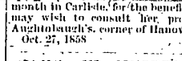

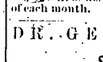

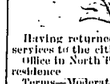

CARLIS

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

VOL. LIX.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1 75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 8 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 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

JOB PRINTING.

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.

General and Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—JAMES BUCHANAN.
Vice President—JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Secretary of State—Gen. LEWIS CASS.
Secretary of Interior—JACOB THOMPSON.
Secretary of Treasury—HOWELL COBB.
Secretary of War—JOHN B. FLOYD.
Secretary of Navy—ISAAC TOUCEY.
Post Master General—A. V. BROWN.
Attorney General—JEREMIAH S. BLACK.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—WILLIAM F. PACKER.
Secretary of State—WILLIAM M. HEISTER.
Surveyor General—JOHN ROWE.
Auditor General—JACOB FRY, JR.
Treasurer—HENRY S. MCGRAW.
Judges of the Supreme Court—E. LEWIS, J. M. ARMSTRONG, W. B. LOWRIE, G. W. WOODWARD, JOHN M. READ

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. James H. Graham.
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Samuel Woodburn.
District Attorney—Wm. J. Shearer.
Prothonotary—Philip Quigley.
Recorder &c.—Daniel S. Croft.
Register—S. N. Emminger.
High Sheriff—Robt. McCartney; Deputy, S. Keepers.
County Treasurer—Moses Bricker.
Coroner—Mitchell McClellan.
County Commissioners—Andrew Kerr, Samuel Megaw, Nathaniel H. Eckels. Clerk to Commissioners, James Armstrong.
Directors of the Poor—George Brindle, John C. Brown, Samuel Tritt. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—William Cart.
Assistant Burgess—Francis Eckels.
Town Council—J. B. Parker (President) John Gutshall, Robert Moore, James M. Allen, William Cameron, John D. Gorgas, Michael Holcomb, Michael Minich, Peter Monyer.
Clerk to Council.—Thos. D. Mahon.
Constables—Jacob Bretz, High Constable; Andrew Martin, Ward Constable.
Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, David Smith, Michael Holcomb, Stephen Keepers.

CHURCHES.

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

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr Ealls, 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. Jacob B. Morss, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. Kremer, Pastor.—Services at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 6½ o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. R. D. Chambers, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 6½ o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. A. A. Reese, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M

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

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. C. FRITZE, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

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

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.

Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.

James W Marshall, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.

Rev. Wm. 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 Modern Languages.

Samuel D Hillman, A. M., Principal of the Grammar School.

David John, A. B., Assistant in the Grammar School

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

Andrew Blair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. Cornman, C. P. Humerich, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson; Cashier, W. M. Beetem; Asst. Cashier, J. P. Hasler; Teller, Jas. Roney; Directors, Richard Parker, Thomas Paxton, Moses Bricker, Abraham Bosler, Jacob Leidy, 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, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 10.30 o'clock A. M. and 4.00 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. Beetem; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetem, Henry Saxton, J. W. Eby, John D. Gorgas, R. C. Woodward, and E. M. Biddle

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—President, John S. Sterrett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Hoffer.—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Breneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

SOCIETIES.

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

St. Johns Lodge No 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, William M. Porter; Secretary, Theo. Cornman; Treasurer, P. Monyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

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

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

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents 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 pre-paid or two cents unpaid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost of advertising.

HERALD JOB & BOOK.
PINTING OFFIE.
S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St.

Business Cards.

LAW NOTICE.—THOS. M. BIDDLE continues the practice of the law, in the office formerly occupied by his father, Wm. M. Biddle, Esq., and more recently, by the law firm of Penrose & Biddle, now dissolved.
Dec. 23, '57.]

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law.—Office on North Hanover street, a few doors south of Glass' Hotel. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [April 15.

LAW NOTICE. — REMOVAL. — W. M. PENROSE has removed his office in rear of the Court House, where he will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.
August 19, 1857.

LAW OFFICE.—LEMUEL TODD has resumed the practice of the Law. Office in Centre Square, west side, near the First Presbyterian Church.
April 8, 1857.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover street two doors from Arnold & Son's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG has removed his office to Centre Square west of the Court House; where he may be consulted at any hour of the day or night. Dr. A. has had thirty years experience in the profession, the last ten of which have been devoted to the study and practice of Homoeopathic medicine. May 20, '57 6m.

MISS. H. E. SEARS, M. D., will spend the FIRST and THIRD week of each month in Carlisle, for the benefit of those Ladies, who may wish to consult her professionally. Office at Aughinbaugh's, corner of Hanover and Louther streets.
Oct. 27, 1858

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
DENTIST.
Office at his residence, opposite Marion Hall, West Main Street, Carlisle.
Nov. 11, 1857.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS DENTIST.
South Hanover street, next door to the Post Office.
☞Will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month. [Aug. 1, '55

DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,
DENTIST.

