VOL. LVIII.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

NO. 11.

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

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Carlisle Heald is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 i paid strictly in advance; \$1.76 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 that six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sont 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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First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Cens Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services ory Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7-o'clock P. M. Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South 1 anover and Pontret streets. Rev. Mr. Ealls, Pastoff. Services commence at II o'clock, A. M., and 7 c'clock, P. M. St. John's Church, (Prot. Epissepat) merheast angle or at II o'clock, A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M. Rettor, spervices at II o'clock, A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M. Rettor, spervices at II o'clock, A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M. And she broke forth into a trilling and pauper—and—" Carol of liquid sweetness. And the birds and pauper—and—o'clocked her words. Gramm Reformed Church, Bouthor, between Han-over and Pitt streats. Rev. A. H. Kromer, Pustor.— Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 61/o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. R. B. Chambers, Pustor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 61/o'clock P. M. Mothodist E. Church (second charge) Pay Physical toman Catholic Church, Pomfret near East street, James Barrett, Paster. Services on the 2nd Sungreau Luthoran Church. lerman Luthoran Church corner of Poinfret and dloid streets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Service n changes in the above are necessary the

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Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets a farion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of ever Month.
St. Johns Lodge No 200 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs Feach month, at Marlon Hall.
disle Lodge No 91 1. O. of O. F. Meets Monday

FIRE COMPANIES.

a The Union Fire Company was organized in 1780 President, E. Cormman; Vice President, William M Purter; Secretary, A. B. Ewing; Treasurer, Peter Mon yor, Company meets the first Esturday in March, June yer. Company meets the first Saturday in Merch, Jun September, and December.
The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Februry 18, 1809. President, Robert McCarthuy, Secretar Philip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Rittor. The compan meets on the third Saturday of January, April, Jul and October. Detailer. o Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March President, II. A. Siurgeon: Vich President, James Cartney; Secretary, Samuel II. Gould: Treasurer, b D. Italbert: The company mosts the second

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Aosiage on all lettersof one half ounce weight or un and conta pre paid; except to California or Oregon ded. Teents pre paid; except to control of the list of cents propaid. Pastage on the "Herald"—within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the United State 31 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 outces in weight. Leent pre-paid or two cents unperid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost

), Halbert: The company meets the of January, April, July, and October.

Boetry.

BE HOPEFUL. DY CUSH.

There are scenes within this world of ours Of glad and laughing beauty; And every trial has its down To him, who does his duty ! And still behind each cloud that lowers. A ray of light is shining, To cheer us in our darkost hours And chide us for repining.

But walt, and from the darkest day, That breaks mid grief and sorrow. The clouds at length will pass away And leave a bright to-me No mprial is from cares exempt, But each one has his trials; And life—a true and earnest one— Is full of self denials.

Then cheer up sad desponding heart, Whenco every hope seems parting! Thy life has now but just begun, Oh falter not in starting! Though fees surround thy pathway now

Still nobly fight thy way,
The victor's crown shall wreathe thy brow, - And joy thy toils repay. Carlisle, Nov. 1857.

Select Cale.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH.

From Ballou's Pictorial.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"It is so hard to have nobody to love me?" It was a wild sweet spot-a little hollow imong the birches, where wild geradiums railed down to the water's edge of a cool bubling spring. And the speaker? A strange, elfin-looking child of some twelve summers, with thin, sharp features, and great black most redeemed that little plain face from the charge of positive ugliness, who lay upon the turf, her long curls oversweeping the rich moss, her bare feet, with delicately curved neath her coarse, tattered gown, and her hands | eyes. idly grasping the long, graceful brake leaves. while her great black eyes were fixed upon the blue rifts among the clouds far above.

Yes, it is hard to have nobody to love you; to have no childhood—to remember no time when a mother's lips pressed your own-when who lay there on the furf that summer after- the moss. noon, with eyes uplifted to the tree branches where a brace of boboliaks sung cheerily. you for? Tell me, Maggie," asked her com-Just then the birds struck up a lively duet'; panion and when the girl had heard it quite through, she sighed again:

happy; but I suppose it's because they sing eyes flushed. so! Maybe the good Lord lets birds sing to make 'em happy all day long. Maybe I in this trim?" and he plucked at her gown. shouldn't feel so wicked, and hate her so bad, "And barefooted ?". ngloor lips. "I guess I could bent you, birdies, up . And they all laughed, and called me beggar there." And she broke forth into a trilling and pauper-and-" but a passion of tears the birds, and from the mossy bollow below er, the possessor of the finest farm in the mute, doubtless from sheer astonishment childhood. "Ha, hal" laughed the girl, flashing her glance up among the thick tree branches, yet, my mother promised me!" he exclaimed, thitle birdies, I thought you'd have to give excitedly, with flashing eye. up. But you're great cowards, every one of she sent up a volley of mocking trills. "Maggie, Maggie!"

