THE CARLISLE HERALD.

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OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work with a resolute will,

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sand
That runs throu a single hour,
But the morning dews must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows;
And over and over again,
The pendorens mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing, be it not it vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice,
May come if we try it again.

The path that has once been trod,
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the hearts to its depths be driven,
With storm and tempest, we need them both
To render us meet for heaven.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn,
Who sits poking in the ash,
Glowing in the fire
Wi' his wee round face.
Laughing at the fallin low;
What sees he there,
Ha! the young dreamer's
Building castles in the air.
His wee chubby face,
And his towsle, curly pow,
And laughing and nodding
To the dancing glowe;
He'll brown his ruddy cheeks,
And singe his sunny hair,
Glowing at the imps,
Building castles in the air!

Sic a night in winter
May weel make him cauld;
His chin upon his fuffy hand
Will soon make him auld;
His brow's bright sae braid,
O pray that daddy Care
Will lend the wean alane,
Wi' his castles in the air!
He'll glower at the fire,
And he'll keke at the light;
But moony sparkling stars,
Are swallowed up by night;
Aulder e'en than his
Are glammoured by a glare;
Hearts are broken heads are turned
Wi' castles in the air!

THE DEATH BELL.

A refulgent noon filled all the world with splendor. The little clouds in these beautiful heavens looked like the white shoulders of swimmers in a lake of sapphire. But the doorway of the bell foundry of Breslau was low and arched, and here the sunbeams halted, as if they craved no commerce with the darkness and the gloomy vapors pervading the great vault within. Helena stopped, too, for she, like the sunbeams, seemed to dread familiarity with these ghastly shadows. As she stood in the archway, with her bright yellow hair rippling down over her crimson mantilla, one might have thought that Aurora had returned at noonday to chide the sun for confiscating all her dewdrops. This charming girl looked down eagerly into the foundry. She saw the great furnace with its coruscations of blue flame, and the huge caldron wherein the molten metal for the new bell for the Magdalen church lay shimmering like a lake of gold; she saw the rays of lurid light darting up to the ceiling of the vault and clinging to all the beams as with bloody hands; but she saw no living soul within, for Reichart the founder and his artisans had gone to their midday meal; and the embryonic bell was apparently left to take care of itself. A shade of disappointment crossed her pretty face. "I thought he truly would have waited," she said, and was about to turn away, when a voice cried, "Helena, thou dear one, I am here," and presently there emerged in the twilight of the archway, a tall and handsome youth, who ran forward in great joy, and seized the maiden's hands, and exclaimed, "I am glad thou art come. Thou shalt now descend into this black paradise of surprises, and behold all that thou hast been curious about so long."

"I thought, Fritz, that thou hadst left," she replied.

"Nay," said he. "How should I disappoint my dear one who wished to see our preparations for casting the bell? Be careful in passing down these steps. Our master has often promised to have them repaired; though, for my part, I had rather he should mend his temper than the steps. Let me take thy hand. So! Thou canst not see the way? Ah, trust me; I will neither falter nor mislead thee. Now will we mount this platform, where thou canst see that which will one day sound merrily over Breslau."

"Oh, how beautiful," she exclaimed; but, a slight emotion akin to a shudder disturbed her, and she said, "Perchance, Fritz, this bell may sound notes of woe for thee or for me."

At her feet lay the lake of shining metal, faintly palpitating in the intense heat. One could almost fancy the liquid was pellucid, so clear was the delusive shimmer upon its surface. Yet, while there was no visible impulse to give it motion, there were evidences of some mysterious yearnings that disturbed it. Inexplicable tremors, faint vibrations, as if responsive to harmonies inaudible to human ears, agitated the mass. One might detect pulsations. The metal was unable to tranquilize itself with these fiery raptures penetrating all its atoms. It trembled in delicious anguish. It writhed with the instinct for escaping as a brute in a cage writhes against the inexorable bars. It beat in little petulant ripples upon the sides of the cadron as upon a shore. It wanted to utter in waves and currents, and capricious eddies the delights of mobility; it would become fraternal with rolling floods of lava; it would unite in intention with tides and cataracts, and all the flowing masses of the world. It murmured, and thrilled, and purred, and uttered little soft seductive sighs. Across its surface danced innumerable sparkles, salamandrine flies, one would say; galaxies of emeralds, taking to themselves wings, could not sparkle more brilliantly. Now and then a minute fragment of scoria was shot up from the depth of the lake, and exploded in tiny meteoric showers; while round the margin fiery auroras were streaming.

"It is beautiful," repeated Helena.

"Ah, many a handsome face hath looked upon it," said Fritz, "but none so handsome as thine."

