CARLISLE HERALD.

Published for the Proprietor, By WILLIAM M. PORTER.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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

VOL. LIX. CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1859. NO. 39

SAVING FUND

National SAFETY TRUST Company.

CHARTERED BY STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

RULES.

1. Money is received every day, and in any amount, large or small.

2. Five per cent interest is paid for money from the day it is put in.

3. The money is always paid back in GOLD, whenever it is called for, and without notice.

4. Money is received from Executors, Administrators, Guardians and others who desire to have it in a place of perfect safety, and where interest can be obtained for it.

5. The money received from depositors is invested in real estate, mortgages, ground rents, and such other first class securities as the Charter directs.

6. Office Hours—Every day from 9 till 5 o'clock, and on Mondays and Thursdays till 8 o'clock in the evening.

HON. HENRY L. BENNER, President.
ROBERT SELFRIDGE, Vice President.
WM. J. REED, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

Henry L. Benner,	F. Carroll Brewster,
Edward L. Carter,	Joseph B. Parry,
Robert Selfridge,	Francis Lee,
Samuel K. Ashton,	Joseph Yerkes,
C. L. Munns,	Henry Diffenderffer.

OFFICE:

Walnut Street, South West Corner of Third, PHILADELPHIA.

Apr. 20, 1859.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

NO. 93 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

SHEET MUSIC,

INSTRUCTION BOOKS,

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE GENERALLY,

PIANOS,

MELODEONS,

GUITARS,

VIOLINS,

FLUTES,

ACCORDEONS, &c.

May 11, '59. O. C. B. CARTER.

LARGE SPRING ARRIVAL FROM NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, OF ELEGANT NEW GOODS, AT A. W. BENTZ'S STORE.

Splendid stock of new Black Dress Silks—Magnificent Styles Fancy Dress Silks.

RICH! RARE!! ELEGANT!!!

French Foulard Silks, Chinese Silks, Satin and Striped Bareges, Valencias, Ducalles, beautiful new printed Challies, French printed Jaconetts, very handsome English Brilliants, very handsome French Brilliants, English French & American prints, Scotch, French and Domestic Ginghams, Bonnets, Bonnet Ribbons and Dress Trimmings, Shawls in every variety, Silk, Crape, Stella, Cashmere, &c. Embroideries, very low, comprising Collars Sleeves Flouncings, Edgings, Veils, &c. Carpetings and Oil Cloths, Venitian, Ingrain, three Ply, Brussells, Cotton and Hemp. Druggets and Floor Oil Cloths all widths.

LINEN GOODS.

A complete assortment embracing all the most celebrated marks Gloves and Hosiery for Ladies, Misses and Children, great variety of kid, silk and cotton Gloves, Ladies elegant twisted Silk Mitts, &c.

DOMESTIC AND STAPLE GOODS, bleached and unbleached Skirtings, bleached and unbleached Sheetings, Woollen and Cotton Flannels, Corset, Jeans, Tickings, Cottonades, Sattinetts, Tweeds, Cotton and Linen Diapers, Table Covers, bleached and brown Drillings, and an endless variety of other articles. In fact, this stock of goods is very extensive, thorough and complete, having been purchased with a great deal of care, we feel confident we can please any one who will favor us with a call. All candid persons who have patronized us heretofore, will admit that we have sold the best bargains ever purchased in Carlisle. We can assure our friends and all lovers of cheap goods, that we are as well prepared as ever to offer superior inducements for their patronage.

A. W. BENTZ.

South Hanover Street, opposite the Post Office, Carlisle, May 4, 1859.

SOMETHING NEW!

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT AND SEED STORE.

M. B. STRICKLER & BROTHER,

Have just opened, in the room formerly occupied by Shryock, Taylor & Smith, Zug's new building, Main street, two doors east of the market house, a large assortment of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and fertilizers, which they are prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms.

