VOL. LVIII.

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

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McCartney, Ward Constable.

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First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Con-o Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services err, Bunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock ever. Sunday Morning at 110 clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Preshyterian Church, corner of South 1 anover and Pointest steets. Rev. Mr. Ealis, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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Roman Catholic Church, Poinfret near East street, Rev. Janes Barrett, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Service and Catholic Church, Poinfret near East street, Rev. Janes Barrett, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Service and Catholic Church, Conner of Poinfret, and month. authoran Church corner of Pomfret and sets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Paster. Service changes in the above are necessary the

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

odern Languages. Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Principal of the Grammar chool.

R. P. Purcell, A. R., Assistant in the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS. Andrew Blair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, I

n. C. P. Humerich, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Janon Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on Honday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Ed

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Riddle; Suportinendent, O. Leulla, Passonjer traintwice a day. Eastward leaving Carilsie at 10.30 o'clork
A. M. and 4.00 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day
Westward, leaving Carilsie at 0.50 o'clock A, M., and
Westward, leaving Carilsie at 0.50 o'clock A, M., and

LE GLAS AND WATER COMPANY .- President, Fred-OARIBLE GAS AND WATER CONTROL - Frequency Freq SOCIETIES.

Cumberlar Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets a Month.

St. Johns Lodge No. 200 A. Y. M. Meets 9d Thurs.
day of each month, at Marion Hall.
Cacilist Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets. Monday
evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1780, resident, E. Corpman; Vice President, William M. orter; Secretary, A. B. Ewing; Treasur, Peter Moner, Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, and Fire Company was instituted Febru resident Robert McCartney; Secretary 1809. President Robert McCertney: Secretary Quigley: Treasurer, II; S. Ritter. The company on the third Saturday of January; April, July and October.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March.
1855. President. H. A. Siurgeon, Vice President. James
B. McCartney: Secretary, Samuel H. Guidt Treasurer,
1 seph D. Halbert. The company meets the second
Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

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Postage on all letters of one half course weight or un-der, decute pro paid. Secret, tay California or Oregon-which is 10 cents prepaid. The course prepaid of the Postage on the 11 cents per year. To any part of the white it as desired to within the County, free Postum on the 1 to an it within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the I will be swore by the demon of the temperature of the county of the temperature of th

# Boetrn.

Selected for the Herald.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY BY GERALD MASSEY.

Of all the poets of our own day, perhaps there is not so little known in this country as Gerald Massey .rinciples. Itising from the poorest of England's down trodden poor, he nobly soured above his lowly position and has become one the mightlest champions for hu man rights. As might be expected, his poetry is of the BEART rather than the HEAD-('tis the better for that) No sweetened water soutimentalism employs his non. His writings are the outpourings of a noble genius, and a heart burning with zest for the cause of suffering humanity. There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart

And its sweet lispings win me, till the tears a-tremb And evermore it singeth this sweet song of sougs to

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Night's starry tenderness dower with glory evermo Morn's budding, bright, melodious hour comes sweetly as of yore; But there be million hearts accursed, where no sweet sunbursts shine,

And there be million hearts athirst for Love's imm tal-wine.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

low, thre' the eye's tear blindness. soul upstart! o dreary, dlm, and desolate, should wear a sunny

bloom, And Love should spring from buried Hate, like flower's o'er Winter's tomb. This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; and, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The hurden'd heart should soar in mirth like Morn's young prophet lark, and Misery's last tear wept on earth, quench Hell's

Were truth-our uttered-language,-Angels might-tall

last cunning spark.
For this world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; and, if we did our duty, it might be full of love. of plenty fipens round us, yet awakes the cry for he millions still are telling, crusht, and clad in rags

While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with fruit But the paupers in the palace rob their telling fellow This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above. and, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

ear God! what hosts are trampled 'mid this killing life's hold! et a merry world it might be, opulent for all and ave

world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

the sedof Gode The summer wind that bringeth music o'er the land

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the filow'r-lips

Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me-This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love

## Oficinal.

For the Herald. LOWERA -- AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The sun had sunk in his pride behind th hills of the West, and was buried beneath the deep blue wave of the ocean; the soft times of the twilight had faded-the thin clouds of the night had gathered-the pale moon burst Rev. Charles Collius, D. D., President and Professor of from beneath them, and rested in silence upon Moral Science.
Roy. Garman M. Johnson, D. D. Professor of Philosohly and English Literature.
James W Marshall, A. M., Professor of Ancient Lanleen the place for their repose, the fires of war blazed around them, and their victim was of the wilderness. Whokahonti rolled his dark eyes in fury -he thirsted for the blood of the son of the white man, but scorned to wreck his vengeance while the shadows of the gers of the tempest, and she walked fearless night were upon the earth. The warriors athers in the land of shades.

