TERMS OF PUBLICATION

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Air artise nearts will be charged 1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each ubsequent insertion. All advertisements of east than twelve lines considered as a square.

Selected Loetry.

Cumberland County Teacher's In-

stitute.

IN MEMORIAM.

I sing no more of war's alarms, And deeds of valor high,

I sing no here, and his arms. Nor praise of pleasure's fairy charms

Nor sunset's radiant sky. My pen has found a loftler theme. My thoughts are in a quaint old town I live in by-gone hours that seem Fading, fleeting, like a dream.

That glides the night adown Agmountain ranges bleak and bare, By weary traveller past, Seen through the mists of summer air, In purple distance, seem more fair,

Behold me then a pilgrim bound, Upon the swiftly speeding train, With eager eyes I glanced around, And very soon with joy I found, Professhr " Lizzie," and "Captain."

So back my glance I cast.

The Conductor shouted loud and clear. Newville-what word would give Our waiting hearts more joy to hear, Forsooth the dinner hour was near, And we must eat to live,

Eight souls strong we were in all, But hear it morn, and listen stars, Did ever sadder fato befall, T'was all in vain for help to call, They placed me under bolts and Barn's.

But brave hearts never knew despair, At one behold me once more free, Straight to the HALL I did repair, It was a goodly sight to see.

Over all with kindly mien, Mr. Baker did preside, While near him ever might be seen, Mr. Claudy, who serene, And gallant, played the scribe.

The Superintendent's cheerful face, I knew full well, He welcomed age with kindly grace, But here, I cannot find a place, His words to tell.

Dr. Smith, I see him yet, His winning smile, His voice, heard often as we met. The gentler sex will ne'er forget, The "Lone Exile."

Essays were read, both witty and wise, By Miss A. and Miss C.
Messrs, K., M. and C. and 'twill be no surprise, To know that South Middleton reached the skies, In honor and high degree.

Mr. M'Keehan brought with him plenty of spice. To save us from having the blues, Messrs. Kenyon, Crider and Kaufman, left in a trice Mr. D. the ladies declared " ever so nice." Mr. McElwaine, to speak ne'er refused.

They gave us one morning a very great scare Saying the rebels would surely be there. We did not grow pale, we shed not a tear, For with a "Captsin" for guard what had we to fear

Yet thinking perchance, they might be about, We waited and watched the "Old Year" out

And the "New Year" in, while gladsome chimes, Rang hope to each heart for future times. I will only linger horse to tell,

How Mr. Leidich charmed us well. With music's magic, wildering spell, That soothed and cheered us to

Who are taking now their last repose, Yet proudly too, for each young life, Was yielded on the field of strife, Each closed his eyes in endless night While battling for the truth and right, They bravely fought for country's laws They fell in Freedom's holy cause, So peace we say, and from our tears. Find hope, and faith, for after years.

Why linger-time came, in which to say adicu, Vith mournful heart, Lizzie, Mattie, Rosa and Debbie, ton. And Sallie, and Mary, friends so true, It was hard to part.

So homeward then we turned once more All pleasant hours forever o'er, But when the Institute again shall be Convened, may I be there to see, And this our land, be once more free, Such is my prayer forever more.

Miscellaneous

Correspondence of the Herald.

GRAVESEND COTTAGE, Nov. 12th, 1860. Editor of the Carlisle Herald. - DEAR SIR, Your last number, a copy of which I have just been reading, revives some slumbering recollections which demand expression; and if you have no objection, I will make your

columns the medium of their utterance. It seems that the Herald is now in its "Sixty-Second Volume:" a fact which indicates that the paper was started in the year 1798. My acquaintance with it dates back to a period considerably later than that. When I began to read the Herald, it was published curacy of time and a grace of flourish impos and owned by George Phillips, Esq., a man sible to be excelled! Then there was Mc who was better known to me at that time, in his military, than in his editorial capacity— his cymbals, and a boy in "Guards' uniform, For Mr. Phillips, it must be known, was a member, and a prominent one too, of the redoubtable "Carlisle Guards." Not that he was a high officer; or even a very formidable seeking private, but nevertheless, on "Fourth of July's" and "Review Days," he was always among the most conspiuous of his company. His temper was cholories and his mper was choleric and his spirit plucky, nd when a little excited, he was what might be called a very ugly customer to handle .-On those festive occasions referred to, he was

omphatically a "high private."

