RHEEM, Proprietor. WILLIAM M. PORTER, Editor. PAPER FOR FAMELY CIRCLE.

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

VOL. LX.

CARLISLE PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1860.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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The Carlister Heratide is published weekly on a large shoot containing twenty eight columns, and fornished to subscribers at \$1.00 i paid strictly in advance; \$1.75 if puld within the year; or \$2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the preparative method in the subscribers at the option of the publisher. Papers are paid, unbase, and discontinued until all arcarrages are paid, unbase, and some discontinued until all arcarrages are paid, unbase 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 read unbide prevan living in Cumberland county. These terms will be riddly athered to in all mass.

Advertisements interion, and 25 cents for each subscriber living out of Cumberland county in the payment insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

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For the Carlisle "HERALD." RETROSPECTION. BY WINNIE WINTHROP.

I am sitting in the twill ht And I'm thinking of the past, As the deep'ning shades are nud mo. Longth uing shadows darkly cast. I have triveled in life's journey Back o'er many weary miles. Desert wastes and fragrant incadow

Excluse tell of joys and sorrows, And I seem to live again those days of happy hours. And in those of care and pain. There a mile stone shows the foot path

That I came one wintry day, When 'mid storm, and thorn and thicket, All alone, I lost my kny4 Whon I heard a gentle whisper. And I know I hear it stillng-Weak heart do not falter; So I kept the kindly counsel Of that friendly unseen one

And with eager steps unfaltering Came the way I had not known. There, beyond me, is a tombstone Peering up amid the gloom,
And it marks the quiet resting
Of young hopes within the tomb; Aye, and I can now remember How I grieved and wept and prayed, When I know that o'en THUS EARLY

In the grave they must be laid. Youder is a tree whose branches Sheltered me from wind and rain, And I love it as I linger
'Neath its good old boughs again. Now I'm sipping from a brooklet Whose sweet waters quench my thirst, On its banks I knelt at first-

Here I've come to ruined castles, Whose foundation built in air, Could withstand no storm or tempest, So they lie all mouldering there. Fairy fabrics reared at pleasure, And they glistened all with gold But their brightness and their beauty Now are covered o'er with mould,

Now I'm searching for a flowret Peoping from its mossy bed Vith a dow-drop brightly: On its tiny purple head. And I see a sunbeam near it, For a lessen once I learned From these silent, little teacher That small THINGS must not be sourn'd Though I knew how very feeble Vas my effort in the good, Yet these taught me it were worthy

Friends are with me talking gently While the song in low soft music Out upon the zephyr streams One my hand is tondly clasping, So that in the happy vision

Did I do the nest I courb.

I forget the BEAL NOW; For I turn to meet them smiling, And I flud, that ALL ALONE I've been playing with the shadows That the shades have round me thrown. And the moral of these musings

In my heart I slient drew, That the paths of life are pleasant. When the BIGHT ONES WE purs And when in our onward journey We the dark and troublous meet It will make us braver-hearted,
If there's BITTER with the sweet

For the Herald. THOUGHTS THAT CONCERN US ALL IDLENESS .- No. 11

¥

Often, in my ramblings in the street, am I led to reflect on the result of the idleness I see indulged in daily. Of course, I dot not intend to assail the fair sex who daily crowd our tend to assail the fair sex who daily crowd our principal streets, impeding the progress of the business-inclined portion of the population: under the pretence of 'exercise, when their whole motive is to get away from home, and to present to the public gaze some new article of dress. Perhaps a nice set of furs, or the heavy flounces of a new and costly silk, valued only for the exorbitant price paid for i; or, if the streets luckily chance to be wet or muddy, to display to the gaping eyes of the multitude a delicately shaped ankle, or a neat and beautifully embroidered skirl, over which the dear creature's mather wasted so much precious time. Or, if their fancies and affections centre on a rich and beautiful cloak, or

If the lovely creature have a fine warm set of furs—deep and heavy flounces on their supports and costly silks—neat and tasty embroidery on their snow-white skirts—beautiful ankles, finished and symmetrical in all their proportions, tapering out to neat and dainty feet, encased in Oriental satan in it if their angelic heads be adorned with a duck of a bonnet, as big as an oyster shell; or their alabas net, as big as an oyster shall; or their alabas for neck and shoulders wrapt in the ample folds of a cashmere cloak, cut fushionably low who, I again ask, has a right to murmur? If they are carrying out the requirements of dutiful and obedient daughters or loving and affectionate wives and mothers: Why, the are lifetiments of their charges at their charges and in the locuse breathing morn."

