CARLISLE HERALD

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

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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

VOL. LX. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1860. NO. 45.

Business Cards.

L. J. W. FOULK, Attorney at Law Office with J. R. Smith, Esq., in Glass' Row, in rear of First Presbyterian Church. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
May 9, '60.–1y.

A UARD.—DR. JNO. K. SMITH, respectfully announces to his old friends and former patrons, that he has returned from his south western tour, with his health greatly improved, and has resumed his practice in Carlisle.
OFFICE on Main Street, one door west of the Railroad Depot, where he can be found at all hours, day and night, when not out professionally.
Carlisle, Oct. 29, 1859–tf.

J. J. BENDER, M. D.
(HOMŒOPATHIST,)
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.
Office on South Hanover Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Smith.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover street two doors from Arnold & Son's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M.

DR. GEORGE S. SEABRIGHT, DENTIST, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
☞ Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
March 19, 1856—tf.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG has removed his office to the South west corner of Hanover & Pomfret st where he may be consulted at any hour of the day or night. Dr. A. has had thirty years experience in the profession, the last ten of which have been devoted to the study and practice of Homœopathic medicine. May 20, '576m.

DR. J. C. NEFF respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Carlisle, and vicinity, that he has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth and gums, belonging to his profession. He will insert full sets of teeth on gold or silver, with single gum teeth, or blocks, as they may prefer. Terms moderate, to suit the times.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS DENTIST.
South Hanover street, next door to the Post Office.
☞ Will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month. [aug. 1, '55.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. DENTIST. Office at his residence, opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Penn
Nov. 11, 1857.

S. W. HAVERSTICK, Druggist, North Hanover Street, Carlisle.
Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded A full supply of fresh drugs and chemicals.

REMOVAL.
A. L. SPONSLER,
has removed his office to his New House, opposite Glass' Hotel. [March 28, 1860–tf.

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in Inhoff's building, just opposite the Market House.
Carlisle, March 14, '60—1y.

JOHN HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on Main Street, opposite "Marion Hall," Carlisle, Pa. [Oct. 26, '59-1y.

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law.—Office on North Hanover street, a few doors south of Glass' Hotel. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [April 15.

LAW NOTICE. — REMOVAL. — W. M. PENROSE has removed his office in rear of the Court House, where he will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.
August 19, 1857.

LAW OFFICE.—LEMUEL TODD has resumed the practice of the Law. Office in Centre Square, west side, near the First Presbyterian Church.
April 8, 1857.

ANDREW J. WILCOX, Attorney at Law. Office No. 19 Lexington St. Baltimore. Business promptly attended to.
REFERENCES.
H. M. Johnson, Jacob Rheem,
H. A. Sturgeon, ET AL.
Carlisle April 25, '60.–3m.

☞ FARE REDUCED. ☜
STATES UNION HOTEL,
606 & 608 Market St., above sixth,
PHILADELPAIA.
JAMES W. POWER, Proprietor.
TERMS:—$1 25 per day. ju30'58.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.
W. W. KLINE, Proprietor.
This House has been refitted in a superior style, and i now open for the accommodation of Boarders and Travelers. on
MODERATE TERMS.
EXCELLENT STABLING ATTACHED.

PUMPS AND CEMEMT.—
50 barrels Cement with a very large assortment of Chain and Iron Pumps, of all kinds cheaper than ever, at the Hardware Store of
March 7, '60. HENRY SAXTON.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.—
S. E. Cor. 11th & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
H. W. KANAGA, WM. McVEY,
PROPRIETORS.
Jan.4,1860.

N. HANTCH,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
WEST MAIN STREET,
Opposite the Rail Road Office.
☞ Fall and Winter Styles of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings made to order.
Carlisle, May 2, 1860.

H. NEWSHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with Wm. H. Miller, Esq., South Hanover Street, opposite the Volunteer Office.
Carlisle, Sep. 8, 1860.

Coal! Coal!!
TO FARMERS AND LIMEBURNERS AND OTHERS.
The undersigned have been appointed sole agents for the sale of the celebrated Trovorton Coal. This Coal is recommended by Mr. Landis and others who have tried it, to be equally as strong, and burn as much lime per ton as Lykens Valley or any other coal in use.
Persons in want of Lime Coal will find it to their interest to buy this Coal as it costs from twenty to twenty five cents per ton less than Lykens Valley. We have the prepared Trovorton Coal for family use always on hand. Also a large stock of coal of all kinds.
Our stock of LUMBER is large and complete and will be sold at the lowest prices.
Thankful for past favors we respectfully ask a continuance of the same.
ARMSTRONG & HOWER,
July 13, 1860

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.—F. C. KREMER,
at the New Jewelry Store on East Main street, near the Public Square, is prepared to clean and repair the Finest Watches, and warrant them to give entire satisfaction. Also fine Mantle Clocks of all kinds, Musical Boxes, Accordions, &c. put in complete order, and warranted.
Carlisle July 6, 1860.–1y.