"What, do many visitors come hither?"

"Yes, many of the highborn dames of Breslau come to see the molten metal for the bell. And pretty offerings, too, they throw into the caldron. One of them threw her bracelets all sparkling with gems into the mass; others have thrown in golden crosses. Yesterday a lady bought a great silver flagon. Some of the rich burghers' wives have brought massive silver candlesticks. Many have thrown in rings of dazzling beauty; I would I could ornament thy taper fingers with such toys. But chiefest of all that I grudged to this dragon bell, which in its fiery hunger hath swallowed so much, was a gold necklace given by the Syndic's daughter. Oh, it was of marvellous beauty and radiance; and as I saw it fly from her hands like a shooting star, rest a moment on the surface of the metal, and then dissolve away forever, I wished some gnome had rescued it for thee."

"Vex not thyself for such baubles," returned Helena. "The flowers thou gavest me last evening are dearer far to me than jewels, for thy kisses hover upon the petals and mix with the perfume. And this little cornelian cross of thine—see, I wear it close to my heart. Could I treasure it more lovingly if it were even of richer make?"

He know not how to conceal his pleasure at these words. "I see—thou art pretending to love me," he said with a smile.

"And dost thou never pretend to love me?" she replied. As men add smiles to their love jests, so women add to theirs a tear. Helena's eyes glistened as she spoke.

"But come," said he, "let us descend and see the mould wherein this monster bell is to be cast." And they stepped down from the platform to where huge masses of clay and sand, and cunning contrivances of iron and wood had been fashioned into a matrix for the bell. Above was the channel which was to convey the molten metal from the vent of the caldron to the mould.

Helena gazed at it with that sort of vague admiration which one feels for anything huge, ungainly, and complicated, about which one understands nothing.

"Shouldst thou not like to see the great river of metal come flaming down the channel?" said Fritz, excited by a sudden suggestion of daring.

"That would I," replied Helena, clapping her hands with delight.

"What if I open the vent?" returned he.

"Yes, do it!" she cried. "Nay, do it not," she added with trepidation, seeing that he laid hold of a great maul, and was moving toward the caldron. "Nay, do it not. Thou knowest how harshly Reichert, thy master, deals with his men. His mouth will be full of evil speech when he returns, if thou shouldst meddle with the work."

Fritz scarcely heard her. A horrid excitement, that "wild delight punished by Nemesis," possessed him. He rushed up the steps toward the vent, swinging the maul in great curves as he went. The hammer descended with a crash upon the bars; with frantic glee he struck them one by one away; the flap fell, and in an instant the bright metal came roaring and hissing through the channel. Her eye was dazzled with the rapidity of its down rush. In a short time the caldron was empty, and the mould full.

"It is accomplished," said Fritz, exultingly.

"Alas, I fear thou hast done wrong," replied Helena. "And now I hear the voice of the master."

Reichert indeed descended the steps of the vault. He cast a nod of recognition without cheerfulness towards Helena. He moved towards the caldron; he noticed that smoke and vapor were thicker in the vault than usual.

"How now," he exclaimed to Fritz, "What art thou doing? See that all is going well with the metal. The bell must be cast this night."

"It is cast already," replied Fritz.

"Cast? What means it? What devil's prank hast thou been playing?"

"I have run the metal into the mould," said Fritz.

"Thou fool and maker of mischief, thou hast ruined me!" shrieked Reichert, in a burst of ungovernable fury. "Did I not forbid thee, on pain of death, to touch the vent? By Pluto, I will teach thee a lesson!" and he sprang upon the youth.

All the lurid shadows in the great arch above were moved with sudden frenzy. They shook red hands in ghostly deprecation; they beckoned for invisible witnesses; they moved hither and thither among the beams and rafters; they clutched at the unknown. Some of them lifted up a shadowy finger, as who should signal, "Hush! a tragedy is upon us!"

"Oh! mercy, mercy!" screamed Helena. "No, none!" exclaimed the infuriate founder. "He hath disobeyed my orders and ruined my great work. As he hath blotted my fair fame, his life shall pay the penalty. Die, cursed meddler!" and he plunged a dagger into the youth's heart. The blood of the murdered boy spirted over upon the mould, and gave a horrid baptism to the bell. The vault rang with Helena's piercing screams; but presently she sank insensible beside the corpse of her lover.

Reichert was condemned to death. Gloomily he paced the prison cell; but all the terrors that surrounded his condition failed to bend that morose, indomitable spirit. He heard it related that on breaking away the mould, the bell was found a perfect casting, without flaw or defect. His workmen—but his no longer—were engaged in giving it the final touches of art, and masons and carpenters were preparing the tower of the Magdalen church for its reception. With regrets he heard all these rumors, but without compunction.

