THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY. J. M. WALLACE. } CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871. { TERMS: $2.05 a year, IN ADVANCE; $2.50 if not paid within the year.

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5jan71

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1je7 1y

P. H. SHAMBARGER,

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Plainfield, Westpennsboro' township,

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All business, entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 29oct70

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office, 22 South Hanover street, next the Good Will Hose House. 10ofe69

WILLIAM KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Volunteer building, Carlisle. 10ofe69

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Cucumber Wood Pumps.

THERE WERE sold in the year 1870,

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TRADE (B) MARK.

WOOD PUMPS,

Measuring 213,566 feet in length, or sufficient in the aggregate for

A Well Over Forty Miles Deep.

Simple in construction—Easy in operation—Giving no taste to the Water—Durable—Reliable and Cheap.

These Pumps are their own best recommendation.

For sale by Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements, Plumbers, Pump Makers, &c., throughout the country. Circulars, &c., furnished upon application by mail or otherwise.

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2mh71 6w

To the Young Men.

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HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by Self-Indulgence or Sexual Extravagance.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured, without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

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2jun70

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HORSES AND CARRIAGES TO HIRE

ON REASONABLE TERMS, AND AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

CARRIAGES FURNISHED FOR FUNERALS

N. B. Stable room for 50 head of horses.

17feb70

LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Barnet Wolf, late of Frankford township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to John Greider, sr., residing in Westpennsborough township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated, to the undersigned for settlement.

JOHN GREIDER,

8jo710t* Administrator.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all those who know themselves indebted to the Carlisle and Hanover Turnpike Co., at Toll Gate No. 5, (near Carlisle,) to settle up their accounts with said Gate before the thirtieth of June, otherwise they will be dealt with according to law. Settle and save costs.

By order of the SEQUESTRATOR.

8jo713t

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

INSCRIBED TO THE ORDER OF "KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS."

The story of Damon and Pythias, which form the subject of the following poem, is doubtless familiar to all, and can be briefly told as follows:

Damon and Pythias were two Pythagorean philosophers, natives of Syracuse, on the island of Sicily, and lived about 400 years before Christ.

Pythias is said to have been a soldier, while Damon was a member of the Assembly, and both were fast friends.

Dyonisius, tyrant of Syracuse, had condemned Damon to death on account of his resisting the usurpations of his reign. His friend Pythias hastened to his side, and interceded with Dionysius, to grant him a respite of six hours, to take farewell of his wife and child, who lived outside the city, and offered to take Damon's place in the prison, as hostage for his sure return. The tyrant granted this request, and Damon, mounted on a swift steed, hastened to take farewell of his family. While thus engaged, his servant kills his horse, in order to save his master's life. Damon, finding his steed powerless to convey him back to his prison, stops a passing horseman, dismounts him, and hurrying forward with great rapidity, arrives just as his friend Pythias is led out to be executed in his place. His timely arrival stops the execution, and, on account of this distinguishing mark of friendship, both are saved, while Dionysius implores them to allow him to share their friendship.

