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VOL. LX.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 22. 1860.

### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Cantista Herald is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribors 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 expiratio 1 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 asses.

### 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 5 cents per line for fact insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subsets of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements, Oblitary 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. Four 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 lia., will find it to rihe interest to give us a call.

### - Aeneral and Local Information. U. S. GOVERNMENT:

President—James Bughanan.
Vice President—Joun C. Breckenhood,
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Secretary of Interior—Jacob Thompson.
Secretary of Treasury—Howell. Codn.
Secretary of War—Joun B. Floth.
Secretary of Nary—Isaac Tought. Post Master General—Joseph Holt.
Attorney General—Jeremiau S. Black.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. Taner.

### STATE GOVERNMENT.

GOVOTHOR—WILLIAM F. PACKER.
SECRETARY OF SLAVE—WILLIAM M. HEISTER.
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AUGIOT GENERAL—THOS. E. COCURAN.
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FRONO, W. B. LOWRING C. W. WOODWARD, JOHN M. READ

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Yoodburn.
District Attorney—J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotsry—Philip Quigley.
Recorder &c.—Daniel S. Groft.
Register—S. N. Emmingor.
High Sheriff—Robt. McCartney; Deputy, S. Keeper
Gounty Treasurer—Alfred L. Sponsier.

County Tressurer—Alfred L. Sponsler.
Cornor—David Smith.
County Commissioners—Samuel Megaw, Nathaniel.
Ekclas James H. Waggener. Clork to Commission
rs. James Armstrong.
Directors of the Poor—Wm. Gracey, Jno. Trimble
braham Bosler.
Superintendent of Poor Houss—
sert Shyder.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Jos. H. Blair.

Assistant Burgess—J. B. Alexander.

Town Council—John Gutshall, J. Worthington, J.

B. Thompson, Wm. Bentz, Thomas Conlye, John Campbell, A. Monesmith, H. S. Ritter, J. Goodyear.

Clerk to Council.—Jas. U. Masonholmer.

High Constables—Goo. Bently, Wm. Parks. Ward

Constables—Jacob Bretz, Andrew Martin.

Justices of the Peace—A. F. Sponsier, David Smith,

Michael Holcomb, Abm. Dehuff.

### CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Couway, P. Wing Paster.—Services every Sunday Morning at Ho'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M. wery Suniary atoming at 110 cives, A. 21, and 6 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr. Ealis, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Cautre Square. Rev. Jacob B. Morss, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Hedford between Main and 2 o'clock R. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. M. M. Remer, Pastor.—Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Go. D. Chenowith. Pastor. Servicesat. Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Ritt Streets. Rev. Geo. D. Chenowith, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. Alex. D

Mothodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. Alex. D Gibson Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 6 P M.
St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. Jamos Kelley, Pastor. Services eyery other Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Verpers at 3.
German Lutheran Church corns of Pomfret and Bodford streets. Rev. C. Pantzz, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

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

# DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W, Marshall, A. M., Professor of Ancient Lan-

guages.
Rev. Wm. L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum. & Alexander Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages. Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Principal of the Grammar

Behool. MJohn, S. Stamm. Assistant in the Grammar School. BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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

OARLISEE GAS AND WATER COMPANY, PERSIGENT, LEM-uell Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Sponsier; Superintendent, F. A. Kernedy; Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Bestem, E. M. Biddle, Houry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. Gardoor, and John Campbell. CUMENKLAMD VALLEY BANK.—Predient, John S. Ster-rett; Cashler, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Hoffer,— Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Brene-man, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlay, Robb. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1/89. President, E. Coruman; Vice President, Samuel Vetzei; Secretary, Theo. Coruman; Treasurer, P. Monyer, Company ments the first Saturday in March, June, Beptember, and December. aber, and December.

Gumberland, Fire Company was instituted Febru1809. President, Robert McCartney: Secretary,
Quintoy: Tressurer, It. S. Ritter. The company
on the third Saturday of January, April, July,

and October.