PHŒNIX LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY,
No. 215 CENTER STREET, N. Y.
A large assortment of every description of Looking Glasses and Picture Frames always on hand. Fancy Wood Mouldings, Rosewood, Walnut, Oak, Maple and Mahogany. Gilt and Berlin Mouldings. Plate, Wall, and Mantel Mirrors. Ovals for Photographs. Country orders solicited. Goods carefully packed and shipped to any part of the United States and Canadas.
June 15, '60.–3m. HORACE V. SIGLER, Agent.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 8 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements, Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. 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 line, will find it to the interest to give us a call.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Home Journal.

BREAKAGES.

AN EPIC.

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND!"

I.

A broken leg, or a broken head,
Broken promises, broken bread,
Broken fortunes (i e, "navy red,")
Are bad for a sensitive spirit:
But the very worst breakages ever I knew
Were broken hearts—thank heaven, they're few!
And I'll tell the story of one, to you,
If you think you would like to hear it,

II.

Miss Isabel Lacey was wondrous fair,
With her clear brown eyes and her soft brown hair,
And the fellows who knew her all used to swear
She was more divine than human:
But, alas, for the charms of beauty and youth!
The very fairest is clay, in truth,
And even Miss Isabel Lacey, forsooth,
Was only a mortal woman!

III.

Of course she had lovers wherever she went,
Who vowed and sighed to a fearful extent,
And billets doux full of compliments sent
From every inhabited region:
She seemed to captivate one and all—
The dark and the light, the short and the tall,
The handsome and ugly, the great and small—
Her admirers' name was legion!

IV.

But in spite of the siege thus stoutly laid,
For several years the beautiful maid
No love for any one ever betrayed,
Though many had plethoric coffers:
The gossips declared it was their belief
That steeling one's heart was being a thief,
And Belle would certainly come to grief,
Is she scorned so many good offers.

V.

But Belle thought differently, as it occurs,
Or she had some ideal love in her dreams,
For twenty-three midsummers' golden beams
Had ripened her beauty's splendor
Before she ever contrived to find
A man to suit her in body or mind,
And to teach her the sorrows and joys combined
Of the passion that's known as tender.

VI.

As handsome a man as the world ever saw
Was Mortimore Dashe, attorney at-law;
Before him the icicst had to thaw
Like a snow-flake on the equator.
He was wise and witty, and merry and—well,
It isn't strange that the lovely Belle
At the very first sight quite hopelessly fell
In love with the fascinator!

VII.

Alas for poor Belle! ere many days
Every one noticed her changing ways—
How she lessened the size of her gaiters and stays,
And did up her hair in papers.
Then all averred it would be a match,
That Mortimer Dashe was a splendid catch,
And counted the chickens that ought to hatch
If fate cut no cruel capers.

VIII.

There is not much wisdom in gossip and tea;
'Tis shockingly hard that we cannot see
The coming future, the mystery
Of which is never diminished:
E'en when it comes, with its joy or pain,
Another future is there again.
So what we call time, it is very plain,
Will never be done till 'tis finished!

IX.

Well, Mortimer saw that Belle was bound
With Hymen's diadem to be crowned;
That she, as the boys say, was 'around"
With "honorable intentions."
He couldn't resist the example set,
So he made strong love, but I much regret
To say that he acted the male coquette—
That worst of the fiend's inventions!

X.

The delusion lasted a month or so,
And the greatest pleasure that Belle could know
Was riding or walking with Dashe to go,
In some quiet part of the city.
But she very soon found the trifler out,
And learned, beyond the ghost of a doubt,
That he gallanted other young ladies about—
Indeed, 'twas a very great pity!

XI.

She cried a little, and said that she
Could never bear her rivals to see
With her quondam lover—that it would be
A terrible shame and odium.
But pride arose in the nick of time,
And dried her tears—stupid things—in rhyme,
(They're only water and phosphate of lime,
With a little chlorate of sodium!)

XII.

