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THE CARLISLE HERALD.

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DARE AND DO.

Dare to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

NOT GUILTY.

In the Spring of 18— I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. The stolen bag had been recovered; as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters were given me for my examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into the court in the afternoon, to see what was going on. The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Medworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which is seldom found in a culprit. She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her she became too much frightened to weep any more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen $100 from a Mrs. Nasby, and as the case went on I found that this Mrs. Nasby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl declared her innocence in the wildest terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At this juncture, when the mistress was up on the witness stand, a young man came in and caught me by the arm.

"They tell me you are a very fine lawyer," he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I said.

"Then save her! You certainly can do it, for she is innocent."

"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that is good for anything—nobody that will do anything for her. Oh, save her, and I will give you all that I have got, I can't give you much—but I can raise something."

I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes toward the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment.

I arose and went to the girl, and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. I then informed the court that I was ready to enter the case, and was admitted at once. The loud murmurs of satisfaction that ran through the crowd told me where the sympathies of the people were. I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Nasby nearly two years, and had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said her mistress had missed a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl said to me, "and asked me about it. That evening I know Nancy Luther told Mrs. Nasby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the key hole. Then they went to my trunk and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But, sir, I never took it; somebody must have put it there."

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was better treated than she. She is the cook. I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance at once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was a rogue.

"Nancy Luther, did you say the girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me.

"Yes, sir."

I left the court room and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one I returned the rest, and told him I would see he had the one I kept before night.

Mrs. Nasby resumed her testimony. She said she intrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about the missing money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear that it was the identical money she had lost, in two tens and one five dollar note.

"Mrs. Nasby," says I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever detected her in any dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk, had not Nancy Luther advised and informed you?"

"No, sir."

Mrs. Nasby left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold front, and cast a defiant look upon me, as if to say: "Trap me if you can." She then gave her evidence as follows:

She said that on the night that the money was taken she saw the prisoner go up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up, she suspected that all was not right, so she followed her up. "Elizabeth went to Mrs. Nasby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the keyhole, and saw her take the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw she was coming out I hurried away."

Then she went on, and told how she informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Nasby back.

"You said that no one save yourself has access to the room," I said. "Now couldn't Nancy Luther have entered the room if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir; I meant that no one else had any right there."

"I saw that Mrs. Nasby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has often come to my room when I was there, and I have often given her money to buy provisions of market men who happened to come along with their wagons."

"One more question: have you known of the prisoner having used money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back; and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," said I "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about her money?"

"Because I could not at once make up my mind to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the key hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she place the lamp when she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What do you mean by that?"

The girl hesitated, and finally she said she did not mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I, "how long have you been with Mrs. Nasby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three-quarters."

"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I? I have taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and kept no account."

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir, only what Mrs. Nasby may owe me."

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?"

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for a moment the bold look forsook her. I next turned to Mrs. Nasby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?"

"Always."

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth, sir, about the payments," said Mrs. Nasby.

"Oh, I don't doubt it," I replied, "but particular proof is the thing for the court room, so, if you can, I wish you would procure the receipt."

She said she would willingly go, if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strong, staggering hand, by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court and jury where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in your letter to your sister in Somers?"

At this she started as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion, and then I repeated the question.

"I—never—sent—any," she grasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited.

"I—I didn't she faintly murmured, grasping the railing by her side for support.

"May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury," I said, "I came here to defend a man who was arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examination I had access to the letters which had been torn open and robbed of money. When I entered upon the case, and heard the name of the witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter, which I now hold, for I remembered having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther.

