The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 65. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1865. NO. 6.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors. TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square one insertion,	$1 00
For each subsequent insertion,	50
For Mercantile Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices	4 00
Professional Cards without paper,	7 00

Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line.

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the largest and most complete establishment in the County. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Vice President—HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
Secretary of State—WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of Interior—JOHN P. USHER,
Secretary of Treasury—WM. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of War—EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of Navy—GIDEON WELLES,
Post Master General—WM. DENNISON,
Attorney General—JAMES S. SPEED,
Chief Justice of the United States—SALMON P. CHASE.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—ANDREW G. CURTIN,
Secretary of State—ELI SLIFER,
Surveyor General—JAMES P. HARR,
Auditor General—ISAAC SLENKER,
Attorney General—WM. M. MEREDITH.
Adjutant General—A. L. RUSSELL,
State Treasurer—HENRY D. MOORE,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—GEO. W. WOODWARD.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. James H. Graham.
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hon. Hugh Stuart.
District Attorney—J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotary—Samuel Shireman.
Clerk and Recorder—Ephraim Cornman,
Register—Geo W. North.
High Sheriff—John Jacobs.
County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Smith
County Commissioners—Henry Karns, John Moyer, Mitchell McClellan,
Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Andrew B. Ziegler.
Assistant Burgess—Robert Allison.
Town Council—East Ward—J. D. Rhinehart, Joshua P. Bixler, J. W. D. Gillelen, George Wetzel, West Ward—Geo. I. Murray, Thos. Parkott, A. Cathcart, Jno. B. Parker, Jno. D. Gorgas, President, of Council, A. Cathcart, Clerk, Jos. W. Ogilby.
Borough Treasurer—Jacob Rheem.
High Constable Samuel Sipe. Ward Constable, Andrew Martin.
Assessor—John Gutshall. Assistant Assessors, Jno. Mell, Geo. S. Beetem.
Auditor—Robert B Cameron.
Tax Collector—Alfred Rhinehart. Ward Collectors—East Ward, Chas. A. Smith. West Ward, Thos. Cornman, Street Commissioner, Worley B. Matthews, Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, David Smith. Abram Dehuff, Michael Holcomb.
Lamp Lighters—Chas. B. Meck, James Spangler.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, Prot. Episcopal, northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. J. C. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Phillips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge), corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge), Rev. S. I. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M E. Church at 10 o'clock A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Church of God Chapel, South West cor. of West St. and Chapel Alley. Rev B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6½ p. m.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev Pastor. Services every other Sabbath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock P. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Rev. William L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of the Greek and German Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and French Languages.
Hon. James H. Graham, LL. D., Professor of Law.
Rev. Henry C. Cheston, A. B., Principal of the Grammar School.
John Hood, Assistant in the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

E. Cornman, President, James Hamilton, H. Saxton, R. C. Woodward, Henry Newham, C. P. Humerich, Secty, J. W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sipher, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M., at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson, W. M. Beetem Cash. J. P. Hassler and C. B. Pfahler Tellers, W. M. Pfahler, Clerk, Jno. Underwood Messenger. Directors, R. M. Henderson, President, R. C. Woodward, Stiles Woodburn, Moses Bricker, John Zug, W. W. Dale, John D. Gorgas, Joseph J. Logan, Jno. Stuart, Jr.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.—President, Samuel Hepburn Cashier, Jos. C. Holker, Teller, Abner C. Brindle, Messenger, Jesse Brown. Wm. Ker, John Dunlap, Rich'd Woods, John C. Dunlap, Isaac Brenneman, John S. Barrett, Sam'l. Hepburn, Directors.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle: Superintendent, D. N. Lull. Passenger trains three times a day. Carlisle Accommodation, Eastward, leaves Carlisle 5.55 A. M., arriving at Carlisle 5.20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10.10 A. M. and 2.42, P. M. Westward at 9.25, A. M., and 2.55 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Lemuel Todd: Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler: Superintendent, George Wise: Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem E. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, J. W. Patton, F. Gardner and D. S. Croft.

SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

St. John's Lodge No. 269 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

Letort Lodge No. 53, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.—House in Louther, between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb. 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid.

