

SHE COMES FROM ST. LOUIS!

"On the 16th of July the steamboat Imperial arrived at New Orleans from St. Louis, the first boat between the cities for more than two years."

She comes from St. Louis! Hurrah and hurrah! She lies at the levee unmarred by a sea! No crusting guerillas could fight her back, Though longing, the Illinoisian to leap her back. No cannon to sink her, nor chain to bar her— She comes from St. Louis! Hurrah and hurrah!

Miscellaneous.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." "I wonder what that means?" said Hamilton Brent, half aloud, as he sat looking into the bright auriferous, blazhing with such a pleasant light before him. "I'm quite sure that I understand what that means when, and looking at his rags, I gave him something to do in the lumber yard, and for humanity's sake then for work, he took my warmly gloved hand in his cold one and repeated the Scripture proverb that my mother had so often taught me. I am sure I was not casting bread, in the sense I have always thought of it. Had I given a poor child a quarter, or a poor man some meat, it would have been a parallel case to this one. Both might have remembered me for a while, but with unobscured changes, the mercy of my charity might never have returned to bless me. The man may not come to work, or if he does, only stay until he gets a little money and then go to his friends if he has any, and that may end any relation we may at present or for any time sustain to each other."

Thus in the heart of the employer the matter was laid to rest, more in a pair of other ones, the promise of work being of many good things yet in store, kept hope from growing feeble and sick, and then dying in despair. From the house of Giles Davis—a home rendered cheerless now by want and suffering—went up many blessings for him who in their darkest hour had befriended them, and a doubt whether the intelligence of great fortune would have made that young wife's heart lighter than did the announcement of her husband.

"To-morrow, Ellen, I will have work—O, if to-morrow were but here!" Dreams, pleasanter than those that for weeks had visited their pillow, came to them that night, and before half of his fellow-laborers were thinking of their daily task, Giles rested himself at the office door of Hamilton Brent, to receive his share of the duties that fell to the lot of the lumber dealer.

Brent met him at the door. His punctuality, or rather extra punctuality, very pleasantly impressed his employer, himself a man of hard work, always first, and invariably last around the yard and the office.

"Ah, my man, I'm glad you have come, I didn't know but you would forget the number or something of the sort. What is your name?"

"Giles Davis."

"In a moment it stood on the day-book and ledger, in the great round letters for which Hamilton had been praised when a school-boy."

"Now go with me," Porter came in, forenoon "hand of the hands," and to his less tender mercies the new comer was given over. After the two had gone in the yard, Giles set at his task assigned him, and Porter had returned to the office, Mr. Brent said to him:

"Do not allow Davis to work hard; I guess the poor fellow has seen hard times."

"I shouldn't wonder," was the reply, "but he works as though he meant to do his duty."

"I hope he will; I like a man thoroughly in earnest in whatever he undertakes, and there is an expression in Davis' eyes that I like. I believe I can rely on a man who owns such a pair of eyes as he does," and as a hint to Porter to busy himself, Brent turned to his books.

During the day his mind did not revert to the "charity hand" as the foreman called Davis, but when at night he went to look about the yard, he found him hard at work piling some oak timber which he had promised to have measured and delivered early next morning.

"How is this?" said the careful merchant to himself; "should he be waiting to steal or burn, I must see the last of him before I leave," and so he came up to his new hand, with distrust in the heart where confidence had reigned in the morning. Thus quickly to the hour and the impulse make and have some times of our nature's highest and holiest qualities.

"Why have you not quit, Davis? The other men have gone home a long time."

"Mr. Porter wished me to pile this timber and I staid to do it, sir."

"I believe I hired you to work from seven until six, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you have no business to stay after that hour, unless I bid you. Porter had no right to impose upon you more than ten-hour labor."

"He offered me a shilling for doing

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1863.

NO. 41.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

this job, and—and—"the man's voice grew very hoarse, "times have been very hard with me—sickness and no work have kept me pretty low, and I am glad to earn an honest penny whenever I can, sir."

"That's all right; but I want to shut up, myself, and I can't wait until you get through. You must go home now."

"But then—" and the man stopped. His voice could not trust itself in words. "But then what?" said Brent, beginning to grow cold and impatient. "I was going to say, sir, that I should have nothing to eat until to-morrow; I was to go to Porter's house on my way home and get the shilling, and I would not ask for it before my work was done."

"Do you do this for money to buy something to eat?"

"That is all, sir."

"Here is your day's earnings," handing him his six pence, a dollar. "Let the lumber go. I will see to that in the morning."