"This letter was taken from the mail bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars; and by looking at the post mark you will observe that it was mailed the day after the one hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Nasby's drawer, and is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery county. As you will observe that one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipt, and the jury will also so observe. And now I will only add that it is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five dollars were placed in the prisoner's trunk, for the purpose of covering the real criminal. I now leave my client's case in your hands."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

I will not describe the scene that followed, but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for the theft she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note, handsomely written, in which I was told that the writer was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my effort in behalf of the poor, defenceless maiden. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterward, the youth who first begged me to take up the case, called upon me with all the money he could raise; but I refused his hard earnings, showing him that I had already been paid. Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fairest being the happy bride.

THE SMOKERS.

The great tobacco controversy continues to agitate Great Britian. *The Dublin University Magazine* for September takes up the subject, saying by way of apology, "Our desk is littered with books relating to tobacco." One thing seems to be sufficiently evident: Few habits are more expensive than the habit of smoking. Tobacco is shown by official figures to cost more than bread in Germany, Holland, the United States, and England. The total expenditure in the last named country in 1868 for tobacco and snuff was £11,438,299. These figures are important, but two things should be remembered. The first is, that all aggregates of expenditure by a nation are startling. It would be the same with the cost of a country's buttons or pins, or friction matches. The cost of tobacco is not large if its use be in any way serviceable. Is it? One writer says that it is not. It is a poison. "It may call henbane," he says, "cousin, and claim kinship "with belladonna." But even this fact is not conclusive, because there is poison in bread or in most other articles of food. It is undeniable that there is poison in tobacco, but it is not a poison which acts rapidly and fatally, and it is only in individual cases that it acts perceptibly at all. However, if the use of tobacco does produce morbid affections of the body, it is well that everybody should know it—even the ladies, since this Dublin writer affirms of his own knowledge, that many ladies are in the habit of smoking privately.

Now let it be distinctly understood that the use of tobacco produces *locomodorotary!* If we may judge by its impressive name, this must be a frightful disease to have. It may be explained that "locomotorotaxy" means no more and no less than a general paralysis of the nerves supplying the muscles. Therefore, good sir, if you will puff your meerschaum filled with "Lone Jack," or "Corporal," in a state of ignition, understand that you may be siezed with locomotorotaxy, at any moment, and rendered forever incapable of figuring in base ball matches and other games implying the possession healthful biceps. But this is not all. If you will smoke you must just make up your mind to submit to one or all of the following diseases: Giddiness, sickness of the stomach, dyspepsia, diarrhea, angia pectoris, liver complaint, heart complaint, pancreas-complaint, nervousness, amaurosis, paralysis, apoplexy, atrophy, deafness, nausea, ulceration of the gums, cheeks, and mucous membrance of throat, hysteria, hypochondriasis! There, reader, only read that and go on blowing your cloud, if you can! You Will? Of course you will. We might fling a whole medical dictionary of the largest size at your head, and it would not reform you. We have noticed the fact that men, as a mass, are not to be scared out of their little indulgence by scientific terms. "It is the excess, you know;" and what is peculiar is that nobody ever has the excess. Smoke away; but we tell you frankly that, according to the writer we have quoted, you will have "shocks at the epigastrium."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ONE THING AT A TIME.

A great many things may be well done, provided that only one thing at a time is attempted. Many active, energetic people suffer their lives to waste, simply because they are without method of any kind. True, they are busy, and fussy, and fidgetty, and full to the bursting with all manner of plans and projects; but while agonizing with the pains of parturition, they seldom bring any matters of importance to birth. They should recollect that good deeds are not produced in litters, but are laid down on a solid basis, after the order of steps ascending toward the summit of a pyramid.

As a rule, the first thing to be done is that of immediate, present duty. It should be done to-day, and not be postponed until to-morrow. It should be done now, and not when one feels more like trying it. The body is lazy. The mind is often sluggish; but to will is to do. The will has imperial force in men of will, who firmly resolve to rule themselves, and so far as they can, all the circumstances around them.

Few things worthy of being done can be accomplished without hard work. Shiftless people are cowardly. They shrink from contests with difficulty of hardship. They run from refuge to the quicksands of idle hope.