The flood Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, II. A. Siurgeon; Vice President, George Wesley, Jr.; Secretary, William D. Halberther, George Wesley, Jr.; Secretary, William D. Halberther, Second The Halberther, Joseph W. Ogilby. The company mests assected The Knphre Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. President, Wm. M. Porter: Vice President, Geo. Hendel: Treasurer, John 'G.mphell; Secretary, John W. Parla. The company meste on the first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

# Y, M. C. A.

Room—Manion Hall.
Regular monthly meeting—Third Tuesday Evening.
Prayer meeting—Sunday Afternoon at 4 o'clock.
Reading Room and Library—Admission free, open
very evening (Sundays-excepted) from 6 to 10 o'clock.
Strangers aspecially welcome.

# RATES OF POSTAGE.

Portage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under 3 cents pre paid, except to California or Oregon which is 10 cents propaid.

Portage on the "lierald" within the County, free Within the State 13 cents per year. To key part of the United States 26 cents. Postage on all translers papers under 3 ounces in weight, I cent propaid or two cents unpaid. Advertised tests, to be charged with the cest of advertisels.

### ISELECTED POETRY.

A BALLAD FOR THE DAY. As WEITTEN FOR, AND SUNG BY he Pittsburgh Delegation to the Chicago Convention. DY AN OLD TOWNSMAN.

Ata-" The Star Spangled Banner." Where the sun of the South fires the Palmette grove, And the whip-driver strides o'er his cotton plantation

You have heard, and with shame, how a base effection To model a ship for our tempest-toss'd nation

Hol ship, where away? rifted rocks round you lay, Oh, a treason stained crow there was gather'd that

And the banner rusy bore, no bright star from it flash'd, But a cloud, as of night, o'er its blue field was

Not thus is the flag wz fling out to the breeze-Unsulled it floats from the ramparts we've builded; and the one and the warr from the isles and the seas, The motto of Freedom anew have re-glided.

dash'd!

and hand!

And, our Nominer, whosever he be, We'll greet him as one, while we sing in our glee, God, stand by the land, Heaven's pure ether hath

fanu'd,
And, our Country, we pledge thee, with one heart and hand!

m. et the dastards who threaten go voice to the winds-From Michigan's Lake shall go forth as in thunder,
Yet, tamper'd so mildly, to gentlest of minds,
Such tones as will nerve us to deeds—the world's

And, our nominee, whoever he be, e'll welcome as one, while we sing in our glee-God, stand by the land, Heaven's pure ether hath fann'd, And, our Country, we pledge thee, with one heart

In the caves of our homes, lo! the pet sparrow builds, And the vine clings so close to the trees of our gan

Shall the Vulture destroy, and the blooms of our fields Be blighted by discords our human heart hardens?
No-no-brothers, no! to avert this we go-In the strongth of our manhood we'll strike back

And with foot to the Rock, 'neath the flag of the We'll shout for the right, lads, and-our nomines!

men of the land? what is North? what is South? One mother has nurtured us, tenderly—kindly; And did we but list the wise words of her mouth, Who would dare drift to ruin thus madly and blindly?

Come then, say-O to-day for the wnote land we Shall the our ship go down ! our fond dreams fade

Nover-never! dear Union! we'll still cling to thee

### And, with blessings will crown thee-in our nomines OLD SWEETHEARTS.

### BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

When old Aunt Patterson used to tell me, When old Aunt Patterson used to tell me, as we sat together by her parlor fire, that she was once a very pretty girl, and that all the lads of the village were over head and ears in love with her, I-wondered very much. I should mention that I was a very small boy then. Looking up from the foot-stool on which I was accustomed to sit, at aunty's wrinkled brow, her sunken cheeks and closely approximating nose and chin, I could nover realize to my imagination the picture which she painted of agination the picture which she painted of herself "when she was young." She was a pretty girl then, she said, with blue eyes and a bunch of flaxen curls hanging down her back for all the world like a blossom of a luxuriant laburnum tree. There was a picture of just such a girl in aunty's parlor, which aunty aid was a picture of herself at the age of seven It nover occurred to me, or indeed to any one else who kilew her, to doubt aunty's word. But how could I believe that old Aunt Patterson had eyer been anything like that? The girl in the picture had rosy cheeks, and over her shoulders flowed a profusion of flaxenourls which were now represented by a brown wig with an unnaturally white and well defined parting. In her dimpled hand the child had an apple as rosy as her own cheeks. Of, as I sat at aunty's feet, would I look up at those dimples, and wonderingly compare them with the blue voins of the shriveled hand which I held in mine. What evil geni wrinkled that damask cheek, and dimmed those brilliant eyes? Ah! I knew not then what a potent magician

