A. K. RHEEM, Proprietor.) Wm. M. PORTER, Editor.

FOR CIRCLE. RAREK.

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

VOL. LX.

ANUARY REDUCTION IN PRICES.

A. W. BENTZ

Announces to the public and file customers, that in accordance with his usual custom this season of the year, he has refutered the prices of his stock of

FANCY DRY GOODS,

which complies many choice into heautiful as affections of WINTER DRESS (10018), such as all Wool Merlmors, plain and figured, all Wool Detailors, filland, figured, Coloury, Valencias, Detailors, all wool, Plaids, &c., &c.

SILAN Los of every variety at extremely low prices.

A beautiful Lot of PANOV SILKS of every style and color, and at lower rates than can be purchased elsewhere in Carlisle.

FURS & CLOAKS.

A splendid assortment of First and Clocks yet on hand with how are determined to close out without regard to COST. In fact our whole stock is now, offering at moustally low prices.

Persons will find it to, their decided advantage to call and examine for thouselves as great bargains may be expected the closing season. Carlisle, Jan. 11, 1800,

or old Rec Whistey, or Gla. Wines. &c., can get the pure article at the threery of the subscriber, W.M. BENTZ.

Carliste, Jan. 18, 1900.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK PROPRIETORS.

MULCHOIR BRNNEMAN, JOHN DUNIAP, JOHN S. STEREETT, H. AT STURGEON.

WILLIAM KER, ROBT, C. STERRETT, RICHARD WOODS, JOHN C. DUNLYP, Reham Woods,
John C. Denny,
This Rank, doing business in the name of Ker, Bren
mann & Co., is new fully propared to do a general
Banking Business with promptness and fidelity,
Money received on deposit and paid back on demand
without notice. Interest paid on special deposits. Certificates of deposit bearing interest at the rate of five
per cent, will be isrued for as short a period as fourmonths. Interest on all certificates will cosses at maturity, proyided, however, that if said certificates are
removed at any time thereafter for another given pariod, they shall pear the same rate of interest up to the
time of renewal. Particular attention paid to the eolbection of notes; drafts, checks, &c., in any part of the
United States or Canadass.
Remittances made to England, Ireland, or the Continent. The faithful and, confidential execution of all
orders entrusted to them, may be relied upon.
They call the attention of Fauriers, Mechanics and
all chers who desire a safe depository for their names,
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are transprendant, Hable to the extent of their estates for
all the Deposits, apid other obligations of Ker, Brenneman & Co.
They have recently removed into their new Bauking

main & Co.

They have recently removed into their new Bauking
House directly opposite their former stand, in West
Main Street, a few doors east of the Railroad, Depot,
where they will at all times be pleased to give any information desired in regard to monay matters in gene
rat.

ral.
Open for business from 9 o'clock in the morning utili
4 o'clock in the evening.
II. A. STURJEON, Cashler.
Carlide, May 20, 1857. [00=TONS TROW TAND ROLLED

IRON of the very best ENGLISH BRANDS warran tod in every way Superior to American make. Just received with a large assortment of

AON or in every wa, red with a large.

Sheet Iron,
Hoop Iron,
Band Iron,
Horso Shoo Iron,
Spring Stood,
Cast Steel,
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Washers,
Screw Plates,
Blacksmith Bellows &c., &c.
Venpest, at the Hardware Stor
HERNY SAN

Drices with fredg'

Cheaper than the cheapest, at the Hardware Store of March 7, '60. HENRY SANTON. N. B All Iron sold at city prices with freight adde

DOWDER. 25 Kegs Dupont, Rock and Rifle powder, with a ceasortment of Safety Fuse, Stone Drills, Stone Great, Stone Stedges, arge assortment of Safety Fuse, Stone Drills, Greek, Stone Brills, Greek, Stone Hammers, Stone Hammers, Hardware Store of March, 7, '60.

TOR RENT. — Three commodious rooms on the third story of RHEEM'S NEW HALL, suitable for society meetings. EM'S NEW HALL, suitable for society meetings, as or similar purposes also, on the first floor one suitable for a Hillard Room or office, and a norm o basement are offered for rent. Possession given

J. RHEEM. March 7, 1860 .- t f. DISSOLUTION OF PARTNER-NILL—The partnership herefolore existing under the firm of SHROM & Ill.ACK, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, therefore we would soljet all those having claims will please present them for settlement.

, JACOB SHROM, ROBERT M. BLACK.

The business will hereafter be continued at the old stand of Shrom & Black maker the firm of BLACK & BELAXCY, where its well keep constantly on hand all kinds of LABBER & STEPPER & STEPP will be promptly attended to as heretofore.

BLACK & DELANCY. Jan. 11, 1860.