Having returned to Carlisle, offers his professional services to the citizens generally.

Office in North Pitt street, nearly opposite his former residence

Terms—Moderate. [Carlisle, March 31, '58.

☞ Will be absent until the 1st of April next.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
☞Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
March 19, 1856—tf.

DR. J. C. NEFF respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Carlisle, and vicinity, that he has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth and gums, belonging to his profession. He will insert full sets of teeth on gold or silver, with single gum teeth, or blocks, as they may prefer. Terms moderate, to suit the times

Office in High street, directly opposite the Cumberland Valley Bank.

☞Dr. N. will be in Newville the last ten days of every month.
Jan. 20, 1858.-1y*

DOCTOR AUGUSTUS R. EGBERT,

Tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Mount Holly Springs, (formerly Papertown), and its vicinity.

☞ His office will be found at his residence, Moore's Hotel. [Aug. 25, '58-6m.

S. W. HAVERSTICK, Druggist, North Hanover Street, Carlisle.
Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded. A full supply of fresh drugs and chemicals.

B. J. KIEFFER, Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Confectionary. South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.

BEEDE & MENDENHALL,
BANKERS,
North Western Land and Collecting Agents.

Particular attention paid to the business of non-residents, such as buying and selling Real Estate, loaning money on real estate securities. Paying Taxes and looking after the general interest of non-residents.

References given if required.

Address, BEEDE & MENDENHALL,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
July 21, 1858—1y

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all requiring Literary aid. He will furnish Addresses, Orations, Essays Presentation speeches and replies, Lines for Albums, Acrostics—prepare matter for the Press—Obituaries, and write Poetry upon any subject. Address (post paid)

FINLEY JOHNSON,
Baltimore, Md.
Feb. 17, 1858.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
ANDREW G. EGE. M. JEFF THOMPSON.
EGE & THOMPSON,
Have opened an office at St. Joseph, Mo., for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, buying and selling Land Warrants, entering Land on Time, Surveying and Mapping Towns. Location of Warrants, and making investments for non-residents, paying of Taxes, and all business pertaining to a General Land Agency in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa.

☞Office on Second Street, North of A. T. Beattie's Banking House. [July 20, 1856.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY, REMOVAL.—A. L. SPONSLER, REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER AND SCRIVENER, has removed to his New Office on Main street, one door west of the Cumberland Valley Rail Road Depot.

He is now permanently located, and has on hand and for sale a very large amount of Real Estate, consisting of Farms, of all sizes, improved and unimproved, Mill Properties, Town Property of every description, Building Lots, also, Western Lands and Town Lots. He will give his attention, as heretofore to the Negotiating of Loans, Writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Contracts, and Scrivening generally.
Oct. 28, 1857.—tf.

W. C. RHEEM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND GENERAL AGENT.
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WILL give special attention to collections throughout the State, make investments, buy and sell Real Estate and securities. Negotiate loans, pay taxes, locate land warrants, &c., &c. Refer to the members of the Cumberland County Bar, and to all prominent citizens of Carlisle, Pa. [Aug 4 '58-1y.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
South Hanover Street, adjoining the Court House, Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN HANNON.
Proprietor.

☞ Mail Coach leaves daily for Papertown, Petersburg, York Springs and Hanover from this House.

R. H. THOMAS,
VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER.
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

☞ All styles and patterns of Blinds made to order, and Old Blinds repaired in a neat and substantial manner, and on reasonable terms

☞ Orders from Carlisle and other points abroad respectfully solicited, and promptly attended to.

Shop directly opposite the 'Union Hotel,' West Main Street. [July 14, '58-t. f.

SIMON P. SNYDER, Ohio.
W. K. MCFARLANE, Pennsylvania.
L. L. COOK, Rhode Island.

SNYDER, M'FARLAND, AND COOK,
Bankers and Dealers in Real Estate,
MINNEAPOLIS,
Minnesota Territory.
June 3, 1857.—1y.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The large establishment, known as the "JUNCTION DISTILLERY," situated on the Yellow Breeches Creek, at J. Beltzhoover's Mill, is offered for sale or rent. The buildings and machinery are all new, having only been in use about one year, and is capable of mashing 75 to 80 bushels a day. The location for business is equal to any in the county, and the conveniences for work are unsurpassed. Possession will be given at any time. For terms or other information apply on the premises to

G. W. LEIDICH,
Allen P. O., Cumb. Co., Pa.
Jan. 12, 1859-2m.

HOTEL KEEPERS AND DEAL- [illegible] supplied with fine LIQUORS at less than city prices, at the new and cheap Grocery of
Jan. 19, 1859. WM. BENTZ.