Loweka was the daughter of Whokahonti: he free." The moon was in the centre of the the pale face of the moon; she approached he white stranger-in an instant be was free. 'Fly," said Lokeka, " for the footstep of rewhite robe of Loweks pass swiftly before him, he thought the spirit of the night had descen ded to guard her sleeping warriors, and agai he sunk to slumber in the stillness of the for est. The mists of the night were dispensed. the first grey tints of morning spread upon the sky - The chiefs awoke, and the batchet of death thirsted for the blood of its victim

They looked for the stranger-he was gone

The features of Whokahouti, graw dark as stormy, cloud, the batchet of his fathers clet remble upon his spear, ere his deadly wrath bould be appeased.

The warriors closed round their chief. His oul gathered blackness as he spoke:— "guile," said he, "was upon the white man's lips, and leceir lay loose upon his tongue; he atpronched us with the pipe of pence and gave us the hand of friendship; we offered him the columnt and he smoked it in our midel. The Indian was kind and spread the fener before him ; the flesh of the buffalo was consted upon the embers; the fruit of our land was laid plenteously in his presence, and the rich corn of the valley smiled at his approach :- such has been the deeds of the Indians to the sons of the stranger, but black has been his ingratitude. He saw thee in the fullness of thy enjoyment, and in the pride of thy youth; he simed at thy, ruin, for his thoughts were intent upon thy downfall; and like the panther of the wilderness, he has sought his viotim to his home. Such is the faith of the white men. The misty wave tof the ocean, is red

with the Indian's blood, and the stand-upon the shore has been crimsoned with the lifeblood of the savage,-How has the tall oak of he forest been plucked up by the roots; how ns its branches withered, and been scattered. o the wind. Sons of the forest! still you may have hope-for you are yet mighty in your strength-you may yet rejoice, for the great spirit of the waters is with you; the dying curse of our fathers rests upon his head, and vengennee shall be upon the land of the oppressor; let your petitions to the Great Spirit, rest upon the mighty, and terrible to I faith, and hope, and kindness pass'd, as coin, 'twixt the white man shall be the Indian's arm; you shall be to him as a whirlwind and as a storm, and his pathway shall be scattered with desolution and with death " Whokahonti and his warriors shall yet rejoice in the full-

ness of revenge."

The voice of the warrior chief died sway in the desert, but dear to the soul of the Indian were the words of his lips; a hundred voices rove upon the air, and a loud venguance was pronounced upon the white man's head. The warriors separated and the desert and forest were hunted in pursuit of the stranger. They returned in silence, for disappointment ant heavy upon them; and again their voices loudly-ronfed-through the forest, and ngain they awore eternal enmity to the race of the pale faces. Two moons had passed. Loweka and the stranger were still wantering amid the wilderness and the desert. Lowcks had told her love to the white stranger: he listened with delight to her artless tale, and soon his bosom burned with a mutual flame. She had often besought him to reveal to her his name, for "thou art dearer to me" said she, "than life, nay than are dearer than revenge to the soul of the savage; for thy smile I'd cross the trackless desert, and dare the fury of the tempest for thy love. Then conceal not thy name from me, for my heart is united to thine forever." The dreams of the white man's ear-With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that by youth rose up before him; he thought of the days of his youthful love, and the briny tear gathered in his eye, for grief lay heavy at his heart. The companions of his early days, the home of his childhood, his dear, native band, each thriled through hor soul, and brought the gushing torrent to his eyes. why art thou sad," returned the child of the forest "and why are thine eyes filled with tears ?-- art thou fearful of Loweka slove? or do the dangers of the desert distress thee, tell me thy sufferings and thy name, for thou hast filled me with sorrow." "My name," said he, "is Zadib, of the race of the white men; beyoudthe green Isles of the ocean dwells my fath... er in a stately man-ion. My sisters have gone o the land of the blest, were the spirits of the just rejoice." Then dry thy tears and hush thy sorrows, for Loweka will be thy sisier; she will wipe from thy forehead the cold dews-of-the-night ; sho-will-waten\_thy..slerping hours, and protect thee from the jaws of the panther. The third moon had commenced, the shades of evening fell, the gathering storm oured fearfully in the distance, the howls of the wolf were heard, and the buffalo fled swittly before the rising tempest. The heavy thunder rolled deeply through the clouds, and Bey Wn. L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of Mathematics, William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.