Twice repeated came that name, in a coarse sprang to her feet, sought up a tin puil from came in here." he turf where it had lain, and filled it at the clear bubbling spring. Such a change as died from her eyes- all of joy and beauty fled. And so it was: all of freshness had gone: the arsh voice from the farmbouse had shut down m hard, cold, blank wall between her and that little revelation of childish happiness which

the bird-music had dropped into her heart .---"O dear!" she sighed, heavily, lifting the tin kettle and casting a farewell glance up into the treetops, "O dear! now. she wants me; and I've staid here so long she wout let me come any mere, only to dip water and then go straight back again to that great house, where the birds don't sing! O dear! Goodby, birdies!" And she turned to leave the

milow. "What, my little bobolink here? Maggie!" that shaded the pathway, and a tall, slim, andsome youth stepped into the hollow. Maggie turned red and pale by turns, drop-

ped her pail, then joyfully sprang forward. "Why, Mr. Philip, is it you? Nobody thought you'd come till dark! Dear me!" "Yes, little one, it's me. There, don't

open your great eyes so. 'I aint a spirit. I didn't drop from the clouds. See here, I'm only Phil. Armstrong, sophomore, at your service—abom!"—and he pulled up his collar who, coming home from Yale, with all this new assumption of dignity feeling rather burdensome, fancied he'd like to be a boy again; and so, leaving his traps over at the tavern, just walked down to Birch Farm to take a Maggie ?" And he pinched her cheeks.

"Yos. sir." waid the child. liat up on the bank.

she brought it filled with the gool, sparkling pleted.

water.

ing it and handing back the cup, threading his slender white fingers through the mass of estnut curls on his moist forehead. "T wonder if the gods over quaffed nector like that? Maggie, you should have been a cupearer to those old fel ows."

"A what, Mr. Philip?" queried the girl,

n quiet wonder. "O, no matter, puss; you'll get posted in the classics if you live long enough. Phil. Armstrong, sophomore—ahem—mustn't stand on his scholarship at Birch Farm. But you're a good girl, Maggie. Come and elt down here, and tell me who it was I heard chirping away like a bird here in the hollow as I came down the meadow path? It sounded as if all the bobolinks in creation had got up a concert together. Sing me something, Maggie."

"Maggio, come in here, I say this minute!" The child sprang up in fright from the seat n the moss beside the youth.

"Let me go, please. Mistress is calling!" "Mistress! And pray, who's mistress? We ave no slaves here," said Philip Armstrong, frowning,

rowning, to the common of the ne go, please. She wont like it. She'll-" but she stopped. "She only sent me for water, and I've staid ever so long," she added. " Maggie," and Philip spoke kindly, yet auhoritatively, drawing her down again, "sitdown here. I want to talk to you. My mother can wait fifteen minutes-I'll take all the blame. Tell me, truly, what have you neen doing all summer, while I've been gone? lave you been to school, as you promised?" The child's lip quivered.

"O, indeed, I wanted to-I wanted to ! All the girls-Maria Williams and Kate Johnson, and the rest -- they went, and studied; but I--"You didn't! And go it was for no use you promised, and I brought you this?"-Sand the eyes that quite looked you through, and all youth drew forth a book from the pocket of his linen traveling sack "I am sorry that you disappointed me, Maggie;" he said, severely.

