THE CARLISLE HERALD.

VOLUME LXXII. CARLISLE, PENN'A, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 30 1872. NUMBER 22

THE CARLISLE HERALD.

Published every Thursday morning by

WEAKLEY & WALLACE,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in Rheem's Hall, in rear of the Court House.

Terms--$2 00 per annum, in advance.

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5jan71

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J. H. GRAHAM & SON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW,
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Hon. J. H. Graham, late President Judge of the Ninth Judicial District has resumed the practice of law, and associated with him his son, J. H. Graham, Jr. Will practice in the counties of Cumberland, Perry and Juniata. 7dec71-tf

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1jan71y.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Plainfield, Westpennsboro' township,
Cumberland County, Penn'a.
All business, entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 29oct70

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CUMBERLAND COUNTY BRANCH.—The Company has appointed a Board of Trustees, composed of the following well-known citizens of Cumberland county:

E. M. BIDDLE,	S. B. KIEFFER, M. D.
CHARLES H. MULLIN,	WM. A. MULLIN,
JOHN M. WALLACE,	WM. A. LINDSAY,
WILLIAM KENNEDY.	E. M. BIDDLE
WILLIAM KENNEDY	President.

Secretary and Treasurer.
The trustees are all policy holders in the Company, and their duties are to supervise and conduct the business in this district, with authority to invest a certain proportion of the premiums collected in this district, within the same, thus making it emphatically and practically a HOME COMPANY.
A. O. BELLOWS,
A. CRIST, General Agent.
Special Agent.

Legal Notices.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Parker J. Moore, deceased, late of the borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber residing in said borough. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.
MRS. A. M. MOORE,
9mar72tt Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Windemaker, deceased, late of South Middleton township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber residing in said 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 payment.
C. H. MULLIN,
25ap72tt Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Ann Lantorn, deceased, late of the borough of Shippensburg, Cumberland county, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber residing in the borough of Carlisle. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to
W. F. SADLER,
25ap72tt Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of James D. Bell, late of Silver Spring township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber residing in the borough of Carlisle. 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
R. M. HENDERSON,
23mar72tt Executor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Catharine Sherman, late of Hampden township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber residing in said 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.
SAMUEL EBERLY,
16mar72tt* Executor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Mater, late of Hamden township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber residing in said 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.
SAMUEL EBERLY,
23ap72tt* Executor.

THE undersigned having been qualified as a Justice of the Peace, is now prepared to attend to all business entrusted to him. Office in Mr. Gigin's Building, near the Farmers' Bank, and in rear of First Presbyterian Church. Residence 56 West street.
23ap72tt F. A. KENNEDY.

Sale of Unseated Lands.

SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.—By virtue of a warrant from under the hand and seal of the Commissioners of Cumberland County, and to me directed, the following tracts or lots of unseated lands, situate in Cumberland county, Pa., will be sold at public sale, at 10 o'clock a. m., *on Monday, the 10th day of June, A. D 1872,* at the Court House, in Carlisle, county aforesaid, or as much of each tract as will defray the unpaid taxes and costs thereon:
GEORGE BORR,
County Treasurer.