Postage on the HERALD within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per annum. To any part of the United States, 26 cents Postage on all transient papers. 2 cents per ounce. Advertised letters to be charged with cost of advertising.

MRS. R. A. SMITH'S
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Ivorytypes
Beautiful Albums! Beautiful Frames!

Albums for Ladies and Gentlemen,
Albums for Misses, and for Children,
Pocket Albums for Soldiers and Civilians!
Choicest Albums! Prettiest Albums! Cheapest Albums!
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS!
Fresh and New from New York and Philadelphia Markets.

IF you want satisfactory Pictures and polite attention call at Mrs. R. A. Smith's Photographic Gallery, South East Corner of Hanover Street and Market Square, opposite the Court House and Post Office, Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. R. A. Smith well known as Mrs. R. A. Reynolds, and so well known as a Daguerrean Artist, gives personal attention to Ladies and Gentlemen visiting her Gallery, and having the best of Artists and polite attendants can safely promise that in no other Gallery can those who favor her with a call get pictures superior to hers, not even in New York or Philadelphia, or meet with more kind and prompt attention.

Ambrotypes inserted in Rings, Lockets, Breast Pins, &c. Perfect copies of Daguerrotypes and Ambrotypes made of deceased friends. Where copies are defaced, life-like pictures may still be had, either for frames or for cards. All negatives preserved one year and orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

December 23, 1864—tf

THE FORWARDING AND GRAIN business formerly conducted by Line, Givler & Co., is now carried on by
JOHN GREASON,
Greason, Cumb. Co.
July 29, 1864—tf

DR. WM. H. COOK,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Surgeon and Accoucheur
OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.
July 1, 1864.

CHOICE SEGARS & TOBACCO, AT RAYMONT'S.

GAMES. An infinite variety of amusing and instructive Games at Haverstick's Drug and Fancy Store.

Poetical.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

I.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry,
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy, down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

II.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Reading, writing, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
"Learn while young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Live for the living, and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

III.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said,
"We should make it pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

IV.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives, here below,
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

V.

But the pleasantest times, we had of all,
Were the sociable hours we used to pass
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies, had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

VI.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
'Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered a long time here below,
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

VII.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown,
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said—
"'Tis a glorious world, down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

VIII.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, rest:
Gently, gently he bowed his head,
There were angels waiting for him I know—
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Miscellaneous.

A Christmas Story by Dickens

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

Continued.

I told Mr. Click that was about it, if we came to particulars; and I thought he appeared rather proud of me.

Our conversation had brought us to a crowd of people, the greater part struggling for a front place from which to see something on the pavement, which proved to be various designs executed in colored chalks on the pavement-stones, lighted by two candles stuck in mud sconces.—The subjects consisted of a fine fresh salmon's head and shoulders, supposed to have been recently sent home from the fishmonger's; a moonlight night at sea (in a circle); dead game; scroll-work; the head of a hoary hermit engaged in devout contemplation; the head of a pointer smoking a pipe; and a cherubim, his flesh creased as in infancy, going on a horizontal errand against the wind.—All these subjects appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

On his knees on one side of this gallery, a shabby person of modest appearance who shivered dreadfully (though it wasn't at all cold), was engaged in blowing the chalk dust off the moon, toning the outline of the back of the hermit's head with a bit of leather, and fattening the down-stroke of a letter or two in the writing. I have forgotten to mention that writing formed a part of the composition, and that it also—as it appeared to me—was exquisitely done. It ran as follows, in fine round characters: "An honest man is the noblest work of God. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0. £. s. d. Employment in office is humbly requested. Honor the Queen. Hunger is a 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 sharp thorn. Chip-chop, cherry-chop, fol de rol de ri do. Astronomy and mathematics. I do this to support my family."

Murmurs of admiration at the exceeding beauty of this performance went about among the crowd. The artist having finished his touching (and having spoiled those places), took his seat on the pavement with his knees crouched up very nigh his chin; and half-pence began to rattle in.

"A pity to see a man of that talent brought so low: ain't it?" said one of the crowd to me.

"What he might have done in the coach-painting, or house-decorating!" said another man, who took up the first speaker because I did not.

"Why he writes—alone—like the Lord Chancellor!" said another man.

"Better," said another. "I know *his* writing. *He* couldn't support his family this way."

