "there are "divers' ways." A man came into a printing office to beg paper. "Because," he said, "we like to

read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one." The daily papers all record the fact that though the "leaden messenger of death" may the stone cutters have struck. Wide Awake,

Old batchelors do not live as long as other men. They have nobody to mend their clothes and darn their stockings. They oments which are consumed in the obting of catch cold, and there is nobody to make them

> who stirs up the wild beasts, "when he gets ired of one spot he can easily go to another. The human heart like a feather bed, must

> be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns to prevent it be-The fellow who tried to get up a concert with the band of his hat is the same genius who, a few weeks since, played upon the

> affections of a lady. A" camp follower," at a late regimental parade, excused the irregularity of his gait, by saying, that he was rying to march after

> The Providence Transcript says there is a lady in that city so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper because it is made

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you think I belong?" " Well, I don't exactly know,' replied the other, "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class called 'insects."

A newspaper reporter in New Orleans recently had his pocket picked by some exwith two cents in it, a steel pen, half a pencil, a tailor's bill, a rent bill an omnibus ticket, and a dickey. He requests the robber to sell the valuables, pay the bills, and keep the balance himself.

A young gentleman feeling restless in church, leaned forward and addressed an old gentleman thus: "Pray, sir, can you tell me a rule without an exception?" "Yes sir," he replied, "a gentleman always behaves well in church.

DISINTERESTED MATCHES: Among the an-

cient inhabitants of France, females could not inherit property. Marriages, therefore, were not contracted from the sordid ties of interest, but from pure inclination. Women were then loved for themselves alone. " Nous avons change tout cela." The quation is not now, "Is she fair? Is she honest?" but 'how much is her dowry?" Apropos to this matter is the following illustrative aneodote from the Picayune—"A fellow who was aranging marriage matters with the father of his dulcines, had a great deal to say about dollars' and 'lots,' and 'doeds.' 'Why. hang it,' said the enraged parent of the lady, one would suppose you came here to speculate in land, instead of, as I supposed, to marry my daughter.' 'Well,' replied the other, with much sang froid, 'I look upon wedding the fair Eliza as a fair business transaction. The fair Eliza must have felt herself highly. honored upon that important occasion and vastly indignant, but, we think her fortunate in discovering what particular charm had entranced her suitor ere it was too late to repent of having bestowed herself upon a worthless fortune hunter. Marriages de convenance and marriages for wealth are, unfortunately too much the fashion now on both Continents. Boys from infancy are taught that nothing short of an heiress should receive their attentions; and young ladies from their cradies are kept on the lookout for a fine establishment and an opulent husband-in the world's vocabulary this is embodied in the term, "making a good match." We think some of these outre ideas of society would bear extermination, and its code of morals yet remain uninjured.