THE GUERRILLAS.

The following appeal for the cowardly, murderou guerrilla, and his hellish occupation, is from the pen of a recreant Marylander, now a prisonor in Fort Dola ware. He was detected furnishing aid to the rabels Awake and to horse my brothers,

For the dawn is glimmering gay, And hark in the crackling brushwood, There are feet that tread this way.

"Who cometh?" "a friend," "What tidings?" Oh God I sicken to tell, For the earth seems earth no longer, And it's sights are the sights of hell.

From far off conquered cities, Comes a voice of stifled wail, -And the shricks and groans of the hous Ring out like a dirge on the gale.

I've seen from the smoking villiage, Our mothers and daughters fly, I've seen where the little children Lay down in the furrows to die.

On the banks of the battle stained river I stood as the moonlight shone, And it glared on the face of my brother As the waves swept him on

Where my home was glad, are ashes, And horrors and shame had been there, For I found on the fallen lintel, A tress of my wife's torn hair.

They are turning the slaves upon us, And with more than flends' worst art, ilave uncovered the fire of the savage, That slept in his untaught he art.

They have rent with curses away; And maddened him with their madness. To be almost as brutal as they. With halter, and torch, and Bible,

The ties to the heart that bound him

And hymns to the sound of the drum. They preach the Gospel of murder, And pray for Lust's kingdom to come. To saddle, To saddle, my brothers,

Look up to the rising sun, And ask the God who shines there, Whether deeds like these shall be done Wherever the vandal cometh,

Press home to the heart with your steel

And when at his bosom you cannot Like the screent go strike at his heel. Through thicket and wood, go hunt bim,

Creep on to his camp-fire side, And let ten of his corpses blacken, Where one of our brothers hath died. In his fainting foot sore marches,

In his flight from the stricken fray,

In the snare of the lonely ambush, The debts we owe him pay In God's hand alone is vengernce, But he strikes with the hands of men.

And His blight would wither our manhood If we smite not the smiter again. By the graves where our fathers slumber, By the shrines where our mothers prayed, By our homes, and hopes, and freedom,

That he will not sheath or stay it, Till from point to hilt it will glow, With the flush of Almighty vengeance,

In the blood of the felon foe.

They swore and the answering sunlight Leaped red from their lifted swords, And the hate of their hearts made echo There's weeping in all New England. And by Schuylkill's bank a knell, And the widows there and the Orphans How the oath was kept can tell

Miscellaneous.

FAUSTINE.

CONDENSED FROM THE FRENCH OF MOME REYBAUD.

In the south of France there is a little town, badly situated, ill built and exposed to that uncomfortable north-west wind which the Provencals call the minstral. Industry has never flourished there. It has no theatre, museum, library, historical curiosity, or ruin. The have a singularly retired and tranquil look, and one might think that the inhabitants had abandoned their hearths. except that here and there an open window reveals smoky ceilings, ugly flowered paper and draperies of white cotton, from which hang cotton tassels. At the extremity of the street, some dwellings diverging from the straight line from an irregular place. It is shaded by stunted horse-chestnuts and decorated by a fountain, always dry in the summer, but which is supposed to be supplied from the urn of a niad crowned with roses. This figure had suffered much injury from time but still more from the pupils of the primary school. These turbulent youth fired at its nose chestnuts, pebbles and other proiectiles, with unparalleled ardor. At the corner of the place there is a cafe with the significant sign of two billiard sticks surmounted by three balls. Adjoining the cafe is a kind of a hotel, of which the pie-crust on a plate of blue porcelain, but ramparts rising out of the sea. Beneath one reads, "The City of Algiers, Gatevin, Innkeeper." Opposite these two establishments is the finest house in the town. Its double door is adorned with a brass green Venentian blinds, and an iron balcony runs along the first floor. The facade of this edifice which is called the a sun-dial, by which all the watches in