Alexander Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and ger rose from the midst of them, and mingled stormy bosom of nature; the Grent Splitt walked amid his clouds, and commanded the sulked amid his clouds, and commanded the bursting torrent to fall upon the enith.

> amid the warring of the elements. Again the ested upon their spears, still smoking with fierce lightning flushed—the eyes of Zadib bethe red block of the enemy. Impatient they came dim-he fell-the rock entered his side waited for the sun of the morning to chuse | - and the warm blood flowed. The darkness the dews of the night away, and tinge the of night now fell heavily upon the earth; the early cloud with his light. Then should the lightnings of heaven fiercely blazed amid the spirit of the son of the stranger, leave the darkness. Lowtka saw the crimson tide from place of his serrow, and join the ghosts of his Zudib's breast, and though she walked undaunted amidst the thunder's roar and the lightning's blaze, the sight of his blood struck he was the pride of his ago, and benutiful terror to her soul, and fainting she fell at his mong the children of the forest. The snows feet. Zadib's wound was but rlight, he onight sixteen winters had melted from the earth the trembling Loweka in his arms and entered since the one that gave her to her mother's the forest. Exhausted he laid his burden at nems. Sho moved upon the plain in the pilde the foot of a sturdy oak. The lightning of her beauty, and joined with her friends in southed it, and it fell tremillons at his feetthe chase. Her jetty tresses swept the ground his hope was ended-he threw himself upon as she passed, and her eye flashed with the the ground and invoked the Spivit of the fire of youth. She eyed the stranger with af- storm to cease his rage. A moment the wind fection, the flame of love burst in her bosom, is husbed - he hears amid the darkness, the and she longed for the mists of the midnight, barkings of the hermit's dog bone springs For she said in her heart "the stranger shall again in his breast, a light glimmers through the trees a moment more and the hermit of beavens, the shadows were straight upon the the hill is by his side. Loweka was borne to earth. Loweks wrapped herself in her white his cave, and hid upon his bed of straw, , Zanuntle, and thrice walked round the eleeping dib watched the bright beam of innocence that chiefs of her nation. A gloud swept across glowed in her fentures, and beyought the Great Spirit to hend from his temple in the clouds and restore her to his love; he sought again the forest to give vent to his sufferings. verige is open thy heel." A warrior chief The lips of Loweka quivered—her eyes openher fair form; "friend, of the great, spirit," said she, " tell me, was it Zadib's blood that talbed my check? tell me where he lies; and if the cold band, of death, is upon him? I'll. seek his printed footstep on the sand, and at night when the dim ghosts of the dead are wandering near me, I'll point them to the hele owed spot, and tell them the story of my suferings. I'll seek his grave, and to the silence I the desert will protect it from the coming. O cruel spirit of the deep waters. tempest.

Leweka had been taught to brave the dan-

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1858.

fainting soul.

sun drove the clouds from before him, and but don't take any unless they sink readily in shone in splendaur upon the mountains. They cold water—they may be rotten, you know; joined in the chase-Loweka bounded the plain and the butter, too, don't take any without like the deer of the forest, alone she climbed putting a fork into each ball to try it-it the rough sides of the mountain, and sought might be ranoid; and shove and over all, my the wild hnunts of the deer; she had learned boy, be polite to the pretty girls ! Good bye" the use of the bow-the hart fled before her and Henry put the big brass key of the store in valu, and she hunted the buffalo to his gien. (my insignia of authority) into my hand, and Nine moons had silently stolen over them and leaped into the cab which was to take him to the tenth hid commenced her course : Lowe- the depot. ka's bosom was full of sights for sorrow, had . I felt somewhat dignified-as it were progathered like a thick cloud in her brenst. On, moted from the rank of a private to that of a the wings of the blast she poured her sod song captain -and I went up to my room, at uncle in secret, and mingled her sighs with the wind John's, for a survey of my tollette. I'm rathof the desert. Zadib wiped the salt tear from | er a good-looking fellow myself, though some ner eye, for his manly breast heaved with the straight-laced people might think it vanity in anguish of his heart, and his bursting soul me to mention it, but all the girls say so, and gave vent to the rushing shower .- "Why." it is generally conceeded that they are compesaid he, "Loweka dost thou mourn and where- tent judges. fore does the darkness of thy soul arise! - By way of enhancing my personal attrac-Thou shalt not wander alone by the dark tions, I added to my dress a pair of wrought

roice, that tell of the years that have rolled my moustache, I sallied out.

mit of the hill shall hind us together, the ted for customers.