So she sought her brother and told him all,
Whereat he proceeded at once to call
Upon Dashe, whose countenance suffered a fall
As bad as the fall of Adam;
Said Lacey, "I wish you, sir, to do
One of two things, which I leave to you:
Drop this, if your vows are false; if they're true,
Go make Miss Lacey a madam!"

XIII.

"It is none of your business," Dashe replied,
And I counsel you, sir, if you wish your hide
To remain intact, to keep back your pride
For a more susceptible victim!"
On the word young Lacey gives two smart blows,
One on the jaw and one on the nose,
And head over heels Dashe suddenly goes,
As if a donkey had kicked him!

XIV.

His head struck just where the fender lay,
And he saw more stars, as I've heard him say,
Than ever were seen in the Milky Way,
Or the field of our national banner.
He rose, but Lacey had vanished like smoke
After perpetrating this practical joke,
And Dashe discovered his head was broke
In a most effectual manner.

XV.

A terrible time indeed, was here!
The breakage indeed was very severe,
And the thing to be done was by no means clear
To a man with a bad contusion:
First, his vows to Belle had been broken in twain;
Then, the poor girl's heart was broken, and then
His head was broken by way of "Amen!"—
A neat and telling conclusion!

XVI.

But "'tis never too late," they say, "to mend,"
And the truth of the adage should surely extend
To hearts and promises; heaven forfend
That they should be damaged past mending!
Ah, no! Dashe relented, and speedily found
A way to bring matters once more around—
To mend all the breakages solid and sound,
And give my epic an ending.

XVII.

He got a bottle—or maybe two—
Of that splendid invention, SPALDING'S GLUE,
Its awful adhesiveness well he knew,)
And with it he glued together
The broken head and the broken heart,
And the broken vows, so that never apart
Could they come, nor the glue joints possibly start
In any season or weather!

XVIII.

So now, the sticking-point being gained,
In Hymen's fetters the pair were chained,
And true to each other they always remained,
As couples do, who are clever;
And if our Washington government crew
Would keep the Union as good as new,
Let them make free usage of Spalding's Glue,
And 'twill hold together forever!

MY HOUSEKEEPER.

BY RALPH HUMPHREYS.

"A lady who can give the best references, as to character and ability, wishes a situation as Housekeeper in a gentleman's family. References required.
Address M. L. SMITH, Box 1004."

I am, I mean I was, a bachelor. I had money, but I was forty-five years old, and had never arrived at a satisfactory way of spending it. I concluded that my error was the want of a home of my own; conceiving a sudden disgust for hotels and boarding-houses, I took a handsome house in a respectable part of the town, and began looking for a housekeeper. The advertisement which heads this narrative had just met my eye as I glanced over the "Wants," in the evening paper. It pleased me.

I was reading it for the twentieth time, when a servant knocked at my parlor door and announced my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Bishop, and her daughter Eliza. Mrs. Bishop was the widow of my eldest brother, and her attention to and care for my comfort were really touching.

She followed her name into the room, leading her daughter—the eldest and best-behaved of the three. She was a handsome woman, of commanding, imperial order, and she looked her best that winter afternoon, in her rich furs and velvets, her cheeks crimson with the effects of the keen, frosty air and the exercise she had been taking.

"I am very glad to see you," I said, as I handed her a chair. "There are some things you women know more about than an old bachelor like me, and I want to consult you. I have concluded to go to housekeeping.

Eliza's face brightened into an expression even more beaming than the one she had previously bestowed on me. It never occured to me that she could be thinking of my future home as a convenient residence for herself and her three. She answered warmly—

"An excellent idea, brother Sandie, if you are prepared for all the expense and trouble it involves. The expense, to be sure, is not much of a consideration to you. You have been so successful that you would not require so close an economy in your house as I used to practice in poor Robert's time. He always said I made one dollar do the work of three. But there will be a great deal of trouble in the first place, you'll have to find a housekeeper.

"The very thing I wanted to speak to you about."

Her smile was positively brilliant.

"How kind, Sandie."

"Not kind at all, troubling you about my affairs."

"For shame! as if you ever had reason to think that anything I could do for *you* would be a trouble."

A very just remark, considering that her voluntary service amounted, beside frequent visits, to a pair of slippers, with a pink-eyed pussy cat on each toe, and a smoking-cap, with the device of a green-eyed poodle, couchant.

I hastened to place before her the paper in which I had marked the advertisement which heads this article.

