CARLISLE HERALD.

A Paper for the Family Circle.

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E. BEATTY,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet, containing FORTY COLUMNS, and furnished to subscribers at the rate of $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:

	3 Months.	6 Months.	12 Months.
1 Square, (12 lines,)	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
2 "	5.00	8.00	12.00
¼ Column,	8.00	12.00	16.00
½ "	12.00	20.00	30.00
1 "	25.00	35.00	45.00

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 8 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The CARLISLE HERALD JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Three good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for Plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or any thing in the Jobbing line, will find it their interest to give us a call. Every variety of BLANKS constantly on hand.

☞ All letters on business must be post-paid to secure attention.

General & Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—FRANKLIN PIERCE.
Vice President—JESSE D. BRIGHT.
Secretary of State—WM. L. MARCY.
Secretary of Interior—ROBERT MCCLELLAND.
Secretary of Treasury—JAMES GUTHRIE.
Secretary of War—JEFFERSON DAVIS.
Secretary of Navy—JAS. C. DOBBIN.
Post Master General—JAMES CAMPBELL.
Attorney General—CALEB CUSHING.
Chief Justice of United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—JAMES POLLOCK.
Secretary of State—ANDREW G. CURTIN.
Surveyor General—J. P. BRAWLEY.
Auditor General—E. BANKS.
Treasurer—HENRY S. MIGHAM.
Judges of the Supreme Court—E. LEWIS, J. S. BLACK, W. B. LOWRIE, G. W. WOODWARD, J. C. KNOX

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. JAMES H. GRAHAM.
Associate Judges—Hon. John Rupp, Samuel Wood burn.
District Attorney—Wm. J. Shearer.
Prothonotary—Daniel K. Noell.
Recorder, &c.—John M'Gregg.
Register—William Lytle.
High Sheriff—Jacob Bowman; Deputy, James Widner.
County Treasurer—Adam Sonseman.
Coroner—Joseph C. Thompson.
County Commissioners—James Armstrong, George M. Graham, William M. Henderson. Clerk to Commissioners, Michael Weo.
Directors of the Poor—George Sheaffer, George Brindle, John C. Brown. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Col. ARMSTRONG NOBLE.
Assistant Burgess—Samuel Gould,
Town Council—R. C. Woodward, (President) Thos. M. Biddle, John Thompson, Michael Shearer, Henry Glass, David Sipe, Robert Irvin, A. A. Line, Michael Holcomb.
Constables—John Spahr, High Constable; Robert McCartney, Ward Constable.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. CONWAY P. WING, Pastor.—Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr. EAKIN, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

St. Johns Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. JACOB B. MOORE, Rector. Services, at 11 o'clock, A.M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. JACOB FRY, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. KREMER, Pastor. Services at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first Charge) corner of Mainand Pitt streets. Rev. JOHN M. STINE, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (second Charge) Rev. THOMAS DAUGHERTY, Pastor. Services in CollegeChapel, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M.

Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret, near East street.—Rev. JAMES BARRETT, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. service at 10½ A. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, President and Professor of Moral Science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W. Marshall, Professor of Ancient Languages.
Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Alexander Spiess, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages.
Benjamin Arbogast, Tutor in Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, Principal of the Grammar School
William A. Snively, Assistant in the Grammar Schoo.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, Richard Parker; Cashier, Wm. M. Beetem; Clerks, Jn. P. Hassler, N. C. Musselman. Directors, Richard Parker, John Zug, Hugh Stuart, Thomas Paxton, R. C. Woodward, Robert Moore, John Sanderson, Henry Logan, Samuel Wherry.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY R-R ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendant, A. E. Smith. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward; leaving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 3.17 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.45 o'clock, A. M. and 2.15, P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY. President, Frederick Watts; Secretary, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, Wm M. Beetem; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetem, Dr. W. V. Dale, Franklin Gardner, Henry Glass and E. M. Biddle.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—President, John S. Sterrett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Hoffer.—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Kerr, Malcholm Brenneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre-paid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre-paid.)

Postage on "THE HERALD"—within the County, free. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents unpaid Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

FRESH HERRING!—The subscriber has just received a lot of SUPERIOR FRESH HERRING, of this year's catch. For sale at the established grocery. J. D. HALBERT, April 23, 1855.] North Hanover Street.