Full of wishes, they imagine that, somehow, luck will fill their hands with benefits. And so they dream and wonder how others got along, and why they do not. Life oozes out nothing but stagnation and decay for all such cowardly spirits that dare not compete for the prizes of diligent industry.

Hard work grows easy and becomes a pleasure to all who have felt the stimulus of its medical charms. One task well done makes the next lighter. The ancient Syracusan, who began by carrying the calf, found himself able to carry the grown up bullock with ease. "One thing at a time, and courage," these makes life pleasant and fruitful.

We smoked up in this country, last year, $188,224,000 worth of tobacco.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old.
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold,
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of raddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,—
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leaped as leaps the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,—
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years;
And beauty, fading like a dream;
Hath passed away in silent tears;
And then, how dark!
But, oh, the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray
And fond affections, lingering say,—
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer ceases to be;
And we put on the autumn robe;
To tread the last declivity;
But now the slope
With rosy Hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold,
Another dawn with fairer light;
While watchers whisper through the night,
"There is a time when we grow old."

[For THE HERALD.]

ANCIENT CARLISLE.

WAUCHUNG, February 1, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Resuming where I left off last week, I have to say that Ulrich's tavern, indicated to the traveler by the sign of the lamb, was one of Carlisle's most reputable hostelries. Mr. Ulrich himself, in his best days, was a valuable citizen and a useful public servant. As a host, he spread a bountiful table, and order ruled in his household. His family were above the average in character; Mrs. Ulrich being a landlady of great notability, and her daughters, young ladies of uncommon excellence. At no public house in Carlisle did transient lodger or permanent guest find more comfortable quarters.

Among Mr. Ulrich's boarders, used to be a jolly midshipman, familiarly called "Jack" by his intimates, with a surname equally suggestive of the sea. He spent a long furlough in Carlisle, and during his stay made many friends. He was a fellow of infinite jest, and was liked by every one; and no wonder, for a more genial, jovial gentleman, never trod a quarter-deck or—to use one of his own phrases—"doubled the Capo of Good Horn in the month of Juvember."

It used to be pleasant on a Summer evening, to sit on the broad bench in front of Mr. Ulrich's, and listen to the two Bayleys, father and son, advertising their proficiency as teacher and pupil, in the art and science of music. The elder Mr. Bayley's specialty was the Kent Bugle, though he taught on other instruments, and was a complete band master, having served in that capacity in Partridge's famous military school. His son William, who was then but a boy, played on the picolo flute. He has since become master of many instruments and a famous musician, excelling his father both as performer and teacher.

Mr. Ulrich used to give Sunday sour-crout dinners, which were quite celebrated in their day, and to which a few select outsiders were sometimes invited. The savory dish, flanked by unctuous pieces of chine, and served smoking hot, was declared by the gourmands, food fit for the gods, and too good for mortals who could not appreciate it. Albeit, not an especially digestible dish, it was considered perfectly harmless, when floated through by the *vin du pays*, known in common parlance as Monongahela whiskey.

In front of Mr. Ulrich's, on market mornings, there officiated an old public functionary, of the name of Thomas James, whose business it was, as town crier, to knock down pots and pans and old chairs to the highest bidder. His manner of ringing his bell—accompanying each stroke with an inward "knock" of his right knee—used to be occasion of mirth and matter of imitation to idle boys. Mr. James left as a legacy to the town, three children, the youngest of whom was a fine stalwart looking fellow, and the other two were such well-known public characters, that to speak of them here would be superfluous.

Opposite Mr. Ulrich's, diagonally on the left, were the house and store of Mr. James Bredin, a gentleman who prospered in his mercantile pursuits and bought valuable town lots; among them the celebrated apple and peach orchard, of the then lately deceased, Mr. John Crever. This orchard, was situated about a quarter of a mile east of Barrack's Lane, and was celebrated in its day for the abundance and excellence of its fruit. The peach trees were large and healthy, and bore a heavy annual crop for many successive years.

