#### EDITED AND PUBL FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY WILLIAM M. PORTER.

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The Carlisle Heath is published weekly on a jarge sheel epitaining twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance; \$1.50 fp aid strictly in advance; \$2.150 fp aid within the year; or \$2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received fory less, period than it months, and none discontinued until all arranges 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 for tunberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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Pirst Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Roy. Convay P. Wing Paster.—Services ever; Sunday Morning at 110 clock, A. M., and i o clock P. M. od Presbyterian Church, corner of South a nove

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South, anover and Fom rotatests. Rev. Mr. Ealis, Prattor. Services and Fom rotatests. Rev. Mr. Ealis, Prattor. Services commonce at Hoclock, A. M., and To'clock P. M.

S. John's Church, (Pr. L. P. Decopal) mortheast angle of Centre Square. Acov. Jacob, P. M. Morss, Roctor, Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and o'clock, P. M.

Einglish Lutheran Church, Budford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob, Fry. Prastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and o'clock P. M.

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

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) offure of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. R. D. Chambers, Pastor.—Services at 110 o'clock A. M. and o'g' o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. Thomas Daugherty, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 11 Methodist E. Church (seeind charge) Rev. Thomas Daugherty, Pastor. Services In College Chapel, at It o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret near Rast street. Rev. James Barrett, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sun-day of each month. German Lutheran Church corpus 6

day of each month.

derman Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and
Bedford streets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Service
at 102 A. M.

An When changes in the above are necessary the
proper persons are requested to in thy us.

### DICKINSON COLLEGE.

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Andrew Blair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. fornmant, J. G. Williams, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason W. Lby, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger, Meet of the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Ed-ucation Hall.

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CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK,—President Richard Parkor, Cashler., Wm, M. Becteu; Clorks, J. r., Hasker, N. C. Mus selman, C.W. Reed, Directors, Richard Farkor, John Zan Hugh Stuart, Thomas P. xton, R. C. Woodward, Joberh Mooro, John Sandeison, a sury Logan, Samuel Where Compentano Valler Hallillon Company.—Fredecat, Frede. ick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Fastward leaving Carlisle at 1.32 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.

Westward, Jouving Carlisle at 10,00 o'clock A, M., and C.20 P. M.
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Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets a larion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of ever Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 200 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisio Lodge No 91 1. O. of U. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

UNION FIRE COMPANY. ORGANIZED 1789. PRESENT OFFICERS. President—E. OORNMAN.
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### RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or un-ir, 3 cents per paid, except to California or Oregon,

## Boeten.

#### THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma. And sing me the hely strain, That sooth'd me last, as you fondly prest My glowing check to your soft white breast For I saw a scone when I slumbered last

And smile as you then did smile, mamm And weep as you then did weep; Then fix on me thy glist'ning eye, And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma-While slumbering on thy knee, And the world i'd give, if the world were mine. Again that land to see.

fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma, And we rested, as under a bough; Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride, And I chas'd it away through the forest wide. And the night came on, and I lost my guide, And I knew not what to do.

And I loudly wept for thee; But a white rob'd maiden appeared in the al And she flung back the curls of her golden hair, And she kissed me softly ere 1 was aware, Saying, "Come, pretty bahe, with me!"

My tears and fears she 'guil'd, mamma And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb;
We passed through the long, long vault of gloom, Then opened our eyes on the land of bloom. And a sky of endless day...

And heavenly forms were there, mamma And lovely cherubs bright; They smill when they saw me, but I was amaz'd, And wendering, around me I gaz'd and gaz'd; And songs I heard, and sunny beams blaz'd. All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma, Of white-wing'd babes to me: heir eyes look'd love, and their sweet lips smil'd, And they marvel'd to meet with an earth-born child And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled. Saying, " Hero, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I miz'd with the heavenly throng man and I saw as I roam'd the regions of peace, The spirits which came from this world of dist And there was the joy no tongue can express, For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma, Lay dead a short time agone? the you gaz'd on the sad, but lovely week,
With a full flood of wee you could not check; And your heart was so sure, you wished it would bre But it lov'd, and you, aye, sol b'd on !.