JUST RECEIVED—
Fresh STRAWBERRIES,
" PINE APPLES,
" LOBSTERS,
" TOMATO KETCHUP,
PICKLED ONIONS,
GHERKINS,
PICCALILLY,
PRESERVED GINGER,
TABLE OIL, &C.

Above articles warranted equal to any in market. For sale low for cash at
July 16, 1856.] WILLIAMS'.

NEW LUMBER YARD.—HIM-MEL & Co. having opened a large Lumber Yard at Mechanicsburg, would invite Carpenters, Builders and others wanting Lumber to call and see, as they have all kinds of lumber on hand. All orders sent to Mechanicsburg will be punctually attended to.
June 11, 1856.—3m.

SCYTHES & SCYTHE SNATHS.—A dozen Grass and Grain Scythes, of all makes, Grain Scythes, Hay Mauers, Bush Hooks, Grass Grain Rakes, Hay Mauers, Bush Hooks, Forks, &c., for sale cheap for cash, just received at the Cheap Hardware Store of H. SAXTON, East Main Street, Carlisle.

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker.

SPRING, AUTUMN, AND ETERNITY.

"He hath made everything beatiful in his time."—Eccles. iii. 11.

There are two things I dearly love,
In nature's circling year,
Which lift my spirit far above
The weight of earthly care;
They bring before my eager view
The brightness of a home,
Where all their loveliness is true,
Nor change can ever come.

The early times of Spring's first hours,
Brings freshness to the heart;
They rouse the wearied spirit's powers,
And sweeter life impart:
Her dancing breezes gently woo
The blossoms of the rose,
All wet with sparkling morning dew,
Their petals to inclose.

The weary sufferer of pain,
The bowed with care or grief,
Hail her returning once again,
With hopes of sweet relief:
Spring hours cannot fail to bring
Calm and consoling thought,
Her many voices ever sing
Of joy to mortals brought.

But how, O Autumn! shall I dare
To paint thy gorgeous hues;
The softness of thy morning air,
Thine evening's pearly dews;
The solemn grandour of thy night,
Whose starry crown is set
With gems more radiantly bright
Than earthly coronet?

The glory of thy sunset hour,
When all is calm and still,
Brings full conviction of the Power
That heaven and earth doth fill;
Oh! who can gaze upon thy skies,
As twilight shades them o'er,
And not from earthly dreamings rise,
Their Maker to adore.

The wreath of fading summer flowers
Is yet upon thy brow,
But all the mirth of Summer hours
Is changed to sadness now.
And yet, upon thy dying head,
A solemn beauty lies,
More glorious than the riches spread
'Neath Summer's glowing skies.

Ever, O Autumn! shalt thou be
To us, an emblem meet
Of spirits sinking peacefully
To slumber calm and sweet;
Though thy delights not long may last,
Yet ours shall still increase:
Thy reign be soon for ever past,
But ours shall never cease.

Ah! not like thee shall pass away
The Christian's hope and joy;
We look for an eternal day,
And bliss without alloy—
For glories hid from mortal sight,
Revealed in realms above—
For fadeless crowns of heavenly light,
And perfectness of love.

Select Tale.

THE LEGEND OF ARGIS.

One of the most curious and pathetic legends of Wallachia tells of the foundation of the great metropolitan church of Argis.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Prince of Ningos, warring against the Turks, was on the eve of fighting a great battle, and went to the hermitage of a pious anchorite, before whom he made a vow that if victorious, he would build on that very spot the most splendid temple that ever sought the rays of the sun. Consequently it is supposed that his victory was complete. The Ottomans were dispersed; and he had nothing to do but accomplish his promise. Princes are usually faithful to these kind of undertakings. Niagoe had much wealth at his command, and knew of an able architect named Manoli.—To him he entrusted the task of constructing the temple—bidding him collect the best Greek, Arab, and Byzantine workmen. That solitary region was accordingly soon peopled with strangers. The forests began to retire, the flanks of the mountains were torn open and the bears that looked in while passing down the long glades on the ruins, became convinced that their occupation in that part of the world was gone forever.

Manoli set about his task with enthusiasm There were day gangs and night gangs, so that the walls rose as if by magic.

