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. LXI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1861. NO. 25.

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 their interest to give us a call.

General and Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Vice President—HANNIBAL HAMLIN.
Secretary of State—WM. H. SEWARD.
Secretary of Interior—CALEB SMITH.
Secretary of Treasury—SALMON P. CHASE.
Secretary of War—SIMON CAMERON.
Secretary of Navy—GIDEON WELLES.
Post Master General—M. BLAIR.
Attorney General—EDWARD BATES.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—ANDREW G. CURTIN.
Secretary of State—[illegible]
Surveyor General—WM. H. KEIM.
Auditor General—THOS. E. COCHRAN.
[illegible]
Judges of the Supreme Court—[illegible] R. LEWIS, J. M. ARMSTRONG, W. B. LOWRIE, G. W. WOODWARD, JOHN M. READ.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. [illegible] Graham.
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Samuel Wherry.
District Attorney—J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotary—Benjamin Duke.
Recorder &c.—[illegible]
Register—S. N. Emminger.
High Sheriff—R. [illegible] McCartney; Deputy, S. Keepers.
County Treasurer—Moses Bricker.
Coroner—John A. Dunlap.
County Commissioners—Nathaniel H. Eckels, James H. [illegible], Geo. Miller. Clerk to Commissioners, James Armstrong.
Directors of the Poor—[illegible] Poor House—[illegible]

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—John Noble.
Assistant Burgess—Adam Sensman.
Town Council—John Gutshall, [illegible] Dale, J. B. Irvine, Henry Carney, [illegible] Parker, Frederick Dinkle, Samuel Ensminger.
Clerk to Council—Jas. C. Masonheimer.
High Constables—[illegible] Joseph Stuart. Ward Constables—Jacob Bretz, Andrew Martin.
Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, David Smith, Michael Holcomb, Abm. Dehuff.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. Francis J. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. Kremer, Pastor.—Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 6 o'clock P. M.

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

Methodist E. Church (second charge) Rev. Alex. D. Gibson Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 3½ P. M.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. James Kelley, Pastor. Services every other Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3.

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. [illegible], Pastor. Services at [illegible] A. M. and [illegible] P. M.

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

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. H. M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
James W. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Latin Languages and Literature.
Rev. Wm. L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of Greek Language and Literature.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
A. F. Mullin, A. B., Principal of the Grammar School.
John B. Storm, Assistant in the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson, Cashier, W. M. Beetem; Asst. Cashier, J. P. Hasler; Teller, Jas. Roney; Clerk, C. B. Pfahler; Messenger, John Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, [illegible] Zug, Samuel Wherry, J. D. Gorgas, Skiles Woodburn, R. C. Woodward, Col. Henry Logan, Hugh Stuart, and James Anderson.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 10.10 o'clock A. M. and 2.41 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.27 o'clock A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler; Superintendent, George Wise. Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. Gardner, and John Campbell.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—President, John S. Sterrett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Hoffer.—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Breneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, Samuel Wetzel; Secretary, J. D. Hampton; Treasurer, P. Monyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1809. President, Thos Thompson; Secretary Philip Quigley; Treasurer, E. D. Quigley. The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, C. P. Humrich; Secretary, William D. Halbert; Treasurer, Joseph W. Ogilby. The company meets the second Thursday of January, April, July, and October.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. President, Wm M Porter; Vice President, John O. Amos; Treasurer, John Campbell; Secretary, John W. Paris. The company meets on the first Friday in January, April, July and October.

Y. M. C. A.

Room—MARION HALL.
Regular monthly meeting—Third Tuesday Evening.
Prayer meeting—Sunday Afternoon at 4 o'clock.
Reading Room and Library—Admission free, open every evening (Sundays excepted) from 6 to 10 o'clock. Strangers especially welcome.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

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

Postage on the "Herald"—within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States 26 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or two cents unpaid. [illegible]

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 3, '60.-1y.

A CARD.—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. 26, 1859 tf

J. J. BENDER, M. D.
(HOMŒOPATHIST.)
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.
Office in South Hanover Street, formerly occupied by [illegible]

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

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
March 14, 1861.

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. [illegible] next door to the Post Office. [illegible] Aug 1, '59.