DEFOREST, ARMSTRONG & CO.,

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. 80 & 82 Chambers St., N. Y. Would notify the Trade that they are opening Weekly

A MOSKEAG,

A new Print, which excels every Print in the Country for perfection of execution and design in full Madder Colors. Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale.

Orders promptly attended to. [Feb.8'60-1y.

WAMSUTTA PRINTS.

FSTATE NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of Louis Hostotter, decassed, late of-silver-Spring township, having-been issue by the Register of Cumber land county, to-the subscriber residing in Medianicabers, Notice is hereby given to those Indubleding make payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for them to GEO, BITNER, having claims to present them GEO. BITNER, se thement to Atministrator of Louis Hostetter, dec'd.

ESTATE NOTICE —Letters of Administration on the estate of Ann Searight, late at 8 such Middleton township decased, have been issued by the 18-isler of Cumberl und county, to the subscriber residing in suit lownship. All persons ind-bleet to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement to HUGH STUART.

March 21, '60-Ct. Administrator. March 21, '60-6t.

OTICE - Notice is hereby given to all who are indobted to us that our books will he handed over for collection after the 15th of next mouth Our books are now in possession of our successor Ashe Wiel, who is constantly ready to receive money on our Jan. 11, 1800. STEINER BROTHERS. P. S. Asher Wiel's Clothing Store, near the Market

REMOVAL OF LOCHMAN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC AND A M B R O T Y P E G A L L E R Y .

O. L. Lochman is happy to amounce to the citizens of Cartisle and vicinity that he has removed his Picture Gafferr to "MARION HALL" where he hopes, with superior facilities, and pleasant access to his Rooms, and excellent light to merita continuance of the very liberal patronage bestewed upon him by his patrons and friends. PICTURES OF EVERY STYLE, radio from a medallion to life size. His pictures are warranted to be superfor to any piade in this part of the courty, and oqual to the very best made in large cities. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examina specimens.

Cartisle, Feb. 15, 1880. If.

SILVER PLATED WARE BY

HARVEY FILLEY No. 1222 Market Street Philadelphia,

No. 1222 Market Street Philadelphia,
Manufactures of fine
Ninkel, Stleen, and Silver Platen of
Porks, Seo ns. Lables, Butter Knives,
Castors, tea. Sett. Urbs, Kettlers,
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With a general association temprising none but the
best quality made of the best materials and heavily
plated, constituting them a Serviceable and durable
article.

rticle
For Horsis, Stramuogts and Private Familias
S3- Old Ware re-plated in the best manner.
Feb. 22, 1800-1 y.

The large third story room in Inhof's corner-one of the best Daguerotype calleries in town. Possession given inmediately, apply to Full, 15, 3t. Comments of the Control of the Control of the Possession of the Control of the Contro

The story of the happy young couple who quarreled on the first day of their housekeeping life about the "rat" or the "mouse" which ran out of the fire place, it seems had its origin "loug time ago" in the incident thus done into rhyme. The last verse explains the mysterious mistake.

John Davidson and Tib his wife Sat to istin' their taes an nicht, Whon som thingstartit in the fluir And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife" quota John, "did ye see that mocse? What sorra was the cat?"

whar sorra was the cat?".
"A moose!—Ay, a moose."—Na, na. Guidman,
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat." "Ow, ow, truidwife, to think yo've been

Sac lang about the hoose, An' no to ken a mo so frao a rat l

You washa a rat! 'twas a moose !" "I'vaseen mair mice than you, Guidman-Au' what think ye o' that? San hand your tongue an' say nee mair-

I tell ye it was a rat" "ME hand my tongue for you, Quidwife

I saw't as plain as een could see, 'An' I tell-ye it was a moose "If you're the mester o' the hoose,

It's I'm the mistress o't; . '
An' I ken best what's in the hoose— Sae I tell yo it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guldwife, gue mak the brose, An' ca' it what ye please "
So up she rose and made the bross,
"While John sat teastin' his taes.

They supit and supit and supit the brose, And aye their lips played smack; They supit and supit and supit the brose,

Till their lugs began to crack. "Sic fules were we to fa' out, Guidwife, About a moose."- "A what! It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again

I; wasna a moose; 'twas a rat.' "Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face? My faith but yo craw croose!
I tell yo, T.b., I never will bear't—
Twas a moose,'—"Twas a rat!"—"Twas
moose."

Wi'-that she struck him ower the pow-"Ye dour auld dolt, tak' that—
Gae to your bed, ye cauker'd sumph—
"Twas a rat."—"Twas a moose!!"—"Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose cup at his heels As he hirpled ben the mose; \
Yet he shoved out his head as he steekit the door;

And cried, "Twas a moose, 'twas a moose!' But when the carle fell fast asleen She paid him back for that, And roar'd into his sleeping lug, "Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!'