town are regulated. young man of fine face and figure, and jealous of a fine young man named Gismoking outside the cafe. It was M. Gaston de Giropey, son of the Baron de | panying a very pretty young girl who was Giropey, who, having been educated in on the arm of an old gentleman with dec-Paris, had been at home but once for five years. He was joined by a traveler who vulgar in looks dress and bearing, as the age to return and seek a decesion of his other was finished and elegant. He was a grocer in excellent business in Paris, and was journeying in the provinces to collect articles for his shop. He called himself M Alexander ignoring his second weigh his proposal. himself M. Alexander, ignoring his coarse | weigh his proposal. surname, Pompon. He appeared to be Mdlle. Victoire had listened angrily simply trying to kill time, but he was in and impatiently, and now haughtily rereality seeking information respecting pulsed the eager suitor, but Faustine Faustine, the Colonel's daughter, who, an said, "Monsieur, you perhaps expect in orphan, lived with her aunt, Mdle Vic- marrying to find a considerable dowry." toire, in the paternal mansion. He dis- "Not at all," he replied earnestly. "for covered that her mother was noble, but I know that you labor. The merchant at gether, but that he was so changed in that her father had only his commission. Marseilles told me that you earned forty As he tilked, he watched the house with france a month by your needle, and that singular pertinacity, and was rewarded it was all your income.' by seeing a little white hand set a pot of mignionettee outside a window of the mignionettee outside a window of the mignionettee outside a window of the said," returned Faustine, "and we will the treated Faustine with cold respect outside a window of the said," returned Faustine, "and we will the treated Faustine with cold respect outside a window of the whole.—Scientific drawing-room, and lift the muslin cur- see you again."

The Unities Devall

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

tain which intercepted the light. Thena charming profile became visible. It was that of a young girl who wrought band. She were a simple brown dress with a little kerchief of fine calico, her hair, made into a heavy knot, allowed one to see the pure oval of her face, and given to the poor. her cheek of a rosy whiteness. Presently the stranger returned to his chamber in the hotel and fixed his eyes upon Faustine, from who he scarcely withdrew them until long past midday. After this, taking advantage of an announcement upon a placard, "First floor to let," he called upon the ladies upon the pretense of inquiring terms. His visit was satisfac-

ered to a merchant at Marseilles. The ladies of the great house were very poor, but Mdlle. Victoire had a horror of being thought so. They dressed in old garments, kept no servant, scarcely allowed themselves any fire, raised silkworms, and spun silk, and embroidered for the market; yet she encouraged the belief that she was prompted by avarice, and that there were fine linen, plate and jewels under lock and key, besides a to-day?" asked M. Alexander. magnificent dowry for Faustine invested

tory, inasmuch as he was introduced to

her a package of embroidery to be deliv-

in the funds. Mdme de Giropey was deceived like every body else, and therefore selected Faustine for a bride for her son. With womanly tact she furnished him with an excuse for recommencing an acquain tance which had long been confined to occasions of ceremony, and when she found that his affections were firmly fixed upon the maiden, she went herself to de- | boxes, I should not go to hear the uproar mand her hand of her aunt. To her But what am I saying? I should go all feeble voice. amazement that lady refused her perempt- | the same, my puss, because you love muorily and without assigning a reason, sie?" but her niece, who loved as fondly as she w What signifies it? I renounce the who not grieve, my poor wife it is wors to west on earth.

this course. Pecuniary considerations would have drank hard and played deeply, and only paused in his ruinons career when paraly sis had reduced him to a daily journey from the bed to the sofa and from the sofa back to the bed. If she had been rich she would have been satisfied with the it, she sent him to Marseilles, ostensibly amuse you, every day shall be a festival upon immediate business, but with a let- | day for you. We will have a carriage of | ter of introduction to a wealthy gentle- our own. We will go into the country, She hoped thus to divert his mind and to lead a happy life together—you believe soften his regret when he should come to it, do you not?"

know the whole truth. Soon afterward M. Alexander reappeared. He had, as he said, been detained by fever. Certainly he had suffered, but it was as much from his mind houses upon both sides of the main street as his body. He had fallen passionately in love with Faustine, and he feared, not glance gave her, but the kind of tranquilwithout reason, that she would reject his suit. Upon reaching his old apartment at the hotel, he ran to the window, and same time with the most opposite emolooked at the Colonel's house which appeared as silent and desolate as before. except at one casement, where a pot of mignionette still flourished, and where Mddle. sat working in her accustomed

> "It is she, herself," he murmured, his heart palpitating, his lips trembling .-"Ah! what happiness! It is almost pain! It seems to me that I shall die! Oh, love is both sweet and terrible."