But; Oh! had you been with me, mamma, In the realms of unknown care, And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried, Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave wh shining with the blest, and adorn'd like a bride, Sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma, And the night was dark, and the tempest loud, And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud And his ragged old mantle serv'd for his shroud. Ere the midnight watch was o'er!

And think what a weight of wee, mamma, Made heavy each long drawn sigh, As the good old man sat on papa's old chair And fast as the hig tears of speechlers care Ran down from his glazing eye-

And think what a heavenward look, mamma, Flashed through each trembling eye, As he told how he went to the baron's stronghold, Saying, "Ch! let me in, for the night is so cold;" But the rich mau cried, "Go sleep in the wold, For we shield no beggars here."

Well! he was in glory too, mamma, As happy as the blest can be; Io needed no alms in the mansions of light or he sat with the patriarchs, cloth'd in white and there was not a scraph had a crown more bright,

Nor a costlier robe than he.

New sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma For sound was my slumber, and sweet my rest, While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the

Can love this world no more.

ben she wants a mate.'

A BATCH OF SEA PUNS .- 'Talking of conundrums,' says old Hurricane, stretching imself all over Social Hall and dending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke

· I can tell .- I can, anapped out Little Turtle. 'It's when she wants to be manned. 'Just missed it,' quoth Old Hurricane. . b mile. Try again. Who speaks first?' 'I do, recondly,' answered Lemons. It's

'Not correct, geptied Hurricane. 'The uestion is still open.' When she's a ship of great size,' (sighs)

rodestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.

'When she's atruck back by a heavy swell, iggested Starlight. Not as yet, replied Hurricane. Come

hurry'along.' When she makes much of a fast sailor,' oried Smashpipes,

Here there was a great groan and Smash pipes was thrown out of the window .- When peace was restored, old Hurricane ' propelled.

You might have said, when she bugs the wind,' or 'when she runs down after a smack. or whon she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right The real solution is-when sho's attached to a

on Cape Cod, not long since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his chair, and discovered which darted forth from her fell warmly upon his amiable helpmate in the performance of an him. He was not in love with her, it is true, der, 3 cents per pan, except of which is to cents prepaid of two which is to cents prepaid. Within-the States 20 cents a legtage on all transport papers:

United States 20 cents a legtage on all transport papers:

unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost unpaid. act for which Gov. Marcy once made a charge but he felt a sweet, soft influence operating Why are you, my dear, like thas vil adversa upon his feelings, and sometimes even excited AREGE ROBES, DUALS ry exceed of in Coripture !" Of course she with to such is degree as to inspire his mind other large asset per last sectived and selling at course," said the, "while the duclement sleep, called the duclement sleep, and selling at course," said the, "while the duclement sleep, called the duclement sleep.

#### THRILLING ROMANCE OF REAL LIVE

Some of our renders may remember that ome years ago when Mario, the Italian opera inger was in this country, the papers contain d allusions to a misterious lady, who always coupled an opera box alone, when Mario was o sing; following him from city to city, as e made his tour throughout the States, and even to Havanna. She was said to be an-English Lady of wealth and rank, still young and pretty, and influenced by a romantic pas-

ion for Mario, that she could not control, But, the hints in regard to the lady, were so rague, that many persons dishelieved them altogether, while others thought it a ruse, to excite an interest in the opera. Her recent death at Paris, by an accident has revived the subject, and put us in possession of many ew and interesting facts connected with this chapter of Romance. The following, is a translation from a French paper. - Ed. Herald. ".

#### Death of Miss \*\*\*\*. Believed to be the famous Mils Coutts, of Mario Memory.

The habitual frequenters at the Theatre Itaian, at Paris, will no doubt remember an English girl, still young and pretty, whose regulur features, expressive countenance, and physiognomy full of melancholy and tenderness, would all have been taken as extremely charm ing, had it not been for the extraordinary and deadly paleness which distinguished her. Her paleness was, in fact, of such a strange character, that this lady might have been taken for the heroine of some legend, or even for the corpse of a departed bride. This young lady, possessed with immense riches, and always dressed with exquisite taste and elegance, generally occupied the same box-at-the opera; and sat alone a ways in the same place, on a front seat, in the boxes, in the tier of boxes just underneath the Emperor's lege. This fady has just met with her death at Paris, in sequence of a horrible accident, which, we regret to say, has become of very frequent occurrence within the past few years. The fol lowing are the circumstances of this melan choly affair:--