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

S. W. HAVERSTICK, Druggist, No. [illegible] North Hanover St., Carlisle. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. A full supply of fresh drugs and chemicals.

W. M. BIDDLE, Attorney at Law. Office, South Hanover Street, with A. B. Sharpe, Esq. [illegible]

REMOVAL. A. L. SPONSLER has removed his office to his New House, opposite [illegible] March 26, 1861.

REMOVAL.—The Hat and Cap store of the subscriber known as "KELLER'S" has been removed to the store opposite the old stand, two doors from Arnold's clothing store. The business will be conducted as heretofore, all the goods, both home made and city produced, are warranted to give satisfaction as represented. A full patronage is respectfully solicited as every effort will be made to keep the assortment of men and boys hats and caps complete, with prices to suit the times. KELLER.
New Spring styles of silk hats now ready.
March 15, 1861.

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law. Office in Inhoff's building just opposite the Market House.
Carlisle, March 14, '59-ly.

JOHN HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW — Office on Main Street, opposite "Marion Hall," Carlisle, Pa. [illegible]

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

M. NEWSHAM.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with Wm. H. Miller, Esq., South Hanover Street, opposite the Volunteer Office.
Carlisle, Sept. [illegible]

W. C. RHEEM
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND GENERAL AGENT.
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
WILL give special attention to collections throughout the State, make Investments, buy and sell Real Estate and securities. [illegible] pay taxes, [illegible] Refer to Cumberland County Bar, and [illegible] people of the county seat of Carlisle, Pa. [illegible]

FARE REDUCED.
STATES UNION HOTEL,
606 & 608 Market St., above sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.
JAMES W. POWER, Proprietor.
TERMS—$1 25 per day. [illegible]

UNITED STATES HOTEL.—
S. E. Cor. 11th & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
H. W. KANAGA,
PROPRIETOR.
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.

B. S. JANNEY, JR. J. M. SUNNS. S. A. COYLE.
BENJ. S. JANNEY, JR. & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 605 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

ALFRED D. [illegible]'S.
UNITED STATES AND EUROPEAN
PATENT OFFICE,
NO. 144 South Fourth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
N. B.—Communications by mail promptly attended to.
Sept. 27, '60.-1y.

CHARLES RUMPP,
PORTE MONNAIE,
POCKET BOOK AND SATCHEL
MANUFACTURER.
NO. 47 NORTH SIXTH STREET
below Arch, Phila., formerly 118 North 4th St.

Porte Monnaies,	Cigar Cases,	Pocket Books,
Port Folios,	Cabas,	Satchels,
Dressing Cases,	Money Belts,	Work Boxes,
Bankers' Cases,	Purses,	Etuies, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Aug. 31, 1860.-1y.

J. W. SCOTT,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING
STORE AND
SHIRT MANUFACTORY,
No. 814, Chestnut Street,
Four doors below the "Continental Hotel" and nearly opposite the "Girard House" Philadelphia.
A large assortment of Dressing Robes constantly on hand. Particular attention given to ordered shirts—a perfect fit guaranteed.
Wholesale trade supplied with fine shirts and collars on liberal terms.
Directions for measurement sent on application by mail. July 6, 1860.-1y.

NO MISTAKE.—All persons in want of a bottle of Fine Old Imported and Pure Brandy, or Old Rye Whiskey, or Gin, Wines, &c., can get the pure article at the Grocery of the subscriber.
WM. BENTZ.
Carlisle, Jan. 18, 1860.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Atlantic Monthly, for May.

Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline

She has gone—she has left us in passion and pride,—
Our stormy browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said, "she is hasty,—she does not mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof—
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

A DILEMMA,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Now, Cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story of how I first met my wife:—

"It was just five years ago this summer, that I was granted exemption for one month from my desk, and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's, in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real true hospitality of the Hyatt's, for the solid, old time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, within a couple of days after my arrival, I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of horses, and we rode; plenty of fish, and we fished, plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we—by which, let it be understood I do not mean Horace's two sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode to be sure—and charmingly they did it; they fished, and, I am obliged to confess, were much luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment—they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the two most charming girls I had ever seen, and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident, or so I suppose I must call it—though really, seeming like a special Providence. What this was I shall tell in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional praises lavished by the young ladies on a once schoolfellow of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman, then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie; but still the reputation of this May Stevens haunted me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose, which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and of the two sisters continual conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had I not heard one morning, as I entered the breakfast room, the startling words from Nettie:—

"And so she is coming at last. I'm so glad!"

"Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at the same moment, or what, I cannot say; but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words, I knew that the hereto only heard of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment—though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week!—it was an age, a century; and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long standing passion, of nearly two weeks duration, for Nettie and Carrie, was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen. With this idea I began to look in my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Nettie and Carrie; but the new goddess was certainly worth a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes of hearing the announcement of her intended coming; and before two hours had gone by, I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

"I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at Hyatt's to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

"The racking of brain that day, to create a grand *ensemble* of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should at the first glance strike the beholder silent with admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing "Paradise Lost" was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my rooms, and for six hours I dressed, compared, reflected and selected; and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It was still several hours to sunset. Having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the train and return the same night to Hyatt's instead of waiting over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments, and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep; so I found it when the shades of the evening fell, for to the best of my recollection, I was on the way in the very midst of a dream,—in which May Stevens, attired in book muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud and inquired who my tailor was! Just as I was about to inform her there came a crash, and for a moment I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train—the 6.20—that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it still worse, I was exactly eight miles from my destination, though as it afterwards proved, not a mile from the next village, where, as I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper and beds could be had. I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and accordingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the tavern of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and that I, with some more of the male gender, must be content with chairs, while the beds were appropriated with the gentler sex.—Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper, and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moonlight, and verging on to 10 o'clock. By Jove I must walk to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. Giving my carpet bag into the hands of the landlord, with the most emphatic charges for its safety, and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, at any expense, I set forth.

Eight miles is a trifle; and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight, I marched up the lane that led to the house. They were early folks at the farm,—early to bed and early up. I walked round the house trying each door and window for an entrance but each and every one were fastened. It was of no consequence, my bedroom window looked out upon the roof of the piazza; I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business, and should the window be fastened, I would tap and awaken Horace, who was my room mate and bedfellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hand on the window, which yielded, and I stood in my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a deep sleep. I would not, therefore awaken him, but save the story of any mishap till the following day. With this resolution I slipped into bed and in three minutes was oblivious.

What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the window as the sun peeped up above the distant hills, and scattered the grey mists of the morning. My bedfellow was breathing heavily, but it was daylight, and there was no sleep in me, so I determined that Horace should wake up and hear my story of the railroad break down. I turned and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bedfellow, who had lain with his back towards me, sprang into a sitting posture. There are surprises, as with out terror, which absolutely deprive us of the power of speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouthed and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and bedfellow, as we sat upright and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great, dark, hazel, eyes, and such masses of brown curls, tucked away under the neatest little night cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed clothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat; and with the most rigid astonishment looked as though debating whether she was asleep or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in like cases, but, if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I stammered out:

"How came you here?"

The figure stared still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction' spoke:—

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes," was my rather subdued answer.

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time speaking calmly, and with as much dignity as though in the drawing room, "I am May Stevens—and I was put in this room, after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return until to-day. That is how I was put in this room."

So here I was, sitting *vis a vis* to this May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superior toilet! And she—she by this time was as cold as the 31st day of December, and sat looking me right in the eye, as I made some rambling explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital and its end, looked at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window and come in," said I in a very sickly tone of voice; for the thought came to the that to achieve this end I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of custom which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly, with:

"No, that will not do, there are people moving about, and you will be seen."

It was my turn now to stammer out:

"What's to be done?" for I saw that little hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question,

"You must lie still here while I get up.—When I leave the room, you can rise and go away at the first opportunity," was her response, delivered in a quiet, business-like manner.

And so I did, under the command of May Stevens. I buried my intruding head in the bed clothes, and kept it well covered until I heard the retreating foot-steps upon the stairs, which was but a few minutes, though it seemed an age, and then with a desperate bound. I sprang from the bed, and turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I did.

