A Family Mewspaper,---- Benuted to Literature, Education, Politics,

Agriculture, Business and

Information.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—Bishop

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3. 1853.

Cards:

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,

WILL perform at operations upon the Teeth that are requi Tooth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing l'agging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full soft. 35 Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Petel. Dr. L. is abent from Carlisle the last ten days of every month.

Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,

will L perform all operations upon the teeth that may be retrieved, from a single tooth to anomire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the most kind irregularities carefully treated. Of the at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle

ør. s. b. mieffer, O i'c'ICE in North Hanover street adjoining Ic. Wolf's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A.M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P.M. fjunct8'51

Dr. JOHN 8. SPRIGGE. OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity.Residence.-on the Walnut Bottom Road, one mile cast of Centreville. feb 21ypd

G. B. COLE. G. B. COLE,

A T T O R N E Y A T L A W, will a tend
promptly to all business entrusted to him.
Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvino, Esq., North Hanover Sc., Carlisle,
April 20, 1852.

GEORGE EGE.

TUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OF Free at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will fatend to all kinds of writing such as deeds bands, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c.
Carlisle, ap 8'49.

DR. C. S. BAHER ESPECTFULLY offers his professiona services to the citizens of Carlisle and sur

rounding country.

Office an I residence in South Hanaver street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."

Carlisle, Apl 20, 1853

Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c.

I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, togener with Paints, Oils, Varushes, Tarpentine, Perfumery, Sonps. Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Bruhes of almost every description, with a condelse variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very Lowes, prices.

All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms. and upon reasonable terms. S. ELVIOTT, Main street arlisle.

May 30 F. M. ROSENSTEEL,

P. M. KOSEINSTEEL,

Painter, Irvin's (tormerly Harper's) Row,
next door to Trout's Hat Store. He will attend promptly to all the above descriptions of
painting, at reasonable prices. The various
kinds of graining attended to, such as malogany, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles

Carlisle, July 14, 1852—1y.

CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND

STEAM SAW WILL EW CUMBERLAND, PA.

TRANSPORTATION. Tile undersigned are now prepared to freight merchandize from Philadeiphia and Baltimore, at reduced rates, with regalarity

and despatch, IDEPOTS. " Buzby & Co., 315 Market Street, Phila George Small, "Small's Depot," 72 North

Sroot, Baltimore.
and WOODWARD & SCHMIDT. JOHN W. BELL.

JOHN W. BELL & CO., THE OUTE A NID GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

HOWARD STREET. Opposite Centre,
BALTIMORE.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE undersigned are now prepared to freight merchandize from Philadelphia and ducod rates, with regularity and despatch. DEPOTS.

Prood, Ward & Freed, 315 Market Street, Philadelphia & A. H. Barniz, 76 North Street, Baltimore. Michael Herr, North Street, Baltimore., 800226m J. & D. RHOADS.

10,000 PIECES!

HAVE just opened the largest assortment of WALL PAPERS ever opened in Carligle, consisting of about 0,000 pieces of the latest French and American designs, ranging In price from 5 cts to \$1 75, also Window Papers and Fire Sercens, Plain Green and Blue, Papers, &c. Persons wishing to purchase any of the above can save at least 25 per centility calling at 1011N P. LYNE'S Hardware Store, West Side of North Hancover Street, Carlisle.

Carlisle Female Seminary.

INTERSES PAINE will commence the on the second Monday in April, in a new and commodous school room, next door to Mr Leonard's, North Hauover street. Leonard:s, Ivo ...
Instruction in the languages a...
extra charge.

Music anight by an experienced teacher, an (sept3tf)

IWILLIAM H. BRETZ,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carlisle HAS just received a large and well selected stock of American, French and English Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oile Dye-Stuffs, &c. At this store Physicans can roly on having their prescriptions carefully nopounded.
A BOY WANTED to rve in the Drussusiness. Call soon.

STORE FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER wishing to remove west to engage in other pursuits, offers at private sale, on reasonable terms his STOCK OF GOODS, embracing the usual variety kept in acountry Store.