The little lips quivered again; then one or

high Spanish insters, peeping out from be- two tears dimmed the brightness of the girl's "O. Mr. Philip, you are so stern. Please

don't be angry! I wanted to go to school, but she, your mother---'

"My mother did not prevent you? Tell me, Maggie, did my mother keep you away?" "Not all-it wasn't all that. Please don't no white fingers lifted the curls from your | be angry, and look at me so, Mr. Philip,"forehead caressingly, nor ever the wide earth and the girl spoke hesitatingly. "She said I held a breast whereon your head might be might go afternoons, after the work was done pillowed! The orphan; God surely should up, and I did; but-but-the boys, the great pity such, and send his angels to keep ward rude boys, made fun, and laughed at me, over them, since words and deeds of earthly please. But I'd rather not tell, Mr. Philip. kindness are so few. And such kindly words And she stopped in embarrassment, dropping had never reached the twelve year old child her eyes to her little brown bare feet sunk in

"What did those great rude boys laugh at

She did not answer, but with a blush drew up her feet under the hem of her coarse frock. "Nobody loves me! The dear birdies are so He comprehended that movement, and his "Maggie, did my mother send you to school

"Yes," said the girl, her face crimson red,

struck up again. " Bobolink, bobolink !" sang | Philip Armstrong understood it. His mothcame the clear, sweet notes of the singer; and county, with hundreds of dollars at her dispothe songsters above fluttered about unqually sal, had sent forthe this child, clad like the

from branch to branch, as if alarmed at the veriest beggar, among others rejoicing in the success of their rival, till at length they grow freshiess and beauty, and light heartedness of "Such parsimony! Such meanness! And

77 O, dear, I am so sorry I have made you you. Before I'd be best that way!" And she feel bad," said the child, meckly touching his

"It is nothing," he said, recovering himself. "I was only sorry that my mother-but nor; harsh tone, from the back door of the long matter, let it pass. Sing me something-like farmhouse across the meadow; and the child, what you were singing to the birds when I

And Maggie sat there; and, flinging back her tangled curls, and litting her great black came over her face! The flush fuded from eyes to the blue sky peoping through the School.

B. F. Purcell, A. B., Assistant in the Grammar School, cheek and lip, the bright, luminous glance trees, sang all those little child-songs she had never before warbled to other ears, till her eyes grew fairly luminous with softened hap-"Why, child, you have a magnificent voice!

Jove, you would make a prima donna!" "What is that?" asked Maggie, artlessly. "A great singer," replied Philip, with an

amused air. "And oan one get money by their singing?" "Bless us, you midget! Money; yes, indeed! Gold is as plenty with such as water." "Oh, how grand! And then I could go to school; and perhaps people would love me better then-for nobody loves poor folks, you

know-" "Nobody? Why, I guess you are mistaken, And a white hand parted the tree branches my merry little bobolink." And with a sudden impulse the youth bent down and kissed her forehead, then said, almost sadly: "But it's the world's lesson the world over. Gold can buy love." And a pained expression flitted over his face. " Heaven forefend that it should win any heart I have learned to prize But come, little one, give me your pail, and let us go up to the house." And another minute saw the youth treading the meadow-path with little Muggie quietly keeping pace be-

eide bim. Again it was summer, and, his senior year ompleted, Philip Armstrong stood again at Birch Farm. For two years he had not been home. A rich college chum had taken him drink at the old spring, and be a boy again, off for a tour of the White Hills, Ningara, and They'readl well up at the house, I take it the Lakes, during the last summer's vacation; other, and Hannah, and old Towser ch, the short winter respite from study had been spent in New York, where he had lingered all day in picture galleries, feasting, on treasures "That's right. Now get me a drink from of art, till they were embedied into his soul the spring, will you, chick." And he flung for future dreamings-for the country youth himself on the soft turf and tossed his Panama was to be an artist. So the two years had fled; till once more he stood in his boyhood Maggie obeyed. Taking the tin drinking home with all the honors of the valedictorian cup from the wooden rim of the spring curb, upon his head-his collegiate course som-

Little Maggle did not go out to meet him at "Thank you," said the youth, after quaft- the farm-yard gate, as had been her wont in

childhood; nor, when, that night at the sun you shall see how that regard the son you set hour, he went down to Sweet Fern Spring have set up a sort of prince royal. To to drink of its cooling waters, was she heside that girl, Katharine Hardourt, I have humhim; but she did engerly woch the appear- bled myself-sued for her love-for the love window, and when he had entered the farmouse, she threw herself on her coarse bed and obbed out:

"Oh, I wish lie wouldn't come at all, I do, do? It is only worse after bargoes away again! It's just like going into heaven and him to see me at all, I don't. He'll find me man's gold. I was rejected." of that young girl, who wept upon her hard she suddenly checked herself. nallet.

