Poetical.

For the Herald The Farewell of Joan of Arc.

VOL. 63.

may read,

his host.

'Sometimes.'

and set pinks '

at her task till completed.

dierous solemnity.

Deeply I he said, with a kind of lu-

"We' en beautiful stock," she said.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

And you may tell Nellie. George, that she

is s ill first in my affections ; my allegiance ; stood the threatened shock Fancy this love

ly rural retreat inhabited by two ultra fash

ionable ladies, · got up' in the latest style of crinoline. flonnce and fashion, discoursing the

eyes, that drooped so languidly last eve

' Do you garden, Mr. Greaves ?'

your loving brother etc. etc.'

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY J. H. Farewell, ye hills, ye pastures much beloved,

Ye calm, familiar valos, farewell! No more Joanna'll wander o'er your verdant turf! Joanna says to you, for ave farewell ! Ye dewy meads that I have watered off, Ye tender trees, transplanted by my hand, In semplternal freshness joyous bloom * Farewell ye grottes, and ye cooling springs! Thou echo, pleasing voice of this sweet vale, Which oft has given answer to my song, Joanna goes, and never more returns Ye places of my quiet, peaceful joys I leave you all for ever more behind ! Ye lambs, disperse yourselves upon the heath; A flock without a shepherd now are you, For I am called to tend another flock On yonder bloody, dang' rous field of strife. So is the spirit's call that comes to me. What moves me is no idle, earthborn wish, For He who on Mount Horeb's sacred heights Appeared to Moses, in the burning bush, And ordered him before proud Pharaoh To stand, and plead his chosen peop'e's cause; Who once selected Jesse's pious son, A shopherd boy, to be his warrior ; Who always to the shepherds favor showed, He spoke to me from out this spreading tree "Go hence, to testify for me on earth,

In rough, hard metal thou shalt lace thy limbs, With steel protect thy young and tender breast ; No love of man can ever touch thy heart With sinful flames of empty, earthly lust; The bridal wreath shall ne'er adorn thy locks No lovely child shall flourish at thy breast; Yet thee with martial glory I'll adorn, Surpassing all the publist dames of earth. For when the bravest in the war grow faint. And when the pending fate of France draws near Then thou wilt bravely bear my oriflamme, And, as the snee 'v reaper fells the corn. Wilt strike to earth the haughty conqueror ; The wheel of h is good fortune thou wilt turn, Bring resease to the hero so is of France, Deliver Rheims and joyful crown thy king '

A sign the God of heaven has promised me. He sent to me this helm, it comes from him, With God like power its iron touches me, The might of cherubin inflames my breast, 'Twill draw me far away to din of arms. And drive me forth with stormlike violence. The war-cry strongly urging me, I bear. The warhouse prances, and the frumpets sound. Carlisle, Dec. 18/3

.Miscellaneous.

A GOOD MATCH. BY MARY E. CLARKE.

' Your blue mushin, Hattie, and make those pretty rolls under your net. The present style of hair suits your face to perfection. ' A rat, two mice, a waterfall, and a you interested in cows and pigs? pork-pie hat? Yes; and, Hattie, the blue net with

heavy tassels. 'Your are very particular, this evening

cle's hobbies. And then you shall se-Hattie stopped at the door, looked at Lightning." her aunt with a sort of questioning expression. Mrs. Hall bore the look for a ' A horse ?1 moment with composure, but under its; steady pertenacity, she crimsoned and of a sea-captain, who wanted to adopt me grew fidgetty till a little embarrassed when I was about ten years old. Auntie laugh broke the silence.

"toow you stare. Hattie !" "Aunt Kate, and the young girl's face presents, generally brought from abroad grew erimson, ' you are not going to show |

ine off again Now, Hattie, what a queer child you are! Most girls would feel grateful for

such pains as I take with you I am The black one? sure, last winter I spared no pains to----"Get me off you" hands! There, his unsparing admiration don't be angry 1 know the kindness of [

your motives; but, auntie dear, it is wind spuited and hinghry, he is loving pains wasted. I can't be facemating to to me, and as gentle as a lamb Now

There was another pause in the con- She gave a clear musical whistle of versation. Hattie stood in the doorway our or five notes And he nawered ---But he role a cach horse to Dunbury Cross, And saw ay ung hidy jump on a black horse. With her hair down in ringlets and every day a He finds she makes music whe ever she goes?" her wrapper falling off her white, dim-Lightning stopped eating. Arching pled shoulders, her pretty face flushed. is neck, he bent his delicate head to listen. Again the whistle, and then, and her blue eyes half laug' ing, half angry. Suddenly she jarked out the ques with a long, elastie strides, he cleared the field, leaped an intervening fence, swept across another meadow, and stood

near the house.

