

HERALD

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General 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 Hall.

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1853.

VOLUME LIV, NO 5

Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER,
OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 3 to 5 o'clock, P. M.

DR. JOHN S. SPRIGGS,
OFFICE in his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity—Residence—on the Walnut Bottom Road, one mile east of Centreville. Feb 21 ytd

G. B. COLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carlisle, April 20, 1853.

DR. C. S. BAKER
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country. Office and residence in South Hanover street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office," Carlisle, April 20, 1853

DR. GEORGE E. BRETZ,
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Teeth are set in gold, from a single tooth to an entire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle

GEORGE EGG,
OFFICE at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Bartholomew's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, Sep 4 '53.

WILLIAM H. BRITZ,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carlisle.

HAS just received a large and well selected stock of American, French and English Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Poisons, Oils, Dye-stuffs, &c. At this store Physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully compounded.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Teeth are set in gold, from a single tooth to an entire set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle

FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES & 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, together with Poisons, Oils, Varnishes, Perfumery, Soap, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Brushes of almost every description, with a endless variety of other articles which I am determined to sell at the very lowest 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. S. ELLIOTT, May 30 Main street, Carlisle.

F. N. ROSENSTEL,
Sign, Painter, Ornamental Painter, Irwin's (formerly Harper's) Row, next door to Front's Hat-Store. He will attend promptly to all the above descriptions of painting, at reasonable prices. The various kinds of staining attended to, such as mahogany, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles. Carlisle, July 14, 1852-19.

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AND
STEAM SAW MILL
EW CUMBERLAND, PA.

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Carlisle Female Seminary.
MISS PAINE will commence the WINTER SESSION of her Seminary on the second Monday in April, in a new and commodious school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hanover street. Instruction in the languages are "reading, no extra charge. Music taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge. (sept 26)

WHITE HALL ACADEMY.
Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.
THE SIXTH SESSION will commence on Monday, the seventh of November next. Parents and Guardians and other interested are requested to inquire into the merits of this Institution. The situation is retired, pleasant, healthy and convenient of access, the course of instruction is extensive and thorough, and the accommodations are ample.

Instructors.
E. D. Doninger, Principal, and teacher of Languages and Mathematics.
Dr. A. Dinwiddie, A. M., teacher of Ancient Languages and Natural Sciences.
E. C. Dora, teacher of Mathematics and Natural Sciences.
Hugh Coyle, Teacher of Music.
T. Kirk White, teacher of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship.

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Boarding, Washing, and Tuition in English per session (3 months) \$50 00
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Original Poetry.

A CANINE STORY.

BY EDWARD STILES BOG.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."
"Some big cur I stoned of yore."

As one night I sat in sorrow, wishing it would soon be morn,
Reading about the mumps and ear-ache in old works on phisic lore,
While with pain I was "scowling," suddenly there came a growling,
And full soon a louder howling—howling at my chamber door.
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
"Tis some cur dog," I muttered, "growling at my chamber door—
Some big cur I stoned of yore."

Presently—now was 't surprising—I did feel my
And I said, "who's afraid, I will make that canine fly the door."
But pity me, dear friends, I beg, the mad cur seized me by the leg,
When he worried—fiercely worried, 'till he threw me on the floor,
Where, in rage, we did engage, until my old trousers were
Making "darns" rather sore.

Chairs we rattled, as we battled round the entry—on the floor,
In the fight, out went the light, and darkness deep was brooding o'er;
He, the pangs! of his fangs, as he bit me, very freely bringing gore,
Yet I liked him, and I kicked him first, first he bit me on the ear,
And I said, "who's afraid, I will make that canine fly the door."
When, in joy, I said, "my boy, 'tis my opinion you'll howl no more,
'Tis you, my boy, 'tapping RAVEN on the night, 'till you see
Dog is dead—Excuse!"

Eye Home Circle.

THE MODEL HOUSEKEEPER.