s time. Aunty's story was like a fairy tale Side by side with the picture of "rosy Side by side with the picture of "resy checks" there hung another; it was that of a handsome young man with bright, dark, piercing black eyes and curly black hair. And thereby hangs another of aunty's tales. This was a picture of Robert Alison, who went to South America five-and-thirty years ago. Robert and I were old sweethearts," aunty used to tell me; "he was poor, my dear, and rather wild, and my father would not consent CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLY DEFORM BANK.—President, R.M. Henderson, Cashier, W. M. Bestem; Asst Cashier, J. P. Hasler; Teller, Jas. Roney; Clerk, C. B Pfabler; Messeuger, John Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John Zug, Samuel Wherry, J.L. Gorgas, Skiles Woodburn, R.C. Woodward, Col. Henry Logan, Hugh Stuart, and James Anderson.

CUMBELLAND VALLET RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watter Secretary and Trossurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, C. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward-leaving Carlisle at 10.40 o'clock A. M. and 2.44 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, loaving Carlisle at 9.27 o'clock A, M., and 2.30. P. M.

CARLISLE GES AND WATEN COMPANY.—President, Lemusl Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Sponsier; Superintendent, F. A. Kernedy; Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Heury Saxton, R.C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. Gardnor, and John Campbell.

M. Sidle, Heury Saxton, R.C. Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Heury Saxton, R.C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. Gardnor, and John Campbell. about so that if any person had seen me they must have thought me mad. But nobody was up so early. I found Robert waiting for me on the old bridge. After a few hurried words we parted. But before he left me, he begged

SOCIETIES.

Cumberlar Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at the time when he hould return and claim me for his bride. I had plenty of hair to give him, and was rather willing to give it; but we had nothing to cut it off with—nothing but Robert's pen-knife. But love laughe at seisgrains, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

We partied. But before he left me, ho begged a lock of my bair as a remembrance against the time when he hould return and claim me for his bride. I had plenty of hair to give him, and was rather willing to give it; but we had nothing to cut it off with—nothing but Robert's pen-knife. But love laughe at seisgor-makers, my dear, as well as at looks miths, and Robert laid one of my curis upon his walking stick, and just whittled it off; and then I took one of his in the same way, though I did not do it so neatly, and made Robert. I did not do it so neatly, and made Robert cry out a little. I could have laughed it my heart had not been so full. I stood on the bridge watching him until he was out of sight ng the trees, and then I went back h

among the trees, and then I went back home, crying all the way."

I dure say aunty told me this story a score of times, and always in the gloaming of the evening, between the lights. But she never applied her early lightery beyond the parties. evening, between the lights. But she never carried her early history beyond the parting on the old bridge. All the romance ended there. What followed was prosaic enough. Aunty waited several years for Robert without hearing any news of him; and, at length, believing him dead, she married Mr. Grainger the iron-founder—more, I believe, to please her father than herself.

her father than herself.

At the end of twenty years Mr. Gratuger died, and left nunty very well off—ro well off, out she was beselged by dozens of suitors. Aunty resisted them all for a long time, and remained a widow until she met my uncle Patterson, whom she took for better or for worse, and, alasi found him altogether for the worse and none for the better. Patterson was kind-hearted, genial soul, and strongly attached to whighey toddy, and was hy no that of an accountant. When he made up his own last account on carth, there was a very small balance left in favor of aunty. A great small balance left in favor of aunty. A great

carlisle, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 22. 1860.

\*\*Troportion of what the Iron Counder had made out of pots and pans had gone in double-shoeld and pots and pots

come of it—and so something did come of it but it was not the something that I expected Robert got married-and so did I. We swore on the old bridge to live and wait for each ath er; but our oaths went down on the stream that flowed underneath, and were carried away to

most immediately directed by a loise as of some one entering the room — and at the same moment a scream from aunity. On looking up I discovered the presence of a stranger. My gaze no sconer fell upon his countenance than I also uttered a cry of surprise.