Already the topmost pinnacle began to appear to the distant traveler over the surrounding trees, when suddenly the edifice sunk in to the ground, and spread upon it in ruin.—Manoli attributes this disaster to some defect in his plan, or to the too great haste which it was carried out; and began again with more caution. But no sooner had the building sooner had the building reached its former elevation, than down it came again. Not one stone remained upon another. Manoli had confidence in his own talent, and was therefore convinced that some invisible power was determined to cross his purposes. He would have been inclined to give up the work altogether, but Niagoo become furious. As usual in building enterprises, the expense of the first construction exceeded the estimate by at least half. To effect the second the prince was obliged to sell the diamonds of his wife. His vow was costing him dear, but he dared not break it. The simple course was to swear by his beard that Manoli should be decapitated, and all the workmen hanged if the church was not finished by a given time.

Under these circumstances, Manoli went to the aged anchorite who had witnessed Prince Ningoe's vow, and asked him what was to be done. 'Build again,' was the reply, and when the last stone is about to be laid, come to me. By that time I may have found an expedient.' Manoli accordingly, for the time brought the church near completion. Then he paused and went to the anchorite, who received him with a glare of horror such as he had never seen before, but gradually recovering his presence of mind, said in a strange, unearthly voice, 'Watch to-morrow from the pinnacle and the first woman that you see approaching from the east, cause her to be seized when she reaches the place of work, with whatever she may have in her arms, and built up within one of the pillars of the church. Thus only will success crown thy efforts.'

Manoli was a pious man, and his heart shrank within him at hearing this order. But he was able to see no other means, others was ready, and he went away to meditate on the

determined to obey what he conceived to be a divine command. He was awakened next morning by the singing of his workmen, and climbed up immediately to the appointed place; when, shading his eyes from the low sun with his hand, he anxiously looked forth. Some time passed and no female form appeared. At length a slight figure was seen approaching down the glade, in the midst of a slight mist kindled into gold by the still slanting rays of the sun. Manoli was about to rejoice, when suddenly he recognized in his devoted victim, his young wife Uca—his wife of two summers, only, the mother of the boy whose smiles and even whose cries gladdened his heart when he drew near home. He knelt down and prayed with streaming eyes that something might present itself to turn back her steps. He had scarcely concluded when a huge dog rushed out from the thicket, overturned the basket of provissions which Uca was bringing to her husband, and forced her to go back and prepare a new meal.

Manoli rejoiced, and continued to look toward the silent and motionless east. Sudden ly the form of a woman again appeared. He strained his eyes beneath his broad, hard hand, leaning forward so that he nearly toppled over, and, to his dismay, saw that it was Uca again. The good housewife had returned home, replenished her basket, and was now not walking but running; lest her husband should suffer from delay. Manoli resorted to prayer once more, although he believed it was almost impious thus to strive with fate. This time a gaunt wolf stalked forth from beneath the trees, and Uca again fled back toward her dwelling.

Manoli returned thanks in a passion of joy and remained the whole day still looking anxiously out. The sun had gone down beneath a long black horizon behind him; the trees had melted into a dim shadow; the course of the stream could no longer be traced, the flocks on the hill side faded from sight, though their momentous bleating and the shouts of shepherds could still be heard. Manoli began to believe that the church was destined never to be finished, and resolved to share in its destruction. Suddenly, near at hand, quite among the workmen he beheld the indomitable Uca with a third basket of provisions on one arm and her babe upon the other. She looked around for her husband, eager to explain the cause of her delay and justify herself. He was soon in her presence. Looking on, by the workmen's torches, which were already lighted, she wondered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did not shed many tears, for he believed he was obeying the thrice expressed will of heaven. He kissed his wife tenderly, putting aside the hands of the little child which endeavored to clasp his neck—for how could he have resisted that caress? and then in a loud, husky voice, ordered the two victims to be enclosed in the centre pillar of the great aisle.

They wondered and murmured—but they obeyed; and the shrieks of despair that thrilled at first through the darkness were soon drowned in the noise of the tools of the workmen. Manoli looked sternly on until the pale face of his wife had disappeared, and he then went apart, and throwing himself on the ground, spent the night in despair which no consolation came to visit.

Shortly afterwards the church was finished, and all the country around came to shower praises on the architect. But some say envy and some say injured affection was on the watch. The most probably story is that the father of Uca, a master-workman, silently excited the workmen against Manoli. One day he had ascended to the highest tower, to see that all was right; they drew away the ladder, and called to him tauntingly to come down if he could. The unhappy man shrieked aloud and tried to justify himself.