I'm off for the doctor."

And, putting the child carefully in the

arms auntie held out, she gave her whis-

tle and was off again down the road, her

curls flying out under her broad hat, and

both hands hidden in the hair of Light

'To the village. You may well stare, Mr. Greaves, but the people here know Hattie

well, and it is useless to keep her within

bounds in the country. She is a perfect far-

"Bu the danger! That horse is so fleet."

Where has she gone?" I asked.

her aunt

ning's mane.

m+r's girl.'

shoulders, as he writes to his brother you | for her little patient. Midnight Charge of the Mule Bri-Milton paced up and down the piazza watching for the return of the Arabian and his little rider. The morning's clouds gath ered thickly, and drenching rain commenced o fall. Everything was thoroughly saturated, before, far down the road, he saw the black speck. Larger and larger it grew, till

opera and ball room, and flourishing up and the brave horse swept up the avenue to de-down the scales of Verdi's atrocities. The posit its half-drowned rider. posit its half-drowned rider. formidable niece is pretty, as my uncle said but rather too marked in her attentions to 'James ! James [' The call brought the stable boy, who, heedless of the rain, as his young mistress stood patiently to hear hre directions for her pets Fanoy the gentleman's astonishment, the next day, when the breakfast-table comfort. Not till he was led away did she party met him. Mrs. Hall, cool and comfortable in her white wrapper, and wide hat drooped mournfully, the curls hung in long, wet strings, from the chintz dress hair screwed up in pins; and Hattie, with a pretty chintz dress, and floating the water poured in little streams but the blue eyes were unclouded, and the little curls, sublimely composed under his most complimentary speeches. The soft blue

mouth smiling 'How is Willie?" Better. Your aunt has doctored him. ning, now flashed a merry answer to his soft spreches, till he found himself at horse can bring him. He wanted me to ease with the naturally graceful niece of | come in his gig like a lady, but 1 preferred

to travel by Light ing, like _____" "A tom-boy I" cried Mrs. Hall, from the window. "Come in, you wet tormeut, and dress yourself for domer." 'I am going to take advantage of this "Blue dress, auntie, and net?" whispered cloudy day to do a week's work in the Hattie, souchly, as she passed her anot. garden. Uncle is going to town; annt is "Our good match is pretty thoroughly disdeep in preserving duties ; so, if you are enchanted by this time." not afraid of soiling your wristbands, you Such a merry atternoon and evening !-

may come and help me to up rose-bushes, Willie's wounds were dressed, and the roga mother sent to hum. The pouring rain kept homefolks within doors, and Milton under If he was afraid of his wristbands, she took, by Mrs. Half's request, to keep Haitle was utterly regardless of her little white hands Into the dark m uld, seratched

The blue mushin came down again, with by the thorns, lifting the heavy spide. out the silk waist, and the soft curls fell unor down to the trowel depth, she worked bound over the round sh utders; but Verdi was put aside for Scotch melodies, and Flo-"How very kind you have been ?" she tow, whil Milton's clear voice chined with llattie's, as the words gamed new power said, at last, standing up before him.from her heart tones, and the twilight found This would have taken me all day alone. hem sentimental over "Auld Robin Grey. come to the pump to wash our fingers. 'Going home ?'' l'attu's voice dell a whole and then I will show you the place. Are actave, as sice pared up and down the piezza. "I have been here six weeks now, and-

and ought to go home." 'No more rides, no drives, no walks except in sölemn state or loneliness !" said Hats they walked on. "It is one of untie, deletally,

"Shad you miss me, then ?" 'Ot e urse!" The answer was half pet i.h

'Give me permission to return, then," and " Mine! I once captivated the heart he took her hand in his; "to return as - as a super to, this hand "You lorget yourself strangely," she said. not consenting, he has done the next best au http://withdrawing/her/hand.-"Miss thing by giving me the most extravagant Martin might question your right to make the proposal usa Martin, I don't understand. Nel-He procured this horse when but a foal.

le Martin is engaged to my brother, but and presented it to me, certain of its behow this affects me, 1 ing a pure Arabian. There !" and she "Your brother ! Then you were not engage pointed across a field. - "Do you see him? od all this time?"