Acres. Lot	Owners.	Tax due.
	Carlisle, West Ward.	
	Natcher, Margaret	$ 61
	Dickinson	
84	Ahl, D. V. and C. W.	10 77
6	Albert, widow.	1 47
11	Beecher, Jacob	8 18
100	Beam, John	1 13
21	Bushey, J. Y.	15 71
—	Bauer, Joseph	72
10	Brough, Jacob	1 55
6	Brown & Criswell,	1 06
7	Bitenam, Daniel	18
8	Biteman, Wesley	2 32
5	Brough, John	1 23
5	Bobo, John	1 49
21	Craighead, William	1 06
10	Coulston, F.	35
5	Criswell & Brown,	1 56
5	Coon, Joseph	3 68
10	Clapraddle, David	1 60
2	Childs, Jacob	63
15	Cackley, Noah	32
350	Diven, S. N.	40 12
6	Dixon, John	2 28
2	Dull, J W.	22
3	Davis, Rebecca	48
7	Fleishman, John	18
25	Graham, John, heirs	2 27
47	Gardner, John	6 61
8	Gleim, Samuel	84
6	Greist, Jacob	21
10	Gardner, William	1 75
9	Gardner, Elias	88
—	Gardner, Rebecca	88
9	Hemminger, John	84
29	Hepburn, Samuel, sr.	1 59
5	Hummelbaugh, H. A.	92
10	Hoffer, Samuel	25
4	King, Jacob	1 12
30	Kurtz, Noah	1 81
200	Keller John	22 50
6	Keffler, Henry	1 20
7	Lerew, Adam	8 76
3	Lerew, David P.	32
4	Lauch, John	1 80
9	Myers, Charles	5 12
3	Myers, Cornelius	1 23
3	Myers, Cyrus	1 77
5	Minton, Nicholas	4 71
4	Marsden, Dr. D.	2 21
36	Myers, Henry	2 02
9	Myers, John H.	3 25
1	Myers, Ezra	32
12	Mentorf, Isaac	3 77
5	Myers, Amos C.	2 45
4	McCreary, Wm.	80
16	Myers, Felty	2 04
5	Nottsinger, Jerry	1 14
15	Newcomer, John	76
1	Ross, Gibson	60
11	Robert, Jacob	4 03
5	Steinmith, Peter	2 36
5	Seeley, David	1 41
15	Steiner, John	4 92
11	Steiner, Jos. Jr.	2 02
10	Snyser, Philip	47
4	Stuart, Hughes,	92
23	Stuart, John	2 97
7	Trostle, Adam	2 68
15	Tribe, John	2 66
9	Trostle, J. R.	70
20	Woods, N. W.	5 20
8	Wireman, Isaac	2 08
5	Wolf, Jacob	26
1	Yetts, Simon	26
17	Zeigler, Hannah	1 46
	Frankford.	
5	Ahl, P. A.	48
16	Bowman, Samuel	25
6	Junister, John	1 62
50	Barr, Joseph	21
3	Cutts & Grove,	2 16
7	Forbes, A. heirs,	75
5	Finkenbinder, A.	13
5	Grimes, John	60
22	Gelsinger, Samuel	66
—	Rhoe, George	80
5	Keiner, John	40
4	Lechey & Rheem,	1 02
0	Leinenecker, Benjamin.	23
25	Kulter, Barnett	38
5	Ployer, Jacob	25
59	Snyder, Henry	1 92
16	Washwood, George	48
315	Woodburn, J. M.	75
	Hopewell.	
55	Sharp, Jr MD.,	2 29
91	Biddle, E. M.	1 80
5	Arnold, Samuel, heirs,	15
13	Fulton, James	65
43	McCune, W. C.	1 77
20	Rice, Peter	80
	Middlesex.	
10	Crain, Dr. Jos.	75
150	Egolf, John	4 60
	New Cumberland.	
Lot	May, Joseph	38
	Penn.	
25	Allen, William	50
—	Berrye, Eliza	25
32	Duncan, David	30
16	Engle, Jesse	40
43	Grove, Michael and brother	4 00
100	Galbraith, Thomas, heirs	1 50
—	Grove, Jacob	28
55	Kyle, John	2 75
14	Moore, David	1 65
20	Miller, A. G.	3 40
25	McIlhenny, Eliot J.	75
59	Miller, Joseph	1 51
8	McClinchith, Wm.	60
79	Peffer, Kelley Benjamin	1 25
180	Schoch & Bro.,	2 90
20	Thrish, B.	1 50
99	Weaver, Charles	1 35
130	Weeds, Chas heirs,	1 95
	South Middleton.	
15	Allright, Jacob	1 50
30	Beardorf, Geo. W.	2 70
15	Ernest, Edward,	33
14	Gardner, Berner	1 12
13	Gifert, John	1 20
20	Herrow, B. heirs,	1 04
220	Louck, J. & F.	1 00
6	Lesher, D. B.	25
112	Shearer, Jacob	3 23
18	Woodcrify, D. heirs,	45
13	Wolford, John.	52
7	Wert, Mary	18
	West Pennsborough.	
15	Hickernell, Henry,	1 50
11ap72-4t		

AGENTS FIND

LITERATURE, ART AND SONG

in the *best selling* book ever offered. It combines the humor of anecdote, the wisdom of essay, the information of history and biography, the sweetness and grandeur of song, the exquisite charm of music, and 400 beautiful illustrations.
"Sold resulting for gravy mollionts; pleasant pictures to illuming quiet hours; and gems of song or the social circle."
An Agent writes, "Sold 127 copies this week. Will sell 600 this month easily."
Our *new system of canvassing* does away with objections to the business. Particulars free. A valuable present to every new Agent.
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 93 and 95 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.
25ap72tt.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

'Twas in the sultry summer-time, as War's red records show,
When parlor aisles rose to meet a fratricidal foe—
When, from the North, and East, and West, like the upheaving sea,
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled decay—
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay:
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,
He roamed at will, and freely drew his native mountain air—
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many a woodland font,
And waving elms, and grassy slopes, give beauty to Vermont!

