CARLISLE HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

VOL. LVII. CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESADY JUNE 3, 1857. NO. 39.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY WILLIAM M. PORTER.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $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. Those 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.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 5 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 or Marriages 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 anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call. Every variety of Blanks constantly on hand.

General and Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—JAMES BUCHANAN.
Vice President—JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE.
Secretary of State—Gen. LEWIS CASS.
Secretary of Interior—JACOB THOMPSON.
Secretary of Treasury—HOWELL COBB.
Secretary of War—JOHN B. FLOYD.
Secretary of Navy—ISAAC TOUCEY.
Post Master General—A. V. BROWN.
Attorney General—JEREMIAH S. BLACK.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT

Governor—JAMES POLLOCK.
Secretary of State—ANDREW G. CURTIN.
Surveyor General—JACOB FRY, JR.
Auditor General—JOHN ROWE.
Treasurer—HENRY S. MGEHAN.
Judges of the Supreme Court—E. LEWIS, J. M'ARISTARONG, W. B. LOWRIE, G. W. WOODWARD, J. C. KNOX.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. James H. Graham.
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Samuel Woodburn.
District Attorney Wm. J. Shearer,
Prothonotary-Daniel K. Noell,
Recorder &c.—John M. Gregg.
Register—William Lytle.
High Sheriff—Jacob Bowman: Deputy, J. Hemming.
County Treasure Adam Senseman.
Coroner-Mitchell McClellan.
County Commissioners—George M. Graham, William M. Henderson, Andrew Kerr. Clerk to Commissioners, Michael Wise.
Directors of the Poor—George Brindle, John C. Brown, Samuel Tritt. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess— Robert Irvine Jr.
Assistant Burgess—George Heudel.
Town Council—J. B. Parker (President) John Guthall, James Callio, sr., Franklin Gardner, Samuel Martin, Peter Monyer, Samuel Wetzel, J. D. Halbert, Jacob Digey.
Clerk to Council.—Wm. H. Wetzel.
Constables—John Sphar, High Constable; Robert McCartney, Ward Constable.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor—Services ever Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. Jacob B. Morse, 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 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. R. D. Chambers, 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 College Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M.

Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret near East street. Rev. James Barrett, Pastor. Services on 1 e 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 Schem, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, Principle of the Grammar School.
James P. Marshall, Assistant in the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

Andrew Blair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. Cornman, J. G. Williams, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason Weakley, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

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

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 5.30 o'clock A. M. and 6.10 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 10.00 o'clock A. M., and 2.20 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. W. 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. Ker, Melchoir Brehman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 107, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. John Lodge No 269 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

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

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 prepaid or two cents unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

JUST RECEIVED AT PIPER'S.

The testimony of the Rocks, by Hugh Miller.
Spurgeon's Sermons.
Memoirs of the Countess of Blessington.
The English Orphans.
Two Years Ago, by Kingsley.
Walker's Rhyming Dictionary.
Magazines, Periodicals, Weekly and Daily Papers, &c, at PIPER'S BOOK STORE.

PLOUGHS IN GREAT Variety consisting of Prouty, Blakers, Wiley, Peckhill, side hill, spanell, Double Michigan and Star Ploughs with wrought share, also expanding cultivators, with steel and reversible teeth; field and garden Harrows, Cast Iron Rollers, hay, straw and fodder Cutters, with an large assortment of Horticultural Tools, at wholesale and retail, at

PARCHALL, MORRIS & CO.'S

Implement and Seed store 7th and Market Street, Market, Philadelphia.

Original Poetry.

For the "Herald."

AN INCIDENT.

I saw her in the market, with a basket in her hand,
And I thought she looked like Juno, of the far off fabled land,
'Twas in the early morning e'er the sun was in the skies—
The sky less bright—than her rosy cheek the sun than her glorious eyes.

The breezes to her dimpled cheek a roseate hue had given—
Within her clear blue eyes I saw, a miniature heaven,
Her cherry lips were bright and red as rosebuds in their bower,
And I longed to be the bee to sip the nectar from that flower.—

I saw her "wend her winding way" all through that gaping crowd;
I heard her ask the PRICE OF EGGS in a voice so clear and loud;
I saw her buy a SIRLOIN ROAST—so fat and fair to view—
I saw her buy some BUTTER, of a rich and luscious hue—

She paid for them with ready cash, then placed them out of sight,
Within her tidy basket, 'neath a napkin pure and white.—
Then turning homeward, vanished like a vision in our sleep,—
And left me leaning 'gainst a stall in meditation deep.