'Not to n v knowledge," Even her enthus asm was satisfied a 'Oh 'ann Kate!" whisperel Hattie and hea her merry laugh rang out, to Milton'

'Is he not a beauty? Fleet as the extreme discomfiture and astoni-liment Days after, when still a mest, Milton had vou the promise he covered, he told. Hattie his first impression, and she song, "The rate and the mile they mode such a strift-the was firshtened, ait to death at the thought of such a wight?

A correspondent with the Army of

he Cumberland writes as follows : During the advance of Hooker's cour nand upon the enemy, near Lookout Mountain, an incident occurred that is worth relating, and one which I believe has never been made public, notwith-

The Carlisle Herald.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1863.

standing the fact that it was at the time of its occurrence a subject of merriment at the expense of the rebels. You will remember that Hooker moved on Lookheed Milton's entreaties to come in. The out Mountain very cautiously from the west side While engaged in the movement up the valley, owing to some cause

unknown to me, a stampede among the mules took place. It was in the dead of night, when both armies were resting from the fatigues of the previous day, 'Dr. Lewis will be here as fast as his and the sentinel's tread was the only sound that disturbed the universal quiet.

Rushing from the wagons, to the num-No love like mother love ever was shown ; ber of about thirty, the mules made for No other worship abides and endures, the enemy's lines like frightened sheep. Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours The drivers were awakened by the noise None like a in ther can charm away pain just in time to witness the disappearance if the animals through our advanced Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep pickets. The enemy's pickets were not

caught happing Hearing the mule bri-- gade learning across the valley, they mis-Fail on your shoul lers again as of old ; took them for Yankee cavalry, discharged let it fillover my forehead to night, Shading my faint eyes away from the light; their muskets at the supposed "Yanks" For with its s may edged at address once more, Daply will the ng the sae t visions of yore; wund full back upon a battailion stationed ! a little in the rear of them, with the cry Lovingty, settly, its bright belows sweep ! that the enemy were upon them. The Rock me to skeep mother, rock me to skeep battalion, partaking of the alarm, sprang Mother, door in ther, the years have been bong to arms only in time to hear the sound since this chushed to your fullably sing : of the freightend nules whose race was since then, and unto my coul a shall seen, Womanhood's years have been but a dream, not checked by the vol cy from the pickets They retreated also a whoit dis- With your light lishes just sweeping my face, tance to a point where a whole rebel bri- | Never hereafter to wake or to weep. grde had stacked their arms, and were hoc-me to sloop, mother, rock up to sloop calmly dreaming of home and battle

dead than alive from fright, with the excla-There is nothing half so sweet in life, nation, ' Heoker has surprised us ; his cavmation, 'Heoker massarprised us, messar thalf sole minut, so account and alry is upon us." The valitations of Mars ble as a "nice girl." Not a pretty, or a gues, but made the fastest pedestrian time, dashing, or an elegant girl, but a nice on record back to the main force, leaving girl. One or those lovely, lively, goodupon the field, for the mule bri ade, over tempered good . stited, sweet-faced, amie thous and stand of arms, among which able, near, happy, confustic creatures met were were three hundred new Eaffeid rill ', within the sphere of bonne diffusing adarkets, small arms, haap-acks, &c. - 'round the domestic hearth the influence Meastrine, our teamsters had given the round the domestic hearth the influence allociant a force was sent of for the round the goodness like the essence of sweet covery of the moles, and in a flow hours the flowers.

expedition inaugurated by the males, re- A nice girl is not the languishing beau-turned to our lines with the voluable spoils. [17, dawdling on the s far and discussing this is no timey sketch; its correctness the last novel or opera; or, the giraffe reached for by a member of General like creature sweeping majestically Thomas saff who was present when the exedition returned. It will be recollected

as it has report of Hooker's vectory, Gen-The nice girl may not even dance or and the cars much they begins of a most play well, and knows nothing about your captured. You mean and with many "using her eyes," or conjusting with a of your readers, were no doubt at a loss to fan. She is not given to sensation noviscover by what productigitatorial process cls, she is too busy. At the open, she a reactors were token that prisoners. In is not in front showing her bare should the malagest charge of the mule large level of in front showing her bare shoul you have a solution of the piculien. Through dense but sits: quictly-and unobtrasively its and, a barge an oant of valuable stars. —it the back of the box most blacky —

Phenomenon of Death.