That morning we met—May Stevens and I—at the breakfast table—I in the character of the newly arrived that morning—and we were formally introduced, in the ceremony of which we astounded every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Corrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we have never failed to repeat whenever the memory of our first meeting comes up.

"And now cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife."

THE Confederate States having abolished Yankee Doodle as a national air, it is suggested that they adopt the "Rogue's March" as a substitute. The chaplain of the Southern Congress, it is understood, opens the session with prayer and reading the hymn which commences, "I love to steal," &c.

Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge, April 27, 1861.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Eighty years have passed and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do.—
Cambridge and Concord, and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won
What shall be told of you?

Hark—'tis the south wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempests throe
Than the army of worms that knawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun,
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!

MY BROTHER JACK AND HIS RICH WIFE.

BY MRS. E. C. LEWIS.

"Harry," said my mother, "there must be always one gentleman in a family. I have remarked it—some one to keep up its dignity and transmit the name to posterity. You though my eldest son, are rough by nature; Peter is too plain; but John, my pretty boy," said mother, patting his curley head, "you shall go to college and be a gentleman."

Now my good mother was the relict of a grocer, who, dying, left her "well to do in the world;" and having worn for three long years "weeds of the deepest hue," she wiped the last tear from her cheek, and unpinning the crape collar from her neck, laid it by, feeling in her inmost heart, that she had fulfilled her duty to the utmost—and had been afflicted beyond most mortals. It was the morning of her emancipation from these symbols of woe, that we were called around her (as I have stated above) in order to portion out our several destinies

I, as the oldest of the family, ventured to say:

"And Susie, mother, what will she be—a lady?"

"Nonsense, Harry," rejoined my mother. "She is a mere child yet; but what hinders her from being the President's lady? stranger things have happened."

"Well, mother, make Jack what you please, I shall be a sailor; and when Susie's husband is President, I'll come back and live with her."

To China I went, not as a sailor, but as Captain's clerk. On my arrival there, I left the vessel, and was so lucky as to get a situation in a mercantile house. My boss took a fancy to me, and, after a few years, I became his principal clerk, and from that rose to be junior partner in the firm. I heard from home [illegible] but finally the correspondence dropped off. Now and then a letter from my mother reached me; and the last announced my brother Jack's marriage to an heiress, and Susie's engagement to a Southern planter.

Then years elapsed, and I heard no more. My letters remained unanswered; and becoming vexed at the apparent indifference of my family, I determined to write no more. I had now amassed a large fortune, but had paid the penalty of a life of luxury with a diseased liver. Not having formed any ties to bind me here, a yearning for home created such a restlessness of mind and body, that it amounted almost to a monomania.

So transmitting the bulk of my property to the United States, I took passage in the ship Dolphin, and after a pleasant voyage of five months, (our vessel being a slow sailer) arrived at New York, and trod the streets of my native city, as a stranger. I left home a boy of seventeen—and returned a man of fifty years. How I longed to see my sister Susie, and my aged mother and my brothers. While eating my solitary breakfast at the hotel, I indulged in a thousand fancies as to their appearance. In John, I was to see a man of polished manners; of fine, portly bearing and pleasant countenance. Peter—good, plain Peter—he, I was sure, could not alter; and pretty Susie was to be everything lovely, with that fascinating *dolce far niente*, so fascinating in a southern woman's manners. A sudden whim seized me to visit them under a fictitious name. Acting on the spur of the moment, I called for a Directory and found that my brother Jack was the resident of a modern palace, in what was formerly the suburbs of the city, now the nucleus of all that was fashionable and wealthy. The name of my sister's husband I never knew, and Peter must have left New York, for I could not find his name in the Directory, nor my mother's. Satisfied that I should get all necessary information from Jack, I determined to go to his house immediately, and preparing myself with a letter of introduction—written by myself—stating that Mr. Sampson, an agent for a mercantile house in Canton, was about visiting New York. I begged my brother to pay him every attention. It is hardly necessary to say, that Mr. Sampson was my "nom de guerre." The letter finished I folded it in due form and putting it in my pocket, started for the upper part of the city. I found Jack's house—over the stone work of the door was carved the "coat of arms" of the *gentleman of the family*. The crest—a dove pierced by a falcon—had my good father been living, it would have been a cheese supported by two red herring.