LE HERALD.

PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

$1 50 per annum in advance.
$2 00 if not paid in advance.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1859. NO. 20.

POETICAL.

[For the Herald.

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

ADDRESSED TO A. H. S., BY H. C. KING.

I'm sitting in my room, dear Al,
And thinking of the rays
Of sunshine, which were wont to gild
Our bygone College days.
Familiar faces on the wall
Have caused me oft to wait;
And bless the Fate that placed me in
The class of '58.

You'll not forget the times we've seen,
In number 32,
When jokes and laughter went the rounds
From hearts so blithe and true;
How oft the Dr's. well-known rap
Would quell each agitator,
"Why, gentlemen, it seems to me
You need a moderator!"

Before me rise the dusky forms
Of Judge and Samuel Watts,
Of Uncle Bill and Shanghai Bell,
And Ridley black in spots.
I hear the clanging morning bell,
The shuffling up the stairs,
The muttered imprecations which
Ascended with the prayers.

You mind the night when Mount and John
Stole softly in our room,
And ripped the mattress to prepare
A mortal for his doom;
The effigy was hung, dear Al,
Full sixty feet in air:
The fellows all declared 'twas sport
To see it dangling there.

One dark midnight, 'twas raining hard,
We entered Wilson's room,
And rummaged every desk and drawer
For papers to consume.
But failing there, we went above
On purpose to inquire.
The strange effects of mixing oxy-
Hydrogen with fire.

What dismal work we had that night,
To coax those calves to go
Within the spacious lecture room,
To vegetate and grow:
And what a laugh the boys enjoyed,
When Wilson, in a huff,
Exclaimed that his opinion was
The class was large enough.

I often have the girls, dear Al,
A-running in my mind;
(Our passion for the softer sex
Has often been divined.)
I laugh, dear Al, in my sleeve,
At how we used to talk
Soft nonsense to our loving ones,
In many a moonlight walk:

'Twas cruel, Al, but then you know
The law does not provide,
Because a STUDENT courts a girl,
That she must be his bride.
Oh no! dear Al, the fun, you see,
Is thus for years to tarry,
For all the SWELLS must disappear
When lovers yield and marry.

I own that some forgot the rule,
Which made the girls believe
That students were responsible,
Whene'er they would deceive.
There's Andy, Ike, Fletch, Bill and Jack,
So lost their self control;
That Parson ——— was summoned in,
To make the parts a whole.

Methinks I see the petty brawls
Of factions great and small,
The angry looks betokening
A "a fuss outside the Hall."
The mountrains then are mole-hills now,
The threats seem not but clangor,
And friendship has usurped the hearts
Of those disposed to anger.

There's Dan and Ned and Fletch—a "Band"
Of brothers true as steel—
I'd rather have their friendship, Al,
Than half which arts reveal.
May heaven grant them long to live,
And when grim death draws nigh,
O! may they have an heritage
With angels in the sky.

The "Lobby," Al, must oft recall
The memory of him,
Who fell a victim to that scourge—
Consumption fierce and grim.
Poor Joe! he wandered home to die,
Just in his manhood hours:
He's calmly sleeping now, dear Al,
Amidst his southern flowers.

And since we left, poor Owen fell
'Mid strangers all alone;
But still his spirit winged its flight
Up to the "Great White Throne."
His manly form is laid beneath
Far Texas' arid sod,
And o'er it now the "lone star" waves
'Tis guarded by his God.

We roomed a year together, Al,
And oft I bless the day,
That Providence, so kind to me,
Thus threw you in my way:
For nought but peace and happiness
Did mark our stay together,
And not a single angry word
Did cloud our pleasant weather.

But College days are over, Al,
We're on that beaten track
Of musty Blackstone, Kent and Co.:
We never will turn back.
And when our pilgrimage, dear Al,
Is finished here below,
Let's meet in that eternal home
To talk of long ago.

VALUE OF A BELLE IN SPECIE.—"Around her snowy brow were set two thousand dollars; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question, "What are those diamonds?" With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly one hundred and fifty dollars. The sum bore the guise of a broach of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten half eagles, represented by a slip of lilac satin, and this was overlaid by three hundred dollars more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were five dollars, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the three hundred dollar skirts were edged with eleven additional half eagles —the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, is calculated to be confined by at least one hundred and fifty dollars. Her delicately moulded arms, the gloves of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircle the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with one hundred and ten dollars and seventy-five cents, and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figures, I should say she wore three dollars and fifty cents on her feet. Thus, altogether, was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusive of little sundries, in two thousand eight hundred and twenty five dollars and twenty-five cents."