Those who have ever been recovered from drowning or hanging say that, previous to the advent of unconsciousness, they have seen a panorama of their whole previous existence, of which not the smallest incident, thought, or feeling has lust; and it is thence inferred that all human beings at the moment of dissolution, experience this awful resurrection of the dead past. Yet that the phenomena do not invariably attend the act of drowning, is manifest from the very in-NO. 49. teresting and detailed account left us by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his "Autobiography, of his narrow escape in the River Pau when a boy." He states that bis feeling was that of intencs happiness and pla-HOME AND WIFE ON THE SATURDAY cidity, combined with a general impress-NIGHT. This is one of Fanny Fern's ion of a green color, such as fields or garhappiest efforts: "Happy is the man who dens, and that his first and only pain has a little home and a little angel in it was when he was taken out of the water, on a Saturday night A home, no matter and his lungs were once more inflathow little, provided it will hold two or so --- no matter how furnished, provided ed with atmospheric air. But he may there is hope in it! Let the wind blow not have reached the point at which the - close the curtains ! What if they are memory is preternaturally excited. It is calico, or plain, without border or tassel, not difficult to believe that the last action or any such thing? Let the rain come of the brain my be a supreme revolution down-heap up the fire. No matter it of its own impressions. The concentrayou haven't a candle to bless yourself tion of a whole life in a single moment or two indeed marvelous; but the sense of with, for what a beautiful light glowing coals make, reddening, clouding, siceting, time seems to have very little to do with the actual duration of time. The idea of sunset through the little room-just suf cternity. or the lapse of infinite ages, is often experienced in the course of a dream which can only have lasted a very short period. This is especially the case with ihe opium-eater, but it will occur even with those who do not indulge in that pernicious narcotic.

All the Year Round.

THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE"-The following item from the correspondence of the St. Loui's Republican, while displaying considerable of the old leaven of prejudice, is good evidence of the go-shead character of the true Yankee, who carries? his "institutions" with him :---

"Baton Rouge has degenerated, and is now nothing more than a Yankee village. The greater part of the male population have gone into the rebel rarks, and the fethere is a secret between us, viz: it is a males have either departed for the heart of Dixie, or else take their souff in the secla-Divie, or else take their soun in the secu-sion of back porlors, where the Yankees en-tereth not. Yankee cavalry kick up the dust; Yankee idiom is the medium for the interchange of ideas on the street; the rell of Yankee drums has superseded the tinkle of the ubiquitous piano; and the "Bonnie Blue Flag." which hears but one single star, has given place to 'John Brown's Bodr.'' In walking the streets you can almost fancy that you hear the sound of the hammer of the shoemakers of Lynn; and he other day, in the course of a prospecting tour, to see if there was anything left that I had not seen before, I was electrified by coming suddenly upon a sign of 'Freah Doughnuts for Sale I' Shades of the Cavalier