The lady in question had, some years ago, conceived a violent passion for Mario, the tenor singer. Her love, though purely a platon ic love, was not the loss passionate nor persevering. It originated as follows: One night, she saw in a dream, a handsome young man, who appeared before her. As love only at tacks those who are amorous and disposed to love, Miss \*\*\*\*, as a matter of course, and in obedience to the dictates of her conscience, fell immediately in love with this image of which she had dreamed. On awakening next morning, the image of the handsome young man whom she had seen in her dreum; was in

cessantly before her eyes.
She contemplated with ecstacy the imaginary-figure she conversed with it without opening her mouth to give utterance to words. she addressed to it effusions of the utmost eloquence, which were stamped with marks of wit and distinguished by sentiment, flowing from an ardent imagination and a sensitive beart. She, in fact so completely gave reality to this vision of a dream that she was fully persuaded that what she saw was a sort of seavenly advertisement to her, and that the identical being whom she had seen in her dream-really-existed and would some time-or other be found by her. So, indeed, it turned out; for one day at London, at the Opera House, among the performers, she discovered the tenor singer, Mario, the very person whom as a visionary image, she had seen in her dream. It was himself, and no mistake. It was beyond all doubt the handsome youth she loved, and whom she saw overy night in her dreams. At sight of him her heart was violently agitated; here was the very man with whom she was already in love before she had seen him. But when she heard him sing, her feelings were raised to the highest pitch. She was literally intoxicated by the vibration of his voice, with which he soul entertained the strongest sympathy, and t seemed to her that they ascended up from the deepest recesses of his soul, landing a charm to the music which it was impossible to describe. From that day forth her fate was which had given him his name 'can any of love she had conceived was hopeless, and that decided. She was sensible however, that the you tell me when a ship may be said to be in it would be necessary for her to keep it a secret, wholly confined within her own breast. Henceforth the life of Miss \*\*\*\* underwent an entire change. Before, she had been remarkable for great simplicity in her manner of living: but now she determined to live entirely alone. But she did not live buried in a solitary retreat; on the contrary, she saw

company and visited the Opera. From the time when she first resolved to live alone, she became of extraordinary paleness. It seemed as if all her blood had left the surface and When she's tender to a man of war, said the flowed back to the heart, in order that it might Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in beat more vehemently for Mario.

From the day that Miss, \*\*\*\* saw Mario Everything but overrent,' responded Hurri- for the first time in her life, when she recognized in him the being she had seen in her dreams, bas always lived by herself, and alone. She has never spoken a single word to Mario; but, whenever at any time he set out for any other country, she would set out for the same place too. On one occasion, Mario went to St. Petersburg; when he arrived there, the first person he saw in the dress circle, in the front of the stage, was Miss \*\*\*\*. When he went to Madrid, he found Miss \*\*\*\* at Madrid. When he went to America. Miss \*\*\*\* chartered a ship and followed him to America. and she always arrived there in time to be present at the first performance in which Ma-

seen, in a front box, or in the dress circle. She has never spoken a word to Mario, but A good story is told of a grave divine Mario knows her. She has had a sort of magnetic power and action upon him. The spark upon him, which emanated from her. The piercing look of the veiled eyes of the pale faced woman produced a strong impression with the inspiration of genius, when he would sing to such a style un to show that a powertoflowed with the control of the same of t The state of the s

rio appeared. Whether it was at London or

at Paris, or wherever it might be, that Mario

sang, there the young English girl might be

It was once told to the Princess de Poix bat Pivarol and Madame de Stael (two per ions supposed to have been enamored of each other,) had an interview which lasted two

hours. "What?" cried the Dutchess, "An interview of two hours long? I never can be. eve it possible for any woman to remain two whole long hours alone, in private conversa tion with the same man, unless they both keep saying to one another the same thing over and over again." - Would the Dutchess de Pois have been able to believe in this love at a distance, this magnetic concentration of the heart upo'i one single object, in the midet of a crowd