" Mother, it is shameful!" Philip Armstrong's cheek was pale, save for a single red spot in its centre, and there was an angry glitter in his dark eyes. It was the morning after his return, and they two were by themselves in the long west room, Mrs. Armstrong and her son. The latter stood leaning against the mantel of the old shioned fireplace, filled with evergreen oughs and plumy asparagus, and his mother sat before him in a high-backed chair, and, save for the motion of fingers that plied her knitting-needles, quiet and immovable as the intique furniture.

"Yes, it is shameful!" he went on, in a raid voice. "You treat Maggie no better than bound girl. Had you taken her from the orhouse, you could scarce have freated her worse. At fourteen I find her as ignorant as girls at ten. And why ! Not because she has not the capacity for learning, but because you keep her, year in and year out, delving n that old kitchen, as I found her this morning. And so it has been, I suppose, these three years I have been gone. Mother, you have not kept fuith with me. You promised you would bring up Maggie as your own daughter!"

Mrs. Armstrong dropped hor work, and straightened herself in her chair.
"Philip, this is very dutiful. A son accuse

"Mother," broke in the young man, angrily, "don't use that tone. I say nothing but the truth. You have not done right-you have not fulfilled your pledge. I came home expecting to find a well-bred, well-informed girl, not an ignorant, unpolished child. Such she is; and growing up tall and womanly in stature, but no further advanced in her books than two years ago. And this is the child of your bounty-the legncy whom you received from the dving-clad in old tattered garments, uncared for, neglected, a very kitchen

as she was! Such a glorious woman as she would make!" "Sweet child! Glorious woman! Really, my son is waxing cloquent!" succeed that cold, hard woman. "Philip, it strikes me that you take an unaccountable interest in this.

And the taight when the moon was sinking. girl. I shall have her growing up on my behind Blue Hill, and the old-fashioned clock at home two years ago, Philip, and begged so

hard in Muggie's behalf?". A hitter, smile shot across the roung man's lips; his eyelids fell heavily for a moment, " Mother !"

In that single repreachful word Mrs. Arm trong read that she had committed a great mistake. She rose and went forward, laid he hand softly on his arm, and said, tenderly : " My son, forgive me. You do not, cannot

in his own ; but a slightly scornful gaze beamed forth from his dark eyes. Scorn for a wo man who could offer so poor a palliation for her unkind treatment of a poor orphan girland that woman his own mother!

"Mother." he said at last, in a pitving one, "that your imagination should have conjured such a chimera as this, is, to me most strange. Little Maggie has always been to me a child. I would have liked her for a sister-nothing more. As it is, you are putting a barrior between us that you would take down if you had a tittle of woman's pity. But forget myself. A son should not be his mo-

That woman could not bear her son's pity. "Philip,"-and she grasped his hand pas-

Philip Armstrong grew very pale, and the scornful curve about his lips grew deeper, and conquered a momentary spasm of pain that hand, and said, hushily: " Mother, listen. But tell me first; you

think me a mate for any lady in the landrich, or high-born, or beautiful?" "Yes, my son,"-and with a pride almost

daughter, one like-like-" mininture. "Like the original of this?"

not looking too high, Philip." "No, it is not looking too high, but too "Too low, Philip !" entrated scorn.

young man, passionately."

ance of the old yellow stage conch at the head of a woman who puts gold-worship between of the long dusty highway from her little attic her heart and mine. Mother, I soorn myself that I have done it. "Philip, my son, have you offered yourself o Miss Hercourt?" "I have," "And she?"

"Oh, a true heart and an earnest love sank then getting pushed out again! I don't want in the scales when weighed against an old se ignorant, and such a great dunce, and will p. Philip, as sure as I stand here, she will think I'm all to blume, and wont care for me repent this. Some day you will be rich, faany more; when it's her that keeps me out of mous; then she would go down on her knees school. Oh, I hate her, I hate her ?" And for one word of your love; and then you will very bitter were the mingled words and tears have your revenge; even as I-as I-." But

"No, mother, I wish for no such day. I would not have the love that gold can buy-I would spurn it. But come, let us have done with this; it wearies me. You see now that a mother's eyes are partial, and her brave, handsome boy cannot have his choice from any lady in the land," And a forced smile flickered about his lips. "But let us talk about Maggie. ' I go away from home soon again; and benceforth, if not for her cake, at least for mine, let that girl be treated differently. I shall go out into the world to win my name and art-most likely that art will be my only mistress. I shall never marry. Maggie will grow up into womanhood, and you will be very lonely here. Why not make her your friend and companion? Take her to your heart, mother."