◆

☞ A seedy chap perpetrated the following during one of the late cold mornings

"Mr. Somerset, why don't you get married?"

"Because I am too modest to ask any young lady to turn a *Somerset*."

For the Herald.

THE OCEAN BURIED.

BY WINNIE WINTHROP.

Of all the burial places in the world, the ocean is the largest, and many thousands lie deep, deep down beneath the surface of its waters. There, no eye can look upon the grave of the departed; no sculptured stone, nor marble tablet rehearse his virtues; nor does the foot of man e'er profane the sacred spot with its impress. The flower blooms not there, to shed a sweet perfume o'er the ashes of the dead; neither does the friendly willow spread its weeping branches around to ward off approaching evil; nor gentle Philomela warble her nocturnal eulogiums amid its boughs.

No sighing friend can weave the garland of affection to entwine around the mound which contains the object so dear, for the dark bosom of old ocean quite conceals it from view, and the rude sea weed alone can adorn it. There the monster of the deep watches, while the wild sea-bird moans a hoarse dirge, and foam-crested billows chant a mournful requiem in honor of the slumberer. And *these* are the *only* honors for the ocean buried for the proud waves defy the skill of man to erect endearing mementoes.

The heavy freighted vessels, specimens of man's artistic genius, daily plough the majestic seas, and noble rivers, totally regardless of the fact, that beneath the trackless waters, repose unconscious millions.

A vast cemetery truly, is the great deep!—and one too in which no discriminations are made, for the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, widely separated as they may have been in life, rest on the same level, in the same watery abyss. By various chances they have been brought together from different climes nor can the numbers ever be estimated, until the sea shall be commanded to to give up its dead.

There upon the ocean's bed sleeps the lamented and devoted Cookman, with his estimable coadjutors, whose bright career terminated with the destruction of the ill-fated President. In the ice-bound seas of the polar regions, no doubt Sir John Franklin has long since found a final resting place; and the gallant Herndon slumbers beneath the waves of the blue Atlantic, while thousands beside compose the vast family of the ocean buried. Some by accident, and others who being of the number, "that go down to sea in ships, that do business in great waters," have fallen victims to death, and have been consigned to the boundless limits of a watery tomb. There they will rest in quiet repose until the archangel's trump shall call them from their drear abodes to meet the nations of earth at the tribunal of the last day. Till then let them sleep undisturbed. We would not break their peaceful slumber, but we envy not their ocean sepulchre, for, though the burial grounds and cemeteries on land, are places calculated to excite feelings of deepest interest, and though the grave itself be a subject of pleasant thought and can be contemplated without a shudder, yet what mind can think of the roaring sea without exclaming:

> "O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"

True, it matters little where the body lies, after the spirit has fled, for there remains but the empty casket, yet we all have a natural desire to be buried among our kindred. And though I would not that a tablet be erected to my memory when I am gone, or that friends weep o'er my grave, yet I would sleep where the minstrelsy of the wind might sing an endless requiem; the bloom of wild flowers yield perennial sweetness, and the music of nature unceasingly roll.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

> "Dreams are but children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."

So saith Shakspeare; but what may hold good in some cases does not hold good in all cases otherwise there would be general rules without exceptions, and that is held by logicians to be morally impossible. With me a drream is a dream, and there is an end on't: but not so with everybody. There are some men in this world who attach considerable importance to the "baseless fabric" of a dream which flits unbidden through the brain; and I believe, as a general thing, it is conceded that the female portion of humanity has an abiding faith in dreams, whether they be of good or evil import. Why this should be so, I am not prepared to say, and leave the question to those deeper versed in human nature than I am, for a solution; but I do say that the most intelligent lady that I ever was acquainted with, was a firm believer in the foreshadowing of dreams.

But to my story of a remarkable dream; and if there be truth in the tale of the dreamer—and there is no reason to doubt his word then indeed, it was a remarkable dream.

Some years ago, in a little city of the West lived Richard Miller, an honest, industrious, sober shoemaker. He had emigrated from Philadelphia a few years previous to the opening of my story, with his wife and child, and by economy and the closest attention to business, he managed to lay up six hundred dollars. This sum he would have undoubtedly so increased as to place himself and family beyond the reach of want in a very few years, had it not been for that insidious monster, consumption. The fell destroyer came to him as is usual in such cases, in a bad cold, and for a long time he flattered himself into the belief that it was only a bad cold; but like a skilful sapper and miner, it soon undermined his constitution, and he soon began to have some faint glimmering of his real condition.