The night before his execution he sent for his friend Von Tallien.

"You are come," he said, when the latter entered the cell, "to take your farewell of a man whom destiny has cruelly injured. There are compensations, it is said, in every life—but as for me, I can detect no such delicate arrangement in the world. What compensation is there for a ruined career, as mine is? No! Man, wretched man, is not protected by some amiable Being, whose motives of government are all sweet and friendly. Rather is he the offspring of savage, ruthless elements, which breed him after I know not what grotesque and hideous pairing. He is the brother of raging winds, of howling tempests, of cataclysms that rend the mountain bars; and his destiny, like theirs, is to be beaten about the world in endless agony and strife."

"Alas, my poor friend," answered Von Tallien, who was a good, conventional man, strangely contrasted (as is often the case in friendship) with the fiery Reichert, and who understood nothing of these bold arraignments of causes and forces, "Alas, my friend, think in this sad hour that your fellowmen have not been so merciless to you as you have been to yourself. Recollect that you did not use to control your temper. You were too hot, too hot. Think of this, and try to be humble and contrite; and so prepare yourself for the tribunal of Heaven.

"Contrite! humble! Let me hear no more of these degrading notions. Know this, I am a man! I have faculties to play a part in the world. I am a great artist! Should I renounce these sovereign powers, and walk as an apologist for my being before sun and stars? Nay, let me descend to the fellowship of brutes, and like the ox be trained for slaughter—" he suddenly stopped. "Ha, what a pang! To that event I am indeed brought against my will."

Von Tallien was deeply moved by this passionate outburst, but, being the man he was, felt naturally desirous of bringing the prisoner to a better frame of mind. With this idea he led back the conversation to the crime for which Reichert had been condemned.

"Against your will, and not against your will," said he. "It was of your own will that you took the life of another."

"He was unfaithful, and deserved death," was Reichert's response. "To please a girl, he risked the ruin of my greatest work. Such an act, I repeat, deserved death."

"Oh!" exclaimed Von Tellien in a shocked and deprecating tone.

"Yes, it is just. The world has too many of these inconsiderate idlers, who go about marring the works of others. Some of them should leave it. When they have done their worst, 'Oh, it was a jest!' they say—as if that consoled one. Draco punished all offences with death. I, at least, would thus punish an injury to a work of art."

"But your bell was found perfect. Nothing could have succeeded better," said Von Tallien.

"Oh! misery, I know it. Failure would have been the vindication of all my cares. For, indeed with what secret fear and delight I looked forward to that casting! How many times a day I ran over in my mind every precaution, every expedient that might insure success. By night my dream, by day my whole employ! At last, every thing was ready. The crowning moment came, and another, a meddlesome servant, steps in and defrauds me of my rightful triumph as an artist. I say," he cried striking his fist upon the table where his fetters made a loud jungling, "I say, it is an affront of Fate."

He sat down, and covered his face with his hands. Von Tallien was confused and perplexed; he know not how to deal with this haughty troubled spirit.

The silence that ensued was broken by the entrance of a janitor, who came to announce that visitors must leave the prison. Von Tallien again recommended religious ideas to his friend. "Let me beseech you," he said "by the love we have borne one another, to soften your disposition. Confess that you have done wrong. Confession is a life preserver thrown out by conscience to save the soul from drowning in the gulfs of selfishness."

"No more!" said Reichert imperiously. "Never will I confess that man can do wrong in vindicating his honor—especially the artist. Let it pass. We must part. But still before you go, there is a request which I would have you convey to my tormentors. Ask them to have the bell secured in its place in the Magdalen tower this night, that I may at least hear its voice before I die. And henceforth, let it toll at the death of every one who is brought to such an end as I am."

Von Tallien promised to use his influence with the council for these objects, and so prepared to leave his unfortunate friend forever. He was unable to repress his emotion, and parted from him in a paroxysm of grief.

The workmen engaged in the Magdalen tower hurried to the completion of their task, but it was not till the next day that the work was accomplished—indeed, the bell was only just fixed as the mournful procession left the prison. The executioner, the priests, the officers of the prison, the council of the city, in the midst of them, the prisoner guarded by two soldiers, moved along through the crowd, and reached the foot of the Rabenstein, "the hill of death."

Then it was that Reichert heard sweet and melancholy notes pour forth from the Magdalen tower, and raising his eyes saw the new bell swinging like a censer, and laden with sound as with a perfume.