ed theatre? We beg leave to doubt it. . The day when the celebrated singer took his benefit at the Theatre Italian was a great and festival day with Miss\*\*\*\*. When the time came to go to the theatre, she dressed herself alone in her own room; there she was quite ready and on the point of starting For the purpose, however, of seeing better low she looked, and to judge of the effect of her toilet, she placed the candlestick with the lighted candle in it, on a chair in front of the till looking-glass, so as to see herself thoroughly in the glass. As she turned hersplt round and round, first to see herself on one side then on the other, her full flowing gown of "light thin" muelin swept by the candle-it only just merely touched it-and in the twinkling of an eye Miss\*\*\*\* was inveloped in flames. She did not, however, lose her presence of mind. Any There are chests full of linen and yarn, and strong passion filling the mind, communicates great self command and nerve, together with And everywhere and always the dear old great courageousness, in everything that does wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step

not belong to that great passion, So it was with Miss\*\*\*\*, She immediately nautuamaker The fire in consequence spread loom of silken texture. with wonderful rapidity from her dress to

ssistance, it was already too late. fatal even , she died, pressing to her lips as shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she

pressing his gratitude to her for the marks of and she opens the mysterious door, and prother at the same time for the bounds bim, on an occasion when he appeared in a pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little

new character. omance, so full of melancholy and of poetry. All touch with a finger the wonderful weighte, Miss\*\*\*\* was doomed to die; her romance They would not terminate their romances otherwise, for they knew that the most beautiful flowers are always carried away by the winds, after they have suffered from the air, or Journal du Havre, June 11,

ing his vehicle along, owing to the numerous

bstructions he met with, cursing and swearing at a tremendous rate. He quietly went up to the offender, and tapping him gently on lips-of good fairles and evil; of the old times the shoulder, said to him : "Ah! for that cursing and swearing, of

nent!" "Oh, yes," said the carman to his clerical grandms." rebuker, "the biggest rogue always turns

State's evidence." The minister, in relating this anecdote to his riends, owned that this answer so completely

off without saying a word in reply.

If you havn't got any eister of your own, take some other feller's sister, and love her. The effect is just as good, sometimes better.-V. O. Times.

It is no sin against our mother tongue aries, provided they are necessary, and are had no loventive genius we should have had | that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her

Philosophers say, that shutting the yes makes the hearing more acute. A wag uggests that this accunts for so many closed yes at church.

Boy Grief knita two hearts in closer bonds han happiness ever can : and common suffer ings are far stronger links than common jeys.

nuisance; the bird looks like a carrier pigeou on various new secents; bearing news chrice; but one cent. dell's Hill Salle Blain Scoille sefarant, consuper con terre the file its size of the file size.

### OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

Blessed be the children who have an oldfashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in he past, and an old-fashioned fire-place therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone-smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there. There are andirons, too-the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad, worn hearth, by feet that have been forn and bleeding by the way, or been made beautiful," and walked upon floors of tesselated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and " blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams- the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair -- a low, rush-bottom chair : there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamberquilts of rare patterns, and samplers in frames. mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children-the old-fashioned grandmother of threw herself upon her bed, which was in the twenty years ago. She, the very providence com, with the intention of wrapping herself of the old homestead she who loved us all, up in the counterpane of the bed, and in this and said she wished there was more of us to manner smother the fixmes. But it unfortu- lave, and took all the school in the Hollow for nately happened that the chambermaid had grand children beside. A great, expansive and three muslin dresses on the top of the bed | heart was here, beneath that woolen gown, or which had just been brought home by the that more stately bombazine, or that sole beir-