He had obeyed the order of Heaven, given to the anchorite of the cell. They replied that the anchorite had died the day before his last visit, and that he had been deluded by a fiend in human form. His despair became overwhelming. But love of life is strong.—He was a great mechanician, and endeavored, they say to fabricate a pair of wings, by which he could fly down the immense height. He dared not to implore the succor of Heaven, and he leaped with mad courage. Down he came. The wings shattered by the first shock, beat uselessly around him during that terrible dive. He was seen to descend like an arrow; and they say the earth opened like water to receive him, and closed again over his head. The legend asserts that ever since at the hour of midnight, a plaintive woman's voice is always heard murmuring through the church, imploring Manoli to release her and her child.

THE AUBURN MURDER.—The theory has been advanced that in case of sudden death, the last object seen is daguerreotyped upon the retina. It is evident that were this the case, an important source of evidence would be added to those already desirable from post-mortem examination. So far as we know, this theory is as yet unsupported by any positive observation, though it harmonizes with the accepted doctrine, that every nervous impression involves a molecular change in the nerve matter itself. Dr. Sanborn, of Auburn, made such an examination of the eyes of Mr. Beadle, recently murdered in Auburn. The editor of the Advertiser of that place, says:—

"We were present during that examination, and have, at least this testimony to bear that there is truth in the principle involved. Dr. S. made a skillful dissection of the eye, and succeeded in bringing the *retina*, one of the most delicate of human organs, being an expansion of the optic nerve, under a view of a microscope. There was nothing on the retina examined which would lead to the detection of the victim's murderer, but there was that impressed upon it which sufficiently establishes the fact that the retina retains the last impression upon the eye. What we saw [illegible]

Humorous.

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

The following amusing sketch of the "Mishaps of a bachelor" we find in one of our exchanges. We don't know when we have laughed more heartily than on its perusal, and doubt not that our readers will find equal enjoyment in the recital of "Mr. Brown's Mishaps:"

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five, or thereabouts; one of those men who seem born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up, and die in this world of ours. It changed that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, to give himself an opportunity to look about. Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child, who run up to him, exclaiming—"Father, I want you to buy me some candy." "Father!" Was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title! He could not believe it. "Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl. "I spoke to you, father," said the little one, surprised. "Really," thought Mr. Brown, "this is embarrassing." "I am not your father, my dear," he said. "What is your name?" The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke. "What a funny father you are," she said; "but ain't you going to buy me some candy?" "Yes, yes; I'll buy you a pound if you wont call me your father any more," said he, nervously. The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, where he actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.—In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother. "Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me." "You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you until night." "Jones!—" exclaimed the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "you have all a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. It is my name; I am Eliphalet Brown, of [illegible] this is the first time that I ever [illegible]

"Good heavens, Mr. Jones, what is put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife?" Mrs. Jones' tone was defiant, and this only tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment. "I hav'nt any wife madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married." "And do you intend to palm this tale off on me?" said Mrs. Jones, with excitement. "If you are not married, I would like to know who I am?" "I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam, and always was." "Melinda!" said her mother, suddenly taking the child by the arm and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?" "Why that is father," was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hands in his. "You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what that innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband."

"The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like to have you answer that. But I presume you never saw her in your life." "I never did; on my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't say father any more." "You did, did you? Bribed your own child not to call you father! Oh, Mr. Jones, this is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world—and is this your first step?" Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without any warning, she fell back upon the side-walk in a fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance. "Mr. Jones, is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Mr. Brown. "I don't know. She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her," stammered Brown. "Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?" "Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones." "Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly." Poor Brown was dumbfounded. "I wonder," thought he, "whether it's possible that I'm really Jones, and I have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all, I will insist that my name is Brown." "Well, sir, What are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed immediately. Will you order a carriage?" Brown saw that it was of no use to protract the discussion by a denial. Therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her. "What, are you not going with her yourself?" "Why no; why should I?" "Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered." Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in. "Where shall I drive?" asked the whip. "I—I—I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "Where would you wish to be carried, Mrs. Jones?" "Home, of course, my dear," said Mrs. Jones. "Where is that?" asked the driver. "Mr. Jones knows," said Mr. Brown. "No, it is [illegible] and the gentleman did [illegible] Brown. "Where is my home, my dear?" "Why, Mr. Jones, you are not going to [illegible] Brown. "Where is my home, my dear?" "Why, Mr. Jones, you are not going to [illegible]