Of Mr. Phillips, as an Editor, my memory is very indistinct; but the Herald, I believe, was in his hands, as it always has been, a was in his hands, as it always has been, a it used to sound, at a little distance, in my highly respectable and instructive paper. To boyish cars. And I see Captain HALDERT, be sure for the last thirty years. I have seen the word of command, and Orderly Sergeant qualified to judge of its late character; but Jones, the indefatigable Drill Master, seeing dualified to indee of its late character; but from the occasional numbers that fall into my hands it is but just to express my belief that it more than sustains its ariginal reputation.

But dear me! the old town of Carliele, judging from your columns, must have greatly beld in high repute, and Bill Morating from your than the second have the property of their Drummer, was fully equal to Sawthan the second from the occasional numbers that fall into my to its execution.

Then there were the Infantity a company in over fancied much—chiefly, perhaps, because they had no band. But they were gondant the property of the changed since I knew it. I see you have Gas and Hydrant Water, and four or five Dentists as many Homocopathic Physicians; and ing from your columns, must have greatly

Uningle The

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NO. 6.

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

that you are actually taking steps to get up a Directory. What a contrast does this present Directory. What a contrast does this present to the old times when we learned our lessons by the fervor of a "tallow dip," and slaked our thirst at the Market House pump: when the Doctors were the only Dentists, and the sole remedy for an offending tooth, was to pluck it out and cast it from us. When Homeopathy was a name unknown, and horsedoses were the general practice; when calomel and jalap-senna and manna-epsom salts and emetic tartar, when the chief remedies of the Pharmacopoeia, and Dr. Annstrong, Dr. McCoskry, Dr., Qustine, and Dr. Foulkr, the only persons deemed competent to an opinion in the occult science of medicine.

As for a directory, we had a half-a dozen

living ones at every corner; who by word of mouth could tell you anybody's residence and everybody's business. They were to be found supporting the posts of the public square, or propping up the walls of the Old Court House; sitting under the Locust trees at Tommy CAROTHERS' door, or lolling on the benches in front of MATHEW ARMOR'S

Ah! my dear sir, the old town must have An: my dear sir, the old fown must have undergone great changes. I fancy, if I were to go back, I should hardly recognize it. I used to know every flag-stone in the borough. (I shouldn't wonder if the town now, were paved with brick.) I could walk, on the darkest night, from the College to Zug's tavern, and from Marketis testes to the control of the college of the control of the college of the and from Metzgan's to the grave-yard, without once tripping or "stumping" my toes. I knew all the people of the town "like a book;" and some of them a good deal better; for while the moral lessons of "Webster's" spellar and "Pike's" directions for the Rule of Three are close good from the Rule of Three, are clean gone from my memory, GEO. BAGGS and JINNY ROPE -BETSEY GEORGE and OLD HILDERBRAND, stand there with all the vividness of objects seen but yesterday. Poor old Baggs! There he stands in all the glory of his dirt and drunkenness; sway ing to and fro—unwashed, unkempt, unshaved; with his slabbering mouth and idiotic laugh; his recking clothes, hanging unbut-toned from his half covered person; surrounded by a circle of boys just disgorged from Breckenridge's alley, who insist that he shall "strike up," and who will not be satisfied till

he commences his well known but meaning-less "Gitty glow-Gitty glow."

And then comes "old Jinny," with her nan's hat and flaxen hair streaming from under it; her dingy white frock, and her insepa-rable bundle in one hand and club in the other. See how furious she looks, with her oig teeth and rage distorted features, as she makes for a pile of stones, and with impotent curses hurls them after a parcel of urchins, who scamper before her with loud cries of-

'More rope! More rope to hang Jinny!'
Then there was old Hilderbrand, who used o visit the borough every two or three months; no one (of us boys) knowing whence he came or whether he went. How distinctly I see his deer-tail cockade—his grizzly beard and bandit-look, as with foaming rage and fearful oaths, he lets fly the stones at the wanton youngsters who will keep hooting and halooing after him!

