# CARLISLE HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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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. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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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.


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Constables—John Sphar, High Constable; Robert McCartney, Ward Constable.
Justices of the Peace—George Ege, David Smith, Michael Holcomb, Stephen Keepers.

### CHURCHES.

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

Second Presbyterian Church, Corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr Eells, Pastor. Services commence at 10 o'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 4 o'clock. P. M.

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

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

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

### DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, President and Professor of Moral Science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W. Marshall, Professor of Ancient Languages.
Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
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Samuel D. Hillman, Principal of the Grammar School.
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### BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

Andrew Blair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. Cornman, J. G. Williams, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason W. Eby, 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. Musselman, C. W. Reed; Directors, Richard Parker, Wm. B. Mullin, Hugh Stuart, Thomas Paxton, R. C. Woodward, John Sanderson, Moses Bricker, Abram Bosler, Jacob Leiby.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, G. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 6.30 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.

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### SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 290 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.

### FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, Samuel Wetzel, sr.; Secretary, A. B. Ewing; Treasurer, Peter Monyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1809. President, Robert McCartney; Secretary, Philip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Ritter. The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, James B. McCartney; Secretary, Samuel H. Gould; Treasurer, Joseph D. Halbert. The company meets the second Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

### 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 15 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.

## Poetry.

☞ The last number of the "Cosmopolitan Art Journal" contains a portrait of Thomas B. Aldrich, at present connected with the "Home Journal," as one of its editors. Mr. Aldrich is quite young, scarce over twenty-one, and though one of the youngest, he is among the sweetest of our poets. There is a touching pathos in all he writes, and his fancy is most exuberant. We should be glad, if we had room, to quote from his later poems, but the readers of the "Herald" can form some idea of his style from the following "dainty conceits:"

[ED. HERALD.

### MADAM, AS YOU PASS US BY.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Madam, as you pass us by,
Dreaming of your loves and wine,
Do not brush your rich brocade
Against this little maid of mine,
Madam, as you pass us by.

When in youth my blood was warm,
Wine was royal, life complete;
So I drained the cups of wine,
So I sat at women's feet,
When in youth my blood was warm.

Time has taught me pleasant truths;
Lilies grow where thistles grew;
Ah, you loved me not. This maid
Loves me. There's an end of you!
Time has taught me pleasant truths.

I will speak no bitter words,
Too much passion made me blind;
You were subtle. Let it go!
For the sake of woman kind
I will speak no bitter words.

But, Madam, as you pass us by,
Dreaming of your loves and wine,
Do not brush your rich brocade
Against this little maid of mine,
Madam, as you pass us by.

### WE KNEW IT WOULD RAIN.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst,

Of marshes and swamps and alsinal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay on the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers!

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves—the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

## Interesting Sketch.

### THE QUEEN'S REMORSE.

Guilty! Guilty!
I shall despair—There is no creature loves me:
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.—
Nay wherefore should they? Since that I myself
Find in myself no mercy to myself.

KING RICHARD III.

THE twelfth hour of the night had already been announced from half the steeples of England's metropolis, and the echoes of its last stroke lingered, in mournful cadences, among the vaulted aisles of Westminister. It was not then, as now, the season of festivity, the hightides of the banquet and the ball, that witching time of night No din of carriages or glare of torches disturbed the sober silence of the streets, illuminated only by the waning light of an uncertain moon; no music streamed upon the night wind from the latticed casements of the great, who were contented, in the days of their Lion Queen, to portion out their hours for toil or merriment, for action or repose, according to the ministration of those great lights, which rule the heavens with an indifferent and impartial sway; and register his brief career of moments, to the peer as to the peasant, by one unvarying standard. A solitary lamp burned dim and cheerlessly before a low browed portal in St. Stephen's; and a solitary warder, in the rich garb still preserved by the yeomen of the guard, walked to and fro, with almost noiseless steps, his corslet, and the broad head of his shouldered partisan, flashing momentarily out from the shadows of the arch, as he passed and repassed beneath the light, which indicated the royal residence, distinguished by no proud decorations of her, before whose wrath the mightiest of Europe's sovereigns shuddered. A pile of the clumsey fire arms then in use, were stacked beneath the eye of the sentinel, and the dark outlines of several bulk, figures, outstretched in slumber upon the pavement, seemed to prove that some occurrences of late had called for more than common vigilance in the guarding of the palace. The prolonged cry of the warder, telling at each successive hour that all was well, had scarcely passed his lips, before the distant tramp of a horse, and the challenge of a sentry from the bridge, came heavily up the wind. For a moment the yeoman listened with all his senses, then, as it became evident that the rider was approaching, he stirred the nearest sleeper with the butt of his heavy halbert. "Up, Gilbert! up man, and to your tools, ere they be wanted. What though the earl's proud head lie low, he hath friends and factors enough in the city, I trow, to raise a coil when'er it lists them!" The slumbers of the yeomen were exchanged, on the instant, for the guarded bustle of preparation, and before the horseman, whose approach had caused so much excitement, drew bridle at the palace gate, a dozen bright sparks glimmering under the dark portal, like glow-worms beneath some bosky coppice, announced the readiness of as many levelled match-locks.