In ancient days of Greece renowned
There lived two knights in friendship bound.
A statesman, oft within its walls,
One trod the Senate's stately halls
The other sought the cause of Mars
And fought his country's glorious wars,
That wed to state, and this to field,
Yet deeper love for each revealed.
Thro' strange vicissitudes of life,
Mid foreign and domestic strife,
Through which they with their country pursed,
Their love grew stronger to the last.
Their natures met with mutual glow,
As rivers join and mingling flow:
Sharing each others hopes and fears,
Their lives flowed on thro' changing years
Their homes were 'mid Sicilian hills,
Where lofty Ætna awes and thrills—
Where Syracuse, with lofty towers,
Sits Empress of the sea girt powers,
Where Grecian armies learned to fear
The brave Sicilian's warlike spear.
And long in story and in song,
The muse shall Pythias, name prolong:
The hero of a deed as grand
As ever graced the heroic land;
Who nobly as a ransom gave
Himself, thro' love, his friend to save.
Who on that fatal platform stood,
As proud as ever monarch could,
Before the headsman and the crowd,
With face unmoved, with form unbowed,
Waiting that word which like the knell
Of death, the fatal work would tell.
How swiftly fears the hurried breath,
When trending on the verge of death!
When all the years of life combine,
And centre in one moment's time,
And hurrying seconds swifter roll,
To quench the light within the soul
Thus Pythias stood upon the brink
Of fate, but not with fear to shrink;
The world dissolving from his sight,
Deemed sinking into endless night;
One pang, one thought still hovering nigh,
That in one moment he must die.
But lo! along the distant speck is seen,
That winds around Epipole,
A dim, a distant speck is seen,
Emerging from the woodland green.
Nearer and nearer still it moves,
Until a horseman's form it proves.
It sweeps away the twilight shade,
And bounds o'er mountain and thro' glade,
As fleet as famed Camilla's flight,
It speeds along the verges of night;
And nearer as the form appears,
"Tis Damon!" and a thousand cheers
Ring out upon the air around,
Till he who had echoed back the sound.
"'Tis Damon!" loud and louder still
The echo rolls from hill to hill!
Old Syracuse! thy battered walls
Repeated ne'er such thund'ring calls.
Even when Demosthenes had tri'd
To level their historic pride
Just on that awful verge of ruin,
When life stood pausing o'er the tomb,
In dread uncertainty of mind
Came Philip on the wings of wind;
And Pythias saved from death that day,
Still lives, still lives in other clay:
And many a Damon saves from shame
Thro' *Knights* who take his honored name.

This deed, so noble and so great
Brave *Pythian Knights* commemorate!
And may the Order still expand,
Like flowers upon the desert land,
Until the wilderness rejoice,
And smile with blossoms of its choice,
And all mankind in union meet,
Fraternal love and friendship sweet
And like the newlleand the pole,
A magnet drawing soul to soul.

ONE OLD MAID.

A Tale from Real Life.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

There was something about Barbara that everybody liked. She was a plain little woman, with grey eyes and soft brown hair, and there wasn't a particle of personal magnetism in her voice or manner, as there ought to have been if she'd had any idea of her duty as a heroine. But if you had taken one good look into those gray eyes of hers, you'd have understood at once the secret of her popularity, and that it was the overflowing love and sympathy and kindliness of her nature that so endeared her to the hearts of her acquaintances. I never heard her called anything else but Barbara, and it was some time before I found out that this quaint and old fashioned name, so exactly suited to her, was prefixed to the unromantic one of Smith. I don't know that it made any difference, but I should really have preferred that her ancestors had been known by some other appellation; and it was only on account of his name, as Barbara herself declared, that I tried to make a match betwcen her and Mr. Stanhope, a widower with seven children.

It was while I was teaching in K—— that I first met Barbara. The children under my charge were a noisy, fractious set, and I was nearly worried to death that night when she overtook me on my way home from school. She introduced herself to me without any formality (I believe she had a presentiment that I was in trouble and needed a friend), and we were soon chatting as familiarly as if we had been acquainted for years.

After that Barbara and I met often, and I grew to love and look up to her as if she had been an elder sister. Kind as she was to everybody, she seemed to regard me with peculiar affection, and one day I found out the reason.

"You remind me so much of a friend who was dear to me years ago," she said, smiling, but with a mist in her eyes.

"O! Barbara, won't you tell me who it was?" I asked eagerly.

"You are a true daughter of Mother Eve, Kitty. You musn't be so curious."

"But it isn't that Barbara; I want to know something about you."

"Something about me! Is the child crazy, or does she think I'm a disguised thief or house breaker?"

"No, no: why can't you understand? It is what you said and did when you wasn't any older than I am that I'd like to know, and why—why—why—"

"Why I never married, is that it?"

I crimsoned with shame, but there was such a roguish twinkle in Barbara's eyes I could not help confessing that was what I meant.

"I'm as certain as can be you had ever so many offers." I said confidently, "for I've seen your picture taken when you were twenty; and although not extraordinarily pretty (Barbara raised her hands in horror), it is the kind of face men are sure to like."

"Your candor is quite refreshing, Miss Kitty. And so you don't think I was extraordinarily pretty, even at twenty?"

"Of course I don't and why should I mind telling you so? But for all that, I'm sure you had a lover, and I want to know something about him."