and I—I have listened to it ever since I could near their charges at their charges and account of the locuse of their charges and their charges and their charges are their charges and their charges are their charges and their charges are the country to the country of their charges are the country to the country of their charges are the country to the country of the country

beautifully wrought skirts; and even the nest and delicately shaped ankle, would wither and lose its adored beauty, if it could not be

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JOB PRINTING.

The Carlielo Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the country. Three, good Pressess, and a general variety of material suits For plains and Fancy work of every kind, cuables us to do be from the proposed before them of suits of the proposed before them of spending it with profit to themselves and usefulness to others; and yet squandering it—lounging around bar-rooms, and frequenting billiard and lager-beer saloons, in severa than idleness—contracting habits which they-must eventually carry with them to the grave; and have their memories (which should be sacred). therees—contracting hants which they are, and have their memories (which should be sacred to every noble and generous impulse,) sullied and contaminated with the records of infamy and disgrace—I feel naturally concerned for their future welfare, and am led rationally to reflect on the result of such an existence, as all as to devise sorge method for the crudical well as to devise some method for the eradication of the evil; feeling satisfied that a tirade against intemperance can never-accomplish the object. It must be done by an appeal to their better natures, by moral sunsion, and by a fixed example, founded on Christian principles. They must be brought to a sense of their degradation, morally, socially, and physically—not by sinking them in their own estimation, or the estimation of others, for by so doing you blunt their sensibilities, and ruin in the mould, the very image you were trying to fishion. It must be done by convincing them of the claims society has upon them.—They must be shown that it weakens the intellect, deadens the energies, distorts the nervous well as to devise some method for the cradica They must be shown that it weakens the intellect, deadens the energies, distorts the nervous system, makes a wreck of the whole physical organization, and that hence the amount of crime, infamy, and brutality brought to light daily by our courts of justice; and that nearly all the poverty and suffering, which daily forces itself to our notice, can date the commencement of its miseries back to the first moment ignominiously wasted, lounging round bar-room doors, and in the associations necessarily concomitant.

sarily concomitant
Crime and degradation are not instantaneous in their action; but are the result of daily contact, and hence their deleterious effects. If the transition from apparent perfection, to the lowest depth of degradation, was momen-tary, I cannot think that there is that soil, so, lost to every pure and holy emotion, but would shrink with horror from the disgusting scene. But as it steals slowly and silently, scene. But as it steals slowly and silently, upon us—first deadening one virtue and then another, the process is rather pleasing than otherwise; and thus the entire organization succumbs to the mandyles of the powerful hydra-headed monster, fice. Those who are now merely spectators to the scenes of degradation, may, ere another cycle is added to the calender of time, be actors in the bacchanalian tragedy of ruin; and then, long ere time will have set his signet on their brows, premature old age will steal silently upon them with its attendant evils, and in their rags and filth they will have to take their chance for the dolings of charity.

Perhaps our well dressed sofs, and those of

dolings of charify.

Perhaps our well dressed sots, and those of our blackguards who as yet maintain a rank in society, may feel their dignity insulted at being classed or mentioned in connection with the degraded out-casts of society: To them I would say, your connections are but a matter of time - your relations mutual. You will inherit no right line. In a few years, at least, your splendid apparel become worn and thread-bare: costly jewelry pawned; health and rep-utation lost; and the rags and squallor of debauchery settled like a pall on your cada-verous and emaciate forms. Slowly yet stead-ily the bloom and freshness fades from the beek, and the seal of Bacchus is stamped or every lineament. One by one the faculties die out; and at last the victim is left, a hopeless wreck on the sea of templation, at the mercy of his appetite. And now it is, that the met-amorphis is complete. First we saw you umorphis is complete. First we saw you moving with a lithe, athletic step—then hang ing at bar-room doors-then as participants in the midnight carousal-and listly, totter ing to the grave - an eye-sore to society - a burthen to yourselves—a pollution to the very air around you; and thus a life, whose sun rose in brilliancy and hope, passes the meri-dian of its existence in folly, and eventually sets unmourned in shame and disgrace. Jr.