Then a woman noticed the natural fluffness of the hermit's hair, and another woman, her friend, mentioned of the salmon's gills that you could almost see him gasp. Then an elderly country gentleman stepped forward and asked the modest man how he executed his work? And the modest man took some scraps of brown paper with colors in 'em out of his pockets and showed them. Then a fair-complexioned donkey with sandy hair and spectacles, asked if the hermit was a portrait? To which the modest man, casting a sorrowful glance upon it, replied that it was, to a certain extent, a recollection of his father. This caused a boy to yelp out, "Is the Pinter a smoking the pipe your mother—?" who was immediately shoved out of view by a sympathetic carpenter with his basket of tools at his back.

At every fresh question or remark the crowd leaned forward more eagerly, and dropped the half-pence more freely, and the modest man gathered them up more meekly. At last another elderly gentleman came to the front and gave the artist his card, to come to his office to-morrow and get some copying to do. This card was accompanied by sixpence, and the artist was profoundly grateful, and, before he put the card in his hat, read it several times by the light of his candles to fix the address well in his mind, in case he should lose it. The crowd was deeply interested by this last incident, and a man in the second row with a gruff voice growled to the artist, "You've got a chance in life now, ain't you?" The artist answered (sniffing in a very low-spirited way, however), "I'm thankful to hope so." Upon which there was a general chorus of "*You* are all right," and the half-pence slackened very decidedly

I felt myself pulled away by the arm, and Mr. Click and I stood alone at the corner of the next crossing.

"Why, Tom," said Mr. Click, "what a horrid expression of face you've got!"

"Have I?" says I.

"Have you?" says Mr. Click. "Why you looked as if you would have his blood."

"Whose blood?"

"The artist's."

"The artist's!" I repeated. And I laughed frantically, wildly, gloomily, incoherently, disagreeably. I am sensible that I did. I know I did.

Mr. Click stared at me in a scared sort of a way, but said nothing until we had walked a street's length. He then stopped short, and said, with excitement on the part of his fore-finger:

"Thomas, I find it necessary to be plain with you. I don't like the envious man. I have identified the canker-worm that's pegging away at *your* vitals, and it's envy, Thomas."

"Is it?" says I.

"Yes, it is," says he. "Thomas, beware of envy. It is the green-eyed monster which never did and never will improve each shining hour, but quite the reverse. I dread the envious man, Thomas. I confess that I am afraid of the envious man, when he is so envious as you are. While you contemplated the works of a gifted rival, and while you heard that rival's praises, and especially while you met his humble glance as he put that card away, your countenance was so malevolent as to be terrific. Thomas, I have heard of the envy of them that follows the Fine Art line, but I never believed it could be what yours is. I wish you well, but I take my leave of you. And if you should ever get into trouble through knifeing—or say, garroting—a brother artist, as I believe you will, don't call me to character, Thomas, or I shall be forced to injure your case."

Mr. Click parted from me with those words, and we broke off our acquaintance.

I became enamored. Her name was Henrietta. Contending with my easy disposition, I frequently got up to go after her. She also dwelt in the neighborhood of the Obstacle, and I did fondly hope that no other would interpose in the way of our union.

To say that Henrietta was volatile, is but to say that she was woman. To say that she was in the bonnet-trimming, is feebly to express the taste which reigned predominant in her own.

She consented to walk with me. Let me do her the justice to say that she did so upon trial. "I am not," said Henrietta, "as yet prepared to regard you, Thomas, in any other light than as a friend; but as a friend I am willing to walk with you, on the understanding that softer sentiments may flow."

We walked.

Under the influence of Henrietta's beguilements I now got out of bed daily. I pursued my calling with an industry before unknown, and it can not fail to have been observed at that period, by those most familiar with the streets of London, that there was a larger supply—But hold! The time is not yet come!

One evening in October I was walking with Henrietta, enjoying the cool breezes wafted over Vauxhall Bridge. After several slow turns Henrietta gaped frequently (so inseperable from woman is the love of excitement), and said, "Let's go home by Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and Waterloo"—localities, I may state for the information of the stranger and the foreigner, well known in London, and the last a Bridge.

"No. Not by Piccadilly, Henrietta," said I.