The stock embraces PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS, HAY, STRAW AND FODDER CUTTERS, REAPERS, MOWERS, DRILLS, CRADLES, SCYTHES, CORN SHELLERS, FORKS, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES, PRUNING KNIVES, WHETSTONES for Mowers, and every other article, necessary for farm use.

They also intend keeping in addition, a full assortment of CEDAR and WILLOW WARE, including Spain's patent Churn, Brooms, Brushes, Butter-workers, Butter-Forms, Prints, Ladles, Butter Tubs, Bowls, &c.

Also, Fruit, Garden and Flower Seeds, Seed Potatoes, of the best varieties. They are constantly making additions to their stock, and will use every exertion to supply the wants of the agricultural community.

They have also the agency for EVANS & WATSON'S SALAMANDER SAFES

Orders left at the store for fruit and ornamental Trees, Flowers and fertilizers, will be attended to promptly. M. B. STRICKLER & BRO.

April 20, 1959—1y

DO YOU want to buy a good Piano, or Melodeon? If so, why don't you call on John H. Rheem? For he can sell the neatest finished, best made, purest tuned and lowest priced instrument that can be had in this part of the country. Having been a long time in the business, I flatter myself on being a good judge of instruments, and will not sell an instrument that is not first-rate. I am now receiving a large lot of Melodeons from Boston, which can be seen at Mr. A. B. Ewing's furniture rooms, which I will sell cheaper than any other man in the country.

For recommendations of my Pianos, call and see them. All instruments warranted and kept in repair. Call and examine my instruments before purchasing elsewhere, and you will be satisfied that I can sell the best and cheapest. JOHN H. RHEEM,

To be found at the house of Jacob Rheem, W. High St.

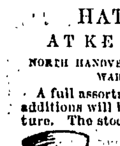
May 4, 1859

HAT AND CAP STORE.

AT KELLER'S OLD STAND,

NORTH HANOVER STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE HARDWARE STORE OF J. P. LYNE & SON.

A full assortment just received, to which constant additions will be made of city as well as home manufacture. The stock now comprises



MOLESKIN, BEAVER & CASSIMERE, FELT HATS, of all styles and colors, from the cheapest to the best quality. STRAW HATS. A large variety of all prices and styles together with a neat assortment of childrens fur and straw hats.

ALSO, MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CAPS, embracing every kind now worn. Both Plain and Dress Caps, to which the attention of the public is respectful ly invited. DON'T FORGET KELLER'S OLD STAND, Carlisle, April 20, 1859.

PAPER.—The Mount Holly Paper Company, have now on hand and are prepared to manufacture to order all varieties of fine Writing and Ledger paper. Address SAM'L. KEMPTON, Jr., Mount Holly Springs, Pa.

Nov. 10, '59—6m.

HAY ELEVATORS.—Just received a large assortment of Hay Elevators, Pulleys, Rope, Rakes, Forks, &c., cheaper than ever, at H. SAXTON'S.

May 25, 1859.

BELLS! BELLS!! BELLS!!!—Farm Bells, of the best makes, for sale cheap, at the Hardware Store of J. P. LYNE & SON, North Hanover st.

May 18, 1859.

Business Cards.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG has removed his office to the South west corner of Hanover & Pomfret st. 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.

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.

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.

S. W. HAVERSTICK, Druggist, North Hanover Street, Carlisle.

Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded A full supply of fresh drugs and chemicals.

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.

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.

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, Penn

Nov. 11, 1857.

FARE REDUCED.

STATES UNION HOTEL,

606 & 608 Market St., above sixth, PHILADELPHIA.

G. W. HINKLE, Proprietor.

TERMS:—$1 25 per day. ju30'58.

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, 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.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

NORTH WEST CORNER OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE, CARLISLE, PA.

The subscriber having succeeded H. Burkholder in the management of this popular Hotel, begs leave to assure the travelling public as well as the citizens in town and county, that no pains will be spared on his part, to maintain the character which this house has enjoyed so long, as a first class Hotel.