At the rear of Mr. Bredin's and back of the house once occupied by Doctor Gustins' lived for a while, and kept shop, a man who had a son ambitious to be a fifer. Whether it was from sheer love of the instrument, or from a desire to emulate Jim Vogt, and march around with Sawney Mitchell and his hopeful brother-in-law, Joe Allison, I cannot say, but certain it is, that for a whole "consecutive year" as Artemus Ward would say, George vexed the air, and worried the public ear, trying to learn Yankee Doodle, and had not yet fully succeeded when this deponent took leave of the borough.

The stone house opposite Mr. Bredin's, was at one time occupied by the "Agricultural Bank," of which Mr. John Boden, brother to Congressman Andrew, of the same name, was cashier. It was afterwards converted into a public house and as such has remained to this day. Back of that was the house and office of Mr. Archibald Ramsey, an excellent and well educated old gentleman, who served the public in the capacity of Justice of the Peace. Next to Mr. Ramsey lived Mr. David Smith, boot and shoemaker, a man who both as mechanic and citizen, stood high in public favor. He had two sons, spirited and worthy young men, one of whom early developed a taste for art, and finally devoted himself to miniature painting as a profession. He was a co-temporary, and for a while, a rival of Mr. Thomas Officer, though I believe he never reached the celebrity attained by that gifted young artist. Mr. Officer, by the way, was one of the last miniature painters of any eminence produced by this country—the daguerreotype and photographer having come in to sweep away the entire profession.

North of Mr. Smith's, on the west side of the square, stood a little brick building which, at the time I am thinking of, was occupied as a Doctor's office, by one of the most talented and kind hearted men that ever, in that region at least, graced the medical profession. As a gentleman, Dr. Alfred Foster had no superiors; as a physician, there was but one of his associates who was his equal. He was withal, a man of varied information and extensive reading. "I have just finished this," he said one day, holding up Vol. XIV of the Encyclopedia Americana, "and I am sorry it has come to an end. I have read every volume as it came out, and it has afforded me a deal of entertainment."

North of Dr. Foster's office, at the corner, was the house of Mr. Jack Miller, a quiet gentleman, who dealt in hardware, and whose household, constituted a branch of one of the oldest and most respectable family connections in Carlisle.

Opposite Mr. Ulrich's, diagonally to the North, stood the old Episcopal church, in which Dr. Campbell, afterwards Mr. Woodruff, and after him the Rev. Professor Spencer, officiated as rector. It was a forlorn old structure, in strong contrast with the well-proportioned and massive edifice worshipped in by the Presbyterians, and showed how feeble must have been the church of England element in that part of King George's dominions, when Pennsylvania was yet a colony. After the resuscitation of the College, the church, under the auspices of Mr. Spencer, took a fresh start, and erected a new building, which, though not a model of architecture, was a great improvement on the shapeless old pile which it superseded.

Opposite Dr. Campbell's church, on the same diagonal line, was a three-storied brick, owned by the Carlisle Bank, and occupied by Mr. Pinckney, the cashier, who, it will be remembered, preceded in that office, Mr. Andrew McDowell. When Mr. Pinckney and his family moved back to Baltimore, which they did after a short stay, the dwelling part of the building was occupied by Mrs. Hunt as a boarding house. Here Professor Vethake stopped when he first came to town, and here sojourned during his brief career as minister of the Episcopal church, the lamented young Woodruff.

Opposite the bank, in "Galbraith's corner," old Mr. Speck, sometimes called Doctor Speck, kept an apothecary shop. Back of this in the dwelling part of the building lived Mrs. Galbraith, a lady venerable alike in character and years, with a genealogy running back into the early annals of the county, and a family with which are connected some of the brightest names of the State.