GOODS, embracing the usual variety kept in a country Store,
Any person wishing to engage in the Mer cantile business would do well to embrace this opportunity, as the stock will compare favorably with any stock of goods in the county, and the location for business is one of the best in the county, being situated in the healthy and romantic village of Springfierd, and in the form of the particulars address the undersigned at Big Spring P. O.

JOHN HOOD.

July 27, 1859- if. JOHN HOOD.

Poetrn.

"A MAN OF HIS WORD." You may sing of the heroes of old, You may speak of the deeds they have done Of the fees they have slain by the score. Of the glorious battles they've won: You may seek to eternize their fame, And it may with goodly success-

But it is not the warrior's name

That this heart and this spirit would bless; Tho? oft at their mention my soul bath been stirred, Yet dearer to me is the man of his word. You may speak of the great ones of earth Of prelates, of princes and kings; I doubt not there's something of worth

In the bosom of all human things; But dearer to me than the whole Of pageantry, splendor and pride, Is the man with a frank, honest soul, Who never his word has belied: Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford, Though lowly and poor, is the man of his word:

Che Rome Circle.

THE LITTLE FOLKS AT HOME.

Has your experience in watching the development of these flowers of eternity never informed you that the child's year of all others richest in graces of body and mind is the fifth? Mine has; I well remember how often, when my boy was at that age, the clear look of the large, round eyes, that seemed to mirror heaven, and the few simple words from the frank ling, told like a rebuke upon some light word or act of the parent. And now his sister has reached that most interesting period, so rich with lessons worth reading.

We live in the country, and our neighbor hood is measured by miles, not "blocks."-One winter evening, not long ago, while the centre table, a neighbor drove up, and entering, soon with hearty friendliness, had Kitty eyes met his as she answered. " God gave me to this house !"

The tone was simple as the words, and the half. Her wardrobe and house being in com silvery voice was childhood's; yet for a mo lifteto order, her husband very much at leisure ment the sounds seemed as if wafted from a

Not long since, I was on a visit to a sister, whose home is made joyous by the presence of three bright eyed "wee things," whose un hear their sweet good night; and in the morning with the lank I heard their frolic voices. I was soon among them. It was one of those gorgeous autumnal mornings which someuncle?" was the united cry; when a dear litby the hand, and hanging fondly thereby, raised her bright eyes, and, with a half tearthat you staid so long in your room!" "Why, my dear!" said I. "O dear it's all gone now !" she replied , "but I do wish you had bed !"

curred under her own eye; and well does it low carriage, one of their late acquisitions. illustrate that false dignity which is too often assumed by those who wear the vesture of the gether on the veranda, Mr. Hastings enjoying pulpit, in their intercourse with the people of his after dinner cigar and the newspaper, their charge:

Door-bell rings. The Rev. Mr .--- is introduced to the family-room, where three chil- engagement presents. - But they did not get dren are busily engaged at play, enuggled in on very well, there was so much talking to do the corner of the room, the mother diligently between times, and at last they conceived the engaged in sewing. She rises to meet "the minister." and salutes him, while he, with lefty. minister," and salutes him, while he, with lofty, enjoyment. They, searcely tasted the dessert, ing, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, are you well to-day?" And so anxious were they to resume the thread of as dignifiedly takes his seat. After a few moments pause, he says, in the same unbending, work basket table took their place outside the unfamiliar manner: "I trust, madam, that casement window, and Flora, with the prettiest you have been well since I saw you last?" and most becoming air of industry, listened "I hope your family have been, and are, in ported at a considerable angle on the trellis ordinary sickness of chidren." Another pause. "I trust that you have found consolation and hat; not because he needed it, but Flora conrejoicing since my last visit?" etc. And thus sidered it particularly becoming to his dark, passed away some fifteen minutes; the children all the while having suspended their play uro. with a kind of indescribable fear, which children can look; first glancing wonderingly at each other, and inquiringly at the mother .-Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing dignity, the clergyman said: "I leave my scales were not poised to the most minute blessing with you and your family, Mrs --and will bil you good morning." Hardly had the door closed when a little boy of four years ran towards his mother, and clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and could be guilty of it to you." with all the simple carnestness of a child, said: "Mamun, mamma, was dat Dod?" I thought such a thing, I am sure. But all women have the reply conveyed the most important lesson, not such angelic tempers, dearest."and one so plain that none could misundestand

or misinterpret it, coming as it did from the in the least like my Alfred. How did it ever, lips of innocent childhood." In the beautiful valley of the Shenandonli. I used to visit a venerable Virginian gentle. tiest, most admired, and wealthiest young lady man of the olden time. His house was the of Mr. Hastings's acquaintance, it was rather abode of genial hospitality and refined opur singular.