We can see her to day-those mild blue these dresses, and the unfortunate creature eyes, with more of beauty in them than time was soon enclosed in the midst of a veritable could touch or death do more than hideiercely burning furnace. She sereamed loudly those eyes that held both smiles and tears for help, but before any one could come to her within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but re-Though Miss\*\*\*\*suffered the most cruel regret. A white tress has escaped from beorture in consequence of this terrible casu- neath her snowy cap; she has just restored a lty, yet in the dreadful condition in 'which wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened she was, she obstinutely and courageously re the tether of a vine that was straying over a fused all medical assistance. She knew that window, as she came in, and plucked a four she was lost, and that there were no hopes of leafed clover for Ellen. She sits down by the her life, and she was, therefore, unwilling little wheel-a tress is running through her to admit of medical efforts and attention which fineers from the distaff's disheveled head. sould tend to no other result than that of pro- when a small voice cries "Grandma" from the onging her misery. A few days after the old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Tommy she breathed her inst, a letter was a lets go the thread, for her patience is almost colored paper,

as beautiful as her obarity, and she touches

It was a letter from Mario, who wrote to the little red bark in a moment will the young her for once only. He had never written to voyager is in a dream again, and then directs. her before. It was not a love letter, but one Toumny's unavailing attemps to harness the posived in terms of the highest respect, ex- cat The tick of the clock runs faint and low approbation and applause which she had pub- ceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-loe, licly exhibited at his performance, and thank- and we beg in a breath to be lifted up, one by one, and look for the hur which one ovening she had thrown towards tin cases of the weights, and the poor, lonely dim window, and never comes out in the Such was the mournful termination of this world; and our petitions are granted, and we

It might have terminated less borribly; but and the music of the little wheel is resumed. Was Mary to be married or Jane to be could not end otherwise, without losing all wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she the character of romance. Richardson and fold the white hands of the one upon her still Bernard de St. Pierre were solicited by hand- bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in some women, from all parts of the world, to let them there; and so sweetly did she wreathe Clarrissa Halowl and Paul and Virginia live. the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses

budded for company. How she stood between us and apprehended harm! How the rudest of us softened befrom the sun or from the attacks of insects .- | neath the gentle pressure of her faded and Translated for the New York Herald from the tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had A MINISTER NONPLUSSED .- The Rev. Mat. gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the thew Wilkes was once passing through one of little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she the crowded streets of London, when he heard had baked, the trinket she had purchased for earman, who found great difficulty in get- us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us -the offspring of her heart.

What treasure of story fell from those old when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever -but then she could'nt be handsomer or dear which you have been guilty, I will appear a er-but that she ever was "little." And, witness against you on that great day of judg- then, when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother,

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked onplussed him, that he was obliged to walk lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart, that is neither chilled nor dead - and grandmother sang. To be Have you got a sister? Then love sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the nd cherish her with a holy friendship .- Ez- | concert-room now-a days; but then it was the old kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old balled, in the dear old times : and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to

the sunset. Well, she sang. Her voice was feable and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, o use words not to be found in the diction but then how sweet toned it was ; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't not manufactured barbarously. Every word grow sweeter. What ' joy of grief' it was to nust have had a beginning, and if our fathers sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane; thoughts we saw, when the hall door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore?-to sit there around the fire and weep over the woes of the " Babes in the Woods; who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the rubin-redbreast covered them with leaves and last of all, when the angels took them out of the night into day everleating.

We may think what we will of it now; but the song and the story heard around the kitch SENSIBLE. The Detroit Advertiser has dis- en fire have colored the thoughts and lives of overed a new sense in which the new cents are most of us, have given us the germs of what over poetry blesses our hearts, whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute then as he is one remailtises; proper desind for an half by films the beholf and the school

#### we call life, radiate from the God swept circle of the hearthstone

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to ther-her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is turer. silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters heard the song, and of the voice that sung it, a lesson to the fair ones present. when a light-haired and light-hearted girl, she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the ture. that are no more! What spell can we weave Madam Lola introduces an elegant old story. this once, the ancient clock of time?

to her garments, and staying her as if from was well nigh exhausted. Then suddenly relying, for long ago she had done living for fleeting she atoned for her neglect by the icrself, and lived alone in us. But the old gift of beauty, which indeed rendered women itchen wants a presence to day, and the rush superior to all others. Lola attibutes this ottomed chair is tenantless.

s that other? It must be Jane's"—for she speaks of woman as had almost forgotten the folded bands. "Oh, o, not Jane, for she let me see she is waiting for me, isn't she ?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"At is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one, "for our blessing." "Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her

child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song children ?" Her hand is in her pocket as c old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcom gift to the children that have come again. One of us, men as we thought we were,

ceping; she hears the half-suppressed sob he says, as she extends her feeble hand Here, my poor child, rest upon your grandnother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a tory? Stir the fire, for it is cold, the nights tre growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed ima of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told ; it was bed-time at last. Good night to thee, grandmother The old fashioned grandmother was no more and we miss her ferever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the nidst of the heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER:

God bless her forever. BEAU BRUMMEL.