Passing from Mrs. Galbraith's northwestwardly, we come to Carothers's corner, the stage office and chief public house of the town. Though a sunny nook it used to be shaded by a row of locust trees, under which, on any fine day, might be found a group of Carlisle's men of leisure—a class which in number, and devotedness to their calling, was not exceeded by that of any town of twice the size, north of Mason's and Dixon's line.

Mr. Carothers's house was the stopping place for distinguished travelers, and here it was that Mr. and Miss Clark, the celebrated dwarfs of fifty years ago, made their home while giving concerts in the town. They were charming singers and their concerts, which were given in the County Hall, will be well remembered by some of your readers. The duet of "Sandy and Jenny" which they introduced and popularized, was all the rage for awhile after they left, and the tune of it, years afterwards, used to be reproduced by "Tom Watts" and "Reub Alexander" when those two worthies happened to meet, which they often did, at the Meeting House pump. As whistlers, Tom and Reub had no peers.

When Mr. Carothers retired from public life, the good will and custom of his stand were transferred to his brother-in-law, Mr. James Bell, who had taken the house previously occupied by Fogle, at the corner of Main and Pitt streets. The Carothers's property passed into the hands of Mr. Thos. C. Lane, and was by him used as a store for the sale of dry goods and groceries, Mr. Lane was a gentleman of high tone, and was assisted in his business by clerks and salesmen, of corresponding character.

The four sections of the square, around which I have been making a circuit, were separated from each other and from the streets by rows of posts of about 4½ feet in height and 8 or 9 inches in diameter, rounded at the top and painted white. The object of these posts, judged on the Josh Billings principle of the uses to which they were put, seems hardly sufficient to have justified the expense. "a mewl," says Mr. Billings "has four legs, tow to stand onto and tow to kick with." So these posts had two uses, one for men to lean against and the other for boys to jump over, and certainly no equal number of posts ever served a town in these two respects more faithfully.

Resuming my ramble up the street, the first building above Mr. Miller's was the tailor-shop of Mr. Cormick McManus, a small frame tenement, remarkable for nothing except for the man who occupied it; who was no ordinary person either, professionally or as a man and citizen. In fact Mr. McManus was a good deal above the average of his cotemporaries, both in mechanical skill and general intelligence, as a tailor he was to Carlisle what Watson was at that time to Philadelphia; and although a few of our exquisites used to boast, that they wore nothing not made by Watson, the great majority of the well-dressed people of the place, were indebted for their presentable appearance, to the artistic shears of Mr. Cormack McManus. He was a facetious man in his way, and his *bons mots* used to be much quoted by his customers, as for instance: "He has got down to be a lawyer," as Cormack McManus said, when his eldest son left the bench for the bar." 'She is not deadly beautiful, but she's killing genteel," as Cormack McManus said, of a well-known lady."

There was another old citizen of the same family name Mr. Charles McManus, who built the stone house on East street, and whose name bearing the date 1800, may be seen handsomely engraved on a slab over the front door, but they were not related. These two gentlemen were at the head of the small religious society to which they belonged, and of which, they were at that time, the most intelligent representatives.

Next to the shop of Mr. McManus was another, which, when I first knew it was "run" by a man rejoicing in the name of John Pfarrengaren, who used to shave his customers in the morning, and then sit down inside of his open door, and amuse himself and the boys outside by playing with cup and ball. Mr. Pfarrengaren was succeeded by Mr. John Peck, one of the old worthies of Carlisle, who in complexion might be said to take the shine off the "ace of spades." Mr. Peck was, in his day, one of the best and blackest of men. It used to be common in the early days of anti-slavery, for opponents of that cause, to ascribe all merit in a colored man to the admixture of white blood, but John Peck was a standing refutation of this sophism. He was a negro of pure African descent, with qualities of character which the proudest Anglo-Saxon might have envied.