"Jones?" asked Mr. Brown, with anxiety. "Of course," said Mrs. Jones. "Then," said he, resignedly, "I suppose I am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth, I havn't any recollection of this house." Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor; but good heavens! conceive the astonishment of all when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very fac simile of Mr. Brown, in form, features, and every other respect! "Gracious!" ejaculated the lady—"which—which is my husband?" An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that after all he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot. Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this mishap occurred.

Miscellaneous.

The Cost of Royalty.

We find the following in reference to the expenses and support of royalty, in a late number of the Boston Journal. It is a beautiful picture!

There exists in Liverpool, England, a society of merchants called the Financial Reform Association, who make it their business to watch the expenditures of the realm of Great Britain, and to note and expose extravagance or corruption in the use of the public revenues. The Association [illegible] time to time published tracts in which the lavish waste of money by government has been shown up and retrenchment and reform loudly called for. The Society has recently issued a pamphlet with the ironical title of "The Royal Household, a Model to Parliament and the Nation," in which the enormous expenses of the Royal family of England is set down for the thoughtful to ponder on. From this tract it appears that upon her accession to the throne the Queen had the pleasure of giving her official sanction to an act of Parliament setting £385,000 a year—nearly $2,000,000—upon herself for life. This was $50,000 more than was allowed her predecessor, William IV. At the same time the allowance of the Queen's mother was increased from $110,000 to $150,000. Although the people grumbled at this extravagance, few members of Parliament dared to lift their voices against it. In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham boldly opposed the grant as excessive. All who spoke against the measure were roundly abused.

The statute which granted $2,000,000 per annum to the Queen, with $50,000 per annum additional "for home secret service," provided for the particular application of the money as follows: 1. For Her Majesty's privy purse $300,000; 2. For salaries of her household, $626,000; 3. Expenses of the household—that is what Paddy would call "the best eating and drinking,"—$862,500; 4. Royal bounty alms, and special services, $16,000; 5. Pensions to the extent of $6,000; 6. Unappropriated moneys, $40,200. Although it was stipulated in the act that the Queen should surrender for her lifetime the hereditary revenues which her immediate predecessors have been possessed of, yet except the duties on beer, ale and cider, there was no relinquishment on these hereditary revenues, and she now draws from the civil list of Ireland, Scotland, the Duchy of Lancaster, etc., the modest sum of $1,415,000 in addition to the sum of $2,426,000 voted her by parliament, making the annual income of $3,840,000! Besides this the Queen is heir to all persons without legal heirs who may die intestate in any part of her empire.

Another necessary expense for keeping up the "honor and dignity" of the crown is the income bestowed upon Prince Albert, the Queen's husband. This was fixed by parliament at $150,000 yearly, and Her Majesty has heaped lucrative appointments which nearly doubles the amount. And there is a further sum of $550,000 for certain dukes, duchesses, etc.

The Queen also has the free use of various palaces, which are kept in repair at the public expense. The cost is by no means small, the appropriation for 1856 for palaces, parks, gardens, &c., being $1,248,465. Add this to the actual income of the Queen and Prince Albert, and they will be found to receive as much as $5,888,466 every year, simply for personal and domestic expenditure and hoardings. Whenever the Queen travels by land, the tolls at the turnpikes are remitted, and the Admiralty keep a steam yacht and provide her to ble when she takes an excursion upon the water.

In 1842 Sir Robert Peel announced that Victoria had "most graciously" determined to submit her income to the "income tax," but when the Secretary of the Liverpool Association wrote to the Treasury Department making inquiries upon the subject, the reply was short and sharp—that they did not answer such questions, and that such information was to be obtained only through Parliament. The sum which the Queen would have had to pay during the recent war would have been $200,000.

We should think that such facts as these would make the English people rather wary, and that they would be led to enquire whether they are not paying a little too dear for the royal whistle. It is said to be the last feather that breaks the camel's back. There is a rumor current in England that the Queen is about to apply to Parliament for a marriage fee of $250,000 for the Princess Royal, a young miss of sixteen, who is said to be engaged to the crown prince of Prussia. Perhaps this application if made may lead the public to ponder the cost of royalty.