As for poor old Betsey George, none of the boys, reckless and running over with misobiefas they were, had the hardihood to plague her. Her melancholy face and vacant eyes; her low muttering voice as she recited passages from her well conned Bible, - and the quiet appeal of her whole manner to the sympathies of by-standers, repressed all rudeness and kept in check the usual tendency to juvenile mischief.

Besides these notabilities, there were others of a different category, whose images are still vivid on memory's retina. There was OLD MATTHEW MILLER, who used to come riding over the Main Bridge, causing us to wonder how a common sized horse could carry, with apparent unconsciousness, such an uncommon zed man. Not that he was a person of such extraordinary bulk either, but corpulence on horsk-back is at any time a rare sight; and when Mr. Miller used to come to town, our attention was naturally arrested.

But there was another whose proportions were much more Daniel Lambert like than those of Matthew Miller. I allude to a very respectable gentleman,, who was known in his time as - "OLD MCCLAN, the big bellied man," I see the old gentleman, (boys have a way you know, of calling men "old," without reference to their years,) just as he used to look, sitting at his door panting for breath on a summer's evening, or basking at mid day in the sun-shine of spring And I remember how our admiration used to be equally divided be tween him, in his shirt sleeves, fanning himsolf with his hat—and a gay plumaged parrot that swung over his head, gabbling its own vain praises as "Pretty Poll—Pretty Poll!"

Then there was a wonder of wonders!—the Carlisle Band. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Hassler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary groupe! We drank it in with eyes and ears. It was about as much pleasure to watch the inflated cheeks of Dan Fisher, George Smith, (Gentlemen George) Joe Given, and Jim Cre ven, as they played on their clarionets, or the still greater distension of those of Levi Wheaton, as he poured himself out into his huge bass Serpent, or the white face, turned red, of Sam Alexander, as he labored on his Kent Bugle, as it was to listen to the diversified sounds that proceeded from their various instruments. Then how grand old BLACK looked, as he leaned beyond the perpendicular, and with his head in the air and his bass drum on his belly, pounded away with an acwho played the triangle. The pleasure deriv who proved the triangle. The pleasure derived from the two latter came altogether through the medium of the eye; auricularly, they were like religion without faith, nothing but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Then, not to be forgotten, as alternating with the band when on the march, were SAW-NEY MITCHELL and SAM EAGLE, with their rattling drum and ear pieroing fife. Who that ever heard the inevitable Sawney or the inimitable SAM, can forget the shrill and soul stirring sounds with which they were wont to wake up the old echoes! As for the BAND, I hear it now in the cells of my memory just as in my

son, their Drummer, was fully equal to Saw-

NEY. NEGLIGENCE is the rust of Thon there were the Hussans, whose chief corredes her best resolutions.

attraction was the red-coated bugler. ANDY Scorr, usually served in that capacity, though the place was sometimes filled by John SPONSLER—that many-talented genius, who could walk the wire, stew oysters, blow rocks, keep a sweat-cloth, and do at least a hundred other things in a style that admitted of no superiority. keep a sweat-cloth, and do at least a hundred other things in a style that admitted of no superiority. Doctor Foulke, was the Captain of that Cavalry company, and Dicker Miles was one of its members. I hardly know how these two men, so little resembling each other, should stand coupled in my memory, unless it is, that I saw the Doctor once handle Richard rather roughly, because he refused to obey an order. an order.

Then there was a new company, formed by BILL BRECKINGIDER - (excuse my irreverence - that was the name he was known by among his contemporaries)—called the ARTILLERY.—
This company had a handsome brass cannon, and its members wore "shovel plough" hats, and, being something of a novelty, was very popular with the boys Ah! these were hal cyon days! (Though between ourselves, Mr Editor, if I had them to live over again, I think I could turn them to better advantage.)
Then there was the Carlisle Bar of which

Then there was the Carlisle Bar of which our fathers were so proud, whose members were objects of our juvenile admiration -John D. Manon was its bright particular star, young, graceful, eloquent, and with a jury irresistible. Equal to him in general ability, and superior, perhaps, in legal nou men, was his contemporary and rival Samuel.
ALEXANDER Esq. Then there was the venerable ANDREW CAROTHERS, and young Fred crick Watts, just admitted in time to reap the advantages of his tather's reputation, and create an enduring one of his own. And George Metzgar, with his treele voice and his hand on his side, amusing the court and spectators with his not overly delicate facetar. And there was "Bully Ramsry, with his que," a man of many clients and the sine quanon of the Democratic party, and then towering above them all was Crier Thumpson who used to fetch us boys up all standing, with his sudden and stentorian demand for "Si-