Next above the barber shop was the house and store of Mr. Archibald Loudon, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. I remember Mr. Loudon, first as the quaint looking old gentleman, who used to stand in front of his door, pretty well out into the street, and light his cigar with a burning glass. I remember him next, as the very kind old gentleman who used to give such a big piece of "liquorish" for a cent; a great deal bigger piece than could be got for that money, either at Dr. Speck's or Dr. Fahnestock's. And I remember him last, as the very learned old gentleman who gave us for our winter evenings' reading, the "Indian Wars," the first book with leather covers I had ever read, and the most interesting and wonderful book, as I then believed, that ever was published, Weems' life of Washington, and the still more romantic history of Gen. Marion, by the same reverend author, were books of thrilling interest; but they could not make the hair stand on a boy's head, like the narratives collated by Mr. Loudon. These narrations by the way, had the merit of being authentic, whereas those of Mr. Matthew Carey's travelling book agent—as we found out when we grew up—were to a large extent made out of "whole cloth."

Above Mr. Lane's, next to the house of Judge Reed—an honorable and worthy gentleman, but not an original Carlisler—was a small, neat red brick house with which all graduating students had occasion to be acquainted. For was not Mr. Alexander Nesbit the only chirographer in all the town, whose pen was equal to the ornamentation required by our learned diplomas? Could any other hand compare with his in the embellishment which was required, for the *Gulielmus's* and *Ludovicus's* and *Jacobus's*, with their surnames of less classical Latinity, which filled up the blanks of those wonderful parchments? Ah! Mr. Nesbit you little wot it, but you and Andrew Comfort—who made the tin boxes—did almost as much as the learned professors, toward fitting out *some* of Dickinson's students, with a title to scholarship.

Messrs. Editors. it is time for me to stop, not only this letter, but all these letters. I have, without intending it, slipped into a job which would seem to have no end, and from which I may as well desist now as at any other time. And better; for if I go on, I shall run the risk of boring you and perhaps wounding the sensibilities of some of your readers. For it is hard for any one, even with the best intentions, to talk with freedom about persons and character, without transcending the limits of delicacy. Allusions to individuals by name, are dangerous liberties, which, as a rule, a prudent man will avoid rather than apologize for. If in what I have written, I have exceeded the privilege which an anonymous and friendly writer may fairly claim for himself, I hope to be pardoned on the ground of my good intentions.

Very Truly Yours,
A. G. C.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The establishment of the German Empire dates from the eighteenth of January, 1871, and it is consequently the youngest of the great powers on earth.

The German Empire is a confederation of twenty-five States. It comprises four Kingdoms (Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg, six Grand Duchies, five Duchies, seven Principalities and three Republics. The latter, which are usually called the free cities, are Lubeck, Bremen and Hamburg. Besides these, Alsace and Lorraine, the newly-acquired territories, are direct dependencies of the German Empire, and are administered by a Governor. It was formerly believed that republics only were to able form a compact federal government, but the successful organization of the German Empire refutes this argument.

The German Empire is inhabited by forty millions of people. With the exception of about 1,500,000 Poles in Eastern Prussia, 100,000 Danes in Northern Schleswig, and about 200,000 French in Alsace and Lorraine, the population consists entirely of Germans. By far the largest State is Prussia, which has a population of 24,000,000; next comes Bavaria with 4,800,000, Saxony with 2,400,000, and Wurtemberg with 1,800,000. The aggregate population of the other twenty States is about 5,500,000. The population of Alsace and Lorraine, according to the French census of 1868, is nearly 1,500,000.

The German Empire has 9,016 geographical square miles. Its area is consequently considerably smaller than that of European Russia, which has 100,285 square miles, and it is also smaller than the Austrian Empire, which embraces 10,780 square miles, and it is only a little larger than France (9,568 square miles,) but considerably larger than Great Britain and Ireland (5,732 square miles,) and Italy with Rome (5,776 square miles.) With regard to population, European Russia, with nearly 70,000,000 of people, exceeds the German Empire, but the latter outranks all the other European States with regard to the number of inhabitants.

YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and to God:
E're you build your house mark well the spot,
Test all the ground and build you not
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high,
With an opening turret towards the sky
Through which heaven's dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man,
When shadows shall herald care;
A chamber with never roof or thath
To hinder the light—or door, or latch,
To shut in the spirit's prayer.

Build slow and sure—'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath;
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,
"Therein there is no death."

But dig deep, and high, and broad, young man
As the needful case demands;
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright,
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light
For the house not made with hands.

THE DESERTED BRIDEGROOM.

"Well," old fellow, "what do you think of her?"

Mr. Olney Gardiner leaned luxuriously back in his easy chair, and lighted a cigar before he answered the eager question put by Grove Milton.

He was a slender, handsome young fellow, with blue eyes, Apollo-like features, and a feminine delicacy of complexion; while Milton, less regularly handsome, was yet taller, and more manly, and striking-looking, in the firm mould of brow and chin, and the deep, smouldering light of bright, hazel-dark eyes.

"She's very pretty," was his calm and mild reply.

"Pretty!" echoed Milton, half-disposed to be offended.

"Beautiful, then, if you will. Yes, I think she is beautiful, with no ordinary style of loveliness. Will that content you, you grasping fellow?"

"And you will consent to officiate as my groomsman?"

"Certainly—if you wish it."

While Mr. Milton and Olney Gardiner, his friend, were thus talking in their luxurious quarters on the third floor of Rossminster Hotel, Clara Miner, in her room below, was taking the gilt hair pins out of her tresses, and "comparing notes" after very much the same fashion with her widowed sister, Mrs. McDermott.

"Nonsense," cried the latter, petulantly. "Grove is worth a dozen *fainéants* like Olney Gardiner."

Clara looked languidly up.

Golden haired, with sapphire blue eyes, and dimples lurking away on peach soft cheeks, she was as lovely as the sirens of fabled song, and her voice was correspondent to her face, flute-like and deliciously modulated.

"I don't deny that," she answered, calmly. "I only say that he is very handsome. Grove showed bad taste in selecting a groomsman whose personal appearance was so much superior to his own."

"Clara!" cried Mrs. McDermott, who was an impulsive, warm-hearted little personage, "I never spoke so when I was engaged to Howard. You don't act at all like a person who is in love."

"I know I'm not sentimental," Clara responded, yawning; "but somehow the romantic element was left out in my make up. I'm not responsible for it, am I?"

And Mrs. McDermott bit her lips, and went her way, secretly thinking Grove Milton a great deal too good for calm, icy Clara.

"I am so glad you like him, Clara."

It was Mr. Milton who spoke, and Clara did not answer until she had adjusted the folds of her lace scarf.

"Yes; he seems to be very pleasant. He has asked me to drive to the park with him this afternoon. Have you any objections?"

"Objections, Clara! I am perfectly delighted that you and he should be friends."

And Grove Milton meant it from the very bottom of his heart.

"I know I'm a little inclined to be stupid and common-place," said honest Grove, "and it is quite natural that Clara should enjoy the society of a polished and intellectual person like Gardiner, who has written books and understands all her woman notions."

It was two days before that which had been selected for his wedding, and Grove Milton had just returned from an absence rendered necessary by one of the unavoidable turns of business.

He met Mrs. McDermott in the broad hotel corridor as he entered, dusty with travel, flushed with bright expectations.

"Juliet,"—his face brightened as he set down his carpet bag on the stairs—"just look here, and see what I have brought home for her. Do you think she will like it?"

He drew from his breast a small velvet case, lined with the softest amethyst silk, and opened it, so that Mrs. McDermott could see the glitter of a little pearl cross, suspended to a necklace of larger pearls.

"How pale you look," he cried, gaily, as he glanced up. "Is it the reflection of the pearls?"

"Oh, Grove! Grove!" cried Mrs. McDermott, clasping her hands convulsively together, "how can I ever tell you? Why did they leave me to break it to you?"