Each department will be under his immediate supervision and every attention paid to the comfort of his guests. Having been recently enlarged it is one of the most commodious Hotels in town, while in regard to locality, it is superior to any. HENRY GLASS.

Carlisle, Apr. 20, 1859—3m

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. [Aug4'58—1y.

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.

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.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, 23d May, 1859, the subscriber will run a Daily Train of Cars, between CARLISLE AND PHILADELPHIA, leaving Carlisle every morning and Philadelphia every evening.

All goods left at the FREIGHT DEPOT of Peacock, Zell & HINCHMAN, Nos. 808 and 810 Market street, will be delivered in Carlisle the next day.

J. W. HENDERSON,

May 25, '59. West High Street, Carlisle, Pa.

NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Dr. P. C. Cardder, late of the borough of Carlisle, dec'd., have been granted by the Register of Cumberland county, to the undersigned. Those having claims will present them, and those indebted make payment to JOHN M. GREGG,

June 1, 1859—6t Administrator.

GRIND STONES.—150 Grind Stones of all sizes just received at H. SAXTON'S. 50 doz. Fly Nets, of all colors, Linen, Cotton and Twine, cheaper than the cheapest, at H. SAXTON'S.

May 25, 1859.

FARM BELLS.—Just received the largest and cheapest assortment in the county and warranted not to crack, at the cheap hardware of H. SAXTON.

May 25, 1859.

SCYTHES AND SNATHS.—150 doz. Scythes and Snaths. The largest best and cheapest assortment in the county, wholesale and retail, just received at H. SAXTON'S.

May 25, 1859.

HOTEL KEEPERS AND DEALERS generally supplied with fine LIQUORS at less than city prices, at the new and cheap Grocery of WM. BENTZ.

Jan. 19, 1859.

GRAIN CRADLES.—A large lot of all different makes, with English and American Scythes, on hand and for sale cheap, at H. SAXTON'S.

May 25, 1859.

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.

Poetical.

For the Herald.

SWEET MOTHER.

They tell me thou'rt more feeble now
Than when I saw thee last,
That furrows deepen on thy brow,
As time goes hurrying past;
Sweet mother all thy toil and care
Will soon be past!

Thy long life has been full of care,
Bright hopes have sorrows proved;
But loved ones would thy burden share,
No mother was more dearly loved;
Sweet mother may the end of life
The brightest prove.

O could I lay my aching brow
Upon that gentle breast,
And hear that voice so sweet and low,
Speak of an endless rest;
Sweet mother soon we shall enjoy
That peaceful rest.

I'm lonely in my distant home,
Away from loved ones riven,
Like a lone star in yonder dome
Amid the clouds of even;
Sweet mother loved ones wait for me
At home in heaven.

I'm weary of the joys of earth,
They have no sweets for me;
For grief destroys them at their birth,
Then shadows dark I see;
Sweet mother soon from grief and pain
We'll both be free.

No matter if I tire at noon,
And thou shalt toil 'till even,
The weary shall find rest as soon
As they shall enter heaven;
Sweet mother pray with thee, thy child
May rest in heaven.

IDA GLENWOOD.

FAMILIAR LETTERS

TO I. L. S.

BY PROF. C. C. BENNETT.

NUMBER—9.

Voices on a Voyage—A Vision.

What shall I aim to be?—is a question of aspiring youth.

What? O thou of anxious beating heart! ask not *what* but *when* and *where* shall I act?

To these questions, too, it may be echo only shall answer thee *now,* but "learn to labor and to wait"—*faithfully* wait, else thou shalt not see the light that shall shine upon thy way, pointing out to thee, *time and place.*

There is "a light that lighteth every one"—faintly, like a far-off star it now may glimmer, that thy *fancy* only can claim it as thine—but fear not, the years shall prove to thee that the immensely distant point, sparkling like a shining grain upon a sandy solitude, is a great and glorious sun, around which thine immortality shall revolve. Then despise and despair not, but *wait.*

The preparation for the most trivial, yet to us, interesting event, is gone through with in much patience in view of the end. So let it be with our larger love of life's great objects—of the immortality—the endless association of noble deeds and eternal greatness we would enfold around our name.