The deil be wi' me if I think . She found wee Johnie's ball I

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. ROGET DE LISLE, AND THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON. . . (Concluded.)

111. Mountime, Therese Longueville had heard nothing from Roget de Liste for two days; it seemed two ages. What it meant she could seemed two ages. What it meant she could not even guess. He had never absented himself before for so long a time. If he were sick,' she reasoned. he would surely contrive to let me understand it. Can he have shut himself up, determined to finish the song the great song that is to set all France to singing? If so, I confess I have not under-stood him; he is worthy of the fame I covet

On the morning of the third day, her uncle apprised her that the Duke had come to the chateau to make a formal tender of his hand. The old De Longueville appea ed enraptured. To think,' he cried, 'of my poor old chateau being honored thus? blessings on the fortune that gave me Therese Longueville for a nicee. Come, my child, take time to make yourself

Come, my child, take: time to make yourself very agreeable. I will manage to entertain the Duke, while you prepare your toilet.'

Therese, suddenly grown pale, scarcely knew which way to proceed. She had thought of the matter many times, laughed over, but never reflected scriously uponit. To be asked for in marriage was no next thing; she had had already several—grand offers, but to see her uncle make the Duke's visit a matter of so much consequence, an event upon which much consequence, an event upon which second to have set his hourt, to have built his hopes, really disconcerted her. She mov-ed slowly and reluctantly to her boudoir—her

maid preceding her, all flutter and delight There was to be a grand ball in the course of a week. Therese had made all her preparations; her costume hung in the wardrobe— pale blue satin, with blonde and pearl trimnings.
Suppose ma'mselle wears her new dress,'

said her maid, chatting volubly.
'No, no, it don't matter at all what I wear,'
responded Therese, somewhat petulently, anything will do. The maid gazed at her aghast. 'Does not ma'mselle wish to look her best?'

he asked, in surprise.
'Oh, no,' said Therese, 'find the plainest' own I have, and if there are trimmings on it, hey shall be taken off.'
But Monsieur de Longueville?' said the

mid, in a doubtful voic Do what I tell you, Frances, and be silent, said Therese, firmly.

There was no alternative. The disappoint. d maid found a plain dress of barege, and proceeded to array her eccentric mistress. 'Now ma'mselle's hair; surely she will allow me to dress it somewhat for her,' said

'No: here, give me a comb. There, that

She had caught up the long curls, and crushed them in a mass against the back of her beautiful head. The maid cried out in smay.
'Obl ma'mselle will not look such a fright?'

'Silence,' said Therese; and started as she lanced at a mirror. She had certainly never appeared so well in her life. Her cheeks were flushed, her hair rippled back and forth most charmingly, her lips were red with health; and vexation had given a glitter to her eyes, that added tenfold to her leveliness. In spite of her moud, she was pleased with the compliment her mirror paid her, and not alto-gether reluctantly hastened down stairs. Her uncle met her. He was overflowing with

pirits. · I congratulate you, niece, he said, 'you were never so charming. What will his grace the Duke say? He led her into the noble presence, and left

her there

Here was a new astonishment. Instead of a decrepted old man, full of years and infirmities, there advanced towards her, a youthful, handsome gouttem n, dressed with all the splendor that became such rank. Therese was almost unnerved, but she was a high-bred French woman, and consequently did not lose ber self possession. She welcomed him with courtosy, entertained him with agreeable chat, and patiently awaited the expected declara-tion. In vain. No formal offer was made. Therese, though astonished and bawildored, could not but confess that the nobleman leased her. 'What success?' inquired her uncle, breat h

what could it mean? Even the attentions of her new found, noble friend, could not console her; even he acted as if he wished to veil himself in mystery. After all, it must be that on seeing her, he had experienced a revulsion of feeling, and was not prepared to pay his addresses. She could hardly interpret his manner—at one moment all warmth and ton-like the next order the next order. It was done. \
Now bring me my rifle—place it against the table. That is yiell. Is there a fing in the next order and chilling and regretally the house. Jean?

'Have you heard the news?'
A brilliant young officer stood by her side.
She turned smiling, expectant. She turned smiling, expectant.

De Lisle served us a shabby trick; Tocked himself up, the other day, pretending that he wanted to poetise—got up in the garret of his brain, you know—when pop, the first thing we know, the excellent young man was off and away. Yesterday, so Coventry says, he saw him alight at the station, in company with a charming young lady. To-day, Breekridge informs us that, calling at his lodgings, he did not find him, but caught sight of an angel of beauty, who, he supposes, is his wife. he did not find him, but caught sight of an angel of beauty, who, he supposes, is his wife. Pretty trick of his, isn'tit! Always expected some auch thing of De Lisle; romantic fellow!"

