, NO. 27.

VOL. LIX.

POETICAL.

LINES WRITTEN IN OUR FAMILY GRAVE-YARD.

Come pensive muser, if thy heart be moved By thoughts that linger in a grave and old, And view, with us, the homes of those beloved, That rest their dust beneath this mathle cold. Come stand with us beside the little mound, That heaves the sod o'er many a loved one's bed,

And as we tread the consecrated ground Let's hold communion with the slient dead. The winds are soft! the song-birds wing the air! ^ The wild rose sheds its fragmuce on the breeze! The sun illumes a vernal sky most fair!

And music lingers in the whispering trees. 'Tis-generous soil! Virginia's baimv sky Endomes the prospect with its azure hue; Where waving valleys sweep beneath the eye, And parting sunshine crowns the mountains blue

See, where the willows wave their flowing locks, Beside the slope in yonder dowy dell: And mark the runnel, as its babbling mocks

Now float dissolving in the conscious gale, While like the voices in an infant's dream They tell the story of the Shanendale.

We are alone I alone, except in thought I
While like a death-chant ringing in our ears,
There is a sound the loneliness has caught To make us ponder on our fleeting years. See we the sconory that before us lies. T

As peaceful as a smile on Hermon's brow?

This too once-filled and fed the speaking eyes Of those who sleep in silence around us now. They too once roamed amid these fragrant bowers re Morn and Eve their mildest visits paid;

They too cuce smiled upon the winged hours

As by the brook or river's side they strayed. And now they are gone; but shed no sorrowing ter For those whose ashes sleep beneath this sod;

But let us pray that we may rest us here 'Till angel pinions waft us to our God.

"I'M SAD THIS EVENING ANNA."

BY EDMONDS.

I'm sad this evening Anna, Though other hearts are light, And bright eyes look upon me,
As stars look on the night;— Though voices soft as music Of falling snow-flakes fall, Within a haunted hall.

The stars shine very dimly, Like eyes bedimmed by tears, Like spirit eyes in heavon, Bedinmed with dowy tears. And thy dark eyes seem dreamy, As whou the sunlight falls. Through richly painted windows,

The winds are moaning sadly, Like the sobbing of a heart,— Like the sad, uncertain sobbing, And throbbing of my heart. For I'm sad this evening Anna, cloud is on my brov Like mist that hangeth darkly,

Within the cloister's halls.

I pe'er have found a rose bud Without a cruel thorn, As dew drops of the night: But flee before the light. DICKINSON COLLEGE, 1859.

[For the Herald. Prof. John H. Rheem.

We love to hear good music. We believe every person does. And who that attended concert of the "Wurzel" Musical Associa-Wednesday evening last, was not charmed? The music there was all good, remarkably good. We cannot see how it could have been better: -Such a concert is worthy our highest praise and admiration. The pieces were all well selected and well arranged We never heard better singing—no, not near as good even; and yet we attended sim ilar concerts in our principal towns Carlisle

not of itself but must be acquired. There is gained only by a clear understanding of its principles We say Then that music must be learned, and if so there must be men to teach it. Carlisle could not boast of its musical cease if it had not men (or a man) who are efficient in the art, and who devote all their talent, energy and time to this great cause .-Such a man is John H. Rheem. There is not a man in Carlisle, more deserving of praise and honor than he. As a singer, he is hard to heat. As a teacher in music, he has few superiors. As a man he is what every person will call a "first rate fellow." He is ever busy, ever active. It is whole aim is to do good. (We contend that music is a great good.) He is not, like many professional me, actuated is not, like many professional me, actuated by a mere selfish motive. His object is not fame or lucre. But with heart and soul he at once enters into the spirit of his vocation, and thus labors faithfully and perseveringly to make all his scholars adepts in the musical art. His chief delight, it appears, is to see his classes prosper for the accomplishment of his great purposes he spares no pains; no trials are too severe. His juvenile concert, which was held some time ago in Education Hall did not receive half the praise it so richly merited. We own it was highly praised, but it needed still more. It was in fact a

ergy, patience tact and good will. These qualities John H. Rheem possesses all combined. We really consider him (and every unprejudiced individual will do so)one of the greatest man in Capillo or this control. unprejudiced individual will do solone of the greatest men in Carlisle or this country. He is truly great! We say this knowingly and conscientiously, although not a year has as yet gone by since we first became acquainted with him.