lines: and surrounded by his children and "Angel!" It was well the thicket of sweetlence : and, surrounded by his children and

picture of domestic happiness. It was Mr. P's oustom to call his little enraptured kiss, grandson to his side morning and evening, "Ho

and on his bended knees, and with his little hands clasped and raised to heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him in the Lord's prayer; he had advanced most success fully as far as the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when little Willie looked up his eyes sparkling with animation and deligh exclaimed: 'Ol ganpa, put some butter on it Even the gravity of my venerable friend, yield ed to this assault.

I know of a family very strict in religious observances-evening prayer, grace before meat, etc. On a recent absence of the parents. grandma-who makes no pretence to pietypresided at the tea-table. Observing the silence, Mary C-, a very tiny girl, wis pered, 'Grandma, I can say grace.' Permis sion being given, little Mary put her hands together, closed her eyes, and with an air of great sanctity and gravity, repeated the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
It I should die before I wake,"
I pray the Lord my soul to tuke." -Knickerhocker

Select Cale.

From Godey's Lady's Book. THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"They never loved as thou and I, Who vindicate the moral — That angle which sweetens love can lie In true love's lightest quarrel." "It is certainly very disagreeable to love

another so much." This original remark was uttered as a stage family were, as usual, gathered around the soliloguy, the little dressing or sitting room having no other occupant than the very pretty woman who laid down her book with a yawn, on his knee. "Come, Kitty," said he, "won't and took up a tidy crotchet, lazily netting a you go home and live with me?" The child few stitches. To one who had never suffered looked up in his face; the golden curls fell from this excess of idolatry it might be conbackward to her shoulders; and her deep blue sidered rather a singular complaint; but the case stood thus: Flora Hastings had been a wife the very long time of three months and a

in business and with ample means, they had far-off world where angels only dwelt. A found nothing better to do than the modern shadow-no, not a shadow, but a sober bright-ness as of something profound and holy, was east over the meditative mood of the dwellers party invitations after the first gloss of the in 'this house;' and every heart within it bridal dress was dimmed, and, when seen a swelled with gratitude for the great God's rall in public, were always together, she lean ing upon his arm with an enviable air of self-Kitty still calls my daily trip into town 'go- satisfaction, looking up into his face with ing down-town,' as when we lived 'up-town.' most adoring glance whenever he chanced t The other day, she was sitting alone with me speak, and he in turn bending down to catch in the library, and, as usual, on my knee, when, her most trivial remark with a devotion that after a moment's reflection, she threw the would have become a just engaged lover. If brightness of her blue eyes into mine, and at a concert, he funned her, he supported her said: "Do you ever get time to say your pray-opera glass, he carried her hood and shawl. ers down-town, papa?" "Heaven bless thee, But even music, in which they both professed child! No! no! Too little time is taken in toobe amateurs, seemed to have lost its accusthe turmoil of 'down-town' for breathing a tomed charm, and they were certain to leav prayer to heaven for its blessings on our at the end of part first, no matter what were the attractions of the bill to less absorbed

spectators. In short, everybody said-and everybody, when turned gossip, is not over civil or con ceasing chafter makes sweet household music | plimentary oftentimes -that "they were ma I arrived in the early evening, just in time to king fools of themselves, and it could not last forever." Some people are so envious of any thing in which they do not share!