Then there was on the pavement at the door, Granny Morrison, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "sticks" of mola-ses candy, called not inaptly——abdominal

intestines.
Ah, Mr. Editor, I must stop, its no use Time would fail me to attempt a description of half that occurs to me When my memory once gets a filled on these subjects, there is no end to the images it is sure to call up Perhaps on some future occasion, if I should have leisure, and you should be willing, I will trouble you further with my youthful re-miniscences. In the mean time please re miniscences. In the mean time piease regard me, though anonymous and unrecognized, as an old friend and acquaintance and A GENUINE CARLISLER.

To DAY AND To-Morrow.—Half the griefs of the world are ideal. No matter to what rank of life a man belongs, unless he possess remarkably contented quality of mind, he is a remarkably contented quality of mind, he is perpetually annoyed with small sorrows, arising from the anticipation of evils which, in fact, never come to pass. At the end of any year, he can look back, if he choose, and count his hours by the score, spent in this manner over ideal misfortunes. And it is exactly the same thing with moments of happiness; for man never is, but always to be blest; and how much of our enjoyment is occasioned by the expectation of pleasurable events which always fail to occur! As a certain bishop once said to a sprig of nobility, who asked for

the loan of a rural villa the reverend gentleman "Sir don't you know it is necessary to have "Sir don't you know it is necessary to have a place where you never go —a place in which you fancy you might be ever happy, if you the fright off; "It's bad enough, but it can't be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your the red—may be it, will steady you fancy you might be ever happy, if you were there; but from which you absent yourself because you won't be?' And the bishop in that remark anounced a great truth; for delight, as well as sorrow, lies too much in what is never realized.

Common sense, fair reader, ought to take a solid hint from this fact. In children's lan-guage 'never grieve over spilt milk.' and never over what may occur. The past is ir-retrievable, and the future brings trouble enenough of its own. Enjoy the present in itsin nocence as far as circumstances may permit. To day is certainly your's, to morrow may

A WORTHY CITIZEN of Boston was desirous of being presented at a royal ball, but lacked the costume. Military uniform or a court dress were then, as now, indispensable; and it was to late to get either. His more fortunate friends, "in full rig," took leave of him at his lodgings, with many expressions of regret that he could not accompany them. No sooner were they out of the house than he determined he would, at any rate, try the experiment. Within an hour he made his appearance at the door of the Throne Room at Versailles, arrayed in all the glory of his best blue coat, white vest, and nankeen trousers. Here the horrified master of ceremonies stopped him, and, pointing to his naukeens, endeavored, by word and sign, to convince him that his dress was not comme it faut, and that he must retire. "Dress! dress!" said the traveler, "not pass! not enter! Why, it is the same dress I always wear in the General Court at Boston!" No sooner were the words uttered than the door flew open, and the obsequious valet, "booing and booing," pre-ceded him, and announced in a loud voice, Monsieur le Generale Court de Boston!" to the infinite amazement and amusement of his American friends, and the great delight of the new-made General.

The actions of noble men and women tand like wayside shrines all along the path of history. What individual recalls not one sweet life, one gracious heart, one blessed achievement, which to him is a deep founabout permanent ordinances, the truly permanent ordinances are pious works. The manent ordinances are pious works. The colonel that allowed himself to be taken, in order that his wounded men might escape in the overloaded boats; the student who swam the Potomac three times in the face of hostile bullets, pushing a raft covered with dis-abled soldiers; the lieutenant who, hurt to death, begged, commanded his friend, because he was hurt to death, to leave him, and give his care to those whom there was yet tope of saving-have set up-we say it with all reverence—have set up among their friends, in the households of those who know hem, very sacred ordinances, very holy

NEGLIGENCE is the rust of the soul, that

A PERILOUS HOUR.

was apprenticed to a decorative painter. but being of a bold, danger loving turn, l

ning conductor which has sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a hand cart containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or cradle. Having flown the kite, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which

ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.
Colly had only been married a fortnight;
and as we stepped into the cradle, the men banteringly asked him if he hadn't a last dy-ing speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Staming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over the town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet. I saw that the streets were already thronged with starers. Colly was very quiet; and when I waved my cap to the people, he said snappishly that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse these gaping fools who, he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near to us but this straining rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking—
I began to see the peril of the undertaking—
What Colly thought of it, I don't know—he
sat at the bettom of the cradle, never looking
out, though I told him he, would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height.

