CARLISLE HERALD.

WILLIAM M. PORTER, Editor.
D. R. COOVER, Proprietor.

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TRMS 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 where payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor 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.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

A liberal discount is to be allowed to Merchants who advertise by the year.

Marriages and Deaths are inserted gratis. Obituaries exceeding a square, and Marriages, if accompanied by the fees, are inserted at the rate of 3 cents per line for first insertion and 2 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements, Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

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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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Clerk to Council—Thos. D. Mahon.
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CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Sunday 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 Eaton, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square, Rev. Richard Hopkins, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 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 3 o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. Kremer, Pastor.—Services at 10 o'clock A. M. and ½ o'clock P. M.

Methodist Church, (first charge,) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. ——— Chambers, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock A. M. and 6½ o'clock P. M.

Methodist Church, (second charge,) Rev. A. A. Reese, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M.

Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret near Last street. Rev. ——— Gloden, Pastor. Services on 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month.

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. ——— ——— Pastor. Service at 10½ A. M.

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

DICKINSON COLLEGE

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Rev. Henry M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
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CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, Richard Parker; Cashier, N. C. Musselman; Clerks, J. P. Hasler, James Hoover, C. W. Reed; Directors, Richard Parker, Thomas Paxton, Moses Bricker, Abraham Lesher, John D. Lady, R. C. Woodward, Wm. B. Mullin, Samuel Wherry and John Zug.

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 10½ o'clock A. M. and 1.00 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.50 o'clock A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, Wm. M. Peffer; Directors, Frederick Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetem, Henry Saxton, J. W. Eby, John D. Goetz, R. C. Woodward and E. M. Biddle.

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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. John's Lodge No 230 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 Trout's building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, A. J. Cornman; Vice President, William M. Porter; Secretary, A. B. Ewing; Treasurer, Peter Meyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1836. President, Robert McCartney; Secretary, Philip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Sitler. 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. Hulbert. 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 pre paid, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on the "Herald" within the County, free. Within the State 13 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.

HERALD JOB & BOOK
PRINTING OFFICE,
S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St.

Poetry.

SPIRIT POEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[The following poem purporting to have been communicated by the spirit of Edgar A. Poe, was first published in the Jamestown Journal. It is a beautiful production whether genuine or not.]

First a sharp of thrilling numbers,
Roused me gently from my slumbers,
And its tone,
Over my waking spirit stealing,
Kindling up a spirit feeling,
In its music sweet revealing,
Heaven's own,

Then a being pure and holy,
Through a door retiring slowly,
Half disclosed,
To my souls enraptured vision,
Those eternal fields elysian,
Where the blest in full fruition,
There repose,

Then a spirit fairer brighter,
Something smaller, something lighter,
And with raiment, purer, whiter,
Came in view,
Though her face was half averted,
Gazing back from whence she started,
'Twas my lost, my loving bride,
Wife I knew,

For a moment there she lingers,
And the beautiful white fingers,
Of Elmord,
Sweep across the harp so shining,
Which the angel left reclining,
'Gainst the door,

Then as if some word receiving,
Half in doubt yet half believing,
Gazed around,
And at once she saw and knew me,
And with joy she came into me,
With a bound.

O! the rapture of that meeting,
Of that blessed blessed greeting,
Is unknown,
To mortals—they can never,
Till they pass the dark deep river,
Which divides this world forever,
From our own,

Comprehend how hearts once blighted,
In a world by sin benighted,
Are forever re united,
On the shore,
Of that river brightly glowing,
From eternal fountains flowing,
Where the tree of life is growing,
Evermore.

NOEMI;
OR, UNDER THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR, BY H. J. RICHARDS.

Your yellow rose is the souvenir of a curious history.

It was my habit to visit, some two years since an elderly lady residing in my neighborhood whom I admired for her esprit, no less than for her amiable and benevolent disposition; she was passionately fond of flowers, and you would scarcely credit the pains I took in arranging the bouquets that I occasionally presented, or how delighted I was at her astonishment at receiving a flower that was rare to her or of a variety not common in the country.