There was no use staying any longer in the west, so he sold out his stock and fixtures and returned to Philadelphia, where he took up his permanent abode. Having become entirely to weak to work, he spent his days in that inactive, but petulant state so common to consumptives

One day he took it into his head to consult an eminent physician—one of the Professors of a medical college—in order to ascertain his true condition. He called upon him and stated his case, and underwent the customary examination.

"Young man," said the Professor, "your lungs are badly affected, and I am only dealing frankly with you when I say that, in my opinion, you are not long for this world!"

Miller's heart sank within him as he heard his doom. He had the most implicit confidence in the professor; and as he thought of his wife and child he felt very much as if for the future the world would be a blank to him

"Did you ever drink whiskey?" inquired the Doctor, as he paced the room.

"Never, except upon one, or perhaps two occasions," said Miller.

"You can keep yourself alive two years—probably three—by the moderate use of whiskey. It is a dangerous prescription, but in giving it to you I have reason to believe that you will not let it obtain the mastery over you Get the best whiskey you can buy, and drink a pint of it a day."

Poor Miller, ready to grasp at the merest shadow of relief, went to a liquor store and purchased a demijohn of Bourbon whiskey, and commenced to take doses of it at intervals throughout the day.

A year rolled away, and Miller was much improved. His cough was easier, and the stimulus appeared to impart a kind of artificial strength to his body; but I regret to say his appetite, which never before craved alcoholic drinks, had assumed an abnormal condition, to appease which it now required not less than a quart per diem. He felt that he was not doing much towards retarding his march down to the grave; but, the heavy doses of alcoholic stimulus invested the past, present and future with a feeling of obliviousness that was quite a relief to his melancholy broodings over his misery when he was properly himself.

When in this state, Miller loved solitude, and he frequently walked as far away from home, as his strength would permit him—generally in the neighborhood of the brickyards in the southwestern part of the city.

One day, having extended his walk beyond his usual limits, and being overtaken by a thunder storm, when he reached the brickyards, he took shelter under the shed of one of them. Having drank an unusual quantity of whiskey during the day, he fell asleep upon the wheelbarrow on which he was resting, while the storm was still raging; nor did he awake until the dawn of next day, a mild, beautiful morning. At first he was mistified; but he soon recalled to his recollection the storm and the brick-yard, and feeling somewhat drowsy he composed himself for another nap. It is uncertain how long he slept—probably not over half an hour—but during that time he had a remarkable vision. He dreamed out the principles of a machine for the manufacture of brick—a machine that would in a great measure supercede all hand labor. Every wheel, cog, and casting passed through his brain, and in his dream he even saw the machine in practical operation. When he awoke it was quite light, and he hastened toward his home. His mind was entirely taken up with the machine, his dream having evidently made an impression upon him as indelible as any idea ever conceived in his most wakeful hours. Long before he reached his home, he resolved to carry out the spirit of his dream. After breakfast he made the necessary preparations to work out a model. The obstacles that interposed were legion, but he overcame them all. Tools that he could not borrow he bought, and it was now that he went to work most patiently and perseveringly paying very little attention to the whiskey, as his whole soul appeared to be wrapped up in one great object.

His wife, from the very beginning of his work, thought that his mind was giving way and the poor, patient, enduring woman, finding their stock of money rapidly decreasing, took in sewing, while he sawed, planed and chiseled at his model. He grew morose, and seldom spoke. Sometimes he would gaze abstractedly upon the model for a long time, and then as if re assured, he would go to work again with renewed energy; and so he continued for many long and weary weeks, until the model was finally completed, and stood before him perfect in all its parts. As he worked at it in the presence of his wife, a gleam of satisfaction sat upon his countenance and he smiled. It was the first smile that had illumined his countenance since he had been at work on the model. He carried it off to a finished mechanic, who engaged to make a fine duplicate for twenty dollars; and when he had finished his job, the wife saw him take that amount from their slender store more in sorrow than in anger, but she knew the utter fallacy of protesting.

Richard Miller now for the first time consulted a friend in the matter; and that friend having had some experience in procuring patents, gave him the benefit of his knowledge. To procure the patent would cost thirty dollars more. This alarmed Miller; but the patent must be had, and that amount went. In due time letters patent arrived, and he had the rough model and the document—nothing more. Out of them it would be next to impossible to realize anything. No, he must have a machine capable of working. He felt satisfied that nothing short of a machine would enable him to dispose of his right. But how to get a machine built was a question which puzzled him sadly. No one capable of making a perfect machine would undertake the job for less than one hundred dollars. Alas! he had no longer that sum of money in his house. Miller was almost bordering on despair, when one of the mechanics to whom he had spoken called upon him to make a more minute examination of the model. He was eminently a practical man, and he made a most thorough examination, at the end of which he declared that his firm conviction was that the machine was a great invention. At all events he would be willing to build one on a contingency. If it failed to work, he would charge nothing; but if it answered the expectation of the inventor, then he would charge two hundred dollars for machine and risk. This was virtually taking an interest in the success of the invention, and Richard closed with him. The mechanic was prompt and energetic, and putting his whole force to work, in a few days turned over to Miller a complete machine