Great Spirit shall bless our union, and the Customer No. 1. entered. She was a midvening came, the watery moon rose high, and ter's gownd," the hermit returned not,-futigued with the I was all alacrity to fulfil her commands. I desert, and upon the hill : the sun arose above | wonderful merits. the mist of the ocean, before he found the ... There's silk in it, nin't there?" queried cave. Loweka was stretched upon the lier- Mass, our dressmaker, said so !" mit's hed of straw. Zadib approached her .rejoices in the firmness of Loweka. Up to the wenr! It'll lust an age!" wing of the night my spirit shall often wander ... Well, she'll want it to wear a pretty good by the mist of the stream, it shall mix with spell, I reckon, a body can't afford to buy a the wind of the mountain, fearless it shall gownd every day, you know!" brave the desert's storm and like a dim flame, he stranger; he rescued him from the pan- ladies,

" The white man was ungrateful, -- and bespear was red with my brother's blood, --when what he says, any way." was born my mother showed me in her arms to the Great Spirit; she told him I should be man of taste-probably a connection of Anhis, if he would grant them revenge upon the drew Jookson, the patriot and president! How head of their foes. My Father's voice rose high in vengeance; when I grew up he bade me swear by the curse of spirits to be the would have done credit to cousin Harry himwhite man's enemy He pointed to the bright self. in and hade me imprecate his wrath upor my head whenever I should be kind to the it yet. What's the price?" face of the Indian. I have drank the juice of the poppy and feel its effects in my bosom : posed, but I had forgotten such a contingenmy mother's spirit smiles upon me, and will cy. However, there would be no difficulty welcome me to the airy dwelling of the dead; about that, for Harry had said the goods were before me is a land of everlasting leve, soon all marked in plain figures, so I turned comwill I bound by never failing streams, where placently to the eard attached to the cloth. the voice of music is heard, and the hand of oppression shall be felt no more." Her voice but I took a moment to consider. Pd put it ckn's fate. The hermit consigned her to the law enough, thought, to induce her tatrade, tomb, and Z dib wept by her side. "I will and it wouldn't do to appear as if I didn't unprotect," said he, "the hallowed spot that derstand my business. I might lose caste with covers her mortal dust, and if the hunter's the old lady. heedless treat should be upon it, more furi ous than the tigress of her whelps bereft, I'll tear the base intruder; the rose and lily shall spring upon the sad, that wraps her dear remins; the chaste bird at night shall-warble forth its melancholy strain upon the boughs that wave o'er her, and her spirit shall glide o'er the turf like the thin vapous upon the bo- green calash "I wouldn't do it for another som of the unruffled waters. O why was I left alone to sigh my love to the bosom of the wind, that only mucks me with the coho of my voice; Soon, Loweka, my fleeting spirit, tired of its passion-house, shall join thy wandering shades," Two moons and Zadib was laid low by the side of Loweks. The hermit alone was left to tell, the wenty pil-

## Select Cale.

D.

grim as he passed, the story of the lovers.

ONE DAY'S SHOPKEEPING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Cousin Harry is as handsome a fellow as deal for cousin Harry, when one takes into while waiting for dry weather. consideration the recherche, tuste of the nineeenth century.

silks on the other side.

ally despised by me, and and the said ant case. He was abilidged to go off in whose of the riggs. So I returned to the transport of the riggs. So I returned to the transport of the store again, hearing to the store, he appointed us to the digity. The people gazing up at him from the street of the case and the control of the store again, hearing to the store, he appointed us to the digity. The people gazing up at him from the street of the people gazing up at him from the street of the people gazing up at him from the street. The people gazing up at

footsteps ! Zadib entered the : cave, she goods; and then molasses sells for fifty cents screnined with joy, and restored was Loweka's per gallon-sugar ten to fourteen cents; buter is worth one shilling, store pay; and mind The marning rose fresh upon the earth, the rou, Charley, eggs are twenty conts a dozen.

stream of the desert, nor shall thy steps by wrist bands, clion't laugh unfeeling reader, the side of the mountain be taken in grief."

