, WEDNESADY JUNE 24. 1857.

Flor Just 184 NO. 42.6.4.L

DAVID WHAPPE

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Services at 10 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

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Methodist M. Church (second charge) Rev. Thomas Daugherty, tastor. Services and 10 bats had taken its place. A had be o'clock P. M.

Methodist M. Church (second charge) Rev. Thomas Daugherty, tastor. Services and the second chape of the place of t Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and reets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Service When changes in the above are necessary the

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THE INQUIRY.

A good panedy is a good thing, and hereals the bes o have seen for a long time:— Tell me, ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar Do ye not know some spot, Where women fret no more Bome lone and pleasant dell. Some "holler" in the ground, ''
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found? The loud wind blow the snow into my face. And snickering as it answered, "Nary place."

Tell me thou misty deep. Whose billows round me play, Knowest thou some favored spot, Some island far away, Where weary man may find A place to smoke in peace, Where crineline is not.

And hoops are out of place? rinds sounding a perpetual shout,
a while, and sputtered "Yeou git cout."

And thou seronest moon, That with such holy face, Don't look upon the girls, When they their beaux ombrace Tell me in all thy round, Hast thou not seen some spot Where muslin is not found,

And called is not? oud, the moon withdrew in wee volce sweet but sad responded "Poh!"

Tell me, my secret soul-Oh! toll me Hope and Faith, Is there no resting-place From women, girls, and death? Is there no happy spot Where bachelors are blessed, Where females never go.
And man may dwell in peace!

Vared their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, I

Selert Cule.

AN UNMEANT REBUKE.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth hill. He had once been one of the happiest door ? of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to vages, or be more sure of work. If any man nust bess the job and for miles around, people leved him, I know he would. And then I behim on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced car- and God must be our father sometime." penter had been sent for by those who would no longer depend upon Charles Nelson, and Nelson's place.

threw their green branches over the way, of these days, and-andstood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it stretched Services the fence was broken in many places. The children coming. ommence at Ho'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.
St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) metheast angle of house itself had once been white, but it was Assoon as the little ones were out of sight, onto Signato, Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rickley its Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rickley its Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rickley its Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rickley its Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rickley its Rev. Jacob M. Mors, Rev. Jacob M. Mors,

Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happi- he started homeward. est among the happy, but now none could be Rev. Charles Collins, President and Professor of more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feathem recite a grammar lesson, for she had rein ignorance. They could not attend the comsuffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had carned all the money that had been used in some more.' that house. People hired her to wash, iron dren and praying to God.

Suppor time came, and Charles Nelson came | menced to frame a house. reeling home. He had worked the day before ind even she shrank away, for sometimes, her | me work ?'

urband was ugly when thus intoxicated. ---O, how that man had changed within two | Manly, in surprise. years! Once there was not a fluer looking man in town. In frame he had been tall, stont upon my right haud, and yonder bar-room upcompact and perfectly formed, while his face on my left, I would go with the grim messenbore the very beau ideal of manly beauty. His ger first. noble form was now bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and rough timber and boards. I place it all in disfigured. He was not the man who had your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. once been the fond husband and doating fath. While I can trust you, you may trust me. er, The loving wife had prayed and wept and Come into my office and you shall have the implored, but all to no purpose: the husband plan I have drawn. was bound to his drinking companions of the We will not tell how the stout man went. bar room, and he would not break the bonds, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him

for all the food she had in the house was having studied it for a while, he went out not more than enough for her husband and where the men were at work gotting the timshildren; but when her husband had gone, ber together, and all. Manly introduced him she went out, picked a few borries, and thus as their master. That day he worked but lit kept herself alive. That night the poor wo, tle, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged man prayed long and earneatly, and her little the timber and gave directions for framing. ones prayed with her.

At night he seked his emp
On the following morning. Charles Nelson trust him with a deliar.

sought the bar room as soon as he arose, but was sick and faint, and the liquor would not blanly. revive him, for it would not rumain on his . And will you pay me three dollars a day ? stomach. He had drank very deeply the night

At length, however, he manged to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out

The poor man ,had just sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off toward a wood not far from the village, and sunk down by the side of a stone wall, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining hot upon him and raising himself to a sitting posture, be gazed about him. He knew that it was afterngon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just upon the point of rising when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a little opening in the wall; and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

'Come, Katy,' said one of these latter girls o her companion, let's go away from here, because if anybody should see us with those girls, they would think we played with them,

But the berries are thick here, remonstra ted the other.