I coughed down a hearty laugh and rang the bell; a black fellow opened the door. On asking if Mr. Chandler was at home, an answer was given in the affirmative, and I was ushered through a suite of rooms into a well furnished library, where reclining in a luxurious arm chair, I found Jack—handsome Jack no longer—but a lean, withered, and premature old man, with all the foppish airs of boyhood clinging to him.

He arose at my entrance, and glancing over my letter, assured me of his desire to make my visit to New York an agreeable one; asking many particulars as to his brother Harry's health, prospects, &c., all of which I answered in the most satisfactory manner.

A smile of relief passed over his countenance; evidently he had dreaded the subject.

"I was requested to enquire of the welfare of Mr. Chandler's mother, sister, and his brother Peter."

A cold hard look settled on his face.

"Has Harry not heard of my mother's death ten years ago?" said he.

"Nor the widowhood of Mrs. Cleland?"

My heavens! no, sir!" I exclaimed, hurt and angry at his hard, cold manner of speaking of those so dear to me. He looked surprised, but I went on—"And Mr. Peter Chandler?"

"Oh, well—quite well. Really a worthy man—no incumbrance to his family. True, I seldom see him—tied to his ledger—a capital bookkeeper, and still a bachelor. Your sister, I presume, resides with you?"

"No, sir," was the curt answer.

"Mrs. Cleland's place of residence is unknown to me. I heard a rumor of her having joined her husband's relations, South; but my dear Sampson, our walks in life were so different that my wife could not tolerate their circle of acquaintances, particularly after her ungrateful behavior. Nor would it have done to have drawn her and her family from obscurity, making their poverty the more glaring.—Would you believe it, my wife procured an extremely eligible situation for Mrs. Cleland's eldest daughter, as nursery governess to a family going abroad, and I offered her eighty dollars a year for the maintenance of her child, but both our offers were rejected with scorn. I washed my hands of her and her affairs.—But let us talk of pleasanter things," continued he.

"Sir," said he, "Mrs. Cleland lives in I felt like kicking him out of his luxuriant arm chair, and fearful that my temper should get the better of me, with the best grace I could assume, I left the room, and did not breathe freely until in the open air, where I vented my feelings in sundry ejaculations, which drew the attention of the passers by. Some one touched me on the arm; it was the black fellow, who had opened the door for me. Spring street, two doors from the Bowery—a tenement house."

"Thank you my good fellow," said I, giving him some money, and I turned toward the Bowery, and soon found the house where he said my sister dwelt.

Tears started into my eyes as I thought over the past, and my poor mother's pride in her little Susan. I brushed them hastily away, and knocked at the door. A little girl, the image of my sister opened it

"Does Mrs. Cleland live here?" I asked.

"Yes Sir."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes, sir, please walk in." And she opened the door of a room near the entrance. It was scrupulous clean but uncarpeted, a pine table, a few chairs, a stove and small looking glass, comprised the furniture with the exception of a few books on a shelf between the windows.

My sudden entrance started a female, who with her back turned to the door, was washing some fine laces. Her confusion was momentary. With the grace of a well bred lady she requested me to be seated, and looked to her little daughter for information.

"A gentleman, to see you, mother."

"From your brother Harry, in China, Madam," said I.

The blood started to her forehead, and as suddenly retreated, leaving her deadly pale, as she gasped out,

"Oh! is he living?"

"Living! yes, yes," said I, "but he is very poor. He is coming on, but his reception will be rather cool from his rich brother, I am thinking."

"Oh! why am I poor?" said she, bursting into tears. "But I can give him a home, and I will be so happy. I can work, and we will live together."

I jumped up and caught her hand and sobbed like a baby.

"You have a kind heart, sir, and I thank you for your sympathy."

Just then her daughter came home.

"It is Ellen," said Susan, "my eldest child. She is working in a straw factory, and gets good wages."

"But, I fear Ellen you are fatigued to day."

"Oh, no, mother!" And she bowed courteously to me. "Only a little hungry."

The little one that opened the door for me jumped up immediately and spread a clean cloth on the table.