"It is a long story, Kitty, and a sad one," she said, her face clouding over; "but I've thought sometimes that I ought to tell it for your own good. You often imagine that Will is countried, and doesn' care as much for dress and appearances as he ought to, and it would be a lesson to you that you'd never forget, not to value such things for more than they are worth."

Will was my betrothed—a plain, honest-hearted farmer—and I loved him dearly, although he wasn't as refined and polished outwardly as I should have liked him to be.

"Never mind Will," said I pettishly; but tell me the story."

There was a brief silence and then she began: "I was just nineteen when I first met John Nelson." (I started at the sound of that name, and almost uttered an exclamation of surprise, but Barbara was too much absorbed to notice it.) "He was a farmer like Will, well educated, but rough and uncouth in his manners, and I wasn't particularly prepossessed in his favor at first. But a circumstance happened soon after our acquaintance that revealed the true character of the man, and gained him not only my gratitude but my everlasting respect and admiration.

"I had gone out skating with a gay party of friends on the river that ran past our village. The ice seemed thick enough, and no one thought of danger. We were all overflowing with fun and merriment, and, prompted by some imp of mischief, I challenged three of the young men to a race. John Nelson was one of the number. Of the other two one was my especial admirer, Harry Dubois; the other Mark Smith, my cousin. I was an expert skater, and so were my pursuers, and, looking back a few minutes after we started, I perceived that they were gaining on me. I was in a fever of excitement, and skated on faster and faster, scarcely noticing whither I was going, until, just as a cry of alarm burst from some one behind me, I sank into an air hole and disappeared beneath the ice. I have no consciousness of what happened afterward, but my friends told me that it was John Nelson who went down into the air-hole and saved my life at the risk of his own. It was an act from which even a brave man might have shrunk, for the chances were that it would do no good, and that both of us would be drowned. Harry and Mark attempted to hold him back, but he flung them aside, and plunging into the water, brought me out of the icy depths.

"Mark gave me all the details of the scene afterward, ending with the assertion, emphatically expressed, 'John Nelson is a hero, if ever there was one, and it's my opinion that he worships the very ground you tread upon. Why, his little finger is worth more than Harry Dubois' body and soul together, and if you refuse him for that jackanapes, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live.'

"'Nonsense!' I said, laughing, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so. I can't very well refuse any one until I am asked, can I?'

"'Well, I don't know about that; women have curious ways of doing things, and I don't pretend to understand them.'

"'But you wouldn't have me marry a man simply because he saved me from drowning, would you?'

"'Yes I would, if you couldn't find any better reason for doing so.'

"From that time forth everybody talked to me about John Nelson, and it tried me dreadfully. All my girl friends said it was 'so romantic, just like a story, you know,' and, of course, to make the finale perfect, I'd have to marry the hero. I can't say that this idea was particularly distasteful to me, only I didn't like to have it talked about so much. I had known that John Nelson loved me before the adventure on the ice; not that he had ever said so in exact words, but there are other ways of telling such things just as convincing. The knowledge flattered me, as it would any woman, but I had no intention of accepting him, for he didn't at all come up to my ideal of a husband. He was plain and uncultivated, and a farmer, too, and I had decided to fix my affection upon some knightly, courtly gentleman, engaged in intellectual pursuits, although to be sure I hadn't met any one as yet that answered these requirements. As for Harry Dubois, he did well enough to flirt with and that was all.

"But somehow I felt differently toward John Nelson from the time he saved my life. It wasn't gratitude, nor was it love, although it ripened afterward into such a feeling. I began to think less of his outward appearance, and more of the truth and innate worth that was in the man. At first we were shy and distant when we met, and I don't think he understood a word of what I said when I tried to thank him for saving my life, we were both so embarrassed. It wasn't any wonder either, considering that we knew exactly what people were saying about us, and that every thing we ought to do was already planned beforehand. But the weeks went by, and our reserve wore off, and when in early spring John Nelson asked me to be his wife, I was as happy a girl as ever drew breath. I forgot that he was rough and uncouth, and a farmer; I only knew that I loved him, and that he was strong, and true, and self-reliant. I didn't give so much as a single sigh to my lost ideal; John Nelson just as he was, satisfied all the needs of my nature. O! if I could only have felt thus always. But I did not. I was weak enough to place him in contrast with one of more polished exterior, and to feel mortified at the choice I had made.