I've seen her in the crowded hall with lovers at her feet;
I've seen her in the glare of day upon the thronged street;
I've bowed at the shrine of her beauty and worshipped her I rillia it o; es,
And a glance from out their glorious orbs, I've reckoned a countless prize.

But never, 'neath the noon day sun, nor in the ball-room's glare,
Has she to my admiring eyes appeared so wondrous fair,
As on that glorious morning, when by early zephyrs fanned,
I saw her in the market with a basket in her hand.

FRANK OLIO.

Carlisle, May 1857.

Select Tale.

LOST AND WON.

BY MERL LEE.

'The darkies are mine,' said the gamester, striking his fists upon the table, 'show 'em up and let us see what they look like.'

The young planter who had lost, sent one of the best servants below for John and Helen. The passengers awaited the appearance of the servants in silence for a long time; but they came not. The servant had informed them of the change of owners, and they dreaded to see their new master. They were attached to the young planter and his wife, and did not like to leave them; besides them they had children of their own at home, and what was to become of them?

The winner began to wax impatient at the delay, and exclaimed—

'Come, Danton, hurry up the niggers.—They must move quicker than this when I send for them, or they'll never know what hurt 'em.'

The young planter's aristocratic face flushed crimson at this rude and brutal exclamation; but he made no reply. He was about to send another servant for John and Helen, when his purpose was stayed by the appearance of Mrs. Danton. Her husband had been gaming, and she had been weeping, ever since the boat left Cincinnati, and we were now far down upon the Mississippi. No wonder, then that she was pale and wan, and her eyes looked as though they had been nearly wept away, but she was exquisitely lovely, nevertheless.

Although many years have passed since that evening, I can see the sorrow-stricken young wife now, as she glided up to the table and looked her husband in the eye. He had lost all their money, and in a fit of desperation had also staked the two slaves. Laying her little hand upon his arm, she said:

'Is it true, Charles, that you have lost John and Helen?'

Her husband made no reply; he could not even look up.

The passengers were now fast gathering around, and the scene was growing painful.—My father (who had been North to bring me from school, and was taking the longest possible way home) was holding me by the hand, and I knew, by the tightening grasp, that he was becoming much excited.

As Danton did not seem inclined to answer his wife's question, the gamester roughly said:

'Yes, ma'am, John and Helen are mine, and I want to see 'em quick.'

Danton sprang to his feet, and stooping across the table, hissed in the very teeth of the gamester:

'Villian! don't you presume to speak to my wife again.'

The look with which his menace was accompanied was perfectly blasting, and made the swarthy and pitted face of the gamester fairly turn white.

How inconsistent is man! That accomplished and high-born husband could deliberately jeopardize property and corrode the happiness of his wife, hour after hour; but he could not bear that the man whom he had chosen for a companion should even so much as speak to her.

'Yes, Mary; John and Helen are lost,' he said at last, as he let the gamester from under his gaze; 'they are lost, and it can't be helped now, so don't let us have a scene about it.'

'I shall not let them go,' said Mary, firmly; 'and I will have a scene about it. I did not say a word about the money; but now that you have played them away. Oh, Charles!' and she leaned her head on her husbands breast.

'Ah, here they come!' said the gamester, as John and Helen approached.

John was a powerful and fine looking mulatto, and his face indicated unusual intelligence and kind-heartedness. Helen was much whiter than her husband, and remarkably handsome. The gamester's evil eye gleamed as he surveyed her, and, turning to a savage-looking man near him, he said:

'I'll send you John in the morning, Hammond; but Helen I shall keep—at least for a few days.'

'I'm agreeable,' said the slave trader, for such he was; 'but I'd like the gal as soon as possible.'

A look of indignation ran round the group, by adoring it will ten fold devotion at this brutal colloquy. My father's grasp grew tighter still; and, encouraged thereby, I whispered to him to buy John and Helen himself, but he shook his head and motioned me to keep silent.

'I tell you I shall not let them go,' repeated Mrs. Danton, addressing the stranger; 'they were brought up in my mother's family; besides they have children at home from whom it would be cruel to separate them.'

The gamester and slave trader exchanged sneers at Mrs. Danton's sentimental reasons for letting the slaves go, and her husband said:

'It can't be helped now, Mary; let us go to our room.'

'Oh, Missus! don't go and leab me wid dat man, shrieked Helen; 'I shall die or jump overboard. Oh, don't leab your own true Helen, who saved your life when you fell in the bayou.'

'I shall not leave you, Helen. Do not be alarmed; I ——'

'Dress de Lord for dat, interrupted Helen, 'I knows we're safe, now, kase you allers does jes like you says you will.'

'I think it's about time this nonsense was stopped,' said the gamester, rising from the table. 'You acknowledge, Danton, that these niggers are my property, consequently they are mine, and I've a right to do as I please with 'em; no bill of sale is necessary hei'ween gentlemen. And now just come along with me, and don't make a fuss, or I'll have you flogged and put in irons.'

The scene now became extremely interesting. John drew Helen to his side, and clenching his teeth and fists, while their young mistress stood close in front, as if with her feeble arm she would protect them from the clutches of the gamester. I was wild with excitement, and begged my father to either buy the slaves or shoot the gamester—I did not care which. A bloody fight seemed inevitable, when a New Englander, who had been very quiet during the whole trip, elbowed his way to the table, asked the gamester at what sum he valued the slaves.

'Two thousand dollars,' he said; 'do you want to buy?'

'I have only a thousand dollars,' the young man answered, 'I will give you that for them.'

'No, sir; but I'll stake 'em against your thousand dollars; and play you a game of poker for the pile.'

'I don't understand the game,' said the New Englander.

'What game do you play?'

'I have played a few games of all-fours, but I never gambled for a cent in my life.'

'Well I will play you a game at all-fours, then, if you like, and stake the niggers against your thousand dollars.'

To the surprise of every one present, he accepted the challenge, called for a pack of cards, staked his thousand dollars, and the game commenced, the gamester had the first deal.

As the company drew more closely round the table, it seemed as though a watchmaker's shop was in our midst, so distinctly we heard the ticking of the watches.

The first hand the New Englander made three to the gamester's one, at which a buzz of pleasure ran through the group. The second hand the gamester made three and his opponent nothing; the third they each made two, which left the New Englander two to go, while the gamester had but one, and it was his turn to beg. This was a great advantage, and every body seemed to give up the thousand dollars as lost.

The New Englander dealt the cards with a steady hand, however, and turned up the jack of hearts, which placed him even with his antagonist; but when he raised his cards, I saw he had but a single trump in his hand, and his adversary was hesitating whether to 'stand' or 'beg;' if the former, the game was his to a certainty—if the latter, there would be another chance for the slaves. After drumming on the back of his cards for a short time, he looked at the New Englander, to see if he could determine by his manner what was best to do; but the young Bunker Hill met his gaze without flinching, and there they sat for a long time, gazing into each other's eyes.

'Run the cards,' said the gamester at last.

I could have hugged him for his mistake.

Bunker Hill again dealt, and the queen of spades was turned. Every heart stood still as the cards were for the last time lifted.

'They are mine!' shouted the New Englander—'or, rather, they are yours, madam,' said he, in a milder tone, to Mrs. Danton, as he threw down the ace of spades.

The beauteous and impetuous Southerner threw her arms around the winner's neck, and three deafening cheers, (in which even the slave-trader joined,) told the satisfaction of the audience.

Many years after I again met the New Englander on the Mississippi, and claimed his acquaintance, on the score of having been one of his most enthusiastic partizans, on the night of his well remembered triumph. He had prospered in his business and become rich, and was on his annual journey to the family heartstone, a stone which has more potent charms for good than that at which kneel Mahommedan devotees in the city of their prophet. He said he had never touched a card since that memorable game; that the thousand dollars he then risked was the sum total of his savings for many toilsome years, but that he staked it and played with a perfect conviction of success.

Danton had sought him out, and kept up the acquaintance ever since; and Mrs. Danton could now travel the world with her husband without fear, for he had forsworne gaming from that never to be forgotten night.

☞ A young lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently had her leg amputated midway between the hip and knee, in consequence of a wound caused by a broken hoop. The hoop was of steel, and in some unaccountable manner, a broken point penetrated to the bone. The wound became inflamed, and amputation was thus made necessary.

☞ The Romans worshipped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an eagle—a dollar—but we make all even by adoring it with ten fold devotion

THE MERRY BELLS SHALL RING.

I.

The merry bells shall ring,
Eveline;
The little birds shall sing,
Eveline—
You smile, but you shall wear
Orange blossoms in your hair,
Eveline!

II.

Ah me! the bells have rung,
Eveline;
The little birds have sung,
Eveline—
But cypress leaf and rue
Make a sorry wreath for you,
Eveline!

BEGINNING OF LIFE; A

OR,

Rolling over with a pretty Girl in a Stream of Water.

I began life by running away from home. Bolleau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Atilla started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "the words which burn," which fired his soul and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with a little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our eldest girl," at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom and blew into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetrated this inconsiderate deed. It was on a cold October evening, when, Helen, Donald, and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across as we were accustomed to do, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water, which was cold enough at that time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I, knew not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her pretty arm around his neck while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cut of my jacket. No flame can burn so quickly, or with so little fuel, as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the 'bottom of the sea.' Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—

'You need na hand sae gingerly, Helen as if ye feared a fa'. I can aye carry ye lighter than D. nald can half of ye.'

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of carriage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we had reached the opposite bank it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on pillion arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford I lifted Helen with the utmost care and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But, alas! in the very deepest part of ford I trod on a treacherous bit of wood, which rested, as I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the accusing silence of Helen. But believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the reception which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than usually attends such irregularities. I went to Edinburg, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his own house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, in short, every thing but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ears and I could not catch the name. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasant pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated at Glasgow, and was now a governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence, but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words, ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by quite a remarkable paleness. I attributed this to the heat of the room—laughed—and, at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure with Helen Graham, which I did, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became almost irrepressible. As the consolation she remarked—

'Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me.'

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumfounded. The lady with whom I had become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married—Helen, and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I espied a stout fellow working in the field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried in the old style—

'Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye'r old fren's?'

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to old friends.

Different men start in life, different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentlemen who owes his wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

Coincidences.

It sometimes happens that the most amusing coincidences happen between the services of the occupants of the sacred desk and the peculiar circumstances in which they are occasionally placed. These coincidences are, of course entirely unintentional on the part of the reverend gentlemen and this fact adds to the amusement which they afford to the audience. One of these coincidences recently happened to the far famed, and eloquent London preacher, the Rev. B. H. Spurgeon, and was related to us by a person who came in the last steamer. The good lady of the gifted preacher had during the week presented to him a pair of little cherubs. On the succeeding Sunday, he appeared in his pulpit, and for the opening hymn gave out that one commencing—

"Not more than others I deserve
Yet God has given me more."

Those who knew the circumstances indulged in a faint smile as the hymn was read.

It is related of another clergyman, that after having married a young couple in church, he returned to the pulpit and gave out for the choir to sing the hymn commencing—

"Mistaken souls who dream of bliss"

which, to say the least, was suggestive to the young married couple. Still another coincidence occured in the case of a worthy clergyman "down South," to whose lot it fell to woo and win a worthy lady who had a fortune in hand of $10,000, with a fair prospect of an increase at a future day. In the course of his pulpit services on the Sabbath succeeding his marriage he gave out the hymn which contained this couplet, but the other lines of which we cannot now recall. It was a hymn of thankfulness for that Divine mercy

"that gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

A coincidence of a similar nature is told of a worthy teacher of vocal music—named Paine who in one of his schools had a young lady whose given name was Patience, and whose charms had fairly captivated the heart of her teacher. Unfortunately the tender feeling was not reciprocated, and the suitor pushed his suit with indifferent success until the position of affairs became generally known throughout the school. Towards the close of the term one evening the teacher called upon the school to sing old "Federal street" without thinking what application might be made of the first line of the poetry which reads

"See cantic patience smile on pain
The unmanerly boys and some rude girls
sung the line with unusual vigor and some of them smiled aloud. The teacher taking the hint turned over several leaves at random, and called upon his class to sing "Dundee." They did so promptly and sang

"Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to thy bosom known,
Oh! give me tears for others' woes
And Patience for my own."

The smile here became a laugh, and the teacher, throwing down his book, abruptly closed the exercises for the evening.

☞ A New York paper says that O. W. Holmes was asked the other day to take a cracker and a glass of wine at the house of a friend.

'Unleavened bread, sir,' said the Colonel.

'Sir, unleavened bread, sir—the word brake or is not to be found either in the scriptures or in any of my works.'

'It is unleavened bread, sir, from *Lego*, *legare*, Latin, to life or to rise, sir, and *un* not, and Saxon *bread*, baked meat, sir,—signifying a species of bread, sir, in a state of unlevening, sir.'

'Yes, sir, thank you, sir.'

'Has it been raised, sir.'

'Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I will have one or two pieces, sir.'

'Unleavened bread, sir.'

Upsets of Pulpit Gravity.

Many good stories of this character are told, but the following from the Baltimore, Methodist Protestant, are among the most amusing we have seen:—

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with a commendable effort to make the baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was so much interested in his subject as not to notice the occasional noise of the infant, and, at the right point of his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting he asked in a low deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ear of the entire congregation:

"I don' no, sa; I 'spec it is dis here chile; but, indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from sturbin you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the very shortest time imaginable, and that the solemnity of that judgment day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance, equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Virginia. A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "Fire! fire!" in the street, very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to a fire that would consume the world—a fire that would burn in the lake that is bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in flat denial of all he said, bawled out:

'*It's a false alarm!*'

The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his inopportune response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal Churches in this city, and there was in attendance a good Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes those responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher, usually lucid, was rather perplexed and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point."

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested. The unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

To this we may add a story we once heard of the late Rev. Dr Mason. In the first part of his ministry, it was usual for him, when praying in the pulpit during service, to keep his eyes open.

On one occasion, however, when about the close of the second prayer, he observed in the congregation a very tall man, with a fiery red head, who was listening to the prayer very intently, while just behind him stood a young fellow with a mischevous twinkle in his eye, holding his forefinger close to the red head of his neighbor, and apparently trying to heat it as a blacksmith would a nail rod, after which he would place it on his knee, and with his right hand clenched, go through the form of drawing out a nail.

The effect was so ludicrous that it nearly upset the Doctor's gravity and effectually cured him of praying with his eyes open.

☞ It is said that Dr. Magoon, in his lecture on 'Mind your own Business,' relates the following story, which is so rich in detail, and characteristic of Western life, that we cannot refrain from reproducing it here. A young man went from New York City to the West where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His friend, a merchant, was about to journey to the place where the young man was located, he was requested to visit the emigrant and ascertain how he lived, what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, &c. Accordingly, the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him quite early in the morning. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneading board, over which a napkin was spread and the board placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at the table and took his leave. On making his report to his New York friends, as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as 'magnificent,' and for the explanation of the superlative he said, that were he the owner of that young man's furniture he would not take ten thousand dollars *for the legs of his table*.

☞ 'JAKE,' said an old farmer one day to his mower, 'do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?' 'Well, no, not exactly,' replied Jake, 'but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela.'

☞ Why was Herodias' daughter the first girl mentioned in the New Testament? Because she got a head of John the Baptist a charger.

☞ Why is a hundred dollar bill like the sun? Because it makes a man stretch his shoes. Because it makes a man stretch his skin. Because it makes a man stretch his conscience. —*Home Journal.*

The Ladies Department.

For the "Herald."

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

BY HORACE.

I want a wife, I want a wife,
Before my limbs grow old,
Before, weighed down by business strife,
My heart becometh cold.

I want a wife, I want a wife,
To share my daily bread;
To smooth my weary path of life,
And sooth my aching head.

I want a wife, I want a wife,
Whose nimble fingers stitches,
May HEAL my coat with rippings rife,
And mend my Sunday breeches.

I want a wife, I want a wife,
To comb my jetty locks,
To sew the buttons on my shirts
And darn my HOLE-y socks.

I want a wife, I want a wife,
To cheer my home with song,
To comfort me in sorrow's strife,
And weep when I am gone.

I want a wife, I want a wife,
To mourn for me when dead,
To kneel beside the silent grave
Above my lowly head.

To teach my darling little ones,
To look to Him above,
And in their childish, simple tones,
Whisper, "God is love."

Carlisle, May 1857.

THE TOILETTE-TABLE.—SUNDRY RECEIPTS.

The *toilette* table requires the presence of various elegant aids, to contribute to the *recherche's* results which are so nicely understood and appreciated in refined society. Without them the *toilette* table would be considered incomplete; but the price demanded for many of them is so high that a few receipts for such as may be easily manufactured at home, at a comparatively trifling cost, may not be wholly unacceptable. Among these *toilette* accessories, perfumes form an important item; they are applied for the purpose of communicating fragrance to the handkerchief, the linen, and other articles of wearing apparel; they are administered as restoratives in many forms, on various occasions, and also are used as a means of diffusing a pleasing and hygienic odor to the atmosphere of rooms; in the latter case, precaution should be taken, never to exhibit them in apartments deprived of a free and perfect ventilation, as the ultimate elements of all perfumes, whether derived from vegetable or animal substances, are oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, with the addition of nitrogen, in animal substance, all of which, with the exception of oxygen, are inimical to respiration, and highly injurious to animal life, unless there be sufficient oxygen in the air of the apartment to counteract their effect.

Those perfumes, which may be classed as restoratives, do not properly belong to the *toilette* department, and we, therefore, shall only offer one simple recipt for composing an aromatic vinegar.—Take half a pint of acetic acid, add to it half an ounce of dried rosemary, the same quantity of lavender and bruised cloves, let these digest several days, then pour off the liquid, strain and bottle for use. For perfuming apartments, the subjoined receipts will be found effectual: the pastilla and the perfume lamp are the most popular modes adopted for this purpose. A powerful and agreeable pastile may be composed with the following ingredients; a quarter of a pound of benzoin, of myrrh and to the same quantity, each in powder, half an ounce of essence of cloves, nutmegs, and lavender, one ounce of nitrate of potass, and blend all together into a stiff paste with mucilage of tragacanth; form it into any devised shape and leave it to dry gradually. The perfume lamp is merely a spirit lamp filled with an odorous spirituous essence; a strong and pleasant one is made by mixing equal parts of *eau de cologne*, tincture of myrrh, benzoin, and cloves, with half an ounce of bergamot. Another, more simple and less expensive, may be made with one pint of spirits of wine, half a pint of lavender water, half an ounce of essence of vanilla, and half an ounce of nitre. A quick and easy way of diffusing a purifying odor to the air of a room, is by the fumes of ignited paper prepared in the following manner: damp with a sponge dipped in alum water a sheet of coarse brown paper; when partially dry, spread over it a layer of dissolved gum benzoin and myrrh; let it dry, and then cut it into slips, and fold them like paper *allumettes*, ready for use.

For the handkerchief, one of the most admired perfumes is the violet, this may be easily procured at a small expense, by the following simple process. Fill a jar with the flowers of freshly gathered violets, pour over them as much warm clarified veal suet as will cover them, cover the jar closely, and let it remain undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours, in a sufficient heat to keep the fat liquid; the fat should then be poured off the flowers, and fresh ones added to it: this process should be repeated three or four times, until the fat is impregnated with a powerful odor. When the fat is perfectly cold, chop it up finely, and place it in a wide-necked bottle filled with spirits of wine; this must be allowed to remain a week, or even longer, until the spirit has imbibed the odor; it must be then drained off and bottled for use; a few drops of spirit of camphor rather improve the perfume; the fat, which will still retain a portion of the odor, may be melted with sufficient oil to reduce it to the consistency of a pomade; and, thus may be obtained a cheap and agreeable perfume, or bouquet for the handkerchief, and an excellent pomade for the hair. The fragrance of other flowers may be obtained in a similar manner; a very exquisite compound perfume is obtained by combining several kinds of flowers in this process, such as the rose, the honeysuckle, jasmine, geranium, and verbena, only observing that the odor resides in the leaves, instead of the flowers, of the two latter plants. The following is a receipt for an excellent imitation of *eau de cologne*, which, for its refreshing and reviving qualities, will be found well adapted for family use. Put into a bottle ten ounces of spirits of wine, add to it two drachms of the essence of bergamot and extract of rosemary, twenty drops of essence of lemon and neroli; cork and seal the bottle, shaking it repeatedly during the successive five or six days, when it will be ready for use.

Our space obliges us to limit the number of our receipts, and we shall conclude with directions for composing a delicate perfumed wash, to be used after the ordinary ablutions. Blanch half a pound of Valencia almonds, and pound them in a mortar, adding slowly into them one pint of orange flower water, then add a tablespoonful of the best white honey, and the same quantity of French starch in powder; this strain, the mass and add to the liquor of a fine sense of violets and otto of roses. This wash may be used regularly, and advantage is the skin, and the complexion as a soft and improving cosmetic.—*Home Journal.*