"Philip, my son, you have conquered. promise you." And with unwonted softness in her voice, and a kiss upon his forehead, Mrs. Armstrong went hastily from the apart-

ment, Just as Philip Armstrong left the west room and stepped out in the gathering twilight, a slight figure rose from its crouching posture in the shadow of the resebushes under the window, and crept stealthily away to the meadow-path leading to Sweet Fern Spring. There, a half hour's weeping relieved her surcharged heart; and when she lifted her head from the soft, mossy bank, a firm resolve shon n her luminous black eyes. Midway in the his mother of falschood!" she said, sarcastineadow path on her return, she met Philip, lowly walking, with bowed head, in the di rection of the spring.

"What, little one, running away? But ook here, good news for you! Be bright and early to-morrow, for you're not to be kept prisoned in that old kitchen any more, but I shall take you over to Northfield to enter the seminary. And you shall learn to sing there Isn't that good news, my little bodolink? And he brushed the curls from her forchead where he left a kiss.

"I thank you, Mr. Philip," was the low reply; and then their ways parted the young grudge! It is shameful! Such a sweet child muse sadly of a broken troth-plight, and the girl to walk dreamily along the meadow-path

hands as my future daughter-in-law! Why didn't you tell me your secret when you were completely down the garret stairs, paged a orept softly down the garret stairs, paused a noment at Philip's door, till his deep, regular breathings assured her that he slept, then grasping tightly her little bundle, stole noise lessly down into the kitchen, and lifting the but when he ruised them again, a tear was latch of the back door, stood in the soft, clear, outer air.

(Concluded in our next)

DR. WATTS.

An interesting article in a late number o the " North British, Reviewer," has Dr. Isaac blame me. I saw Maggie grawing up tall and Watts for its subject. All are supposed to romanly-semetimes she looks so handsome, feel some interest in the sacred song-writer; with those strange, great eyes of here-and, all, at least, who have been accustomed to Philip, you do not know how I have feared for visit God's house. For ourselves, we have perused the Reviewer's notice of the good old The bitter smile deepened on the young divine with a kind of holy enthusiasm; the man's lips. He did not speak; he did not very extracts which he gives from his hymns, shake off his mother's hand, not did he take it arousing the loftiest and sweetest memories of the "big 'ha Bible," and fireside observance of the Sabbath, when old folks and young folks sent up with hearty feeling,

"Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but rafely reach my home, My God, my Heaven, my all."

There was sincere worship at these home gatherings of a Sunday evening, and the in spirations of Isaac Watts as gathered from his hymns, brought it out as much as anything

It seems that Dr. Watts was a tiny and grave lad, with a pale face. In the gloom, reign of James II., he was a diligent boy in a Grammar School, at Southampton. He had a sparkling eye, and though his forhead was far sionately-" you shall not scorn me! I'tell from lofty, his face generally indicated the you such things have been; and how could I genius his after life developed. He was a but fear it might happen here? Maggie is smart lad, quick in the acquisition of French, poor and nameless; and how could I let her Latin and Greek. He astonished his compagrow up and by-and-by become your wife :- | nions by acrostics and impromptu stanzas, and you, my brave, handsome boy, who might delighted his instructor, one Rev. Mr. Pinmate with any in the laud? Do not be too horn, by his unvarying good behavior. He was made serious by the fact of the imprison ment of his father for attending conventions as well as by his own persecution in early life. for not arriving at years of discretion, he had

to hide himself very often, or suffer the com non fate of Puritans. Watts' mother taught him his catechism, as well as how to write verser, so that his pious poetizings were first nurtured by a mother love. He pursued his studies, after leaving fierce in its manifestation, that haughty wo the Rev. Binhorn at the Dissenting Academy ian smoothed the curls from his forehead. at Needington, declining to enter a University, 'And, one day, you shall bring me such for though a friend volunteered to pay his way That he was a hard student, may be gathered Like Katharine Harcourt, you mean, mo- from the fact that he talked Latin and read ther," said the young man, drawing forth a Greek and Hebrow as if they were English On leaving the Seminary he did not enter a Yes, like Katharine Harcourt," said the once upon the ministry, but passed for a while nother. "What if she is rich, and beautiful, to reflect upon the solemn duties he had to and Professor Harcourt's daughter? It is perform. He finally became the paster of Congregational Church, in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr. Owen, and David Clarken ow, mother," he answered, in a tone of con- had been ministers. For a time he livid alone but a nervous affection selzing upon bim he was finally persuaded to take up his residence "Yes, too low, mother," broke out the with Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, at their "Now listen, and charming retreat near London, where he illed Aug.