In my dream I went upon a voyage—the voice of destiny attended me as a guardian angel. I cannot describe the "boat" *upon* which I was, for there was nothing peculiar about it, save that it was round like a globe, though oblong, with the smaller point forward—half was under the water and half was above, upon which I was seated, my feet hanging in the waters of a "summer sea."

From a magnificent and ambrosial grove by the flowery shore, a voice issued and said, "Thou hast waited well thy time—thou hast endured all thy trial—the gods do call thee—the tide now shall bear thee swiftly onward, for thou hast obeyed the voice of thy destiny—thou hast been faithful to my first admonition, which was:—"*Keep true to the dreams of thy youth!*" Then with only the motion of a great tide I set forward—"Fearest thou not the monsters of the deep?"—asked a heavy but invisible voice—"knowest thou not that they could drag thee downward to the depths in an instant." But I was beyond all fear, and instantly, as if by magic, beautiful islands, foliage crowded in the wild luxuriance of a tropic clime, stood here and there around me; and a voice said, "pass on in peace," in accents that swept by me, as the "low cadence of the silver sea"—then I passed an island with a woody shore that was like the "deep cedar shades of paradise," from the far-in recesses of which came a chorus of voices like "reed-notes from the mountains," and said, "we know thy hopes, we guard these shores and now give thee counsel,—*Keep with the tide*"—and now before me lay a "sea of glass"—in the midst a beautiful island in-woven with waters, in many a curving labyrinth—flowers, fadeless flowers, festooned in amarynthian shades, and grand o'erarching trees, and clear depths of water! Upon a floating isle, at the entrance of this way of winding waters, guarded by a white thorn, a majestic figure stood high on a marble pedestal—I stepped forward and placed my foot upon its first ascent—he held forth a curiously wrought instrument, and as he regarded it and looked to the heavens, he gently said, "press not the thorn aside—place not thy foot there—not yet—crowd not the time, but *wait*—a little time only—yet wait—I am thy genius—I watch o'er all these seas—I have known all thy being—thou didst do well *to labor and to wait,* for though the labor was not necessary to this glory that now is almost thine, and to thee is made sure, yet in all thy patience thou hast learned well that "*they lay their corner-stones in dark deep waters, who up-build in beauty!*"

So I awoke, and it was a dream.

There is a kind of necessity impelling every human action. We ask to know our "sphere" as if to know that were happiness, but failing in fully knowing it, we fall into anything in life for *convenience* sake—often vainly hoping that we shall ascend from an easier sphere to a more elevated one.

But the moon will run in its own circle forever; and every sun and star will fill "their appointed place"— learn then, O man, to obey *the voice within thee,* and suppress it not, if thou wouldst not seek utter annihilation! "They seek the *false* who have not found the true."

HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON, June 18, 1859.

JEANIE MORRISON.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' remains the heart
Where first fond luve grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blith blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear,
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitten on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' a buke on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule weans laughin' said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skailt at noon)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin, o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet!

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat,
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine,
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wandering, far or near,
Ye never were forgot:
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve of life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue.
But I could hug all wrechedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

JOHN LEAKE AND THE PAIL OF WATER.

John Leake lived in the neighborhood of Mr Curtis's Connecticut home. Order was not John Leake's first law, nor his last. Though he was a good-natured, easy-tempered, obliging man, there was not one whom his neighbors so much dreaded seeing approach their homes. "There comes Leake to borrow something," they would say, and hoe, hammer or rake were grudgingly lent, for they were certain that Leake would lose or forget the article, or at best return it minus the handle. A story went the rounds that Leake's next neighbor, out of patience, said to him, "Yes, take the hoe; but you must use it only in my corn field." Time went on, and Leake's affairs ran down, as slack men's will, and he decided to pull up stakes and move to Vermont, then a tract of unsettled and productive land, and called the "New State." Leake's Connecticut friends gathered about the great wagon in which his battered household goods and his wife and children were packed, and sorry they were, at last to part with him; they now forgot his teasing faults, and felt only that he was a cheerful, hind hearted fellow.