"Stand ho! the word"—

"A post to her Grace of England," was the irregular reply, as the rider, hastily throwing himself from off his jaded hackney, advanced towards the yeomen.

"Stand there!—I say—no nearer on your life! shoot, Gilbert, shoot, an' he stir but a hand breadth!"

"Tush! friend, delay me not," replied the intruder, halting, however, as he was required to do. "My haste is urgent, and that which I bear with me, passeth ceremony. A letter to the queen! On your heads be it, if I meet impediment. See that ye pass it to her Grace forthwith."

"A letter, ha!—there may be some device in this—yet pass it hitherward." A broad parchment, secured by a fold of floss silk, with its deeply sealed wax attached, was placed in his hand. A light was obtained from the hatch of a cavalier, and the superscription, evidently too important for delay, hurried the guards to action. "The Earl of Nottingham," it ran, "to his most high and sovereign lady, Elizabeth of England. For life! for life! for life! Ride and run; haste, haste, posthaste, till this be delivered."

After a moment's conference among the warders, the bearer was directed to advance; a yeoman led the panting horse away to the royal mews; and the corporal of the guard, striking the wicket with his dagger hilt, shortly obtained a hearing and admission, from the gentleman pensioner on duty within the palace.—No result was immediately perceived from the occurrence which had caused so much bustle without the gates; the soldiers on duty conversed for a while in stifled whispers, then relapsed into their customary silence; the night wore on without further interruption to their watch, and ere they were relieved they had well nigh forgotton the messenger's arrival.

Not so, however, was the letter received by the inmates of the royal residence; ushers and pages were awakened, lights glanced, and hurried steps and whispering voices echoed through the corridors.—The chamberlain, so great was considered the urgency of the matter, was summoned from his pillow, and he with no small trepidation proceeded at once to the apartment of Elizabeth. His hesitating tap at the door of the ante chamber, occupied by the ladies whose duty it was to watch the person of their imperious mistress by night, failed indeed to excite the attention of the sleeping maidens, but caught at once the ear of the extraordinary woman whom they served. "Without there!" she cried in a clear unbroken tone, although full sixty winters had passed over her head.

"Hunsdon! so please your Grace, with a despatch of import from the Earl of Nottingham!"

"God's death! ye lazy wenches! hear ye not the man without, that I must give my throat with clamoring? Up! hussies, up! or by the soul of my father, ye shall sleep forever!" The frightened girls sprang from their couches at the raised voice of the angry queen, like a covey of partridges at the yelp of the springer, and for a moment all was confusion. "What now, ye fools," she cried again in harsh and excited accents, that reached the ears of the old Earl without. "Hear ye not that my chamberlain awaits an audience? Fling yonder robe of velvet o'er our person, and rid us of this night gear. So—the mirror now—my ruff and curch—and now admit him!"

"Admit him! An it list your Grace, it were scarce seemly in ladies to appear thus disarrayed."

"Heard ye, or heard ye not? I say admit him. Think ye, old Hunsdon cares to look upon such trumpery as ye, or must I wait upon my wenches' pleasure?—'Sdeath, but ye grow malapert!"

The old queen's voice had not yet ceased before the door was opened; and although the ladies had taken the precaution of extinguishing the light and seeking such concealment as the angles of the chamber afforded, the sturdy old Earl—who, notwithstanding the queen's assertion, had as quick an eye for beauty, as many a younger gallant—could easily discover that the modesty, which had demurred to the admission of a man, was not by any means uncalled for or over squeamish. Had he been, however, much more inclined to linger by the way than his old fashioned courtesy permitted, he would have been a bold man to delay, for twice ere he could cross the floor, to her chamber did his name reach his ears in the impatient accents of Elizabeth. "Hunsdon! I say—Hunsdon! 'sdeath, art thus crippled, man?"

There was little of the neatness or taste of modern days displayed in the decorations of the royal chamber. Tapestries there were, and velvet hangings, carpets from Turkey, and huge mirrors of Venetian steel but a plentiful lack of linen, and of those thousand nameless comforts, which a peasant's dame would miss to-day, uncared for in those rude times by princes. Huge waxen torches flared in the wind, which found its way through the ill-constructed lattice; and a greater proportion of the smoke, from the logs smouldering in the jaws of a chimney, wider than that of a modern kitchen, reeked upwards to the blackened rafters of the uncoiled roof. Rigid and haughty, in the midst of this strange medley of negligence and splendor, sat the dreaded monarch, approached by none even of her most favored ministers, save with fear and trembling. Her person, tall and slender from her earliest years, and now emaciated to almost superhuman leanness, by the workings of her own restless spirit even more than by her years, presented an aspect terrible, yet magnificent withal. It seemed as though the dauntless firmness of a more than masculine soul had won the power to support and animate a frame which it had rescued from the grave. It seemed as though the years which had blighted had failed in their efforts to destroy; it seemed as though that faded tenement of clay might yet endure like the blasted oak for countless years; although the summer foliage which rendered it so beautiful of yore, had long since been scattered by the wild autumnal hurricane or seared by the nipping frosts of winter. Her eye alone, in the general decay of her person, retained its wonted brilliancy, shining forth from her pale and withered features with a lustre so remarkable as to appear almost supernatural.

"So! give us the letter—there! Pause not for thy knee, man; give us the letter, and tearing the frail band, by which it was secured asunder, she was in a moment entirely engrossed, as it would seem, in its contents. Her countenance waxed paler and paler as she read, and the shadows of an autumn morning flit not more changefully across the landscape, as cloud after cloud is driven over the sun's disk, than did the varying expressions, of anxiety, doubt and sorrow, chase one another from the speaking lineaments of Elizabeth.

"Hah!" she exclaimed after a long pause, "This must be looked to, see that our barge be manned forthwith, and tarry naught for aught of state or ceremony. Thyself will go with us, and stop not thou to don thy newest fashioned doublet; this is no matter the brooks ruffling. 'Sdeath man 'tis life or death, and now be gone, sir! We lack our tire woman's service."

An hour had not elapsed before a barge, easily distinguished as one belonging to the royal household by its decorations and the garb of the rowers, shot through a side arch of Westminster bridge and passed rapidly, under sail and oar, down the swift current of the river, now almost at ebb tide. It was not, however, the barge of state in which the progresses of the sovereign were usually made; nor was it followed by the long train of vessels freighted with ladies of the court, guards and musicians, which were wont to follow in its wake. In the stern sheets sat two persons—a man, advanced in years and remarkable for an air of nobility, which could not be disguised even by the thick boat-cloak he had wrapped about him, as much, perhaps, to afford protection against the eyes of the inquisitive as against the dense mists of the Thames, and by his side was a lady, whose tall person was folded in wrappings so voluminous as to defy the closest scrutiny. At a short distance in the rear, another boat came sweeping along, in the crew and passengers of which it would have required a penetrating glance to discover a dozen or two of the yeomen of the guard, in their undress liveries of gray and black, without either badge or cognizance, and their carbines concealed beneath a pile of cloaks.

It was Elizabeth herself, who, in compliance with the mysterious despatch she had so lately received, was braving the cold, damp air of the river, at an hour so unusual and in a guise so far short of her accustomed state. The moon had already set, and the stars were feebly twinkling through the haze, that rose in massive volumes from the steaming surface of the water, but no symptoms of approaching day were as yet visible in the east. The buildings on the shore were entirely shrouded from view by the fog, and the few lighters and smaller craft, moored here and there between the bridges, could scarcely be discovered in time to suffer the barge to be steered clear of their moorings. It was perhaps on account of these obstacles that their progress was less rapid than might reasonably have been expected from the rate at which they cut the water. Of the six stately piles, which may now be seen spanning the noble stream, but two were standing at the period of which we write, and several long reaches were to be passed before the fantastic mass of the London bridge, with its dwelling houses and stalls for merchandize towering above the irregular arches—for it was then a street, with buildings on either side, and in nowise distinguishable, when viewed above, from the more regular thoroughfares of the city—loomed darkly up against the horizon. Scarcely had they threaded its narrow and cavern like arches, before a pale and sickly light, of a faint yellow hue, more resembling the glare of torches than the radiance of the sun, gilded the decreasing fog-wreaths and glanced upon the level water. The sun had arisen, and for a time hung blinking on the misty horizon shorn of half his beams, till a fresh breeze from the westward brushed the vapors aloft and hurried them seaward with a velocity which shortly left the scenery to be viewed in unobscured beauty. Just as this change was wrought upon the face of nature, the royal barge was darting, with a speed that increased at every instant, before the esplanades and frowning artillery of the Tower; the short waves were squabbling and splashing beneath the dark jaws and lowered portcullis of the traitor's gate, that fatal passage through which so many of the best and bravest of England's nobility had entered never to return.

Brief as was the moment of their transit in front of that sad portal, Hunsdon had yet time to mark the terrible expression of misery, almost of despair, that gleamed across the features of the queen. She spoke not, but she wrung her hands with a sigh that uttered volumes of repentance and regret, too late to be availing; and the stern old chamberlain, who felt his heart yearn at the sorrows of a mistress whom he loved no less than he revered, knew that the mute gesture, and the painful sigh were extorted from that masculine bosom only by the extremity of anguish. She had not looked upon that "den of drunkards with the blood of princes" since it had been glutted with its last and noblest victim, the princely, the valiant, the generous, and the noble Essex, the favorite of the people, the admired of men, the idol, the cherished idol, of Elizabeth, had gone, a few short moons before, through that abhorred gateway—had gone to die, had *died* by her unwilling mandate. Bitter and long had been the struggle between her wounded pride and her sincere affection; between her love for the man and the wrath against the rebel; thrice had she signed the fatal warrant, and as often consigned it to the flames; and when, at length, her indignation prevailed, she affixed her name to the fatal scroll, after the execution of which she never smiled again. That indignation was excited not so much by the violence of his proceedings against her crown, as by his obstinate delay in claiming pity and pardon from an offended but indulgent mistress. Onward, onward they went, the light boat dancing over the waves that added to its speed, the canvass fluttering merrily, and the swell which their own velocity excited, laughing in their wake. It was a time and a scene to enliven any bosom, to make every English heart bound happily and proudly. Vessels of war and traders, galliot and caraval, and barque and ship, lay moored in the centre of the pool and along the wharves—the thousand dwellings of a floating city. All this Elizabeth herself had done, for the commerce of England was the fruit of her fostering; the power of her courage and sagacity, the mighty navy of her creation.

They passed below the dark broadsides and massive armaments of forty ships of war, some of the unwonted bulk of a thousand tons, with the victorious flags of Howard, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake, streaming from mast and yard, but not a smile chased the dull expression of fixed grief from the brow of her who had "marred the Armada's pride," nor did the slightest symptom on board her three most chosen vessels, the Speedwell, the Tyright, or the Black Galley, the very models of the world for naval architecture, show that the queen and mistress of them all, was gliding in such humble trim below their victorious batteries. The limits of the city were already left far beyond; green meadows and noble trees now filled the place of the crowded haunts of wealth and industry, while here and there a lordly dwelling, with its trim avenues and terraced gardens sloping to the water's edge, adorned the prospect. The turrets of Nottingham house, the suburban palace of that powerful peer, were already in view, when a pageant swept along the river, stemming the ebb tide with a proud and stately motion; a pageant which, at any other period, would have been calculated, above all things else, to wake the lionlike exultation of the queen, though now it was passed in silence and unheeded. The Rover Cavendish—which, a few years before, a gentleman of wealth and worship who had dissipated his paternal fortunes, and, in the hope of retrieving them, had fitted out three gallies for a cruise into the southern seas and on the Spanish main—was entering the river with his prizes, in goodly triumph. The flag ship, a caraval of one hundred and twenty guns only, led the van, close hauled and laden, almost gunwale deep with the precious spoils of Spain. Her distended topsail flashed in the sunlight like a royal banner, a single sheet of the richest cloth of gold; her courses were of crimson damask, and her mariners were clad in garments of the finest silk; banners flaunted from every part of the rigging, and over all, the "meteor flag of England," the red cross of St. George streams rearwards as if pointing to the long train of prizes which followed. Nineteen vessels of every size and description then in use, carracks of the Western Indies, galleons of Castile and Leon, with the flags of Spain, so late the mistress of the sea, disgracefully reversed beneath the captor's ensign, sailed on in long and even array, while, in the rear of all, the remainder of the predatory squadron, two little sea-wasps of forty and sixty tons burthen, presented themselves in proud contrast to their bulky prizes, the hardy crews filling the air with clamors, and the light cannon booming in feeble but proud exultation. Time was when such a sight had roused her enthusiastic spirit almost to frenzy, but now that spirit was occupied, engrossed by cares peculiarly its own. The coxswain of the royal barge, his eye kindled with patriotic pride, and presuming a little on his long and faithful services, put up the helm, as if about to run alongside of the leading galley, but a cold frown and a forward wafture of the hand repelled his ardor.