He fell back in his chair a moment. for the sake of warmth, and the hideous socks which covered his leather shoes, he put on a hat, buttoned his frockcoat over is colored shirt, and presented himself was in a frank, straightforward manner. He spoke of his birth-it was low but flourishing that he hoped in a few years | knocker, the windows are furnished with to the age of thirty-four without any thought of marriage, having never before scen a woman whose society appeared to him particularly attractive. Now, exist-Colonel's house, is also embellished with ence would be a burden if unshared by Mdlle. He would not, however, have had courage to address her, but for a sin One day in the month of January, a gle circumstance. He had been very apparently well born and well bred, sat ropey, who he feared would marry Mdlle, but he had met him in Marseilles, accomhad lodged at the hotel, and who was as way, that his happiness gave him cour-

Giropey and Mdlle. Victoire; and the finished the day at the theatre. newly wedded departed immediately,

framed in a hat of pink crape, and a fat man in a bleak coat and yellow gloves.

"Look upon this side, Mdme. Alexander," said the fat man. "See that little woman. She has a very handsome shawl Mille, de Gondoville, and received from shawl like that, Mdme. Alexan ler."

"Thanks, thanks," returned the young woman, but it is too han Isome, too exnensive-"

"Can anything be too beautiful for you, Mdme. Alexander?" replied the fat man, regarding her with intense admiration -"As to the price, I must judge," and he struck his hand upon his fob, where the crowns rattled with a metallic sound. "The clear air has given me an appe-

tite. My wife, where do you wish to dine "I do not know-where you please."

"No, choose yourself."

"Ah, well, at the English cafe."
"We will go to the English cafe, and not?

"Very willingly, my friend." "That will be perfect. I do not care not for the dancing and the view of the

make this little sacrifice very willingly great poverty had alone compelled her to ander, with transport. "I know you are weighed lightly with Mdme, de Giropey on incomparable woman. I thought this believe you will yet be happy. You may ter some member of it who had been but that she, also, was obliged to live morning when I was dressing, have now scantly and anxiously. Her husband been married two years and my wife has he who wounded me. I am aying .-- be supposed to be a little thing to men in was entirely a man of the world. He had | contradicted me in nothing. Truly, I should be monster not to render her happy. "There are niany better woman than

am," murmured Mdme. "I do not believe it," said M. Alexander, with energy. "You have but a single fault, that of being naturally a little With much regret she withdrew her pro- Sunday, but when we shall have retired I never loved any one but you. posal, and without informing Gaston of from trade, when I shall have time to man, the lather of a marriageable maiden. we will take a journey to Italy, we will

"Yes, my friend," replied Faustine. with a sigh of gratitude and resignation Then she looked from the window and her eyes encountered those of Gaston de Giropey. She concealed with an effort the mingled joy and sorrow which this ity in which she had hitherto lived was gone. Her husband inspired her at the tions; a lively gratitude and an unconquerable aversion, a high respect for the honesty of his character and a deep dis dain for his narrow mind and vulgar manners. The marks of tenderness and confidence which he heaped upon her filled her with remorse. Still her self-control and her extreme sweetness of disposition prevented any suspicion of her sufferings, until one day when a letter, bearing the customery marks of mourning, was laid on the counter. M. Alexander broke the then throwing aside the black silk cap | seal and exclaimed, "Hold! hold! wife, which he had worn over his traveling cap that poor M. Giropey is dead. What a misfortune! He was such an amiable young man!"

At these words Faustine cost upon her husband a look of despair, and then fled at the great house in order to offer his to her chamber. Then she threw herself public is informed by a picture, which at hand to Mdlle. Faustine. He was so upon her knees, extended her hands for a first sight appears to be intended for a overwhelmed with emotion that it was moment toward heaven with suppressed with the utmost difficulty he could in wailings, then she sank down shedding a which really represents a city with a troduce the subject but when did so, it torrent of tears. Her husband had followed her, and when this paroxysm of grief was partially over, she saw him standing without stain; of his business-it was so beside her. He regarded her wi h quiet fury, and said, "I am not jealous of a to retire upon a fortune. He had lived dead man, so you can tell me the truth and clear your conscience. Did you love this young man?"