His next business was to give the machine a trial. He went over to Camden, where he had an acquaintance in the brick business, and prevailed upon him to let the trial take place at his yard, next day at 11 o'clock. The proprietor had very little faith in the machine, but as he had a large lot of brick for sale, he was willing to submit to almost anything to attract attention to his yard. To this end he slyly inserted an advertisement in several of the daily papers of Philadelphia, announcing the trial of a wonderful patent brick machine, naming the time and place—which, of course, *he* thought would only be another addition to the long catalogue of failures in that line of inventions.

Next day Miller partook of an early breakfast, and then posessed himself of the last dollar in the house to pay current expenses. He bade his wife be of good cheer—that he thought he should return before night with not less than five hundred dollars. The poor woman thought it more likely that he would return dejected, broken-hearted and ready to die; but she said nothing.

From his house he went direct to the machine shop, and had his invention taken to the ferry-boat, and it safely landed, put up, ready to operate at the appointed hour.—He knew nothing of the advertisement in the papers, and was therefore a little surprised to see upwards of a hundred persons congregated in the yard. He did not like it, for in case of failure the mortification would only be the greater; but he consoled himself with the belief that in case of success competition might spring up and enable him to realize one thousand dollars for his right, instead of five hundred dollars, at which moderate figure he held it.

The clay having been elevated, the horse was started and the machine moved. It was a moment of intense anxiety to every one, and painfully so to Richard Miller. Eureka!—it was a triumph! Mould after mould of beautiful brick were carried from it, until in an incredibly short space of time, a thousand were finished and drying in the yard!

There stood Richard Miller, gazing upon his invention. It was the full realization of his dream, in its minutest particulars.—It was the happiest moment in his life. He was just on the point of offering the right of making and vending the machine in the United States to the highest bidder, when an old Yankee tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," said he, "that's a very good machine of yours, but I see where a very important improvement can be made. Under such circumstances I will give you fifty thousand dollars for your right, title and interest in it!"

Miller grasped one of the levers of his machine to keep from falling. No! it could not be; the whole thing must be a continuation of the brick yard dream.

"How much did you say?" asked Miller, in doubt.

"Fifty thousand?" said the man, evidently ready to increase the amount if Miller demanded it.

"I'll take it!" gasped the inventor, who still could not believe the evidence of his senses.

"Then come with me."

A few moments more and they were on their way to Philadelphia; and, in crossing the river, Richard Miller paid the last six-pence he had in the world for ferriage.—Once arrived in the city, they went directly to the office of a lawyer, where the necessary papers making a full assignment were drawn up, Miller all the while doubting the possibility of the man having anything like the amount of money he offered; but he still resolved in his mind that he was safe if he got but a single thousand in cash, and the balance in worthless promissary notes. At length the assignment was finished and signed, and the man handed Miller a check, payable at one of the principal banks, for the entire amount, on the back of which the attorney certified to Miller being the owner of the check.

The patentee was still incredulous; but, satisfied that if the check was worthless it would be evidence of fraud, and the sale not valid, the papers were exchanged, and he left the office. He hastened to the bank and presented his check to the paying teller. That gentleman scrutinized it a moment, and then asked him how he would have it?

Richard Miller was again non-plussed.—He stood like a statue, gazing upon the teller until the question was repeated.

"Gold and silver!" said Richard.

"Gold and silver?" said the teller in surprise—"have you a dray?"

"Beg your pardon," said Miller. "Let me have a bag of a thousand dollars in gold and silver, and the balance in bank-notes."

A bag with that amount in mixed coin was soon placed before him, and forty-nine packages of one thousand dollars each were laid upon the counter. Miller had by this time in a measure regained his self possession, and, after stuffing the notes into his pocket, he shouldered his bag of coin, and left the bank.

As soon as he saw an omnibus he hailed it and rode to within two squares of his home. When he reached the latter, he staggered in beneath his load, and walking directly to the bed, he emptied the bag of glittering coin upon it to the infinite amazement of his wife. But what was her astonishment when he drew from his pockets packages of bank-notes!—He contained himself until he had thrown the last package upon the bed, when he gave way to the wildest and most extravagant feelings.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed hysterically—"my dream is out! The machine works!—Fifty thousand! Ha! ha! ha!"