We find the following excellent observations on the powers and duties of women, in a recent lecture delivered by Horace Mann:—
I must be permitted to say that there is one department of labor, both in the city and in the country, which woman seems disposed to abandon, but which for her own honor and the progress of civilization, she ought always to fill. The topic is homely, but whatever pertains to her home should be delightful. Every woman should be a good housekeeper. A well-ordered house is worthy the dignity of being compared with a well-ordered State. But for perfect housekeeping, as for perfect generalship, one must have seen service in the subordinate ranks. In the present state of society, we need not go far to find many a man who would give all the waltzes and polkas that a metronian genius ever invented, and throw all new-fangled flourishes upon piano and guitar into the bargain, for beautiful and good breakfasts, and for dinner somewhere within fifteen degrees of longitude of the appointed hour. These are no points in our "Psalm of Life" where duty requires of a man's stomach that it should, as Longfellow says,
"Learn to labor, and to wait,"
or rather that it should first wait, and then travail. No higher respect is due the greatest inventor discoverer, than to the woman who has mastered the philosophy of Domestic Economy, and who works the machinery of her household with astronomical order, precision and silence. In such a house, even inanimate things seem to be endowed with intelligence, and to feel the force of example. "The stars in the heavens," says the prophet, "knoweth the appointed time, and the turtle, the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." And so it is, in such a house with all turkeys, ducks, and swallows; they know all the work is done, are like Job's oxen, "that go into their dens, and remain in their places." Such a housekeeper elevates the drudgery of cooking into the dignity of science. Her kitchen is a laboratory, and she a learned professor. Her culinary process of compounding, baking, roasting, &c., is a science applied to the art of the most useful of all arts, that of health-making. Strength, beauty and longevity. In all her operations, she preserves the good lessons in the respect which order works in the kitchen, and the Indian

Archipelagoes, she finds in fresher and more delicious sweets, and savors of nature's indigenous concocting. Hence, in her household there is no dyspepsia, but always appetia.—Stops, pops and unctuousness, she holds to be an immorality, as they truly are. Thus the swinish gastronomy of the common table, is changed to Hygiene; and the gross sensations of animal appetite are refined into emotions of fitness, elegance, and happy companionship. Under her roof, serene sleep chases night-mares and head-aches, which in forty-nine cases out of fifty, caused by concoctions from the larder, or the accused forgeries of salarates, never torment her family; but her children have hearty joys instead of heart-burns; frolics in lieu of cholera; clean bills of health, instead of druggists' bills; and benevolence towards all mankind, instead of wishing all the doctors in the Red Sea. She puts to scorn the idea that the cultivator of the soil needs knowledge, in order to turn the sunshine, the rain, and other elements into productions for our cellars and store-rooms; but when we come to the far more difficult and delicate transmutation, and these very productions are themselves to be turned into vital tissues—into brain, retina, and all the papille of touch, taste and smell; eye, spontaneous happiness which are the token and effluence of health; and thence the process may be preceded over by any ignorant slave of the South, or any "hainant" just caught from an immigrant ship.

There must be interest. There must be earnestness. There must be care. There must be culture. There must be thought. There must be study.

"Nocturna versata manna, versata diurna."
Above all, and before all, must be the love of it. And the love, of it will find, or make, the rest. But it must be young love, honest love. It was the first spring shower that left the snow wreath of the cherry bloom behind it, on the tree. And the cry of the peach blossom was bit started by the dalliance of the earliest zephyrus. A cold and sullen spring is fatal to the fruit. And the mind that is not early wooed to the pursuits of scholarship, will find small favor with the muse; And oh, what ever payment, in their early, ardent love! What rescue from the slavery of sense! What reservation of the powers of mind, for their best uses! What redemption of time from loss, and waste, and worse! What communion with the wise and good, of every age and every land! What high pursuits! What pure delights! What rich attainments! And what treasured recollections! Happiest of boys is he, who, earliest, yields himself to these serene attractions of the mind; and in the love of letters finds his earliest love. And happiest they, of parents, who are wise enough to know, that far above all wealth, all station, all that men regard as getting forward in the world, is such a taste and its indulgence for their child.