Rustic tokens of good will were offered at the parting. The best of these was a bright, new axe, with a strong helve, on which the giver's name and John's were both carved and painted, and tied together with a true lover's knot, an odd flourish for an axe helve. "Take care of this, John," said uncle Ben, the giver, "and it will be better than gold to you in a new State." The axe fulfiled its mission, it did prove of more value to Leake than a world full of gold.

"No offence, John," said another neighbor, taking a card from his pocket; "here is something that if you will tack it up over your fire place and take heed to it, will be sure to make you a forehanded man in the new State." Leake looked at the writing on the card. It was the good old household rule: "A time for everything and everything in its time; a place for everything and everything in its place." Leake read it aloud, and then the good-natured fellow said, chuckling; "Thank'e, neighbor, it's a pretty smart rod, but it shan't fall on a fool's back. I'll take care of it;" and he deposited it in the crown of his hat, his usual place of safe-keeping.—"There it goes," said the giver to one of the by-standers, "that's the last of it. Poor Leake! You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

When the movers halted that day for their nooning, the very first time John took his hat off he dropped out Uncle Ben's card without perceiving it. His son, Lyman Leake did see it. Lyman, a lad of ten or eleven, was the very opposite of his father, made so, probably, by some influence that makes the light-heeled daughter of the heavy-heeled mother." Some parents are examples; some, alas! are beacons. Lyman picked up the card, and probably thinking, "Father will never miss it, and will never take care of it," he slipped it into his own little leather purse, which had also been given him for a parting token.

Lyman was to learn, by hard experience, the worth of the words written on that card. Due observance of them through a life-time would give a large figure in money results, besides a world of comfort.

The little family arrived, after some mishaps (to be expected), such as losing their whip, leaving their halters, and their water-pails at a brook, etc, at their lodge in the vast wilderndss. But in two years they got well ahead, in spite of Leake's destructive and obstructive habits, for he was a hard working fellow. Fields were tilled and cleared around him; he had built a small framed house adjoining the log hut; neighbors had come in at a short distance, and a village was growing up not far from him.

In spite of good advice, he had connected a wood house and a stable with his house.—"Take care, Leake," said a friend to him; "it needs a careful man to build so. A fire in winter up in this cold country is something dreadful; it's like gunpowder—a flash and all is gone."

"Oh, never fear," said Leake; "I have had my portion of ill fortune in this world; my luck has turned." (Mr Curtis often impressed on the children that what shiftless people call ill-fortune and bad luck is but the inevitable consequence of their own imprudence or carelessness.)

It was during the third winter of the Leakes' residence in their new home that, just at the close of a short winter's day, the merry tinkling of sleigh bells was heard, and the cracking of the runners on the hard-frozen snow, and a little cutter (a single sleigh) stopped at Leake's. It was expected, the door opened and shouts of joy followed, and glad greetings of "uncle," and "aunt," and "cousins". "Uncle Ben" and his family had come from Connecticut to make a long promised visit. When the supper was ended the card bearing the domestic axiom caught Uncle Ben's eye. It was nailed to the wall over the mantle piece. "I declare!" he exclaimed; "well, I never expected to see that bit of pasteboard again. I give you a credit mark for preserving that, John." "You must give the credit mark to Lyman, brother, he preserved the card; but you may give me one for teaching him care." Uncle Ben smiled. "Yes," he said "you have taught him, John, but wrong end foremost—wrong end foremost."

The evening passed off delightfully. The unstinted fire of a new country burned brightly. A basket of fine apples from the old "home orchard in Connecticut" was unpacked, and nuts were cracked and eaten. The elders talked about old times. Leake gave the history of his toils on his new farm, and his success He told (he had some right to boast for he had worked diligently) how much land he had cleared, what crops he had raised, and concluded with, "My barn is full; I have plenty of wheat, and corn, and oats in the loft over my wood house; and pork in my cellar; and my wife has taken care of the trinkets—butter, and apple-sauce, and pickles and the like," and he ended his boast of rural riches by saying, "I guess, Ben, my old neighbors could not twit me now."