"O Zadib! within my bosom there is a lady friend, and giving a parting twist to

away. It comes from the land of the dim | The morning was fresh and fair no grim ghosts of my fathers, and I am tossed like a clouds cast their boding shadows over the beam upon the wave of the troubled ocean." earth—and all promised fair for my success. "Then Loweka cease thy weeping, the her- I arranged myself behind the counter and wait-

louds of other years shall pass away." The die aged woman, to buy de bege for her "dar-

hase, he had sunk exhausted and was slam- piled the counter with what I supposed to be boring by the stream of the mountain. Zadib de bege, a sort of thin. glossy rattling stuff, left the nave and cought the hermit in the and with all my cloquence I expatiated on its

clace where he lay. They returned to the old lady, putting on her spectacles, "Miss "Silk I to be sure there is !" said I, imm the puleness of death was upon her check, -- dintely taking my oue, (it doesn't do to conshe raised her head,--" Zadib," enid she "my tradict a lady,) "filk! why it's all silk, the spirit soon shall pass the land of shades; my real, fine. Italian holled silk—sowing field, mother's ghost is waiting to receive me and marm, imported expressly for your daughter's

" Of course not, marm, of course not ! - But it shall bound the darkness of the midnight this will look sweetly on your pretty daughter. Zadib, my father was the white man Griend- no doubt she's pretty-resembles her mother, e delighted in pence, and his heart was full I dare say!" I had heard it eald that a little of joy, when he could do aught of kinduess to judicious flattery never comes amiss with the

ther, took him to his home, sprend to fruits "Law Mess your heart, sir, Sally nin't noof the chase before him, and at bight sung wise handsome! she ain't nigh as good looking as I was in my young days! her nose is too brooked, and her hair's red! but then Sam re my voice was heard upon the earth, his Jackson thinks she's splenderiferous! That's

"No doubt, marm, but Mr. Jackson is a

"Oh, stop a minuit, I nin'

Very true, there must be a price. I sup-" F b. A. 2."

-Very explicit. Like the Hebrew Bible to me. "Well," said I, though it's a great sacrifice

-really giving it away-I'll let you have it for one shilling per yard! Dirt cheap, but as it is for your pretty daughter. I'll put it down below cost! I wouldn't do it," said I, leaning down over the counter class to the old lady's person in the world!"

My answer seemed to please the old lady, upon both sides, tried the strength of its texture with her thumb and finger, and at last gave the order.

"Eight yards and a half, good measure! and silk to sew it up with."

I cut off the desired quantity, folded six skeins of sewing-silk inside, the lady paid fort in old ninepences and sixpences, and I bowed her out of the store.

Enter customer No. 2. A sendy-looking man in'a grey blouse, to get two cents' worth of black snuff.

I searched around awhile among the mysterious boxes and barrels, and at last pitched upon the strong smelling article. Wrapped up a couple of ounces, delivered it to my ousthe most fastidious among my lady readers tomer, and reasized in return two ouppers, would wish to ser, and that is saying a great which Noah might have coined in the Ark

Customers No. 8. were two pretty redcheeked girls-one with butter to sell, the-Harry is a country shopkeeper- a grocery other with a pail of eggs, destined for the dealer, I mean; that is, he sells pork, beef, same purpose as the butter. I remembered fish, oil, molasses, and such articles, upon Harry's injunction about the eggs, butter, cold the one side of his store, and callones, de water, and fork pricking, but for the life of laines, sheetings, muslins, and a very few me I couldn't recollect which test was to be applied to the hutter, or which to the eggs. Harry's custom was very extensive - a However, I wanted to oblige the pretty girls, andsome young man in a dry-goods store is, so I took both butter and eggs into the back in himself, a sort of a sign; and a good look. store, determined to do something with them. ing clerk is worth a hundred dollars a year | After a few moments, consideration, I promore thanna ugly one. It is a lamentable fact, cured a fork and plerced each and all of the and I am sorry to record it; but it is so, was sugge separately and the result was netonishing! Last summer I was up at uncle John's az out of two dozen, six were positively in a state vienting. Harry and my cousin Jennie were of decomposition, thirteen were accupied by the obief attactions at unote John's; but the remarkably well grown juveniles of the fowl fine stranberries and Baspherries, with which race, and the remaining five were smelling dethe kitchen garden abounded, were not usn- cidedly old, see t

The butter wouldn't sink in the water One merning Harry required an organi all I could, pap it would come up to the survey summons to attend the county court in the faon again, and I was obliged, though relucneighboring town, us a witnids in an import- tantly, to decide that it wouldn't do to take

butter-we don't take butter now!" You should have seen the pretty young la lies faces blaze up I the one with the eggs nuttered something about "City greenhorn!" nd the butter girl exclaimed aloud.