And what comes of this ripe scholarship? In its possession, are intense delights that deepen every day. 'Tis him the world of languages opens all its stores with California profusality. Not a dust that has not gold in it, and diamonds, more than words. No language can be dull. It multiplies himself, in them. In every new one that he masters, he is a man; the more; and the more numerous the tributaries that he makes, all the more music to his ear, all the more magic to his heart, the native tongue, in which his mother taught him how to pray. The ripe scholar may not be a teacher, by profession, and yet he teaches every where and every one, and no one dreams the while, that he is teaching; they seem only thinking with him. He may not be an author, but his titles will be treasures, and his letters such as might have dropped from Cæsar, or Evelyn, or Arundel. And as to what the world calls working men, and has relied on, most implicitly to do her work, and not been disappointed in it, when the chiefest of them have been summoned, how many of them they tray the favor of the great, and the great of the world! A Wolf and a Wallesey in arms; a Davy and a Humbolt in a Lynde; a Reynolds and an Alton in art; a Lynchurst and a Coleridge at the bar; a Pitt and a Peel in the Senate house. Not second to the very first of all of them, our Choate, our Everett, our Webster.

Elegant Extract.

THE RIFE SCHOLAR.

BY DISHON DOANE.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. I never heard or read these words, without a strong sensation of approval and delight. Next to the spiritual graces, on which heaven depends; and the domestic blessings, by which life seems cheated of the purpose, to wit, when he describes, was my first thought for years. But that is personal and past. And now, 'tis the serene and yellow leaf, on which my life has found, finds its best compensation in the attempt to realize in others what I might not be myself.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. They are a part of that inimitable summing up of Cardinal Wolsey's character, which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Griffith, gentleman usher to Queen Catharine. They suggest the theme of what I mean to say to-day:

THE RIFE SCHOLAR;
HOW HE COMES;
WHAT HE DOES;
AND HOW HE GOES.

What it is to be a ripe scholar, we shall readily perceive if we pursue and trust the figure. We fail to get the use of language by our willingness to follow it. Who has not school-boy memories of his father's orchard? How when the flower bud had opened, and the blossom set, and the small green bullet grown and blushed, and mellowed in the sun, till all its juices were concocted into nectar, and all the air was fragrant with its smell, the full ripe apple flexed his trunk eye and melted in his eager mouth. 'Twas the joy of moments, but the memory of years. What a contrast with the arid hardness of the unripe fruit! It was like the tastelessness of the poor withered finger upon the boughs! In the fruit, alike and in the scholar, time and the hour have done their work. It was a noble nature. It was subjected to all kindly influences. It was developed. It matured. It mellowed. The rough in it was softened. The hard in it grew genial. The harsh was mild. The Virginian without its merrit: "metia poma." And the whole essence was subdued and sweetened, till it melted in the mouth, or on the heart. A ripe scholar! What an aroma in the phrase! How it suggests the honeyed cluster! And how it lives in the memory! And how, when it has delighted its own generation, it goes down to after ages to be the sensual word of immortality. The multitude of men confound the potent with a scholar. As well expect a pear in a pippin-moon. The one rough, rugged, repulsive. The other sweet, liquid, luscious. There is a vulgar prejudice against much learning. 'Twas had a touch of it, when he charged madness as its consequence upon St. Paul. But your half-learned airs, in far more danger. The men of balanced minds, the men of equable discourse; the men whose faculties and functions are in tune, are they in whom a full and accurate scholarship has set its harmonics. How the ripe scholarship of Shakespeare breathes thro' all the wondrous world of his creation! How it paints the pictured page of Spenser; and how it weaves its doth of gold from Milton's magic web! And yet 'tis not magnitude so much as mastery of learning, that makes the ripeness of the scholar. The ripe scholar is sure of what he has. Sure, that he has it; and sure, that he can use it. And it grows by use. And it is more available for use. The men that have most widely ruled in human hearts, have oftentimes been such as their work is done, are like Job's oxen, "that go into their dens, and remain in their places." Such a housekeeper elevates the drudgery of cooking into the dignity of science. Her kitchen is a laboratory, and she a learned professor. Her culinary process of compounding, baking, roasting, &c., is a science applied to the art of the most useful of all arts, that of health-making. Strength, beauty and longevity. In all her operations, she preserves the good lessons in the respect which order works in the kitchen, and the Indian

Miscellaneous.

A MAIDEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

A youth came wooing a maiden so fair,
As gentle and true as a dove;
To his words of affection she'd always reply
In tremulous accents of love.
When the hour drew near for this wain to depart,
He kissed her and bade her good night;
She kissed in return and thought it no harm,
But she said she had not acted right.
"Then why, dear ma'am," she exclaimed, "have you said this?"
This doctrine is holy and true:
To do unto all men, in every respect,
As you'd wish them to do unto you."
"But if of my favors 'tis lavish 'I've been,"
She said in half petulant sorrow,
"I'm sure that my love will with pleasure return."
My kiss back again on to-morrow."
While Lucy looked on with profit I've read
As its doctrine I firmly believe,
And there it is written in characters plain,
"Tis more best to give than to receive."
Mamma could not answer, papa was struck dumb,
While Lucy looked on with profit I've read
As its doctrine I firmly believe,
And there it is written in characters plain,
"Tis more best to give than to receive."

WELL TUNED.

A young lady over the signature of "Kate," sends the following spirited article to the *New Orleans True Delta*. We think she gives fashionable young men a well merited rebuke. Her remark, "It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side," is worthy consideration. She entitles her piece, "How to educate Young America."

I read in a paper, she says, the other day, that some new ornamental branches in young ladies' education were coming out soon—Cook-ology, Spelling-ology and Wagon-ology. All honor to the projector of so happy an improvement, but allow me to ask, when our young Misses become such pattern house-wives, in what "articles" they will look for suitable companions? Not in upper-tendon could they be found. Just fancy one of the be-whiskered, be-seated, monstrosities, exquisite in companionship with one of Solomon's maidens, who layeth her hand to the spindle, or plyeth the flying shuttle, or accomplish a cookery. What affinity would there be between them? The same that exists between a butterfly and a honey-bee—no all glare and glitter, and frisking movements, the other all patient, industry, and sobriety. I cannot think of a more useless article, or one more out of place, in a room where work is progressing, than a fashionable young man. He knows so little about matters and things I feel in pain until he is safely lodged in the parlor, among other things "more for ornament than use," annuals and biographies.

It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side. I propose three branches more to be added to the list of studies for finishing young gentlemen, fashionably. Sew-ology, Clog-ology and Spelling-ology, and in addition to the requisite of "shoes, to-wisps, spoons and napkin rings," each promising pupil be furnished with a new wood saw and age, well sharpened, and daily exercised with them, be practised. It will supersede the necessity of gymnasiums.

In our onward march to perfection, and in taking up the accomplishments of our grandmothers, we earnestly beg that some provision be made against being out off from "best society," and such would be the result, unless the lords of creation are willing to keep pace with us. Their lively hands would scarcely, with present views, be willingly united with those which bear marks of labor; and what a dreadful state of affairs would occur in upper tendon, if one of the first families were to marry beneath their air dignity. Hasten then, the glorious era, when walking-sticks shall be converted into hoe-handles, croquet hooks into knitting-needles and quizzing glasses and flirtations be known no more.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men—say, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes' challenge to Lord Townsend is well known:—"Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall do, on account of my plain one." He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

HEALTHY TEETH.—Healthy teeth depend mainly on healthy digestion, and on cleanly habits as regards the teeth. They must, of course, be confined to the purpose for which they are designed. If they are employed for the purpose of cracking nuts, biting thread, unscrewing needle cases or turning the stopper of a smelling-bottle; if the mouth is used as a portable tool-chest, in which a pair of scissors, a knife, a vice, a cork-screw, or any other instrument may be found at the time of need—then serious and irretrievable injury will eventually be done to the enamel of the teeth; which, no healthiness of digestion nor cleanliness of habit will avail to remedy.

OLD BELL'S COLONY, in Potter county, Pennsylvania, it is stated, has turned out most unfortunately. Not more than forty emigrants remain upon the lands, which lie on Kettle Creek, and are said to be poor soil, ill-fitted for cultivation. Mr. Bell expended large sums of money in improvements, such as erecting a fine hotel and other buildings, but a serious difficulty about the title to the land purchased by him has thrown the whole enterprise into confusion, and resulted in an expensive lawsuit.

There is no blessing like health, particular when you're sick.

Humorous.

Ben Jonson's Description of a Waltz.

From the Southern Star.

When we got into the place, we found a great large room, as big as a meadow-house, lighted up with smashing big lamps covered all over with glass hangings. The ladies looked as nice as little angels, their faces as white as if they dipped them into a flour barrel; such red cheeks I have seen in all Shilley's journals, but arms all covered with gold bands, chains, and silver beads; such lips you never did see—they looked like kiss me all over; their eyes looked like diamonds; their waists drawn to the size of a pipe-stem; and made to look like they were undergoing a regular cutting-in-two operation by tin's string tight round 'em; and their bosoms—Oh, Lordy! all covered up in laces and muslin, they rose, then fell, then rose again, like—Oh! I don't know what it was like, except the breathin' of a snappy white goose, chucked in a tight bag, with its breast just out!