"Robert—Robert!" cried aunity.

Had the picture stepped down from its frame, and the scene conjunction of the force. or was this some conjuration of the fancy black hair hanging in clustering curls round his handsome head, stood the very embodiment of the picture of Robert Alison

"Robert-Robert Alison !" cried aunty : The young man advanced towards me, and bowing said, "My name is Robert Alison."
"I knew it.—I know it!" oried aunty, with almost frantic joy; and rising from her chair, she rushed to the young man and threw her arms around his neck. Poor aunty had been iwelling in imagination upon her old sweetheart, and seeing his very counterpart before her, was lost to all sense of the possibility of his being the same person from whom she had parted forty years before. I myself was puz-zled, and it was some moments before itflashed upon me that the person before us might be Robert Alison's son. The young man was seriously embarrassed, but kindly took the seriously emoarrassed, but kindly took the good old soul's embraces without attempting to disence and the "While she hung round him calling him her "dear Robert," I explained to the young man that I was her nephew, and that aunty, who was fast sinking into dotage, had taken him for his father, to whom as he might know, she was attached in her youth. He said he knew that, and that his father was to disenchant her. While she hung round him calling him her "dear Robert," I explained to the young man that I was her nephew, and that anuly, who was fast sinking into dotage, had taken him for his father, to whom as he might know, she was attached in her youth. He said he knew that, and that his father was coming in presently. Meantime, aunty hung about him, calling him by endearing names, and reminding him of their young days, and of their sorrowful parting on the old bridge. "Don'tyouremember, Robert, theoldbridge, and my flaxen curls shining is the wind that morning when I came to say farcwell? Come—come and sit by me," and when the young man took a seat by her side, she stroked his glossy curls, and, turning to me, said proudly:

| String, gave the relaying of the pavement of the pavement of the pavement of the pavement of the Abbey the original stone was removed and destroyed. A few feet distant is the mountent mised by George, Duke of Buckingham, marks the Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden—"Glorious John"—who was followed to his resting place by mournable of their sorrowful parting on the old bridge, of the pavement of the pavement of the Abbey the original stone was removed and destroyed. A few feet distant is the mountent mised by George, Duke of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden—"Glorious John"—who was followed to his resting place by mournable of their country and manners. The mountent mised by six terms of Dryden—"Glorious John"—who was followed to his resting place by mournable of their country and manners. The mountent mised by six terms of Dryden—"Glorious John"—who was followed to his resting place by mournable of their country and manners. The mountent mised by mournable of their country and manners. The mountent mised by six terms of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden—"Glorious John"—who was followed to his resting place by mournable of their country and manners. The mountent mised by six terms of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden—"Glorious John"—who was foll

said; "Robort has got the lock that he cut off with his pen-knife. Did I ever show you the lock that I took from Robert in return?" I had seen it omany a time; but I said that I should like to see it. I don't think aunty could have been a very sentimental person; for, though she kept this lock and cherished it, she never wore it about her person, as women do wear these things. Perhaps she thoughth, that, after the iron-founder and the account, ant, it would have locked like affectation. She kept Robert's hair in a little red box, with rings and brocches, and other ornaments of the kind. She never took any pagticular care of this box, or the hair which it contained; but always spoke of the souvenir and of Robert simply as pleasant remembrances of the past. She took the box from its place on the mantel shelf which it usually occupied, opened it and took out the hair. The lock was a single jet black out, and, as aunty genity straightened it out, it slipped from her grasp and twined itself round the third finger of the left hand exactly over her two wedding rings.

"Marry me, child!" she replied: "I've had enough of marrying. Robert will be five-and-thirty years tool lato. I remember that lock curling around my finger before I married Mr Grainger, and I thought something would come of it.—and so something did come of it.—and so somethi

er; but our oaths went down on the stream that flowed underneath, and were carried away to the ocean of oblivion. Yet, it seems but yesterday since we parted." Aunty paused, apparently overcome by emotion, and, ere she could resume, the fire fell in and burst into a steady brilliant flame. My attention, which was suddenly attracted to the blaze, was almost immediately diverted by a noise as of some one entering fluoroom—and at the same moment a scream from aunty. On looking up I discovered the presence of a stranger. My

century, stands the fine old piece of gothic sculpture which marks the resting place of Chaucer—the father of English poetry.