The men, who had lain for a moment upon their oars, bent to them once again, and ere the last barque of that procession had weathered the woody point, which bounded the view, the barge was at her moorings by the water-gate of Nottingham house, and the queen had made her way, unannounced and almost unattended, to the sick chamber of the aged countess.

The sick woman had been for weeks wasting away beneath a slow and painful malady; her strength had failed her, and for some days her end had been almost hourly expected. Still, with that strange and unnatural tenacity, with which the dying sometimes cling to earth, even after rational hope of a day's prolonged existence has been extinguished, she had hovered, as it were, on the confines of life and death, the vital flame flickering like that of a lamp, whose aliment has long since been exhausted, fitfully playing about the wick, which can no longer support it. Her reason, which had been partially obscured during the latter period of her malady, had been restored to its full vigor, on the preceding evening; but the only fruit of its restoration was the utmost anguish of mental suffering, and conscientious remorse. From the moment when the messenger, whose arrival we have already witnessed, had been despatched on its nocturnal mission, she had passed the time in fearful struggles with the last foe, wresting as it were bodily with the dark angle now pleading with the Almighty, and adjuring him, by her sufferings, and by her very sins, to spare her yet a little while; now shrieking on the name of Elizabeth, and calling her, as she valued her soul's salvation, to make no long tarrying. In the opinion of the leeches, who watched around her pillow, and of the terrified preacher, who communed with his own heart and was still, her life was kept up only by this fierce and feverish excitement.

At a glance she recognized the queen, before another eye had marked her entrance. "Hah!" she groaned in a deep sepulchral tones, "she is come, before whose coming my guilty soul had not the power to pass away? She is come to witness the damnation of an immortal spirit? To hear a tale of sin and sorrow, that has no parallel! Hear my words, O queen, hear my words now, and laugh—laugh if you can, for by HIM who made us both and is now dealing with me according to my merits, never! never shall you laugh again! Hereafter you shall groan, and weep, and tremble, and curse yourself as I do! Laugh, I say, Elizabeth of England, laugh now or never laugh again!

For a moment the spirit of the queen, manly strung as it was, beyond perhaps all precedent, was fairly overpowered, and cowed, by the intensity of the dying woman's manner. Not long, however, could that proud soul quail at any created thing.

"'Fore God, woman," she cried, "thou art bewitched, or desperately wicked! What in the fiend's name mean ye?"—

"In the fiend's name truly, for he alone inspired me! Look here, and then—pardon me, Elizabeth; in God's name, pardon me."

As she spoke, she held aloft, in her thin, and bird-like fingers, a massive ring of gold, from which a sapphire of rare price gleamed brilliantly, casting a bright dancing speck of blue reflection upon her hollow, ghastly, features. "Know you," she screamed, "this token?"

"Where got you it, woman? Speak, I say, speak! or I curse you! Where got you that same token?" The proud queen shook and shuddered as she spoke like one in an ague fit.

"Essex!" sighed the dying countess through her set teeth, "the murthered Essex!"

"Murthered! God's death, thou liest! He was a traitor—done to death—Oh God! Oh God—I know not what to say!" and a big tear drop, the first in many a year, the first perhaps that ever had bedewed that iron cheek, slid slowly down the face of Elizabeth, and fell heavily on the brow of the glaring sufferer, who still held the ring aloft, in hands clasped close in attitude of supplication. "Speak, Nottingham, what of—of Essex?"

That ring he gave to me, to bear it to thy coustool, and to pray a gracious mistress' favor to an erring, but a grateful, servant."

"And thou—woman—thou!" absolutely shrieked the queen.