"There, Eliza, there is what I have been thinking about. Somehow I fancy I should like Mrs. M. L. Smith; Mary, I imagine her name is. I am going to write to box 1004."

"But aren't you acting on impulse, Sandie?"

"Perhaps so—I always do—and somehow, my ventures have been tolerably fortunate."

"Yes, but this is such an important thing. Of course you know"—and she laughed rather uneasily—"that you will be sure to marry the lady."

Marry! I believe every woman has in her character the elements of an Eve. Here was an apple I should never have seen but for my sister-in-law. It was my turn to laugh.

"Why, no, Eliza. That is an objection, of course, which I never thought of. I don't imagine it would prove to be one with me, though. I am not a marrying man. Besides, she is, without doubt, a widow with children, and ——"

I stopped, for I remembered my sister's bereavement and incumbrances. Her face turned crimson.

"All men do not think it impossible to marry a widow with children, and you may not when Mrs. Smith has kept house for you for six months, though, to be sure, I don't think some women could ever make up their minds to marry again."

I suppose "some women" referred to herself, and I was glad of this hint as to her sentiments, for poor Robert had left his family very comfortably, and I did not want to see his children subject to the untender mercies of a second papa. After a few more cautions from Mrs. Bishop, and a few strong expressions of admiration for various articles of feminine adornment from little Eliza, which extracted from the pocket of her good-natured uncle the usual amount of hush money, my visitors departed, and I wrote my letter to box 1004. In it I stated my residence, the salary I was willing to pay, and the number of my household. I gave her my name and the names of a few of my friends who would be ready to afford her whatever information she required as to my means and character. I added a postscript to say that I particularly objected to children, and would make it a point with my housekeeper (to leave hers behind her. If she liked the terms and the stipulations, I requested her to call at my counting-room the ensuing morning.

It would be idle to say that I attended very closely to business the next forenoon. The housekeeper fever, the home-longing, had taken full possession of me. I must confess, besides, to no small amount of curiosity as to the personal appearance of M. L. Smith. I wanted an agreeable housekeeper. Not too young—that wouldn't look well—no wrinkled crone to sit opposite me at my board, but a pleasant, cheerful woman, young enough to make my home lively.

It was about eleven o'clock when my young man waited upon the lady in. My previous favorable impressions were fully confirmed by her appearance. I did not think her handsome, certainly in the style of sister-in-law. She was a small woman, light-footed and slender, with a sunny, pleasant face, which might have testified to thirty-five summers, but no winters, surely; or if she had met storm or chill, she had borne them with such brave patience that her face reflected only the sunshine. Her brown hair was put simply and smoothly away from her tranquil face. Her eyes were frank and cheerful. Her mouth not small, but winning and smiling. When she spoke her low, pleasant tones endorsed the expression of her countenance.

"Mr. Bishop, I believe—the gentleman who wrote this letter."

And she drew the epistle from her pocket.

"The same, madam."

"I came, sir, to say that I would accept your proposition; if you still wish it, now that we have met."

I was about to say that I wished it more than ever, since I had seen her, but fortunately recollected, in time, that compliments to my housekeeper were no proper part of the programme, and very decorously concluded my engagement in a matter-of fact and business manner.

The next week she entered upon her duties. I had never known what it was to be so comfortable. My house was a model of convenience and simple elegance—at least my sister-in-law, when she went over it previous to Mrs. Smith's commencement, pronounced it perfect. I had a sort of home feeling that I had never known before; room enough for all my possessions; a place to welcome my friends to; a very agreeable companion in my housekeeper when I choose to talk to her; an unobtrusive minister to my comfort when I was silent.

True, Mrs. Bishop found, whenever she honored me with a visit that something or other was not ordered as she had managed it in poor, dear Robert's time. "Housekeepers, even the best of them," she was wont to remark, "require a little looking after. They can't be expected to take so much interest in one's affairs as one's own relations." Her comments did not give much uneasiness, however.

I went home one day a little earlier than usual. I thought a quiet chat with my housekeeper, over the dining-room fire would not be unpleasant. I had begun already to take altogether more interest in her than I was prepared to acknowledge myself. I pictured, as I hurried home, the cheerful room, the table handsomely laid, and Mrs. Smith, in her neat, quiet dress, sitting by the fire, with book or work, waiting for the dinner to be brought up. As I reached my own door, however, I found it open, and three children of varying ages taking a most affectionate farewell of my housekeeper. I had never cared enough for any one before to experience such an emotion as jealousy, but I think no other word adequately described my feelings as I walked into the parlor and shut the door. Presently Mrs. Smith made her appearance.