"All this for me? I am working, sir, not begging; there was a flash of independent dignity in his eyes that Brent liked to see."

"I hired you," was the cool business answer, "to pay you as I do other men whom I have to work. I would give you more if I could afford it, I would certainly be a heathen to give a man who has a family to support in a city like Boston, anything less than six dollars a week."

"This is to be your place, and your master, until you get a better one somewhere else. But I must look up, and must go home."

Who shall describe that home made glad by a few comforts to which it had long been a stranger? All the way to Boston street, Hamilton Brent thought of it, and after he sat down to his own dinner, pictured the supper-table in the "vint" room, the cotter piece at the altar of thankfulness. To his naturally hospitable, whose heart was ever open to deeds of charity, he told the sad story, and promised to find the next day where they lived, that from the boundaries he had been blessed with Giles Davis' home might be yet happier and pleasanter."

The next morning he did not forget to ask Giles where he lived, and after dark the housekeeper and her son paid a St. Nicholas visit to the room designated, leaving their basket upon the platform in front of the door, with nothing to show from within it came, but the two letters "H. B." burned upon the handle.

Barly and late was Giles Davis at work, and the ragged "charity hand," that at first the men in the yard had shunned, grew to be a source of pride to his employer down to Tip, the little fellow who made fires and did the errands of the office. The old housekeeper, after being caught in her second visit to St. Nicholas, used to go in and chat with the little woman, whose hand and life grew marvellously strong as the better time coming gleamed upon her.

"Hope on her to her heavenly reward. And woe to her who has her hand."

pinned to it, Giles received a little package, and opening it in his pleasant home, found it to contain one-fourth interest in the lumber yard, provided Mrs. Davis would consent to occupy the home in Heaton street, in company with her husband, Hamilton Brent, and her old friends the matronly housekeeper and her son. Mrs. Davis was not unreasonable. She went, carrying with her but the sweet smiles that had made her humble home a paradise for her husband; and as Hamilton Brent enjoyed the pleasantness of the group that lingered in the moonlight of history of his ancestral mansion, his heart understood at length the blessedness of the command, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

John Clark and his Fortune.

"Never mind the house John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clark's wife.

She was a bright little thing only twenty years old. And how brightly and bewitchingly she shone a star among the company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clark. "I believe he hated me—believe they all hate me."

"Hush dear," said his wife. "I bought to John Clark, my dear beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation during the last two years, and his determination to improve in all respectable things, my one-horse chaise which has stood in my barn twenty-five years, requesting that he will repair it or cause it to be repaired, in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people dithered and seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire—he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he tried to be good, and that is all he thought of!"

"Wish you much joy," said the red-headed youth, with a broad grin as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow but a little while hand laid on his arm, restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny with a smile; pray don't notice them for my sake, dear John."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, to whom he left a good deal of his money, "served him right for marrying the ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he speculated a good deal on the old man's generosity."

To which she added in a whisper that only her own heart heard:

"He might have had me—he had the chance; and I loved him better than any one else—better than little simpleton Jenny Brazier."

"Now we shall see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt. "He came very pious just because he expected a fortune from his poor dead brother; but we must see how much of a change there is in John Clark—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"A one-horse chaise," said Spriggs laughing, "what a fortune."

And so it went from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some of them already rich—had offered the poorest man among them (the owner of a one-horse chaise) any of the bequest left to him or her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is that everybody had promised that John Clark, a poor motherly boy, should come to ruin, and they wanted this prophecy to prove a true one. He had in his youth, been wild and somewhat profligate in the early years of his manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger; and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will after they had returned to the poor little cottage that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said, cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them—I won't let them think I was the least discouraged; that would please them too well. We are doing finely and you know, if they cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortable. Isn't our home a happy one, if it is small. And oh! John, by and by!"

An eloquent blush—a glance toward her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework—told the story; that ever new story, innocence, beauty and helplessness.

For once, John Clark stopped the "go-skip's" work. He held his head up manfully, worked steadily at his trade, and every step he took seemed a sure advance and an upward one.

Only six months ago when the railway company paid into John Clark's hand a very handsome sum for the privilege of cutting a railway through his little field.

A handsome body, a beautiful and industrious wife, and a good round sum from the railway company; thought John, with an honest exultation; "well, this is indeed living."

"John," said his wife, raising from her work, "look there!"

He did, and saw the old one-horse chaise dragged by a stalwart laborer.

"Master says he will have the old barn going to be pulled down, so he sent the shay," said the laborer.

