CARLISLE HERALD

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

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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.

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Secretary of Navy—GIDEON WELLES.
Post Master General—MONTGOMERY BLAIR.
Attorney General—EDWARD BATES.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. TANEY.

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County Treasurer—Alfred L. Sponsler.
Coroner—John A. Dunlap.
County Commissioners—Nathaniel H. Eckels, James H. Waggoner, Geo Miller. Clerk to Commissioners, James Armstrong.
Directors of the Poor—Jno. Trimble, Abraham Bosler, John Miller. Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

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Assistant Burgess—Adam Senseman.
Town Council—John Gutshall, Wm. W. Dale, J. R. Irvine, Hagan Carney, John Halbert, J. B. Parker, Frederick Dinkle, Samuel Ensminger.
Clerk to Council—Jas. U. Masonheimer.
High Constables—Geo. Bently, 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. Samuel Phillips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M and 6½ o'clock P. M

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Joseph A. Ross, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. Herman M. Johnson Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 6 P. M.

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

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. G. A. Struntz Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, 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, Jason 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, John 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 2.44 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.

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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. Thomson; 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. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost of advertising.

Selected Poetry.

WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

Every eve when I'm returning
From the labors of the day,
As I pass a lonely cottage
That is falling to decay,
I behold a patient woman,
Through the little window pane,
Looking with an air expectant
Down the narrow, grassy lane.

White as snow her scanty tresses,
wrinkles on her thoughtful brow,
And her cheeks are furrowed deeply
With the lines that Time can plow.
Seventy winters, long and dreary,
From their heavy clouds have shed
Flakes of never changing whiteness
On the patient woman's head.

Fifty years ago her lover
Stood beside her in the lane,
Saying as they parted,—"Hannah,
Sunday night I'll come again;
Let me see you at the window
As I hasten up the lane—
God be with you, dear; remember,
Sunday night I'll come again."

But before that precious evening,
Sweeter to that maiden's mind
Than a bed of early violets
Kissed by the gentle April wind,
Came to bless her with its presence,
Longingly for which she sighed,
He—the most beloved lover
That e'er blessed a maiden—died.

Well-a day for loving Hannah;
When they told her he was dead,
Her devoted mind forever
From its shattered mansion fled;
Gentle as an April sunbeam,
Patient as a mother's love,
Hopeful as the earnest Christian
Who hath moored his hopes above;

She, through all those fifty winters,
Hath believed herself again
Loved and loving, as of old time,
When they parted in the lane.
Every day, to her, is Sunday,
And, behind the window pane,
Every day she sits and watches
For her lover down the lane.

For the "Herald."

HASTING'S LANDING, Oct. 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time ago, I read in your interesting paper an article by *"A Genuine Carlisler."* "I shake hands with him in my heart," and present to yourself a vote of thanks.

How often, like "Carlisler," I have looked back to days long gone by, and in imagination heard again the voices of those who have passed away. Memory calls up and the heart clings to reminiscences of former days.

If you have no objection, I will try through the *Herald*, to help the chronicles of the "little Borough," and perhaps contribute somewhat to the pleasure of old *Carlislers*, either at home, or, like myself, a far away sojourner from native home.

In the first place, let me furnish the names of that *Carlisle Band*. The inflated cheeks of the clarionet players I remember well; but the manipulation in the bell of JAKE CREVER's and JAKE KRIDER's French Horns was always an object of great curiosity with me. *"Carlisler"* speaks of SWARTZ and the *cymbals*, but JAKE CART was the first cymbal player, and I think the boy in *Guards'* uniform was JAMES GUTHRIE. I can see the little fellow now, in his efforts to keep step between JOHN A. BLACK and JAKE CART. Then the Chinese Bells! I forget who played them, unless it was SWARTZ. Don't you recollect, (Mr. Editor, pardon me, but you *must* be getting venerable!) the artistic trial given to the crescent, as up and down it went with an occasional extra shake of the staff to help the jingle? Such music! Did ever Dodsworth's Cornet Band, or Kendal's either, "discourse such music?"

The *Guards'* 1st and 2d Lieutenants respectively, were JAMES ALEXANDER and SAMUEL THOMPSON. Before I leave the *Guards*, I must not omit a name that deserves most honorable mention—Mrs. MARY HIGGINS. Mrs. H. embroidered a flag and presented it to the company. If the flag is extant, I would like to see if it yet bears any mark of the beauty I used to think it possessed. As long as Mrs. HIGGINS lived, she had the care of the flag, and I have often, on parade-days, watched that lady hand it out of the second story window of her house in Main street, third one I think from DUNCAN's corner. I have often since those days witnessed the *forming* of *Regiments*, but never have I looked on with the same interest as when Capt. HALBERT ordered—*"Salute the Color!"* Arms were presented, then, arms to a shoulder, flag in position, wheeling into column; Forward march! BLACK's and JOHN EAGLE's or SAWNEY MITCHELL's drums giving the time, and SAM ALEXANDER's bugle the signal, the Band strikes up, and off they go towards the public square, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!" When Mrs. HIGGINS died, I think the "Guards," in citizen's dress, attended her funeral.

As to the INFANTRY, as our friend "Genuine Carlisler" says, somehow or other that really fine company never was as great a favorite with the boys as the GUARDS; doubtless it was because they only had field music. But was there ever a more faithful, devoted officer than Captain EDWARD ARMOR? and who took place in line more promptly than Lieutenant HOLCOMB? I can even, at this distant day, see the Lieutenant holding the scabbard of his sword (I think I could recognize that sword,) as he moved quickly around the left of the company to take position preparatory to wheeling into column. Who, especially, was more regular and prompt than Lieutenant PARKER SIMISON? With great interest I used to look at the old manœuvres, (I believe long ago obsolete,) marching in column, common time, firing by sections, and wheeling from the centre right and left to the rear. His superior officers did order, but Lieut. SIMISON gave the command—"Ready and aim—Fire!" with evident pride, and with emphasis. If my memory does not deceive me, that good citizen and soldier, BILLY ALEXANDER, was the efficient Orderly.

As to the *"Infantry"* music, I will just say, that within the last few months I had my heart-strings touched most sensibly, by hearing a boy in the street whistle a tune I had not heard since the days JOHN FAUST played it on his clear-toned fife, BILLY GOULD beating the drum in masterly style.

Before leaving the military, a word about the 1st *Battalion of Cumberland Volunteers*.—Officers of more soldierly bearing are seldom if ever seen than Lieut. Col. WILLIAM N. IRVINE and Major W. FOULK; and I doubt very much if any of their successors could *Charge the Front* of a Regiment with more precision than they; and surely we cannot easily forget the trim figure and brisk movement of WATTY R. IRWIN, Sergeant Major. How distinctly we recollect the appearance of those we knew in childhood or youth, while many faces known in after life are forgotten! I can now see the portly figure of BILLY IRVINE, (Hatter, *alias* 'Squire BILLY,) his hands in his pockets, leisurely measuring his way across Hanover st., to visit Mrs. RAMSEY's store, or to spend a few minutes (long minutes!) with neighbor BULLOCK, chairmaker. And also that very eccentric character, GEORGE BROWN, halting in his step and forever whittling a stick, possessed of a clear, well informed mind and retentive memory. Mr. BROWN's personal appearance by no means conveyed the idea of his considerable wealth.

Was there ever a more singular being than LINDSEY SPOTTSWOOD? his apron and shirt sleeves rolled up, and arms a kimbo, uttering his abrupt, sententious speeches, which, with their nasal twang, were peculiarly characteristic. His antipode in temperament and demeanor was his neighbor and fellow-craftsman, old Mr. KELLER. Calm and dignified in all his movements, it was ever a pleasure to me to look on his well defined and benevolent features. I doubt if you have, even with all the advantages of modern improvement in measuring and cutting, and the "latest fashion" card in the bargain, a tailor superior to CORMICK MCMANNUS, who ever recommended his business by the fit of his own remarkable tidy suit. Who rings your Court House bell? Your new bell does not ring more sweetly or regularly than did the old one, when its clear sound was brought forth by the sturdy pull of old JACOB KEIGLEY. Carlisle has produced original characters, but none more so than that Pennsylvania German. Seldom excited except when the boys would climb his locust trees, then, holding his pipe in his hand, the stem, a long piece of cane, was brought somewhat severely into requisition; otherwise, seated at his door, he looked as though he had adopted as his motto, "Zufriedenheit."

BILLY COOPER, a baker, living in Hanover street, a few doors from Dr. ARMSTRONG's corner, was Mr. THOMPSON's predecessor as Court Crier. Cotemporary with Mr. COOPER, and as far back as I can recollect, was the short, stout, and somewhat stooping figure of a worthy old man, of whom, in my childhood, I used to wonder who is to bury STOFEL GOULD! He was the sexton of one or two grave-yards, and in many cases, when some person died, he would go from house to house giving notice of the funeral.

Have you any Watchmen now? We used to have two: OLD BROMBAUGH at the Carlisle Bank, and BILLY BRANDT at the Agricultural Bank. Report would have it, that those two worthies took it very *comfortably* in their snug, mysterious looking boxes. Of the Carlisle Bank, GEORGE A. LYON was President and JOHN PINCKNEY Cashier. THOMPSON BROWN was for a while Mr. PINCKNEY's successor, and Mr. B. was succeeded by A. McDOWELL. JACOB HENDEL was President and JOHN BODEN Cashier of the Agricultural Bank.

It is said early impressions are lasting, and verily they are, and no less in matters of *taste* than in other affairs. The sight of a little sign of a black bottle, with the froth gracefully arching over into a tumbler, will sometimes send me back to days of old, and then I feel as though I would give a *levy* for a bottle of small beer, made after the *formula* used by good Mrs. SANNO. And then such ginger cakes and queen cakes, out of that nice green cup-board in the corner! Then I seldom ever pass a very neat, tidy confectionary store, with its jars of varigated candies, without a momentary thought of Mr. HAVERSTICK, in whose shop I was, in common with other young citizens, deeply interested, and frequently to this day, the taste of lemon syrup in soda water, will cause me to think of the days when "mineral waters," of excellent quality, were supplied by Mr. SPECK and Dr. FAHNESTOCK.

One of the institutions of Carlisle was its market. I used to hear old travellers say they never saw any other inland town market so well supplied; and from what I recollect and have since learned, I think they were very nearly correct. Some time since, I saw in the *Herald* a hint of some trouble among the "Fathers" of the Little Borough on account of the market hours. Mr. Editor, do say, could it be possible they thought of opening and closing later? In momentous matters, authorities should "think twice before they move once." Just think of doing away with the time-honored necessity of rising an hour or two before day to get a pound of butter! Would they prevent the chance of one's laughing (slyly) at his less fortunate neighbor, because he happened to sleep a little too long, and in consequence had to put up with what was left?

Where are your shows now held? HUMERICH's tavern used to be the place. The delight in looking at the paintings of the lions, tigers, &c., "large as life and twice as natural," hung on the front of the house, was only exceeded by the sight of the originals in the old shed and yard. The Court House, occasionally, but more frequently the County Hall, was the place where concerts, lectures, &c., were delivered.

Referring to amusements, brings to my recollection an institution long since done away. I mean the Carlisle Fair. The last one was held, I think, in 1820. Bills had for some time before been posted, inviting all the "lads and lasses" of the surrounding country to come to the Fair. Many, very many, came. FOUGHT's, TRAUGH's, and other taverns, were patronized that day, not so much for drink, except spruce beer, as for the use of the big room, with a well sanded floor, and a violin. Forty years have passed away, but I can yet see the dancers "going it" with zest, if not with graceful proficiency.

But these loose "reminiscences" must soon come to a close; perhaps they may be even now too lengthy. Were I to write as I feel, I know not where I would end.

"The shadows on the wall"
will loom up, and my soul's ear fondly listens to the whisperings
"Of other days around me,"

And then I wonder if the boys of the present day enjoy themselves as we used to when we sang out, "Shinney on your own side," or engaged in those positively rough plays, "shove the brogue," and "pillar and block," or made the old market house resound with "loo—loo!" Whether there is yet a *Happy Retreat*, and if the *Meeting House Springs* are as exceedingly beautiful as they were forty years ago. And if I ever again get to Carlisle, shall I hear the "click of the mill"—that mill down there over the bridge. The *Cave*, too, that charming place for a Fourth of July celebration, or a school boy's Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Editor, years have passed away since those happy days; care has marked my brow; my eyes need help; my step, if elastic, is no longer continuously so; but now as well as all along manhood's journey, attended by the vicissitudes of a not uneventual life, my mind goes back with fond recollection to *Carlisle*, the dear home of my childhood and youth—a town faultless in its plan and beautiful for situation, in the lap of a valley, called by strangers, the "Garden of Pennsylvania."

REAL CARLISLE.

The Duration of Life.

When the world was first created, it was appointed how many years each creature should exist. So the Ass came and inquired how long he was to live. "Thirty years," he was told, and then he was asked, "Is that sufficient?" "Alas!" replied the Ass, "that is a long time.—Think how many wearisome burdens I shall have to carry from morning till night; cornsacks to the mill, that others may eat bread and I receive nothing but blows and kicks, and yet keep always active and obliging! Take away some of my years I pray!" So the Ass was pitied, and a life of only eighteen years appointed to him; whereupon he went gladly away, and the Dog made his appearance, and asked the same. "How long do you wish to live?" was inquired of him; "thirty years were too much for the Ass; but perhaps you will be satisfied." "Do you think so?" said the Dog; "remember how much I shall have to run; my feet will not last out; and when I have lost my voice and cannot bark, and my teeth and cannot bite, what will there be for me to do but to crawl and howl from one corner to another?" So the Dog's plea was allowed, and twelve years appointed for his age, after which he departed and made room for the Monkey. "You will live thirty years willingly, no doubt," was said to the Monkey; "you need not work like the Ass and therefore will also be well off." "Alas! it should be so," said the Monkey, "but really it is very different. I must always be making comical faces for people to laugh at; and all the apples they give me to eat turn out sour ones, How often is sadness hidden by a joke! The thirty years I can never endure!" Thereupon ten years were allowed to him. Last of all Man appeard, healthy and vigorous, and requested a time to be appointed to him. "You shall live thirty years," was the reply; "is that enough?" "What a short time!" exclaimed Man; "just when I shall build myself a house, and lighted a fire on my own hearth, and just when I shall have planted trees to bear me fruit in their season, and I am thinking of enjoying life, I must die! I pray let my life be lengthened!" The eighteen years of the Ass shall be added. "That is not enough!" said Man. You shall also have twelve years of the Dog's life. "Still too little!" replied Man.—"Well, then, you may have the ten years allowed to the Monkey: but you must desire no more." Man was then obliged to leave, but he was not satisfied. Thus Man lives seventy years. The first thirty are the days of his manhood, which pass quickly away; he is then healthy and vigorous, works with pleasure, and rejoices in his being. Then follow the eighteen years of the life of the Ass, which bring to him one burden after another; he must work for corn which nourishes others, and abuse and blame become the reward of his labors. Next come the twelve years of the dog, during which Man has to sit in corners, grumbling because he has no longer any teeth to bite with. And when this time is up, then the ten years of the Monkey bring the close of the scene. Then Man becomes childish and foolish, and does strange things which makes him ridiculous in the eyes of children.

A Conspiracy Against George D. Prentice.

Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, says:

"Dr. Clay Meriwether, of Jefferson county, Kentucky, is, we understand, a Captain in the Confederate service. At the hotel in Madisonville, Hopkins county, a few days ago, and subsequently in a stage coach between Madisonville and Henderson in the company of other Confederate officers, he revealed a plan that had been laid for the capture and, if necessary, the murder of the senior editor of the Louisville *Journal*.

"For some months past we, the editor aforesaid, were, until prevented by illness within the last few weeks, in the habit of going on one of the packets on Saturday evenings three or four times a month to West Point, at the mouth of Salt river, twenty miles below Louisville. Captain Meriwether stated that the plan laid by himself and other Secessionists was to ascertain beforehand when we were to make a trip, and then either to disguise themselves and take passage with us in such force that they could sieze us and take the control of the boat, or else to plant themselves upon the shore at West Point to make us a prisoner on landing, and if there should seem to be any difficulty in carrying us off in their custody, to put us out of the way on the spot.

"We dont know the fellow even by sight, but we have heard enough of him to know that he is a coward as well as a villian and a traitor. He is miscreant enough to plan a murder, but he has not the nerve to execute one."

AN ADVENTURE.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and, as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, did not start until after dinner, so I very often had a good distance to travel after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due until one o'clock in the morning; but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me.

One day, in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I did not know; but "suppose I haven't?" I said.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says there have been two suspicious looking characters on the stage that came up last night; and he suspects that they have an eye upon the mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said that the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there was not much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got passengers through, but I only told you this so you might look out for your mail, and look out when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode on to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, where we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and an open pung.

I had seventeen miles to go—and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts where deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corners, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. Just as I was going to start a man came up and asked if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could be possibly done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly? I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the off forefoot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He has just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well now," said the hostler, "that's kind o' curious. There ain't no such man been at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I, "we can get that much, at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hardy features, and I could see that there was a heavy beard under his chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I didn't think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had got half a mile when I noticed that the mail-bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says I, holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on the seat behind me and I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he'd shoved it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread the snow down ahead of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. And as I was doing this I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket. At this I thought it was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of the barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I had resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delicate job at any rate.

While I was pondering the horses fell into another snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread the snow down before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he said he didn't feel very well—wouldn't try it; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts. When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail-bag with my feet, and found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that it had become entangled in something—I thought it the buffalo-robe, and tried to kick it clear, but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few minutes, I found that my foot was in the mail-bag! I felt again and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edge of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail-bag and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by the size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him unawares, and this I could not do this while he was behind me—for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead of us was a house. An old farmer named Lougee lived there, and directly in front of it was a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the door, stood up, as I had frequently done, when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to good speed, and, when near the bank, forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as if lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated upon any such movement, and was not prepared for it, but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted on my feet, directly on top of him. I punched his head in the snow, and then sung out for old Lougee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturn, he lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he hurried out.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke, I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom, but I saw it in season and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time, Lougee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail-bag and stowed away in his pockets. He swore, and threatened, and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton; he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and his muffler; and ere long we started.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail-bag a little the worse for the game he had played upon it. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was there when last I heard of him.

A CURIOUS CONSCIENCE.—One of the editors of the New York *Observer*, who is now rusticating in the country 'down East,' relates the following in his letter to that paper

'I heard of a man the other day who had a curious conscience on the subject.—It was Mr. Jones, who lives down in the hollow. His neighbor Johnson, whose hay was all in, saw that a large quantity of Jones' crop was down, and it looked very much like rain, he went over on Sunday, toward noon, to advise him to get it in, and to offer the whole force of his men to help. Jones and all his boys were gone; nobody was at home but Jones' wife; and she said that 'her husband thought no good ever came of working on Sunday, and so he and the boys had gone to the sound a fishing.'

☞ A GENTLEMAN of Dount was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantle-piece, in his sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retained the articles to be used as directed, and off started the gentleman, sending the footman in with the cards, whenever the "not at home" occurred. As these were numerous, he turned to the servant with the question:

"How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs!"

"The deuce!" exclaimed his master.

"That's gone," said John.

A GREEN one who had crossed the Atlantic told a story of the storm, when the rain poured down in such *torrents* that the ocean rose six inches. "That's no mistake," said he, "for the Captain, kept a mark on the side of the vessel!"

☞ If men would confine their talk to those subjects only which they understood, that which St. John informs us took place once in heaven, would happen very frequently on earth, "silence for the space of half an hour."

AMERICAN FALL SCENERY.

There can be nothing more beautiful in nature than American scenery, when it begins to show the effects of the gentle touch of autumn, or of *the fall*, as we prefer to call it, in spite of English lexicographers, for the sake of the tender associations embodied in the idea of the fall of the leaf. England has her dewy spring,

"When birds be merry and shawes be green,"

but the glories of our American autumn are unrivalled, incomprehensible. Visit the country upon some bright morning in October.—There has been a slight frost already, and the stubble-fields have donned their suit of sober brown. Along the lanes, we discover a thousand touching and lovely indications that autumn has already begun to trail her garments among us—stately, but most wealthy and rewarding queen. She has plucked the leaves of the grapes, and has here and there touched the leaves of the maples with her wine-stained fingers. The cock quail calls up his mates at evening through the tall weeds to the matted purple brambles, and down swoops the keen-eyed hawk, like Satan, "seeking whom he may devour." The maize fields, topped and stripped, assume a dull, dead yellow, touched here and there with mildew, and giving no token of the wealth and plenty that bear down their fruitful stalks. Apples shine bright and rosy in their orchards, half hidden among the green leaves, like the blushes of merry damsels that they would conceal behind their veils, or among their dancing curls. The woodcock dips his long bill into the mud of the swamps, levying taxes upon worm-nature; the plover lifts his shrill plaintive voice at morn and even; the killdeer sails erratic by, and flashes on your dazzled eye the snowy white of his bosom. Heavy and green hang the chestnut burs, touched already with gold, but waiting for a black frost to practice its obstetric arts upon them. Messieurs Squirrels have deserted the corn-fields, and are now exceedingly busy laying by their winter stores, filling up their pouchy cheeks, and skurrying to the right and left from every hickory tree. On the rivers, the wild ducks begin to make their appearance, and the pulpy medusae sink down out of sight till the waters shall grow warmer again. The bushes in the woods are full of sloes and haws red and waxy. Many flowers are gone, the queens and lords of the floral realm have passed away, but some very dear ones still lend us their hues and fragrance. Every garden is beautiful with autumn roses. Low and maidenly the yellow crocus hangs out her yellow flag; the wild mine flowers and the wild thyme furnish eager bees with dainty flavoring essences from their draining bells. The harebells with each breeze,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

and the brown sod emulates the ripe grain fields of July.

HORSE STEALING IN ALGERIA.

The Arab who is projecting a masterstroke, and intends selecting the handsomest out of a thousand steeds, usually comes in the course of the day to inspect the bivouac, although he is obliged to make his preliminary observations from a distance—from a very considerable distance, it may be. The natives, in fact, are allowed to penetrate easily into the middle of an encampment, but they are almost always people of the neighborhood who form part of the expeditionary columns—such as camel-drivers, herdsmen, and pack-horse dealers, who have been hired for the transport of provisions. In the latter case, the Arab thief will be mistaken for one of the men employed. He will take good care that no one shall see him enter. His choice made, the rogue disappears till night. In order to return to the middle of the bivouac, he habitually divests himself of every item of clothing, and retains no other arm than a well-sharpened knife in a leather sheath, along with a strap across his body. He is also provided with a long rope of camel hair, which is twisted round his head like a turban. *As* soon as he has passed the first sentries, the thief is metamorphosed into a serpent; he crawls on continually without hurry, without noise, without any perceptible rustling. With his eyes fixed on the living objects whom he wishes to avoid, he stops short if he perceives in the sentinels the slightest sign that their attention has been attracted. He will take three hours, if need be, to clear a distance of one hundred yards. At last, he gets near the coveted object, the horse intended to be stolen. There his movements are more deliberate than ever, in order not to frighten the animal, who must not be allowed for several minutes to perform any but natural motions, capable of deceiving the eyes of the most vigilant sentinel. At first he cuts the shackles with which the horse's fore feet are tied together, he fastens his rope to one of the horse's feet, and retires, crawling all the while, as far as the length of the rope allows him. The distance between himself and the animal then varies from twelve to fifteen feet. If during these preparations, the horse-keepers appear to have heard any noise, the thief again remains motionless; the horse remaining quiet, and the sentinels resuming their former tranquility, the process of stealing is commenced. The Arab slightly pulls the rope; animated by this mute appeal, the horse rises and sets a step: but the movement is so perfectly similar to that which the animal is in the habit of making when he wants to reach a whisp of hay or a blade of grass a little way off the stake to which he is fastened, that, by night, nine sentinels out of ten would be deceived. The robber repeats the same manœuvre as long as possible. As he has carefully studied the ground, he will continue it while no alarm is given; but generally, once out of the immediate reach of the man whose duty it is to keep special watch over the stolen horse, he leaps on the animal's back, and sets off at full gallop, well knowing that gunshots by night are only dangerous for the comrades of those who fire them.

Sometimes the thief covers his entire person with leaves, but he will commit no such foolish act in a country denuded of shrubs and bushes. On naked ground he is naked as a snake. In a bushy country he transforms himself into a living bush; in short, he assimilates his person to the aspect of the country he is traversing.—*All the Year Round.*