"I am very sorry."

"Not at all, madam."

"Oh, but I am. I remember your stipulations about the children perfectly. I surely did not intend they should annoy you. I presumed you would have no objections to their coming sometimes in your absence, and I like to see them as often as I can, but they shall not be here again at any rate when you are likely to come home."

She must have thought me an ungracious boor, for I growled out, merely—

"No matter—no matter at all."

I was in an ill-humor. The pleasant anticipations with which I had hurried home had not been realized. Moreover, I suspected I was becoming too much interested in my housekeeper to like to be reminded that others had stronger claims upon her. Every evening I sat upon one side of the bright fire and Mrs. Smith on the other. I abhor furniture—it is one of my whims. I loved, when a boy, to make pictures in the fire, and habit and I have grown old together. We sat silently for some time. I was thinking, in two embers, two little boats sailing lovingly, side by side. At length I said abruptly:

"What was Mr. Smith's business, madam?"

"A merchant. He was in a dry good firm, and able to give us every luxury until he failed."

So that was it. He had failed, and died, and left her all those children to support. I looked into the fire again. The boats had drifted far apart, and were sailing down a flame-colored river—

"He on the one side—she on the other."

I mused on, half sorrowfully, until at length I said, speaking unconsciously, out loud—

"Perhaps I *could* have stood the children if it wern't for thinking that she had loved somebody else. She'd be looking back, all the time, and comparing me with No. 1."

"Sir?"

My voice had attracted Mrs. Smith's attention from her book, but she had evidently not understood what I said, and was looking up inquiringly. Thank fortune for that. I laughed, a little nervously, I imagine.

"Nothing. I was not speaking to you. In fact, I think I was talking in my sleep."

She looked down again, and I watched her instead of the fire. She *was* pretty—prettier than I had given her credit for at first. I thought, too, she might be younger than thirty, as I surveyed her now. There was a delicate peach-blossom color on her cheek, an innocent, almost girlish expression on her face. Well, cheek and expression were nothing to me. I got up and went disconsolay to bed.

The next day my sister-in-law came to see me. As usual, she had plenty of suggestions to make to Mrs. Smith, which that lady received in silence, but with a peculiar twinkle in her eyes. At length Mrs. Bishop followed me into the library.

"Well, Sandie," she remarked, seating herself, "since you do seem disposed to fulfil my prediction and marry your housekeeper, I suppose I may speak of her freely. I have thought from the first, that she was a very artful woman. I have no doubt that when she came here she meant to marry you. She is very attentive now, but of course she has her own motives. I can see. If any trial should come you would find out who your friends are."

Mrs. Bishop was right in this, for the trial did come, and I saw who my friend was, my own friend.

I was taken ill very early in the spring.—My sickness came on suddenly. I was attacked with severe headache and sharp pains in my back. The first two days Mrs. Bishop spent in assiduous care of me—though, to confess the truth, her attentions were unwelcome, and I would far rather have been abandoned to the tender mercies of my housekeeper who rarely came into the room when my sister-in-law was there. The third morning my physician pronounced my disease smallpox. Even in the moment of terror I looked at Eliza Bishop. Her face paled, and I could see her hands shake. She spoke in a trembling voice:

"I wish I could stay with you, Sandie:—I *wish* I could. If it were only for myself, I would, but my children."

"I would not have you stay," I answered. "I trust you have not endangered yourself.—Good bye, sister Eliza."

She went out of the room, and I turned to Mrs. Smith who was standing near.

"Now you must go also. The doctor will find some one to nurse me, and you, too, must look to your children."

"I must look out for you, sir. My duty is here, now. Live or die, I shall stay with you while you need me."

The little woman's voice was firm, and her eyes shone with a resolute light. I had not thought she possessed so much will and courage.

"Consider," I said. "Do you realize all the risk you run? Of loathsome disease, disfigurement, perhaps a horrible death?"

"I have considered all, and shall stay."

Was I selfish to allow it? Perhaps so; but even in that hour of deadly peril, I who had never loved woman before, longed to have her at my side, to share my danger.

I need not give the details of the sickness which followed—the weeks of terrible suffering when my body and soul could scarcely cling together. I look back upon it, strong man as I am, with shivering dread.