"What better could have been expected om such a gosling?" I was fain to conciliate them by the gift of bree sticks of candy apiece, and telling them broke the eggs by accident.

After the girls, came a hard-looking old ntleman in quest of pork.

none of yer Western hog cholera stuff!" see how I was getting on. ....

with yer hands!" My friend was a little out I patience with me.

I couldn't bear the appellation of dandy, o I plunged my hands and arms into the pick , and brought up a whole layer of pork. Instinctively I looked at my wristbands Lucky that Isabel Richhorn wasn't there to ok also! I tore them off and flung them inthe furnace, glad to escape a second sight

of their fair (1) proportions. "Served ve right!" said my hard looking no business with such flumma-diddles particuarly if he goes a pork fishing!" I seized the pork and held it ready for de-

"You'll have to trust me, I hain't got the money to spare, jest now!" said he taking the rchase and making off

"Stop, sir! stop!" I screamed none of that! we don't credit!" . The old man said nothing, but laid down he pork on a box, and went out. Directly he eturned with Deacon Cutter and Squire Brown, with both of whom I was acquainted.

alculation, two hundred thousand dollars!"

goes a man of property. cuit. I know my pretty cousin Jennie would

be sure to have both ready for me. Harry would be, when he returned, at finding so much of his summer stock disposed ofwhen in rushed the identical old lady who had bought the de bege in the early part of the day. She'looked furious, and bore in her hand a bun lie, which seemed suspiciously like the one, for pieces of shell work — Peterson's Magazin she had carried away from the store that morn ing.

" Hand over my money! it's nothin' but muff made his appearance.

sold me this morning is villanous black pepper. urkev's egg, and growing larger every mo-

oliina.

"Give me my money!" cried the snuff man "Give me my money!" yelled a little urchin, climbing up on a crate of earthenware to make him-elf more conspicuous, "you sent. daddy smokin' terbaccer instid of chawin', and marm gorperas instid of saleratus, and Tom, and Polly, and the dog, is pisined with it, and daddy's got the trembles all over with the terbaccer !"

p" Sir, I called to get back my money!" said fat mun, in a yellow waistcoat, "you sold ne indigo instead of blue vitriol." "Give me my money!" oried the ac began roman.

"Hand over my money!" screamed the in urlated snuff map.

"Give me my-money-money- mon-ey!" oared the whole posse in a chorus.

side of sympathizing cousin Jennie. Harry told me afterwards that my day's much longer. If he stirred he might fall; if hapkeeping cost him fifty dollars, besides he remained he certainly would; and so ousing forever the custom of the two pretty determined to make at least an effort for his girls who had brought the butter, and highly die, he put one foot very cautiously, then his urine, and then moved the other foot; and will after half a minute of exertion and the great

#### Andies' Department.

NO. 29.

TO MAKE PICTURES OF BIRDS WITH THEIR NATURAL FEATHERS. - A fair correspondent writes to us, that one of her friends has brought home from England, some beautiful plotures of birds made with their natural feathers; and asks us if we can inform her how they are done. As her letter came too late to insert the description of this lady-like kind of work in the part of the number usually devoted to such purposes we give it here. You must first He wanted the "home-made, native pork take a thin board or panel of deal or wainscot, well sensuned that it may not shrink; then I made a tour of the suspicious looking bar- smoothly paste on it white paper, and let it els in the cellar-gazed apprehensively at my dry, and if the wood casts its color through, wrought wristbands-found a barrel which paste on it another paper till perfectly white, melt of pickle, and procuring a pair of long- and let it stand till quite dry. Then get any andled pincers from the coal bin. I made a bird you would represent, and draw its figure dunge into the cask with them. Nothing as exactly as possible on the papered panel thatever came up to reward my efforts, and (middle sized birds are best for the purpose,) was making preparations for a second dive, then paint what tree or ground-work you inwhen down came my hard looking friend to tend to set your bird upon, also its bill and legs, leaving the rest of its body to be covered "Put yer hands iv, ye aheminable young with its own feathers. You must next prepare landy! what are yo afraid of, I wonder? In that part to be feathered by laying on thick gum-arabic, dissolved in water, lay it on with large hair pencil, and let it dry, then lay second coat of gum-arabic, and let it dry. and a third, and oftener, if you find when dry it does not form a good body on the paper, at the very least, to the thickness of a shil-