Always expected some such thing of De Lisle; romantic fellow!"

Aller brow felt like marble. It was certain, then and there, she had made a discovery—that the young, ardent, handsome officer of engineers, Roget de Lisle, held sway over her heart—and he alone. The gentleman by her side, noticing her increasing paleness, offered her his arm.

All is too close here, she murmured, and

tion! In vain she strove to conquer it. She could only reply, as her friend, referring to the subject again, asked her what she thought

he had heard nothing.
Oh! I expect it is all arranged,' chattered the loquacious maid. You knew, perhaps, that the great Duke de Volney wishes to marry my charming mistress. Well, it is all marry my charming mistress. Well, it is all arranged, I suppose, as I said before, and we are to liave great times.'

She handed him a branch of misletoe as

She suspected that De Liste leved her mis-ty and glory of Strasburg. Quick, we must copy. It is not difficult—the orchestra can

No-I have seen him

a few words, said De Lisie.
He walked in—gazed for a moment on the bijects by which she had so lately been sur rounded—touched the strings of her guitar,

"I thought when you had received my note, you would pity me sud forgive my absence. Now I learn that a Longueville has fo felted her word.
"Nevertheless, I shall compose my song, though my in soethes to madness. Farewell. I do not ask you to remember me. Roser of Liste."

Placing an ivory folder across the little bil directing it, he hurried away from Pursuing his way at an almost freuzied rate, he suddenly met De Thalg, the colebrat-ul tenor of an opera troupe, then high in pub-liu favor. They shook hands.

'You see a man in despair,' exclaimed the nger. ·Wo are well met, then,' was De Lisle's ap wer: 'but what has happened?' -

They have given me something to sing to night, so tame! so flat! so spiritless! that never can get through with it. It is an 'Ode to Glory!' Fancy me making wry faces at it and over it. I have hammered it every way. but can make nothing of it. The notes wil stick in mythroat, to say nothing of the words, which are detestable.' Explain the circumstances,' said de Liste.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APKIL 18, 1860. lessly, after she had parted with the young ded; 'It is now one o'clock; come to my rooms assly, filer she had plated was man does at six; I will write the song, or die, not matter; but come—what success?' He had some. De Thalg gazed after him, aughed, rubbing his haud.

manner—at one moment all warmth and tenderness, the next, cold, chilling and regretful,
as if he was not satisfied with himself.

'Have you heard the news?'

'Yes, sir.'

The man oboyed, unfurled it, and hung it over against the window.

Jean, I hear you drumming sometimes.'

Yes, sir,' said the man, bashfully.

You are a good drummer, Jean, and you will favor me if you practice this afternoon. Let it be in your own apartment.'

The man withdrew, grinning delightedly. If he had a weakness, it was drumsticks.

All was again silent. The banner of France hung nerveless; the rifle stood harmlessly where it had been placed Up and down the darkened room strode Roget de Lisle, an understanding the little note. Sind deanly she paused, looked up quite frightened; lifted an envelope.

Oh, Roget! I forgot his; it came in the morning, and your manner, when you returned, discomposed me. What shall I do if it, was important?'

Presently-he-seated-himself. The roll of continuous thunder of distant artillery; and muffled by the intervening space, Jean's spirited execution suggested the march of an army. The flar, to bis excited inwignation.

tory; the rifle seemed an impersonation of war. The hot enthusiasm glowing in his soul radiated outwards, and encircled him with a her his arm.

A 'It is too close here,' she murmured, and presently found herself standing at the optrance of a conservatory. The gentle fragrance of innumerable flowers revived her; and the face looked inspired.

The first pulse in the heart of a hew birth a martial heat had begun with a martial heat-

could only reply, as hor friend, referring to the subject again, asked her what she thought of it.

'I—really—I connot tell. Gentlemen have a right to suit themselves in such affairs, you have of the evening it might be said she had no heart, but moved about like a statue, animated so far as volition was concerned, but as for play of voice, or feature, there was none.

IV.

Roget de Lisle called at the chateau Long-Roget de Lisle called at the ch

rief time, the song was finished.
Roget de Lisle had woven in every note the undying record of his fame.

At six o'clock came De Thalg, an unbeliever; in ton minutes he was converted.

'It is sublime!' he cried, enraptured. 'What

tress.

'Sometimes I do not,' replied Roget, angriby, further mutilating the unoffending plant by crushing it with his foot. 'So, it is settled, is it? She is sold to him?'

'Sold?' exclaimed the maid, wonderingly.

'Yes, yes—to be married, I mean, to this old Duke.' V.