It was owing, under God, to her that Death, who stood waiting at my pillow day after day, at last passed me by. What a nurse she was! vigilant, sleepless, untiring. Perhaps it was owing to her calm courage that she did not take the disease. She seemed to be always near me, and yet she found time to make herself look as neat and even tasteful as usual. Everything in my room, after I was able to notice anything, was in scrupulous order. Delicate flowers as fresh and sweet as herself, bloomed on my table; a pleasant, dreamy, half-light filled the apartment. What a change from the old boarding-house days!

I was thinking of all this glorious care and tenderness as I sat up for the first time at my window. Mary—I had learned to call her so during my illness—was out of the room but the tokens of her presence were all 'round me. Presently she came in and sat down by my side.

"Mary," I said, almost involuntarily, "I have been thinking I ought to thank you for saving my life. And yet I do not know as I am grateful. Life will not be of value unless you will share it. With you for my wife I could be happy, but if you cannot love me, you might as well have let me go by the board."

I had spoken as I felt, seriously and sadly, but a merry twinkle danced in her eyes.

So you think, now, you could stand not only the children, but my having loved some one else?"

"Then you heard the foolish speech, after all? It wasn't meant for your ear. Forgive it. You are too good for me any way. I ask nothing better, if you can love me, than to take you just as you are."

"Children and all?"

"Children and all; I'll try to be a father to them, Heaven helping me."

"I shall be satisfied, sir, if you will be their brother, since they are my mother's children, not mine."

"And Mr. Smith is——?"

"My father. He failed in business last year, though, I am happy to say is living and well. I wanted to help him, but the only thing I knew was to keep house. It seemed proper enough occupation for a woman like me. You see I am not very young, sir.—When I found you you, thought me a widow with children, I determined to favor the odd mistake. I thought it would seem dignified. I am not Mrs. Smith though, but simply Mary Smith, spinster, at your service, or at service in your family, if you like that way of stating it better."

"And you will change your title, and retain your situation?"

Her answer is no one's business but my own.

Six weeks afterward my sister-in-law was invited to my wedding. She looked surprised, but she forebore any comment, save a reminder of her prediction that Mrs. Smith would conquer my prejudices against widows with incumbrances. The laugh was against her when I told her that the future Mrs. Sandie Bishop was to go to the hymenial altar for the first time.

I have been married five years. My prejudices against children have yielded to the fascinations of a bold little Sandie, and a winsome little Mary, and sitting by my own peaceful fireside, I bless the day and Providence that first made me known to my housekeeper.

INVITED TO DINE.

The too frequent habit of extending mere formal invitations is well rebuked in the following anecdote of M. Vivier, the eminent physician, celebrated for his ready wit, his skill on the cornet, and his close intimacy with Rossini. He had hardly arrived in Paris on his return from his summer travels when he was invited to dine with Mons. B——, a musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest:

"We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us; your place will always be ready."

"Always?" said Vivier; "that is, in the fashionable sense of the word."

"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. You know how much we love artists, and you in particular. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest!"

"Certainly; we should be delighted"

"Ah, well, since you are so cordial, I will do my best to be agreeable."

"We shall depend upon seeing you."

The next day Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally. I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very charming," replied his hosts, to whom his arrival appeared very piquant and quite original. The dinner was very gay, and the artist, on taking leave, received many compliments. The next day as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faithful to my promise. But it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of the hosts; "it is singular—you appear surprised; did you not expect me?"

"Oh, certainly; you give us much pleasure," the couple replied, with a forced smile.

"So much the better."

Vivier sat down, was in his happiest vein, played the agreeable to all the family, and seemed unconscious that he had all the burthen of the entertainment, and that, except a few monosyllables, the conversation was reduced to a mere monologue. On the fourth day, at six o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coolness and restraint were plainly perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it. The mistress of the house replied stiffly:

"It is only because we feared you would not fare well; we have so poor a dinner today."

"I thought you expected me, but it is of no consequence. I am not difficult to please. I only wish the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, and then turning to madame with a complimentary air, he remarked:

"What could you mean? The dinner is quite as good as the others. Excellent fare, upon my word. I should desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived as usual. The porter met him at the door.

"Monsieur B—— is not at home. He dines down town to-day."

"Ah! very well. But I forgot my greatcoat yesterday; I must ask the servant for it," and, darting across the threshold and up the staircase, he knocked. The door was opened—the unexpected apparition appeared. "Your porter is a booby," said Vivier gaily, "He pretended that you had gone out, but I knew he was mistaken. But what long faces! Has anything happened? Any accident, any misfortune, might be confided to him. At last, at the desert, he burst into a fit of laughter and said, "I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made and so liberally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would perhaps throw me out of the window. But you will not catch me here. I wish you a very good evening."