Just opposite to the tomb of Chaucer, "the day starre" of Engligh poetry, is the monuter the mountainer of the party, Mr. Walksculpti Just opposite to the tomb of Chaucer, "the day starre" of Engligh poetry, is the monument of Fairle Spenser, the sunrise of our poetry, who died, as Ben Johnson tells, "for lack of bread, refusing the twenty pieces sent him by my Lord of Essex, as he was sorry had no time to spend them." Fairly oblighed by the hand of Time, the tomb of Spenser hears the insprintion. "Here lies the antiquarian as well as to all others: and Beaumont, the dramatist, sleeps here oo, but no memorial or inscription

behind Chaucer's tomb. A marble, much defaced, freeted by the Countess of Dorset, bears in very illegible character and inscrip-tion written by Ben Johnson for the tomb of tion written by Ben Johnson for the tomb of Drayton. Still nearer Macaulay's grave there is a small pavement atone with the inscription, "O rare Ben Johnson!" which Aubry says was done at the charge of Jack Young, who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to entit. At a recent relaying of the pavement of the Abbav the original stone was removed

Loves of Hilpa and Shalum,' just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand,"

Thickly strown near the grava of Macnulay, are the relics of men whose names are still and after remaining three days, bartering searheld in reverence, and whose works adorn let cloth and iron for their furs, he left them;

Spencer bears the inscription, "Here lies the antiquarian, as well as to all others; and the body of Edmund Spencer, the prince of I am in strong hope that the recent discovery poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the work he left behind of bringing to light, and to the knowledge of the world, not only the existen

# STRANGE PEOPLE IN THE WILDERNESS-THE

and my flaxen curls shining in the wind that morning when I came to say farewell? Come —come and sit by me," and when the young man took a seat by her side, she stroked his glosay curls, and, turing to me, sald proudly:

"You see it is jet black as Itold you—black and glossy, and all in curls, just like the one that he gave me forty years ago."

The candles were now alight, and as aunty said these words, her eyes fell upon her own shriveled fingers, which embraced the fresh, young hand of her old sweetheart's son, "Forty years ago!" she repeated with a sight; "dear, dear, what a foolish old woman I am! I am wandering in my wits." Here she paused, and covered her face with her hands. At length she sald more calmly: "I have been draming young man, as If, time had been the whose tomb bore the father of English His, tory! May, the historian of the Long Parliament; Gifford, the editor of the Tory Quarter; It takes its rise in the mountains that skirt the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of Long Andrews to the Duch and the Reatoration. Another companion of Macaulay is Nicholas Rowe.—There also Matthew Prior and John Gay:

The cardies were now alight, and na aunty said these words, her eyes fell upon her own shriveled fingers, which embraced the fresh, young hand of heroid sweetheart's son, "Forty years ago!" she repeated with a sight; william Davennant!" and Samuel Johnson. David Garrick, and Richard Brinsley Sheriden, and covered her face with her hands. At length she said more calmly: "I have been draming young man, as If, time had been the definition of the Tory Quarter; the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of Long the David Read Richards a point of the Duch her of David Read Richards Richards

ple in their desert home, but also their origin and history."

standing still for forty years. You can't be my Robert Alison, but you must be Robert Alison's son. Look," said, she before he had it ime to roply, "there is your portrait, just as if you had sat for it;" and so saying she took the andle, and led the young man, to the picture. Meanwhite a knock, came to the door, and an old gray-bearded man entered at my bidding.

To Settle Coffee.—J. Armstrong, Columbia if he was Mr. Allison—Robert Alison. He inquiringly.