"And why not Piccadilly, for goodness' sake?" said Henrietta.

Could I tell her? Could I confess to the gloomy presentiment that over shadowed me? Could I make myself intelligible to her? No.

"I don't like Piccadilly, Henrietta."

"But I do," said she. "It's dark now, and the long rows of lamps in Piccadily after dark are beautiful. I *will* go to Piccadilly!"

Of course we went. It was a pleasant night, and there were numbers of people in the streets. It was a brisk night, but not too cold, and not damp. Let me darkly observe, it was the best of all nights—FOR THE PURPOSE.

As we passed the garden-wall of the Royal Palace, going up Grosvenor Place, Henrietta murmured,

"I wish I was a Queen!"

"Why so, Henrietta?"

"I would make *you* Something," said she, and crossed her two hands on my arm, and turned away her head.

Judging from this the softer sentiments alluded to above had begun to flow, I adapted my conduct to that belief Thus happily we passed on into the detested thoroughfare of Piccadilly. On the right of that thoroughfare is a row of trees, the railing of the Green Park, and a fine broad eligible piece of pavement.

"O my!" cried Henrietta, presently. "There's been an accident!"

I looked to the left, and said, "Where, Henrietta?"

"Not there, stupid," said she. "Over by the Park railings. Where the crowd is! O no, it's not an accident, it's something else to look at! What's them lights?"

She referred to two lights twinkling low among the legs of the assemblage: two candles on the pavement.

"O do come along!" cried Henrietta, skipping across the road with me; I hung back, but in vain. "Do let's look!"

Again, designs upon the pavement. Centre compartment, Mount Vesuvius going it (in a circle), supported by four oval compartments, severally representing a ship in heavy weather, a shoulder of mutton attended by two cucumbers, a golden harvest with distant cottage of proprietor, and a knife and fork after nature; above the centre compartment a bunch of grapes, and over the whole a rainbow. The whole, as it appeared to me, exquisitely done.

The person in attendance on these works of art was in all respects, shabbiness excepted, unlike the former person. His whole appearance and manner denoted briskness. Though threadbare, he expressed to the crowd that poverty had not subdued his spirit or tinged with any sense of shame this honest effort to turn his talents to some account. The writing which formed a part of his composition was conceived in a similarly cheerful tone. It breathed the following sentiments: "The writer is poor but not despondent. To a British 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 Public he £ s. d. appeals. Honor to our brave Army! And also 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 to our gallant Navy. BRITONS STRIKE the A B C D E F G writer in common chalks would be grateful for any suitable employment HOME! HURRAH!" The whole of this writing appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

But this man, in one respect like the last, though seemingly hard at it with a great show of brown paper and rubbers, was only really fattening the down-stroke of a letter here and there, or blowing the loose chalk off the rainbow, or toning the outside edge of the shoulder of mutton. Though he did this with the greatest confidence, he did it (as it struck me) in so ignorant a manner, and so spoiled everything he touched, that when he began upon the purple smoke from the chimney of the distant cottage of the proprietor of the golden harvest (which smoke was beautifully soft) I found myself saying aloud, without considering of it:

"Let that alone, will you?"

"Halloa!" said the man next me in the crowd, jerking me roughly from him with his elbow, "why didn't you send a telegram? If we had known you was coming, we'd have provided something better for you. You understand the man's work better than he does himself, don't you? Have you made your will? You're too clever to live long."

"Don't be hard upon the gentleman, Sir," said the person in attendance on the works of art, with a twinkle in his eye as he looked at me, "he may chance to be an artist himself. If so, Sir, he will have a fellow-feeling with me, Sir, when I"—he adapted his action to his words as he went on, and gave a smart slap of his hands between each touch, working himself all the time about and about the composition—"when I lighten the bloom of my grapes—shade off the orange in my rainbow—dot the i of my Britons—throw a yellow light into my cow-cum-*ber*—insinuate another morsel of fat into my shoulder of mutton—dart another zigzag flash of lightning at my ship in distress!"

He seemed to do this so neatly, and was so nimble about it, that the half-pence came flying in.

"Thanks, generous public, thanks!" said the professor. "You will stimulate me to further exertions. My name will be found in the list of British Painters yet. I shall do better than this, with encouragement. I shall indeed."