ling, let it dry quite hard. When your piece is thus prepared, take the feathers off the bird as you use them, beginning at the tail and points of the wings, and working unwards to the head, observing to friend, with evident satisfaction, "a man has cover that part of your draught with the feathers taken from the same part of the bird letting them fall over one another in the natural order. You must prepare your feathers by

cutting off the downy parts that are about their stems, and the large feathers must have the insides of their shafts shaved of with a sharp knife, to make them lie flat, the quills of the wings must have their inner webs clipped off, so that in laying them the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten "Here's my bondsmen," said he, leading the ground work by little and little, as you work it, then lay your feathers on the moisup the gentleman, "Squire, what's my standtened parts, which must not be waterish, but "Worth at the least calculation, Charley, only clammy to hold the feathers. You must said the squire, turning to mo, at the least have prepared a great many sugar loaf shaped leaden weights, which you may form by cast-"And you wouldn't trust him for ten pounds ing the lead into sand, in which shapes or f-pork, ch, Charley !"- laughed Deacon Cut. moulds for it have been made by means of a er-but that's too good! ha! ha! I declare!" pointed stick proddled all over the surface, So much for appearances ! Ever since then, having small holes to receive the fuelted lead. never see an old ragged man, belonging in These weights will be necessary to set on the he country, without eaying to myself, there feathers when you have merely laid them on, in order to press them into the gum till they After this, customers came in so fast that it are fixed, but you must be cautious lest the rould be impossible to particularize. I sold gum comes through the feathers, for it would dimost everything, from silk dresses down to not only smear them, but would stick to the clothes pins and penny whistles. My success bottom of the little weights, and in taking in drawing bargins was remarkable, and it them off you would bring the feathers also, was near sunset, and yet I had no dinner for which would quite disarrange your work, be the day. The fact of it was, that at dinner cautious, therefore, not to have your coat of time I was no full of customers that I didn't gum, too moist or wet. When you have whollike to leave the store for fear of loosing a ly covered your bird with its feathers you must not found most for a feather store for the feathe singular longing for tragrant tea and hot bi- of paper, our round, of the size of an eye, which you must color the same as the eye of the bird, if you cannot procure a glass one of the kind, and when the whole is dry, you must uck for the day, and thinking how surprised as may have chanced to start, and rectify all delegts in every other part, then lay on it a sheet of clean paper, and a heavy weight, such as a book to press it, after which it may be

A Lightning-Rod Man in a Fix.

preserved in a glass frame, such as are used

At Cincinnati, a few weeks since, Mr. T. four pence combrief Mrs. Moss, the dressma- Kingston, who puts up lightning rods, climbed ker says so! you young cheat of a soamp! you to the top of the pire of St. Paul's Cathedral, deceived me! Hand over my money, I say!" two hundred and thirty-five feet, where, hav-Before I could get breath to reply, the man ing lett his ladder below, he clung by his arms the had purchased the two cents' worth of and legs, fastened the foot of the rod and attached its point-quite a heavy piece of "Sir," said he with dignity, "the snuff you me at - securely, as he supposed, to the come surmounting the steeple. He had just comnd my wife has nigh killed herself with ta- preted this difficult and dangerous task, watched sing it! Sir, her nose is nigh as large as a by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work and experience ing that satisfaction which results from bazard" "Give me my money!" oried the de bege passed and labor accomplished, of a sudden, something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold at once, as would seem to have heen the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself, and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire, He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused sense it appeared that the steeple was tumbling, or that some strange

cause was about to bring the vast structure to

the ground. 6 - 1 Some forty seconds-an age to him-must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his-sontiered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the red had fallen upon his head, causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blind him. He was in dreadful perplexity and most dangerous position. He feared that if he moved, he would go cleaving I sprang over the counter nearly knocking the air to a terrible death upon the stony lown cousin Harry in the doorway, and never gireet below-and at the same time he knew stopped until I was safe on the sofa by the he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and the increasing weakness, retain his

offending the old de bege woman and her redhaired daughter. Sally, including the illustrious Same Jackson

As for me I vo been, the happy husband of course for our of the large seconds more be was the large seconds more by t