Mother Goose Rhymes.—Miles said: They shall take care that nothing that is thy neighbors. Rachael says, Dubs is so fond of [illegible] pleasant shrimp vegetable a [illegible] that we would [illegible] and shall [illegible] and diving [illegible]

The Envelope Business.

Stamped postage envelopes have been in use in the United States about three years, and two years still remain under the contract by which they are made. The demand by the government now reaches 32,000,000 or 33,000,000 envelopes per annum. In England, according to a return recently presented to Parliament, there were issued during the ten years ending April 1856, the large number of 186,124,000 stamped postage envelopes. Their introduction into general use in the United States was very gradual, very few being used at the outset. The entire contract for furnishing this government is filled by George F. Nesbit & Co., of N. Y. city, who have been the sole manufactures for the government since the system originated.

A fine buff colored paper is used, having the letters P. O. D.—U. S., (visible when held up to the light,) extending across every sheet. After being carefully counted and weighed, it is cut into the proper shape, at the rate of one hundred and eighty thousand per day, by the use of a screw press. The pieces are then separately passed through an embossing machine, of which there are ten employed, each capable of doing twenty thousand envelopes per day. A steel die receives the coloring matter from a series of small rollers, and then falls upon a metallic 'counter,' or matrix, by which the stamp is fixed, in vermillion—the pressure being regulated by screws. The process of gumming, next performed, is done by hand, one girl preparing fifty thousand per day, and in the only part which is not done by machinery.

As soon as dry the envelopes are placed in a curiously contrived folding machine, of which there are eight, each capable of folding and counting thirty thousand per day. They are delivered in packages of twenty-five, when they are inspected and counted four times, to insure perfect accuracy. Being now in a complete state, they are placed in paper boxes, covered with strong wrappers, and finally put in wooden chests holding twenty thousand, to await orders from the authorities at Washington. Everything is protected against speculation or fraud of any description, and visiters are carefully excluded, with rare exceptions. All the machinery is made on the premises, and run by steam power. Duplicates of everything are preserved without the establishment, as well as a large supply of finished envelopes, so as to guard against any thing which might occasion a failure of contract, such as the occurrence of fire or other disaster.

The number of envelopes manufactured in the establishment is about one million five hundred thousand per week, of which not far from one-half is for the government. The actual cost to the government is very nearly the same as the amount received from purchasers.

Postage stamps are made by a firm in Philadelphia. They might be greatly improved by perforating the sheet so as to facilitate the separation, as done in England. Using a pair of scissors for the purpose is very rude, and often vexatious, on account of the inconvenience and delay resulting.—*Jour. Com.*

Female Beauty.

"Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive."

"Fontenelle thus daintily complements the sex, when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours; the former to make us forget them."

"The standards of beauty in women vary with those of taste. Socrates calls beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrasius, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world."

"With the modern Greeks and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European, form the attractions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of *his* country-women that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness—when his master was desirous to represent the 'beautiful' he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very Graces are all fat. But it should be remembered that all his models were Dutch women. The hair is a beautiful ornament of women, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination, but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary, queen of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired, and the Venitian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair."

"After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its value is an undeniable fact, and its worth is not to be disparaged. Sydney Smith gives some good advice on the subject. A Newer epoch fulsome morality. How exquisitely absurd is to teach a girl that beauty is of no value. Dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."—*Island for the Social.*

☞ A sailor while traveling on the lakes, was lately asked by a Yankee, where he lived. Wishing to avoid further questioning, he answered, that he lived in Toledo, and that his profession was sitting on the sunnish side of poverty and turning out the words of salutation.

☞ A young man who has recently married a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

A Couple of Weddings.

The New Orleans Crescent is responsible for the following stories:—"Our present object is only to allude to two marriages of recent occurrence, which will illustrate the variety of custom of which we speak.

"One was a marriage romantic. It was that of a stock trader in the upper part of the city. The wedding took place in church, a hundred young ladies, dressed like houris, acted as bridesmaids, and an equal number of gentlemen as groomsmen. They formed a procession along the street which was distracting to behold, and entered the marital home from a street carpeted with flowers.—High revelry was held to a late hour; and as matrimony is contagious, a small epidemic of weddings is expected to rage soon.