Old—vou are mistaken.' said the maid:

Let, comprehending nothing.

I have received no note!' she exclaimed. 'No—I have seen him'
'Then I will wait until Therese returns,'
he said, deliborately.
'But ma'mselle will not return to day, perhaps,' said the maid, frightened at his wild
manner.
'Permit me to enter the study—I will write
for many', said the Liele.

to the Duke. What can I do? How explaint
Her distress and uncertainty were pitiful.
Her maid entered.
'Ma'mselle, inonsieur, your uncle expects
you to be ready for the opera at eight.'
'Stay—carry my regrets; say that I cannot
go,' cried Therese, sinking, tremblingly, upon
the pearest seat. 'Wait—I countermand the

the later, not well knowing what to say.

Four hours: that is some time; you may
go, Frances; she looked at her watch, esized
a pen still marked with the luk which de Lisle
had used. She wrote many notes, and destroyed them, but finally contented herself
ith a short but comprehensive sentence with a short but comprehensive sentence "ROGET DE LIBLE:

"I have received no note from you, and a Longuville nover breaks her word. Theres." A servant was called. 'Take this directly to Monsieur de Liele's rooms; see it placed in his hands' The man had gone before she remembered what covered her with confusion.

De Lisle had been on a journey; he had brought back a lady—it might be—his wife.

Yet, if so, what meant his impassioned note

Her maid came in again.

Ma'mselle, the Duke is below, and wishes o see you.' 'I cannot meet him, Frances : I am in

'Ma'mselle, my dear lady, I have deceived

lessly, filter she had parteen with the song or dieg.

mun. Ah, my nicee, beauty in a man deeg not matter; but come—what adcess?! His agnel, rubbing his hauds.

Capital, uncle; I am engaged to him—the old man's cyet sparkled — for three sets, at the grand ball, said Therese.

You area jesting, responded Monsieur de Longueville. Did he make no proposition? Did he say nothing upon the matter abbut which he wrote to me?

You are at liberty to guess, dear uncle, said Therese, dying past him, and gaining herown room.

You are all interty to guess! muttered he; yes, yes, I see how it is—maiden adjuces, maiden styness. So I my little Therese will be a Duchess after all.

Men cannot always keep secrets, however, the many mone and always keep secrets, however, the mone of the proposition of the ment of the proposition of the pr

The little note was placed in Rogel de Lisle's hand just as Do Thalg, his face all aglow, his precious music hugged to his breast, was prearing to leave. De Liste trembled as he glanced at it his manner hurried the singer away. The note

was read

"As your musical correspondent, I was rither aston-ished to receive the enclosed, and concluded that, in a fatof inspiration, you that mistissen my are and voca-tion. I have been absent, and it has lash with other letters till yesterday. Present my regards to the real Mademoiselle Therese. "Though the ste"

"TRULT, etc., etc."
"Was it very important?" asked Emily nerveus with apprehension.
"Not worth a thought, love: never mind it.
Come, you have only a little timetoprepare."
Amid the crowds of splendid beauty, none so inimitably lovely as Thorese Longueville.

Roget de Liste called at the chateau Longneville two days after his return. Therose
was gone out, had been gone out since morning. So her own maid told him.

There was a little sheltered garden loading
from the front entrance, in which flowers grew
plentifully. De Liste, anxious to hear something of Therose, asked for one. The maid,
as eager to impart what she know, out off an
English rose, remarking that she supposed the
monsieur had heard how it was with ma'mselle
'Not' with a start and a lock all anxiety;
he had heard nothing.

'Oh! I expect it is all arranged,' chattered

famous tattoo

Unwontedly excited, yet glowing with his
trumph, Roget de Liste gathered up the wet
manuscripts, and emerged once more into the
light of day. He called his sister, requiring
sinking; 'Roget de Liste is a, deceiver.'

As she spoke thus, Emily's glance was intent, upon her; and Roget was earnestly talking in praise of the lovely Therese. She
you to write the harmony.

She tween may work is
that you are exhausted; will you not rest?
she asked, anxiously.

'Not yet; I shall rest when my work is
the instrument, and struck chord after chord.

'I have it—so! Mark that!' he cried, eveof. exquisite fans and the best of delicate beauty"

turned pâle, for the "fresh, delicate beauty"
tat by the side of Roget de Liste,
the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste in the pick is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Liste is at by the side of Roget de Li ry fow moments; and in an almost incredibly following the vibrations of the instruments.

Then came that glory of Frenchmen—
"La Marscillaise!" As with united impulse, the whole theatre arose. Loud vivas of applause followed. Cheeks were flushed that seldom changed color. Many she spoke. He took it, looked at it, and then napped it in two.

'Monsieur does not like the flowers, after thill, said the maid, archly.