I met at her house, the other evening, an old gentleman who had lately taken possession of a very large property in the neighborhood which he had inherited from some distant relation, on condition that he should assume his name, and, who in consequence, is known as M. Descondraies.

He caused himself to be presented at my old friend's and I might with reason be jealous of his delicate attentions. The acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual friendship, and they spent nearly all their evenings together at his house.

I saluted silently without interrupting the game. When it was finished I offered Madame Lorgerel a bouquet of yellow roses which I had brought for her.

My roses were very beautiful, which was not the case with the yellow roses of that year, the frequent rains having seriously interfered with their florescence. Mine however, being protected by an overhanging roof were, perhaps, the only ones that were well opened. Madame Lorgerel exclaimed with delight at the sight of the bouquet.

My flowers elicited no remark from M. Descondraies, who was apparently absorbed in reflection. I was at a loss to account for their mysterious influence upon him, but presently Madame Lorgerel engaged his attention by some remark.

"You do not know that this bouquet recalls as if by magical process an epoch of my life that relates entirely to my youth. Within five minutes I am twenty years of age! within five minutes I am again in love with a woman who should be sixty years old, if, indeed she still lives. I must relate to you this history; it is a circumstance that has exerted upon my whole life a great influence, and of which the souvenir even at this day, when my blood has scarcely heat enough to nourish my life, and to enable me to play at tric-trac, affects me to an extraordinary degree.

"I was twenty; (it is now more than forty years ago) and had just left college, where they used to keep young men for longer than they do now-a-days. After having sagely chosen for me, without my concurrence, a profession, my father one morning announced to me that he had obtained my appointment as lieutenant in the regiment of——, in garrison in the city of Auvergne, and bade me hold myself in readiness to leave in three days.

"I was somewhat taken aback by this, for several reasons. In the first place, I had no taste for military life, though that was in south an easily overcome objection; the sight of a rich uniform, a few exciting phrases, and a little martial music would soon have made an Achillies or a Cæsar as they preferred.

"But I was in love.

"Not for the world would I have thought of hinting a word of this to my father his only reply would have been in order to depart that very evening. But I had an uncle and such an uncle.

"He was a man of about the same age as I am now; but he remained young in spirit, not selfish for no old man ever renounced with a better grace the pomps and vanities of Satan, but for the sake of others. He loved the young; he understood them without being envious of them. He did not consider his infirmities as advancements, nor old age necessarily wisdom, but by dint of good sense and good nature, he lived for the happiness of others. He mingled in all the generous follies in all the noble weakness of youth; he was the confidant and protector, of all their loves, of all their debts, of all their loves. I sought him then, and said to him, "I am very unhappy, my uncle."

"I will wager twenty louis you are not," replied he.

"Ah! uncle, don't jest. Besides you would lose."

"If I do, I shall pay; perhaps that will help to console you."

"No, my uncle, there is no question of money in my trouble."

"Let me hear it then."

"My father has just announced to me that I am a lieutenant in the regiment——"

"A great misfortune truly. One of the most gallant uniforms, and all of the officers gentlemen."

"But my dear sir, I don't wish to be a soldier."

"How? You don't want to be a soldier? Do you happen not to be brave, eh?

"I don't know that, as yet, however, I shouldn't permit any one but you to ask the question."

"Well, then old, my friend, why don't you want to be a soldier?"

"Because I want to be married, uncle."

"Whew!"

"There is no phew about it, uncle, I am in love."

"And you call that a misfortune you ungrateful fellow? I wish it was I that was in love I assure you. And who is the object of so chaste a flame?"

"Ah! uncle, she's an angel."

"By and by you'll prefer to love a woman. However, what is this angel's name.

"She is called Noemi."

"That is not what I asked you. For you Noemi is all in all. To be sure, it's a pretty name but for me, who want to know who the angel is and to what family she belongs her family name is necessary."