Where, dwelling in an humble cot, a tiller of the soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil—
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live or die.

Then left He all:—a few fond tears, by firmness half concealed,
A blessing and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—
The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes War's hot breath,
Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose husbandman is Death!

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and hard;
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night, on guard,
He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found
His prostrate form—a sentinel, asleep, upon the ground!

So, in the silence of the night, awearyon the soul,
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God:—
Yet, Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,
And, though betrayed to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise!

But God is love—and infinite minds can faintly comprehend
How gentle Mercy, in His rule, may with stern Justice blend;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,
While War's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

'Twas night. In a secluded room, with measured tread, and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien, paced gravely to and fro,
Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent:
On brothers armed in deadly strife—it was the President!

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief;
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief;
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doomed to die!

'Twas morning. On a tented field, and through the humid haze,
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's early blaze!
While, from a sombre prison house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.
A youth—led out to die:—and yet, it was not death but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame!

Still on, before the marshalled ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—
His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing—desolate—
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate!

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air;—
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his parents there;
He saw them bowed with hopeless grief, through fast declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision closed—in tears!

Yet, once again, in double file, advancing then he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—
But saw no more;—his senses swam—deep darkness settled round—
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound!

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and wheels approach,
And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach,
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,
Till, halting 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President!

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilion
And bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free!

OLD KENTUCKY.

The first object which meets the eye of the traveler as he approaches the quiet and aristocratic city of Lexington, Ky., is the monumental statue of Henry Clay. And I think it is also the one on which the gaze of the departing visitor last lingers. I own that during my stay in Lexington it was chiefly the memory of that great Kentuckian that prevaded the place, and the reminiscences of him that beguiled the days. For this man, perhaps the most honest and doubtless the most beloved of the great Senators of his time—this untaught, proud, large-hearted, magnetic, commanding, eloquent man, who was sometimes overbearing and often overestimated—this ambitious but disappointed, and, as his history will own, short-sighted statesman—the greatest representative of Kentucky, had his home here for more than fifty years. He came here a boy when the State was scarcely older than he. He practiced law here the few years that public life spared him. He married here before his fame was won, but the wife of the young lawyer, it is said, a most excellent woman, was never seen in Washington as the wife of the distinguished Senator, and was seldom introduced at home to the friends of the proud Kentuckian. At Ashland, a mile from town, was his plantation, where he kept the fifteen thousand dollars' worth of slaves, whom (or which) he offered, with genuine Kentucky logic, to manumit, provided some abolitionist would furnish an equal sum to give them a start in life. And here, a little more than twenty-seven years ago, this twice-beaten candidate for the Presidency received the news of his third and final defeat with imprecations on his party, and curses for his friends and foes. I suppose it was Birney and the inevitable abolitionists that did it all. But here in his own home this great man was worshipped living, and, dead, is revered.

I sauntered into the court house where Clay used to magnetize courts and juries. It is the oldest and the worst court house in the State. He must be an eloquent man indeed, who could be eloquent there. Always ugly, it has grown more so with years and decay, and the judge that sits within in immaculate attire, sits, literally, in broadcloth and ashes. I took a long walk—a mile is a long way to a man who was born tired—out to the cemetery to see the monument. It stands not far from the centre of the cemetery, loftily and lonely. It was not built in the interest of beauty, nor for the delight of artists. Far from it. From a broad base, which is also a tomb, a cylindrical shaft of Kentucky stone (no other than Kentucky material, not even purest marble, would be fit in the eyes of those who built it) rises more than a hundred feet, and on the top of this stands the statue of Henry Clay. The statue is above criticism. The effect of the monument as a whole is impressive. Standing on the side of it facing the sun you can peer into the clammy tomb and at the bier of the dead statesman. On the top of the bier are inscribed simply the words "Henry Clay;" resting on it also is a large wreath once green and called "evergreen," but long since gone to decay. On the side of this coffin of stone is written this proud boast of him within: "I can with unshaken confidence appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, by no personal motive, have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that in all my public acts I have had a sole and single life, and a warm, devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what I believe to be the true interests of my country." And I suppose that he alone of the three political giants of his day, could honestly and truthfully say this.