"The other was a marriage dramatic. A respectable young citizen wood and won a beautiful young lady, equal in station to himself. The wedding day was fixed, and everything in preparation, when the young lady suddenly discovered (as many a one before her has done) that her affianced was not the saint he pretended to be, and in her mortification she discharged him. He then put on dignified airs, and told his friends that he had broken off the match because he had discovered that the lady's family was not as respectable as he had supposed. This reached the ears of the lady's brother-in-law, and he took it upon himself to interfere in a friendly way. The young man had packed his baggage for a Northern tour, and was on board a steamer which had her smoke up for departure. The brother in law there found him, introduced himself politely, and in the most persuasive manner in the world—namely, by cutting one hand on the young man's shoulder, and the other fumbling in his own coat pocket—asked him to step on shore and get married. The young man awoke to the sense of his injustice and consented. In half an hour he was married and happy; the brother-in-law acting as groomsman and wishing him joy when the ceremony was over.

"Now who is prophetic enough to tell which of the above marriages will end in the greatest happiness."

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BUCK.—Francis P. Blair, of Maryland, in a letter to his neighbors, speaking of the Buck's head and horns, which the Buchanan men recently raised above the American flag, near his residence, gives this sketch of the natural history of the animal:—

"Of all animals the deer is the most timid, and although the head of the Buck is, at one season of the year, armed with a multitude of points as sharp as spears, it never confronts an enemy that it can escape with flying feet. The grand antlers are the mere emblem of warlike prowess, and evidence only of that species of gallantry that distinguishes the stag, and gives to a class of gentry of our species the name of Bucks, young or old.

The old Buck is a sort of old bachelor, like his fellow of the woods, addicted to no mate, and whose insignia of horns have, time out of mind, been held to characterize his pursuits. Is this an ensign to be exalted above that of the country, and chosen to exemplify the virtues of one who aspires to the Chief Magistracy? If the crowning virtue be attributed to the coronet which distinguishes the old buck's head, and which now takes the place of the liberty cap on Democratic banners, it should be remembered that it is a virtue that comes and goes with the seasons. An old buck's honors begin to bud and grow in the spring time—they are in velvet in June, and through out the summer. The smooth covering is slipped off in October. In November, their vitality is blighted, and in March, the crown of weather-beaten antlers drop from the old buck's brow, and he hides, droops in solitude, abandoned by his fellows. The hunters of the Alleghenys and of our frontiers will apply this piece of natural history, and interpret its augury."

☞ In Philadelphia, the other day, a Fremont man was electioneering with a sturdy but verdant Dutchman, and among other reasons urged upon his consideration that he should vote for Mr. Fremont from the fact that Mrs. F. was a woman of rare personal beauty, while old Buck was a bachelor and and Fillmore a widower. Dutchy looked reflective at this remark. 'Den you say Mrs. Fremont ish a putiful womans, eh?' 'Oh, yes, was the reply, she is as beautiful as a sylph.' 'What der tuyfel does you call a sylph?' 'You tell me that first.' The Fremont man was slightly struck this time, but after stammering a little he said it was a slim, slender person. 'Oh yaw, replied dutchy, I understands; you mean a womans mit a little middle 'bout so (think as a choint of stove-pipe, but you doesn't come dat game, no how.' 'Why, what do you mean?' 'Mean! Why, I mean dat a handsome womans ish one mit a pig middle and a back as broad as a barrel, older; and what can think mit mugs of lager beer without choking.' 'But see here.' 'Oh, no, go away mit your humbug. I doesn't vote for no man mit such a wife as dat. I goes for a woman like a bed mit a strong rim around der middle.'

☞ The building committee of a dissenting place of worship in the country, of Wednesbury, England, which has recently been erected, called upon a very straightlaced member of the congregation who was expected to subscribe liberally. The amount put down was disputed there, and they told him so. 'Oh,' said he, 'it's quite enough, as much as you've got anywhere else.' 'Nay,' was the reply, 'you must do better than that.' 'Then fifty pounds more.' 'No no, ground is plentiful enough here, the gospel's as much as I can.'

THE WORLD'S NURSERY.—The rooted objection of the present age rarely turns out to be [illegible]