I stepped up quietly to him, and asked him if he was Mr. Allison—Robert Alison. He said yes, and he wanted to see Mistress Patterson. Aunty was still standing with the young man, throwing the light upon the picture with her hand. I said in a whisper, if the stately monument of Chatham, of whom Macaulay wrote, and the words are now not less applicable to himself;—"Among the eminent men, whose bones lie near him, scarcely one has left a, more stainless, and in contain are almost perpendicular of this table mountain are almost perpendicular of the stately mountai

MOQUIS. The people here spoken of, we are inclined

tains to the Northeast of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such times they gather up all that is moveable from their farms, and fly for refuge to their mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear on the top of the rocks and houses watching his movements. One of their villages at which Capt. Walker stayed for several days, is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar—some of them of adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two and even three storles high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woolen clothing, blankets, basket work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes of this country, the women work within doors, the men performing all the farm and out door labor. As a race, they are lighter in color than the Digger Indians of California. Indeed, the women are tolerably fair, in consequence of not height some and aven are tolerably fair, in consequence of not height some and aven avened to the ains to the Northeast of them, are in the hab-

valuable articles may be left exposed, and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symmetry. They are very neat and clean, and dress in quite a picture sque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a dark robe with a red border, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care. The condition of a female may be known from her manner of dressing the hair. The virgins part their hair in the middle behind, and twist each parcel around a hoos six.

Have you seen but a bricht live grow. hind, and twist each parcel around a hoop six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled and fastened to each side

of the head, something like a large rosette. The effect is very striking. The married wo-men wear their hair twisted into a club be-hind. The Moquis farm in the plain by day and retire to their villages on the mountain at night. They irrigate their lands by means of the small streams running out of the sides of the mountain. Sometimes when it fails to snow on the mountains in winter, their crops are bad. For this reason they stways keep two or three years' provisions laid up, for fear of famine. Altogether, they are a most extraordinary people, far in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on this continent. They have recorded and are inclusively as a code send, for now we may expect some reformation in household arrangements.—With them come visions of light cakes roast beef unconverted into charcoal, and rich lustices and the continent. They have never had any intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization originated with themselves. What a field is here ions of comfort are carefully tucked away in

GRANDMA SUSAN. Grandma Susan was an old lady, who once Grandma Susan was an old lady, who once lived in a little lonely brown cottage, just be low the village of C.—. She was poor and earned her living by nursing the sick, raising a little garden stuff, and knitting socks. Everybody loved the old lady because she was good. She was happy too. Her face, so calm, so sweet, so heavenly, was a sermon to all that looked upon it; for though it was plain, even to homliness, it shone with the

"You always seem so happy," said I to appeals does no harm to the heart. to her, one Sabbath, as she was trudging alone to church with her bible in her hand.

"I am always happy," said Susan; "my peace is like a river. Bless the Lord, O my

"What makes you so happy, Susan?" I asked. "You are always alone in the world, you are poor, you are feeble, you work hard and yet you are happier than any princess

"Helt me your secret, Susan."
"Perhaps its because I have none but God to look to," said Susan. "Rich people have girl of fifteen, to her mother the other mornmany things to frust in and care for, and are always anxious about troubles ahead. I have matron, "what put such an idea into your chiral are associated and the standard of th nany things to frust in and care for, and are always anxious about troubles ahead. I have nothing to care for, because, you see, I leave head?" "Little Emily, here, has never seen it all to the Lord. If He can take care of the big world, I know He can surely take replied the obliging sister, with fascinating

his lightning to burn your cottage, or the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—sup-The old lady there broke in upon my request with a voice and look I never forgot. Said she:—

"Suppose! I never do suppose. I can't uppose the Lord will do anything that isn't best for me. It's this supposing that makes people unhappy. Why not wait till the suppose comes, and then make the best of it?"

Oh wise old lady! Oh thankful Grandma

settled plans, not with their idle vagaries.

If we desire unexpected and unimaginable When Grandma Susan died, sho had but events we should construct an iron frameone regret. She told it to a friend in these works, such as we fancy may compel the function of the first take one inevitable shape; then "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is near to death, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Savior when she was a little girl.. Tell them youth is the time to serve the Lord."

Well, Grandma Susan is gone to the world of love now, but I hope my children will take her advice. She had travelled all the rusty road of life. She had learned that the best thing for comfort on that journey is to love the Savior. She knew, because she had tried t. What say you to this, boys and girls. it. What say you to this, boys and girls.—
You have the journey to make. The road lies before you, long, (perhaps) dusty, rough, dangerous. Will you venture upon it without Susan's secret? I hope not.