and Hu uenot. Fresh Doughnuts !" A TRAVELLED CAT. - A wonderful instance f feline affection occurred a short time ago. A person named Marsh Allen residing at Willoughton, England, who is in a very delicate state of health, went to Hull to put vealthy friend happens to present them with himself under medical treatment, leaving his few flowers from his conservatory, and cat, which is under twelve months old, af Willoughton. One day, after he had been there some time, happening to go into the back yard of the house at which he was stay. room for the balliant but scentless exotics. amilar tashion; and perhaps it would be ing, he observed a cat sitting on the outer wull. He carelessly called "Pussy," when well for their fastidions "lords and masters" i jut down the tollowing lines upon the tab the animal, to his great sorprise, jumped from the wall, rushed upon his shoulders and into his bosom, commenced licking his face, and exhibiting every other evidence of delight and affection of which he was capable. 's A j-wel of price to a 1 men-sive a fool. lle at once perceived that it was his own cat ----which he had left safely at Willoughton ; and the his astonishment at the startlin race, that Allen was very fond of the animal and, in his sickness had been in the habit of taking it to bed with him. SOCIAL TATTLE -At a small evening party an elderly lady mentioned a family of the name of Homer, much respected in ent, with the pleasantry adapted to small am, are they descended from great Homgreat emphasis: Oh, yes, sir; and not a in history ?" "high and low class" certainly does exist in class? Why, the orderly, the sober, the quiet. the law-loving and the peace-preserving enizens, without reference to rich or poor. Wer, it otherwise, society could not hang together for an hour. Who constituted "the low class" but the law-breakers, the peace-disturbers, or riotous, the brawling mebrates, and the incorrigible loafers ?yot the poor, for there are at least as many poor among the sober, and the quiet portion of the community as rich. The distinction of "high and low" in classes, when properly defined, involves no invidious sarcasm or ignominious degradation of the poor. Who constitute the police? The poor. If the sheriff calls out his posse comitatus, who obey the call? Not the rich, but the poor. Who fights the battles of the courtry in war? The poor. Who produce property, and then protect it but the poor ? We have but two classes, the idle and the il strious, and the 'atter only discharge all the duties of good citizens:

TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

ROCK ME. TO SLEEP. Backward, turn backward, O. Time in your flight, lake me a child again just for to night! Mother, come back from the ocholess shore, Take me argin to your heart as of yore : Kiss from my forchead the furrows of care, Smooth the fiw silver threads out of my hair.

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep Buckward, flow backward. O fide of the years I am so weary of tolls and of tears, Toll without recompense : tears all in vain, Take them and give me my childhood again : I have nown weary of dust and decay, Weary of thinging my soul-wealth away, Weary of sowing for others to reap;

Rock me to sleep mether, rock me to sleep Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Mat y a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded or faces between, Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain Long 1 to night for your presence again; Come from the silence so long and so deep;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep Over my ligart. In days that are flown, From the sick soul and the world weary brain; Slumber's oft calm ofer my heavy lids creep ;

Cana lot your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

A Nico Girl scenes. In rushed the battalion, more

ficient to talk by; not loud, as in the hurrying world-but softly, whisperingly, with pause between them, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up. Then wheel the sofa round before the fire, no matter if the sofa is a settee; uncushioned at that, if so, may be it is just long enough for two, or say, two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells, from time to time, falls on the listening ears then? How mournfully swell the chimes of the days that are no more ! Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty nine and a half statute miles nearer · kingdom come' than at any other point in the world laid down in Malte Brun.

May be you smile at this picture ; but true as the Pentateuch of an original in every human heart."

HOMELY HINTS FOR HUSBANDS --- If you fail in raising the wild abroad, that is no reason why you should kick up a breeze at home. No soil favors the cultivation of spare time so well as domes ic hearth.? Bewaro of hidnog the family bread-basket in Lour. wine metchant's limmper .-- Keep-vour passion flower outside the walts of YOUR hor estead. It cultivated within doors, they are apt to scatter seeds of dissension around the family table. Embrace a "golden oppormenty' with caution ; like a fashienable friendship, it too often turns out a "golden

fleece." If your wi's pins a fresh rosebud in yo'r buttouchole when you go'f rth to busi-ness in the morning be careful to present her with heart-ease on your return at night. Some men grow sufferily ashamed of an unassuming pot of fragrant mionon-tte if a hide it away in some obscure corner, to make Wives are not unfrequently treated after a

is of their mentories: As the myrtle whose perfume enriches the bower, a is prozed to beyond even the gauliest flower; So a wife who a hous hold can skiftfully rule,