They did not live in the city in the summe season, but at Mr. Hastings's little country times kiss the fading-brow of October: As-I-house harge enough, however, to be thorough descended to the parlor, "How do you do ly comfortable, and well fitted, and with head servant who never bothered her mistress tle girl, of four smiling summers, caught me by asking instructions, which were sure to b comprehended in one sentence, "You know best, Margaret." So they lived an idle, fond, ful expression, said: "I am so sorry, uncle, and, as they imagined, a perfectly happy life, with flowers which the gardener cultivated, a little music, and the new books of the season. They did not invite any company to Brookside; been up early, for the morning made the sky they did not wish any. Mr. Hastings rode to look so beautiful when the night went to town between nine and ten, returning by three, and from that time they were constantly A friend told me the following as having oc- together, reading, walking, or driving in the

At first they thought it delightful to sit to Flora with the last new novel and an exquisite silver paper cutter, that had been one of the "Thank you, sir, quite well." A brief pause. to Mr. Hastings, who sat with his fect sup-"Well, I thank you, aside from the of the porch, his chair artistically balanced. and his head adorned by a broad leaved straw

> Spanish, melo-dramatic style of face and fig-And then these little episodes of commenand criticism, the hero and heroico being in all cases judged and tested by their individual experience, and pronounced wanting, if the

equality. "A quarrel! My dear Alfred, how can any woman speak unkindly to her husband? 1 should be ready to bite my tengue off, if I

"My precious love would never think of "And then some men are so provoking : not

ever happen you could care for me ?" Considering Miss Flora Willis was the pret-

grandchildren, I never saw a more perfect brief formed such a perfect screen, as the heavenly epithet was emphasized with a most

enraptured kies,
"How long have we been married, love?"

inquired the angel, in the most captivatingly | ment of the sixteenth chapter. thoughtful mood her hand looking so very white and small as it rested on his jet black

whisker. "Three months, fourteen days and a half, my pet," responded the happy husband, with How could you?" the precision of a country tombstone or obituary notice. "Fifteen weeks to-morrow since I was made so very, very happy."

"And we love each other as dearly as ever. How strange!" "Yes, more dearly. Very. And they told us we should change?"

Such sarcastic repudiation of the charge as was conveyed in that tone and glance! 'They' have been an added sharp. would have been withered by it; even the blossoms of the sweetbrier shook and trem-

"You could not be unkind to your poor little Flora?" "Never, my own darling! And she would

not give her husband"----" Never-never-never!"

The reader is to suppose the blanks filled by an Æolian harp and the coo'of a wood pigeon. And so the poor book fell to the it seemed; and he, too, descried the centre floor; and then it was too dark to see. A walk was proposed through the shaded lanes; and, when they returned, Flora was too weary to listen. The love quarrel in the tale was left without denouement. Our notual lovers were so happy that they could afford to linger over it.

So it happened that the young wife was re duced to the occupations before described, this warm summer afternoon. Her watch again and again consulted, was held for a least three quarters of an hour in her hand, the moments creeping by, and still Alfred had not come. She went out on the vermida and the gate, the white robed figure was resting as own precious wife !" peered through the thickets of shrubbery but there was no sign of either horse or rider; and, while she stood there disconsolately, she saw the book half hidden by the "Home Cazette," just as it had been dropped the night before. "What could keep Alfred so long?" They might have read several chapters before dinner, and found out how the quarrel was made up. But the book must not lie there; and, as she stooped to raise it, the leaves whirled over, opening most invitingly to chap ter sixteenth. She could not resist reading on a few pages, still leaning over the railing of the veranda, and then, more absorbed, sat down in the little sewing chair, and finished the exciting scene. She did not recollect until then the strict agreement they, had entered into not to read this particular book separate ly; but a chapter or two could make no pos sible difference, she thought, walking up and

thought ..... ceiving as a reward for all her anxieties a her ill temper and her vexation together. shower of kisses and loving epithets, with fond

safety. plentiful dessert of strawberries and cream. and selfish proceeding; she thought, considering he was so very late, which, by the way, fover, with the heat and afternoon's restlessness. It even scemed possible, for the instant, that "the king could do wrong." However, the pouting lip was kissed into its full roundness again, as the unconscious offender proposed an adjournment to the dressing room and lights.

"Don't you think it rather too warm, dearest?" was the mild expostulation of the hysband, as Flora propared to make his knee her easy chair as usual.

They would never quarrel! Oh no; they had not even disagreed as yet. Not a word was uttered in reply; but one

ing about him all the afternoon, tool She her thanks!

my precious? Do you feel like singing to her bolf torture, lying upon her "widowed your husband ?" . Exerting herself to sing such an oppressive

evening! . It was just as thoughtful as men different race! "It was too hot."

been mistaken; Flora certainly could not have used that tone to him. Perhaps my darling, would rather have

open at the close, instead of the commence- the smooth fold of the linen undisturbed, and soon forgotten.—Dickers. 4

"We did not get quite so far as this. me see-about half through, I think." "I finished it this afternoon." "Oh, Flora you remember our agreement.

"You did the same thing yesterday!" "One little paragraph when the cook-called

you, dear." "Well, I can't help it. You can read up to " What if I don't choose to?" And Alfred's

"You can do as you rlease, my dear!" It was not so much the words as the smile tended to speak so; she could not tell what evil spirit possessed her; nor did she feel how

until she heard— "I certainly shall, my love!" in a tone he had never used before; so firm, so compressed

table, and went out into the night air. She threw herself on the bed, intending at irst to go back to his side in a moment and. 'make it all up." But, as she heard his requiet and calm as if mover disturbed by an bled her, not withstanding this outward compo immediately and sat down beneath the shaded forgiveness unspoken. light. Her heart throbbed with secret exultation; he evidently wished her to come back and allow him to read. He should try a little suspense. She glanced beneath the hand that concealed her face. He looked sad and troubled; but he had resumed his book. Perhaps he thought she would return by the time the chapter was finished; but she would teach

him a lesson; he should ask forgiveness, for

he had spoken as crossly as herself.

Ah, what had become of all the loving fear and auxieties of that little heart, the fond, restless yearnings of the afternoon, when she down the garden path, and disconlar to every thought that to see him safe and well again sound.

"It was full an hour beyond the usual time, ness? Where was the self-sacrificing devotion What could have happened? That horse, she that had then been ready to nurse him through was sure he was not to be trusted, and going the most frightful illness, regardless of fatigue, so near the railroad especially. Oh, how exposure, or contagion? She knew he was dreadful it would be if he were brought home not happy, she heard him sigh unconsciously dead, or very muc's injured! How horrible as he turned the pages, and that one word, to watch him suffer pain! And then he was one sign from her could make him cheerful obliged to go down to those dreadful wharves, again; and yet she withheld it. She did not Oli, if he was anything but a shipping mer- feel really angry; but he would be sure to chant! She was kept in such constant fear come sogn and sue for a reconciliation, and of smallpox, or typhus fever, or some other then she would tell him she was very sorry, shocking disease, all so prevalent this season. and it would be ten times pleasanter than be He must be ill; yes, he had complained of a fore. Still he did not come and she was hendache in the morning If he did not come growing very sleepy. She had promised herin-another quarter of an-Rour, sho should solf never to sleep at variance with her huscertainly go to town in the evening train in band, and never before since their marriage search of him." And then she imagined her- had she missed the good-night kiss upon her self driving about in fearful haste, in a very forchead, or the whispered blessing, their last desolate looking cab, so infinitely wretched parting word. She would doze a few minutes, that the tears came into her eyes at the very and then go to him, perhaps she thought; he surely-would not think of sleeping so. She Imagine her joy, then, at the sound of hor- was very tired, and it was very warm, and ses' feet, just as this frantic resolution was then one white, round arm was thrown over taken, and she flew down to the gate to meet the fair linen sheet, and, with flushed cheek, Alfred just as he dismounted to open it, re- and lips slightly apart, the little lady forgot