"Gave it not to thee—that Essex might die, not live," was the steady reply. "Pardon me before I die—pardon me, as God shall pardon thee!"

"God shall not pardon me, woman, neither do I pardon thee! Ha an' he will—may pardon thee— but that will I do never! never! By the life of the Eternal!" and in the overpowering fury and agitation of the moment, she seized the dying sinner with an iron gripe and shook her in the bed, till the ponderous fabric creaked and quivered. Not another word, not another sob passed the lips of the old countess—her frame was shaken by a mightier hand than that of the indignant queen a deep harsh rattle came from her chest, she raised one skinny arm aloft, and after the jaw had dropped, and the glaring eyeball fixed that wretched limb stood erect, appealing as it were, from a mortal to an immortal judge.

The paroxysm was over. Speechless, and all but motionless, the miserable queen was borne by her attendants to the barge; the tide had shifted, and was still in their favor, though their course was altered.—On their return, they again passed the triumphant fleet of Cavendish, bearing the mightiest sovereign in the world, the envied of all the earth, a wretched, feeble, heart-broken woman, grovelling, like a crushed worm, beneath the bittorest of human pangs, the agonies of self-created and self-merited misery. A few hours found her outstretched upon the floor of her chamber giving way to anguish uncontroled and uncontrolable.—Refusing the earnest prayers of her women, and of her physicians, to suffer herself to be disrobed, and to recline upon her bed, feeding on tears and groans alone, uttering no sound but the name of Essex, in one plaintive, and oft repeated cry, mocking at all consolation acknowledging no comforter except despair, ten long days and nights she lingered in pangs a thousand times more intolerable than those which she had inflicted on her Scottish rival; and when, at length, the council of state assembled, in her last moments, around the death-bed of a sovereign truly, and not metaphorically, lying in dust and ashes she named to them as her successor in the kingdom, the son of that same rival. Who shall say that the death of Mary Stuart went unavenged.

### CLERICAL LOGIC.

"When I was an agent of the Bible Society, and canvassing Fulton County, Illinois, I called on the Rev Mr. Adger—a Hard-Shell Baptist—who, *not having* a Bible, was persuaded to buy one; 'Not that he needed it, but', he said 'it would be convenient to have one in the house.' I gave one to another of the same order because he was poor, and had only a dirty fragment of an old pocket Bible. And yet he received it under protest, saying it was all a Yankee speculation.

"A neighbor of his told me the particulars of Mr. Adger's call to the ministry, as he heard them from his own lips. 'In a dream the Lord said to me I must go to a certain place and preach to the people; not being disobedient to the heavenly vision, I went in my dream as I was directed; but when I tried to speak I could not say a word. I just then discovered that I had swallowed my big Tennessee wagon, and the great pole stuck out of my mouth. I now began to pray the best way I could, and the Lord came right down before all the people and took away the great stiff pole, and put in its stead a nice limber Yankee tongue, which was as the pen of a ready writer, and I began to thresh the mountains till they all became smooth prairie. Then I awoke and have never once doubted my call to preach.'

"This is told in much better language than Mr. Adger is given to using when addressing his people. The following is a specimen of his style of oratory and illustration, as reported to me by one who heard it:

"'My brethering, I am gwin to preach you a sermon on the glorious doctrin *we wunst in grace, allers in grace;* an my tex you mought find, of you had Bibles and knowed how to read, somewhar in the second part uv Samwel which reads a follers: "*He maketh my feet, as hens, feet:*" which you all know has got *three* claws before, an' *ony one* behind, so it is impossible to slide backwards as it would be for a coon to come down a tree head first; unless he slipped and fell down. Speakin' uv coons puts me in mind uv somethin' to tell. Last summer I killed a coon in my corn field an' saved the skin. This winter I brought the skin to town; but all the storekeepers said it was uv no account, cause it was kotched in the summer, and hadn't no fur. I knowed it hadn't much fur on to it but it was a big skin an' I tuc great pains in skinnin' on it; an' I thought if winter skins was a lawful tender at a dollar, mine must be wuth sunthin'. But I couldn't get a pic for it, an' at last I guv it to a clark. I war glad to get shut uv it, but he wouldn't havd it after I guv it to him. couldn't think uv throwin it away—*that would be wicked;* an' I was awfully bothered till I hit on a plan which I thought was just the thing. I put it loose in my outside pocket an' started for hum; but I hadn't gone far before I felt it working out. I didn't look around when it droped for the *idee* was to lose it; but I was tickled enough when I found it was clean gone at last. But who can describe my feelinks when a boy came runin' an' hollerin', "*Mr. Adger! Mr. Adger! hare,s your coon-skin!*"

"'Just so, my brethering, with religion. When a man has wunst got it, he can't sell it; he can't give it away; he can't lose it! Wunst in grace, allers in grace. He maketh our feet as hens' feet.'"