The spectators spoke to each other of the singular circumstance that a man should make a bell, and afterwards hear it tolled for his own death. A creeping terror began to agitate their souls. They thought so strange an event boded evil to them. Meanwhile the bell became shriller and more clamorous. It filled all the air with passionate appeals. Sometimes it pleaded for pity, sometimes it shrieked for revenge, then it changed to doleful lamentation; finally one of the listeners declared that its cadences seemed very like low mocking laughter.

Reichert heard all these sounds. His heart was torn with contending emotions; he knew not himself, nor his thoughts. Indistinguishable reveries whirled together in a vortex of pride, shame, agony, and regret. "For this I labored," he said. Then the bell seemed to moan of remorse. It thrilled him to the soul. He thought of the youth he had slain: "Oh, thou unhappy boy, I pity thee," he cried. The tears gushed into his eyes, and poured down his cheeks. The people seeing his lips move as he sat down on the "bloody seat," thought he was praying, and said he would make a good end.

The executioner lifted his sword. A silence fell upon the lips of men and the hearts of women. In a moment all was over.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

THE FRIENDS AND INDIANS.

On the fifteenth of February, 1869, General Grant, through General Parker, A. D. C., addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Standing Committee on the Indian Concern of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, informing him that he, the President elect, was desirous of inaugurating some policy to protect the Indians in their just rights, and to enforce integrity in the administration of their affairs, as well as to improve their general condition. The letter expressed confidence in the friendship and interest which the Society of Friends had ever maintained in behalf of the Indians, and request that the society send the President elect a list of the names of members of the society would fully endorse as suitable persons as Indian agents. The letter also assured the society of all the encouragement and protection which the government could legally give in their efforts to improve, educate and Christianize the Indians. This arduous and responsible enterprise the society kindly consented to undertake, and we have now before us the report of the joint delegation appointed by the committees on the Indian Concern of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, respectively, composed of Benjamin Hallowell, and others, to visit the Indians in Nebraska. The report contains many most interesting facts connected with the Indian question. As a means of improvement the delegates suggest faithful observance of treaty stipulations with the different tribes; no more removal of Indians from their present reservations in Nebraska; no more land of the Indian reservations to be sold at present; a hospital on each reservation, to accommodate all the sick; a number of industrial schools on each reservation, to teach children of both sexes, besides school education, mechanical, agricultural, and household duties; teaching the *English* language *prominently* in the schools, in order to prepare the Indians for citizenship; supplying them liberally with teams and tools to break up their land and build houses. In the opinion of the Friends, with these things supplied, all the Indians of Nebraska, would, in a few years, become self supporting.

The report gives a highly favorable account of the success of various Christian missions among some of the Indian tribes. The Friends seem to be fully of the conviction that the Indians have been more "sinned against than sinning." "In Canada," they say, "we never hear of Indian massacres, and Indian wars;" in Alaska the same was true until it came into our hands. Now we hear of "attacks by the Indians" in that territory. The report quotes, at this point, an intelligent Indian from the head waters of the Mississippi, who once remarked: "Oh! if the Indians could only publish a newspaper, what a different picture would be drawn of the aggressors in those outrages! they would have white faces, not red!" The reason of the difference in Canada and Alaska and this country, is held in the report to be that in the former they were never pushed back on the approach of the white settlers, but the tide of emigration passed peaceably by, and surrounded them, while the strong arm of the government extended its protection alike to all.

The Indian lack of confidence in the reliability of the white man is illustrated by an incident given in the report:

"An Indian chief brought a young Indian, we are told, before a white commissioner to give evidence, and the commissioner hesitated a little in receiving part of the testimony, when the chief spoke up with great emphasis: 'Oh, you may believe what he says; he tells the truth; *he has never seen a white man before!*'"

The indifference to death prevailing among them is illustrated by an anecdote quoted on the authority of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, of a distinguished Indian who was imprisoned in connection with the horrible Minnesota massacre of 1862, and who was visited in prison by a physician. In reply to a question of the Indian's what he thought the government would do with him, the physician hesitated, apprehending his case was a hopeless one, when the Indian repeated the question. The doctor then said, "I fear they will hang you." The Indian dropped his eyes a moment to the floor, then raised them, looked steadily at the doctor, and calmly remarked: "Well, I don't care, I am not afraid to die; when I go to the spirit world, I will go to the Great Spirit, and look him right in the face, and tell him of the multiplied wrongs and cruelties inflicted on His red children by the white man, and *He won't scold me much!*"

While the Friends' delegation were among the Indians of the northern agency, the great total eclipse of last August occurred. How the red men were affected by this event is told in the report, as follows:

"The Indians were very much disturbed by the great eclipse. They were told in the morning that the sun would go out that day. They shook their head, 'No; sun no go out; white man don't know.' They were again assured that it *would* go out, when they repeated their contradiction with great emphasis: '*No; sun no go out; white man don't know.*' When it began to grow dark in the afternoon, they looked up and saw what they thought to be a part bitten out of the sun, and they exclaimed, 'Monster eat sun—sun very sick,' and set off in full run for their lodges. Very soon they came out with their doctors or 'medicine men,' as they call them, and their guns or pistols, and commenced shooting up at the 'monster' which was eating the sun, which they continued for some time. When the eclipse began to go off, and the sun came out, they exclaimed, 'Now sun got well, monster dead; *sun was very sick.*'"

"The Indians regard it unnatural that a *whole family should be hungry at once.* They never sit at the table, but each one when hungry, helps himself." The belief and trust in the Great Spirit, and his protecting care is a predominant element in the mental constitution of all the tribes the Friends had intercourse with."

"Some time ago a child died, and they buried its grandfather with the child in his arms, at the grandfather's request, in order that he might take care of it in the Spirit Land."

The Washington *Chronicle* expresses an opinion, in which we fully concur, that the views of these philanthropic friends which we have given above, as to the means of improving the Indians, are entitled to the gravest consideration of the government in its treatment of the Indian question, for the fact cannot be denied that their humane plan, if it has not been entirely perfect, is the nearest approach yet made to the solution of the aboriginal problem.

LECTURE ON THE FOOT.

In commencing at the head and going down to the foot, we do not wish to set an example for you to follow; for it is much more honorable and praiseworthy in most conditions of life to begin at the foot and gradually work up to the head. The foot is the only corn growing section on the human frame. In all the walks of life, to say nothing about the runs, the foot plays an important part. Without it there would not be any promising shoemakers. The light fantastic too could have no existence, and dancing would be unknown, unless people danced upon their heads which, for obvious reasons, couldn't be indulged in very conveniently.

A foot in long measure is twelve inches, but we have seen it where it overran twenty. Big feet have been a serious puzzle to scientific men before now. Some of them have contended that they are live things, with breathing apparatus and bowels. The propensity that feet often exhibit to go astray, and walk in by and for bidden paths, shows that they are more than half human.

With the Chinese, small feet are highly prized, and the measure of female loviness is (in a measure) the shoemaker's measure of her foot. The lady who requires the most support in walking, is the most charming to the almondeyed Celestials. A Chinese romance begins as follows: "Soo Sly, the daughter of the Philosopher Poo Poo, was fairer than rice and more graceful than the bamboo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, and when she walked she tottered with the most engaging helplessness."

In romance of the chivalric period we frequently read of a feet of arms, which is not only ungrammatical, but is manifestly inconsistent. It is no more paradoxical, however, than to say a dancing master is a good hand with his feet, as you sometimes hear.

Fleet footed people do not run the best always. Mr. John Bews can run half a mile in a minute; and yet he was once beaten in a race for the office of postmaster, in a small village of Kent, by a wooden legged man.

The best run at billiards we ever saw, was by a man who had but one leg.

Readers, let us entreat you to pause often and scan closely the paths in which your feet are walking.

If any man or woman of forty-five or over, not engaged in hard natural labor, especially the studious, sedentary and indoor livers, would take but two meals a day for one month, the second not being later than three in the afternoon, and absolutely nothing afterwards, except it might be in some cases an orange or a lemon, or cup of warm drink, such as tea, broma, sugar water, or ice cream, there would be such a change for the better in the way of sound sleep, a feeling on waking that you have rested, an appetite for breakfast, a buoyance of disposition during the day, with a geniality of temper and manner that few, except the animal and the glutton, would be willing to go back to the flesh pots of Egypt.

"Ben Wade," as he is frequently called, one of the political lions of the west, has taken but two meals a day for twenty years, and if all sedentary persons, those who are in doors a greater part of their time, would after the age of forty-five observe the same inflexible rule, there can be no doubt, other things being equal, that long years of happy exemption from the ordinary ills of life would be the result. The reason is that the stomach would have time to rest, for recuperation, and would thus be able to perform its part more strongly, making purer blood, giving better sleep and securing an appetite for breakfast. Let any man try it for ten days, taking the second meal seven hours after the first, and abandon the practice if he can.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The influence of good example is far reaching, for as a contemporary says, our experiences and conflicts with the world lead us at times to indulge misanthropic sentiments, and charge all men with selfish and impure motives. The play of pride, prejudice and passion, and the earnestness manifested by the great majority of men to advance their own interests, often at the expense of others, and in violation of the golden rule, cause us to look with suspicion on the best intents of others. Arrogance, hypocrisy, treachery, and violence, every day outrage justice, till we are almost disposed to distrust human nature and become discouraged. But amid all that is sad and disheartening in the busy, noisy world now and then there is presented to us a life of such uniform virtue, that we recognize in it a character that brings hope for the perfect development and ultimate regeneration of our race. Such characters are precious, and such examples should be held up to the world for its admiration and imitation; they should be snatched from oblivion and treasured in the heart and thoughts of all who are in process of forming habits and maturing character.