We can only call him truly great who labors faithfully towards the promotion of the well-being and happiness of his fellow mortals— vain boasters and gaudy pretenders are not always great in the true sense of that term, though the world may generally suppose so. Actions always speak louder than words.— And though Mr. Rheem is not a man of many words, he surely has the interest of the com-munity at heart. We should feel exceedingly thankful and proud that we have such a man in our midst. "Would that we had many more in our midst. Would that we had many more and distant castles upon its hill-tops; while like him. We hope he will still continue in along the road, wild flowers, of every freak the same laudable course, and we know the time is not far distant when Cartisle shall be him bells, and scarlet berries, some in bud, as much noted for its musical proficiency, as and others in blossom, grew with the luxuit now is for its intelligence and aristocracy In conclusion, we say, "Honor to whom honor is due." J. A.

Happiness is a pig with a greasy tail which every one runs after, but nobody hymn from an unseen chapel, folded its wings can hold.

many makes

From advance sheets of European Life, Legend and "KNAPSACK AND STAFF."

Not the least picturesque and delightful town on the Rhine is that of St. Goar. From town on the thine is that of St. Goar. From its very origin, it boasts a connection with the marvellous; for here it was that the good old Saint, whose name it bears, proved his sanctity, by hanging his threadbare coat upon a sunbeam. Near it are the remains of the once formidable Castle of Rhinefels, the most extensive rain on the river; which like the once formidable Castle of Rhunetels, the most extensive rain on the river; which, like Ehrenbreitstein, baffled the power of. Louis the Fourteenth, and only fell before Napoleon. Opposite are the ruins of the Mouse, the Cat, the Reichenberg, the Swiss Valley, and the fabilities Rock of the Lurlei, the Syren of the fabulous Rock of the Lurici, the Syren of the Rhine. I spent several delightful days and these posticul scenes; roving over the hills; climbing over rocks, and up old towers; gazing away into lovely distance; and gathering wild strawberries and blue-bells from the crevices of old ruins. The most interesting excursion is to the castle of the Mouse. His lord Kung van Falkenstein, whose tomb is

lord Kuno von Falkenstein, whose tomb is in St. Castor, at Coblentz, was an extraordinary villain, even for the middle ages; an arrant swashbuckler as ever tortured a Jew, or robbed a village; who cared for neither God or Kniser, and whom the devil himself could not frighten. His last exploit was to steal the silver hell from the steeple of Velmich—a hell which had rung out the knell of his father, and rejoiced at his own birth. The worthy Prior, under the protection of the cross and his holy robes, ventured near him to recover it. "What!" cried the infuriated Baron, "he wants his bell, does he?" and, he swore a big out that he should have it. So he ordered his servants to tie it around the he ordered his servants to tie it around the poor monk's neck, and thus threw them both down the oubliette of the castle, which he caused to be filled up, with great stones.— Soon after, the lord was taken ill; and that

d Kuno von Falkenstein, whose tomb is

Soon alter, the lord was taken in; and that night the attendants, who were watching, heard with terror the deep tones of the silver bell rising from the earth. The next morning Falkenstein died; and since that time, on every anniversary of his death, the peasants hear its muffled knell ringing out o the night. For the Herald.