For the Herald. FLOATING FANCIES. NSCRIBED TO THE BALTIMORE SOCIAL LITHR-

ARY ASSOCIATION.

By Prof. C. C. Bennett. No. 1.-THE LAST WAIL. .

They had just paid for their church build. ing. A debt like that often takes many years to liquidate, even among a loving and devo-ted people, as they were. It was a beautifut structure of stone, standing in a peacable part of a populous city. I have looked upon its great gray tower many a time—and oft listened to its Sabbath chime. It was a Sattlement to its Sabbath chime. It was a Sattlement to the chime of 1847. The of

tions centre on a rich and beautiful cloak, or a duck of a bonnet, who, I ask, has a right to take exception to it?

If the lovely creature have a fine warm set sound of them, women of the church sobbed

affectionate wives and mothers: Why, the very fact of their doing so, tacitly implies consent on the part of the parents and husbands: for who could be so ungenerous as to impute deception or disabedience to the sincere and chaste natures of the dear gentle creatures?

Nor could any one be so ungullant, as for a moment to supp sethat the dear meek things would revolt, and assume the reins of domestic economy, and att in defiance of the lords of creation, for that would give rise to a genee oursey. Besides all this, what would be the use of these artices, if they were barred the pleasure of a public exhibition on the street? The beauty of the embroidery would lose its charm, if they were deprived of a promenade through the mud and slush, with their dresses modestly drawn up over the margin of their modes of the constant of

The second of the second of the second of

around the solitudes, or "morning bells of cternity wafted o'er the blue plains of Para-86 BROADWAY, BALTIMORE,

DOWN HILL. A TRUE LIFE PICTURE.

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken; for I found his wife all that he had said, simply omitting the poetry. And so good too—so loving and kind. Aye, she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky 'follow to find such a wife, and what a lucky woman to find such a husband. John Ander son was as handsome as she—tall, straight, manly, high browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as artist ever copied And he was good, too;

and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with ther a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making a fine old ladye as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy by doting on her darling boy, as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me because three mon loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years. In

the evening I reached his house. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to re ceive me, and two curly headed boys were at a face so used to the sunshine of smiles could!

And a voice answered from the lowly resting places:

not conceal a cloud.

At length John came. His face was flushed and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh, called me old fellow, old dog, said I must come and live ble! I saw it in the city court-room. But my man.

fellow,' 'old dog,' said I must come and my fellow,' old dog,' said I must come and my that was the my fellow bead and said:

that was the I saw my the trial.

on the following morning I walked out with room was sufficient to connect the two; and I by friend. I told him I was sorry to see him knew that this was all that remained of him as I saw him the night before.
Oh, said he, with a laugh, 'oh, that was

nothing—only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there. At first I thought I would say no more, but was it not my duty? I knew his nature bet-ler than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was-alas!

Young you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?'

He stopped me with: 'Don't be a fool. Why the stopped me with: 'Don't be a fool. Why have been unhappy?'

She clings to his memory and

ace.
'No: I read it in her looks,' I said.

sighs and moans of madness all are there gleeful marriage matins—tones of glory—and the grave, *** * *

Poor John! He was the pride of the town six years aga... This man opened the hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine, suppers. John was present at many of them, the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of any of the party. In fact, he paid for nearly all of them. Then he began to go down hill ever since. At times his true friends here have prevailed on him to stop, but his stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his bone and Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our Courts, and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of Joha Ander son called.

'There is a hard case,' remarked my friend. I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and plead guilty to the crime of fleft. He was standing up, and plead guilty to the crime of fleft. He was a tall man, but be the and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse and fithy; his face with list limb. He poor mother hore up as long as she could lars. Yesterday fie bent and infirm, though not old. His garb matted with dirt, and his bowed form, quivered with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable, object. Surely that-man was not born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a nearer view of his fade. He saw my movement, and he turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank poweeless into his seat.