"Thanking for nothing," said John, "but I suppose I shall have to get out of his eyes."

"John, you can spare a little money to have the old chaise done up, can't you? You ought to, according to your uncle's will," said Jenny.

"The old trash!" muttered John. "But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes! I suppose I could do that," said John, modified.

"Then I'd have it done," said Jenny; "and bless me, I'd keep it too. You've got a very good horse, and can easily have the old chaise made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in."

"Well, I'll send it over to Heaton's to-morrow, and see what he'll do for it," said John.

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come over to his shop!" shouted the wheelwright's apprentice on the following day at the top of his stout lungs.

"Old Joe Hemp is there, and says how he's right down glad. It's hundred, and hundreds and—"

"Stop, boy! What does he mean, Jenny?" cried John, putting the baby in the cradle, face downwards.

"My patience, John! just look at the child—the precious darling! I'm sure I don't know John. I'd go over and see," said Jenny.

"That's my fun, I tell you," said the boy while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! guess you'll say 'no' to me when you come to see all them gold things, and the papers."

This added wings to John's feet, and a moment he stood breathless in the wheelwright's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried Joe Hemp.

"Look here! what'll you take for that old chaise? I'll give you four hundred," cried the wheelwright in great glee.

"Four hundred!" repeated John Clark, in aghast.

"Yes—just look at it! You're a rich man, sir, and I am glad of it. You deserve to be rich. What do you suppose, the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild joy that filled the heart of Clark when he found the old chaise lined with old bank notes? I mean the cushions, the linings and every place where they could be put without injury."

Poor John—or rather rich John—his head was nearly turned. If required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipage of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming-top.

Now he bent over to his red-headed cousin who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle!

Professional Etiquette.

A writer in the Cornhill Magazine says: Some years ago a gentleman, who lived in a somewhat lonely part of the country, was asked to go and see a poor neighbor who was very ill. On his arrival he found the man at the point of death and extremely anxious to see a clergyman. The visitor went to the house of a clergyman who lived near, and told him of the dying man's wish. The clergyman replied that his parish he could not interfere, nor would any remonstrance induce him to do so.

An eminent lawyer was so fortunate as to be made the heir of a rich and childless old man, who, falling ill, showed him his will, by which it appeared that the testator had given a life interest only to his intended heir. When this was pointed out to the sick man he said, "Yes, but I understood you to say you meant never to marry?" "I may have said so," was the answer, "but I certainly did not seriously mean it, and at any rate, I should not wish you to act upon that assumption."

The sick man, "draw up the will so as to give yourself the absolute property, and I will execute it." The lawyer replied that he could not make a will in his own favor, and before another lawyer could be found the testator had died, and the mistake had become irrevocable.

A gentleman was "prisoned" but escaped with his life; the person remained in his body and caused him grievous suffering. He employed certain unscrupulous remedies, and by means of them, he considered, he was able to get the poison out of his system. He went to an eminent physician and described his case. The physician said: "I will treat you on the supposition that you really have got rid of the poison, but don't tell it to me, for the remedy, which as you say has got it out, is not recognized by the profession."

These illustrations are instances taken from the three learned professions of a sort of secret code of laws, of which the outside world understands neither the principles nor the application, but which exercise a wider influence than most people would suppose over proceedings of some of the most important classes of the community. Such rules are almost always a popular, and even if they are acknowledged to be such, and submitted to unwillingly by the public, though they almost all peculiar jurisdictions, they do not seem to be regarded with a strange sort of unreasoning loyalty by those who are subject to their provisions.

In all professions a feeling springs from the very root. Professional men like professional rules because they are usually founded on the principles that the profession to which they apply is something extremely valuable, as such, considered in exactness, is more of a corresponding degree of respect. The public view them with impatience, and at times even with disgust, because they are generally disposed to look upon them as organized hypocrisy; but because, at all events, they do not like to admit that any class has a right to claim any sort of permanent superiority over others.

OPTICAL ILLUSION.—The Richmond Examiner is responsible for the following illustration of optical illusion:

Three young men, handsomely dressed sat by the well fountain in Capital square yesterday morning, smoking and chatting pleasantly and leisurely. While thus engaged in willing away time, a respectable looking citizen, whose head was rather grayish and expression somewhat stern and cynical, took a seat on the same bench, and managed to glide into the conversation, turning its course, meanwhile, to the army. At length he asked:

"How is it, gentlemen, that you, in the full tide of health, with apparently plenty of time and money, well brought up, and all that—how is it that you sit here idly, and see others fighting and being butchered up, and sickening to death for your sake?"