POPULAR DANISH STORY .--- In illage of Ebberup, in Funen, there lived be readily imagined On examining the ana very wealthy farmer, who had to go one | imal he found that its claws were completeday to Assens with a load of barley; so ly worn off with walking, and that it present-one of his n ighbors, a cottager, asked great tatigue. How it must be that it present-it and the second leave to go along with him for the sake the Humber, or indeed in performing the of fetching home some goods in the empty journey (about fifty miles) at all, must now cart The farmer had no objection; so remain a mystery. It may be mentioned, the cattager followed the cart on foot, and as parily accounting for the violent offec as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his tion shown by this poor member of the feline wor-ted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the back of the cart It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the roadside The man had got a little way behind the cart, so he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit It struck a certain neighborhood. Somebody preshim that as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear evening parties, exclaimed: "Pray, mada bit of the sermon, as he could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to er ?" On which the old lady replied, with go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the little proud are they of it, I can assure see about the dinner; always cheerful door The Gospel for that day was about you?" and aght hearted. She never ceases to the rich man and the beggar. Just as abbe, who was introduced at a dinner parthe traveler entered the church, the min- ty to a gentleman of the name of Robinwhen she will polka with the boys, and ister should out, "but what became of son, celebrated for dressing in rather an sing old songs, and play old tunes to her the rich man?" The Ebberup mass eccentric costume—a green coat, buntthought the minister was speaking to him. ing-cap, and buckskin breeches. The as he stepped forward and said, 'He drove abbe thrice lifted his fork to his month, on to Assens with a load of barley "- and thrice laid it down, with an eager "No ?" thundered the minister. "he went stare of surprise, then suddenly burst out to hell." "Mercy on us," cried the other, with : "Excuse me, sir, are you the running out of the church, "then I must famous Robinson Crusoe, so remarkable look after my shees and stockings ?" Too SMART .- We konw of a man in a certain Western city who was very fond of ducks, but, on account of the number all cities. But who constitute the high bought at market, was not unfrequently troubled with tough ones One day, wishing for a goodly number, he went to the poultry dealer, and said that he was an afflicted boarding-house keeper-that his blarders were ravenous, especially when things w re young and tender. " Nor," said our character with wink, "I want you to pick out all the tough ones -all the tough ones-you've got." The delighted dealer finds no difficulty in picking out a number of tough ones Are these all the really tough ones you have got ?" " All !" was the reply. "Then," said our epicure, "I'll take all of the other lot, if you please." THE BALLET TROUP. .- When is the bally

'Who is it now, aunt Kate?' 'There, Hattie, do come round That's beside his little mistress.

Milton caressed and petted him, but a good girl. Your uncle is going to his head rested against Hattie, his eyes bring his partner's nephew out to spend a few weeks at T---. It is a splendid were for her only, till, obedient to a sigmatch. His uncle has the care of his nal, he knelt like a dog before her. "If e will not be satisfied now unless he property, and says it is enormous. He is an adopted son of Greaves, the millioncarries me," she said, blushing. "But are, who left him all his property They he will walk."

She was on his back, one little white say he is very liberal to his mother, and has started all his brothers in business. hand nestling in his long mane, as she spoke, but she kept him at a walking Now, Hattie !'

The appealing pathos of her tone was pace, as she did the honors of the farm. too much for Hattie's gravity. She burst into a fit of hearty laughter, and ran off the house, she still seated on Lightning's for having broken his vow, that he cut to perform her task of dressing for con- back, he sauntering beside her, when a ery of pain, a long wailing ery, broke quest.

Even aunt Kate was satisfied with the the hum of busy life around them .result The blue muslin, cut in the most | Lightning stood still as they listened -fashionable style, with its peasant waist of azure silk, showed the white round arms and shoulders, and defined the del- the men running across the fields. icate, tapering waist; the fair soft hair. rolle back in waving profusion, was gathered into a blue silk net, drooping stood aghast. Without saddle or bridle, low on the neck, its cuiling masses threatshe seemed to him rushing to destruction. ening to burst the pretty barrier The long, clastic strides of the norse soon

distanced the men running to the spot, Bent upon being a 'good girl,' she greeted the tall, stately visitor, with finand Milton saw the young girl spring ished courtesy, conversed of all the win down and kneel on the ground. Anoth ter's amusements, talked ball and opera. er moment, and she stood erect with hallet and concert, as if the w ving trees something in her arms. Ine docile ant were not whispering an invitation to na ture's music, and she were not longing to nestling again in Lightching 8 mane. obey the summons She sang Verdi's last agosizing yells till she was crimson with exertion, and she fanned herself gracefully, as she acknowledged Milton Greaves' compliments ; but in her own for ge tleness, Again and again the'ery room, she tore off her net, and paced the of pain brake from the child, but the soothed the sufferer. around her shoulders.

'Haven't I said I wouldn't do it? she said, stamping her little foot, 'And here I am in the traces, working as meekly as auntie could desire, to secure this 'good match' I won't! I won't do it! Come in l' for a quick rap interrupted her passionate soliloquy.