He is well disposed towards all men, and the best bired people among us will find him he hopes, one of the best bread men in the city."

HEBOISM OF A LADY.—During the heavy storm which prevailed at Savannah. Georgia, on Saturday night last, a drain on West Broad street was broken down, when alady (any the Express), who resides near the place of the accident, hearing it break in, and knowing that persons hurrying home would certainly get in, and probably loose their lives; by being carried through the sewer into the river, went to the spot and stood there amidst the relentless storm and demobling rate, warring passers, by of their danger. There she stood

"Take heed of crying to morrow, to mo row," says Luther, " for a man lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool, d; so men die before they begin to

gold. In these days, touch a man with gold A skull without a torque often preaches and he'll turn into anything. 

# -NO. 38.

### THE GATHERER. "A snapper of unconsidered trifles."

l Songs. Old songs! they ring upon the brain, Like whispers from the far off spheres, And with their thrilling spell revive The garnered love of by-gone years. What though beneath the sed they lic.

Or mould on Memory's shelves apart, Still, still a hallowed beam they shed, In hues immortal round the heart. Old songs! I never guessed how large A space was in this heart of mine, Till, one dulleve, by chance I found well-worn book, whose every line Came back to me, as clear as though But yesterday I'd laid it down; And there I found the wished for clue,

That spoke of days forever flown. Oh, when amid the world of doubts,

out door labor. As a race, they are lighter in color than the Digger Indians of California. Indeed, the women are tolerably fair, in consequence of not being so much expessed to the sun. Among them, Capt. Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and light eyes. He saw two others of the same kind at the Zuni villages, nearer the Rie Grande. They were no doubt Albinos, and probably gave rise to the rumors which have provailed of the existence of white Indians in the Basin. The Mequis have probably assisted nature in levelling the top of the mountain as a site for their villages. They have out down the rocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms, for manufacturing woolen cloth. Their only arms are bows and arrows, although they never are war with any other tribe. The Navajoes carry off their stock without opposition. But utilike almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Capt. Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be left exposed, and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with

Have you seen but a bright lily grow, Before rude hands have plucked it? Have you marked but the fall of the snow Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver? Or swan's down ever ? Or have smelt o' the but of the briar, Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bec?

Oh so white, oh so sweet is she. for the adventurous traveller! We have rarely listened to anything more interesting than Cept. Walker's plain unaffected story of his robe! What little tender billt-douex are often hidden in the dainty recoptacles attached to hidden in the dainty recoptacles attached to its sides. Yes, gentlemen may well be in love with aprons and in love with the fair

plain, even to homliness, it ahone with the light of Divine Presence which dwelt in her money. But if your wealth is wisely and

To Morrow. Don't tell me of to morrow-There is much to do to day,

That can never be accomplished, If we throw the hours away. Every moment has its duty-Who the future can foretell? Then why put off till to-morrow, What to-day can do as well?

care of such a poor old woman as I am; and simplicity.

so I leave everything to Him, and Ho does take care of me, blessed be his hely name!"

—if he can. Every man ought to help his "But, Susan," said I, "suppose God should take away your health, or command his lightning to burn your cottage, or the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose to the first frost f customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every man

should take the HERALD-if he can. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solutude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. Chance and change love to deal with men,s -

comes in the unexpected, and shatters our design in fragments. An editor wanting a line to fill up the col-

Shoot folly as she flies.—Pope In setting up the above, the dayl had it thus:
"Shoot Polly as she flies.—Pop!" A BAKER once advertised: "That as all men need bread, he wishes the public to know that he kneads it. He is desirous of

umu, gave-

Teach your children to wait upon them -selves, to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were once a child.—The griefs of the little ones are often

Liberty will not descend to a speople ; a people must raise themselves to liberty : it is a blessing that must be earned, before it can be enjoyed.

THERE will always be this important diffor a long time alone, saving several gentle-men from at least a severe wetting, and would not retire until policemen had been stationed there to prevent further accident.

The Chinese picture of ambition is the The Chinese picture of ambition is "a" Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on his tail."

Despite nothing because it seems weaked. The flies and locusts have done more thurtest than ever bears and lions did. NEVER be afraid to do right; he that strives

to please everybody pleases nobody.