'Monsieur does not like the flowers, after do when I see around me the second me the se France violate and composer succeeded.

Behold both in one!

Roget de Liste advances, pale, of statuesque

beauty, with glances cast down Emily, breathless, trembles in almost a delirium of love and rapture. Therese glows with a noble pride, in which jealousy is forgotten. How handsome he looks! his troubles vanished—his immortality begun. They throw flowers; the place is in a tumult of admiration to be and Honesforth hand validate the

old Duke.' \
Old—you are mistaken,' said the maid; he is every whit as young and handsome as monsieur.' \
The corresponding nothing:

The rese instruct with many trembled within her. Dismistrate her yery heart trembled within her yery her yery heart trembled within her yery her yery her yery heart trembled within her yery As they had sat, facing each other, so they met, Emily and Therese face to face. (Emily sparkling, Therese white,) De Lisle and the

Every eye was fastened upon the young composer. Therese was not unwilling to re-cognize the observed of all observers, though when she presented him to the Marquis, her voice nearly failed her, and her eyes grow

objects by which she strings of her guitar, rounded—touched the strings of her guitar, that leaned against the table, stalked to her seat, and fell into a gloomy reverie Presently he roused himself, and muttering—

I'veried Therese, sinking, tremblingly, upon the nearest seat. 'Wait—I counterment the nearest seat. 'Wait—I counterment the nearest seat. 'Wait—I counterment the nearest seat.' 'Wait—I counterment the form straightening, the eye grow—ing liquid with surprise, with new confidence, the cheek flushing! To see how eaght and held, while a glance (but how shall I describe the remaid's presence, unmindful of her sympathetic face.

'Ma'mselle has still four hours,' ventured the sentence that came to the cold beauty! the form straightening, the eye grow—ing liquid with surprise, with new confidence, the cheek flushing! To see how eaght and held, while a glance (but how shall I describe the cheek flushing! To see how each the cheek flushing! To see the change that came to the cold peauty! the form straightening, the eye grow—ing liquid with surprise, with new confidence, the cheek flushing! To see the change that came to the cold peauty! the form straightening, the eye grow—ing liquid with surprise, with new confidence, the cheek flushing! To see the cheek flushing the eye grow—ing liquid with surprise, with new confidence, the cheek flushing! To see the cheek flushing! To see the cheek flushing the expects to accompany me. Oh! what shall I do?' She bowed her head upon her head upon her head upon her head ·Allow me to introduce to you my only sissentence that arrested Therese's attention, as they separated, 'A Longueville never forfeits her word, nor the low reply, 'nave The reader anticipates the sequel of "La

> A LANTERN CANE One of the most un ique of recent Yankoe inventions is a cane, which is also a lantern, a stout, elegant walk-ing stick, and a brilliant, steady light. The six inches from its top, and so as not to disfigure its proportions or beauty, and can be lit at pleasure by pulling the cane about, by the cane about the c a large sized walking stick. It is a useful invention for doctors, watchmen, editors of daily papers, young men who "sit up" late with people who ain't their sisters, and all other classes who have to be out o' nights.

tever. The Test.—An Irishman had been sick a long time, and, while in that state, would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently our shall sing a song of mine that will move all France. Do you believe me? "Judging by your appearance just now, yes—but, Reget, my dear fellow, what has happened? Any new trouble? "My mother—I have lost her, said Reget, chokingly, after a manent's pause. The mode of the second disagreeable to her. When she stood on the threshold, the nobleman came towards her, led her respectfully to a lounge, and asy, to me, 'here's till ye, 'My mother—I have lost her,' said Reget, chokingly, after a manent's pause. Then grasping hard the hand of De Thalg, he ad THE TEST .- An Irishman had been sick a ly forgiveness.I. | Dury me."

Andies' Department.

Germs of the Beautiful. Scatter the germs of the Beautiful-By the way-side let them fall, That the rose may spring by the cottage gate, And the vine on the garden wall ; Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a vell of leaves and flowers,
And mark, with the opening bud and cup,

The march of summer hours. Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the holy shrines of home; Let the pure and the fair and the graceful here In the loveliest lustre come; Leave not a trace of deformity In the temple of your heart;
But gather about its hearth the germs

Of Nature and of Art. . Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the temple of our God-The God who starred the uplifted sky, And flowered the trampled sod; When He built a temple for himself, And a home for the holy race, He reared each charm in symmetry, And covered each line with grace

Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the depths of the humble soul; They shall bud and blossom and bear their fruit, While the ending ages roll; Plant with the flowers of charity, · liups, the portal of the tomb, And the fair and the pure about thy path In Paradise shall bloom.

WOMAN.