She woke from an unhappy dream with chidings for her unreasonable fears for his feverish start, a moment after, as she thought ed cookery, while the taste acquired at so much at first. But the rooms were quite dark, and pains, departs suddenly. Civilized men enjoy She forgot to inquire for the headache. there was no sound but the monotonous ticking one hind of food, and cannibals another. "Oh, what a warm, disagreeable, uncomfort, of the watch under her pillow. A rush of Some are very simple in their habits and like able day it had been! If people could only recollection succeeded the troubled waking, the boy Cyrus, at the country table of his live without enting such days!" And yet the and she put out her arms to be sure that she grandfather, wonder at the multitude of dishtwo managed to make a very comfortable din. was not dreaming still .-- that it was really so os. But no man, Christian or heathen, ever ner, in spite of heat and romance, with a late. Her husband's pillow was empty! She quarrels with his bread and butter. It is acthought of the lounge by the window in the ceptable the year round, and the taste for it is It was later than their ordinary hour, so much dressing room; he certainly could not intend universal, and never palls. You cannot out go that it was nearly dark by the time Alfred's to sleep there, away from her all night! A it to a surfeit, or ever return to it with disgust. cigar was finished. Flora thought he was grieved, sorrowful feeling took the place of If it is of a bad quality, that does not destroy much longer than usual in smoking, and dis. the first resentful thoughts; and then pride your affection. You blame the baker, but stick covered, with some impatience, that he had came back again, as a sound from the next to the bread. Good bread and butter in the indulged himself in a second; a rather unusual room o infirmed her suspicions. It was her husband turning restlessly upon the lounge, very staff of life. When the flour is of the with a long sobbing, sigh, as if even in his finest wheat, the yeast of the buoyant nature, was not yet accounted for. The "augel" had sleep he felt their estrangement. The first and the loaf, with its crust properly baked, has managed to work herself into a slight nervous impulse, to go to him, to kneel down and wind the whiteness of snow and lightness of a her arms around him, and ask his forgiveness, sponge; when the butter has the flavor of the was resisted. It was certainly unkind in him fresh grass, and the color of new minted gold, to go to sleep without kissing her good night; cat to your heart's content, and desire nothing she should have wakened if he had, and then lelse. When you have come in at the noontide it would have been all right A long, rolling hour, wearied with your expedition to the crash of thunder broke in upon her reverie; mountain top, your walk in the woods, your the glare of lightning which accompanied it sail on the lake, or your betanizing in the revealed the lounge and its occupant; and meadows; when you have labored faithfully then came a deluge of rain, and she heard in the garden, rooting out the weeds from the the wind heating down the shrubbery before encumbers and green peas, the sweet corn and the window. The casements were both open, cauliflowers, which are to grace your table, the rain came drenching in upon the new contracting a sharp appetite from the smell of Brussels carpet, the books upon the centre the mould; when you have returned with table, her work basket, and there was Alfred, woodcock from the swamp, or have been 'a weatherwise might have dreaded the porter- for whose health she had been so anxious, ex- fishynge;' and then the golden butter and tons silence more than the most abrupt retort, posed to the wind and dampness. Should she fresh bread are set before you, garnished peras the injured wife deposited herself on an go and close the casement? No; that might haps with a well dressed lettuce, or a few ottoman instead. After she had been worry waken him, and he would think she had given short-top searlet radishes, each orackling and up to him; besides, she sbrank from crossing brittle as glass, well may you disdain the aid was fairly sick with anxiety; and this was all the rooms at midnight, lighted only by those of cooks, for it is a feast which an anchorite lurid flashes in the black, angry heavens. might not refuse, and which an epicure might "And now what shall we do this evening, Poor, wrotehed little wife, miserable indeed in envy."—Knickerbocker for July. marriage pillow," and listening with straining eyes to the crash of the storm without, and

there he was lying, breathing so heavily, that her fears overcame her self-will, and she called him to her side. But there was no answer but a half moan of pain as he threw his arms out wildly, as one in delirium. She was at his side in a moment, lifting the damp masses of his hair, kissing his eyes, his feverish cheeks, calling him by every endearing name; but the submission had come too late, he did not know her; and though he opened his eyes, it was only to close them again, as if the light was painful,-with an indistinct, incoherent tone was certaiply approaching the key at mutter. She had never seen violent illness before; but she realized in a moment that the which Flora maintained the duet. There may fever she had so dreaded was upon him. The hendaches-and he had been detained in town only by a visit to his physician, which he did of mock courtesy, and the flush of her eyes not like to explain to her, fearing to alarm as she rose and left him. She had not in- his darling-had been the precursors of a threatening malady, which the heat and sudden change of temperature, lying since the much expression that single sentence conveyed | midnight by the open windows, had developed

