

Not in a Hurry.

The author of the following exquisite lines is not in any particular hurry about "pegging out." He expresses in a feeling manner that clinging desire for lengthened years which is so natural to all men, from the jolly old man up to the weary printer's devil and down to the half-starved child in the S. Y. Lot.

I want knot dye in winter, When whitehoose panchee fly— When pooty gals air skating Over fields of ice and snow—

I RATHER THINK I WILL.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow, Or a fellow I have seen, Who is neither white nor yellow, But he is altogether green,

Miscellaneous.

FACT AND FANCY. OR, A THEORY WORKED OUT.

My refusal of Asher Alleyne was the legitimate result of much ruminating reading and considerable nursing of ideals—two exercises whose ultimate issue had been the establishment of my theory of love, as applying to my own destined experienced in the matter.

If in his heart there sprang up the assertion, "And thus I feel now," the response, "I for thee," never echoed in the faintest out of mine.

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that kind of radiance and thought there must be a great difference in his life and mine to make such a lonesome, empty look in his eyes possible; thinking also that he must find his year after year of boarding-house life even less heartsome than most men.

And I too thrilled and glowed as he read words that stir up women's hearts, and wished with a yearning that was almost a prayer, for the time when the full realization of these dainty dreams should come to me in the voices that read of them—should glow upon me out of the eyes which held the answering soul of my beloved.

And like unto what similitude was this chosen one to be? So far different from the plain, grave man, who one day, after his exquisite had rung for the last exquisite chime of "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," turned to me with the quiet of a cool nature, or the still molten glow of an exceeding great desire, (I never thought which.)

He saw with evident unpreparedness and pain how new and unthought of his proposition was. We had talked so well in so many thoughts and pursuits, that he forgot to take account of how much of a girl's heart might be left give over to dreams of which he could have no knowledge. He rose up from his chair, and laid the book down quietly, and stood for a minute before me, and said:

Such union were indeed of love. We could not be married at once, and I tender flowers of courtship had a whole year to blossom in. What a blessed, prosperous season I felt this would be! We had taken one another, each instinctively conscious of the other's merits; doubtless, for all, as it were, upon trust.

Well, Ralph came to me almost daily. The warmest maid could not have desired a more impassioned and demonstrative lover; but I had an instinct that we could not wisely spend a year in ecstasies, even if their zest and freshness did not fail us.

Two months of constant intercourse wore off the dazzling novelty of our new relation; and I began to feel the old everyday spiritual and literary wants coming back. Wants not to be filled by the most sparkling talk about the weather, acquaintances, society in general, and one's self in particular; and most curious it seemed to me, it was difficult to lead Ralph off these topics, though I had not at first noticed his habitual adherence to them.

I put into the hands of my handsome lover—through college long ago—one of the essays Mr. Alleyne and I used to read together, begging him to adorn the learned sentences with the beauty of his voice.

I began to wonder if it was at all thus Asher Alleyne had felt in our first acquaintance; for long before Ralph Hesselstine gave me vow for I loved him. I loved him—the fact declared itself in me with still persistence when away from him. It sprang up to my face in glowing assertion when I met him, even in

the street. Around him centered the gathered halo of all the truth and tenderness, the depth and loftiness of soul which I had ever seen or read as man's possession. I loved him as only they love who have read wise books, have planned high labors and great joys for their lives, and feel some innate breadth of soul which only needs right kinship to gain full expression. I felt the fulfillment of my utmost dream the night I felt his arm around me, and his lips seal the "I love you," they had just uttered upon me.

It was a most fair fabric I began straightaway to weave. New thoughts and wishes revealed themselves full grown in the light of this new Aurora. A wife—ah, would most subtly sweet! The light of one more happy home to shine forth in the land. That happy home—there was one special picture of it I had at heart which I was continually stealing in to contemplate. I was a scene of long evenings after daylight and their duties overpast and well fulfilled. One only beside me, who should be to me as I to him, my sufficient possession; having whom my heart should acknowledge no other in the world outside, however active my work there might be, and however pleasant a welcome I might there have. For this one should walk with me into all the realms of thought and feeling—should join me in all study and research common to man—should penetrate with me the utmost limits of those spiritual glories whereon a man can look and live.

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affirmatively, in the presence of witnesses, some polite inquiries in the Prayer Book. His little wife need not think he was going to make her bury her beauty just because she had given him his guardian-ship. No; it would be his first ambition to display his treasure—and himself besides. I know you are thinking," he added, "that I will, it will be an old trick of an old dog, who enjoys it too well to wish to be caught prey."

His first ambition! When sort of realization, then, was my heart picture and life programme line to meet? I would not believe—I absolutely would not believe—that there was no more in Ralph Hesselstine than he showed out in those hours. Slightly, anxiously, as if the one hope of my life depended on the happy issue, I tried him test by test.

He was a pretty good christian, he thought; neither lied nor stole, and liked church-going first-rate. It was delightful, soothing and comfortable there at first; and when the doming began to make a fellow quake on the crimson velvet cushion, it carried out the rule of contrasts capably. It was not difficult to imagine the angelic element of religion in the ladies' faces there, unless the sun threw the shade of a green or yellow window across them. It was a self-evident fact, he thought, that if a fellow minded his own business and did the best he could, he would be saved; and it was only dyspeptic tools who barked their heads with controversy and theological metaphysics.

And, according to my lover's standard, he was doing "the best he could."—Perhaps it was scarcely the province of his lady-love to ask him what share he was taking in the world's great, hard necessary Christian work, which lay out for his doing plain before him, in what particular his life differed from that of those old Greece-and-Rome, whose bitter condemnation was in being "lovers of ease more than lovers of God."

If she did not ask him, she asked herself, with reluctant half-question, willing to admit but no answer. That answer did not at all come. Putting aside, as I was enabled to do in this strait of life, mere physical passion, I saw there was not that in Ralph Hesselstine which would warrant me, as a Christian and true to God, nor even as a woman and true to him, in carrying out the promise I had made him to join my life to his and make it even as his.

My life like his! Why, he was the contented epitome of the trifling, unrequiting, to-day living existence! I was trying to prime away in myself to give room for a worthier growth.

And yet how could I give him up, this handsome, winsome, sunshine-loving mortal? I let many weeks glide by, not seeing or willing to see just how.

Address by Maj-Gen Dix to the Citizens of New-York. THE CONSERVATORSHIP TO THE LAW AND THE MAINTENANCE OF ORDER—HE WARMS AGAINST THE CONSEQUENCES OF DISORDER AND VIOLATION.

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK. HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST, NEW-YORK CITY, AUG. 17, 1863.

The draft of men in this city to replenish the ranks of the army, in order to complete more speedily the suppression of the insurrection in the South, having, in consequence of forcible resistance to the execution of the law, been placed under my direction as commanding officer of the forces of the United States in this Military Department, I have thought it not out of place to present to you some suggestions for your consideration as friends of the Union and of the good order of society.

The law under which the draft is to be made is for enrolling and calling out the national forces. It is founded on the principle that every citizen, who enjoys the protection of the Government and looks to it for the security of his property and his life, may be called on in seasons of great public danger to take up arms for the common defense. No political society can be held together unless this principle is acknowledged as one to which the Government may have recourse when its existence is in peril.

pared with the burden they are sustaining, ours is as nothing. The contest on our part is to defend our nationality, to uphold the institutions under the protection of which we have lived and prospered, and to preserve untarnished the proud memories of our history, brief, it is true, but full of high achievement in science, in art, and in arms. Shall we, in such a cause, shrink from labors and sacrifices, which our mingled brethren in the second States are sustaining in the cause of treason and social disorganization? For the honor of New-York, let us take care that the history of this rebellion, more vast than any which has ever convulsed a nation, shall contain nothing to make our children blush for the patriotism of their fathers.

Whatever objection there may be to the law authorizing the draft, whatever defects it may have, it is the law of the land, and resistance to it is revolt against the constituted authorities of the country. If one law may be set at defiance, any other may be, and the foundation of all government may be broken up. Those who in the history of political societies, have been the first to set themselves up against the law, have been the surest victims of the disorder which they have created.

The poor have a far deeper interest in maintaining the inviolability of the law than the rich. Property, through the means it can command, is power. But the only security for those who have little, is the law, and the labor of their own hands to protect it in the supremacy of the law. On them and on those who are dependent on them, social disorder falls with fatal effect.

The constitutionality of the law authorizing the draft has been disputed. Near the close of the war 1814, when the country was engaged in war with Great Britain, a similar law was recommended to Congress by the Government; to draft men to fill the ranks of the army, which was gallantly battling, as our armies are now, for the nation's honor and life—Madison, one of the great expounders of the Constitution, which he took a prominent part in framing, was President—Monroe, his successor, then acting both as Secretary of State and Secretary of War, addressed to the House of Representatives a lucid argument in support of the right of Congress to pass such a law. Alexander J. Dallas was Secretary of the Treasury; Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Navy; Richard R. Smith, Attorney General. The measure could not well have received a higher party sanction. All laws passed with the established legislative forms are valid until declared otherwise by judicial tribunals of competent jurisdiction.

What would become of a people in critical emergencies if no law could be carried into effect until it had passed the ordeal of the Courts? or if State or municipal authorities could arrest its execution by calling in question its conformity to the provisions of the Constitution? The President has promptly consented to have it tested by judicial interpretation; but while the car of victory is moving on and treason is flying before it, God forbid that the State of New York, or its constituted authorities, should attempt to stay its progress until the judicial process can be consummated.

The accuracy of the enrollment in the city districts has been impeached, and a revision was immediately ordered by the President, on a representation from the Governor of the State. But as the men are needed for immediate service, and as the correction of the returns requires time, the quota was ordered to be reduced in all the Districts—in some more than half the whole amount—leaving the account for future adjustment. The reduction in the quota exceeds in proportion the alleged excess of the enrollment, so that no personal injustice can possibly occur.

Under these circumstances, no good citizen will array himself either by word or deed against the draft. Submission to the law in seasons of tranquility is always the highest of political duties. But, when the existence of the Government is in peril, he who resists its authority commits a crime of the deepest turpitude. He is the voluntary instrument of those who are seeking overthrow to it, and becomes himself a public enemy. Moreover, resistance to the Government by those who are living under its protection, and are indebted to it for the daily tenore of their property and their lives, has not even the palliation under which those who lead the insurrection at the South seek to shelter themselves; that they are acting under color of authority derived from legislatures or conventions of the people in their respective States. With us, resistance to the constituted authorities is both treason and lawless violence; and if they are any who thus combine to reenact the scenes of cruelty and devastation by which this city has recently been dishonored, and to defeat by force of arms the execution of the paramount law of Congress, they will be treated as enemies of the country and of mankind.

Returning among you from a distance, fellow-citizens, after more than two years of military service in the cause of the Union, to behold which this city has, in all emergencies, stood forth with a manly patriotism worthy of her high position—having no feeling but to see her good name preserved without blemish, no wish but that she may continue, as she has ever been, the most orderly of the great commercial towns of the age—I have ventured to address to you these suggestions; to exhort you to the maintenance of order, to obedience to the laws and to the quiet pursuit of your accustomed avocations, while the draft is in progress.

Should these suggestions be disregarded by any among you, and renewed attempts be made to disturb the public peace, to break down the barriers which the law has set up for the security of property and life, and to defeat the execution of the law which it is my duty to enforce, I warn all such persons that ample preparation has been made to vindicate the authority of the Government, and that the first exhibition of disorder or violence will be met by the most prompt and vigorous measures for their repression. JOHN A. DIX, Major-General.

FROM ARTEMUS WARD JR.—Did you know I enlisted for the Mergency? I did.

Arfter dyin' and bleedin' fer me country 5 weeks an' 7 days, Ole Crisis an' Mergency was declared lickt out of Pennsylvania, an' we was mustered and peppered out.

We enjoy lots of hard service an' hard crackers while we was defendin' our harth stones. A few? An' we experienced sum or the most frightful charges durin the present "Crown Rebellion" to use a invidious fair race. The charge of Baker's Light Brigade into the Valley of Death, an' Tennyson's Black Regiment at Port Hudson, was nothin' compared to it.

It was a charge maid by the Harrisburg Copperheads. They charged us 10 cents for a glass of water to quench our thirst! Putty hefty, wasn't it? Rayther.

While I was bisey' dyin' fer me country, I capturoed a cussed Reb. I court-martialed him, an' found him guilty dy treason and Seesch in the 1st degree. I laid asleep two nites with me eyes open, thinkin' ov a punishment severe enuff for his high crimes. At last a idee struck me. Altho' the verdict I was about to pronounce upon him was heavy, yet I determined 2 put it into execution, as a warnin' to all other traitors.