She held down her head and remained silent.

"Ah, do you not dare to tell me that you have been his mistress!" cried Mr. Alexander.

"I loved him, but he has never been my lover," haughtily replied Faustine. She took the letter with a trembling hand, but searcely had her eyes falled upon the first lines than a faint color returned to her cheeks, and she breathed more deeply and easily.

M. Alexander observed her with amazement. He then again looked at the unfortunate missive, and muttered through his shut teeth. "Ah! I was deceived. It is another Giropey who is

There was a long silence; then the husband turned toward his wife a countenance as impassible as marble, and said with cold authority " descend to the counter."

After that, M. Alexander avoided all allusion to this scene. One might have should publish a death unless informed thought that he had forgotten it all tomanner and disposition. He labored hopes for repose only from excessive fa-

and watched her so closely that she had one of them is different.

Some days afterward the marriage of not a moment of liberty. He relinquishthis apparently ill-sorted couple was cele- ed all out-of-door business and never left brated at the early mass. No one was the shop except on Sunday, when as forsteadily and rapidly upon an embroidered | present at the ceremony except Mdlle de | merly, he took her out for a drive and

> While they were thus enstranged, the leaving for adicus a hundred francs to be revolution of 1848 broke out. M. Alexander was at first distracted by the grand About two years later, an elegant car- commotion, and when the national guard riage passed down one of the avenues of | was reorganized he revolted from the the Champs Elysees. It contained a idea of serving the republic. At first voung woman, whose charming face was roll of the drum he shut up his shop and contented himself with looking out from behind the venitian blinds. All at once, he became sombre, silent and indifferent to every thing. The livid pallor of his face gave him a sinister aspect, and for upon her shoulders' You must have a the first time Faustine trembled in his presence.

The dreadful days of June arrived, M Alexander did not open his shop, but remained in his chamber observing all that passed. Suddenly he cried, "There is one whom I know, and whom I have watched." and he seized his musket. "Where are you going?" asked Faustine in affright

"To fight," he replied, "behind the barricades, for he will be before them." He hastened from the house, and was already at a distance when his wife had reached the lower steps of the staircase.

The moments passed heavily. By and by a tumult was heard, and a crowd affecting incident we know, associated brought the unfortunate grocer on a lit- with a shipwreer. The Grosvenor East from thence to the Comic-Opera; will we ter, bathed in blood and giving no signs Indiaman, homeward bound, goes asho e of life. He was removed to his bed, and on the cost of Caffraria. It is resolved a physician examined his wound while that the officers, passengers and crew, in Faustine, standing by his pillow, would number one hundred and thirty-five souls, very much about the opera. If it were willingly have given her life to recall that shall endeavor to penetrate on foct across of her husband

"I am here, my friend," she answered, bending over him.

was beloved, confessed with tears that her great poverty had alone compelled her to make this little sacrifice very willingly " me I have given you many sad days, passengers—a little child seven years old, prehension of man. As it was said of "I know you do," exclaimed M. Alex- and you have given me two years of hap- who has no relation there; and when piness. I die without regret because I the first party is moving away he cries afmarry him whom you love. It was not kind to him The crying of a child might Embrace me, my wife.'

> arms about him with an indisc ibable that detachment. movement of pity, regret, and tender-

"Ah," murmured he, "it is the first

rare loveliness both of person and char sad, but I do not reproach you with it, actor of her intended daughter in law:

my pussy, I only think how to cheer you but, situated as she was, she thought it — At present, unfortunately, I can only have not destroyed my will. It is with no cessary for Gaston to marry a fortune. Take you to drive and to the theatre on the notary. I give you all that I have.

In the breathed with difficulty, but found by turns through the deep and long grass which, when viewed in coarbination, we share with him such patrid fish as they attempt to define by the term Divine attributes which, when viewed in coarbination, we share with him such patrid fish as they attempt to define by the term Divine attributes. Sind to eat; they lie down and wait for Beauty. And yet all that we receive in

length expired. near Chantilly. At each turn she looked toward another dwelling upon the border

of the woods.