"Early in June a traveling artist took up his quarters in our village, for the purpose of making a few sketches of the picturesque hills and valleys lying around us. He was a man of graceful, courtly bearing, who had mingled in the best society that Europe or America afforded, and who could interest one for hours with his descriptions of the scenes and places he had visited. Although, on reflecting upon his character since, I am convinced that he possessed unbounded egotism, he disguised it in such a way that it was rather attractive than otherwise. From the very first, I was his especial favorite.

"'No one understands me so well,' he said. 'The rest are cold and practical; you are an enthusiast, full of fire and imagination, and you read my heart like an open book. You follow me in my aspirations. Ah, Barbara, you have the true poet soul.

"Full of pride and delight, I listened to this high flown language; and began to feel dissatisfied with my lover that he didn't talk to me in that style. For the highest praise that John had ever bestowed upon me was to call me his 'neat little housewife,' and he had never said a word to me about poetry or imagination. He seemed to think that plain, practical, every-day common sense was all that was necessary in this life, and to have no conception of the higher needs of one's nature. Then, too, Paul Leslie was so polite and chivalrous, and paid me such delicate little attentions; why couldn't John do the same? His awkwardness jarred on my nerves terribly, and there were times when I couldn't help showing it. I tried not to think of it, and to comfort myself with the knowledge of his sterling worth and integrity, but didn't succeed very well. Nor did it help the matter any that Paul seemed to regard me in the light of a martyr, about to be led to the stake. I don't mean that he said so, he was too courteous for that, but looks are often more eloquent than words.

"Matters went on in this way for some time, and as my intimacy with Paul progressed, the breach between John and myself widened. I never thought then, weak fool that I was, that it was my vanity to which Paul ministered, and not the spiritual hunger we talked about so much. But so it was, and I understood it all afterward, and how far inferior to John this Paul Leslie was in all that constitutes true manliness. John didn't say much, but I was convinced that he felt our estrangement deeply, and I believe he made me a little wretched, for away down in my heart I loved him still, and it frightened me to think of losing him. But I was wayward and perverse, and couldn't see what a reckless course I was pursuing, and that even a patient, forbearing heart like his might be tried too far. And so the bitter end to all my folly came at last.

"Everything that happened that day is written on my brain in letters of fire. I had been out in the woods with Paul, and was more than ever dissatisfied with such a future as John could offer me, when he came in looking white and stern, and without a word of greeting, said:

"'Barbara, this must not go on any longer; Paul Leslie is neither a good nor an honest man, and I will not have him so intimate with my betrothed wife.'

"'You will not?' I exclaimed, angrily. 'And how will you help yourself, I should like to know? Do you imagine that because you are jealous I'm going to give up the only friend in the world that truly appreciates me?'

"'Listen to me, Barbara; I know this man better than you do. He is not what you think him. He has imposed upon you with his false, insidious words.'

"'Stop!' I interrupted, 'I will not hear anything more. He is a gentleman, and my friend, and I have wished a hundred times that you were more like him.'

"'God help me! is it possible?' And he staggered as if some one had struck him a blow. 'Are you in earnest? Do you really mean what you say?'

"My heart relented, but I was too proud to let him see it; and so I said, coldly:

"'I am in the habit of saying what I mean.'

"'And you won't give up his friendship even to please me?' he asked in tones of pathos and entreaty.

"'I will not, John Nelson.'

"'Then, Barbara,' he said in a low, husky voice, 'we must separate; I give you back your freedom. God bless you, and make you happy.'

"And before I could fairly realize the meaning of these words he was outside of the door and far down the street. But after a momentary feeling of terror, I consoled myself with the reflection that I should see him again in the morning, and that everything would be explained. I was mistaken. He never returned, and from that day to this, John Nelson has been to me as one of the dead."

Barbara paused, as if overcome with emotion.

"But where did he go? What became of him?" I asked softly.

"I never heard except that he sold out his farm within a day or two afterward, and was reported to have sailed for South America. And then, Kitty when I had lost him forever, I knew how I loved him, and in agony of remorse would have humbled myself before him, and begged for his love and forgiveness, had I been able to find him. Too late I understood the noble, generous heart that I had trampled under my feet. Like mocking ghosts, the harsh and cruel words I had said to him rose up before me, and my punishment seemed almost greater than I could bear.