I visited the Reb's prison, which was a Big hogshole, an' address him in the Buz Hogshole. "Prepare!" sez I, in low, guttered tones. "Must I die?" sez he; "me, so young and dirty?" "Not a die," sez I. "I hev a more terrible fate in store for you. The sentence of this Court is, that you be taken out of this hogshole an' transported to—"

"Not New York City!" he interrupted, in a voice ov anguish. "Oh! I don't say New York City!" "These is the very spot," sez I—"among Seymour's Frens." "O, send me to-to-to-enywheres, amongst the Cannibals an' Gorillars!" but don't banish me from home, frens, an' nothin' to ete, to mingle with the 'Peep!' ov New York. O! spare me! spare me!"

His cries were pitiful, but I couldn't spare him. Not a spare. The edickt had gone 4th, when the undersigned makes up his mind to do a thing, there is nothin' in the Confederacy kin turn him from it—unless it be 25 dollars in gold, an' that's as scarce an artikil in Seesch as loyalty is in the Copperhead party.

"Come out, an' prepare to mosey, sez I. The chap didn't answer, an' peepin in the bung hole, I saw he had fainted. The sentens was croel, an' me taken hart was on the pint ov relintin', when I thort it was my duty to make a example ov him. I soused 4 buckets ov water into his prison on him, which revived him a few.

"What makes you so loth to 'sdsheate with your frens?" I arskt. "I admit," sez he, "that they air doin' all for the Confedrit caws we could wish; but we wood rather hev sich frens at a distance. O, spare—kill me!" He was led away by a disorderly sergeant an' a 11th corporil, the vordy picketer of despair.

Thus wood I sarve all traitors! The other day I cum in confict with a New York Pease man—one ov Seymour's frens. He was a swearin', darin', low-buckin' cuss, like all Pease men. "If you don't fork over those watch," sez he, makin' a grab at me time Koper, "I'll swat you on the ear!" "That was putty civil; but that's the stile ov Pease men.

"I'll give you this," sez I, pintin' a revolver at his hed. "I was only goakin', sez he: "that's our counterstain, an' I thort you was one ov us. What do you think about the draft?" "Wall," sez I, "I think it ort to be pusht on with much energy an' vigory!" "I guess they won't pusht it on to me much. I'm exempt."

think sevral ov its ribs have bin caved in lately. I'll bet harf ov my pile they hev. An' I bet I'm

A. WARD, JR.

Girls Who Want Husbands.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? And, what a natural thing it is for young ladies who have such a hankering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness of woman, and for this reason she is called the weaker sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't, for conscience sake, not like fools about it. Don't go into a fit of the nips every time you see a hat or pair of whiskers.

Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood, in order to attract notice, for if you don't run after the men they will run after you.—Mark that.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puffers, she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of all decent people. She may be generally found at meeting, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you, simply because they love to do it; but they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I was a young man, I would have no more to do with such a fancy than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now, girls, let Nelly give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience that if you practice it you will gain the reputation of becoming worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, &c., but don't neglect letting your grandpa or dear mother teach you how to make bread or get a meal's victuals good enough for a king. No part of a house-keeper's duties should be neglected; if you do not marry a wealthy husband you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be an advantage for you to know how to oversee a servant girl, and trust her to do these things as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affectation is the most despicable of accomplishments, and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation—it has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through. Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming and lovely appearance as a neat, plain dress. All the flumery and tinsel work of the dress-maker and milliner are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty one particle; if you are homely, they only make you worse.—(Gentlemen don't court your faces and jewelry, but your own dear selves. Fingers and folders may do well to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk, do it naturally, and do not be so distressingly polite as to spoil all that you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling tongs to make people believe that you have negro blood in your veins.—If your neck is very black, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to dab paint, thinking that the people are so blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are not rosy, don't apply pink saucers for deception, and become the gossip of the neighborhood.)

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and ask their advice in everything. Think less of fashion than you do of kitchen duties—less of romance than you do of the realities of life—and instead of trying to catch a beau, strive to make yourself worth being caught by them.—Nelly Gray.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT.—No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark, but you should aim for it, and with every trial your skill increases.—Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you rich or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself is concerned in your action, still always and in all cases do the right. Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard ones, but they will grow easier till finally doing the right will become a habit, and to do wrong will almost seem an impossibility.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue, and those silvery tears, become her better than any ornament of gold pearls. These may be hung on the neck of any woman; but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow at her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

EVIL OF IDLENESS.—Nine tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and schemes oft baffled; and men fall in their schemes, not so much for the want of strength, as for the lack of direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it, and leaves no trace behind.

THE AVARICIOUS MAN is like the barren sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.