The rival Castle of the Cat, above Goar-hausen, affords a beautiful view, but is less interesting in story. They are both among the best preserved ruins of the Rhine. The Swiss Valley offers many attractions for an afternoon walk or rile. In its remote recesses, the pensants have preserved more of nitive characteristics than the tourist who confines himself only to the towns on the river, will be likely ever to see elsewhere. I was myself struck with the suddenness of the change in the people, which even a brief excursion exhibited. I met shepherds and vine drossers, in a careless, halfinked pic-turesqueness; and wild looking, sub-bucut girls—the very figures that the landscape demanded—before I had scarcely penetrated reyond the sound of the steamboat. The vale has but little that is Alpine about it, but its little rustic farm houses and innumerable mills, and the clear, riotous brook, which dashes down a hundred cascades, all shut in between bold hills, crowded with ruined castles, made it a scene of unwonted loveliness.

All these attractions I was obliged to leave, on a fair Sunday morning I attended the Protestant church in St. Gour, and listened to a service of which I did not understand a word; then buckling on my knapsack, for the first time in real earnest, I took the road for Oberwessel. I had by this time tried nearly every possible way of locomotion; and let me every possible way of locollating, that etc massure that I had never, in any other mode, found the same pleasure that, for the next-few days of my precipitate taw, et, I enjoyed. The sense of perfect freedom and exhileration contrasted with the cramped fafigue of the diligence, or even the course of the conference of the precipitate taws indexerible. parative comfort of a packet, was indescribe ble. When I got tired, there was there a green sward or a shady bower inviting re pose, and a fine view imploring a place in my portfolio. If hungry, I had only to un-buckle my knapsack, and dine without any bother of servants, or the fear of an exorbi-tant bill to interrupt digestion. The wayside pring afforded a draught'superior to Rudesbeim, when I was athirst.

The sun was still high when I started, but a fresh breeze made the air delightful. I trudged on through the quaint old streets, mar concerts in our principal towns. Carlisle may justly be proud of her musical talent and progress. In this respect, like in a great many others, she defies competition.

But music is an art, and as such it comes volcanic cliff of the Lurlei gloomed over the vaters. Here at the mouth of a small grot to, I was accosted by a retailer of echoes, an old man, the sole worshipper now that the Lurlei has left; who, for a few groshen, awoke the mysterious reverberations of the rocks, with a gun and with a trumpet. The report of the gun was flung abruptly back in our fices, like a peal of thunder, or as if the angered deity of the cliff, in rising, had thrown down half a mountain with the effort; but when the horn was blown, the simple notes returned with innumerable repetitions, holing gradually among the hills, like the bugles of a retreating army. I did not wonder at the superstition that has clung to such a haunted spot; and I thought how startled the hunter must have been who first heard returned to his ears the softened notes of his horn, or when his dogs aroused a kennel of angry echoes with their baying. Almost immediately below the cliff whirls the dranken Gewir; and above it are the dangerous rapids of the Bank, where the river, deriving an impetus from a sudden bend in the shore dashes wildly over the sunken rocks. The passage of this spot has ever been perilous, passage of this spot has ever been perrous, and especially to the immense rafts which formerly mayigned the stream; frequently, indeed, have entire crews been lost here.—
This circumstance added to the mysterious out it needed still more. It was in fact a baster concert.

A singing professor should have talont, endrogy, patience fact and good will. These qualities John H. Rheem possesses all combined. We really consider him (and every inprejudiced individual will do so)one of the greatest men in Carlisle or this country. He truly weath was event way song, has often lured the country of the boatman's song, has often lured the country of the boatman's song, has often lured the country of the boatman's song, has often lured the country of the boatman's song, has often lured the country of the boatman's song, has often lured the country of the boatman of t the passing voyager to seek her, and has le him to a nuptial couch of death, deep under

the waves. Thinking of these old tales, until I would scarcely have been startled at the appearance of the syren herself, I strolled onward. Every moment some new and lovely view presented itself; now a fair hill, entirely presented itself; now a fair hill, entirely covered with vineyards; then a grove of acacias, or old and gnarled oaks; and anon-immense dark rocks, "huge as despair," hanging over my liead, seemed threatening to fall. Then there was the beautiful river hallowing it all, with distant villages upon its banks, and distant castles upon its hill-tops; while nid others in blossom, grew with the luxurance of a parterre. Birds, too, sang above rance of a parterre. Birds, too, sang above and around me; and the evening breeze, rustling the leaves and dispersing the odors, sometimes freighted with the sound of the y sper bell of a far off village, or the vesper

about me, and bore me angelic company,-

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1859.