Good heavens! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away, with out slacking speed in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of the windand that with the great purchase of the wind-inss the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catch-ing the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Celly, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling line, and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most des

perate situation. Poor Colly was completely dazed with af-fright; and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he to him sitting down."

The color of his face was a trunsparent blue; and was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, sing it about for but swayed his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain that he must topple

over.
"Come, Jim, lad," I said, thinking to take aum round the rod-may be it will steady you."

Where are you? and where is this rod? he asked in a very hollow voice, though he was cher D'ye here?" looking straight at me, and the rod was only "If I appear." s a foot or two to his left. By this I knew he had gone blind with fright; and self preservation said, don't go near him; but then I re membered his new wedded wife, and that taking him all through, he was always a very decent fellow, and I thought how I should have liked to have done if I had been in his case, so I determined to run a bit of risk in his favor. Of course, I durst not get on my feet, but working my self on by my hands, I got to him, and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool. I got him with his arm round the rod-It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected any min ute to see him falling head and heels down,

and the rod tearing away with him. There was a great bustle down below: peo ple were running round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away towards the engine house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I kenw that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterwards that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about us, and the people imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus we were left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cat-calls, and yelling as if he was pos-sessed. Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad.

Even now I trembled when I think of that time, it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and scoty, and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigcons sweeping around at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly—thank God, he was so dazed that he could not see me-called my name three times, as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin, and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself to-wards me. I worked away from him as noisclessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice around that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that had fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all though this trying time.— Then he tried to get on his feet: but at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow

he cowered down like a whipped dog, all trem-bling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it into my pocket, intending to get our time keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom: and by another good pro-vidence, I happened to have a bit of red lead pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, Get us down—Colly's gone mad; "this I shut in my tobacco box, and was fortunate enough to drop it just at the fect of a couple of men

who were standing by the engine house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mount got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I see ambled in myself; and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way. He was in a madhouse for some months, and

He was in a madhouse for some months, and then went to scavengering, for he never could face any height again; and I have neve had the same clear head since that adventure.

Artemus Ward's Serenade.

THINGS in our town is workin'. The other day, and reported all quiet on the sister gave another shout at the top of her Wabash. The "Lucy Ann" has adopted voice: 'Glory, glory to God! which of a red headed gal, who sits up over the after the deacon, who came and told the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke of in my larst has shutters on their houses, and white door 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt.

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenade, conclueded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin'. I asked the brass band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with an unexpected honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote my impromptoo speech severil days beforehand, bein' careful to expunge all ingrammatticisms, and payin' particler attention to the punktooation. It was, if I may say it without egotism, a manly offort, but alas! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show. I paced up and down kneel and pray? and so I said very solemaly.

"Sit down, Jun; God will hear us if we pray

to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin' voung daughter. Sarah Ann bothered me to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin' young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me summit by singin' "Why do Summer

"Because," said I, arter hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, "because its | have a good influence on myself. Last their biz! Let 'em fade."

ple of the room, and letting my eagle eye | eleven o'clock. The children, of course, wander from the manuscript; "Betsey, on the night of this here serenade, I defore going to bed, I knelt down by my sires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white handker. bed to pray, and had been there but a moment when I heard Nobie get up from

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin' hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One baldheaded old fool will get his share."

She refer'd to her husband-no doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin'.

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock precisely, there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the band struck up a lively air, which, when they did finish it, there was cries of "Ward! EXPLANATION.—A proprietor of a cotton Ward!" I stept out into the portico. A mill, who is something of a philosopher, brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summit mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, there was quite a number of grown up persons, evidently under the influence of the intoxicatin' bole. The band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holin' up a post, seemed to be partie'ly drunk-so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin' wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced thus:-"Feller-citizens: For this onexpect-

od -Leader of the band-"Will you give us our money now, or wait till you get through?" To this painful disgustin' interruption I paid no attention.