"Good Good!" I involuntarily exclaimed, starting foward. "Will—"

I had half spoken his mane when he quick-ly raised his head, and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony, that my tongue was litted at one. Then he coverable his fear with his hand, and cast upon me a look of the miploring agony, that my tongue was litted at one. Then he coverable his fear with the court his face with his head, and cast upon me a look of the miploring agony, that my tongue was litted at one. Then he coverable his fear with his hand, he can deal man, and then the night came more dark and dreary draw and then the night came more dark and dreary draw and then the night came more dark and dreary. As every sacrifice was to be seasoned with the rate and dreary draw and dont the fired! That glass of wine of with a friend! That glass of wine of with a friend! That glass of wine of with the fired! That glass of wine of with the would take a glass of wine of with the fired! That glass of wine of with the fired! That glass of wine of the fired! That glass of wine of the fired! That glass of wine of with the head of

his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good Good!" I involuntarily exclaimed, tatring forward. "Will—"

I had half spoken his name when he quickly raised his head, and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony, that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face over again.

I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I their told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I quald not remain and see this man tried; tears came to my eyes as I looked upon him, and it was not until I gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathed freely.

John Anderson! Alas' he was nahamed to be known as his mother's not. That was not his real name, but you shalk know him by no other. I will call him by the name that stands upon the records of court

John Anderson was my schoolmate, and it was not many years ago—not over treaty—that we left our neadleny togsither; he to return to the home of wealthy paronia—I to sit down for a fow years in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then wander across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and the was also down for a fow years in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then wander across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and the was also down for a fow years in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then whole it even the store that the home of wealthy paronia—I to sit down for a fow years in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then wander across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and the was also down for a fow year and the addingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then wander across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and the was also down for a fow year and the was down for the period by the said to me, as he mer-me at the realiway, station, 'you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellon is a lark, and princess of all birds that were looked beautiful or sang sweetly.

He was gala to see for the afternoon, I dea

Trust me Believe me now. I will be a man henceforth while life lasts.'

A little over two years had passed, when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, thinking I might help some one! A fearful presentiment pos-

'Where is John Anderson?' was my first Don't know. He's been gone these list three months. His wife died in the mad-house tub." was the blunt reply. last week.'

'And the children?' Oh, they both died before she did '
I staggered back and hurried from the place;
I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct play about Ellen's chair I knew at once I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct they were my friend's children. Everything, led me to the churchyard. I found four graves seemed pleasant until the little ones were which had been made in three years. The

places:
'The demon of the wine-table.'

that was the last I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in 'He'll sow his wild dats soon; my darling prison. I has said John Anderson was in the truth. It is said John Anderson was in the large lock; the ponderous door, with a the large lock; the ponderous door, with a knew that the same prayer was upon Elleu's sharp creak, swung upon its hinges, and I saw hen we retired, and we might grating window! I looked upon the horrible not have done so even then, had not John fallon asleep in his chair.

"Caught in I sharp creak, swung upon its hinges, and I saw when he saw of the saw of the

> whom I so loved! And this was the last of the demon's work
>
> -the last act in the terrible drama. Ah!
>
> from the first sparkle of the red wine it had
>
> pists. been down, down! until the foot of the bill had been finally reached.

When I turned away from the cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel halls. I wished that my voice had John, could you have seen Ellen's face last been a witness into the ears of all living men! power to thunder the life story of which I had

Our's Moruen.—It has been truly said that of a soldier or a sailor, in his direct difficulty,
Because she fears you are going down hill,
Because she fears you are going down hill had been down hil

can hever be. I know my own power, and I know my wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does.

Ah! had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the wild oats' which her son was sowing would grow up and ripen to furnish seed only for resowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well, or, I should say, too blindly.

But I could say no more—I only prayed that Go would guard him, and then we conversed on other subjects. I could spond but a day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which I might think of love.

A cottage always reminds in the out fashion and they children, and coats out at elbows, and poultry, and dirty children, and solution wore and coats out at elbows, and broken windows patched with paper, or stopped with old hate—things that I hold in the country of the picture. A cottage always reminds me of pigs, and poultry, and dirty children, and shuttish women, and coats out at elbows, and then device did great violence to ber heart strings.

Pleasure like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we strive to grasp it, it still eludes us, and still glitters. We perhaps say at last, and find it is rank poison.