Soon Gaston appeared. "You have not gone, mother? said he, surprised.
"No, my dear boy," she replied, taking his arm. "The mourning of the young widow is over; and you will ac-

company me to her house to-day."
"Will she permit me?" cried the young man with an expression of troubled joy. "Ah, mother, I no longer hope. Your silence, the pertinacity with which she has made her retirement absolute, has made me fear a resolution which all my love cannot change. Alas, who griped with want; how he folds his ragged knows if she will not cast me into despair by a refusal?"

Mdme, de Giropey smiling. "She would ings, sings to him as he limps along, unnot see you during her widowhood; but mindful of his own parched and bleeding was I not there every day? Go, Faus. feet. Divided for a few days from the tine already calls me mother"

est consolations of life; it is the nurse of then time comes when both are ill and virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated by them one day. They waited by them opinions; it is the shield against the one day, they waited by them two days. tyranny of all the petty passions; it is On the morning of the third, they move the repeller of the fool's scoff and the very softly about in making their prepa-

RECREATION (says Bishop Hall) is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing -his grass may grow and his steed may starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting-laboring much to little pur-

What is called the keeping up of appearances is oftentimes a moral, or rather immoral, uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen.

An hotel and livery stable keeper at a fashionable watering place advertises, aand sulkies for married folks.

A YOUNG SAGE. - First boy : "I sav. Bill, then you're getting a crown a week now?" Second boy: "Well, you might a knew that, by seeing all the fellers come scapin' around me that wouldn't a noticed me when I was poor."

A certain Irish attorney threatened to the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark that "no printer of the fact by the party deceased."

LOVE ON THE ICE.

Mother is asleep---Father will be late Bre the night is deep. Let us have a skate. Ol such jolly fun-O, but it is nice; Just from nine till one

Dashing from the land With the swallows speed, You can squeese my hand If there's any need: No one here can see-Even if they do, What is it to me? What is it to you!

Flirting on the ice.

There, Sir, in your haste You have caught my gown-Clasp me round the waist, Or I'll sure go down. Well, I do declare. Such a fervid grip; Maybe next you'll dare

Just to touch my lip

My aukle insn't strong-Down and fix the strap; Why so precious long?
Such an awkward chap. Love me! whew! such talk! De I love, you! No. liome you'd better walk. I'll find another beau.

AN AFFECTING PICTURE

The following is the most beautiful and the trackless deserts, infested by wild "My wife." said M. Alexander in a beasts and oruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope.-With the forlorn object before them, they finally separate into two parties-never

such great extremity; but it touches She bent down with tears, and put her them, and he is immediately taken into

From which time forth this child sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little raft, across broad rivers him when the rough carpenter, who be Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by impress leads us to observe the shadowy -forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but as they go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor paby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sun-"When I tell you to come!" replied burnt breast, soothes him in his sufferrest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper-these two READING.—Reading is one of the great- companies alone in the wilderness—and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait

> shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying-the child is dead. His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on a few days, ies down in the desert and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spiritwho can doubt it? - with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have

rations for the resumption of their jour-

nev; for the child is sleeping by the fire,

and it is agreed with one consent that he

done it unto me." Accompanying a Noah's ark from Germany, and on sale in our toy-shops, | man to be scientific, should know "the Didn't know is a catalogue of the inmates thereof in German, French, and English. Amongst mongst other inducement to visitors, them we find "tyo mices, three shepps;" but great powers of calculation efford no Changed nolitics sociables for young ladies and gentlemen, but, best of all, "eight men, viz.; four evidence of scientific acquisition. Some Expected to change still men and four wives."

The Troy Whig says :- "A gentleman mathematics as a science requires a high Gave for terrier dog of this city who took the occasion on last grade of intellect and great persistency Sabbath, to doctor some eider; so as to of mental effort to master. Science may keep it sweet, was taken to task by his be said to be a collection of facts and exgood wife, for laboring on the Sabbath. perience accurately arranged and proper-His reply was, that no good Christian ly understood. Chemistry, for example, ought to find fault with his work on that is an art and a science, because it is a prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting day, as he had been doing his best to pre-collection of the results of careful experivent his eider from working."