' My dear,' said aunt Kate, coming in a softly, I came to tell you you needn't wear your best wrapper in the morning. He's engaged !'

'Engaged ? How delightful !' 'I am glad you think so," said her aunt, ruefully.

'Then I may do just as I please?' "I suppose so There is no profit in wasting one's ammunition. And to think

how lovely he looked, to-night, and how splendidly you sang the air from Travia tal And he is engaged to Miss Nellie Martin.' Never mind, suntie; there is as good

'There is no danger. Hatte was but ten yeers old when Captain Willis gave her Lightring; then a foal; they are old play-fellows. Hush, Willie dear; there's a good fish in the sea as ever were caught !' : ' Haftie !' how vulgar !

'That's the principal, auntie, in homeli-tle man ly language.

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THE ORIGIN OF TEA.-The following story concerning the origin of tea, goes current among the Chinese ; Darma, the

son of an Indian King, came into China about the year 519 of the Christian era, purely to promulgate his religion : and to gain it the better reception, he led a very austere life, eating only vegetables, and spending most of his time in contempla tion of the Deity. The nights, especi lly, were devoted to this exercise, pursuant

to a vow he had made against sleeping. A ter continual watchings for several years, sleep once overcame him; but on They were sauntering up the walk to awaking, such was his remorse and grief off his eyelids, as the instruments of his crime, and with indignation threw them on the ground; but the next day he found them metamorphosed into two shrubs, now Again the ery, and, with a kindling eye known by the name of chan, or tea Dar ma, earing some of the leaves, felt him and a flushed cheek Hattie pointed to self not only more sprightly than usual A low whistle started her horse off with but such was the vigor imparted to his mind by these leaves, that his meditations a speed worthy of his name. Milton

became mare fluent, puthy and exaited and without any lassitude. The preaches was not wanting to acquaint his disciples with the excellent virtues of these shrubs and accordingly the use of them became universal. ···· LIFE's AUTUMN -- Like the leaf, life

mal knelt again, and she was in her old has its fading. We speal and think of seat, one arm holding a child, o e hand it with saduess, just as we think of the Autumn serson But there should be no Slowly she came on, the men crowding sadness at the fading of a life that has around her but her steed bearing her as done well its work - If we rejoice at the softly as it he uncerstood the necessity advent of a new life ; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertain ties of this world's way, why should there room angrily, with her fair hair fluating gosten head bent over the attle form, and he so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning Mrs. Hall met the procession as it came wears the glory of a completed task ?-

Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness "Willie Neal, the gardener's little and innocence, its beauty is that of unboy," said Hattie, hurriedly, as she saw tried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring in the bud. A holier and a "The children were all playing in the rarer beauty which the waning life of hay, and one of the big boys jumped on fuith and duty wears. Willie's shoulder. Take him, auntie,

It is the heanty of a thing completed : and as men come together to congratulate

each other when some great work has her presence ?" been achieved, and see in its concludin

nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purpose. When the bud drops blighted. and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid the garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret

or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest charitigs and virtues are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing

And having reached the house, she made 'And, peeping over Milton Greaves' an apology, and lett her guest, to provide and is permitted so much virtue. that earth is capable of so much goodness,

ind arms - as secured, and Hooker was enthed to push his advance much nearer the discover her. Home is her place edut of ground contended for. All wid ogree that the char e of the mule brigade the morning meal? Who makes the is worty of a place in history.

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Wery sad, but sadly true, is the following tearful incident which occurred for and sitting room _ Is it the languishnot long since at a cemetery not far disant faom Wheeling, Va. : a bit of it -- it's the nice girl. Theodore, a bright boy of thirteen, had

ommon place affair, and all attempts to rouse him up to a consciousness or seriousness on the subject were in vain. He eemed unchanged-unmoved The funeral cortege reached the grave :

the solemn burial services were read; and the old sexton commenced the work of overing the remains; but no sooner had the first lump of clay fallen upon the sounding box, than the little brother, who stood regarding the impressive services without sign of emotion, suddenly raised h mself to his full height, and, with his hands clenched and a look of defiance that seemed fearlul, he exclaimed, m a shrill voice, arresting instantly the atten tion of all, "Old man, stop! I'll kill you if you cover my brother up in that dark hole !!? and with a wild, magiae scream that sounded piercingly mournful, he fell motionless to the earth. The great deep of many hearts was broken up, and tears fell like rain drops.