An exchange says: A man who was too mean to advertise land he wanted to sell, put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was enquiring for a small farm was referred to the written notice. He replied, "I cant buy land at a fair price of any man who does his advertising in that way. He'd steal the fence, the pump handle, and the barn doors, before he gave up possession."

A song that is just now very popular in the London music halls, has the unusual feature of funniness in the idea. The chorus runs thus:

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact that we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS OLD FRIEND DEACON POGRAM—THE FRIGHTFUL DEMORALIZATION AT THE CORNERS.

In the Sixth Ward of New York }
January 10, 1870. }

Yesterday I received a letter from that old saint in trowsers, Deeken Elkana M. Pogram. It wuz delayed a long time, ez the Deeken directed it tu "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby." The letter carriers hedn't any idee that there wuz eny man in the sixth ward who hed enny title tu that prefix. But I finally got it. I need not say that after readin it I closed my house and hung crape upon the door. Oh the demoralizatiun of this cursed age! But it wuz a cumfort to hear from him. "Ez in water face answereth to face, so the heart uv man tu man." The text shood read, "ez in whiskey, &c., but I take no liberties in skripture. This is the Deeken's epistle:

CONFEDERIT X ROADS, KY., }
December 2, 1869. }

My Dear Friend:—I avale myself uv the presence uv a young man from Indiana, who kin rite, to inform yu ez the condishun of things in yoor old home. Things is bad here and is rapidly growin wuss. Since you left us it seems tu me the kaos iz cum again, and that confusion was bein wuss confounded. The fust families hev lost their grip; niggers and abolishnists hev cum and took control, and Confederit X Roads is no longer a place in wich gentlemen uv refinement and culture ken decently live in.

The infamous wretch Joe Bigler, and that unmittigated poet, Pollock, is in partnership, at least Joe is sellin goods for Pollock, end in his store is the resort uv all men uv his class fur miles around. We wuz disposed to petronize him, but when Pollock refused to let goods that we hed bot, go out uv the store, till they wuz paid for, and the next minnit give credit to niggers, we indignantly inclined to deel with them. That indignity we woodent submit to it. We indoost two merchants from Louisville to start into business here, but they didn't stay long. They gave credit, and consequently business wuz brisk, but they hed difficulty in renoovin their stocks. When one uv them presented his bill to me, I told him indignantly that of that wuz the way he proposed to do bizness he'd might ez well close. "Why," sez I, I might ez well deel with Pollock. He remarkt insolently, that he wisht I wood hev delt with him, and flung himself out uv my presence. Merchants are, ez one class, distinguishedly mercenary.

Bascom threatens to close out and leave us. He hez already morgagis on all our lands, to its full valyeo, and since the offises are all in the hands uv men who don't drink likker at all, he sez there ain't no money within his reach, and he can't cerry us much longer. He size for the good old time under Johnson's administrashun, when all the money received by the Postmastor, the Collector and Assesor poured into his drawer. He is morose and gloomy, and wates his likker fearfully. I allez hev to take from five to six drinks before I experience eny sensation.

But these things iz not the wuss or the most gloomy uv the signs uv the times. There ere rooin ahed uv us. The chivalry uv the Corners have lost all speerit. Only last week there wuz a temprans lecturer advertised to make a speech in the hall over Pollock's store. "She! this be permitted?" said Bascom indignantly, bringing his fist down on the bar till the glasses rattled.

"Never!" shouted Isaaker Gavitt, and the others in the bar room, who scented drinks ahead.

Bascom sot out the bottles. We all took suthin, and rusht tumultously to the hall. You remember with what energies we formerly mobbed obnoxious speakers? We wasn't at all eager that nite. We only run a rod or two; our pace got down to slow walk afore we approached the spot, and when we got into the hall, we merely sot down and listened to the heritikle cuss, and went away without heavin a stun at him. When Bascom reproached us for our lack uv speerit, I told him there wuz no use. Men couldn't mob anybody on sich wiskie as he furnished, it won't do to diloot when you hev sich bizness ez that on your hands.