If your readers wish to know something of the claims of the "Blue Grass" to this title, tell them that their own parlors are scarcely neater or more elegant than were the fields of central Kentucky in the palmy days of old system of labor. The whole country is a lawn adorned with stately trees that seem to partake of the general elegance. It is gently undulating like the waves of a lake. It has a soil which tires not. Climate is sparing of her harsher moods. Cattle can graze from January to January. Pasture land is worth $125 an acre. The prevailing ambition is to own ground, and every man is anxious to own all that joins him. It seems in many respects like a huge lump of England dropped down here, an island in the sea. There are estates here of hundreds and thousands of acres of land, which the worst of "farming" cannot make unproductive. In fact, nature seemed to have spared nothing from her abundance in giving this section a "start." But this is not all of the picture. The river that flows between Ohio and the State of which I am writing measures a difference of fifty years in the matter of progress, and Kentucky is the behind State. "The old system of labor," as they still paraphrase slavery, choked enterprise, banished improvements, fostered indolence, forbade railroads, encouraged and compelled ignorance and nursed vice, and the Blue Grass region is attractive and productive, not because of, but notwithstanding, the people.

To give some illustrations: For nineteen years a railroad has been building from the heart of the "Blue Grass" to the Ohio river direct, a distance of forty-five miles. It was only finished within the last month, so much opposition did it meet from those whom it was to benefit. Cincinnati offered $10,000,000 to build a railroad through Kentucky to the South—the Southern Railroad. This road was to give immeasurable advantages to Kentucky. It was to give to the country south of her—one of boundless fertility and resources—a chance to breathe. It was to coax wealth and business to flow through this proud State, leaving wealth and business in their track. In New England all the people in all the towns along the proposed line would have vied with each other in offering aid and encouragement to such a road. Cities and towns and individuals would have emptied their hundreds of thousands into the hands of the builders. Kentucky refused the ten millions and forbade the road. This was a year ago. The present Legislature, by the deciding vote of the presiding officer of the Senate, condescended to accept the gift and grant a charter, but imposed a tax of fifty cents for every person carried over the sacred soil of their high-toned State, and twenty-five cents on each person venturing into their sanctified territory. And these insolent and unlawful law-makers did not forget to add a tax on every pound of freight carried over a road which northern capital and northern enterprise proposed to present to this stupid commonwealth. Within a day or two after this action I heard from a hundred emphatic men the words "damn Kentuck." An unlucky peddler went to Frankfort a few years ago to dispose of a wagon load of churns. He stationed himself on the common, took out one of his churns, one of the crank species, and commenced to operate on it. A constable 'sighted him,' and straightway went to Judge W——, swore out a warrant for his arrest, the judge issued it, and the poor vender of churns was imprisoned, his goods were burned, his team confiscated, and all for "operating a gambling apparatus on the public common, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Kentucky." A farmer here, worth a quarter of a million, will hardly venture to buy a new plow except "on trial." The leading man, a county squire, in one of the best towns of the "Blue Grass" region, told me he "doubted whether the reaper and that class of machines had been a benefit to the country." And still, never a man, eighteen hundred years ago, said, "I am a Roman citizen" with a greater sense of self-importance, than you find in the average citizens of this State when he says: "I am a Kentuckian."