"---for this onexpected honor I thank you." Leader of the band-"But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play vou two choons."

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows ; " I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true American citizens my heart swells—

Dr. Schwazey-" So do I !" -my heart swells"-

A voice—"There cheers for the swells."
"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious oaroer l'

Dr. Schwazey—"I'm willing for one to go on in our glorious career. Will you Lord's side-er, and has one foot in the grave-er, and the other all but-er!" join me, fellow-citizens, in a glorious career, when he finds himself?

Dr. Schwazey," said I sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin' the meet-

of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on to certain death without one more offort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and spread in the house? I should like to bind it."

"Well," said Dr. Franklin, "I'll print the independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

have a rhynossyros on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.'

At this point the Band began to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and a exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin' it, when a upper window was suddenly opened, and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at

When I am taken by surprise with another screnede, I shall, 'mong other arrangements, have a respectable company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me. - Vanity Fair.

Highly Honored.

The Rev. Mr. Rogers, of New York city, tells a good story of a pious sister connected with his church in New Jersey, where he was stationed two years ago.

This good sister had a good way of expressing herself in church, when any thing suited her, by shouting at the top of her voice, 'Glory to God!' 'Hallelujah!' etc., ect. Once she attended ed a Presbyterian church, and the deacon gave her a seat near the pulpit The minister commenced, and grew more eloquent as he proceeded. At last he said something that made the sister 'feel good,' and she shouted, 'Glory to God!' to the great astonishment of the congregation, as well as the minister. The deacon approached her, and told her that such actions were not allowed there. But she took no notice of him or what he said, but was all attention to what the 'man of God!' was proclaiming; and as canal boat "Lucy Ann" called in here the he proceeded he waxed warmer, and the a new style of binnakle light, in the shape disconcerted the minister, and he looked sister that if she did not stop he would remove her from the house. He took his returned to Philadelphy. Before he left scat beside her, and the divine continued I took his lily white hand in mine. I for a short time, when another 'Glory to suggested to him that if he could induce God! Hullelujah!' from the pious sister, the citizens of l'hiladelphy to believe it started all in their seats. The worthy would be a good idea to have white winder | deacon took hold of her to put her out, but she straightened herself out and would stones, he might make a fortin'. "It's not budge; so he called the other deacon a novelty," I added, " and may startle to his assistance, and made a chair of their arms, and set the sister thereon, and started for the door. When about half way up the middle aisle she threw up her arms and shouted, 'Glory to God!—I am more honored than my Master. He was carried by one ass, while I have two.' It is needless to say that the worthy deacons dropped their load, and likewise dropped into their seats.

> ANGELS IN THE HOUSE .- I know a man; he is not a Christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful well behaved children. The other day, he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl three or four years old :

"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't; but, for some time back, I have been in the habit of reading the Bible, and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it has a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may night I went to the 'Lodge,' (he is a "Betsey," said I, "pausin' in the mid- Mason) and did not go home till after her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering along the floor toward me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her: and, in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said, 'Pa, pray loud.' I prayed; I kissed her, and she went back to bed. And I tell you, G—, I have had nothing to affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long, except that little, 'Pa, pray loud.'

> posted up on the factory gate the follownotice:—"No cigars or good-looking men admitted." When asked for an explanation, he said:" The one will set a flame agoing among my cotton, and t'other among the gals. I won't admit such infiammable and dangerous things into my establishment at any risk-no, sir !"

> WHAT SHE WANTED TO BE .-- The other day, a friend, wishing to teach a little three-year old Susie the hymn beginning -"I want to de an angel," told her to repeat the first line, when she looked up and with animation exclaimed:

"No, I don't,i want to be a soldier!"

THEY have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his legs six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him; and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

A MAN who never loved a pretty woman was lately scen by some Greenlanders going round the North Pole, an icicle a yard long hanging to his nasal organ, and a sharp nor'-easter after him, whistling: "Never fall in love!"

HERE is an interesting scrap from the prayer of a man who was in the habit of filling the breaks in his petitions when the syllable er: "O'Lord, we pray for our poor brother,

WHEN the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Vorsailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder and man of talent, as Minister to the Congress. Well," said Dr. Franklin, "I'll print the