But that wuz not the most alarmin sign uv the degeneracy uv the people. Within a month two Methodist ministers hev held forth in the villinge, and neither uv them wuz hung or shot! What hope can there be when sich things happen? And what is wuss two uv our old friends attended their meeting, immejitly they quit comin to Bascom's, and I noticed yesterday there children had shoes on. Bascom side as remart about it.

"It is a mystery to me" sez he.

"What is a mystery," sez I.

"Why, so long ez them men stayed with me all day they hadn't no money to spend—now that they don't come no more, they hev money, but they spend it on shoes and I dont get it. Why didn't nachre make men capable uv workin all day and drinkin all nite?"

There ain't no change in me or mine, exceptin that my house is somewhat smaller. At the beginnin uv the winter we wuz compelled to yoose our kitchen for firewood as me and Jethro, my oldest son, coodn't procure labor to cut the winter's fuel. The niggers wont work for us. Next winter I suppose the settin room, then the wing wich we yooso fur a spare bed room will follow, and if I am not gone hentz by that time, I don't know what we shall do for more. The coil of fate is rapidly titenin about me.

The niggers up toward Garretstown are accumulatin pretty rapidly, and they pay their taxes promptly, but what good is that to Bascom? The offishols is abolishonists, and that money is divided in other than legitimate channels. These vandals hev macadamized a mile uv road between the Corners and Garretstown, and built a bridge over the run. Kin yo blame poor Bascom for wantin to leave here.

I hev heard of yoor success and am glad uv it. Wood that I could get into suthin uv the sort! Wood my fate wuz different. But we can't keep all a grocery. I sell stay here, and whan all the people iz gone I shell go down. Thank Heaven the time is not fur off.

Yoor friend,
ELKANAH POGRAM.

P. S.—If yoo cood send me a two gallon jug uv likker which hez life ento it I should allez remember it gratefully. After Bascom's watered stuff, it wood be a gleem uv sunshine after a long and tejus nite. E. P.

I laid down the old man's letter affected to teers. Whater in the wiskie! children with shoes, while the old men lack sustenance! Macadamized rodes! And bridges! Methodist preachers! Temprans lecturers! Ablishuns, this is thi work. Thank hevin, I am ankered were none of these things ken be. I shel send the old man his jug. It will put him out uv his misery quicker, and smoothe his pathway to the toom. Besides when he iz gone what I owe him's settled.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wish wuz Postmaster.)

A student at Ann Arbor, having remarked that men had more endurance than women, a lady present answered that she would like to see the thirteen hundred young men in the University laced up in steel ribbed corsets with hoops, heavy skirts, trails, high heels, paniers, chignons, and a dozen of hairpins sticking in their scalps, cooped up in the house, year after year, with no exhilirating exercise, no hopes, aims or ambitions in life, and see it they could stand it as well as the girls. Nothing, said she but the fact that women, like cats have nine lives, enables them to survive the present *regime* to which custom dooms the sex.

You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social, and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table is an educator to the family. Hence the intelligence and the refinement and appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact, that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

The road along which the man of business travels in the pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait abit" thorns, and full of pitt falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest, he requires solace and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home.

Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, and welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for comforts and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministration that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides. The sober and industrious man's home should be made a happy one.

The other day, a gentleman apparently beyond the prime of life, stepped into a book store in Paris and called for some books on Spain. The clerk who was waiting on him showed him some, and then asked the stranger if he would not like to see some caricatures on the dethroned Queen, her husband and favorites, which had just been received from Madrid. "Oh! yes," said the stranger, "let me see them by all means." After looking at them, he smiled, asked the price of them, and paid for them. "Can they be sent to my residence?" he then asked. "Oh, yes," replied the clerk; "please give me your address." The stranger handed him a card, containing these words: "Don Francis d'Assissis, consort of Her Majesty, the Queen of Spain," and then quietly left the store.

Another Washington correspondent has been smiled on by the wife of the Russian Minister, and it has had the following result: "Mme. de Catacazy swept towards us, and we were electrified by her beauty. All the reports we had heard of her had failed to give us any idea of her magnificence. She was dressed in the richest of black velvets, made with a train, and the loose Turkish sack she wore, of the same material, was heavily embroidered in gold. But this rich trimming was scarcely more dazzling in effect than her wealth of golden hair. This hair, which all admit is natural in quantity as well as in hue, is of that maraculous color about which painters rave, and in looking at it any degree of rapture seems admissible. And in addition, this supurb woman possesses a complection of remarkable clearness, and a perfect form. Then, too, the atmosphere of courts is about her, and she makes one understand what innate majesty is possible to beauty."

Dr. Lyman Beecher once said:

"A great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the means of getting to Heaven when they die. As to doing anything for God while they live, it does not enter into their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I do not believe there is one in five hundred of such professors that will reach heaven; for there is a magnanimity in true religion that is above all such contemptible meanness."