THE STAR.—BY THOMAS ROGERS.

"Gaze on yon star," she said, "and I
Will gaze upon it, too,
And fancy in its depth my gaze
Is resting, love, on you."
We parted—wandering near and far,
For years I watched the chosen star.

One night it darted from its place,
And downward thro' the air—
Its rapid flight I scarce could trace;
'Twas gone—I know not where.
But still I gaze—sad mystery,
Two stars now fondly shine for me.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON DANCING.

Mrs. Swisshelm has a chapter on dancing, and is most decidedly in favor of that kind of amusement. Hear how she talks:

"It is worthy of notice that those churches and people who most strenuously oppose dancing, have always encouraged and practiced it under other names. Like the temperance men who would not drink cider, but had no objection to a glass of apple juice, our opponents of dancing have their children taught the art under the name of "Calisthenics," and practice it when it is called "Play." For it is a remarkable fact, that these old time favorites of religious communities, "Dear Sister Phœbe," "Ring around Rosy," "All a marching to Quebec," "The White Cockade," "Copenhagen," &c., &c., &c., are, every one of them, Cotillions and Contra Dances performed to vocal and instrumental music.

The difference between the religious and the profane dance is, that in the former, every man in the room is compelled, on pain of a breach of etiquette, to kiss every woman in the room; and *vice versa*, that it is quite in order for married women to sit down on the knees of young gentlemen, put their arms around their necks, bring two pairs of lips together with a smack, and do any amount of hugging. While in a profane dance, even those of most doubtful propriety, the greatest familiarity, between persons of opposite sexes, is a gentleman placing one hand on a lady's waist, while she rests one hand on his shoulder, and holds the disengaged hand in the other. The churches, therefore, who set up rules against dancing, are fairly and squarely committed to the doctrine that promiscuous dancing is all right, and pious and innocent, provided it is accompanied by promiscuous kissing, with a suitable allowance of hugging and general rough and tumble.

While, without those refining and elevating additions, it is evil on evil, and that continually. There is no escaping this conclusion, for the anti-dancing churches and christians are too openly committed in favor of these vulgar plays for an intelligent man to deny, that either they have acted blindly, or that the kissing and hugging sanctifies the dancing.

Now, since all the experience of the past proves that people *will* dance, even grave and reverend deacons, we are in favor of the dancing without the etceteras. But apart from all comparisons, we regard dancing as a positive good, as something which requires no apology, but is inherently right in itself; all efficient means of perfecting, refining, and cultivating the crowning work of God's creation; a means appointed and directly approved by the Creator himself! It is liable to abuse, and the object of reformers should be to regulate, not to abolish it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAVE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Traveller*, writes as follows of his visit to Abbotsford, and the tomb of Scott:

"To day, sitting at the window of the little inn at Melrose, we rest an hour or two before leaving their charming shrines. Dryburg Abbey, yesterday evening, in the setting sunlight, was all that romance and poetry have pictured it, and Sir Walter's grave, as we stood leaning over his tomb, was cheered by a robin-redbreast singing loud and clear in a neighboring tree. Before visiting Dryburg we spent several hours at Abbotsford, now seemingly a deserted residence, for Mr. Hope Scott and his little daughter are in London, and the place is left with servants. Fording the Tweed just after a smart shower, which made every bush brighten, and every blade of grass greener, we walked through the avenue leading to the house without meeting a soul. Arrived at the porter's lodge, no ringing of bells, or pounding on doors, could induce a human being to appear, so we opened the lawn gate and rambled about the grounds, not even a dog or cat coming out to see who were intruding upon the premises. We thought our visit would be finished, and we should get away without meeting any one from the house; but a tidy little Scotch dame came at last, wiping the corners of her mouth with her apron, evidently having been disturbed at her lunch. Notwithstanding she had been obliged to leave her ale and sandwich, her temper was by no means ruffled, and in five minutes she became so autobiographical that we had all the items of her bustling existence spread out like a pocket map before us.