After the girls and youngsters had walked round and round for a considerable spell the music struck up—and such music! It was a big horn and a little fiddle, and a little flute, a big fiddle and a little fiddle, and such a squeakin', squallin', bellowin', growlin', and frog in Christendom had concluded to sing together. They called it a German Polka. I 'spos it was made by some of them Cincinnati Germans, in imitation of the equalin' at a pork parson, and I guess it was a pretty good imitation.

So soon as the music struck up, such a sight! The fellows caught the girls right around the waist with one hand, and pulled, then right smack up in kisses, order, with the girls' bosoms, and the girls' chins' restin on the feller's shoulders. At this the girls begun to sorter jump and caper, like they were going to push 'em away; but the fellers just caught hold of the other hand and held it off, and began to jump and caper too, just like the girls.

I swon upon a stack of bibles you never seed such a sight! There was some two dozen gals hold tight in the arms of them fellers—they 'a' rarin' and jumpin', and pushin' 'em back'wards over the room, (as I thought 't'ry) to get away from them; and the fellers holdin' to 'em tighter and tighter, the more the girls capered, and capered, the tighter they squeezed the girls, till at last I began to think it was being carried too far for fun. I was a little green in these matters, and seem' the gals' eyes' in their faces, and gettin' away, as I thought; and the feller's holdin' tighter and tighter, it was very natural I should take the part of the gals. So my dander got a wash, and higher, till I thought my blue waist-bands might let out steam. I benched smack into the middle of the room. "Thunder and lightning! everybody come here with shot-guns six-shooters, and butcher knives!" bawled I at the top of my voice; "for I will be shot if any d-d-blasted, long-bearded feller shall touch a girl that or way where I am!" and I was just goin' to pitch into 'em promiscuously when my merchant caught me by the arm, and said, "stop Ben." "I'll be ceased," says I, "I will see the wimin' folks imposed on! Look what these fellers are doin', and how hard the gals are rarin' and pitchin' to get away from

IRISH UNCERTAINTY.
I have often heard 't remarked and complained of by travelers and strangers, that they never could get a true account from an Irish peasant as to distances, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you met a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Baltimore, he will probably say it is "three short miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that 't is "five long miles." On you go, and the next will tell "your honor," it is "four miles, or about the same." The fourth will swear "if your honor stops at three miles, you'll never get there!" But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replied, "Oh! plaze your honor, that's Baltimore, sure enough!" "Why you said it was more than three miles off!" "Oh yes! to be sure and certain, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honor. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honor; but from our own little nibs? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that sort of your honor." Thus is the mystery unraveled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you then are, but from his own cabin; so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct. But it is to be observed, that frequently you can get no reply at all unless you understand Irish.—Darrington's Sketches.

AN OPINION.—James Buchanan, in a letter to the Liverpool American Chamber of Commerce, detailing a banquet tendered him, refers to the importance of a liberal interchange of commerce between nations, and says all the questions of dispute between America and England are not worth six months' interference of trade between the two countries. "In reference to the Revolution of China, he remarks that if it should terminate in opening up a free trade to that vast empire of three hundred millions of human beings, the United States and Great Britain will have heretofore before them, which, even with all their energy, enterprise and resources, they will scarcely be able to reap.

HOW I FELL IN LOVE, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

The first time I saw Mrs. Porriwinkle was when she was "sweet sixteen." It was at a party my sister gave to her schoolmates, and Amelia Ann, for that was the dear creature's name, was the divinity of the evening. She wore a blue dress—I shall never forget that dress—which was cut low in the neck, showing a pair of the whitest, roundest and most polished shoulders in the world; and she had long, golden ringlets that flowed down her back—in short, I thought I had never seen anything half so angelic.

Perhaps she had once been much impressed by my appearance, she had often since told me she was; for she allowed me to dance with her almost every set, and "yes" to everything I proposed, and drank a glass of champagne at supper, at my urgent request, though I thought that she had never done such a wicked thing in her life before. When Harry Hanson spoke to her and asked her to eat a pillippon with him, I felt as if I could have knocked him down. Dear creature, I heard her afterwards refuse to let him see her home, and shall never forget how chop-fallen he looked, when she said, with a toss of the head "no, thank you, I'm engaged."