Place her among flowers, foster her as tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, way wardness, and sometimes folly, annoyed by dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the show ers too heavy, and she is overpowered by th perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamit come—rouse her affections—enkindic the firt of her heart, and mark her then; how he heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle give her a child, a bird—anything she love or pities; to protect—and see her in a relativinstance, raising her white arms aw a shiel as her own blood crimsons her upturned for head, praying for life to protect the helpless Transplant her in the dark places of eart nwaken her energies to action, and he

nwaken her energies to action, and her reath becomes a healing—her presence lessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to he bridsl. In prosperity shells a bud full of ode' waiting but for the winds of adversity to seat waiting but for the winds of advertity to save ter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furbace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's eart. The absence of content, the mutterheart. The absence of content, the natterings of spleen, the untitly dress and cheerless home, the forbiding soow I and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the hearts core of mean a man and planted there, bayond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair.

Ohl may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollection of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, waken and keep aliye the promise she so kind—"Ah, man, you schwallow him who

cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, sorrow to joy.

waken and keep alive the promise she so kind.

"Ah, man, you schwallow him whole!

ly gave. And though she mry be the injured,
not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to
the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome.

"Of course," says Phibbs.

"And you can schwallow him whole, too!" comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kies of peace to par-don all the past, and the hardest heart that ever looked itself within the breast of selfish

THE BRITISH OROWN. The grown worn by the Queen of Great Brit-ain at the opening of Parliament is composed of hoops of silver, which are completely covored and concealed by precious stones, having Maltese cross of diamonds on the top of it n the centre of this cross is a magnificent supplies. In front of the crown, above the rim is another Maltese cross, in the middle of which is the large unpolished ruby which once graced the coronet of the chivalrous Black Prince, and underneath this, in the cir-cular rim, is another immense sapphire. The of England, made for George III, weighed up-wards of seven pounds, but, notwithstanding of the gold cap, the present crown only weighs aging, he reahed forward to the place were nineteen ounces; and ten pennyweights. It is the upper seven inches in height from the gold to the upper seven inches in height from the gold to the upper seven inches in height from the gold to the upper seven and its alternative. circle to the upper cross, and its diameter at the rim is five inches.

REVOLVING BRACELET. - A New York letter describes a piece of jewelry, which is destined to make a sensation among the "female per-suasion." It is a strap bracelet of fine link chain, of a quaint "vertian pattern. The cen-tre, set in a circular head, is a cluster of diasuasion." It is a strap bracelet of fine link chain, of a quaint Verettian pattern. The coarter, set in a circular head, is a cluster of diatro, set in a circular head, is a cluster of diatro, set in a circular head, is a cluster of diatro, set in a circular head, is a cluster of diatro, set in a circular head, is a cluster of diatro, and having an outside waving edge of black sample, divided into twelve compartments, each nestling a dazsling brilliant. Between the edge and central glory is a vine of fine gold, in what enilors term "round turns," each turn embracing of this cluster of diamonds and from this vine buds of fine diamonds burst into light. But if the centre of all are two into light. But in the centre of all are two wheels, set in black enamel ground, each hav ing eight arms and each arm twelve diamonds These wheels turn on a common axie, the hub being the largest diamond of all, and by an ingenious piece of machinery which is wound up with a key, these keys are made to revolve in opposite directions for two hours. Imagine in opposite directions for two hours. Imagine the effect of this pyrotechnic display in a prilliantly lighted salcon, with a fair plump brilliantly lighted salcon, with a fair plump arm beneath it, if you can! What admiration it would command from the men! what cavy in the salcon with men! what cavy in what heart humings it would exolte in This KER Norm Nothing is more unac-

York fashions says the most gradeful appring that wars in the simple staw (rold of the silk in lace grown) trimmed; with budding green, in riolettinis; and clusters of spring; flowers the fact of the silk in the fact of the silk in th or riole, thus, and custers of spring, nowers One of the very profitest, was an pure white straw, endicied by a heavy; wreath of glas-ivy, and that was all; the inside, of course, orowded with blushing buds, buried in blonde.

NO. 31.

MISCELL'ANEOUS. HOW MR. GOTTLEP BROKE HIS PONY -

Chon, you recermember dat liddle plack po-ny I pyed mit the bedler next veek. "Yah, vot of him." "Notings, only I gits sheated burdy pad." " So ?"

"Yah. You see in the vurst blace he ish plint mit both legs, unt ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite-he rares up pehint und kicks up pefore so vurser as a chackmule. I dinks I takes him a liddle rite yesterday, unt so sooner as I gits straddle his pack he gommence datvay, shust so like a vakin peam on a poatsteam, unt ven he gits tone, I was so mixed up mit everydinks. I vints minazel gittin arount pack. rydinks, I vints minezelf zittin arou

yards, mit his dail in mine hants for de pridie."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh; I vixed him petter as cham up.—
I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his heat out to pe; den I gife him apout so a tozen cuts mit a hite cow; he starts to go, put so soon he sees te cart pefore him he makes packwards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehind, unt siss town on his hanches, unt dooks like he veel burty shamed mit himzelf den I dakes him ont hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shust so goot as anypody's bony."