In the palmy days of George, Prince of indeed, all were men of the first water in fashion, politics or literature.

pecting that his quarrelsome propensities might unwittingly, half a million hearts from the militate against him, he called upon every United States. Eugenie caused him to be remember on the morning before the ballot, and orived into the most aristocratic families of very plainly intimated that he should consider | Madrid. the rejection as a personal insult, and demand he throne protected him.

er he had been elected. As he had been black- the exclamation, "what quantity." balled, an answer was sent that he had not said:

out you are blackballed."

The other replied: · Quite a mistake! You had better try again, "No use !' returned the fop ; for there was thought. Lola moralized much and well, and not a white ball in the ballot ; but, pray, wait. when in this wein drew forth the heartiest Allow me to ring." When the waiter appeared, Brummel said :

\* Charles, bring me a pistol and coffee for 1.1 Lord Deloraine stared in silence.

When the waiter brought the articles, Beau Brummel said : 👑 'I beg your pardon, Charles, but I have for-During this interval Brummel talked about

the Weather, the crops and the most frivolous things, Lord Deloraine gazing at him with a quarters, crack the pite of half the peaches severe expression of countenance. When the waiter brought the dice and the

oox, Brummel smiled at him saying : You can go. One of us will ring if we want you. I den't know which of as it will be: but one of us will ring. : :: 3 The waiter bowed and retired.

Brummel then said : I know you like coffee; so do I. When we have finished it, we will proceed to business. of water, 5 pounds of sugar, tablespoonful of

between his teeth. 🦪

dictating the terms. Here is a pistol-here the liquor and boil as before; after which they are dice. We will throw for the chance. In are ready to be set away in the store room for other respects we are quite equal. Il you fall future uso, at of the come I sall tall I perion, I shall leave a discousolate tailor

# Andies' Department.

LOLA MONTEZ . This somewhat celebrated women has left the stage for a time, and become a publiclec-

She lectured recently at Hamilton, Canada down between her fingers and the firelight, West, on "Female Beauty" an editor who heard and it looks like rain in the soft sunsbine. The her says her movements were graceful in the old grandmother is thinking when she first extreme, and the way she handled a fan was-

We extract the following report: of the lec-

shadows of the days to come. Of the days In speaking of beautiful women, it, seems to bring them back again? What words can When Nature had given valor to man, wiftwe unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just ness to the hare, horns to cattle, appropriating to the various creatures various qualities. So all our little hands were forever olinging she was unmindful of woman, until her supply story to Ariosto, but its parentage Anaereon How she used to welcome us when we were must claim. Lola asked where beauty lay?

grown, and came hack ence more to the home- "Where," she said, "shell we look for this source of power!" Often, perhaps, in a mire-We thought we were men and women, but dimple ; sometimes in the soft shadow of a we were children there. The old-fashioned drooping eyelid, or, again, beneath the treases grandmother was blind in the eyes; but she of a little fantastic curl. "Alas !" added she, aw with her heart, as she always did. We most impressively, "Alas I am ashamed to hrew our long shadows through the open door, think what small things will often move the and she felt them as they fell over her form, strongest and bravest of men! Many times and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in my life, in the company of kings and nobles, in the door-way, and she says, "Edward I have I been forced with sadness to reflect on know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose the words of the sublime Milton, in which he

"Fair no doubt and worthy well "Thy cherishing, thy honor, and thy love," .Not thy subjection."