It is said there are no less than 1,500 boys and girls from the United States in the various schools of Germany.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

The Erie Railroad Company has issued a circular containing a statement of routes, time, and distances embraced in making a modern circuit of the globe. The circular says, and we agree with it, that "in all probability the time is not distant, when we shall see advertised in our journals and on our thoroughfares the novel announcement, 'Through Tickets for Passage Around the World, sold here; baggage checked to Hong Kong, Calcutta, or Bombay; only two changes to Shanghai.'"

The statement of routes, times and distances referred to, takes the shape of a ticket a yard long, across the face of which is the painful joke, "Good for one lesson in Modern Geography, but not valuable for Passage." The lesson in geography is, however, instructive, and we are sure of the learning, if not of the ride.

We start at New York to do the circle, and we do it, in our imagination, in this fashion:

To Buffalo or Cleveland, 423 or 625 miles, by the Erie, in seventeen or twenty-four hours.

Thence to Chicago, 538 or 355 miles, in twenty-one or fourteen hours.

Thence to Omaha 490 miles in twenty-three hours.

Thence to San Francisco, 1,950 miles, in ninety-three hours.

Thence to Yokohama, 4,714 miles, in twenty-one days.

Thence to Hong Kong, 1,670 miles, in six days.

Thence to Calcutta, 3,500 miles, in fourteen days.

Thence to Bombay, 1,219 miles, in two days.

Thence to Cario, 3,600 miles, in twelve days.

Thence to Alexandria 100 miles, in five hours.

Thence to Marseilles, 1,800 miles, in six hours.

Thence to Havre via Paris and Rouen, 575 miles, in thirty hours.

Thence to New York—home again—3,150 miles, in nine days.

Thus swinging round the circle, 23,739 miles, in seventy-seven days and twenty-one hours steady travel!

A THEORY OF THE CREATION.

In New York city, on Friday evening, Professor R. Ogden Doremus delivered the first lecture of the course, on "The History of the Creation," before the Young Men's Christian Association. In order to illustrate the supposed original formation of the planetary system, he showed a round ball or globe of oil, in a large jar of water. Passing an axis through the oil, and then turning it slowly, the globe was seen to flatten at the poles. Increasing the motion, rings were formed similar to Saturn, and in a few seconds more particles flew off and began turning on their axis and around the central globe. The lecturer argued that the sun, a mass of molten matter, once embodied our entire planetary system, and that Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus, the Earth, etc., were flung in rapid succession by the centrifugal force generated by their rotary motion.

Crystal models of the great diamonds of the world were exhibited, and then a genuine diamond was burned in an atmosphere of pure oxygen. The influence of trees and plants upon the air we breathe was then discussed, and the lecturer stated that there is a gentleman in New York who possesses two large aquaria, in one of which the water has not been changed in four years and the other in seven, the ferns and vegetable life in the water keeping the fish in a perfectly healthy state.

The professor closed his remark by stating that the thickest stone walls will allow gas to pass through and ventilation was greatly aided thereby. He had no doubt that pipes would presently be laid through the streets, leading into all private houses like gas and water pipes, but containing oxygen, so that the air of a room becoming foul, by merely turning a faucet a fresh supply of pure air could be procured. A noted chemist of Munich has had a room constructed of iron, with pipes leading in supplying oxygen, so that the rate of actual burning up and consumption of the body can be accurately ascertained.

New York has a horse that recently performed a curious freak. He walked out of the stable, and, pushing open the door of his owner's house, began quickly to ascend the stairs. The first story reached, some twelve steps, his horseship quietly gazed out of the windows and continued his ascent to the second story. There again he paused to take breath, and soon arrived at the landing of the third story, where, after resting awhile, he began to descend, having managed to turn around on the narrow landing. Going down, however, was more difficult than going up, and his fore feet slipping he went through the sash of the second story window, thrusting his head and shoulders out and presenting a very contented appearance. At this juncture an alarm was raised. A colored man was so frightened at the apparition that he made the best of his way through another second story window and fell to the ground. The police having been sent for, they succeeded in extricating the horse from the window, but had a terrific time, after taking him into custody, in getting him down the two flights of stairs.

There was a little joke practised on a tutor some time ago by a freshman. The tutor had become very much annoyed by the passing around of notes in the division during recitation hours. One noon a suspicious looking missive was observed going the rounds, which seemed to cause a great deal of merriment. Now was his time. The sport must be checked at once; he orders the paper to be at once to be brought to his desk. He receives it and finds written on it, "Turn over." It is turned over somewhat cautiously