My wall to see many to a

POETICAL.

[Writton for the Carlisle Hernld.]

IMPERFECT-SONNETS.

BY EDWARD STILES EGE.

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

RAPER FOR

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VOL. ЦХ.-

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Martin, Ward Constable.

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Methodist E. Church, (first charge) cruter of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. R. D. Chambers, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 62 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) cruter of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. H. D. Chambers, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 62 o'clock P. M.

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Rev.— Services on Collego Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M. and 64 o'clock P. M.

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Rev.— Linden, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

Gentan Luchern Church corner of Pomfent.

day of each month.

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Bedford streets. Rev. C. Faitze, Pastor. Services at
11 o'clock, A. M., and 5/2 o'clock, P. M. changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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DICKINSON COLLEGE.

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FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1780. Preside at. E. Cornman; Vice President. William M. Portor; Secretary, Theo Cornman; Trensurer, P. Monyer, Company meets the first Enturedy in March, Jane, September, and December.

The Camberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1899. President, Robert McCartney, Secretary, Fhilip Quidey; Treasurer, H. S. Hitter. The company meets on the third Seturday of January, April, July, and October.

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

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Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or un-der, it conts prepaid, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents, prepaid.

Fostage on the "Horald"—within the County, free Within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States 25 cents. Postage on all transfers purper under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent prepaid or two cents unpaid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost of advantiance.

PINTING OFFIE,

Author of "Woman's Mission." "Lilliam Ray," "The Bind of Fath," "Little Thinds," "The Living-Dead, "Maxcheminds," "The Daye and Cross," "The Authon Death." "Thought Shad-ows," "The Exerting Oal," &c.

"He who writes, Or makes a feast, more pertainly invites Hisgupoes than his friends." -Hion D. Cooren.

—High D. coveraThe man who doubts alone alone doubts.
But him ere long atthough in sin abiding,
My kind paternal vergeiner shall diamiss.
From guilty doubt by never-hading bless.
From guilty doubt by never-hading bless.

Number I---FAITH. Faith is the eye-sight of the trusting soul— The knowledge of the good and pure in heart; In anchor when all earthly fast'dings part. And waves of surrow swift and fiercely roll. t is the golden chain of truth and light. Sure fasten'd to the Mercy-Thro Which he who clings to knows no fulling love But has a hand to guide through sin's dark night. On it all men must build who seek to gain. A home of joy in brighter climes than this— Where streams of sweet and never falling bliss
-- Eternal flow along the golden plain. There is a Conquence of sin and death, The trusting know Him well-His banner-word is

"FAITH." Number II--LOVE.

noor, hewilder'd thing! In this sad vale, With broken whoes, it often feebly tries To soar away from pain. With slightless eyes, 'It e'er turns homeward with a mournful wall. Alas! methinks, (like the returnless dove) Alas: methinss, that has recurring dove)
This bird has lost its pathway to the Ark;
And furters blindly through the earthly dark,
Striving in vain to reach its home above. or, wounded bird! this world of hate and care (lives not a nest to bosoms soft as thine; for Hes and slanders ever closely twine Around the youth dreams of the good and fair Nit climes there be, beyond the star genin'd skies,
WHERE HEARTS ARE NE'ER FORSWORN AND TRUE LOVE NEVER DIES.

Number III---PRAYER. over is the Telegraph of Fairs to heaver Through which man signals all his wants to God-Whose promise is, (far reaching, just and broad)
"To him that asketh shall be freely given." ur-Father) in the heavenly land! we pray That Thou will guide us 'mid life's deepest glo And lead us gently, through the darken'd tomb, -To that high home where all is endless day.

'ather! we breathe this carnest prayer to Theo!—
Our rountless sins and failings all forgive; ' 'each us the "better way," that we may live Belitting truth; and for Eternity.

little while and we shall reach the grave-Father, forgive us! for Thou alone canst save. Number IV-MENTAL BEAUTY.

less must be thy sweet and winning tone, And in my heart thy words shall ever be, Like pearls strung on the chord of Memory, For Joy to count, until life's strength is gone love thee not with passion gross and blind, For mine are feelings seldom known on earth; sometimes dream they are of higher birth— Tis heaven-like sure to love and cherish MIND. erchance, we meet no more; butThave faith That I shall greet thee in the better land. And mark thy spirit high among the band Of those whom Love gives triumph over death: The good, the "mental-pure" of earth must be God's chosen angels in Eternity.

Number V .- SINGING. Sing ong Rair Girl! Thy sweet and touching voice Has power to win my straying thoughts above In worship. Strange how pure and strong is love Glancing in thy dear face; perchance, 'tis wrong The heart finds balm for grief to holy song. A tribute poor is my "sad verse" to thee; Still, in much weakness, I would humbly bring Asking a place within thy memory, Sing on, fair Girl! thy voice has power to win

Number VI.—TRUTH. Fruth never dies! It finds a home with those Who cling to Justice, as they cherish life;— Who spring forth boldly, in the thickest strife, Where;Right stands battling with her tyrant foes. Oppressors e'er have hated Freedom's nam For Freedom is twin sister unto Truth; Both fondly suckled, in their tender youth,

An erring soul from ways of sorrow, crime and sin

By Virtue,—Mother worth earth's wide acclaim. A new light dawns on man! With carnest hope He goes forth bravely, in the fields of Time, To strike for Justice, with a trust sublime. And meet Old Error, with brave heart to cope, Truth nover diest Unchanging-still the same-It has a home with Right, and strikes in Freedom's name.

Number VII.—FAREWELL. Beloved Friend, farowell! on this cheating carth There are few "friendships" free from cuuning guile (Alas! how oft the honest-seeming smile Conceals a heart where hatred has its birth.) But I will call thee, "FRIEND": for I have known Thy goodness since the days of happy youth; And (thank God) I have ever found thy truth Unchanging, fadeless-Honor's highest tone. May life to thee be happiness and bliss— Thy path through time all garlanded with love; And may thy "chasten'd eyo? still look above .To win a home in holler climes than this Thy gentle, truthful heart with perfect happiness

Number VIII .-- DREAMS. love thee not alone in waking hours Dear one! but in my dreams thy witching gracq. Is round me, and thy lovely, thought writ face Comes to me, as the dow to thirrting flowers.

Oh! dream land has its bright and pleasant bowers Of hone for those who love-where they may roan And gather purest thoughts, making a home Far brighter than this dreary world of ours. Ah! would my dreams were real!—thy pure love To me a waking fact! then could I bless

But sad the thought, that only in my dreams Thy love will shed on me its pure and glorious beams Number IX .-- FAINT HEART.

Poor, coward heart! brave to the sneers of earth— But trembling, like a bird, 'neath one bright glance; Ah! never dreaded craven soul the lance As thou dread'st even her sweet smile of mirth are now the look that never qualled before? Alas! the story must be fold again,
(Known well in whilem times) how love's strong pow'r.
Has cow'd a heart that seldom shrunk from pain. riumphant thing is woman's mental light, Whon join'd with beauty and with richest grace; My heart yields to the glory of her face, And sinks a captive in unequal fight: --Deal gently with thy victim—kindly bless A wounded, conquer'd soul with the pure leveli

Number X -- TIME.

mighty King is Time! He journeys by, With rapid tread and pleasure-blighting breath ast sweeping to the boundless realms of death. The proudest triumphs of Mortality. Earth's greatest ones have called into, "Master," Her noblest Warriors bent beneath his sway; and Love and Beauty, in their and decay, Have fided quickly at his gontlest word. Tombs are his bootsteps, in fast; onward tread-As mile stones, rulised Empires mark his ways S. E. Cer. of the Square, Main St. whilst o'er, with forcely moving sythe in play,

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1859.

He aweeps thrones, temples, peoples to the dead. fortal, there is a Greater King!—"Tis HE Who ruleth Time, and owns Eternity. Number XI.\_DEATH.

Life is a pathway often dark and drear, And foolish morfals murmur as they treat owards the grave, (that gateway of the dead.) Marking onch journey with a sigh or tear. ot so the thoughtful: they accept each change, Though it bring sadness, as in kindness sent To keep the eye of Hope e'er upward bent 'On that pure land where ransom'd spirits range Since it ne'er comes unsent by high decree: both is flod's agent :- men His creatures bo Earth lent, until earth's Owner asks their breath. Is known to God-Who ruleth, guideth all.

Destit is fast's goal:—men file creatures by Seria less, united and so serious series of the bill of goals, who will go the bill of the series of the bill of goals, who will go the bill of the series of the bill of goals, who will go the bill of the series of the bill of goals, who will go the bill of the series of the bill of goals, who will not be the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the series of the bill of goals, and the series of the bill of goals, who will not be that the board, and then the appetituding that the destination of the salidation of the bill of goals, and the series of the bill of goals, and the series of the bill of the bill of goals, and the series of the goals of the bill of goals, and the series of goals of the bill of goals, and the series of goals of the bill of goals, and the series of goals of the bill of goals, and the series of goals of the bill of goals, and the series of goals of the bill of goals of the bill of goals, and the series of goals of the bill of goals of the bill of goals of the bill of goals of goals of the bill of goals of class each warm hand in young affection's to me, so I bid you adieu, and remain, throng, or twines with youthful fingers the myrtle wreath for the brow of her he loved. Ah! he sleeps. And in dreams once more she comes back to him—not the youthfu bride that memory pictured, but the devoted wife—the fond and ever indulgent mother the kind friend-the loving and the beloved weet dreams-why will the ignorant hang round them sthe drapery of superstitio fears! The pure spirit unclusps for awhile its earthly fetters and roams at will through its own free land of thought, or soars away, -back through the vista of years—to bask anew in some bright spot that pleasure and kindly associations have embalined forever. O, no! ye cannot be harbingers of evil-when so often ye bring back to us from the

spirit-land—those that were so dear—but low from earth are gone-forever gone ! When night had drawn her curtains round, And on each dark and sombre fold A starry lamp was richly hung. Like a pure gem of brightened gold. Then worn and weary thou didst rest, Beneath thy cherished household tree, When, lo! a stiny leaflet stirred,

And whispered, she's come back to me And there she stood with airy wings. Which bore her from the spirit-land, And stooped to kiss thy fevered brow, Or smooth thy locks with angel hand. She whispered sweetly of the past, And what thy future joys shall be, When Life and all its cares have flown.

'Tis true that she came back to thee. Her touch was soft as summer's breath, That with the tiny flowrets play; But, when the starry lamps went out, With angel wings she soared away, Yet she was there in heavenly robes, Too pure for mortal eyes to see, And bless'd thy slumbers with her love,

'Tis true that she came back to thee! 'Tis true'l and O, the blessed thought, Love's golden chains are only riven, And when thy earthly fetters break, Again they'll be rollinked in heaven. Then should dark clouds e'er shut thee in While sailing o'er Life's stormy sea, One golden ray shall pierce the gloom, The thought that she came back to thee!

1DA GLENWOOD.

Herebital House of Hapsburg core since the marriage, some centuries ago, with the Polish family of Jaggelion, were and lateral parts of the whole cories of British sover the whole cories of British sover tirgus, from George L, to Victoria, and has been sequally finished in other members of the samily. The formless of the dead to be sequally finished in other members of the samily. The formless of the dead to be sequally finished in other members of the samily. The formless of the samily of the same of the HEREDITARY FEATURES .- A peculiar thick-

andence of the Herald. LETTER FROM AN ICEBERG.

CARLISLE, Dec. 31, 1858. DEAR HERALD—The old year is weeping itself away; tears are falling thick and fast; not hot. burning, blistering tears, such as scorch the cheeks of disappoint d-love and blighted hopes, but cold, teg, fiozon tears, which chill the atmosphere and cover the earth with silver crystals.

gast or contempt. I'll not say which, for its dress was so different from that of the villa not always best, at dinner to give the bill of the contempt. I'll not say which, for its gers, who, living miles from any town or rail way, dressed in the fashion of their grandparents, needing articles from any affairs. Henry and Nallie as they say to the reuts. vent specified articles from appearing on hoard, and then the appetite fails to be

From the London Family Herald. A NEW STORY OF AN OLD STILE.

there was a treed parry of fittee ones returning from nutring or herrying. Everyyoung heauty had her own experience of its suitability for a trysting-place. The matrons loved it from old associations and recollections of the time when their own hearts, then young, leaped to the music of some loved voice, and felt, the pressure of some muly hand, as the speaker leaned over them, sitting on the old stile.—
Trac, it had been repaired again and again; for the villagers loved it, and kept it in order. Still, the old stones were there, and it was the powerful voice, which seemed flooding the room with melody. from nutting or herrying. Everyyoung heauty had her own experience of its suitability for a Still, the old stones were there, and it was the

Pretty Nellie Greyson, as she sat there, one summer afternoon, pulling to pieces the last bequet left there for her by some love-lorn farmer's son, thought sadly of the many times she had hastened to the old stile with her handsome lover, the guest of the village, George Lawton. Poor Nellie! George was the son of an opulent merchant, a man of wealth and influence, and had been sent into the country. o recruit his health at his cousin's, Nellie's

It did not take long for the handsome, dalented young Lawton to win the simple (rusting heart of the lovely village girl. Nellie had received a sound English education; but to this was added no accomplishment; after soft, sweet voice spoke no foreign tongue; her pretty white hands could call out nusic from no instrument; and although she could charge pretty white hands could cut the industrial no instrument; and although she could dance the simple figures of the country dances, she knew no rules for a stately carriage, or the know no rules for it stately charled, we most finished manner of receiving a guest—George taught her French. It was an amusement to while away the dull hours in a country village, and Nellie was an apt scholar. As they bent over the book in the little parlor, what wonder that they were tempted out, and took the grammar to the old stile to con the verbs. J'aime and J adore? Then the old stile verbs. J'anne and J. adore? Then the outsine was such a famous place to practice the ducts George taught Nellie; and their united folces woke the echoes in the woods near them, probably very much astonishing the trees by op-

ratio airs.

George had gone home He had spoken no word of love to Nellie, though every look and action was more cloquent than the most studied speech. He wrote to her; but the letters, though treasures to her, did not fill up the gap his absence made, and, as the village beauty sat musing on the old stile, no one would have dreamed that half the male hearts

write poetry; but they can't make such cakes as you can, Nellie, or keep a house so nicely. I shut my eyes, when I was in town, on their fine dresses and pretty ways, and kept my heart true for you. Now, won't you have me, yellie? I've been courting you more than a yellie? I've been courting you more than a yellie? I've been courting you more than a yellie, ever since your sixteenth birthday; and you know I love you tra'y."

- Poor. Henry had chosen a most inauspicious time. The little heart he coveted had not had time to case out the image of the first man who had ever really touched it; and as Nellie sadly nictured. Geogre's graceful manners and court

I have sealed myself to write you a note of the strict of gers, who, living miles from any town or rail-way, dressed-in-the fashion of their grandpa-rents. Henry and Nellie, as they sat on the old stile, would, could they have moved at

pitality to her son when he was not at home, and there was no danger of his falling in love with a country farmer's daughter, even though that farmer was the husband of her second cousin; and Mrs. Lawton's grandfather was a

ountry farmer, too...
"Now. Nellie." said Mrs. Lawton, coming That old stile! It stood on the outskirts of the village, and was the tright also of the village, and was the tright also of the lads and lasses of Towerville where one grabillage and lasses of Towerville where one grabillage knew the old stile as a resting-place when there was a tired party of little ones returning there was a tired party of little ones returning from uniting or berrying. Every young beauty

room with melody.

"Bravo!" said one of them, as the song concluded.

"Let's see this cantatrice."

"George!" cried Mrs. Lawton, agthey came into the room

Of course, there was a rapturous meeting, and explanations of how he had written to her, but that the letter must have been defained; and, while he was saying all this, Ocorge was looking at the singer; she was changed; and he did not recognise his consin Nellie. As she stood under the light, leaning gracefully against the piano, chatting with a group of admirers, her blue silk dress fitting her small but beautiful figure to perfection, her rich and abundant bair falling from a jewelled comb in a profusion of curls on her white, uncovered throat and shoulders...jowels glit-tering on her arms and bosom, she certainly looked most unlike the little country lass hose hair was confined by a hat or a handker chief, and whose close kerchief came up t

her throat. "Who is that, mother-the lady in blue?" asked George.
"That? Oh, that's Nellie Greyson!" she eplied. "She is here on a visit." There! Mrs. Jay has introduced Count L — already. Well, she can speak German beautifully; so she is about the best person here to entertain

Nellie, the accomplished singer, talking Mellie, the accomplished singer, talking German to a foreign count—Nellie, who a few years ago, was seated on the old stile, studying French under his kind tuition!—George was slightly bewildered; but, remembering her old triendship for him, he advanced contidently to meet his cousin.

Nellie's little spice of coquetry had not died out. There was no blush, no tremor in her greeting of her consin; the hand she placed in his was quiet as his own; the voice was firm, the manner easy and graceful. George, the coxeomb, was disappointed.

printed on her lips. It was of no use to resist—Nollie was a captive; and the old stile heard another love-story that summer afternoon, and the "town beau" carried Nellie home in a light cart, the only vehicle to be hired within five miles of Towerville. And in a little while Nellie changed her name and home, leaving Farmer Greyson and his good dame to anticipate many ploasant summers when Nellie and George should come to spend the warm mouths at the farm-house, and renew their chats at the ord stile.

WINE THE BANE OF GENIUS:

The following is part of a melancholy detail of the wreck of genius by rum, given by De McKenzie, the literary editor of "The Rees," Philadelphia, in a recent article on

onl specimen. Ruchester, whose talents vere wastel on the meanest trifles, and yet whose manner of dying (describe t with, such exquisite simplicity and pathos, by Bishop Barnet,) probably atoned for the injury which

of living. Thomas Dermody, in Ireland, Theodore Hook, in England, Edgar A. Poe, n America, are admonitory instances. Dernody, who died over half a century ago, was

Ture Little Essavist. - A distinguished

are all pleasant. Some people may like spring hest; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The end.

fadeless amid the meditations of the receding year; and, Heaven be praised, something groon, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of, fate, still twine its tendriis around the orumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart. ples of the human heart.

ann," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides of him!"

father what they got at school. The eldest reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little one?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slily driving a ten-penny nail into the loor-panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin', spelin', and spankins,"

The descon of a church, over whom a new pastor had been settled, was praising his many good qualities to the deacon of a neigh-boring church. He declared that the new minister had but one fault in the world, and that was a propensity to become a little quar-releance when he was drunk.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. ... My love, "said he, ... I am like the prodigal son—I shall reform by and by."—what I will be like the prodigal son too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

"I'he sons of an Emperor of Vienna got into a quarrel. In the height of passion one of them said to the other. "You are the greatest ass in Vionna." Highly offended at their quarrelling in his presence, the Emperor said, "Come, come—you forget that I want to see the felly of it too." am present !"

Andies' Department.

NO.-18...

FAT Young LADIES AND VINEGAR.—Taken n moderation, there is no doubt that vinegars beneficial; but in excess it impairs the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial di-gestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vine-gar helps to keep down any alarming adiposi-ty and that laties who dread the disappear-ance of their graceful outline in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat," may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar; but they can only so arrest it at the fat more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their directive powers. Postel Dress," Philadelphia, in a recent article on that subject:

Shakspeare is said to have died of a fever brought on by excess in drinking. That statement was given to the world a few years ago, from the Diary of the elergyman, who became Vicar of Stratford-upon-Ayon, not many years after Shakspeare's death, and while some of his lineal descendants were actually still living. The Vicar put the circumstangs down in his note book, just as he had heard it—a popular belief in Stratford, and not-so remote in point of time as to be treated as only a tradition. Of all the ills which the abuse of wine has inflicted upon the world, the positic mind will, think this acceleration of gentle Shakspeare's death about the most lamentable.

Ben Jonson, (with the whole retinue of wits, and poets, and cavaliers, who flourished in the time of Shakspeare, and sometime as accitated together) was a bon oir unit, and suffered the usual penalty—fluctuating between health and illness, between extravagance and wint. For the same in real-runs through the life of each of these bon-computions. Selfish indulg since leads, almost inevitably, to the same result—week of health and runs of fortune.

Coming later down, we reach "tuneful Dunham," as he was called, the father of tock poetry, of which his "Copper's Hill" if ago! I specimen. Beheester, whose talents were wastel on the meanest trilles, and yet bustened.

Secret of Beauty .- The editor of Life Itlustrated, in commenting on Bayard Taylor's description of the unusual beauty of the Polish

wonen, discloses the secret of their good looks wonen, discloses the secret of their good looks as follows:

Nample had done to Christianity. Otway, who wasted his early manhool in riot one company, and died in utter indigence; Addison, Steele, and Prior, with many more offsesser faine and talent, come into this list, and the question perpetually arises—well as these in an wrote, how much more nightthey have accomplished if they had avoided the tenutation of excess? Addison, in partic. these in a wrote, how much more might they have accomplished if they had avoided the temptation of excess? Addison, in particularly, yielded so arrich to it that he descended of the solitary drinking, and was accustomed to walk up and down the long gallery of Holland House with a bottle of wine placed upon a buffet at each end, out of which he would help himself until his walk was concluded, simultaneously with the emptying of the canters. But for these indulgancies, Addison, in the comparatively sandling off this mortal coil at the comparatively early age of forty seven.

During the early parts of the present century—close, indeed, to the present time—it was the habit of men of mind, but more puriticularly of authors, to indulge very freely in drinking. There have been a few strikingly in the open of living. Theoras Deraiody, in Ireland, Theodore Hook, in England, Edgar A. Poe, in Armiron are almost the call the first of this way of hilding off childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life.

of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after

Morners.—If anything in life deserves to be considered as at once the exquisite bliss of as rich genius as Ireland, affluent in producing such a class, ever gave birth to-Hook, with talent for almost anything in-tow with the dayning disposition and capacity Hook, with talent for almost anything, indeed for every thing, frittered away his life at
the dining tables of the great and the rich
in the society of the idlers who haunted him
at club-houses, in hastily writing clever no
yelfs, and producing, in a race against time,
the stated quantity, in prose or verse, requirel to appear in the "John Bull," a weekly
journal, in which he was personal and political, at will. Poe, who has live I among
ourselves, also wasted his life away in excess
—like Cleonatar's pearl, his soul-was dislits steps, and guard it from external injury, is offiserives, also wasted in the away in excess the control of the complish the imagination; while religion gets admission as she can—sometimes in aid of authority, and sometimes in a Saturday stask, or-Ture Letter Essayist.—A distinguished Georgian says that in his younger days he taught a school, and required the pupils to write composition. He sometimes received some of a very peculiar sort, of which the following are specimens:

On Industry.—It is a bad thing-for-a-man to be Idal. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the site. The end.

On the Scasons.—There are four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people may like spring others. When parents have ceased to ers, religion has ceased to be taught.

Soledism in Manners.—There are few The Velvet Moss will grow on a sterile rock, the misletee flourishes on the naked branches—the rvy clings to the mouldering rains—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the meditations of the receding year; and, Heaven be praised, something lence manifests a degree of carelessness in doand unpleasant Bed-freelow.—A boy once complained of his brother for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he's entitled to half, aint he?" "Yes, matam," said the boy; "but how should not?" said the announcement of the circumstances of the toilet. She should, therefore, on the announcement of the circumstances of the should, therefore, on the announcement of the circumstances of the should, therefore, on the announcement of the presence of visitors in the drawing room, hasten to receive them in the same attire in which she A nevy of little children were telling their ather what they got at school. The eldest

> CURB FOR BURNS .- The Gazette Medicale of France says that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By hying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

Mrs. Swisshelm says it is marvelously strange how a woman can think horself con-taminated by the slightest intercourse with the victim of a seducer, but covers her face all over with smiles to receive the seducer him-self.—Mrs. Swisshelm talks like a lady of good

THE REASON WHY .- A small lad asked per mission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. answered the " exclaimed the son.

80030.