"I fairly hated the sight of Paul Leslie after John left, for I felt that the ship wreck of my happiness was mainly owing to his influence. He returned to the city in the beginning of autumn, and I actually felt relieved when he went away. I heard afterward, but don't know how true it was, that he had a wife and two children."

"But there is one thing, Barbara, that you havn't told me," said I eagerly. "Did all this happen in K——, or some where else?"

"Hadn't I told you, Kitty, that I was born and brought up in the little village of N——, Massachusetts, thousands of miles from here? My mother died before I was a year old, and, when a few months after, I lost my father, I sold out everything, for I wanted to get away from the painful associations connected with N——. I travelled for a year or two, and then settled down in K——, where I have been living ever since, doing what little I can to retrieve the folly and weakness of my girlhood."

"But didn't you ever think that John Nelson might come back some time? And what you would do if such a thing were to happen, and he, too, had remained faithful, and wanted you to marry him?"

"O! Kitty, don't!" and a few hot tears fell from Barbara's eyes.

I was penitent in a moment. "Forgive me," I entreated. "How could I be so thoughtless."

She kissed me, but said nothing, and so by tacit agreement the subject was dropped between us.

But that night, in the privacy of my own room, I wrote a long letter, traitor that I was, full of all that Barbara had told me; and that commenced: "My Dear Uncle," and was subscribed "Your Affectionate Niece," and, strangest part of all, was directed on the outside to "John Nelson." Ah! Barbara, you little thought that while you were telling me of your own sad past, you were explaining a mystery that had puzzled me for years—why my bachelor uncle had never married. And I had more right than you know of to look like your lost lover, for I am the child of his only sister.

I was in a fever of excitement after sending that letter, and began to haunt the post office long before an answer could have possibly arrived. But I did not have to wait many days, for one night, just as I was dismissing my pupils, Uncle John walked into the school room. Almost before I had time to greet him he said:

"O, Kitty! where is Barbara? You can't think what your letter has done for me. After I came back from South America, I tried and tried to find out what had become of her, and whether she was married or not, but everybody in N——had lost all trace of her. Where, where is she? Let us go to her at once."

I could not help smiling at his lover-like eagerness.

Fortunately we found her at home. I wanted to go in first alone and prepare her for what was coming, but Uncle John would not hear a word of it, and so we entered the parlor together. She was sitting by the window, and come forward at once.

"Dear Barbara," said I, without waiting for her greeting, "let me introduce you to my uncle."

She turned and reached forth her hand in welcome, but meeting his look steadily fixed upon her face started.

"Don't you know me, Barbara?" he cried, holding out his arms, and then—well, I'm sure I can't tell you what happened then, for I didn't wait to see.

I ran out of the room, and it was more than an hour afterward when Barbara came to me, looking fairly radiant, and said:

"You little witch? why didn't you tell me that John Nelson was your uncle? I'vo a good mind not to forgive you."

"But you must, and thank me besides," retorted I, "for just think of it, if it hadn't been for me, you'd have been Barbara Smith to the end of your days."

She laughed and blushed, just like a young girl, and looked prettier than I had ever seen her before. I can't help thinking, from the observations made on that occasion, that happiness has a wonderfully rejuvenating effect.

Uncle John went home in a day or two, but somehow it began to be whispered about in K—— that Barbara had a beau, and was about to be married, and no one was surprised, therefore, when that event really happened. She was more generally known and loved than any body else there, but Uncle John didn't feel called upon to sacrifice her to the public good; he "needed a wife worse than K—— did an old maid," he declared.

Both Will and Barbara urged me so hard that I concluded to be married at the same time that she was, and I can't say that I've had any reason to regret it since. But you've no curiosity to hear about my affairs, and as I've disposed of my heroine in the legitimate way adopted by all story tellers, I'll merely say in conclusion that she makes an excellent wife and housekeeper, and isn't the least bit "fussy" or "old maidish."

POSITIVELY THE LAST.

"Mary had a little lamb,"
We've heard it over and o'er,
Until the little lamb's become
A perfect little bore.