The Ohio river is getting lower and lower everyday. It has almost ceased to run. All whe look at it can at once perceive that it can at once perceive

signs and means of madness all are there gleeful marriage matins—tones of glory—and the grave! *** * *

All had been carrying water to put out the fire, for the entire village was "tinged with flames"—a great seminary that over-shadowed it was burning—seven hundred students looked on, and heard the death-wail of the bell, that brought the burning teart o many ancye. **

"We were in a terrible gale off Cape I flatteras," said Capt. W. "It came on to blow so that we were obliged to cut away the masts. Above the roar of the gale, the surging of the sea, and the, creaking timber, the bell rang loud and mournful, striking terror to every sailor's heart; and immediately the ship went to pieces."

Bells of burning ships at sea sound most mournfully; they say to the sailor that he is alone upon the deep—all hope but in Providence is uiterly out off. The sailor fancies that from the clouds above ocean; at stilly ever or morn, come mystically the far-off tones of the bells of lost ships. * * *

I have stool in the clear mountain air of a summer morning, and heard bells from afaer. Fancy said it was notes lost-and wandering around the solitudes, or "morning bells of certainly wafted o'er the blue plains of Paradise."

John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and offener sometimes; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again for the time his native town. It was a schoolant in both and story of the head of the hea

"I think the thing you call renown

That unsubstantial vapor,
For which the soldier burns a town, The sonneteer a taper,
Is like the mist, which as he flies The horseman leaves behind him; He can not mark its wreaths arise,

before that God would hold him up--lead him back to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children--grown to two intelligent boys; and though they looked wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away, John took me by the hand, and the last for?"

What do you put a nigger into your pew; for?"

"Years I ke's no nigger - he's a Huttien."

"Nigger! he's no nigger -he's a Haytien." "Can't help that; he's black as the ace of

spades."
"Why, Sir, he's a correspondent of mine." "Can't help that, I tell you, he's black."
"But he is worth a million of dollars."

" Is he, though ?-INTRODUCE ME!" "Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big

The following may be seen on a grave stone in Derwin (Denbighantre) church-yard: "Husband died aged 703, wife died aged 98, their son died aged 97, their daugh-ter aged 107, their grandson aged 98. Toal, 497; average, 991."

An epigram on Pope:-"So much dear Pope, thy English Homer charms, As nity melts us or as passion warms. Thatafter ages will with wonder seek

Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.' On the death of the Earl of Kildare: Who kill'd Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?"

DEATH ANSWERS; "I kill'd Kildare, and dare kill whom I will." On an architect :-

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he Laid many heavy loads on thee." "Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty cotemporary? cause they are illustrations of Punch.

If philanthrophy is properly defined to be love of mankind, most unequivocal title to be considered philanthro-A school girl was married in Boston last

week. A little girl of the same school, and about the same age, said to her parents when she went home—"Why, don't you think" Mary Jane Slocum has got married, and hain't gone through vulgar fractions yet!" Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought'to be "settled" when she

arrives at the age of maturity. A gentleman having a musical sister, he ing asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of yon, never do it. "The ocean speaks eloquently and forever".

-Beecher. "Yes, and there's no use in telling it to dry up."-Louisville Journal,

We suppose that a man who, in the hour of danger, turns pale and makes his escape, may be said to come off with flying colors. A young lady who had lost or mislaid her beau, was advised to hang up her fiddle. She said the advice did great violence to her

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

The little girl read, in her fairy book, Strange tales of that old, old time, And if we all read things that happened then, In that far off, wonderful clime.

She read of the cottage girl, that sat In the door at the close of day, And the beautiful prince that on horse And carried her far away.

Far away to a palace bright,
In a city by the sea;
'And there, forever, in love and light,
A beautiful queen lived she.

The little girl slept o'er her hook, and droamed; And over her slumbering brain The tale she had read, of the beautiful prince And the cottage girl, came again.

But, somehow, the cottage girl wore her hair, And her dress and her form were the same. And, when the beautiful prince came by, He called her her own sweet name.

And sur was the cottage girl that rode
The lady and queen to be,
And to live for any with her beautiful prince
In the city by the sea.

Now in every maiden soul that breather ily mountain, valley or stream— Whether they read the old tale or not. Hovers the same sweet dream. Away in the depths of their virgin souls, Where other dreams rome not in, Hid from the world's unkin ily ayes, And the selling breath of sin.