NOT A PAPER PREACHER .- Dr Guth-

rie, the eloquent Scotch Divine, is not a paper preacher, it would seem, from the ollowing 'remarks, made just before dolivering an address in behalf of a benev olent institution ; "I see," said the doctor, "by the bills that have announced this meeting that I am to lecture. Now, I never lectured, in the proper sen e of the word, but once in all my days. I splendid bounet.

never read on the pulpit and 1 never read on the platform. Why, it is like a man dancing in chains It is to me the most disagreeable thing in the world. Fancy man paying his addresses to a lady, and he begins by taking out his spectacles, go by. It is where the daisy grows that wipes them carefully and puts them on his nose, and begins to read a paper conwe lie down to rest.

Think of It.

toward her, do you think that lady would not ring the bell, and order him out of

A G on 'Un .- Jim H., out West, tells a god yarn about a 'sh ll bark lawyer? [His] client was up to two small chargess . Frivolous charges,' as shell bark designated (forging a note of hard a d stealing a designated horse.) On running his eye over the jury be didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a princip | witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner who mensity of space ; all would be exhausted shaking his heat said :

Squire, I can't swear to that dokymint.' 'Why ?

taining a declaration of his sentiments

'Kase hit haint true.' "Old shell infuriated and exploded loud enough to be held throughout the room. And he immediately left the conscientious one to his fate. better or worse.

In fact, it is not often in such scene Who rises betimes, and superintends

toast and the tea, and buttons the boys shirts, and waters the flowers, and feed the chickens, and brightens up the par er, or the giraffe, or the elegante? No

Her unmade toilet is made in th died. Hanson his brother, but five years shortest possible time. yet how charmingof age, seemed to regard his death as a ly it is done, and how clegant her neat dress and plain color ! What kisses she distributes among the family ! Not presenting a cheek or a blow, like a fine girl, but an audible smack, which says plainly : "I love you ever so much." If i ever coveted anything, it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to be active and useful until the day is done, feet treasure, is the mee girl, when illness comes; it is she that attends with unwearying patience to the sick chamber. There is no risk, on fatigue that she will not undergo, no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion I have often thought it would be happi

ness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands. One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a nice girl is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is ever as oci ated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little breech in the world. I never knew a nice girl who displayed a procusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low diesses or a

I say again, there is nothing in the woild half so beautiful, half so intrinsi cally good, as a nice girl. She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous, but these we merely admire as we

How idly and the pantly the word death is said What an cell what a day will

troupe c ming on? asked Mrs. Partington, bring fach ? e are here to day, and after watching the dancers at the theater a to more ow membered with the dead. Gur bout h It an hour. fathers, where are they? To use a cor-That is the ballet troupe, said-Ike, with a smile, pointing to the beautifull svlph+ that were fluttering like batterflies about the feet figure of speech sevency grand were automotion stage. sand taken from the mighty ocean, repre-stage. • off I believe in calling things by their off I believe in calling things by their feet figure of speech seventy grains of

man. But what mortal can, compute true names; I thought it was a troop of eternity? The sands of the boundless horse, like the Anderson Cayhiry that took deep, aye, of countless worlds, in the imtheir tower out, west. Well, continued the old lady, if there ever

was any that needed sympathy it's them .in computing annual periods of time. Worn their dresses right up to their knees similar to this material would. Reader, by dancing poor creatures ! By and hye at pause! Every pulse that beats in the this rate they won't have anything to wear. inner man is a quick step' torwards eter-

nity. Be therefore prepared for the spir-THE wan who was frightened falmost itual world and a vast eternity either for to death by his own shadow,' has become convalescent.

· . . .

Why is Powers, the American sculptor ne of the most dishonest men living? Because he chiselled a por girl out of a block. of marble.

A correspondent asks if it would be pardonable to call a crowd of extensively hooped ladies, a swell mob. C rtainly not. Any man who ould utter such a remark, it would be base flattery to call a brutal barbarian.

153. You can depend on no man, on no mend, who cannot depend upon himself. He only who acts conscientionaly toward

Last Sunday, in an Easter village. when he plate was being passed in church a newly appointed editor said to the collector-

nimself will act so toward others.