"She is Mademoiselle Amelot, uncle."

"The devil! that is better than an angel, a graceful tall brunette, with an eye like a black velvet. I do not disapprove the choice."

"Oh! if you could only appreciate her soul.

"I know I understand. And you are repaid by a return as we used to say in my time. Is that the way you express it now."

"Indeed, uncle, I don't know."

"How! you don't know, unworthy nephew. You are every day at home in her house and you don't yet know whether she loves you?"

"She does not even know that I love her, uncle."

"Oh indeed! you deceive yourself there, my fine fellow, and you prove your inexperience in these matters. She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you knew it yourself."

"My dear uncle, all that I know is that I shall kill myself if I do not obtain her hand."

"Oh! Ah! Very well, my brave fellow, there are many chances that your wish will not be gratified. Your father is much more wealthy than hers, and I very much doubt whether he will give his son."

"Then, uncle, I know what I shall do."

"Indeed? What is it? Do a thing stupid at least, and listen to your uncle."

"Yes, sir"

"In the first place it is impossible to marry at twenty."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because I do not chose to let you, and without me this marriage cannot take place."

"Oh! my dear kind uncle——"

"If the girl loves you, and if she will promise to wait for you three years —"

"Three years, uncle!"

"Do not argue the question, or I shall make it four. If she agrees to wait for you three years you shall join your regiment."

"But uncle —"

"But not at Clermont I will have you exchanged into a regiment quartered at a short distance from Paris, so that you can visit her at least once in every three months until your probation has expired."

"It must be as you please, uncle, but how shall I know whether she loves me?"

"How shall you know sir? Zounds! By asking her."

"Oh, sir, I shall never dare ——"

"Then take leave of your father, and pack your trunk."

"But sir, you do not know this girl; I have tried a hundred times to tell her that I loved her. I have despised myself for my timidity—I have thought of a hundred devices. I have learned fine speeches by heart—I have written letters, but hang it, at the critical moment I have felt as if the first word was strangling me, and I have dodged the question. Her expression is so sweet, and at the same time so chaste, that it seems to me incapable of an earthly passion. As for the letters, they were even more difficult. At the moment of presenting them, they appeared to me so insufferably stupid that I could not tear them into sufficiently small pieces."

"At all events you must end this matter my boy. Your father has not told you all, if he sends you to Clermont it is because the colonel of your regiment is his particular friend and has an only daughter; it is said to be a rich and honorable match."

"But ——"

"I know very well what you are about to say; that all this is nothing in the present case. To be sure love is a great piece of stupidity that I should be sorry never to have committed. I know very well that all medical theories are illusions, but who can say that the illusions are not in their own minds? The glass that diminishes an object is not more faithful than that which magnifies it. If she loves you it is your duty to sacrifice everything for her—it may be thought foolish but it is right, and you must do it, but you ought to know her sentiments, and the occasion is fortunate to elicit them. You have arrived in this affair, my nephew you are pale at this idea, would you like to measure the distance between you and him with your sword. Very well, try to display a little of this courage in the presence of the beautiful Noemi. Her friends wish to marry her. You are richer than she, but your rival is richer than you; moreover he has a title, and still more he is a husband to her hand, and the *corbille* is all ready, whereas you will occasion some delay. Go and see Noemi, tell her that you love her, she is aware of it, at all events it is well to do it, ask her if she returns your affection to wait for you three years, and to write me a letter to that effect, which I will keep, then I will break off the other match, I will procure you a commission in another regiment, and in three years, in spite of your father, in spite of everything, I will then marry you to Noemi."

"Uncle, I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"I will write to her."

"As you please."

"I left my uncle and set about my epistle. There was no difficulty in that, for I had already written fifty letters, it was the delivery of the letter that embarrassed me. But as there was no help for it, I bought a bouquet of yellow roses, and slipped the billet into the centre of the bouquet.

"It was perhaps a very silly note, but I remember it to this day.