Other parts of Lols,s are thus outlined by the Editor of the Hamilton Spectator: "Lola considered the English, Irish, and scotch women to be the handsomest. Speaking of beauties, she gave the palm to the well and in mine, for she is my latest born, the known Dutchess of Southerland, who moved a natural queen, and was the paragon among

the beautiful aristocracy of England. "Lady Blessington was a marvellous beauty kings and nobles were at her feet. In Italy they called her-La Diva-the goddess. She was voluptuous' with a neck that sat on her shoulders like the most charming Greek models She had a wonderfully boantiful hand, and an eye that, when it smiled, captivated all hearts. She was a far more intellectual style of beauty

than even the Dutchess of Sutherland. "The present Dutchess of Wellington, when Lola sawher, the Marchieness of Douro, was an admirably beautiful woman, with little intellect or animation. She was a fine pless of sculpture, and as cold as a piece of marble.

"The most beautiful family in England was

the great Sheridan family. There were two sons, both, said Lola, known to herself, who were considered the handsomest men of their day. There were three daughters-the Hon. Mrs Norton, well known on this side of the Atlantic through her poetry and her mistortunes; Lady Blackwood and Lady Seymourthe latter of whom was the Queen of Beauty at

the famous Eglinton tournament. These were called the three graces of England. "When Lola last saw Eugenie she (Eugenie) was certainly one of the most vivacious, witty Wales, there was a club celebrated for its fash and sprightly women in Paris. All the porions and exclusiveness, numbering among its traits of her in this country greatly exaggeramembers the Prince, Brummel, Sheridan,&c.; ted her size, for Eugenie was really a small woman. Before her marriage with the Emperor, and when she was the belle of Madrid A vacancy occurring, Lord Deloraine, the she evinced a high admiration for Gottschalk, famous duellist, applied for admission. Sust the planist, who, by the way, had carried off,

Lola then passed on to sketch the various satisfaction from every one severally, except characteristics of the beauties of various counthe Prince of Wales, whose position as heir to tries, and took occasion to hit Lord Brougham, (although we fancy we have heard the conceit On the night in question Lord Deloraine before.) The Constantinopolitan ladies, with went to the club, sent up his card, and request- whom corpulency was beauty, would, she ed to know if the balloting was over, and wheth- said, have slicited from that polished gallant

Lola decried all cosmetics. She recombeen, there being, unfortunately, a black ball mended three things-temperance, exercise in the box. He sent the waiter up again to and cleanliness, as preservatives of beauty. say that, as it must be a mistake, he wished The bath, she said, which was universal everyto see the chairman of the club. The Prince where but in Britain and America, was the was about rising to comply with this outrage- best "wash" that could be desired, although ous request, when Brummel volunteered to indeed it was mentioned that tincture of bensatisfy the incensed duellist. Telling the soine, precipated by water, was used by the waiter to show Lord Deloraine to a private beauties of Charles II's reign, and really room, he advanced in his blandest manner and brought blood to the surface. Bran might be advantageously used in connection with the "My dear Deloraine it's truly unfortunate: bath A well cultivated mind was that which i gavenot only eloquence to the tongue, but lustre

to the eve. vermillion to the cheek, and lighted up the whole person as though the very body applause."

# PEACH RECEIPTS.

As the Peach season is at hand we publish the following receipts for proparing and preserving the fruit. They have been thoroughly tested and propounced good.

PRACH PRESERVES .- Peaches, if preserved hole, should be gathered before fully ripe pare and cook tender in a little water. If in and add to them. Let the syrup simmer down quite thick before adding it to the feuit, and when cold cover tight and keen from heat 3 and moisture

PICKLED PRACHES .- Take any kind of fine large peaches that are not too ripe, wipe of the down with a soft flaunel cloth, place three! or four cloves in each, and lay them, whole in a jar. To every gallon of vinegar add I quart . So I am blackballed !' hissed the duellist; salt and whole chamon." Pour it over the fruit boiling hot, being wareful that the vine Most certainly. Now my dear lord, as I gar covers them well, and let them stand in a am the challenged party, I clame the right of cool place a week or ten days; then turn off

you will have a widow to mourn your death. | Proom Jally may be made in the until the party of t when very ripe mash or strain through a jell to weep my fate

The valled trave put down he cup and left
the room. Brommel rejoined his friends
a plat of his point of life, half point of his almost and whom the surject his friends
and whom the surject annual to the clubs;
Lord Deloratio was so appet annual stant his of the sienes. Large of the section went such and the surject annual such as the section of the sienes. ent suchlenly out of form.

ing Carl