"Your old neighbors, John, always knew you for an honest, hard-working man; it was only your careless ways, your want of order that troubled us. You know I used to tell you that if you put ever so much meal into a bag with a hole in it, it would run away."

"Yes, yes, I know; and just so Lyman talks now. Among you, you put an old head on his young shoulders" And thus the elders talked, and the youngsters had their pleasures the visitors telling the wonders of jugglers and wax work shows, and delights incident to their down country advanced civilization; and the "new State" children relating adventures with bears and wild cats, and their own personal concerns with taming squirrels and catching rabits, and finally the evening closed with a game of "forfeits," in which Lyman, having been sentenced to the common penalty of "bowing to the prettiest, kneeling to the wittiest and kissing the one he loved best," declared that all these dues were to his cousin Sally. His cousin Sally protested and resisted; the girls all joined her, and, after a laughable scramble together, Lyman's oldest sister caught up a candle, called "cousin Sally" to follow her, and they made their escape to the bedroom, and bolted Lyman out. Lyman retreated; the evening was far advanced, and the Leakes and their guests separated for the night, but not till Lyman performed a duty that had been postponed by his uncle's arrival.

While his mother, "on hospitable thoughts intent," was preparing her little affairs for the morning's breakfast, Lyman went to the wood-house to split kindlings for the morning fires; and having finished he could not resist the temptation of showing his well-preserved ax to his Uncle Ben. "The boy is a fool about that ax," said his father; "if it was made of a wedge of gold he could not be more choice of it; he even hides it away from me that gave it to him." Lyman looked at his Uncle with a quiet smile. "Come, come, Lyman said his father, "there is reason in the roasting of eggs; throw your ax in here to-night" He opened the door of a little closet next to the fire place. "Don't go clear back to the wood-house this cold night." "A place for everything and everything in its place," replied Lyman, and the ax was returned to the wood-house. "Now that's what I call superstitious," said the father, while he took from the closet a splinter broom to sweep up the wide spread coals of the fire he had just raked; just as he was finishing his wife called to him from the kitchen, and, hastily throwing the broom into the closet, he went to her. "John," she said, "there's no water in the house"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, you know, I never like to go to bed without a pail of water at hand.

"I know that is one of your superstitions." John Leake, in spite of his experience, persisted in looking upon the provisions of foresight as superstition. Let it go just for this one night, wife; its dark and biting cold, and the way up to the well all shod with glare ice."

"Tis bad," said the wife meekly, and urged no more; but as she looked wishfully at the empty pail, she thought, if they should chance to want water in the night, it would not be any better getting it, and an anxious sigh escaped her. "Coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before."

The family were soon all in bed, and in their first sleep, the profoundest of the night; but there is no sleep from which a mother cannot be awakened by a restless child, and about one o'clock, Mrs. Leake was roused from her's by the nestling of her baby She instantly wakened her husband with, "John, do get up and see where this smoke comes from; the room is full of it!" Their bed-room was off the sitting room; the door was opened into it, and the moment Leake raised his head he saw a bright light shining through the crevices of the closet-door, into which he had thrown the splinter broom

Some small coals had adhered to the broom when John swept the hearth, but shut in the closet, with very little air, they had been slow in kindling; but now they had kindled thoroughly, and when Leake sprang to the closet-door and opened it the broom was in a lighted blaze, and the heated partition had taken fire John seized the broom and threw it into the fire-place, and at that moment the fire had made so little progress that a single pail of water at hand would have extinguished it.