And each one thinks it a prophet's voice— And so it may prove to some— But they all sit down, like the cottage girl, ... And waif for their prince to come.

MODERN MARRIAGES.

Among the many strange things which was meet with in life, nothing is stranger than the way in which some people talk about marriage. They regard it as a speculation which may be good or, bad—as.a. game to be played which requires sagacity and skill—as a question of position—as a marketable commodity—as something by which wealth is to be seen the colls, whilst you put on lace and ribbons, and arrange curls; he isn't a fool, whatever you may think on the subject, and will probably form his own ideas upon your original appearance.

Don't run and hide, like a frightened rabuttate, when he calls, whilst you put on lace and ribbons, and arrange curls; he isn't a fool, whatever you may think on the subject, and will probably form his own ideas upon your original appearance.

Don't run and hide, like a frightened rabuttate, when a gentleman puts his head into exclaims offe; "What a capital hit, who could have ever expected her to be so fartunate," says another: "Agood connection indeed; he is likely to be a rich man-before long," is the remark of a third; or, on the other side, one hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw hears, "what a fool the girl was to throw here some one does prose, don't say no, when you mean yes! He may take you at your word!

If you follow all these precents you may

"To be sure if she couldn't love the man."

exclaims some mild voice, "she did right to say so: but young ladies are very fanciful, she would have liked him well enough if they had once married." "For my part," dries a lady, who has made a good match herself, and lives in style, though report say not very happily, "for my part it seems sureasonable to suppose a woman can find a husband exactly suited to her. Love is all very well in poetry, but when it comes to real life, we must take the best chance that offers."

A score of such remarks.

A score of such remarks.

A score of such remarks might be added, but it is unnecessary, unfortunately they are so common, that our readers will be able at once to recognize their truthfulness, and to

add to them.

Thus the holy state of matrimony becomes a sort of commercial transaction. The man or the woman who marries for the sake of money, or of connexion, or to secure an establishment and home for life, does in fact, wed and worship certain conventional proprieties, takes to himself or herself to have or to hold, till death part them, not a warm, love tober is the best for Winter use. Lard should eties, takes to himself or herself to have or to hold, till death part them, not a warm, lov-ing, human soul, with whom cares may be lessened by sympathy and pleasure multiplied by participation, but a given quantity of hard cash, of worldly respectibility, of household ambition. Satisfy them to their hearts content, crown their mean aims with succes, sur-round them with everything they prize most highly; and then to all simple and true hearted natures, to all that have been unperverted by worldly maxims, and know what real hap-piness means, and how comparatively it is afpiness means, and how comparatively it is affected by outward circumstances, the things which stand round us, but are not part of our being—to them how false and vain does all the glitter appear. They will not the glitter appear. They will not the glitter appear. being—to them how false and vain does att the glitter appear. They will not tell you, and truly enough, we think that the shadow has been selected in preference to the substance—that instead of the light heartedness of joy, an uneasy burden has been chosen, under which every finer fancy must be dwarf, and the control of the light heartedness of joy, and uneasy burden has been chosen, and tappicea, ground rice, &c., should be kept covered.

The cracked occool is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good. of joy, an uneasy burden has been chosen, under which every finer fancy must be dwarfed, every moral sentiment degraded, that if the feelings do sometimes prove dangerous guides, the common maxim of the world, so very prudent and so very shallow, are infinitely more baneful, since they would lead us to renounce the very life of life for the sake of some material guarantees, in the shape of

ricks and mortar, servants, jewelry, carriages, a title, or a coat of arms.

We hold then, and all the best and noblest of women will agree with us, that a marriage which is not found on mutual love and esta -which does not bind hearts as well as hand becomes nothing more or less than a sordid and disgraceful bargain. We believe that fathers and mothers, whose great aim is to see their children well set'led, in a worldly point of view, and who ignore love, whenever interest is concerned, are guilty, not only of a folly, but of a crime-against God. against society, and against those whose

earthly happiness lies so much in their keep

But on the other hand, wild and imprudent marriages, and all engagements which have not common senge, and prudence for their hand maidens, merit severe reprehension, and ichly deserve all that the wit of the poet and drainatist can level against them. Unfortu-nately, in no sense of the word can this age of ours be termed golden. There are very few of us who can afford to pass the time mer-

deters a young man from marrying, when his income is really large enough to secure every comfort.