November 25, 1748. At his new home with the Abneys, we are told be enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. There, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favor the unwearied pursuit of his studies. There he dwelt in family, which, for plety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. There h had the privilege of a country recess, the fra grant bower, the aprending lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health, to yield kim, whenever he chose them, the most grate ful intervals from his laborious studies and enabled him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight.

Nor did the Abneys weary of their guest nor did that guest, amid unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle; and it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid that most of his works were penned. During the latter part of his career his con gregation, on Bury street, paid a colleague to relieve him of the burden of his duties as their pastor, delighting to hear him preach when he was able. He was not pre-eminent as a pulpit orator, it seems, or, at all events, he would not suit the Spurgeon fed church-goers of our times. He had, to quote the words of another, "neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitutes the modern Bonnerges, nor the excitable temperment which sometimes makes up for physical defects."

He confined himself, in his studies, not alone to religious subjects, but wrote upon, in succession, Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, and Scripture History, and to quote the language of the Reviewer, as, in his 4' Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature, besides Our lady readers will naturally be curious to publishing treatises more purely theological. know what is to be the bridal attire of the on prayer and Christian Ethics, and in contro- princess royal of England, on the momentus verted questions in divinity, and a volume en- occasion of her marriage to the prince of Prustitled, "Reliquim Juveniles," perhaps the sia. This dress is already in preparation, and most characteristic of the whole, as contain- information received on good authority enables ing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on us to state that the material is to be of the all kinds of topics, grave and gay, mental and finest and richest Honiton lace. This formed material, terrestrial and celestial, in Latin the bridal robe of the fair sovereign of Engverse and English proce."

vas very happy as an abstruce theologian :- seven hundred and fifty dollars, and it is not "He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jona- probable that of the princess will be less magthan Edwards nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men.

if he had never tried-" The ideas of some of Dr. Watts' most beautiful hymns were conceived when he was a boy with so delicate a touch will be interwoven at school. To quote the language of the re- with interesting associations. The artistic

viewer in the North British :--The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune: it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long suffering

"Shall rend the sky, and burn the eea, He looked out on the surging rain swept graceful effect. tide, on the spot where it had once put to

"Lot cares like a wild deluge come. And storms of surrow fall. May I but safely reach my home; My God, my Reavon my All, "There shall I bathe my weary soul

In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast. Or, on some peaceful evening, he gaze acros. Southampton Water, to trees and mead-

ows steeped in the sunshine, and remembered; "There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign : Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. "There everlasting Spring abides And never-withering flowers:

Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours." He took lie walk in the New Forest and th

Wander like an outcast race, and the mornful notes and anxious gyrations

of the turtle suggested ---"Just as we see the lone Bemoan her widowed state, Wandering she flies through all the grove Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing

When Jesus hides His love."

Colonel Anron Finch was a distinguished democratic politician in Indiana. He had some thoughts of emigrating to Arkansas; and meeting a gentleman from that part of the country, asked him what were the inducements to remove to that State Particularly he in quired about the soil. The gentleman informed him that the land was good, but in som parts very sandy. Colonel Finch then asked about the politics of Arkansas, and the pros pects of a stranger getting ahead.

"Very good," was the reply. "The demo oratic party is strongly in the majority; but to succeed, a man must load himself down with revolvers and bowie knives, and fight bis way through." "Oh, well," said the colonel, "on the whole,

from what you say, I think Arkansas would'nt suit me. I rather think the soil is a little too sandy!" Bor Speaking of lions-that was an idea of

the hard shell preacher, who was discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions. Said he: "There he sat all night, looking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent !"

Died poor ?"-as if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying, did not mo lands, no jowels or tenements. And yet men have been buried by charity's hand wh did die rich, died worth a thousand though of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, a thousand hopes restored.