his very hair, were drenched in the driving shower, through which he had slept heavily. Poor little wife, indeed, fearfully punished, as she watched many a long day and lonely night ere reason returned, listening to his beseeching tones, begging her not to turn from him, not to be angry at such a trifle, to kies treating footsteps, a new resolve flushed thro' him once more. And she did rain tears and her mind. She would undress and pretend to kisses upon his burning forehead, his lips, his be asleep when he came; that would punish hair, without hushing those pleading entreaties him properly for attempting to resent anything that almost broke her heart. It was a long, she might say. It was scarcely an instant's long trial; but reason came at last, and she work; the pile of snowy skirts, the light lawn sobbed with joy and thankfulness, as she had dress, were crushed into a heedless mass of done with anguish and remorse, when sho drapery, the little slippers Long carelessly caught the first conscious glance, so full of away; and, before Alfred could have reached love for her, the first faint murmer, "My

rapidly. The curtains, the couch, his clothes,

Henceforth they lived more wisely; and angry or fretful emotion. One thought trou- years after, when the wife was tempted to give utterance to impatient moods, fretful and sure. Perhaps he was seriously angry, and angry words died away on her lips, rebuked might stay away for a long walk; but no, by the remembrance of that terible agony, whatever his intentions, he returned almost lest her husband should die with the words of

Miscellaneous.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP. Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a it and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has he provoked by his humorous sayings. He was recently engaged in a sale of venerable household furniture and fixin's. He had just got to 'going, going, and a half, a half, going !' when he saw a smiling countenance upon agricultural shoulders wink at him. A winkis always as good as a nod to a blind horse, or to a keen sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked and the man winked, and they kept winking, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of glassware, stovepipes, carpets, pots and perfumery, and finally the lot was knocked down "To -a who !" said Smith, gazing at the. miling stranger.

"Who?" said the stranger, "I

"Why you, sir," said Smith. "Who, me?"

"Yes, yes, you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me, darned if I did," insisted the stran-

"Why, did you not wink and keep wink-

"Winking? Well I did; so did you wink t me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, keep dark, I'll stick somebody in that lot of stuff; and I winked as much as to say, I'll be darned if you don't, mister!"

Bread and Butter is a thome, however omely, on which a volume might be written. Although the appetite may tire of other things. on this substantial ground it makes a stand .t must be trained to the liking of a far fetchsummer time are peculiarly delicious, .-- the

MEMORY OF THE DEAD. It is an exquisite snd beautiful thing in our the heavy breathings of the sleeper near her! nature, that when the heart is touched and usually were. What a selfish, exacting, in Harder than all to bear was the upbraiding softened by some tranquil happiness or affecconscience, and the dreary loneliness of the tionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes empty room. But, with all this, she sank over it most poworfully and irresistibly. It Well, men are only mortal, and even they again into a disturbed, unquiet sleep; and, would almost scom as though our better may feel hurt or startled at an abrupt answer when she woke again, the cold, stokly daylight thoughts and sympathics were charms, in virto an ordinary question. But perhaps he had was stealing through the room,
been mistaken; Flora certainly could not have At first she could scarcely recollect what vague and mysterious intercourse with the spihad happened; but, as she sat up leaning rits of those whom we dearly leved in life. upon her elbow; she saw her ornaments thrown Alas, how often and how long may those namo read to her?"