It was I that escorted her to her father's door, and when she asked me, I didn't know for a minute, whether I stood on my head or on my tail. I declined, pleading the late hour. For my way home, I whistled, sang, and occasionally danced; never had I felt so happy, it seemed as if I could almost fly.—Oh! Amelia Ann! I kept repeating, thinking what a pretty name it was, and then I would break out into "Zipp-oon," perhaps "Dan Tucker," till at last a watchman tapping me on the shoulder, told me not to "cut them shins or he'd take me up for being tipsy." Frightened half out of my wits, I gave him a dollar, and had the satisfaction of hearing him growl out in return, that he saw I was a gentleman, "rich saved my bacon."

I reached home and began to undress, but had to stop, with a shocking pain, to try and recall how Amelia Ann looked. I shut my eyes and leaned back dreamily in my chair, to call up satisfactorily the image of her plump shoulders and round white arm. It was a bitter cold night, but in spite of it, I paused in turning down the sheets, and when one foot was already raised to get into bed, for it suddenly struck me that, perhaps, Amelia Ann was thinking of me at that moment; yes! sitting abstractedly before her chamber fire, all in virgin white, blushing and ruminating—"Ah! dear Amelia Ann," I ejaculated, clasping the air, and dropping the coverlet, and in that ecstasy I stood all the cold, which bit me like a pair of nippers in ten thousand places at once, and popped into the bed, and curling up like a whiplash, repeated "my lovely Amelia Ann," till, falling asleep, I dreamed of her all night.

I called three times that week to see her.—She played on the piano divinely, and sang like St. Cecilia. Her "Last Rose of Summer" was enchanting, better than Jenny Lind's I thought. I lay awake forgotten till two hoisterous brothers, who were to talk about white shins and, who, when silent, never listened to her. The next week I knew Amelia Ann, I spent every evening but one with her, and she spent every hour, and could not get on any body.—How I watched up and down on the other side of the way, looking up at the window which I knew to be her's, and where a light was burning! Once or twice a shadow was reflected on the curtain, and that was almost as good as seeing her. "Dearest Amelia Ann," I said, if I could only have your headache for you."

The next Sunday I proposed. Everybody but we two had come to church, and we remained at home to read "Lallah Rookh." I can still point out the exact spot, on the back parlor sofa, where she sat when she promised to be mine.

We have been married five years, but somehow or other, she don't care for dress any more, and as for poetry, she declares it trash. Her hair is worn plain, and often looks flowy; but she says it is impossible, with all her fatality to be fixing it forever. In truth, our three daughters occupy so much of her attention that she has no time for nothing. She never opens the piano, she does not know the new pieces, she says, "and 'tis tired of the old ones."

She often tells me it is a wonder she looks as well as she does, considering the trouble of house-keeping, especially the perversion of children and the difficulty of keeping servants. Her career, she declares, "are wearing out her life," so that I consider it "a miracle she survives it." It is true I endeavor to lighten the load for her by nursing the baby; all the evening, and getting up at night, to carry it, if it cries! I allow her, too, unlimited credit at the milliners; for she says she could not be happy without four bonnets a year.

I used to think before we were married, that she lived on air, perhaps like a chameleon, or without eating. But she has an excellent appetite now. If it wasn't for that, she says, she should long since have died under her troubles. She was very fond of porter, till she joined the temperance society, since which time she has found great benefit from drinking the strongest black tea. She has certain dishes which are great favorites with her; for it was but yesterday she said, "Be sure you come home to dinner, love, for we are going to have what I love above all things, beef-steak smothered in onions."

And thus I fell in love with a blue dress and white shoulders, that beef-steak and onions might come of it.

Good Mr. Editor, do all sentimental young ladies turn out so?

I. H. S.—These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer-books of these sects. They are abridgements of the Latin phrase *Jesus Hominum Sacerdos*, which signifies, "Jesus, the Saviour of Men." Some may ask why the letter "I" is used instead of "J"—Because formerly there was no "J" in the Roman alphabet! Then I was head-hunter's now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen this name of John Sobotta's.