"After the avowal of my love, I besought her to return my affection, and to be faithful to me for three years. I begged her, in token of her consent to this, to wear one of my yellow roses in her bosom then, continued I, I shall dare to speak to you in regard to my—may I not say mutual happiness!"

Ah! so you placed the note within the bouquet," said M. me. Lorgerel.

"I did Madame."

"Well, and afterwards?"

"Alas! Noemi wore no rose in her bosom that night. I wished to kill myself but my uncle carried me off in spite of myself to Clermont, ingratiated himself with the young officers, and succeeded at length in consoling me.

"And yet, uncle," exclaimed I, she seemed always so glad to see me, she reproached me so tenderly when I came late.

"Ah the women accept the love of every one, but it is not every one they love in return."

"So I finally succeeded in nearly forgetting her, and married the colonel's daughter, whom I lost after eight years of marriage. I am therefore alone in the world now, for my uncle is long dead, yet would you believe it I still see at times think of Noemi, and the wonder is, that I always seem to see her chestnut curls, rail as my uncle said, her eyes, children in truth she must be somewhat of an aged dame by this time."

"Then you do not know what has become of her."

"Not in the least."

"Ah! your real name is not Descondraies, hem?"

"No, it is the name of my uncle's estate, my name is Edmund d'Altheim."

"Can it be true?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"I can tell you the fate of Noemi."

"What say you?"

"I say that she loved you. She never saw the *billet*. Your sudden departure grieved her deeply. Finally she espoused M. de Lorgerel."

"M. de Lorgerel."

"M. de Lorgerel, whose widow I now am."

"What! you, are you Noemi Amelot?"

"Alas, yes—as you are, or rather as no longer are, Edmund d'Altheim."

"Just Heaven! who would have believed that the day could arrived when we no longer should recognize each other."

"Is it not strange that we should only meet again to play tric-trac?"

"But the bouquet ——"

"I have still kept in my possession."

Madame Lorgerel tremulously opened an ebony box, and drew out a faded bouquet.

"Untie it, untie it!" cried M. Descondraies.

In the centre of the bouquet was found the billet which had remained there forty-two years.

Both were silent. I rose to leave. M. Descondraies also rose.

Madame Lorgerel seized his hands and said to him: "You are right, the passions of youth scarcely become faces seared like ours with age. Let not our noble sentiment, which, perchance, will give happiness to the rest of our lives be a subject of ridicule. Do not return for a few days."

Since this time the aged couple are constantly together. There exists between them an attachment that I have never seen equalled. They renew together the details of the love which was never confessed. They have a thousand things to tell each other. Their love is retrospective, and they would still marry, but they dare not.

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

While stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello" my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our cigars,—and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day—he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Appenines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine.

I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—

"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easy enough but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and, if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. "But can I we hire some one? I asked. "If signor will pay" was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough looking fellows were provided, one as a *vetturino* (postillion,) and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Appenines over the Pass of *La Collina* and just begun to descend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallooing behind and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, putting my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the vetturino.

"But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus.

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. "We'll go just as fast; and besides they'll pay us something."

By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark visaged, black-bearded, powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless for the drivers were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you," said one of them in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply.

"He repeated the remark.

"No comprehend, signor," I said, shaking my head.

"Ah—English, he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of the face.

"We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the Collina; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"'Death and destruction!' he uttered, in his own tongue, 'we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!'

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"'He's right. He don't understand us,' said one of them.

"'All safe,' returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:—

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoja, where his confederate was, to await my arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coldly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road would go round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position sure enough. I was weak—weak at best, but doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them that was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot—where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small traveling bag under my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

"At length the high, craggy peak was in sight and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes more all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment more I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"'Gold! Gold!' he said. 'Give me gold or die.'

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain this dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With the energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage, the postillion cried out—

"'Hold, Marco! A vettura is coming!'

"The robber turned and in a moment more the heavy vettura, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window.

