

# THE CARLISLE HERALD.

CARLISLE, PENNA. THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1870.

## THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

By M. WALLACE.

It is a story of a man who has lived through the changes of a century, and who has seen the old Pennsylvania farmer of the past, and the new one of the present. It is a story of a man who has seen the old Pennsylvania farmer of the past, and the new one of the present. It is a story of a man who has seen the old Pennsylvania farmer of the past, and the new one of the present.

## THE TRUMPHS OF STEAM.

There are men and women still living in Pennsylvania who remember the times when their fathers went sixty miles to mill, with two bushels of corn, on a led horse, through an unbroken wilderness, determining their course by the sun, or by the stars. There are men and women still living in Pennsylvania who remember the times when their fathers went sixty miles to mill, with two bushels of corn, on a led horse, through an unbroken wilderness, determining their course by the sun, or by the stars.

## PARISIAN FENCING SCHOOLS.

There are few places which would afford more amusement to the thinking foreigner, who prefers to study man rather than stone, and quality rather than quantity, than the Parisian fencing schools. Here you meet the men of fashion, the men of the boulevards, dandy, dapper, and elegant, who are the aspirants for army commissions, students from the Latin quarter, but above all, ambitious journalists. Access is given to all, and the entrance fee is not so high as you might expect.

## THE OLD BLACK BULL.

Old John Bulky (grandson of the once famous President Chaucey), was a minister of the Gospel, and one of the best men of his day, in the western mining State, when the immortal (ought to be) Jonathan Trumbull was "young," and in his youth.

## A GOOD HOG STORY.

From Donn Platt's curious article "About Hogs," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April we take the following original hog story: I once witnessed a fight between a pony and a bear, in which both sides exhibited a good deal of that natural art of war which Mr. Corwin referred to as blessing the many millions of Congress. I had ridden home one afternoon upon my little steed, Tough Dick, and, turning him loose in the stable, mounted upon the ground a quantity of corn to serve him as dinner. Upon this, a huge boar nearly as large and quite as heavy as the pony, trotted up, unbidden, to take part in the repast.

## CLIPPINGS.

It is easy enough to raise the devil, but he is a bad crop to reap. The man who kept his head without pulling down his hair, is a very limited class. The principal difference between a luxury and necessary is the price. Whenever the soul is in grief it is taking root. "Give the devil his due," but be careful that there ain't much due him. After a man has ridden fast once, he never wants to slow again. It strains a man's philosophy the wrong kind to laugh when he gets beat. All of us complain of the shortness of life, yet we all waste more time than we use. Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; many people have the notion that they were wise when they were only witty. It won't do to stir up a man when he is thinking any more than it will a pan of milk when the cream is rising. Those families who really feel that they never are afraid that they shall get ahead of their respectability, while the odd families are always nervous to get into the mire.

## THE LOUISVILLE COURIER.

A little boy in Denver being told by his mother that God would not forgive him if he did something wrong, "Yes, he would," said the boy. "Yes, he would," said the boy. "Yes, he would," said the boy.

## MADAME PARQUI.

A Cincinnati reporter thus delivers himself of some remarks. Madame E. C. L. Parquon, who lectured last night at the Temple, was born on the 15th of May, 1811. Her father was a Frenchman, and her mother, a native of the State of New York.

## THE DAILY NEWS.

What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance, "no mother!" We must go down the hard, rough path of life and become acquainted with sorrow in its sternest forms before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality that no mother without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood toward the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that short sentence, "no mother!"