HARD ON JUDAS & INCARIOT.—Artemas Ward, the "grate American Showman," relates, in his peculiar style the following:
In the Faul of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of

bony.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun.
The pres was loud in her prases.
I day as I was givin a descripshun of
Buests and Snakes in my usual flowry stile, Beests and Snakes in my usual flowry stile, what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage contaniu my wax figgers of the Lorda Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on to the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the sun are you about?" cried I.

cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussyllanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger anuther tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I. "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger, a representashun of the false Postle."

Sez ha, "That's all very well fur you to say but I tell you; old man, that Judas Iscarriot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with whitch obsarvashun he kaved in Judissis hed.—The. Young man belonged to one of the fust famerlies in Utiky. I sood him. & the Joory brawt in a verky. I sood him, & the Joory brawt in a ver-dick of Arson in the 3d degree.

an excessively fastidious man; so much so is Phibbs that he dosen't even take his oysters promiscuously about town.
"For. d'ye see, my boy," says Phibbs,
"there's no calculating on these promiscuous oysters; they may be a manufactured

An Aboninable Story .-- Mr. Phibbs is

With this always in sight, Phibbs goes to Henotices, just as he has downed his num-ber one, that a corpulent Datchman stood b side him. Sorrowillly surveying a single oyster on the plate before him. The moment that Phibbs swallowed his first, the expres-

pointing with his fork to the love or lay on the plate before him.

!!! Certainly I can,!! say Phibbs, and suiting

the action to the word, the ovater was on his man, will soften to her charms, and bid her charms, as well soften to her charms, and bid her charms, as she had hoped, her years of match. "O, mein man I dat is wonderful! won-derless bliss—loved; loving and content—the ful! I never did see! Thave try to schwalsources of confort and the spains of joy. low him two, tree time—every time I spit

Phibbs has been quite unwell ever since. EXAMPLE OF THE BRAVE.—The example of the brave is an inspiration to the timid their presence thrilling through every fibre. Honce the miricles of valor so often performed by ordinary men under the leadership of the heroic. The very recollection of the dee is of the valliant stirs men's blood like the sound of a trumpat. ; Ziska: bequeathed his skin to be used as a drum to inspire the Alar of the Bohemians. When Scanderbeg Prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks wished arches enclose a cap of deep purple, or rather Prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks wished blue velvet; and the rim of the crown, at its to possess his bones, that each might wear a base, is clustered with brilliants, and orna spiece next his heart; hoping thus to secure mented with fleurs de-lis and Maltess crosses, some portion of the courage he had display equally rich. There are many other precious cit, while living, and which they had so often gens — emeralds and rubles, sapplires, and containing the heart of Bruce to the small clusters of drop pearls of great price. The crown is altogether valued at over half a boughts, bearing the heart of Bruce to the million of dollars. Indeed, were it possible to re-collect and again bring together such precious stones, this estimate would fall-much below their intrinsic value. The old crown noting; de topk from his neck the silver case containing the hero's bequest, and throwing it amidst the thickest press of his foes cried, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die," and so

> An Englishman in Paris went into a res taurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef soup. This was very well, and when it was disputchsome gruel kept for invalids. The by-standers now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent

arm beneath it, if you can! What admiration it would command from the men! what envyings and heart-hurnings it would excite in the women!

The honor we pay to women whose disinterestedness and sympathy circumstances make public, is not derived from the exceptional, but the normal truth; how many Florence Nightingsles, Lady Franklins, and Grace Darlings are endeared to fond memories, of whom the world shull never hear?

Sering Bonnars.—An observer of New York (ashlous says the most graceful: apring hat ware is the simple straw (void of the silk or loc grown) trimmed, with budding green, which has been aware of the bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool of the river, which has been aware of the borrible or loc grown) trimmed, with budding green, and the simple straw (void of the silk or loc grown) trimmed with budding green. secret all along, in spite of its smiling surface. Hawthorne.

ity, and that was all; the inside, of course, or worded with blushing buds, buried in blonds.

The widow of a celebrated musician bad inscribed upon his mornment, "He remove where only his music can be excelled."

The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and mistress, whose behests must be obeyed. The had inscribed, on her husband's tomb, "He women, however, in every part of the world, is gone where only his first storks can be of delightedly bow at Fashion's shrine.