"Oh, the pail of water!" shrieked Mrs Leake. Leake thought with anguish of the empty pail, rushed to the kitchen for it, and run to the well. The ground was descending to the house, and as he said, "slippery as glass," and Leake fell. Again he let the bucket down the deep well and filled his pail, and reached the house with it, but the air had rushed in through the open door and blew up the fire like a furnace bellows It would not now have felt twenty pails of water. The smoke filled the whole house, and the crackling of the fire and the outcries of John and his wife had awakened the whole family, who now came out—all excepting the two girls, who had bolted themselves into the little bed-room, had talked together late in the night, and were sleeping on in spite of all the mischief, danger and misery about them. Lyman rushed through an outer room filled to suffocation with smoke, and shrieked, "Annie! Sally! fire! fire!"

There was no answer. In vain he banged against the door; it was too securely bolted. Quick as thought, he sprang to a window communicating with the wood house, passed through it, and in a moment returned with his ax. The smoke had become fire—the room was blazing. But with Heaven's help and blessing (he said he could not possibly have done it alone,) in a breath the door was battered down, and in an another breath the girls jumped from the window unharmed, followed by Lyman

The rapid consumption of a wood house in the country, in a cold, gusty night, can scarcely be conceived of by those who have not witnessed it. There was but just time to extricate the horses and cattle from the stable, when that, as well as the house and wood-house, was enveloped in flames. All, as Leake's neighbor had forewarned him, went together, and in one mass of ashes lay the labor of many months—the dear old furniture of the Connecticut home, all the children's pretty things fond memorials and precious keepsakes that no toil, no art, no kindness could make them. "And all this dreadful loss," as Mr. Curtis would repeat to his listeners in the school, "for want of a pail of water in the right place. And life saved by the ax being in the right place, instead of having been thrown into the closet, as Leake proposed, beside the broom, by the careless use of which all the harm was done."

THE BITERS BIT.

Some time ago a story went the rounds touching a man who, having presented himself in his shirt sleeves at the American Museum, New York, received the loan of a coat, and after viewing the curiosities, sloped with the garment, obtaining a sight of the elephant and a swallow tail for twenty five cents. This reminds us of an affair that occured in 1840, on board the Old Columbus, when she lay at the Charleston Navy Yard. One day a long, green Vermonter straggled on board the frigate, and examined everything on deck with curious eyes. The officer of the watch, from his bearing and the neatness of his uniform, attracted the Yankee's notice.

"Got a pretty good place here hey?" he inquired.

The officer assented.

"What wages do you get?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month."

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! All to yourself! Shoh!"

"Fact sir."

"Wal, I wonder if I couldn't get something to do here myself?"

"Oh, yes; you'd make a pretty good midshipman."

"Wal, what are midshipmen's wages, for a green hand?"

"Forty dollars a month only."

"Only forty dollars! Jerusalem! Why I was told to hire out for ten. But where can I be made a midshipman on? Say quick!"

"Down below sir, in the steerage. As soon as I'm relieved I'll see to it."

Down went the quizzer and the quizzed. A bevy of young midshipmen required no prompting to perpetrate a piece of michief. A spurious warrant was soon made out and the greenhorn equipped in a splendid uniform, including an elegant chapeau and costly sword, by a joint contribution of the mess. Thus furnished, he was directed to present himself to commodore S., in the cabin, and report ready for duty. He was told that the Commodore might be pretty gruff—"it was a way he had," but not to mind it. The steerage being full, the new midshipman was to demand quarters in the Commodore's cabin; in fact, he was ordered to take possession of a certain stateroom. The Commodore's black looks and angry words were to be regarded as nothing—he had no right to use either. Thus "posted up," the victim presented himself to the Commodore with—

"Old hoss, how are you?"

S. started; he had come across a rara avis. "Take a seat sir."

"I kin help myself, old fellow—I ginerally do," was the reply of the Vermonter, as he flung himself into one seat and crossed his legs upon another.

"You are one of the new midshipmen, I suppose?" remarked the Commodore, who from the first suspected something.

"I ain't nothin' else."

"Shall I trouble you for your warrant?"

"Catch hold, old boy."

The Commodore looked at the document, then at his visitor.

"Who gave you this?"