FAITHER'S DEATH.

Peasant girls, coarse and rudely formed at other times, seemed pretty with their bright Sunday faces, walking, or riding on donkeys with crimson saddles; and their guttural "gitt My day is dippin' in the west-its gloamin' wi' me noo I hear the saugh o' Jordan's waves, that I maur travel thro'; try!" as they replied to my passing salute, seemed full of melody and kindness. I now Vot its na Jordan's wave I fear: the gl'en up o' life; But Ol this sinderin o' heart's, this leavin' wean and wife.

seemed an or merody and kindness. I now passed the rocks of the 'Seven Sisters," the eternal monuments of the cruelty and co-query of seven fair girls, the daughters of What the' we ken o' better things a fairer world at the Lord of Schomberg; who, according to the legend, being as beautiful as the day, turned the heads and hearts of all the young knights, far and near. But their hearts were of icy stone, and whoever wored them Where lost filen's are awaltin' us' and a' manu follosunc; This rendin' o' the siller strings, that tother heart to were of icy:stone, and whoever wooed them won only despair. This was continued for years; but at length they met with a merited fate, and were appropriately turned to seven pillars of stone, which may be seen, rearing their heads above the water, whenever the Rhine is at a low stage.

It tries puir human nature sair, and makes us saith to part. Gae rax me by the bible wife, while yet I'm fit to see, E'er death creep o'er my cauldrife broo', and flab/my

fallin' co: and let us sing a partin' sang, the last we'll sing the For now ve canna hae me lang the bairns's

their heads above the water, whenever the Rhine is at a low stage.

I gazed for some time on this stony metamort hosis: for, of all the traditions I have tet heard, this one sounds to me the least questionable. Believe it, oh, fair mindensof the West! Believe it, lovely daughters of the West! Believe it, and tremble, lest, in some day of retribution ye wot not of, ye may be turned into sawyers to wreck disgusting flathouts. There, pit the pillow to my back' an' case me up a wee And bring them a' to the bed side to see their faithe

flathouts.

On turning an abrupt-corner of rock, the lofty towers of Ochsenthurm, the white walls of Liebfrauenkirche, and the many turrated walls and gothic buildings of Oberwessel came in sight, and, the prospect of an approaching dinner, and a bottle of the wine for

which this village is famous, drove all the

a number the little is a great trial, either to a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, kowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their

the boy that has the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and

his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking his clow, stammers out the words; 'Shall I'see you home?" She touch-

es her fingers to his arm and they walk about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as a couple

of goslings. As soon as she is safe ins

flathoats.

oars, he pulling the stroke with such a will, "and in such weather, too," that breath for speech we had none to spars.—There is a natugroup of men and boys, the trial assumes its most terrific stage

His legs get all mixed up rat rivalry between new acquaintances on such

most terrific stage

Wis legs get all mixed up
with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, moved by
the wind of his own agilation; he could not
feel worse were it a disheloth, worn as a
badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him
when he gets to church and sits down with his
coat tails under him; but he is still apprehen.

Trivalry between new acquaintances on sign
an occasion especially if as we both were, they
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you pull like a Trojan!"

c him to

1 have not had to pull like one for a long

when he gets to church and sits down with his coat tails under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday school, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to swing his iong-tail blue." wonders if any of the children will ask him to swing his long-tail blue."

'I have not had to pull like one for a long wonders if any of the children will ask him to swing his long-tail blue."

'Going home with the girls.