Some twenty years ago or more, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a lecture at Springfield, Ill., gave a sententious and characteristic word-picture of a Kentuckian. In his audience sat a native of Kentucky, a tall, quaint, honest, earnest man, then a popular lawyer in Springfield. Some years afterward, Mr. Emerson was taken by Senator Sumner to the White House to pay his respects to the President of the United States. Immediately on being introduced, the plain-spoken Lincoln said: 'Ah! Mr. Emerson? I once heard you say in a lecture that a Kentuckian is a man who, when you meet him, seems to say by his manner: "Here am I—if you don't like me the worse for you." "I thought this very pat," said Mr. Emerson, in telling the story; but Mr. Lincoln's quotation was not neater than his own description was correct. The Kentuckians are indeed a peculiar people—a singularly conservative, self-satisfied and contented people. Nowhere in the country are people so clannish as here. The gates of society swing on peculiar hinges. Money alone is not a passport. Brains are not even a recommendation. A residence north of the Ohio is often a disqualification. You must be a "thorough-bred," or the next friend of a "thorough-bred," else the doors are shut. But he to whom they come open can learn the whole of their hospitality. I am speaking now of Lexington and vicinity, and towns of its class. But the Rev. Nasby, in his grotesque letters, has scarcely exaggerated the ignorance and peculiarities of the Kentucky countryman or mountaineer. He sits in his mountain hut and eats hog and hominy, or loafs in the corner grocery and guzzles whiskey, and talks "constitution." His sleepy eye has never rested on a steamboat, a railway or town, but his reflective and inquiring mind has got along with the news, no doubt, as far as the Concord fight, and I believe that he, too, vain-gloriously says, "I am a Kentuckian." But I should do injustice to the majority of Kentuckians if I forgot to mention a certain liberality and generosity, a certain cordial disregard, or a light regard for dollars and cents, which is common here and is not common in New England. But it is easy and natural in all latitudes to be generous with bread that has been earned by the sweat of other men's brows.

But what I have said about the Blue Grass region would be sadly incomplete if I omitted to speak of the most noteworthy and famous spot of all. In a county adjoining Fayette—of which Lexington is the county seat—an article was discovered a few years ago, which, with all its faults, has attained an astonishing popularity. And the universality with which this invention is used is only equalled by the endless variety of purposes to which it has been put. It has quickened the ardor of lovers and policemen; it has made trouble with several heads of men and of families; it has been a blessing to not a few ministers and politicians; it has tipped over a quite a number of wagons and considerable happiness; it has worn out a great many suits of clothes and much patience; has made hosts of friends and enemies in the twinkling of an eye; it has puzzled and muddled the wisest of heads, and put a head on where there was lack of wisdom; it has been the cause of countless smiles and tears; it has, to a large extent, taken the place of the oldest known combination of hydrogen and oxygen, and is considered superior to that for many purposes; it has troubled the makers and breakers of laws from Maine to California; it has created appetite and dyspepsia; it has caused coughs and coffins to disappear, it has broken merchants, furniture and engagements; it has made men never so poor while they felt never so rich; it is victuals or drink or lodging, according to the quantity used. It is a curious invention, and they call it, I need not say, Bourbon whiskey.

I left Lexington in the early morning. It was a glorious morning, and in my parting recollections of that beautiful and bountiful country are mingled smiling hills, broad plains whose verdure the Winter had not conquered, proud horses, smooth-haired cattle, evergreen trees and the golden morning sunlight. And when all else had grown distant and dim I still saw, a hundred feet in the air, collossal as he was, and is, and will be, the statue of Henry Clay, standing proudly against the sky and sunrise.

J. E. S.

FASHION AND HER WHIMS.—Fashion has at length reached a point in dictation at which we rejoice, for its laws are not now simply for the mere apparel. A foreign magazine has a description of a dress of which it says: 'With this costume the mouth is to be worn slightly open.' This is happy, for there are so many women who do not know what to do with their mouth, any more than timid young men know what to do with their hands, and minute directions of this sort, studied with every style of dress, will be very convenient. It is to be hoped that some costumes will require the mouth to be worn shut, for the effect in the street would be anything but agreeable if every lady went about with her mouth open. So much depends upon expression, in combination with costume, that the subject is worthy of study. The effect of the prettiest dress is often spoiled by a sour expression of the face, and as expression is simply an affair of the muscles, it can be prevented by the artistic dress makers.

We are very anxious to see, by the way, what women will be like when the Worths and other artists have finished with her. She is already with her three story hat, pannier built up like a dome, high heels and a fascinating wiggle walk, a creation of general interest, and if she "wears her mouth slightly open" there will be no resisting her. If, now, she were to nearly close her eyes and, if she is not irreverent, "go it blind," we could suggest nothing more. We should say, however, that these fashions are not universal. The women in Lancashire, England, are driven into still stranger apparel. They often put on the coarse clothes of the miner, and work at the mouth of the pit with pick and shovel. They also engage in the heavy work of the farm, and are employed on the canal barges; harness and lead the horses, and take their turn at the helm, and help to load the vessel. These girls are rough in manner and coarse in language, but honest and industrious. They take their pint of beer and enjoy their pipes, and never grumble. The question of how to wear the mouth has not yet got own to them.

WHY are lawyers like ivy? Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.

DE PROFUNDIS.

I work in a shirting emporium
For barely three dollars a week,
Where the chief of the firm is an elder,
All rubicund, beaming, and sleek.

He lays the remonstrating gospel
Into all of his daily affairs,
Says grace both before meat and after,
And is famed for his excellent prayers.

He wears his benevolent glasses
On a nose it's an honor to know.
And his gaiters of drab are a credit
To his firm—which is Grinder & Co.

He's subscriber for missions a dozen,
And snores in annual sleep
As Chairman of something for saving
The lost of humanity's sheep.

I trudge at the wearisome treadle
From dawn till the twilight is gray,
Half blind and unspeakably aching,
For fifty poor pennies a day.

I see nothing coming that's brighter
Than that which is now my despair,
And my two little inches of mirror
Forever suggest "You are fair."

And one must be dressed like a Christian,
Though not getting Christianly pay—
And how can I manage, good Elder,
On four of your shillings a day?

Oh, well, if its downward I'm going,
As only we women can go,
We start from the perfectly moral
Employment of Grinder & Co.

Yet possibly God o'er the city
Looks out with a pitiful eye,
And sees, in the pitiless moral,
Why we, the immoral, must cry.

A scene to be wept is before me;
An ultimate life in the street—
Of drinking, and beatings and curses,
And darkness, and tempest of sleet.

Who knows but my earliest tasting
Of dreamless and pitiful sleep,
May be in the Refuge you're building
To shelter the Lost of the Sheep!

Oh, Elder, philanthropist model!
How much in excess would it cost,
Stead of hunting the Sheep in their straying,
To keep them from o'er being Lost!

THE METHODISTS.

SKETCHES OF THE FIVE NEW BISHOPS ELECT.

The following interesting sketch of the recently chosen Bishops is taken from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

BISHOP BOWMAN.

The Rev. Thomas Bowman, D D., is a native of Berwick, Pennsylvania, and is 53 years of age. In early boyhood, he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon after entered Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was graduated, with distinguished honor, in the first class after the institution came under the control of the Methodists. For a brief period, he was assistant teacher in the Grammar Department, but resigned and entered the Baltimore Conference in 1839. After travelling several years with much success as a minister, he was forced by throat disease to rest from his ministerial labors. Soon after, however, in 1848, he was elected president of Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, an institution for boys and girls. During his Presidency of ten years he was eminently successful. His popularity was such that wherever he preached in Williamsport he attracted crowds. Desiring to re-enter the pastorate, he resigned the Presidency; but hardly had he resumed pastoral duties when he was elected president of the Indiana Asbury University, at Greencastle, Indiana, and was induced to accept, and here he has remained until the present. This institution, which has been under the presidency of some of the ablest men in the church, including Bishop Simpson, has been managed with great skill by Dr. Bowman, and its prospects for usefulness were never brighter than at the present time. President Bowman is well-known as a pulpit orator, and his services for the dedication of churches and other special occasions have been widely sought. He is fluent and forcible, and in delivery eschews the use of notes. His sermons are plain, practical and lucid, and his bearing in the pulpit is dignified. In person he is of about the medium size, compactly built and pleasant featured. He is plain in his attire, and modest and unobtrusive in his manners. At the General Conference in 1868, if the Episcopal Bench had been enforced, he would undoubtedly have been elected.

BISHOP HARRIS.

The Rev. William L. Harris, D. D., was born in Ohio, in November, 1817, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his seventeenth year. Two years after he was licensed to preach, and the next year he joined the Ohio Conference, and spent ten years in the pastoral work. He was then elected Principal of the Baldwin Institute, and after three years' service resigned to accept a Professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, where he spent ten years, part of the time under the Presidency of the late Bishop Thomson. In 1860, at the General Conference held in Buffalo, N. Y., he was elected Assistant Missionary Secretary, which office he has held up to the present time. Had he not been elected to the Episcopacy he would have been chosen chief Secretary of the Missionary Society in place of the Rev. Dr. Durbin, who declined a re-election owing to his advanced years and ill-health. Dr. Harris is a writer of ability, and though he is not known as an author, his labors in preparing the proceedings of each General Conference, and editing and revising the Discipline every four years, entitle him to consideration in this respect. During the great Anti-Slavery struggle in the Church, he wrote much and well, and some of his pamphlets will long be pr