An Unpoetical Simile: Adolphus Scattercrash remarks that "the parting A servant being sent to match a china glory of a summer's ever would be all according to Max Muller, first an empiplate returned with one of an entirely very fine and enjoyable, only that it alwith the feverish activity of one who different pattern. After solding for some ways unpleasantly reminds "a fellah" o and analyzed. After this they are classitime, the mistress said, "Stupid! do you expiring bills, being so closely allied to fied or arranged, and according to the in- ates, uncomfortable.

in judgement on the light.

American.

MIND. The school, the college, the press and

the pulpit, all address themselves to the

mind, and while they are so doing, they

admit the superority of the invisible over the visible—of the immaterial over the material-of mind over matter. The Senates have to deal with it. The courts and the Judges consider it. The laws are made for its guidance and control .-It directs commerce. It tunnels mountains and fills the valleys. It has soared on a silken thread to the clouds of heavon, and taken the lightning captive, and brought it as a harmless element to the earth. It sends it, as a courier, with messages of love to friends far distant .--It has made the "iron-horse," and driven him on his journey of a thousand miles, carrying in his train a community of people and of goods. It has fashioned the ships, and drawn the winds into the white sails of commerce, and wrought an interchange of the blessings of God's bounty in all climes and regions. By its aid, made machinery to take the place of muscle and of bone, and now it clothes, and more bountiful and comfortable manner than kings in former times could command. The music of the poet, the pathos of the writer, the eloquence of the orator, and the spirit of the divine, are power, the activity, and the immense superiority of mind over matter? The attributes of God-those attributes which we perceive by a perception higher than that of the senses-such as power, wisdom, love, like the life which they have

ages of otornity These attributes are longer. old, mortal organs cannot come in contact with these-material senses cannot be impressed with their undivided splendor and glory, and continue to exist. The universe owes its origin and its continuance to the power, wisdom and bread and more sherry; "and that," adds love of God All the material objects which surround us from the tiniest grain of sand, or the floating atom that is only discovered by the highest convexity of or mutton, or both, and stout; then game the lens, to the bright orbs of heaven, by the swimming sailors, they carry him | floating around their central sphere all

these is but the impress of the immateri-He added some rambling words and at comes his especial friend, lags behind. - at upon the material structure - which About two years later Mdme de Giropey walked one afternoon upon the teropey walked one afternoon upon the te nexpressible, incomprehensible, and inconcervable by any finite power.—Norristown Herald.

The Nature of Science.

charms by deities and spirits who had nower over "the earth, the water, the air. ind fire." The ancient alchemists and astrologers kept what they called "science" secret, as something too sacred to be comnunicated to the mass of men; hence they taught favorite disciples only.views, but it must be admitted that too many of them employed secret discoveries in chemistry for the purpose of astounding their unlearned fellow men by their curious experiments, in order to obtain power over them. Astronomy also, such as a superior knowledge of eclipses and the movements of the heavenly bodies, was employed in a sort of quack manner | Requested to retract to obtain power by foretelling events. the learned Irish prophet set forth in Hibernian verse, who knew every event before it happened after it took place.-Science simply means knowledge of any subject-its nature and operation; and Threatened to be whipped whoever knows most of any branch of Been whipped knowledge, and can apply it in the best | Whipped the other fellow manner, is the most scientific in that Didn't come to time branch. Knowledge means truth, as Been promised bottles of chamthere can be no knowledge based upon fiction. A man, however, may perform a mechanical or chemical operation in a very superior manner and yet not be Been after them scientific. A parrot can speak, but a Going again parrot is not a linguist, nor has it any knowledge of the science of language. A | Told why and the wherefore of the operations | Lied about it he performs." Mathematics is a science, Been to church individuals, not much above the reach of Cash on hand idiocy, have been great calculators. Yet Gave for charity ments. Geology is simply a collection of facts carefully arranged. A theory is not a science; it is simply the explanation of phenomena. Every science has,

The Wrongs of the Stomach.