So I propose there shall be dug
A grave both deep and wide,
In which that lamb and all its lards
Be buried safely side

SOPHISTRY is like a window curtain,—it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

HE submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—[Lavater.

REAL glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

ONE of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.

A Green grocer—One who trusts.

A corn crib—Tight boots.

SKY lights—Stars.

LABOR.

One by one fall ancient errors,
Reared by right and propped by wrong,
And earth wonders when they perish,
That they stood the test so long.
In the strife of new opinions
Read the lessons of the hour,
Freemen shall enfranchise labor,
Labor shall assert its power.

Brothers of the farm and workshop,
Let us walk with prouder tread;
God himself, ordained in wisdom
Man should toil to earn his bread.
Who with active brain and muscle,
Labors on as Heaven decrees,
He it is fulfills his mission,
Not the pampered child of ease.

Sun embrowned and brawny toilers,
Wear the livery of God,
Callous hands and kindly natures
Speak the heritage of blood.
Riches perish; what are honors,
When the sordid heart is cold,
Truth is better far, than riches,
Worth than lands or hoarded gold.

Labor arms the hand of science,
Wakes nature's hidden force,
Guides the vapor-driven engine,
Crushing onward to its course;
Bridges torrents, spans the gorges,
Binds the earth in iron fetters,
Wrenches metals from the mine,
Speeds the message through the brine.

Labor shapes the massive anchor,
Guides the ship, and maps the sea;
Iron thews and wiry sinews,
Guide the fatal argosy.
Labor rescues trackless regions
Where the dear and bison feed,
Clothes the fallow fields with hamlets,
And whatever else man need.

Echoes of the axe and hammer
Fight the mustang, bear and deer,
Savage Sioux and wild Comanche,
Fly before the pioneer.
From the waving world of grain fields
Where the sea-like prairie swells,
Lo, a thousand towns and cities
Springing like volcanic isles.

Dwellers in a stately temple,
Metal-ribbed and cased with stone,
Dream not how the patient workmen
Reared its columns one by one;
That among the swarthy laborers,
Nightly passing by their door,
Noble souls are doing penance,
For the sin of being poor.

Glittering crowds of dainty idlers,
Throng the parlors of the great,
Spurned of earth, but
Watched of Heaven,
Taunting Lazarus must wait;
Ye who never felt a longing,
Unappeased from out your store,
Ask why vice and dissipation
Dog the footsteps of the poor.

Stint the hours of recreation,
What are hours to working men?
Rob them of their scanty wages,
If they fall to labor ten.
Then deplore the social evil,
Wonder at the sin and shame;
Spurn the hand that holds the ladder,
By whose help ye rise to fame.

Tell the suffering and the needy,
Virtue is its own reward,
I have seen the righteous starving,
And the wealthy culprits spared.
I have seen the heartless owner,
Reaping where he has not sown;
Raging children, faint and hungry,
Ask for bread, and get a stone

In that world to which we hasten,
All the things that are amiss,
Shall appear ordained in wisdom,
But they seem not so in this.
All too long to gilded idols,
Toiling millions idly kneel;
All too long the chains of custom,
Bind their victims to the wheel.

Down with dogmas, creeds and systems,
Based on folly, nursed by crime;
Soulless mummies resurrected,
From the catacombs of time;
Hoary errors shrined in darkness,
King given creeds, transmuted right;
Those like century buried parchment,
Fall to ashes in the light.

See upon the massive boulder,
That defies the glacier's shock,
Where the feather of the eagle,
Left his impress on the rock;
How away and mould opinion,
Let the plastic mind be wrought
For the error of the ages,
Chrystalize in deed and thought.