The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a number take the initiative before their beards a number take the initiative before their beards a number take the initiative before their to the straw hat he were. "Have one for a long time," returned 1; "but when Trojan ameets the counternamed the price in a sheering way. "Have you none cheaper?" she asked.

The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a humber take the initiative before their beards a bachelor, for you don't look much hotter than a cucumber." than a cucumber."
"Don't !? Then, as often happens, appeardeceitful." I returned. "But sup-

ances are deceitful." I returned. "But suppose we land? What say you, madam?" oli. yes, "said the fair lady, (she really eyes, will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and then to sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them into one's pocket, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can get so far few hoys can boast. If a boy can get so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on on their shayls, and look so saucy, and mi-chievous, and unumpressible, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck makes up to

es her fingers to his arm and they walk hobed as on expectation of the tright of gottling. As the triangle of the control of t

The state of the s

down - "Now it's your turn pet," said the architect of the other; and the rosy pet, after pleefully clapping her tiny hands, swept down the remaining edifice amidst a merry trio of the most musical laughter.

"You are fond of children, I see?" remarked the lady, breaking off what she had been say-

the lady, breaking on what she had been saying to me.

"Little plagues!" cried her husband, laughing, at that moment dinner was announced.
We dined, and dined well. The lady retired. Before resunting my scat; after closing
the door for her, I happened to cast a glance
at the chimney piece. It was ornamented
with a filmber of sauff boxes; there were a with a number of shuff boxes; there were a dozen of them perhaps. Some seemed valuatile, and all were handsome in their different styles, save one. Yet that one stood experiments of the centre, and so seemed, as it were; to occupy the place of honor, among them. Now anything that looks out of its place, even though it be just from its insignificence that it appears so, generally attracts attention simply from its incongruity with the adjuncts, and accordingly I took up the ugly snuff-box toex-

And bring them a to the bed side to see their faither deep.

Noo raise the bible up a thought, its ower laigh on my knee?

And shift the light a kennin back, its ower strang for my ée,

Its waled him out the parting sang—his voice ross firm

and clear,
And read the 44th of St. John, nor did he shed a tear' Sae gift with the man o' Gop when life's day's darg is dune,

and the faith is a story about it?" returned I. "Well, seating myself again: I placed the ugly box on the table, and looked attention.

"Well," said my friends milling. "It has a story about it?" returned I. "Well, seating myself again: I placed the ugly box on the table, and looked attention.

"Well," said my friends milling. "It has a story about it?" returned I. "Well, seating myself again: I placed the ugly box on the table. And looked attention.

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"Well," said my friends milling. "It has a story about it?" returned I. "Well, beauting myself. again: I placed the ugly box on the table. And looked attention.

"I see you don't much admire that box?", seating myself again: I placed the ugly box on the table. And looked attention.

"A story about it?" returned I. "Well, pseating myself. again: I placed the ugly box on the table. And looked attention.

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"A story about it?" returned I. "Well, pseating myself. again: I placed the ugly box on the table. And looked attention. amine it.

thing... is, I may say, a drama "
if it had been a musical box," interrupted
I, if it would doubtless have been a melodrama,

or even an opera."
"A drama," continued my friend, smiling

A Boy's Trials.

The Springfield, Republican, has a capital article on this subject. Here are some extractives and the subject of the subject

"Stop your story for one moment, pray," said I, "that was very chivalrous, but you

have dissappointed me greatly; the lady was a foreigner, you say, whereas I thought this was going to be a romantic introduction to your wife."
"I am truly sorry to disappoint you," returned my friend, pushing the snuts to me, "but you must take the truth or nothing, so"

"Oh! that is too dear for me," said the poor girl, when the wretched creature behind.