A capital hit is the following at the habit we all have of eating and drinking too much. It may serve to give some of us a valuable lesson on the subject:

In most of the early literatures is to be found a dialogue between the Body and the Soul, in which each accused the other of their mutual perdition, recapitula-ting the offences which have produced it. Something similar might be written, with good effect, dividing the imaginary conversation between, let us say, the Stomach and the Man, making an attack of gout the subject of their recrimination. The Man might accuse the Stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat drink, walk, nor rest. The Stomach plead justification, and say that he lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's rest from an intolerable taskmaster. Again, the Man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine muscular system reduced to flabby indolence; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression which rendered life an insupportable burden .-The Stomach having listened to all this, delivered in a tone of angry accusation

would reply: " My case is just as bad as your own. Before I had well digested your breakfast, you gave me a meat luncheon to see to, and before I had got that out of the way you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satissteam has set at nought the unfavorable currents and the contrary winds. It has made machinery to take the last state of the contrary winds. with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, rum, more wine, and more spirits, till I thought feeds, and lodges the lowest mortal, in a you had taken leave of your senses: and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if apoplexy had broken into the house and was going to carry you off, I said to myself, Serve him right if it did." And but illustrations of the influence, the in this way you went on, year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you headache after headnche: I tried to recall you to reason with a half-a-dozen attacks of influenza; gave you a bilious fever; made you smart with rheumatism; twinged you with gout till endowed us, are fixed and unchangeable you roared. But all to no purpose. You the same at the creation of the world, broke my back, and now I can digest no went on making me digest till the work as they will be through the never-ending

This reproach might be made even pathetic, by a description of the Stomach watching its hard task come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bedtime. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry.-"I can manage that," says the Stomach. Then a plate of fish, with more the Stomach, "though these sauces don't quite agree with me, "Then comes beef. and sherry; then a dish of tart. "Confound this pastry," says the Stomach, "it gives me more trouble than anything else; but, if the matter will only stop here. I think, if I put out all my powers, I can get even this rubbish out of the way

But she has hardly taken this hopeful view of the case, when down come cheese mess?" exclaims the Stomach "What can the Man mean? Does be think one

pair of hands can manage all this?" Still the Slave goes to work, when Many persons entertain the most erro- presently there is a rush of hot tea from acous notions respecting the character of above, when a thin slice of bread and science. They think and speak of it as butter. And when the Stomach, with if it were some mysterious intellectual infinite labor, has got the hodge podge subtlety, revealed to the few and denied into some sort of homogeneous shape, and to the many. Such ideas may have come is preparing to take a nap after her exdown from the olden times when all men | haustion, lo! a deviled drumstick rushes believed sincerely in mysterious powers into its laboratory, two deviled kidneys, ommunicated through incantations and a bottle of stout, and three tumblers of hot brandy and water!

RECORD OF A LOCAL REPORTER.—The local reporters have their jests and fun as well as other people, and here is a simple record from the "local" of the Memphis Bulletin. As the various insurance com-Many of these old plodders in the paths panies, savings banks, State officials and of science were sincere in their peculiar | missionary societies are making their annual reports and publishing long columns of figures which are of the most intense interest to the reading public generally, the Memphis local reporter gives his for the year 1:63:

Report. Been asked to drink 11,393 11,392 Drank 416 416 Many of these imposters were very like Invited to parties, receptions, presentations, &c., &c., by people fishing

for puffs Took the bint Didn't take the hint 3,300 174 170 pagne, whisky, gin, bitters, box-

es of cigars, &c., if we would go after them Been asked "What's the news?" 300,000 200,000 99,987 . 2 33 88 800 \$5 \$23 722

Sworn off bad habits

Shall swear off this year

Number of bad habits Society.-There is not, and there never can be, social enjoyment without social sympathy. There is a class with which each man has more sympathy than with any other class-a class in which he finds himself the happiest and the most at home. Therefore he belongs in this class, socially; and he will go above it, if there be anything below it, only to make himself, and those with whom he associ-

All men, if they work not as in a great Task master's eye, will work wrong.