Hoarse no longer dying echoes,
Echoed from the echoes, gone;
Hear the trumpet voice of progress,
See the better era dawn.
Reconstruct the social fabric,
Give the working man his own,
Eight rejected of the builders,
Makes the eternal cornerstone.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

NASBY ON THE SITUATION.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS (which is in the State of Kentucky), May 24, 1871:—A calm and comprehensive survey uv the politikle field satisfied me, some months ago, that without some shift in the position uv the Dimocrisy our hope uv success wuz exceedingly thin. The resolooshens interdoost by Vallandygum into the Convenshun of the Democrisy uv Montgomery county, Ohio, wuz to be a new life. Troo, they hev the slite disadvantage uv abjoorin everything that is Democratic, and uv puttin the Democratic party on purely Republikin ground, but wat uv that? I kin stand even so sudden a change ez that. Wat I want is 'tho soopreme happiness uv kickin that nigger Lubbook out iv the postoffis at the Corners, and uv puttin myself in his place, and Kernel McPelter and Elder Penniback, who hev bin languishin outside the offices uv Assessor and Collector are actoatid by the same high and holy impulses. Ef to do this requires the okkepyin uv Republikin ground, the war cry uv us three is "okkepy." Kentucky is shoor to be Democratic anyhow, and if we kin do so simple a process ez passin resolooshens indooce enuff dissatisfied Republikins in the close Northern States to vote with us to elect a Democratic President who will give us these boons, we three are for passing these resolooshens, no matter what they are. This bein my understandin uv Vallandygum's movement, I actid onto it to wunst.

I got the leedin Dimocracy uv the Corners together one nite at Bascom's. That I mite get em all at one time, I waited till the regler evening for the raid on the niggers and Northern settlers up towards Garrettstown, knowin that, on their return, they'd all stop at Bascom's for a drink, and that of they'd bin successful in their haugin and burnin they'd be in good humor, and ready to adopt anything I shood suggest. It wuz a very short, but a very satisfactry consultashen. There wuz some objickshuns on the part of a few to what they called an abandonment uv Dimocratic ideas, but Bascom settled their hash in very short metre. He remarkt that it wuz necessary that the offices be in the hands uv his friends for obvious reasons. He wanted pay and he knowed uv no other way to git it. He believed in the fullest freedom uv thought and ackshon, and that every one should express himself untrammeled, but he coodent abide a idiot. If there wuz any one in that assemblage so stoopid ez to differ with him on that question, let him make himself known. No sich man shood ever git a drop at his bar, never; such a one wuz not deservin uv even the commonest necessaries uv life. Several who had riz to their feet to object dropt as though they hed been shot.

It wuz determined to hold a public meetin the next nite at the church to make a public endorsement of Vallandygum's idees.

Ez the prinsipal object uv the meetin wuz to convins the Republikins uv the doubtful States that the Democrasy uv the South really accepted the situashen, and ment, in ded earnest, to recognize the great prinsipal uv equality, I arranged to hev all the niggers uv the Corners present and saved for em the best seats in the house. Joe Bigler and Pollock cum uv course, which I coodent help.

I opened the exercises by makin a short speech ez I took the chair. I rejoist that the time hed finally arrived when the lion and the lamb hed layed down together, and a child wuz the leadin uv em. I knowed that our colored fellow-citizens hed bin despitefully yoosed, and that due respect had not bin alluz paid to our fellow-citizens uv the North, but that time hed now passed, and I hoped forever. The Democrisy uv the North, through Vallandygum, hed spoke, they hed accepted the situashen, hallelooey, and from this time henceforth and forever there wuz nothin but pece. I then offered the following resolooshen:

"*Resolved*, That the Dimocrisy uv the Yoonited States recognize the legality uv all the amendments made to the Constitooshen dooring and since the late onpleasantnis, and that they recognize and most heartily acquiesce in all the results uv the war; that they not only withdraw all their opposishen to yooniversal suffrage, but pledge themselves to see that our Afrikin fellow-citizens hev not only this but all other rites heretofore enjoyed excloosively by the Caucashen."

I put the question ez to the adopshen uv the resolooshen, and it wuz carried yoonanimously. It wood hev bin well hed I stopped here, but I didn't. My prevalin weekness is to slop over, and I slopt on this oksasion fearfully. I called upon the citizens uv the Corners to prove their faith by their works. "There are," I said in a spasm of delite, "present at this meetin twenty-two uv our fellow-citizens uv Afrikin descent. Let em step forred on this platform—let Deekin Pogram, Elder Pennibacker, Bascom, Issaker Gavitt and eighteen other white citizens step forred, also. Let them clasp each other by the hand while I wave over em the flag uv our common kontry."