Then snatching up his child, he continued, pacing the room—

"My boy—you are no beggar! Fifty thousand!—ha! ha! ha!"

In this way he raved, shouted, and stamped. Large beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, his face looked haggard, and his eye had the wild glare of a maniac.—In vain his wife tried to calm his agitation; he raved until he ruptured a blood-vessel. He sat down in his chair with his child in his arms, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth. He drew back his head to indulge in another hysterical laugh, but it was checked by a gurgling noise, and the next instant Richard Miller was a corpse! His spirit had passed away, in the language of Longfellow:—

> "Like a glorious roll of drums,
> Is the triumph of a dream!"

The reader will note that we have used fictitious for real names. The machine, which went under the name of the purchaser, made him an independent fortune and is still in use; but others, better adapted to the age in which we live, have nearly crowded it out of the market.

Ladies' Department.

THE BRIDE OF BALDOON.

The story of the bride of Baldoon has been related with all the grace of fiction in the "Bride of Lammermoor," by Sir Walter Scott and it has been set to exquisite music by Donizetti, in the popular opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor," but the story in its actual circumstances, is peculiarly interesting and deeply impressive.

She was the Honorable Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, so distinguished as a lawyer and the part he took in the politics of the day While still in girlish years the younglady contracted a passionate attachment to Lord Rutherford, Earl of Teviot. The young nobleman returned this affection, and the pair plighted their troth in the usual manner, by parting a coin between them, and imprecating dismal evils upon whoever should withdraw from or violate the compact. But this alliance did not suit the views of the parents—whether from deficient fortune in the young lord, or from contrarious politics, does not appear They favored a new suitor, who appeared in the person of David Dunbar, younger, of Baldoon in Wigtownshire.

On learning that Dunbar was advancing in his suit, Lord Rutherford wrote to his mistress to remind her of her engagement, but received an answer from her mother to the effect that she was now sensible of the error she had committed in entering into an engagement unsanctioned by the paternal authority, and this engagement it was not her intention to fulfil. The lover refused to take an answer which did not come directly from his mistress, and insisted on an interview. It took place, but in the presence of the mother, a woman whom public report represented as master of her husband and whole family, and indebted for this influence to witchcraft, though for no other reason that can be discerned beyond her uncommon talents and force of character. It may be readily be supposed that even the resources of love would be of but poor avail against the skill and resolution of such a person When Rutherford was introduced, he found her ready to meet his arguments with what was an unanswerable defence, a text of Scripture, (Numbers xxx, 2, 3, 4, 5,) clearly absolving woman from a bond entered into in her youth, if her father disallowed the fulfilment of it., and promising that in such case "the Lord shall forgive her." The poor girl herself sat mute and overwhelmed, while the lover vainly pleaded against the application of this text; and the scene ended with her surrender of her portion of the broken coin, and his flying distracted from her house, after telling her she would be a world's wonder for what she had done, and was yet to do.

The union with young Baldoon went on, but entirely under the management of her mother for it is inconceivable that the young man could have pressed his suit if he had known the extent to which the bride was under constraint. The wedding was celebrated as was customary in those days, in the presence of the relatives of both parties, and with great festivity, but the bride remained like one lost in a revery, and who only moves and acts mechanically. A younger brother lived long enough to state to a lady who communicated it to Sir Walter Scott, that he had the duty of carrying her on horseback behind him to church, and he remembered that the hand with which she clasped his waist was "cold and damp as marble." Full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

In the evening the newly wedded party retired to their chamber, while the merry-making still proceeded in the hall. The room had been locked and the key taken possession of by the bridegroom, to prevent any of the unseemly frolics which, it would seem, were sometimes played off on such occasions. But suddenly there was heard to proceed from the bridal chamber a loud and piercing cry, followed by dismal groans. On its being opened the alarmed company found the bridegroom weltering in his blood on the threshold, and the bride cowering in a corner of the chimney, with no covering but her shift, and that dabbled in gore. She told them to take up their "bonny bridegroom." It was evident that she was insane, and the general belief was that she frantically stabbed her husband. From that moment she made no other rational communication, but pined away and died in less than three weeks. Young Baldoon recovered, but would never enter into explanations regarding the tragic occurrence Perhaps it is this mystery alone which has given rise to belief of the many descendants of Lord Stair, that the wound was not inflicted by their unhappy relative, but by Lord Rutherford, who, they say, secreted himself in his chamber beforehand, and escaped afterwards by a window. This notion seems to us contrary to all probability, not merely because the conception of such an act was far too gross for a man of rank even in that day, but because, had it been acted upon, something must have come of it, either in the way of private revenge or of proceedure before a criminal court. The idea was prevalent at the time, but it may be classed, we think, with another recorded by the credulous law, that the poor bride was taken from him and *hurled* through the house by spirits.