Nearl all ladies who have not arrived at an uncertain age, look forward naturally enough, to the day when they shall leave their father's roof, and under the protection of a nearer one and a dearer one, take their part in the duties of life. How important it is that they should learn to choose well, that they should not be attracted by external appearance, or mere position, fut that in this great step, which has been called, though untruly, a leap in the dark, they should consult their judgement as well as their feelings, and that sound common sense, which, in things of lesser moment, is deemed so important. But, above all, it is necessary that a woman should take for her friend and counsellor one who will not only be a helpmate in this world, but who will also stimulate her noblest aspirations, and prove a faithful companion in the journey there. ward.

NO. 27.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES. Don't make a confidante of the first interesting young lady you meet. A woman can't keep a secret any more than a seive can hold water, and ten to one she'll tell the whole story to the sister of the nice young man in question. Then you can imagine

the consequences!

Don't sit down to your crotchet work or embroidery unless you have first mended that hole in your stocking. No use crowd-ing:it (under the heel of your shoe—rags, like marder, will out; and they speak with terribly loud voices and at inconvenient sea-

ons, sometimes. Don't undertake to write skim milk poetry when you feel a little disposed towards enthusiasm. Go and do a kind action, or speak a kind word to somebody, if the feeling must have vent. Depend upon it, you'll be better satisfied afterward.

Don't pretend to be angry because gentlemen have the audacity to look at you, when you promenade the street in your best bonnet. What do you go there for, if not to be seen? The more you affect—indignation the more the offending wretches won't believe it.

Don't pay thirty or forty dollars for the aforesaid bonnet, and then complain that "Pa", is in such narrow circumstances you can't afford to give twenty five cents in charity.

Don't eat blue and yellow candies the whole time, like a mouse nibbling at a pine-apple cheese, and then lament because you

haven't any appetite for dinner.

Don't ask a beardless boy what school he attends, and whether he prefers kites or marbles, unless you are certain he is neither a

As a general rule, it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meat sugar, molasses, butter, cheese, lard, &c., to asy nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India Sugar and Molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White

tober is the best for Winter use. Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken

of the finger. That which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is melther good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and haug it up in a cool dry place. If mold appear on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth, Flour and meal of all kinds should be best.

good

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects oth-

or articles. Keep tea in a close chest.
Oranges and lemons kept best wraped close
in soft paper and laid in a drawer of linen.
When a cask of molasses is bought, draw of few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box

Stream and care should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place, where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. The best kind is that which is called Dun, from its peculiar color. Fish skin for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small and kept in a box or paper har bng
Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in
the cellar, and should not be used till three
months old.

Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a conyenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks beore using it, as it spends fast when it is new. Potatoes should be put into the cellar as soon as they are dug. Lying exposed to the Sun turns them green, and makes them watery. Some good housekeepers have sods laid over barrels of potatoes not in immediate, use. To prevent them from sprouting in the Spring, turn them out upon the cellar bottom.

for ours be termed golden. There are very few of us who can safford to pass the time merrily; whatever we realize, must be worked for, intervals of leisure and rest come to us like angels' visits, and marriage itself, far from being a state of beautitude, is fraught with cares, perplexitles, and sorrow. But then, on the whole, in most truly happy marriages, the joy infinitely transcends the pain, and the evils with which the married state is connected, may in a great measure be avoided by foresight and patience. If, for example, a young couple begin too so un, with very limited, and perhaps uncertain means, a few y ars will find them surrounded with difficulties—perhaps burdened with debt. In such a case, the suffering is self-entailed, and the punishment deserved. But, to our thinking, there is among the middle classes, a considerable amount of carefulness in the matter, and the wish to commence life, as it is called, in the same style as his father closes it, often deters a young man from marrying, when his income is really large enough to secure every comfort.

Near! all ladies who have not arrived at its cut short, and their particular to an extent unknown here. (save in the very highest circles of our aristoracy;) and this not-from mean motives, but from sheer necessity. In France, no father expects his daughter to give young man are so rare, that it is quite your weekly, do not know how lucky they are.

Every American girls of good education, says Harper's Weekly, do not know how lucky they are.

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Every American girl who is sane and sound
—and many who are neither one or the other
—has not one, but many chances of marrying.