"Well," responded one (the army would suit me well enough, but for one thing; if you will pull off that neatly fitting shoe and roll up my drawers, you will find a leg made of leather straps and iron ribs. The original I left at Sherrisburg. As for me," remarked the second, "if you will take the trouble to feel this left arm, you will discover that the bone between the shoulder blade and the elbow, to the length of about five inches, has been removed. When I stand upon my right foot, also, I am balancing on my toes, the heel being gone. Result of bullets in the second battle of Manassas?"

The third youth scarcely knew what to say, but looked daggers at the cynical old soldier, and finally broke out: "The same sort of talk forced me in. I was a skating skeleton when I joined, the first march I broke down, got put in one of the meanest hospitals in the country, and can't get out paralyzed in one side." (Here he held up a shriveled and a lifeless arm.) "And may I ask, Sir," he added, "what keeps you out? You seem to be in excellent vigor." "Me? I? Why—ahem!" "Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil have a drop."

If we had choice of a wife with ten thousand pounds and a bad temper, and one with a sixpence, and a sweet good temper, we should take the latter at once, or we are a bigger fool than we suspect ourselves of being. We deliberately believe that ten thousand pounds five times told could not be made to procure as much happiness as a sweet tempered wife yields. And as much as men love money, the greater and best part of them will judge as we do. So girls, cultivate a sweet temper as the best dowry you can bring a husband.

A dandy, sinking a sugar, having entered a "mongering" the proprietor to request him to take the weed from his mouth. "Just he should teach the other monkeys bad habits."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

COUSINING.

A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in that city only a day or two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street.

Finally his visit became a visitation, and the merchant found after the lapse of a few days, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly, he went to the man who kept the livery stable and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very well," said the stable keeper, "I understand you."

"Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill of course was presented to him.

"Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. my relative will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please get an order from Mr. — it will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the gentleman, "well good bye sir."

"Well, about my horse; the man said the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not."

MARRIAGE.—If there is a tie deemed sacred on earth, and holy in a brighter land, it is that which binds man to his kindred spirit—to become as one in unity and love; and yet it rarely happens that he properly appreciates the kindness and sincerity of the female heart, by setting right value on a gentle so productive of happiness to the possessor. There is nothing in life so pure and devoted as the unapproachable love of woman—more precious than the gems of Golconda, and more devout than the idolatry Mecca, and more unsealed and gushing tenderness which flow from the fount of the female heart.

It may here with propriety be asked, what so often enhances the sorrow of the female heart, causing many anxious days and sleeping nights? Is it not for the inconstancy of man? For whose sake does she bid adieu to the home of her childhood? For whom does she leave the loved father and the doting mother and the sweet sister who played with her in fancy? To whom does she cling with a fond embrace, when all but her have forsaken him?

When it is Dark.

The following beautiful sentiment is taken from "Messrs. Carl's Sketch Book," entitled "The Night of Heaven." It is full of touching tenderness—"It is dark when the honorable and honest man sees the result of long years swept away by the knavish, heartless 'obscurity.' It is dark when he sees the clouds of sorrow gather around and devour the hopes and happiness of others as fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be true consolation, and assure him even here on earth of gleams of light in heaven. It is dark when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the light, pattering feet resound without the threshold, or ascend step by step the stairs. Dark, when some well-known air recalls the strains once sung by the childish voice now hushed in death. Darkness; but only the gloom which heralds the dawning of immortality and the infinite light of heaven."

WORRYING AND LAUGHING.—A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering place, met a lady who seemed to be horrying on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid and her brow wore the severe contraction indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

Some years after he encountered this same lady, but so bright, and fresh, and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself if he had not deceived himself in regard to her identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a doleful appearance at the Spring several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madame, the secret of your cure. What means did you use to attain such vigor of mind and body, such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh—that's all."

ASKING FOR A PASS.—A good story is told by the Buffalo Courier of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of that city, who is equally renowned for making and taking a joke. A railroad engineer, whose home is in Avon, came one Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"Well, now, supposing you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad company, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

"This seemed a poser, but it wasn't. "No," said the man promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but, if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a damned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."

"Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass in his pocket, good for twelve months."

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

"Sam why don't you talk to massa, and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What for? What do use of laying up treasures here, when he never sees 'em again?"

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Patrick, where's Bridget? "In daddo man's house's fast asleep looking at the bread baking."

Mrs. Parthington says, that Iko, who has just returned from France, speaks French like a Parisianer."