"I saw plainly that the frightened thing only wished to get out of the shop at once; and that if she bought anything at all, it was only with the fear of meeting with more inso-lence if she did not. So she paid the price demanded, quickly and nervously, and letting a shilling of her money fall; I picked it up for her and she thanked me, and then she wen awny with her precious purchase. But she must still have been within hearing when the

a song a sixpence," continued he, as now were dipped our oars; "and, oh! had we comes weet little isle of our own, far off irls don what, and with nobody there but you and I, and some bottles of stout, and a cold pigeon pie! However, we shall find water here, I dare say."

'Sory I have neither pie, nor beer on board," said I, "but there is a cold tongue, a son out, and something! I have there is a cold tongue, a son of bread, and a bottle of Maderia in that some bow-looker. Perhaps they will do instead! I' was a foolish one. If when the couple it was a foolish one if we said here and if we have and board, "said I, "but there is a cold tongue, a son of bread, and a bottle of Maderia in that sow-looker. Perhaps they will do instead it was a foolish one. If we have a said if it was a foolish one. If we have a some sweet little isle of or board, "said I, "but there is a cold tongue, a son of bread, and a bottle of Maderia in that sow loow-looker. Perhaps they will do instead it was a foolish one. If we have a some sweet little isle of our own, far off in the occun, and something something alone betales of the years, and nonouty would took at it; when a little gain !! "Send in my account to morrow, if you please!" said I, in what I supposed would be called a voice of thunder; and then I immediately left the place, partly because I could not have kept my tempera minute longer, and then I immediately left the place, partly because I could not have kept my tempera minute longer, and then I immediately left the place, partly because I wanted to follow the poor forcign girl.—You needn't glower so my motive was a kind if it was a foolish one. If the poor better, or grandfather—to her grandmoth was a little gift to her father or brither, or grandfather—to her grandmoth was a little gift to her father or brither, or grandfather—to her grandmoth was a

left that morning on their way home to Switzerland, their native country. Here was a go!", and he didn't have 'nary red to jine in the rego!"
"Exactly," remarked I, as the narator pausted; "a go is the very word."
"I as the narator pausted; "a go is the very word."

tail business; so one night he crawlesunder business; resumed my friend, "and, of course it was not go with my scheme. But that's stang. However, I was not so much disappointed as might have been expected. When I came to reflect, I began to think it was just as well that I had not succeeded in sending my splendid snull box to the lady. Not to mention other reasons for this conclusion, it courred to me that, supposing the neglet to mothat, supposing the neglet to mothat, supposing the neglet to mothat supposing the neglet

The Arkansas Traveller.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveller, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable "shanty." the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a "Blackjack-thicket," whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously exterting the monotooccupant is laboriously exterting the monoto-nous tune known as "The Arkansas, ör Rack-ensack Traveller" Our. traveller rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart-body, and covered with boar skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges. After much shouting the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and exhlently "wrathy", at being interrupted in the exercise of his "art. The following collequy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of "The Arkansas Traveller," which in fact he continues, at sudden, intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodging under difficulties," was should like to know what might be legitimately so considered:

nately so considered:
Traveller: "Friend, can Tobtain accommo ations for the night with you?"

Arkansas Artist. "No, sir—'nary 'commo

atton.

Traveller: "My dear sir, I have already ravelled thirty miles to-day, and neither myelf or my horse has had a mouthful to eat; sett or my horse has had a mouthful to eat;—
why can't you accommodate me for to-night?"
Ark Artist: 'Just 'case it can't be .did.—
We're plum out of, everything to eat in the
house: Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh
onto the shank of to morrow evenin' afore he
cums home, unless suthin encommen her cums home, unless suthin oncommon hap-

Traveller: "You surely have something that I can feed to my horse; even a few potatoes would be better than no food." Ark. Artist: "Stranger, our entin'-roots gin out about a week ago: so your chance is

of a conversation between several gentlemen one of whom had occasion to quote the computer to the control of the conversation with you, any way. I can't go any farther, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. --You certainly will allow me the shelter of Ark, Artist: "It can't be did, old hoss.—

You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus ocuples that: so whar's your chance?"
'Trav. "Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and planket I'll make a bed in the fence corner." Ark. Artist: "Hitch your hoss to that 'sim-non tree?—'in a horn!" Why, you must be a nat'ral'fool, stranger! Don't you see that's nat'ral'fool, stranger! Don't you see that's mad the ole woman's only chance for 'simmon-beër, in the fall of the year! If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up-as-he could reach, afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I 'spect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come 'nary sich a dodge as that!'

nary sich a dodge as that!"