In confusion upon the dressing rause, nor utess the many of the book, upon the carpat, Alfred's desorted pillow, with the spell which is so soldom uttered, and so soldom uttered, and so soldom uttered, and so soldom uttered, and so soldom uttered. in confusion upon the dressing table, her dress tient angels hover around us, watching for ow, with the spell which is so soldom uttered, and so proved by all this lavish expenditure is not stated,

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MEMORY WHILE DROWNING. One of the most singular features in Pyschoogy is the fact which is perfectly notorious. that the faculty of memory acquires an activity and tenacity in the case of persons about being drowned, which it never exhibits under ordinary pircumstances. An accident occurred some weeks ago, at New York, which threw a number of persons into the North River. among others was Mr. ---, and his sister, the first named, editor of a weekly paper in Philadelphia. They were both finally saved. Mr. —— describes the sensation while under water, and in a drowning condition, to be pleasant and peculiar. It seemed to him that every event of his life crowded in his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown, but seemed only to

sonsation would make, should be lost. In noticing his statement in an exchange, I am reminded of an incident which, dissimilar as it is to the one just narrated, in its general features, had the same remarkable awakening of the memory, which such cases sometimes exhibit. I can youch for the truth of what follows, as well as testify to vivid reflections in my own case, when exposed to the hazards of drowning, reproduced in a few minutes the

regret that such an interesting item as his

entire events of all my past life. Some years ago A held a bond of B for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. At its maturity he found that he had put it away so carefully that he was unable to find it. Every search was fruitless. He only knew that it had not been paid or traded away. In this dilemma he called on B.: relating the circumstances of its disappearance, and proposed giving him a-receipt as an offset to the bond, or rather an indemnifying bond against its collection if ever found.

To his great surprise, B not only refused to accept the terms of meeting the difficulty, but pesitively denied owing him anything, and strongly intimated the presence of a fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and therefore without redress, he had to endure both the loss of the money, und the suspicion of a dishonest intention in urging the claim. Several years passed away without any change in the nature of the case, or its facts, as above given, when one afternoon, while bathing in James River, A, either from inability to swim, or cramp, or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning. He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was scized and drawn to the shore. The usual remedics were applicate resuscitate him, and although there were signs of life, there were no signs of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and emained so for some days.

On the first return of strength to walk, he left his bed, went to the bookcase, took out a book, opened it, and handed his long lost bond to a friend-who was present. He then informed him that when drowning and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, in a moment, there stood out distinctly before his mind, as a picture, every act of his life, from the hours of his childhood to the hour of sinking beneath the water, and among them the circumstance of putting the bond in the book itself, and the place in which he had put it in the book-case. It is needless to say, that he recovered his

own with usury.

There is no doubt that this remarkable quickening of memory results from the process which in such, case is going on-the extinguishment of life. It is somewhat analogous to the breaking in of the light of another world, which in so many well attested cases of death-bed scenes, enabling the departing spirit, even before it has left its clay tenement, to behold and exult in the glories of a future state. Is it not a fair inference, that when the soul shakes off the clors and incumbrances of the body, it will possess capacities for enjoyment of which on earth it was unsuscepti-

As regards the memory, it will be observed by most persons, how readily in life we forget that which we do not desire to remember, and in this way we get rid of much unhappiness. Can we do this after death? This is an important practical question .- Cist's Advertiser

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"He's dead!" How frequently is that brief out admonitory sentence uttered without exciting any but the most transient emotionwithout awakening a deeper or more permanent reflection than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! Two friends shall casually meet after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third and mutual friend. "He's dead!" is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder. If men of business, perhaps he was one who entered largely into their speculations-all their projects for the advancement of their fortunes-all their worldly-minded schemes of aggrandizementyot "ho's dead." The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise-a significant shake of the head, a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not heard "as if an angel spoke," and as time passes they hurry on without further comment to their respective counting houses.

Logic .- "Mind, John, if you go out in the yard, you will wish you had stald in the

"Well if I stay in the house, I will wish I was in the yard ; so, where is the great difference, dad !"

Everybody knows that Barnum adverises. He always did-and attributes his sucessa in life to that important fact. The following may be an advertisment, or it may be intended as a burlesque. It will pass for eith-

or: The "Boarded Lady," with her whiskers dark, Is seen each day at Barnum's, near the park, Barnum exhibits, with his usual taste, His only humbug that is not barefaced.

Res An ice croam saloon has just been opened in New York, containing mirrors, it is said, which only cost \$10,000. The ornamental work of the ceiling alone cost \$10,000. Whethor the quality of the los cream, is to be im-