"'Help! Robbers!' I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and their matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my illness and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"'No,' said my brother. 'Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and tomorrow we'll go over in my vettura.'

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence and then bound the two drivers hand and foot and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the vettura ourselves.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Appenines. And let me say to you, if you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

THE MISTRESS OF A FAMILY.—The house mother! what a beautiful, comprehensive word it is! how suggestive of all that is wise and kindly, comfortable and good! Surely, whether she lot comes to her naturally in the happy realizations of wifehood and motherhood or as the maiden mistress of an adopted family,—as one could find many instances in this our modern England—where the possession of large fortune, received or earned, gave her, with all the cares and duties, many of the advantages of matronhood—every such woman must acknowledge that it is a solemn, as well as a happy thing to be the mistress of a family.

[Correspondence of the Herald.]

CAPE MAY, July 24, 1858.

MR EDITOR:—I will now fulfil the promise I made before leaving home to send you a letter from the sea shore. As I only reached here yesterday evening, I have had but little time to look at men and things. For the present therefore, I will tell you of a few things which attracted my attention, in my journey from the fertile vales of Pennsylvania to these "lower regions."

Meeting an old friend in Baltimore, I took the cars in company with him for a trip to the little State of Delaware. On reaching Wilmington, finding that I had several hours at my disposal before the arrival of the train which was to bear us to our destination, I brushed away the dust from the outside, and gave the inside a good lining of savory meats, puddings, pies, &c.; after which, in company with my friend, I strolled about the city of Wilmington, under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Thompson, one of the Professors of the Wesleyan Female Institute, of that city. Through the politeness of our guide, we were shown through the entire college buildings, of which much might be said in their praise. Unfortunately, the blooming maidens had all flown from the classic grounds, the academic year having closed a week or two previously.

At six o'clock, the shrill whistle of the engine brought us to a stand, and in a few moments we were again "ridin' on a rail." Several points of interest were passed, and as we rushed rapidly on our course, the growing corn, the ripened wheat, the busy movements of laborers in the open field indicated the appreciable regard of the inhabitants for agricultural pursuits. At 8 o'clock we jumped from the cars, and in a few moments were snugly at home in the house of Rev. R. M. Todd, a Methodist Minister residing in Camden, Delaware.

Having learned that a Church in the vicinity was to be dedicated by Rev. A. A. Reese, of Carlisle, I concluded to attend upon the important occasion. Sabbath morning brought with it a clear sky, a bracing atmosphere together with many other blessings calculated to excite gratitude in the heart. In company with Rev. Mr. Bryan, I rode a short distance into the country, when a new and beautiful church came in view, surrounded by carriages which had borne many rejoicing hearts to the dedicatory services. At 11 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Reese, in his usually felicitous style pronounced a discourse which took all hearts captive. Under its influence many wiped away the penitent tear, whilst others rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Other sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening, with great acceptance and profit, by Ministers from the Philadelphia Conference. Through the efforts of the day, about $1500, were raised the amount needed by the Trustees.

At the request of Rev. Mr. Todd, whose cordial hospitality I shared whilst in Camden, I concluded to extend my visit; so that, on Monday we went to the town of Milford about seventeen miles from Camden. At this place, the Ministerial Association for the Eastern District of the Philadelphia Conference was to commence its quarterly session. It continued two days and a half. The exercises consisted of the reading of essays reviews of important works and the discussion of a variety of questions touching upon theology philosophy, &c. The occasion brought together twenty or more Ministers, who seemed to be interested in the proceedings. I remained until the adjournment of the Association, much interested in the debates and receiving many courteous attentions from the resident pastor and other ministers.

In reaching Milford, I was called upon by George S. Adkins, Esq., tendering me very cordially the hospitalities of his house. Accepting his polite invitation, I regretted to find that his excellent wife was absent from home. The honors of the house were discharged by his daughters, just returned from boarding school. The impression prevails generally that young ladies at boarding-school are disqualified for domestic duties. But the easy and graceful manner in which the intelligent and accomplished daughters of mine agreeable host presided over the household in the absence of his maternal head deeply impressed me with the character of Irving Female College, the institution of learning in which they have been instructed. It is true, that in such cases, much is always due to the early training of a judicious mother.