David Dunbar is described in an elegy by Mr. Andrew Simpson as a most respectable country gentleman, an agricultural improver, and yet of studius habits. He died by a fall from his horse, while riding between Leith and Edinburg, in 1682, and was interred in Holyrood Chapel. Andrew Lord Rutherford is stated in the peerage to have died childless in 1685.

OUR WIVES.

From an article in the last Harper, under the above head, we make the following extract.

The wife's sensitive organization is much enhanced by the nature of American society, which has so little domestic stability, and as constantly favors changes of fortune as of locality. We are, as a people, in a continuous revolution, and in city or country, the man who lives and dies in the old homestead of his fathers is the rare exception. This mutability tells something sadly upon the happiness of women, who are naturally adhesive and conservative, and take ready and deep root in the soil where they are first planted. The ordeal of the first years of married life, which is even to congenial natures, not without severe trials before two natures in some respects different are assimilated, is all the severer when attended with the frequent changes and startling incongruities of the social position; and the American girl who has been the pet of her father's house, may, without falling into unkind hands, have many a misgiving and a sinking of heart when she finds herself in a new and a strange home, with a husband tired by business, cares that never intruded upon the old hours of honeyed courtship, and among neighbors who are strangers to the companions, and perhaps to the associations and refinements of her youth. Let her be of average good fortune, she must find society in many respects is unsatisfactory and aggravating, and she is tempted by the universal emulation to measure her condition by what she desires, not by what she possesses, and unless she has a better guide than the ruling fashion, she is led to count her competence a disappointment in view of the more brilliant prizes that have fallen into some dashing neighbor's hands.

The habit of invidious comparison is the fatal bane of American families; and when the wife's envyings happen to cross the husband's ambition, and her social vanity refusing to enter into his business schemings, claims for ostentation the time and substance he needs to cope with some rival's grasping competition, woe comes to the household, and the good angel veils his face and is ready to depart; but let the wife, who should know him best, keep the heavenly guest, and if lonely self-discipline, or devout sacrifice be too great an effort, let her bring social fellowship to her aid and comfort herself and her husband by such society as blesses and edifies the home. The wife who will use the good privileges of any village or city, and encourage the presence of friends, whom, though few, she most respects will find herself mightily strengthened, and a few inmates of true quality will cheer and help her far more than the whole world of frivolous fashionists, who care for her the less after all her attention to them, and not seldom make sport of her best endeavors to entertain them in style. Let the wife know that every associate whom she and her husband both like and respect is a tower of strength and a treasure of comfort to the family, and a few sensible, well principled, good hearted, independent men and women may be a match for all the foolery of the town, and create an atmosphere in which every good affection and right purpose thrives. Happy is the wife whose best friends are also her husband's and who is nearer him and his worthiest purposes by their companionship. Ill fares the wife who takes the other course, and surrounded by frivolous triflers who despise all serious thought or toil, tempts her husband to like folly in the opposite extreme, by quitting home to chat forever with the drudges of the market place, if not to carouse with the revelers of the club and gambling house.

What are You Looking For?—A man was angry with his wife, either because she talked too much, or for some reason or other, and resolved not to speak to her for a long, long time. He kept his resolution for a few days very strictly. One evening he is lying in bed and wishes to sleep, he draws his night-cap over his ears, and his wife may say what she will, he hears nothing of it. The wife then takes a candle, and carries it to every nook and corner of the room, she removes stools, chairs, and tables, and looks carefully behind them. The husband sits up in bed, and gazes inquiringly at her movements; he thinks that the din must have an end at last; but he is mistaken—his wife keeps on looking and searching. The husband loses patience and cries, "What are you looking for?"—"For your tongue," she answers; and now that I have found it, tell me why you are angry." Here upon they became good friends again.

Hoops, False Hair, High Heels and Matrimony.—An act was introduced into the English Parliament in 1770, "that all women, of whatever age, maidens or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon and betray into matrimony, any of her majesty's male subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penaly of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

A Gem From an Old Book.—It has been eloquently and truly said, that if Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the hall of legislators, or the throngs of busy men we should find her last retreat with woman at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering around the knees of a mother—the last sacrifice, the prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the thrown of God.

A Chilly Business.—Three young men named Ice were married to three young ladies in Anderson, Ill., a few days since, Icicles will be apt to glisten ere long about their tables,

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Secrecy has been well termed the soul of all great designs; perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions than by discovering those of our enemy. But great men succeed in both.