Susan requested me to stay and partake of their humble dinner, to which I assented. A plate of mealy potatoes, bread, and tea, was all; but to me it was better than the most luxurious dinner, for I eat in company with those I loved.

Ellen was a slight, dark-eyed girl, not beautiful, but intelligent and pleasing, and I was delighted with my intended heiress

An hour soon passed. Ellen had returned to the factory, and drawing my chair closer to my sister, I took both her hands in mine, and looking her steadily in the face, said:

"Susie, why did you not marry the President?" (For you see I could not keep the cat in the bag any longer)

Her first impulse had been to rise up in anger. She looked me steadily in the face, and grew deadly pale. I feared she would faint, and cried—

"Oh! Susie, don't, it is your brother, Harry."

It was useless, there she lay in my arms, helpless as a child, and little Mary crying.

"Oh! mother, mother! You've killed my mother."

"No such thing," said I, as I dashed a cup of cold water in her face. By and by all was right again. Susan was satisfied that I was her brother. I told of my whim of wishing to remain unknown to Jack and his wife, whom I had not yet seen; and told Sue to get ready to move—asked where I should find Peter. She told me he was a porter—managing to exist, and that was all—one of those unfortunate step-sons of fortune with whom nothing prospers, but honest and respectable withal! Of course, John dropped him. His wife could scarcely tolerate her own husband, and would have died with mortification, if Peter, in his coarse suit of clothes, had dared to accost her as sister.

I was sick of the folde rol airs—this apeing of aristocracy; and became more anxious than ever to put a damper on their conceit. I wished Susan good bye for a while, and went toward the business part of the city. Who should brush against me but the identical man I was seeking. I recognized him at once—called out:

"Hallo, Peter! Stop, can't you, old boy?"

I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks at his look of astonishment. At last he slowly ejaculated;

"Are you Harry, or are you not?"

"The veritable one," said I.

Why it was pleasant this meeting. Peter's heart was in the right place. We went into a porter house, and had a good talk together—settled all our plans—then separated, Peter to give warning to his employer, and I in search of a dwelling. This was soon found, and an upholsterer dispatched with unlimited orders to furnish it. My next step was to procure an equipage and horses. A week sufficed to put my establishment in complete order, and then sending for my sister and nieces, I installed Susan as the mistress of my mansion.

It was now time to call on Jack. He was not at home, but his wife was. She received me very ceremoniously, and motioned me to a chair. Heiress was written on every muscle of her countenance. One look at those cold eyes and rigid mouth was enough for me to know what my poor sister must have suffered from her arrogance. She grew affable, however, when I presented her with a fan made from the teeth of an elephant, and inlaid (on the handle) with rubies and turquoise.

Wishing to probe her heart a little, I asked if Mrs. Cleland was living in New York.

Drawing herself up she said, "I cannot inform you where the person you speak of lives. In marrying Mr. Chandler, I did not marry his relations. These I could not raise to my level."

"But is she not very poor?" I persisted in saying,

"Sir, I am not acquainted with the state of her circumstances."

"Ah, madam," I playfully rejoined, "you will not confess your good acts. I am sure she is indebted to you for every comfort."

"Oblige me, Mr. Simpson, by dropping the conversation."

I begged a thousand pardons, and then went on to say that I had determined to settle in New York—had already taken a house, and would issue (under her patronage) cards on the fourteenth, for a large ball and supper. She consented, very graciously, to invite the elite. So ended my visit.

The slave of the magic lamp is money.

The evening of the ball arrived—my sister wore a delaine dress, woven in with golden violets, a Bird of Paradise plume gracefully arrayed in her soft, fair hair. An algrette of diamonds fastened it firmly—that, I attached to the plume with my own hands. Though over forty years of age, she was still a lovely woman. But Ellen was a perfect gem, so graceful and self-possessed, in her simple white dress and oriental pearls. And little fairy Mary, dancing about with delight. I was a happy man, not the less so that I had the power to humble the pride of that hard woman.