Milford is a pretty town, situated in Kent and Sussex counties. The stream of water which divides the counties, runs through the town. It bears the name of Mispillion, rises just above the place and empties into the Delaware Bay.

I had heard a great deal about the swarms of musquitoes in this lower country; and I have often desired to spend a night in company with the insignificant creatures. To realize my earnest wishes, I slept each night with my windows open; but they would not come. This is the only regret I can cherish in connection with my visit to Delaware. At every step I received evidences of kindness, except from these little tormentors of human flesh. Never having enjoyed the luxury of a night with musquitoes, I confess I was most sadly disappointed. The only evidence I had of their existence in the country, was a slight musical buzzing of a stray one, which produced rather a soothing influence upon my feelings as I sank to sleep.

Through the kindness of my friend, Rev. Mr Todd who contributed much to the pleasure of my visit to Delaware, I was conducted again to Camden; and after a sweet night's repose I left for this place with many wishes for the happiness of my friend and his amiable wife and family.

In my next, I will give you something about my ride to this bathing place, together with its points of interest.

Yours,

TREBOR.

FEARFUL SCENE WITH A CRAZY SAILOR.—A most fearful scene was witnessed in South Shields market place last night. By a very large crowd of people—sailors and others—and the horror and alarm that prevailed for some time cannot well be described. Thomas Cook a sailor, had returned from Hamburg that morning, in a brig called the Castle Eden. He had been a little excited when he came home, but there had been nothing in his manner very much to alarm his wife. After tea he had dressed himself and gone out, and it would seem that he was immediately seized with a sudden attack of madness. He was observed running about in a frightfully excited state, and then to clamber by the spouting to the roofing of St. Hilda's Church. With such agility as only sailors display, he, somehow or other, attached himself to the east side of the church tower by resting with his toe ends upon a thin ledging sloping to the ground, and not more than an inch in breadth, and striking his finger nails into the lime between the stones, he brought himself to the outside, but finding he could not pass the other angles he dropped with his hands on the narrow ledge, and passed himself hand over hand completely round the tower—a most miraculous performance—as the oldest sailor in the large crowd that had gathered together had expected every moment that he would slip and be dashed to pieces on the pavement. Having got back to the roof of the church the unfortunate man tore off his neck tie, coat, and linen shirt, and rending them to shreds, he threw the fragments among the excited crowd below. He then pulled out his watch, and dashing it to pieces, pitched it at them. He then emptied his trowsers pockets of money and segars, and threw them away, and every one thought he was about to precipitate himself from the roof, when the police and several young men burst open the belfry, and having found a door rushed through it to the roof. When Cook saw them coming to him he ran towards them and attempted to drag one young man over the leads, but he was overpowered, and was taken off to the police station by a strong force of policemen and civilians. He was put in a straight waistcoat, and he will probably be removed to a lunatic asylum.

Ladies' Department.

THE FRENCH FASHIONS.

The following sketch of the present fashions we extract from the letter of a correspondent of the *North American*, dated Paris July 8th 1858.

In the winter, fashion is concentrated in Paris. During the warm months high-sounding names and fine dressing are found everywhere *but* in the gay capital. The usual *habitans* make room for the strangers and provincials who crowd the thorough-fares, and appear to delight in the noise, dust, bustle and confusion of the city. The English take possession of the hotels, and may be seen during the hottest weather issuing out guide-book in hand, and walking as rapidly in the burning sun as if they had just left the office of their London house of business, and feared to be too late for a railway train. Foreigners, and particularly the English appear to make a labor even of pleasure. They hasten from the Hotel des Invalides to the Louvre, from thence to the Garden of Plants then to Pere le Caaise, &c., &c., with a rapidity that precludes the possibility