"The fellers down stairs—and I'm now ready for duty."

"That's enough. Now you can go."

"Not as you know on squire. The cellar's chock full—and I ain't a goin' out of this 'ere in a hurry, I tell you.—O you needn't rare up old fellow. I see what's the matter—you're a leetle cracked up here!" And the brilliant youth touched his forehead with his fore finger.

"I am going into this 'ere chamber to take a right good snooze—boots and all, by gravy!"

As he was proceeding to execute this menace, the Commodore took him by the arm and led him to the gangway. Pointing to the sentinel, he remarked, mildly: "You see that man with a musket, now if you don't clear out directly, and leave the ship yard and never to show your face again, I'll order him to shoot you!"

The Yankee broke—and in two seconds his blue coat tail was seen floating in the rear, as he dashed out of the yard with the speed of a flying jackass.

In a minute afterwards, half a dozen terrified midshipmen rushed on deck and asked for liberty to go ashore.

"Young gentlemen,' said the Commodore, "I grant no liberty to-day."

Six faces fell a "feet," and six young jokers returned to their mess room as melancholy as mutes at an alderman's funeral. They never saw or heard anything of the Yankee afterward—nor the uniform either.

Some Editor says that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the Chicago Advertiser says: "Yes, that is a fact. Suppose a 'little miff' had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

Dentist to his patient: "Ahem!—Very odd, I must have made some mistake; there's nothin the matter with this tooth! Never mind, I'll try again. Of course I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them—no matter how many I take out!"

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours.

It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day in order to give him an opportunity to look about.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five, who ran up to him, exclaiming:

"Father!" Was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it!

"Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.

"I spoke to you, father," said the little girl surprised.

Really, thought Mr. Brown, this is embarrassing.

"I am not your father, my dear," he said; "what is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke

"What a funny father you are," she said; "but are you going to buy me some candy?"

"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Brown, nervously. The little girl clapped her hands with delight.

The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the child.

In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.

"Oh, mother!" said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me."

"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I'm afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till night."

"Jones—I—madam," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's all a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet Brown of W———, and this is the first time I ever came to this city."

"Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head! You have concluded to change your name, have you. Perhaps it's your intention to change your wife?"

Mrs. Jones' tone was rather defiant, and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment

"I haven't any wife, madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married."

"And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me," said Mrs. Jones with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?"

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown. "I conjecture from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam, and always was."

"Malinda," said the mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm and leading her up to Mr. Brown; "Malinda, who is that gentleman?"

"Why that's father!" was the child's immediate reply, as she confidingly placed her hand in his.

"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you?—You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know if you are not her father, why are you buying candy for her? I'd like to have you answer that. But I presume you never saw her before in your life?"

"I never did. On my honor I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she would not call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribed your child not to call you father! Oh. Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without any warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Brown.

"I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "She is not my wife. I don't know anything about her."

"Why it's Mrs. Jones, aint it?"

"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."

"Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no jest. I trust that you are not the cause of this excitement which must have caused your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."

Poor Brown was dumbfounded.

"I wonder," thought he, "whether it is possible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it. Perhaps I'm really Mr. Jones, and have gone crazy, and fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all, I will insist that my name is Brown."

"Well sir what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?"

Brown saw that there was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He therefore without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

"Why, are you not going yourself?"

"Why, no why should I?"

"Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

"Where shall I drive?" said the whip.

"I—I—I—don't know," said Mr. Brown.

"Where would you wish to be carried?"

"Home of course," murmured the lady.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"No. 19, H———street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" said the lady. "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which your cruelty drove me."

"Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Brown with anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jones.

"Then," said he, resignedly, "I suppose I am. But if you believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth, I havn't any recollection of this house."

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but, good heavens, conceive the astonishment of all when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very *fac simile* of Mr. Brown, in form, feature, and every other respect.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "which—which is my husband?"

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that after all he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot.

Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened, He is afraid of losing his identity.

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this it is his intention to blow out his brains with the bellows.