Andies' Department. Belooted for the Harald. DY EDGAR A, POR,

It was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived, whom you may know,

By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought Than to love, and be loved by me.

In this kingdom by the sea; But we loved with a love which was more than love, With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven Coveted, her and me

And this was the reason that, long ago, In this kingdom by the sea,.
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came And bore her away from me. To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

I was a child, and she was a child

The angels, not half so happy in heaven. Went envying her and me— Yes! that was the reason (as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea;) That the wind came out of the cloud by night, Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee;

But our love it was stronger by far, than the love

And neither the angels in heaven above, Nor the demons down under the sea, Can ever dissever my soul, from the soul Of the beautiful Annabel Lee. For the moon never beams, without bringing

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee-And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eye Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night tide, I lie down by the side Of my darling—my darling, my life and my pride, In her sepulchre there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea.

NUPTIAL DRESS OF THE PRINCESS BOYAL. land and it is chosen for her oldest daughter. erse and English proce."

All land and it is chosen for her oldest daughter.

The same writer does not think Dr. Watts

The cost of that worn by Victoria was some

nificent. The robe, destined soon to be the talk of would rather have been; and it is no repreach the nation—at least of its fair portion—is now. to his general ability to say that he failed to in process of being wrought by young lace ascend those dizzy attitudes, although it might makers, each with her piller reating on her have been more to the credit of his prudence knee, and each, no doubt proud to think her labor is to decorate a scion of royalty. Every tiny leaf and line of meandering stem, worked design has been approved by patriotism as well as taste, and every bud and flower, spray and sprig-embodies the Italian blessing upon the youthful bride :---

" Lietigiorni e felice,' The pattern is composed of the national emblems, the rose, the thistle and the sham rock, beautifully blended with elegant and

The Honiton lace-makers are engaged also flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaim- in the manufacture of the handkerchief which the royal bride is to hold in her hand. The centre contains the royal arms of England. wrought in most elaborate workmanship, and the border, of unusual splendor, is a perfect murvel in the lace making art, vet light as a

web of gossamer. Another exquisite specimen of lace work is in progress, designed superbly, and wrought with the highest skill of the manufacturers. Of fairy lightnes in texture, it is adorned with delicate lilies of the valley, their graceful bells nestling under the broad leaves-the poetic emblem of purity. The flowers are copied from nature with exquisite skill; the fine threads guided by dexterous fingers in a manner te rival the most beautiful painting, and with a gossamer transparency no pencil could imitate. It has been conjectured that this dress is for some royal bridesmaid .-- N. gipsy outlaws made him thankful that he did Y. Ez. . . .

THE GIRL OF NATURE'S EDUCATING .- The phitosophic genius of Wordsworth has penetrated beyond the conventional form of social life and the instruction which fell from he man tongues, to those lessons which nature... tenchett, and the influences which they exert . over the young susceptible mind. To have ... the sympathies of one thus trained blanded with ours, the thrilling thread of her life in tertwined with our own, would be too much of bliss for earth. Adam as he went from Eden left nothing behind him half so sweet.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn. That wild with glee across the lawn Or upon the mountain springs; And her's shall be the breathing balm, And her's the silence and the calm. Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds, their state shall lend To her, for her the willow bend, for shall she fall to see, E'en in the motions of the storm. Grace that shall mould the maiden's form By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear

To her, and she chall lend her car In many a secret place; Where rivulets dance their wayward round And beauty born of murmuring sound Shall pass into her face. Alew days since a boy was passing

through the cars on the Cleveland and Eric road, handing out advertisements of "Nothing to wear," illustrated. A lady remarked to a gentleman, "That takes off the ladies, I suppose." "No." said her, friend, , "It . 2, 16. only takes off their dresses." Then replied the lady," " It is proper that a stripling should sell it." TO HOSE THE WEST OF PROPERTY A

A Good INVESTMENT .- A Chicago banker asked a young lady of that city what kind of money she liked best "Matrimony," she roplied, "What interest does it bring" asked loose the grasp upon the title deed and bond, the inquisitive banker. "If properly invested." and go away a pauper, out of time! - No gold - it will double the original stock every two

> M. A coquette is a rose-bush, from which inch young beau plucks a leaf, and thoms are left for the husband.