The room began to fill. Soon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler was announced.—My sister and Ellen were standing at the upper end of the room. I advanced toward my brother and his wife, and leading them forward, said:

"Allow me to introduce you to my sister—Mrs. Cleland—and my adopted daughter Ellen, and at the same time to drop my false cognomen, and introduce myself as your brother Harry."

I leave you to imagine the result—my ink pales—my paper flutters—farewell.

SUMTER.

I thought of Sumter all the night!
Of those beleaguered few
Who stood up nobly in the fight—
For loyalty and freedom's right,
Against that recreant crew.

I saw the chain of rebel bands
Surround the sacred fort;
I saw five thousand traitor's hands,
Red with hot hate, their foul demands
With blustering arms support.

I saw five thousand on the shore,
Less than one hundred fight!
I heard the coward cannons roar,
And shot and shell relentless pour
Destruction through the night.

I saw no—but vanquish right, and then,
I heard the miscreants brag
Of "victory," when those starving men,
Shut up within a fortressed pen,
Were forced to lower their flag!

O State which patriots once did claim
How is it with thee now?
False to thy country and thy name:
Henceforward, let the curse of shame
Be branded on thy brow!

AN INCIDENT.—A congregation not far from Boston, that does its own singing, had the 69th psalm of of the Connecticut Hymn Book given out to be sung, on Sunday morning, April 14, just after the news of the attack on Fort Sumpter, and you may imagine the spirit with which the following stanzas were sung:

"Lift up a banner in the field
For those that fear Thy name;
Save the beloved with Thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

Go with our armies to the fight
Like a Confederate God;
In vain CONFEDERATE POWERS unite
Against Thy lifted rod.

Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By Thine assisting hand,
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand."

[From the Sunday Morning Chronicle.]

THE AMERICAN UNION.

LIBERTY
The starry flag
The Revolution of 1776,
The affections of the people
The confidence of the nations
The payment of the public debt
The honest administration of Government. The execution of the laws of Congress an army and navy every where honored A volunteer army paid
BY THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Southern Confederacy.

ARISTOCRACY! REBELLION! ROBBERY!
The Rattlesnake and Pelican banner
Suspicion and OPPRESSION of the People
Contempt for the Revolution of 1776
Crushing debts on ALL the States
Inability to pay simple interest
Violation of Oaths and of Laws
Army of Officers and no Navy
Volunteers and NO PAY
TEXAS AND TERROR
REPUDIATION.

STRONGER WITH THE SWORD THAN PEN.—The following is a copy of a letter to the Governor of New York:

"Hon. Gov. Morgan—Sir, please will you give me a pass to go to war or to any town to fite, for i can fite verry good, i was fighting with indins at the far west last 2 years when i was traveling to pikes peak, i am well known how to shot by Minnie Guns & revolvers & i am verry brave, i will be a good warrior, i want to die for the star banner & for the constitution of the u. s. of Amerika. If you want i will kill the Rebell Jeferson davis or Beaugard's or i will bring his head to you. i give you my word that i am true."

EXACTLY THE WOMAN.—A waggish fellow was riding with one of the fair sex, "all of a summer's day," and accidentally—men's arms awkward things, are always in the way—dropped around her waist. No objection being made, the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it.

But of a sudden—whether of a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was clearly evident—the lady started with volcanic energy, and with flashing eye exclaimed, "Mr. ——, I can support myself!" "Capital!" was the instant reply, "you are just the girl I've been looking for these five years—will you marry me?"

WHEN Gen. Lee was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine the General remarked to his host, that after drinking he was very apt to abuse Irishmen, for which he hoped the host would excuse him in advance.

"By my soul, General, I will do that," said the host, "if you excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this: whenever I hear a man abusing ould Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shellalee."

The General was civil during the whole evening.

FAITH.—A little fellow eight years old, who was without a relative in the whole world, was asked by a lady if he did not have fears as to whether he would get along in life. The child looked up, with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning and troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take of a feller, if he puts his trust in him, and does the best he can?"

A GENTLEMAN was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

"I SAY, Sambo, can you answer dis conundrum; suppose I gib you a bottle of whiskey corked shut wid a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gives dat up." "Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

A SCOTCHMAN asked an Irishman why half farthings were coined in England? [illegible] The answer was: To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations.