

RAPER FOR CIRCLE. FARENT

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1862.

.....

"ZAT IS MY TRUNK!"

In the days of coaching over the Prov-

liquor agent, who has gained some notoidence turnpike, before railroad cars were in esse, and baggage-crates existed, and was once engaged in a business more foul "Nothing," was the answer. And then than liquor-selling, as appears by the folwhen travellers had to keep a sharp lookout for their luggage, some forty or fifty

passengers had just stepped on board the old "Ben Franklin," and got under way "GEORGE BURNAM-More'n 'a year aggo I cent yu twenty six dollars in a on Narraganselt Bay. A gentleman, who letter for 3 coshin chiner chickns, and yu had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, sed tha was perfeck pure bludds and yu had just hauled out from an immense pile natural to do so,) and said something-1 lade yerself lyble to a Sute of prose kushn Crossbores' they call me at Portrar's." and say, "Woman, an improver noun, "Ah! I'understand. Your mare ran meaning the root of all mischief," because window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at Portrar's." and say, "Woman, an improver noun, "There she is now. I can see her from up window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at Portrar's." and say, "Woman, an improver noun, "There she is now. I can see her from up window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at Portrar's." and say, "Woman, an improver noun, "There she is now. I can see her from up window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at Portrar's." and say, "Woman, an improver noun, "There she is now. I can see her from up window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at Portrar's." and say "Woman, an improver noun, "There she is now. I can see her from up window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at Portrar's." and say "Woman, an improver noun, "There she is now. I can see her from up window, going up and down the pizz-they call me at portrary the portrary for letin such dam star go have or by leather trunk or porty dimension, such or out of it either. I bred them orl by ded with brass nails, when a little wither-ed Frenchmman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed, courteously,

"1 beg your pardon, sare-mais, par-

" Not so, monsieur-1 hope I know my

" Rester tranquille-hold on-dans un instant, I vill prove my props—aha! you see dis key, eh?'' Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude "My key unlock black as thunder! black Geo. Burnham —bred out of yur Patent yaller impoted preemum stock; that yu an' the lyin noospapers ced was pure bludds. i chocked you trunk-eh ? tell me zat !

"Stand out of the way !--it's my trunk, tell you."

" Hold on von leetle minute !---zose you shurrts, ch ?''

* To be sure they are !"

- "Zose you drowaires, ch ? " Certainly !"
- · Vait a moment--I will prove my props, sare"---said the little Frenchman, runninging beneath a pile of shirts and socks, produced a bottle, and said delib-

cratoly, with a hideous grin · G Zat---your---bot-telle of Dom-frees Ish

(Itch) ointment--sare -eh? Ave you got von leetle Ish? Zis you Remede for ze lepros (leprosy), ch? Ah! be dam! I know it was my trank!" It is needless to remark that our friend

immediately 'opened a wide gap' between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity."

A QUICK REPARTEE .--- The following meedote of Gov. Morris is related by a orrespondent of the New York Times : He had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the re-B---- L----. tiring modesty of his disposition and for Toss Skrip = P, S is seen in the base, the extrem in which he was held. As ton Times yisterday that you 'Lade six the story ran $:= -\Lambda$ dinner was given by aigs on The editurs table, S inchis long some of Gov. Morris's friends when he and his wife were of the party. Among-

Bishop Moore, said to him ; " My Rev. friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

very generous ; you have left me by far

Mrs. Moore immediately added ;

" Bishop Moore replied ; "Sir, you are not only very kind, but

TERMS OF PUBLICATION but a good 'un to go.

" Of course.'

The CARLISLE HERAÉD is published weekly on a large thest containing twenty light column and furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance, \$1.50 if paid within the year; or \$2 in all cases when pry uent is delayed until after the exploration of the year No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all the arrearages drep paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or he payment assumed by some responsible presentily ng in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

VOL. 62.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will by charged 1.30 per square o velve lines for three insertions, and 25 conts fo Advertisements and three insertions, and 25 cents for each absolutent insertion. All advertisements of less that twelve lines considered as a square. Advertisements in article before Maringes and death 8 cents por line for next insertion, and 4 cents par line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interact will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be roop asible in durages for errors in advertisements obligant notices or Maringes not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the The Carliste Horald JHB PHENTING OFFICE is the Largest and must complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a genoral variety of materials suited for plain and Faney work of every Kind-enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of BHS. Blanks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a card

Selected Portry.

"BUT IT DOES MOVE STILL." (Galileo in the Inguisition.)

A TRIUMPH FOR THE PEOPLE. Hurrah! it will-it does move still! Hol despots, dread its way' Swift, brothers, still it moves to our will, Why say that earth's dead to day ? When our hopes that grew great in '48, Crowns and swords were strong to kill, "Alas" we said, "we but dream-eagth's dead But, brothers, it does move still! . East, west, south and north -- the word that is forth, With gladness our hearts shift fill ; Earth's march but dies to our filthless eyes See! brothers, it does move still'

Freedom struck in vain on Novara's plain Radetsky smote her down: But her shame is past, and erect, at last, She mocks at the Austrian s frown Off Florence has cast her fettered past, Soft Naples is freedom's home Soon thine own shall be, on Italy, Freed Venice and priestless Roma France's despot schemes have passed like streams; Garibaldi shaft have his will Grand thy future shall be, oh ftaty: Old earth - does it not move still

Ho! freedom, laugh out to the battle shoul Of the reaks that for thee stood? No more shall their swords sink to Russia's hordes, Or then ery die down in blood. They strove in vain, but this hour again Thy Hungary arms. To day, With her old free might she chims her right And who shall drive say her " Nay? Let the Hapsburg bar' her hour is near Can be chain to day her will? Her fetters accurst, behold ! she has burst Old earth-ah, it does move still

You, Germaus, too, to our hopes are true To day you no more are dumb, o-your hearts are stired and your voices heard, You know that your hour has come Ungagged Berlin will see Prussia win Your rights, while she grasps her own オイチャラ ひっかいしゅう せりせつでき

some is as handsome does. Them's my centiments. She's a rum 'un to look at,

" Indeed ?" "Yes, Sir ! That there mare, sir, has made good time-I may say, very good time before the hearse.' "Before the hearse?"

"Before the hearse! S'pose you never tionary is evidently puzzled; and well it dress when walking in the garden, or hands instinctively to cover her face, and heard of burying a man on time! I'm may be; wiser ones than the dictionary promenades the piazza in a gale, or clam- recollecting herself, put them down again. sexton, sir, and undertaker - JACK have muddled their brains on the sub- bers up and down places intended only I took one of the hands (it seemed quite CROSSBONES, at your service-' Daddy ject. Men don't dare come out boldly for goats, and shows them.-

way with the hearse." "Ran away! A child could hold her. Even I, old bachelor as I am, am out- long feather, humming to herself, and down to my shoulder, where it rested ()h ! yes, of course she ran away," added | wardly excessively civil to the pretty lit- cheking her boot heels to mark the time. the old gentleman, looking full in my face the scrpents, remembering that my land- Restless thing; she is like a bird or bee with a very quizzical expression, and put- lady, my laundress, and my mother all on the wing; she has gone into the gar-ting the fore finger of his right hand on belong to the objectionable class, but I den. Why, on earth, can't she walk? and what could I think of what had been why? wat he is not her of the objectionable class, but I den. ting the fore finger of his right hand on belong to the objectionable class, out t den. Why, on earth, can't sne was clause of why, was that i was the right hand on belong to the objectionable class, out t den. Why, on earth, can't sne was clause of why, was that i was the right side of his party-coloared pro- make a private note of my opinions, and She goes with a run and whirl of her said on the piazza? and these afflicting bin fuled and such in by a Contentible "I beg your pardon, sare mais, par-

from my principles. explicit."

"I don't know as I'd ought to tell How on earth it ever happened that I you," said my new acquaintance, very accepted Fred Sinclair's invitation, I don't volity and vanity ! and how permittibus in slowly and tantalizingly. "If you was know. He is a married man, and has one lits effects! I promised to read up in law one of these here writing chaps, you might of the prettiest places on the Hudson. 1 while I was here, but Chitty knows Best respondent, I threw up my window to aspoke it in the 'Spirit of the Times,' and might have known that the house would how many of his pages I have turned certain the cause. I observed a dark ob then it would be all day with me. But be full of visitors in June and July; but since I have been here. How could I? I don't care if I do make a clean breast at least I could hardly be expected to Study demands calm and serenity of mind. of it. Honor bright, you know !"

"Well, then, I live a piece up beyond pinched noses and careful mouths; not Old Cambridge--you can see our steeple cozy old grandmothers, or even old maids, quilize my nerves. This room is intoleroff on a hill to the right, when we get a but young women, young and shamelittle further. Well, one day, I had a lessly gretty; five of them, as I'm a customer-(he was carried off by the ty-, bachelor, and hope to remain so, and only cause why? he had a vault there. Sp [countenance, George and Hal Guhijer rubbed down the old mare and put her They say they like it; I wish I did. in the fills. Oh! sir! that critter knows Now, I ans going to make a confession as much as an Injun, and more than a I dislike these lovely torments on prin Nigger. She's as sober ' as be d-d' when ciple and in the lump; individually, I ishe gets the shop—that's what I call the can't help admiring them, for my life hearse—behind her. You would not think We have here, Lou and Vivia Baracole. she was a three-minute mag, to look at her. Bello Bayadere, Del Organdie, and Lute Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort Pina. I am continually watching them,

of providential inspiration, the day before, 'and I believe the torments know it, and I'd took off the old wooden springs and put out a little arched foot, or let a sleeve set the body on elliptics. For 1 thought fall back from a rounded arm purposely it a hard case that a gentleman who'd to aggravate me. They will group thembeen riding easy all his life, should go to selves together in the prettiest manner; his grave on wooden springs. At ! I deal they will put their blonde and brunette well by my customers. I thought of partheads together, and confound me with the tent boxes to the wheels, but T couldn't glories of night and morning side by side afford it, and the parish are so mighty Some one is perpetually blushing or pout-

istingy. Well, 1 g at him in, and led off the cyes black, blue, or grey; or showing me string-fourteen backs, and a dearborn a little round chin, or a pink-tipped ear, wagon at the tail of the funeral. We keeping me thereby in a constant flutter made a fine show. As luck would have and tremor of admiration. I think I it, just as we came abreast of Porter's, might write a treatise on the circulation out shdes that eternal torment, BILL, of the blood, if watching its pulse, and Sixes, in mis new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he bought for a fast pink of a shell to the bloom of a peach, in fair young checks, could qualify met, hai't got night so much bottom as the manual-making, such an expert am ance. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's their futle collars, their film, hardker- a mere feather. Well, sir, Bill came up their fittle collars, their film, handker- their hows and welked his horse a hit chiefs, their hows and we have the inter the provided to the bloom of how the tot. alongside, and walked his horse a bit, chiefs, their bows and sashes, their belts He looked at the mare and then at me, and clasps, their thousand and one manand then he winked. Then he looked at traps that they have the effrontery te spring on us under our very noses. Fancy his nag and but his tongue in his cheek. and winked. I looked, straight ahead, a man possessed of a muslin devil; haunt and only said to myself (Cuss you, Bill ed by ankles and Balmoral boots, cunning little trimmed pocked and Zouave shirts ! Sikes." By and by, he let his horse slide. What miserable frivolity and waste of time He travelled about a hundred yards, and But the last, the worst, the most upenthen held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It durable of all these irritants, is Del Organdie. was d-d aggravatin.' Says I to myself, Her characteristics I admire in the absays 1- that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub stract, but consider them as, combined in but you doesn't do that 'ere again.' The her, reprehensible and periicious in the highest degree. She has brown hair of third time he bantered me, I let him have it. It was only saying, Seat, you the sort that flames out here and there tired." "Yes. The walk is steep." brute " and she was off-the mare. He with a deep golden tinge, line, and soft had all the olds, you know, for I was and long; beautiful hair in itself, but toting a two hundred pounder, and he what right has she to encroach on my that she calls by that name. ought to have beat me like breaking time with it? It has a basilisk fascina-sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at tion for me. I watch, perforce, where it the first brush, for I told you the brown comes in tittle ripples on the white shore horse was a mighty fast one for a httle of her forehead; I wonder within myself prudent. We should die from one half you ! can yt tell me why I'm like a blae .ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no at the brow, and the possibility of the whip, and he could use his string-but smooth rolls brushed away "a lu limthe had his hands full. Side by side, perfutice," then she will never settle on away we went. Rattle te-bang ! crack !"any particular mode of arranging what here!'' buz! thump! And I afraid of losing my woman call in their detestable jargon, their " back hair." One day it is twined customer on the road. But I was more around in soft coils; the next, in wide afraid of losing the race. The reputa-

busy with a crochet-needle, or brought reled when they station themselves at the One of Burnham's Hen Customers. out in relief on the dark cover of a book, antipodes of the room. Geo. B. Burnham, the Massachusetts A BACHELOR'S DIARY. BY GEORGIANA MORRISON.

or folded like nestling doves in her lap; I asked what was the matter; because Looking in the dictionary, I find there a nuisance and a snare I consider them I had an instinctive idea that it was riety for his liquor-extending ingenuity, voman, a noun, barbarously derived, ob- She has a little foot besides, arched and something about-us--me. seurely defined, and bolstered up by a high, and she wears delicate little boots,

number of poetical quotations, of which and heeled slippers, half buried in ro- a blush rose in her check, crimsoned, deeplovely woman heads the list. The dic- settes. Worse than all, she lifts her ened flamed out quickly. She put up her

they are sure to have a slip of it at home. 'za under that jaunty little hat with its

The belt carries the day; there are the rases against her heaft. What utter friat least I could hardly be expected to Study demands calm and screnity of mind. sentinel in front of my door, and listen-guess that the majority of these visitors I am continually annoyed. There she ing, I overheard the following soliloquy: would be women not matrons, with goes; she has taken the path to the river ! pinched noses and careful mouths; not I am going to smoke a eigar, and tran-

able

phus)-which had to be toted into town; two of my own persuation to keep me in But stop; let me think how it all was to wait for a feller on lodge (hie) night, cheeting and Gougin and bleadin the I went to smoke in the grounds, of She knows s'well as I do business got to publick, and yur naim stinks wuss'n a de ourse, I don't consider it polite to smoke be 'tended to"-commit's got to report, in the rooms, or in the piazza, where there an' var'us orrer fittle matters-she outer shaud tank to enny kine of onness sort of are ladfes. Thinking and smoking, I have more sense. Said she had the head way to git a living it ud kill yutdom strolled along, not noticing the path I (hie) headache when I left her-told me quick, coz yu aint uste to it, and that took I found myself on the shore. She not to stay out longer'n I could help .-sat there - I couldn't do less than speak, Well, I didn't how could I help it? - prinsipled nave. . . . go ahed. sue after nearly stepping on her. She made Besides I'd have the headache worse'n she ein as long as Yu can. tha wunt fine yu room for me on the bench--seemed to ex- will in the morning. So devilish stupid out fer wile, and yu can maik sum conpect me to take a scat beside her; but in her to get the headache when she siderable more Money out of the flatts she was in no hurry to talk. She was knew I'd big business to tend to Ah! yit. yu thort yude sucht me, I spoze

emn child look that 1 have mentioged. (hic) learn anything, never! could smoke my cigar and watch the I'li be gay and (hic) happy still " flickering of her lashes, the ebb of faint color in her check, the rise and fall of

When she did speak, she proposed to he was at Nia (hie) gra Falls --S walk to some miserable waterfall, that Spicer, me boy aint this glorus ? Don't can't flow along like a decent, well con- ye hear the ra rapids? I was striken out and 4 inchis Round.' This was put up was departing for Europe. Bishop Moore ducted brook, but comes plunging down a hill, tearing out a bad for inself, and path. I couldn't in common politeness (hie) hates warrer like p-pison. Wish I bey path. I couldn't in common politeness (hie) hates warrer like p-pison. Wish I bey producted brook was departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. A mong other thinks but yu dont fulle Me. I dont bleve yu prospect of going abroad ; and turning to Bishop Moore, said to him;

SENSIBLE .--- Dying for love is a great

The pretty head dropped, in answer,

Hearing a confused noise in front of my house the other night, writes a corevery wun on em quicker'n scatt-wen i found um, and of yude a bin thare thin i guess you Wuddent razed not mor'n ten

after ide gut a holt on yure desaitful gul-"Mariar's waitin' for me! "I see the on lodge nights?

Really, this is a most uncharitable S'well enough to stay up on or'rrer world. Vivia Baracole and Lute Pina. nights, but's all dam nonsense, ye know,

looking out over the water, with the sol- these women, these women, they'll never well i own up yu did. 'yu gut twenty

"So let the world wag as wide as it will,

Ha! ha! ha! (hie) Wonder what's be- dont yu wish ide pade the postige on this the lace on her white neck, the uncon- come of Bulger? Left him sitting on a letter? Yule git a wus wun nax time. scious movements of her little grasping curbstone, raining like blaz's, and the fingers, holding idly two or three roses. warrer up to his middle. He thought In haist

ristake; whatever may be your misfor we reached the top she was out of breath, ler creature (hic) drowning. Then she- tune in an affair de cour, "never say and we sat down; the pines that shade she'll want to know what I did with the die." If you must do something in the the greater portion of your estate.' It made of it a cool, temple like place; fell (hic) feller creature. So that won't dying line, dye your whiskers or your Mrs. Moore immediately added the water did look pretty, foaming over do. She's got a pretty good swallow moustaches. That may help the case, and the rocks; but still that don't quite ac- but-edged she-cant swallow-ha ha! ha! is not so expensive. The following sion of your inheritance remarkably soon. count for the way in which I enjoyed it. ha! (hie) no drowned man, you know. - poem" tells a very sensible story of an I like Neptune well enough, but I am That's a leetle too much. She's taken unfortunate lover. not fanatical about her; we sat on a little some orfal heavy doss of Life from me, presented with ene for flaths the tain, very damp earth, and a great deal of but 1, in fraid the drowned chap ud choke provide the origination in the rest in showing depart. stone ; there was a toad-to which I have her. No longer to languish. stone ; there was a toud—to which I have there an aversion—hopping about in a way. At this juncture a guardian of the pub-suggestive of binding in my lap; 1 took; he peace approached and ask the votary where a bap tom dove would so it finsh his we two worms off my arm, and a spider from of Bacchus what he was doing there at hat when he cure there, belo ding how steep Miss Organdie's shoulder; as for the that time of night, and why he did not the sides at appen, and the better h w deep conversation, here it is : " Ah ! I am so go home. He saily reflected. That a lover depected,

"LODGE NIGHT."

ject elinging to the lamp post that stands thawson more fouls to cheet People with

let. . . . i tell yu wot i think on you. light in her winter. What the duedence think if you shud talk to sum onnest imdoes she act so darnfool (hie) foolish for ploiment such as drivin a express Waggin

or sorring wood, yude be Considerd a 'S'well enough to stay up on or'rrer gentle mann Compaired with what yu now be, everyboddy nose how yu ar Hen cupe enny how, i spose the ef yu

wud-serve yu rite, yu cheeting, lyin on-

six dollers of my monny, an i spose yu chucklad about it, same's yu did Wen yu

stuck them rotten aigs onto bill turner

lowing letter :

W II give place to one German throne Let the Brandenlying see that ready he be To do yours and freedom's will; the soon shall his crown to your shouts go down; Old earth-yes, it does move still

See, the icon day of Austria's sway Darkens down to its stormy end: See, her bloody throne, built on swords alone, Tries value to find a friend Bohemia wakes, Vienna takes Fresh heart for the fight she lost She arms her again, we to those, in vain, By whom now her path is crost Look, Poland finds life for the holy strife, The old words her poor lips fill; Even crouching Tyrol has found a soul; Old earth-yes, you do move still?

Nor, Freedom, art thou 'mongst our brothers now Garged and mocked at as of late . That shame is past, and freemen at last Give you service in place of bate. Those who stood with you when your friends were few In conquering hosts have grown: And your voice to-day speaks rule and dismay To your fees with a thunder tone. Let the mad South rave, the North will have For slavo and for free its will; And no blot shall rest on the mighty West; Old earth-yes, it does move still

Even Russia's heart in our joy takes part; She joins in our hopes at last ; At last even she wills her serfs to be Not the things of her dark foul past; And never fear, when her serfs are men, That their despot's will they'll do; They, too, then will be yours. Liberty, Like us, they'll still strike for you, Let them taste of the cup that your hand fills up, To drain it vill be their will; And triends of the tree, not foes they"t be; Old earth-yes, it does move still! And does France not stir ' yes, still life's in her, Though lettered and gagged she lies:

For the strife once more, as she's risen before, To rend and to rule she'll ilse. Let her dospot beware-close grows the air, Hot as when the earthquake's near; The storm will burst, and, from things accurst, Never fear but the day 'twill clear Yes-the match of man that with time began. Sometimes moves on to our will; But who doubts to-day that the earth makes way? Yes, brothers, it does move still! W. C. BENNETT.

Miscellnneons.

THE FASTEST FUNERAL ON RECORD.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the dead rido fast-Dost fear to ride with me?"-BURGER'S LEONORA. "This follow has no teeling of his business."-HA

that not very agreeable suburb on a sul- overtaken." try afternoon in July, with a very crediwhen a stout elderly gentleman, with a nulberry face, a brown coat, and pepper- | particulars A terrible rumpus was kicked and salt smalls, reined up his nag, and up about the race, but Crossbones swore after learning that I was bound for Old lustily that the mare had ran away—that Cambridge, politely invited me to take a he had sawed away two inches of her lip seat behind him in the little sort of tax- in trying to hold her up, and that he mare h mal. She had few good points to the eye, expects to die anywhere near the sexton's in the shoulders, bald faced, and rejoicing old boy's still alive and kicking, the very in a little stump of a tail which was, al- Ace of Hearts' and 'Jack of Spades,' most entirely innocent of hair. But there and that now both patent boxes and ellip. were "lots of muscle," as Major Long- tic springs render his professional conbow says, in her hind quarters, "She ain't no Wenus, sir," said my

road. new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny-" but hand.

shining braids, and once it tumbled down " Yes." (designedly, I know,) all about her should-

"Only to the fall."

ers and down to her slender waist. Never We went so fast that the posts and rails tell me that it was an accident ; she knew by the road side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the that those golden brown waves would not let me sleep that night; and she put in colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. her comb loosely, in malice prepense. She should have been indicted and fined; The hackmen did not know what the ----seat with a sigh. was to pay; and, afraid of not being it she would have been, had I anything to at the death, they put the string onto do with law tinkering. Women ought to sympathizingly. their teams, and came clattering on bebe obliged to have their hair cropped, or hind as if Satan had kicked 'em on cend. The girls exchanged looks. else be condemned to solitary confinement. Some of the mourners was sporting char-These beautiful, shining, waving tresses, acters, and they craned out of the car are nothing on earth but bachelor traps riage windows and waved their handkerbut I hold men deserve all they suffer, we were only there ten minutes ! chiefs The President of Harvard Colsince the power is in our own hands, and we not. Mr. Wayne ?" lege himself, inspired by the scene, took "That was all, by my watch." we take no measures for self-defence. off his square tile as I passed his house, Del (1 mean Miss Organdie, I have a and waying it three times round his head,

tion of the old mare was at a stake, and

n despair.

swore she should have a fair chance.

" For bliss and Irish watches have the power, In twenty minutes to lose half an hour." eried, 'Go it, Boots !' It is a fact. And bad habit of calling her Del to myself. I beat him, sir ! I beat him, in three which must be corrected.) Del has anmiles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, other objectionable feature : her eyes. possible connection with us. They are grey, of the sort that darken Del grew crimson. As for me, I am

" Il is horse was off his feed for a week. almost into black or melt into blue .-and when he took to corn again, he wasn't There is often a look in them of a clear worth a straw. It was acknowledged on shining, such as you see in the western ly. Bliss and myself mentioned in the while I crept shivering to bed, wondering I had just crossed the long bridge lead- all hands to be the fastest funeral on re- sky after a gentle rain; she has another ing from Boston to Cambridgeport, and cord, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm look that I have seen in a child's eyes was a conspiracy done to annoy me. Del was plodding my dusty way on foot through an undertaker, sir, and I never yet was just waked from a sweet sleep, before the can blush on all occasions. I will go--first smile curves its searlet, the sweet no, I wont't. Run away from a parcel

and solemn mystery of an innocent soul of women, inferior, frivolous beings, -On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where table thunder cloud coming up in my rear, the sporting sextou, left me, I found that that has just passed through the gates of whose very existence hangs on a ribbou; a world, barred against our heavier tread. not I, I will assert my independence .his story was strictly true in all the main She has a third ; a wisked sparkle, and merry malice that I like best. Then I gone into the library. I know the sound up about the race, but Crossbones swore can defy her, and tell her all the spiteful things I think about her.

Dark lashes shade these reprehensible cart he was driving. Nothing loth, I con- could not have done otherwise, unless he cyes; long and sweeping out on the white three days before Del came, and the thing sented, and we were soon en route. The had run her into a fence and spilled his wheek in a way that doubtless she thinks e drove was a very peculiar ani- customer' into the ditch. If any one pretty; black brows arch above them, making her wide forehead all the whiter being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin diggings, I can assure him that the jolly no doubt she considers herself a belle. . She has small hands, white with taper fingers, the nails round any rose like little bits of pink shell. 1 wish she would wear gloves, or keep them out of sight. veyance the easiest running thing on the for so am I annoyed by them that I feel a constant temptation to cover them with ----

a constant temptation to cover them with she brushed away a tear or two from her at your house? One lady arose saying orat," at once responds a politician, whose that the same rigid system of accountability my own. Backlefor traps of the most dan- long lashes, as I sat down. I sat close ["I can sleep two, but I can eat as many thoughts are wholly engrossed with party would doubtless have saved us from many no. In time of peace prepare for war. gerous kind are they; they are sure to be by her; for it looks as if people had quar-las you will send along."

sides.

down on me, while I did it.

' Whatm I doin here? Why, I'm boldin on like grim death-that's what I'm "I believe I have cut my slipper"- doin. Howsever, ole feller, I'm gl (hic) But the sold live but as long as he could half showing the nonsensical little thing ad to see ye. Fact is Fact s, Ive been (not that he could die whenever he would ; out in the rain, and I got a lettle so- And ow how crucks over his toments might grow soaked, dye see. Rain warrer allers did the searned to endeavor to buish them so; "You should have worn your Balmoral boots. You girls are always so im., make considerable pression on me. Say, iguard? But I know you cant---sno use

as much exposure." 9 Oh ! but I didn't think of coming asking ye pelice fellers anything. But its dev-develish good, ha! he! he! (hic) Pause---Del looking off at nothing in | for-me. I--I'll tell ye why I'm like a particular; 1, at-but that is nobody's blackguard-I mean a p picket guard -Because I cant leave my p-post until I'm business, and I don't believe in so many re (hic) relieved. Pelice feller, deve see details. Another conversional ripple. the way, the one with the green Vnetian " How peaceful it is !"

houses in front, three doors to go up to That was all; but the ten minutes stop-that is my (hic) house, and therespent there was the most delicious of my in dwells my sa-sainted Mariar. Did hife. Then we went home. Vivia Bara- you ever belong to a sp spout shop ?--cole and Lute Pina were on the piazza But I spose not. "As the charming P-Portia says : and saw us come. Del sank down on a

" That light we see is burning in my hall; 116w far that little beam throws his c-candles! "Have you been far ?" asked Lute, So shines a good dood in a naughty world! Th-then pity the sorrows of a poor young man whose tangled legs have b-b-

brought him to this spot. Oh, relieve "Why, you have been gone two hours ?" and take him home at once, and heaven "Two ?" (in large capitals). "Why, will bless your store --- when you get (hie) Were one?

The policeman kindly assisted him to his house and rang the bell The door partially opened. I caught a glimpse of a night capped head, as our hero was

said Vivia,, half under her breath, to Pina, hurriedly drawn in by unseen hands; the butter !" as if talking of something that had no and a shrill voice that pierced the mid-"I'll tell you what to do with it-keep night air was heard to say : 'So I you are it to draw blisters. You ought to see the

tight again, you brute !' The door was determined to leave this place immediate- | rudely slammed in the policeman's face,

same connection is a little too much. It at the probable fate of Bulger. CIPA CLERGYMAN in one of our

country towns, after announcing from his pulpit on a Sabbath-morning a newly reported victory gained by our army, added : "This is not the time nor the place to manifest our joy by cheering, but we There goes Del across the hall; she has can make the motions," and thereupon he, with the congregation, gave a silent but of the door. Well, I shall go there, too enthusiastic "three times three" by a It has been my custom to read there at general swing of arms in the air." this hour of the day, always. I was here

the article. CONCERNING the drafting of gambecame a habit. I won't give it up for blers for soldiers Vanity Fair thinks they any orinoline that ever filled up a whole would not be of much service except in why is he marching now ?" sofa, and overflowed in two chairs bethe case of another Indian oubreak, when it would be quite the thing to send a bri-Trapped ! caught ! undone ! walked in

gade of Blacklegs to fight the Blackfeet. with my eyes wide open, and nibbled the bait, staring at the spring that was to shut neh AT A RECENT conference meeting

in Pennsylvania, the members were asked, of the grocer. how many brethren can you accomodate "Butterworth is a Hard Shell Demo-Del was in the library-more than that how many brethren can you accomodate she brushed away a tear or two from her at your house? One lady arose saying orat," at once responds a politician, whose

" My dear, you have come into posses-TABLES TURNED .- A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati Times states that the " contented and happy servants"

A new love may get : But a nesk that's once broken can never be set,

And then he very work to contra

What he was going for to go to do

.

STRONG ARGUMENT VS. STRONG BUT-

you drop your bread and butter, it is al-

and this is the strongest butter I have

"Hush up. It is some of your aunt's

"Did she churn it? The lazy thing."

"No, this here butter. To make the

"Hush, Zeb, I've eat a great deal

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Cause the butter has taken the skin

"Zeb, don't lie. I can't throw away

flies keel over as soon as they touch it."

WHAT IS IN A NAME.-There is a con

founded deal in a name. You are at a

public dinner table. Smith, the grocer

says "Rice is down again." " Is Rice down again ?" asked the min-

ister. "I am sorry to hear it. I was in

" I was speaking of rice the vegetable,"

" Oh, ah indeed !" exclaimed the min-

stor; "and I was speaking of Rice the

"Wool has advanced," says a dealer in

" Has he? asked a military man; which

were speaking of Wool, the man."

hopes he had permanently reformed."

sorse in the most aristocratic houses."

ded that he would not do

ways the butter side down !"

"What, your aunt ?"

roug enough to churn itself."

"Why people of rank ?"

talk so smart ?"

off my tongue."

ceplied the grocer.

d matters.

animal. Ha! he! he!"

" ('ause it's rank butter."

ever seen

ehurning."

of Secession masters, still flock into camp. There is one-well educated, for he can read and write-who formerly belonged to one Dancan, now in the rebel army ; his same is Jun Some slaveholders who had lost slaves, put up advertise-ments, "One Hundred Dollars Reward ! Ran away from," &c. Not to be outdone, Jim wrote and put up another Notice, as follows :

50 CENTS EEWARD.

Ran away from dis chile an' and leff him all alone to take care of himself after I had done worked twenty-six years faithfully, for him, my Massa, Bill Dunean,-Massa Bill is supposed to have gone off ren.-" Why is it, my son, that when wid de Seceshers, for to hunt for his rights, and I speet he don got lost. Any person 'turnin' him to me-as he allers said " Nigga" couldn't take care of him-"I don't know. It oughtn't to, ought

it? The strongest side ought to be up, | self-will be obliged tu dis chile. N. B.—Persons huntin' for him please ook in all de "last ditches," as l'often heard him talk about goin' into diein' business.

'Sectfully submitted, JIM. The poster created a great deal of meriment in eamp, while the Kentucky-residents who came across it thought Jim a oor old woman churn it, when it was 'mighty sassy nigger.''

----A RICH JOKE .- Not long since a lot of us- I am a "high private" nowwere quartered in several wooden tenements, and in the inner room of one'lay the corpus of a young secesh officer await-"You variant you ! what makes you ing burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off. Down came tearing a sentimental and not bad-looking specimen of a Virginia dame.

" Let me kiss him for his mother !" she cried, as I interrupted her progress.---'Do let me kiss him for his mother !" "Kiss whom ?"

"The dear little lieutenant; the one who lies dead within. Pint him out to me, sir, if you please: I never saw him. but-oh !'

I led her through a room in which Lieutenant -----, of Philadelphia, lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep .----Supposing him to be the "article" sought for, she rushed up, and exclaiming, "Let me kiss him for his mother," approached her lips to his forchead. What was her amazement when the "corpse," ardently clasping its arms around her, returned the salute vigorously, and exclaimed

"Nover mind the old lady, Miss, go it ou your own account. I havn't the slightest-objection !"

Sentiment is a fine thing, Mr. Editor, "I was speaking of the wool of the but it should be handled as one handles sheep," is the reply. "Lebeg your pardon. I supposed you" the spiked guns which the rebels leave behind, loaded with percussion capsvery carefully .- Continental Monthly. "What is butter worth?" asks some one

NOT The rebel General Van Dorn 'was instantly removed by Jeff Davis after losing the battle of Cornith. - Gen. Halleck remarks disasters and reverses in the past.

^{(\$1 50} per annum in advancé \$2 00 if not paid in advance

[·] NO 46.