Never mind-we'll come out sometime when these little ragged drunkard's girls are not here.' So the two favored ones went away hand in

hand, and Nancy and Nelly Nelson sat down on the grass and oried. ' Don't cry, Nancy,' said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

But you are crying, Nelly. 'O, I can't help it,' sobbed the stricken

'Why do they blame us?' murmured Nancy, gazing up in her sister's face. 'O we are not to blame, and we never hart any body. O, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy." But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of

year, at that age he found himself going dawn our noble mother. Who could love us as she 'I know-I know, Nelly; but that aren't complete the sum of his happiness. He had all. Why don't papa lave us as he used to?

one of the best of wives, and his children were, Don't you remember when he used to kiss us ntelligent and comely: He was a carpenter and make us so happy? O, how I wish he by trade, and no man could command better could be so good to us once more. He is not'-'-sh, sizey! don't say anything more. He attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson may be good to us again; if he knew how we

nought him to work for them? Out a change lieve God is good, and he surely will help us, had come over his life A demon had met for mother prays to him every day. 'Yes, answered Nancy, 'I know she does;

'lie is our father, now, sissy.' 'I know it; but he must be all we shall he had settled in the village and now took have by and by; for don't you remember that mother told us that a cold finger was laid up-On a back street, where the great trees on her heart, and that she might leave us one

-sh. Don't don't Nancy : you'll-The words were choked with sobs and tears, a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up and the sisters wept long together. At length among the choking flowers and the paling of they arose and went away, for they saw more

of life, and though she was still handsome to upward, and his plasped bands were raised look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, above his head. A moment he remained so. and brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor and then his hands dropped by his side, and

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected not to notice it. He drew a shilling from his pocket Moral Science.

Rev. Expusion M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy both kirls, and noth benutiful in form and least notice it. He drew a shitting from his pocket and English Literature.

ture; but their garbs were all patched and —it was his last—and handing it to his wife, thre; but their garba were all patched and it was his last and handing it to his wife, out it. Till niy, Professor of Nathelhatin.

Warn; and their feet were sholess. The eldest he asked her if she would send and get him and their feet were sholess. The eldest he asked her if she would send and get him and was chirteen warr, of age, and the other two some milk and flour, and risks him some was hirteen years of age, and the other two some milk and flour, and make him some the Museum. er Schem, Professor of Rebrew and Modern years younger. The mother was hearing porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded solved that berichildren should not grow up just as that voice had sounded in days gone by. .The porridge was made nice and nourishing. mon school, for thoughtless children sneered and Charles ate it all. He went to hed early, at them, and made them the subject of sport and early on the following morning he was up. and ridicule; but in this respect they did not He asked his wife if she had milk and flour anough to make him another bowl of porridge. Yes, Charles, she said, we have not

touched it." 'Then, if you are willing, I should like

The wife moved quickly about the work, and sew for them, and besides the money paid, and ere long the food was prepared. The they gave her many articles, of food and clo- husband ate it, and felt bester. He washed thing. So she lived on, and the only joys that and dressed, and would have shaved had his dwelt within her now, were teaching her chil- hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man, who had just com-

Mr. Manly, he said, addressing the genat belping to move a building, and thus had thoman alluded to, 'I have drank the last alearned money enough to find him in liquor for chobolic beverage that ever passes my lips. several days. As he stumbled into the house, Ask me no more questions, but believe me the children crouched close to their mother, now while you see me true. Will you give

Charles Nelson, are you in earnest ?' asked . So much so, sir, that were death to stand

Then there is my house lying about us in

That evening, Mary Nelson ate no supper, thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and At night he asked his employer if he dared

Why, you've carned three dollars, replied 'If you are as millful as you have been tolanly understood them. He received his been instrumental in doing good.

hree dollars, and on his way bome, he stopped On her way, she encountered groups of the table.

get a couple quarts of milk."

noney and hurried away.

rently she prayed then. Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. happy sunbeam went on. Velson had the table out. After supper, harles prose, and said to his wife: 'I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help

but I will be home early."

ner that assured her and gave her hope. -Just as the clock struck nine, the well- ence us. known footfall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered, His and she almost uttered a cry of joy, when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife woult with bim. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept until grated window, peoped one sunbeam. Its long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had been started up incher bosom, and hence she awoke not as carly as usual. But she came out just

and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten. Charles chime. he asked: What do you do to-day ?".... · I must wash for Mrs. Bixby.

as the ten-kettle and potatoes began to boil-

Are you willing to obey me once more ' O ---yes.' Then work for me to-day, w Send over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well sible to the voice of kindness. Every one has ioliar, and do with it as you please. Buy they, who, like the sunbeam, go forth cheer omething that will keep you busy for your fully to its performance.

Mr Nelson turned towards the door, and is hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and then turned back. He did not speak, but The most beautiful Rose in the World. opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a scat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt welland very happy Mr. Manly was by to cheer nim, and this he did by talking and acting an garden were found the most beautiful flowers hough Charles had never been unfortunate of every session of the year, and from all re

earned fifteen dellars, ten of which he had gobutto with the green leaves of the apple low in his pocket.

'Mary,' he said, after the supper-table had Province. And they grew up by the walls of een cleared a vay, 'here are ten dollars for the castle, crept up to the pillars and around ou, and I want you to expend it in clothing the framing of the windows, into the corrior yourself and children. I have carned fif- ders, and along up to the deiling in ever) een dollars during the last five days. I am room; and the roses changed in fragrance, to build Squire Manly's great house, and he form and color. pays me three dollars a day. A good job, But sorrow and sadness resided in the paun't it?'

he could not speak a word. She struggled a lew moments, and then burst into tears. Her usband took her by the arm and drew her most beautiful rose of the world; that which pon his lap, and pressed her to his bosom. Mary,' ha whispered, while tears ran down is own cheeks, you are not deceived. I am Charley Nelson once more, and will be while live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow. --- And then he told her of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lav behind the wall.

. Never before ' said he, ' did I fully realize ow low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then, as though some one hadstruck them off with a sledge. My coulstarted up to a standing point, from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your

rayers are surely answered; my wife," Time passed on, and the cottage once more rindows and green blinds. The roses in the forth. They are not the roses from the cofgarden smiled, and every way did the improve. this of Romeo and Juliet, or from the grave nent work. Once again was Mary Nelson, of Heloise, although these roses always will among the happlest, of the happy, and her give flavor in tradition and in song. They bildren choose their own associates now.

For the Herald. THE MISSION OF A SUNBEAM.

BY GRACE GORDON.

----

One bright, heautiful day in early Spring, life, a golden sunbeam went out to perform were of science !" her mission of love and charity. Wherever bere was sadness and sorrow, she was t whisper of brighter days, and her influence was to be exerted in behalf of all classes and est, purest love. It blooms in the glowing uditions of mankind.

Proud and happy, thus to be the messen ger of love and mercy, she started on her me with all its love !? ourney. But soon side paused, for in a benu- That rose is beautiful, but there is on tiful garden, where hundreds of flowers were still more beautiful," said the wise man. looming, delighting the eye by their perfec- . "Yes, far more beautiful;" said one of the on of form and color, she espied a drooping, women. . I have seen it; a more sublime, lower, its graceful head bowed in the dust, more holy rose blooms not; but it is pale as lonely and and, even when surrounded by so the leaves of the tea rose; I perceived it on many. Hastening to its hiding place she the cheeks of the Queen; she had taken of raised its drooping head, shedding such a liste ther queenly erown, and she went berasif I of light around, that the flower forgot its and the long weary plat with her sick child i day, for you will save me money at that the mess and expanding its petals, cast a rich her arms, went, blased it, and prayed to God

이 불만하다는 사람들은 회사의 그 그 사람들은 사람들은 얼마 나는 사람들은 사람들이 되었다.

The poor man could not speak his thanks perfame upon the air, while our happy sun words, but his looks spoke for him, and beam hastened on, rejoicing that she had

nd bought first a basket, then three loaves of merry children, to whom life was one bright bread, a pound of autter, some ies, augar dream, unmingled with a line of care. These and a piece of beef steak, and he had just one needed not her presence to increase their joy. dollar and acventy ave count left. With this and pausing, only to invoke a blessing on load he went home. It was some time before them, and to pray that in after years, contact he could compose himself to enter the house, with the world, might not mar the innocence but at last he went in and set the barket upon and purity they then possessed, she continued her journey.