Our traveller, seeing that he had an origi-al to deal with, and being himself an ama-eur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought would change his tactics, and draw his de termined not to be 'host' out a little, before informing him of the fact that he too could 'Arkansas Traveller:' which once ing known, he rightly conjectured, would be

passport to his better graces.

Trav. 'Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far 3 it to the next house?"

Ark. Artist: "Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you get that. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up: the bridge is carried off; there's 'nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it yer'll have to go 'bout sevon miles up stream, to ole Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the darndest

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"Well, that's the end of Act the First. Fill your glass," said my host.

Like diedlent Yamen, I did as I was bid, and my friend went on: "Dear Annie, she is happily married now, and perhaps has forgotten that old story, but I have not, as you see. But, to get on with my own story, when I heard the report of my emissary, and had sufficiently congratulated myself on my having escaped making a horrible blunder with the handsonie box, I made up my mind to think no more of the affair. But I found my self-thinking of it constantly. The image of that gentle girl as she stood confused and frightened in the tobacconiat's shop, was ever before me; in short; what do you think I resolved to do? I resolved to go to Switzerland and find her out.

(Concluded next week)

The Apkanyas Traveller. have some flour-doin's and chicken-fixen's for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half hour before. Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveller'; or to the corn crib and get a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on and skin n'tater'long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn; no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house,

corn; no nubbins. Bill; then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar-skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveller,' for us."

The punkin' was brought; the 'taters' were 'skinned' and eaten; the 'turn' of 'The Rackensack Traveller' warerepeatedly played, to abundant edification; and the 'gals' finally announced that 'supper was ready;' and although instead of 'store-tea,' they only had 'saxifax tea-doin's, without milk, yot the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveller remained all night, and was piloted safely over the 'big creek' early was piloted safely over the 'big creek' early the next morning. Of a truth, "music has charms to southe the savage breast!"

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ton, after listening to the reading of an advertisement for a young ladies' poarling school said: boarling school said:

For my part, I can't deceive what on airth edication is coming to. When I was young, if a girl only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common doneiator, and knew all about the river and their obituaries, the convenants and domintories, the provinces and the umpires, they had edication enough. But now they have to study bottomy, algisbry, and have to demonstrate supposition of sycophants, of cir-cuses, tangents and diogenes and of parallelogramy to say nothing about the oxbides, cor-oxtics and abstrase triangles! Thus saying, the old lady leaned back in her chair, her khitting work fell in her lap, and for some minutes she seemed in meditation.

Two WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT. -- In the course

looking bystander, with a downeast nasal twang, "they did with me once."

"Wal," replied the Yankee, "there was a fellow passed onto me once a dollar bill, and it was a counterfeit. Wasn't that wrong?" "Certainly it was wrong if he knew it to be

"Wal, expect he did; I did, any way, when I passed it to another chap. Neow, wasn't that wrong?" "Wrong! -of course; very wrong."
"Wal, it made me "all right," was umphant rejoinder; so two wrongs does make a right sometimes.

THE WORLDS THREE BOOKS .- The Bible. Shakspere, and Filgrim's Progress, says Henry Ward Beecher, are the three books most read and felt in the English language, and there seems as little likelihood that the last two will go out of print as the first and great-

The young ladies who rejoice in a multipli-city of rings, chains, lockets, etc., to the un-paralleled extent now fashionable, should be labelled like watches in the windows—"Warranted full jeweled." 10

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep."
The latter replied: "You have done so much instice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

CONVERSATION .- Liberty is a fine thing ; it's