☞ 'Mister, will you lend us your newspaper? he only wants it to send to his uncle in the country.' 'O certainly—and ask your father if he'll just loan me the roof of his house; I only want the shingles, to make the tea kettle boil.'

☞ An Irish sailor once visited a city where, he said, 'they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses wit sheet-lead!'

☞ Ain't this a funny line.

## Ladies' Department.

### HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Rainy and rough sets the day—
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away—
Somebody's anxious for somebody;
Thrice hath she been to the gate—
Thrice has she listened for somebody;
'Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire—
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One, in her neatest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the star's fled from the West,
There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best—
Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,
There'll be slippers for somebody—
There'll be a wife's tender care—
Love's fond embracement for somebody.
There'll be the little one's charms—
Soon 'twill be wakened for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
Oh! but how blest will be somebody.

### THE KITCHEN.

Talk of the parlor with its touch-me-not elegance—we care nought for it. Let its covered magnificence riot in darkness, its red velvet lie in shrouds—its pictures gaze dimly through crape, its splendid piano stand dumb in its linen cover—its worsted roses and pinks and gilli flowers remain unplucked in dark corners, its carpet bloom unseen. Let shutters and double curtains exclude every ray of light; it is welcome to its darkness and its solitude, while we can have the pleasant, airy, yellow floored, uncarpeted kitchen.

This is the place for real enjoyment; the kitchen with bright shelves and clean white tables, white with time. The kitchen with its comfortable old easy chairs and broad shining hearth, and crackling, blazing fire.

We do not mean the kitched in the great house, where lazy servants have the entire control, and the lady of the house never sets her foot within its precints, but the homely comfortable kitchen of the well to do working man where the wife and the tea-kettle sing together and the little children prattle around the mother, while her own hands set the table for tea.

There may be snow in the gloaming, or sun arrows lodged in the tops of trees, there may be city walls about, or blue water and undulating hills. It matters not—in such a place, everything smacks of pure comfort.

Make the kitchen attractive and pleasant by all means. How absurd to keep one room in constant state, as if it were for the pleasure of a chance call, or a few party-going friends. We wish no further evidence of a bad housekeeper, than to see her parlor in full dress, her kitchen down in the heel, and her chambers in confusion. Make your home place the most agreeable, or if your many duties allow not time to attend to them as thoroughly as you wish to its adornment and refinement, throw open the doors of your best rooms and let your family enjoy it. Pray, who should, if they should not.

### STANDARDS OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

One of the most curious and unaccountable facts is the difference of taste and opinion, in various parts of the world, in regard to what constitutes the special and predominant element of human beauty. Thus, the Chinese admires only the form that is fattest and coarsest—the eyes must be small and flat, the nose short and ears long—and the feet uselessly small. In Spain, some of the women perfume their hair with sulphur, and soak their black curls in a strong lye to make them red. Among the Indians of South America, it is beautiful to have a flat face,—and they nearly smother their infants by sitting on their faces when they are first borne, to flatten their features before they lose their softness; in another tribe on that same continent, it is beauty to have the leanest of lanthorn jaws and the thickest of legs. The inhabitants of Macasser paint their teeth black, green, and red, and the exquisites of that country extract their eye teeth for the purpose of inserting false ones of gold, silver, or pinchbeck.—In the Marianness Islands, it is superb to have black teeth and white hair. Certain Tartar tribes, embroider their visages, as French women stitch their boots, and Arab beauties prick their lips till they bleed, and then insert black powder in the wounds. In Greenland the youthful misses tattoo their chins with colored radii, spreading from the under lip downwards. In India, they carve upon their faces representations of flowers—ornamental scars. There is no women therefore, who, judged by some one or other of the world's many and diverse standard, who is not beautiful—different persons fixing their admiration on very different forms of beauty. For one man, there is but one thing that touches him—beauty of the eyes; for another man, beauty of forehead is the only charm. One looks for beauty in a nose, a second for beauty of hands a third for beauty of feet.

### THE MOTHER.

Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may w