'Come, Mary,' he said, I have brought | Passing through crowded streets, she ensomething home for supper. Here, Kelly, you tered a lovely dwelling, where sat a maiden, ake the pail and run over to Mr. Brottn's and toiling for her daily bread. To her, the tones of love and fond endearment were all un-He handed the child a shilling as te spoke, known. She had learned life's saddest lesand in a half bewildered state, she took the son-tears, and while the present was gloomy there was not a cheering ray to illume the fu-The wife started when she raised the cover ture. Memory was busy with the past, when of the basket, but she dared not speck. She our sunbeam entered, and resting upon lier. noved about like one in a dream, and ever bowed head, whispered of a brighter land, and anon she would give a Inrive glance at where wrongs shall be redressed, and where er husband. He had not been drinking- sickness and sorrow cannot come, until hope she knew it-and yet he had money to buy springs up in her heart, smiles take the place rum If he wanted it. What could it mean? of tears, and with a prayer of thanksgiving Had her prayers been answered? O how fer- for this messenger of mercy, she goes cheer fully to her appointed task. And thus our

To the pale student pouring over the his tory of the past, she brings joy and gladness. Forgetting his perplexities, he goes in imaim arrange some plans for his new house, gination to his early home, is a child again, chasing the butterfly, as gay and joyous as A pang shot through the wife's heart as she itself." It is well thus to win the mind from saw her husband turn away, but still she was the stern realities of life-from the engrossing for happier than she had been before for a duties of the present, to the retrospection of long while. There was something in his man, the past, or anticipation of the future, and blessed is every means that can thus influ-

1 Once more our sunbeam paused. In large and gloomy dwelling, whose grated windows, and massive doors., told the history of its inhabitants, sat a lonely man. His head was bowed, and his stern features gave no clue to the reelings within. Shut out from the sympathy of his fellows, a mark for the finger of scorn, what was life to him but mockery? Thus he reasoned, when suddenly through the cheerful presence illumined the gloomy room and the lonely man looking up, is transported to his childhood's home, is beside his mother' knee, and she with her hand upon his head, is praying for his happiness. That he may be kept from sin, and live, a blessing to all around. How have her prayers been an out on his hat, and then turning to his wife, swered? And as this picture passes before him, his heart softens, and tears fill those eyes

all unused to weep. Was not her mission a blessed one? There is no heart so hard, but down, deep, in its hilden recesses, there may be found traces of no samption. No one so depraved as to be insen arough to wash, for you are not. Here is a his appointed mission in life, and happy are

Inving, June, 1857. For the Herald.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

My toosko.

There was once a mighty Queen, in whose gions of the world; but above all, the Queer It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had loved the roses, and therefore she had of these een almost a week without rum. He had every different species; from the wild hagflavor, even to the most beautiful rose of the

lace; the Queen lay upon her death-bed, and Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but the doctors announced that she must die.
"There is only one escape for her!" said the wisest among them, ... " Bring to her the

> is the expression of the brightest and purent love; if it come before her eye before it grown dim, then she will not die." Young and old came forth from every side with roses, the most beautiful which bloomed

in every garden; but it was not the rose; from the flower-garden of love must the flower be brought the rose, which there, was the expression of the highest, purest love. And the bards sang of the most beautifu'

rose of the world-each named his own. And the intelligence went far into the land to each heart that best in love—it went to every clasand to every age.

"No one yet has named the flower," said

the wise man. ... " No one has pointed out the sumed its garb of pure white, and its whole place where it, in its magnificence, sproutare not the roses which shot up from the bloody lances of Vinkelreid, or from the blood which flowed from the breast of the hero is death for his country, although no death is aweeter and no rose is redder than the blood which flowed there. Neither is it that won drous flower for the care of which, man spend his busy life in his lonely room, daily and when all nature was rejoining in newness of yearly, in long sleepless nights-the magica

"Pknow where it blooms," said a happy mother, who with her babe appeared at the ause and by her obcerful presence obnse | bed of the Queen. "I know where the most way the gloom. To the desponding she was beautiful rose of the world is to be found to the rose which is the expression of the highcheek of my beloved child, when it, strength ened by sleep, opens its eyes, and smiles upon

for it as a mother prays in an hour of sorrow and distress.

Tire by most water

"Sacred and wonderful in its might is th white rose of grief, but it still is not it!" "No, the most beautiful rose of the world I saw at the altar of the Lord," said the pious old bishop. . I saw it glittering; it appeared there as an angel's countenance. A young maiden went to the table of the Lord, renew ed the union of baptism, and the roses glowed and bloomed upon her fresh cheeks. The young maiden stood there; she looked with

her full purity and love up to God. That was the expression of the highest, purest love !" "Blessed be she," said the wise man, "yes no one among you has named the most beau tiful rose of the world !"

A child, the little son of the Queen, stepped into the room; tears stood in his eyes and on his checks; he carried in his hand a large open book, the back of which was of velvet and provided with large silver clasps.

" Mother," said the little one, "hear what I have read," and the child sat down upon the bed and read to her, from the book, of that One who resigned himself to the death of the cross to redeem mankind-even the unborn race. "A greater love there is not."

A rosy brightness overspread the cheeks of the Queen; her eyes became so large, so clear, for she saw upon the leaves of the book, the most beautiful rose of the world rise up-the image of that which sprouted forth, on the beam of the cross, from the blood of Christ.

"I see it!" said she. "That one never dies who beholds this rose, the most beautiful of the world." Carlisle, June, 1857.

> SPIRITUAL COMMUNION. BY FRANK ORLO.

The age of Romance has departed! Its worshippers are seen only through the obscurity of the past, and the murmur of their voices reach us but as the sound of distant

The young man who has passed his early sculptors and poets, considered a low forehad flowers from the classic fields or quaffing the ble to womanly beauty. Horace praises Syrich nectar from the German and French po-

world he lives in, or the feelings or motives of the most beautiful of the sex in the same of those by whom he is surrounded. All the feelings which he holds most sacred ing relies of ancient ignorance and supersti-

tion. The age of romance has indeed passed! The minds of mer no Jonger wander through that on the contrary, the manner of the bair.

Every thing, in order to be received as orthodox, must be weighed in the balance of practical utility.

All the fluor feelings of the soul have been ism—a razor.

discoted and carefully analyzed.

Friendship has been found to be a mere bu siness\_copartnership\_for\_mutual-advantage.-longer a union of hearts

but the blending of two estates into one. Indeed, the heart itself is simply a well constructed distillery, and can, in affect our feelings except through the body. At this day there is nothing left upon earth

ordinarily mutual. This can only be explained by the theory I have advanced. Love at first sight" is easily accounted

may not two minds, linked together by the strong ties of frendship and love, hold such uninterrupted communion with each other as to have an interchange of thoughts and feel.

CAMPHOR A REMERY ROP MAYOR. ings, even when "heaving occan rolls be-

vent prayer for our well-being comes to our from deing them injury. The little animal soul, blended, with the sange of birds, in land objects to the odor, and know a sange of birds, in land objects to the odor, and know a sange of birds, in land objects to the odor, and know a sange of birds, in land objects to the odor, and know a sange of birds, in land objects to the odor. guage as intelligible as it spoken in the ear.

And oft in dark temptation's hour, when good resolutions waver and grow faint, and sin is about to triumph, the voices of one we love comes to our ear, in angel tones, and turpentine, half a plut, rotten-stone, quarter warms us to beware. We know that she is thinking of us, and her soul is holding con-Mix well, and quarter of a plut of sweet oil; verse with ours. We recognise the beloved voice! The darkness flies, and our soul is

the days of old.

The Ladies Department.

Bullett Charle Balante

- From the " Home Journal." THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S RESOLVE.

Mamma won't let me marry, It really is a shame— She says I ought to tarry Before I change my name the water has been

There's Captain Bombarbastic,

He would not be a dove. Then there's my cousin, Harry-He'd never play me false; I wish bia would let me marry

I hate Ma's sermonizing It makes my poor head ache, Ma dislikes bridal favors, While I love wedding-cake.

I'm just fifteen, next birthday... My charms begin to fade;
I hope mamma don't mean me To be a queer old maid.

As Ma won't let me marry I think I shall clope With darling cousin Harry, And live on Love and Hope.

High and Low Foreheads.

-We-find in one of our exchanges, the fol.1 lowing interresting paragraph on high and : ow foreheads, and we give it to our lady readers for tea-table gossip-as it upsets many

erroneous ideas now prevaient. The notion that high for cheads in women re indispensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology. Not long ago, many a fine lady' shaved her head, to give it an 'intellectual', appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead probably

originated in a similar manner When the somewhat peculiar fact is considered, that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold, masculine look, and that from frons (forehead) comes the word effrontery, it will not be wondered at, that the ancient painters, a charming thing in woman, and indispensaets, has formed for himself an ideal woold, and mends the same grace of feature as decidedly He can form but an individual idea-of-the digher authority still, has distinguished many

way. are entirely unrecognised by the people of this lectual women, who have left the worle mementoes of their genius, have been remarkable for their low forcheads and that a highforehead is by no means a sign of intellectuality, nor a low forshead of the lack of it; but, the realms of imagination and fancy; but are growing low on the forchead is a purely famiwrapped up in the more practical pursuit of nine mark the intellectual faculties of the brain lying above the dividing line of the bair-

ism—a razor.

The face denoting intellect cannot be mistaken, let the hair grow ever so low or high ism—a razor. Love is either a sensual passion or a pecu- on the forehead. The expression of the eyesthe cast of the countenane, the breadth brow all speak unerringly of the capacity of the brain; and when nature has betther geal, no ingenuity of art can effect anything but

to mar her divine work.

to reverence.

Every thing worthy of admiration, we are told, is but the product of selfishness

The noblest genius results only from the peculiar formation of the head, and a man is no more worthy of praise for it than for a pimple on the nose, or a cast in the type.

In fact, the mind of this Ninoteenth Continued has become wonderfully enlightened.

Sweden, the climax of the marriage ritual.

Among the peoper classes there are variations. The appearance of any thing, tinctured with woman in the slightest degree, meets with the same reception which greeted poor Rip Van Winkle, upon his return from his twenty-year nap.

But, notwithstanding the unromantic turn of the human mind at the present day. I will venture to advance a theory—or rather idea—which was a favorite one with me, when I was that dreamer of whom I have spoken—before the ideal gave place to the real and notual in my mind. y mind.

As all bodies are found to possess a certain by the fluid, called electricity, by means of As all bodies are found to pessess a certain subtle fluid, called electricity, by means of which each particle of matter attracts or repels each other according to the positive or negative quality of the fluid; so there is in mind a similar quality, as yet unrecognised by Philosephers, by means of which the mind of one man is influenced by that of an unintelligible, but have been handed down traditionally from dame to daughter, for general mot one in contact with others, oven in the man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others, oven in. The man of fine and delicate feelings cannot come in contact with others. him.

It is seldom that two persons meet, even comes the priest with his crown and blessing the persons being compelled. for an instant, without feeling a secret like or —the newly married persons being compelled dislike each for the other, and this feeling is to tread together upon some firm stone in the

mutual reliance. "Love at first sight" is 'easily accounted for on this principle, and on no other; for it froquently happens that there is nothing out wardly attractive in the person inspiring this passion. It is simply the meeting of soul with soul, and the mutual recognition of accordant and sympathetic e emeits.

Since then, there is a mysterious bond of union between the minds even of strangers. two parts of common scap and 100 parts of main water, by weight, infallibly destroy, bugs and have

CAMPHOR A REMEDY FOR MION. Any one device desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations ween ?"

In the quiet hour of twilight, as we sit mu- tions of mice, oan do so by mixing pipess of the descriptions of mice. sing on the past or dreaming of the future, we camphor gam in with the seeds. Camphor oft bedome aware that some far distant friend placed in drawers or trunks will never the seeds. placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance

strong again.

Oh the immortal part of man is not all enclosed within this earth-formed prison.

There is a free and chaldess sympathy of soul with soul.

Friendship is not a mere name! Love, pure and disinterested, h. ... all departed with the days of old.

Neuronce Hydrogen Hydro

soul whick aspire above the base and sorded of towers, wrung out in hot water, to the fores which things of earth, and seek enjoyment beside in head and temples is represented to be at small another objects.

\*\*CAUTISES, June, 1857.\*\*

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\*\*The property remains the property of the contents of the property of th nogible objects.
Cantille, June, 1857.

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PAROHALL MORRIS & CO.

stometh. He had drank very dee
Implement and seed store ith and barket Store,
Hey 29, 767.

Philadelphi
before, and he felt miserable.