"Sir Walter's study looked the same as when I saw it ten years ago, but the library seemed less cared for.—We went into the room where the minstrel died, and the same sounds from the river that fell on his dying ears came up through the open windows of the apartment.—The present occupant, who married a daughter of Lockhart, is a Roman Catholic, and we were told by one of his neighbors that he was 'a gude, kind man.' Coming away from the house we fell in with an old friend of Tom Purdie, who had many good words to say for that worthy person. He had also known Sir Walter, but he considered him too great a scholar for so humble a body as himself to be on very familiar terms with. Abbotsford is a sad place now, and one cannot go to it, remembering how cheerful it was once, without a sigh that all have passed away who were so happy under its roof but a few years ago."

A WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.—As a class, on the whole, the world's least sinful inhabitants, we have always thought. And we are glad to see a kind word in their favor in the London *Saturday Review*. Thus says the writer:

"There is something touching in the lot of a woman who has courageously got over an early disappointment, and sets herself to do good in her generation, and give her neighbors as much happiness as she can. That she should preserve her beauty undiminished at fifty and foster a permanent but hopeless affection in the breast of a curate or doctor, are rewards of her goodness, which, if they could but be transferred from fiction to real life, we certainly should not grudge her. But although there are old maids who bear disappointment in this noble way, there are other old maids whose disappointment consists in never having had any disappointment to bear; and this is a trial which, at one period of life, is hard to endure, and ought to awaken more sympathy than it does."

THE END.—Generation after generation, from the unknown being, so stormful, busy, I have seen thundering down, down; and all fall silent—nothing but some feeble re-echoes, which grow even feebler, struggling up; and oblivion has swallowed them all. Thousands more to the unknown ending will follow; and *thou*, hangest here as a drop, till sun gilt on the giddy edge, one moment; while the darkness has not yet engulphed thee. O, brother! is that of small interest? and for *thee*? Awake, poor, troubled sleeper; shake off thy torpid, night-mare dream; look, see, behold it—the flame imagine; splendors high, terrors deep as Hell; this is a man's life!—*Carlyle.*

The land owners seem determined to build the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, if talking and resolving will do it.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

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.
Each moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow,
What to-day can do as well!

JOSIAH D——, is a most estimable gentleman, upright, strictly pious, and withal a staunch, through going Democrat. During the Mexican war, he was called upon at a regular church meeting to pray, and he closed with this addition:—"Be with our army in Mexico; whether it be right or wrong, bless it! We of the Democratic party are charged with making a war of conquest; but we believe it to be a war of defence. But we would not enter into argument on the subject, and for further particulars would refer to the President's message!"

LITTLE ALICE, dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping up and down the passage, waiting for her mother to get ready to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out, too.—"No," answered Alice; "you can't go—you are not dressed well enough"—Her uncle laughingly remarked, "that the pride stuck out quite early?"—"No," answered Alice, "it isn't my pride, it's my new silk frock that sticks out so."

A TOUGH OLD GENTLEMAN.—The most extraordinary man in the county, in one respect, is old Mr. Kaseman, the patriarch of Shamokin township. Although over one hundred years old, we are informed that one day last week, he cradled, bound and shocked thirteen shocks of wheat. He is the toughest specimen of humanity in this part of the State, and from his present vigor and activity there is reason to believe that he will be engaged in many harvests yet before he is cut down, bundled up, and mowed away in the other world.—*Sunbury Gazette.*

A CURE FOR CELIBACY.—The following wonderful cure is copied verbatim from the advertisement of a notorious botanic physician:—

"A lady—deplorable state of mental derangement—attended by the celebrated Dr. ——, and by him pronounced beyond reach of medical aid, and advised that she be immediately removed to the Insane Hospital, or mad house, Pepperill, (Mass.)—cured in one week and married in three months.

Some poetic lover in the reign of King John thus quaintly addressed his mistress, whom he called his fairest maid "bituene Lyncoin and Lyndesseye:"

"When the nightengale sings the wodes waxen grene,
Lef the grass and blosme springes in Avrilley wene,
And love is to myne herte gone WITH ONE SPEARE SO KENE,
Night and day my blod it drinkes, my heart doth me tene.

ONE John W. Jones, who had been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one, she fought him, but when he got two, they fought each other.

AN "INVITE."—The Huntington (Indiana) *Herald* vouches for the correctness of the following copy of a note of invitation from a Democratic Justice of the Peace of that township:—

"Compliments"
"Miss ——
"there is to be a grand picnic below Huntington on the 28th of May of the young people of Huntington and vicinity on that occasion I would be much pleased to have the admissibility of your company if it would be agreeable and mete the approval of your attestation.
G. W. CLARK."

INGENIOUS CIPHER.—The following was written by Professor Whewell, at the