It wuz done. The twenty-two niggers stepped forred, the whites designated advanced, the two lines grasped each other by the hand, and I was about to wave, when Joe, Bigler riz. He begged me to wait a minit till he had made his remark. The site before him almost moved him to teers. Ef he hed ever harbored a suspishen that there wuzn't anything generous in the Kentucky breast he took it all back. The ackshun uv to-nite wuz not only just but it was generous.

"Generous!" sed I, "why generous?"

"Becoz," sed he, "the niggers wood be in a devlish bad way of yoo hedn't decided on giveu em their rites, uv yoor own akkord, for there ain't no power now that kin compel yoo to do it. I jist got a northern paper—alas! the Republikin party is split into fragments—remarkably small fragments. Grant assaulted Sumner in the Capital last Monday, Logan hes bin stoned by the Republikins uv Philadelfy on his way home, the Central Committees uv Ohio, Injeany and Illinoy hev divided, and each frackshen hes called a convenshun, and the Noo York *Triboon* throws up the sponge and sez that nothin under hevin kin prevent the success uv the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, no matter who he may be or wat platform he is put onto. In view of the dissolooshen uv the Republikin party, and the fact that the niggers ain't now got no portectors, its really generous that yoo——"

"The Republikin party is gone to pieces hez it," gasped my twenty-two white friends in korious.

"It hez," responded Bigler.

"Then," said Deekin Pogram, his eyes flashin with unwontid fire, "what we've done and sed don't count! Take that you black cuss."

And with a strength and activity wich I hedn't lookt for in one so agid, the Deekin fecht the darkey whos hand he hed bin graspin, a most powerful blow atween the eyes, which histed him clean off the platform. The others followed suit, and in their zeal sprang off the platform after em, and waz a executin war davices uv the most frantic descripshen unto their prostrate bodies. It wuz with difficulty that Pollock and Bigler restrained em from takin uv em out and hanging uv em.

Ez matter of course the resolooshen wuz recinded, and others adopted affirmin our adherence to the constitushun ez it yoost to be, the illegality uv the amendments, and the natural sooprecmacy uv the white man over the d——d nigger, after which we adjourned to Bascom's, ez is our custom, and there organized fresh raids onto our nateral enemies.

The next mornin I notised a peculiyer look on Bigler's face, likewise on Pollock's. They grinned at me as I passed, with a broadnis that I couldn't account for. Lubbock, the nigger postmaster, bust into a roor ez I walked into his offis, and I angrily demanded the reason for his hilarity.

"Dat mistake ob Bigler's," returned he, laughing louder than before.

"What mistake?" I asked, turnin pale, for a suspishen wuz creepin over me.

"Why, he didn't get no paper at all, and—"

"And all that story about the split in the Republikin party North wuz one uv his infernal lies!"

"Dat's about de correct statement ob de case!" replied the nigger, showin all his ivories.

"Bigler wanted to see of yoor pentance wuz genooine—dat's about all dah wuz in it. He sprest a desire to assertane jist how peccable yood be to de nigger and de Northern people down heah, of dah wuzn't no Publikin party up North to hold yoo; dat wuz all."

And the nigger laffed a feendish laff.

"Dat wuz all!" he repeated.

It wuz enuff. I guess the cuss found out all that he wanted to. Uv course this "outrage," as they will call it, will get into de Northern papers, and uv course Vallandygum's assershun will explode without hurting anybody. Joe Bigler is my evil genius. I shel never be able to run things ez I want to so long as he lives.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

(wich wuz Postmaster.)

AN INTERVIEW WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HIS APPEARANCE AND CONVERSATION.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 25.—Jefferson Davis arrived here on Tuesday, on business connected with the life insurance company of which he is President. I was introduced to him yesterday in a lawyer's office, where he was holding an informal reception, and had a half-hour's conversation. Mr. Davis bears little resemblance to the pictures with which everybody was familar during the war, and he might walk the streets of any Northern city without a chance of being known by people who have seen only his photographs. In entering the back room of the lawyer's office, I found seated conspicuously in the midst of about a half a dozen persons a quiet looking gentleman of medium height, with gray hairs, thin gray beard and moustache, light blue eyes, slightly aquiline nose, rather sallow and sunken cheeks, and high, wrinkled forehead, dressed with scrupulous neatness in suit of somewhat worn black clothes. This was the guiding spirit of the great