"Has anything happened?" Milton asked, his own face growing whiter as he spoke. "Is—is she ill?"

"No, not ill; but," and she spoke with an effort, "she's gone."

"Gone where?"

"With Olney Gardiner. She married him this morning."

The pearls fell like shattered drifts of moonlight to the floor.

Grove Milton clasped both hands over his face, as if a sudden flash of lightning had stricken him blind and sick.

"Olney Gardiner! Married to *him!*" he gasped, almost inaudibly.

"Be a man, Grove. Bear it as a man should," faltered Mrs. McDermott, feeling as guilty as if she herself, instead of her false, beautiful young sister, had wrecked this true soul forever.

But the blow fell upon Grove Milton differently from what they all had fancied that it would.

He stood an instant silent and motionless, as if the sudden agony had momentarily turned him to stone, and then he looked up with a terrible shadow on his forehead, and an evil glitter in the brown eyes that had always been so marvelously soft in their wine-like depths.

"He is a villain!" he gasped; and *she*—great Heaven!—How pure and perfect I had fancied her!"

"She never deserved your love, Grove," said Mrs McDermott, soothingly; but he did not seem to hear what she said.

"Where have they gone?" he asked, in a low, measured voice.

"To Canada," Mrs. McDermott answered, reluctantly, yet compelled to speak.

"By what train?"

"They left here at twelve o'clock, Grove," as he glanced at his watch. "You do not intend to follow them?"

"I shall follow them to the world's end—beyond it, into the blackness of darkness, if need should be."

"Grove," pleaded Mrs. McDermott, laying one trembling hand on his arm, "do not go! You will do something which you will regret for a lifetime."

"I don't know what I shall do," he answered, moodily, as he shook off the clinging grasp. "I only know that I must follow them—that I must meet Olney Gardiner face to face, and tear Clara away from his false and cruel arms."

And he broke from the terrified woman before she could recover her voice to argue further.

"Grove!" she called out wildly.

But he was gone.

"Get me a carriage, somebody; drive me to the Montreal Express!" she cried, throwing on her shawl. "I will stop him yet!"

But there were unavoidable delays; and when at last the jaded horses dragged the hack up alongside of the railway platform, the official's gilt buttons stared placidly at her, and answered her eager questions by the composed reply—

"Montreal Express, mum? Gone these ten minutes?"

And so her journey was all in vain.

Grove Milton sat leaning back in the corner of the car, his hat pulled over his eyes, his arms folded on his breast, as the express train sped on through purple twilight—and fields all scented with summer's bloom and fragrance.

Ah, how widely at variance with his own thoughts and feelings was the sweet key-note of nature! Would he ever appreciate its tender cadence again?

How slowly the moments dragged along—how impatiently his heart throbbed—and all the while, underlying it at all, the fevered burning of his brain seemed as if it would drive him mad.

Suddenly the train grew to a gradual pause—people after their fashion, at such a season as this, rushed to the front platform.

"What are we stopping for?" called out Milton, impatiently, putting his head out of the car window.

"Accident ahead, sir—morning train ran off a culvert!" answered a brakeman, who was running past.

Grove Milton sprang from the car, and pushing past the indiscriminate crowd, rushed to the scene of disaster.

It was a lovely spot, belted on either side by masses of pine woods, while a culvert crossed a wide, although a somewhat shallow stream, which meandered through the valley hollow—a scene whose sylvan beauty was marred just now, by wreck, ruin, death and disaster.

They had telegraphed for assistance, but it had not yet arrived, and this second train was a signal help and aid, and was welcomed by all.

But Grove Milton hurried past the splintered cars and broken rails, looking only for two faces.

"Fate itself is pitted on my side," he told himself, with a thrill of triumph.

But the two faces were not there.

"Are you looking for friends, sir?" asked a kindly old gentleman, who was rendering all the assistance in his power. "