"You never can do better than that bunch of grapes," said Henrietta. "O Thomas, them grapes!"

"Not better than *that*, lady? I hope for the time when I shall paint any thing but your own bright eyes and lips, equal to life."

"(Thomas, did you ever?) But it must take a long time, Sir," said Henrietta, blushing, "to paint equal to that"

"I was prenticed to it, Miss," said the young man, smartly touching up the composition, "prenticed to it in the caves of Spain and Portingale, ever so long and two year over."

There was a laugh from the crowd; and a new man who had worked himself in next me, said, "He's smart chap, too; ain't he?"

"And what a eye!" exclaimed Henrietta, softly.

"Ah! He need have a eye," said the man.

"Ah! He just need," was murmured among the crowd.

"He couldn't come that 'ere burning mountain without a eye," said the man. He had got himself accepted as an authority somehow, and every body looked at his finger as it pointed out Vesuvius. "To come that effect in a general illumination would require a eye; but to come it with two dips—why it's enough to blind him!"

That impostor, pretending not to have heard what was said, now winked to any extent with both eyes at once, as if the strain upon his sight was too much, and threw back his long hair—it was very long—as if to cool his fevered brow. I was watching him doing it, when Henrietta suddenly whispered, "O Thomas, how horrid you look!" and pulled me out by the arm.

Remembering Mr. Click's words, I was confused when I retorted, "What do you mean by horrid?"

"Oh gracious! Why, you looked," said Henrietta, "as if you would have his blood."

I was going to answer, "So I would, for two-pence—from his nose," when I checked myself and remained silent.

We returned home in silence. Every step of the way the softer sentiments that had flowed ebbed twenty mile an hour. Adapting my conduct to the ebbing as I had done to the flowing, I let my arm drop limp, so as she could scarcely keep hold of it, and I wished her such a cold good-night at parting that I keep within the bounds of truth when I characterize it as a Rasp-r.

In the course of the next day I received the following document:

"Henrietta informs Thomas that my eyes are open to you. I mustover wish you well, but walking and us is separated by an unfartuable abyss. One so malignant to superiority—Oh that look at him!—can never, never conduct HENRIETTA

"P. S.—To the altar."

Yielding to the easiness of my disposition, I went to bed for a week after receiving this letter. During the whole of such time London was bereft of the usual fruits of my labor. When I resumed it I found that Henrietta was married to the artist of Piccadilly.

Did I say to the artist? What fell words were those, expressive of what a galling jollowness, of what a bitter mockery! I—I—I—am the artist. I was the real artist of the Waterloo-road, I am the only artist of all those pavement-subjects which daily and nightly arouse your admiration. I do 'em and I let 'em out. The man you behold with the papers of chalks and the rubbers, touching up the down strokes of the writing and shading off the salmon, the man you give the money to, hires—yes! and I live to tell it!—hires those works of art of me, and brings nothing to 'em but the candles.

Such is genius in a commercial country. I am not up to the shivering, I am not up to the liveliness, I am not up to the-wanting-employment-in an-office move; I am only up to originating and executing the work. In consequence of which you never see me: you think you see me when you see somebody else, and that somebody else is a mere Commercial character. The one seen by self and Mr. Click in the Waterloo Road can only write a single word, and that I taught him, and it's MULTIPLICATION—which you may see him execute upside down, because he can't do it the natural way. The one seen by self and Henrietta by the Green Park railings can just smear into existence the two ends of a rainbow with his cuff and a rubber—if very hard put upon making a show—but he could no more come the arch of the rainbow, to save his life, than he could come the moonlight, fish, volcano, shipwreck, mutton, hermit, or any of my most celebrated effects.

To conclude as I began: if there's a blighted public character going, I am the party. And often as you have seen, do see, and will see, my Works, it's fifty thousand to one if you'll ever see me, unless, when the candles are burned down and the Commercial character is gone, you should happen to notice a neglected young man perseveringly rubbing out the last traces of the pictures, so that nobody can renew the same. That's me.

HIS PORTMANTEAU.

I.

MR. BLORAGE walked up and down his dining-room on the 31st of December, 1851, with the air and step of a man at peace with the world and pleased with himself. As he turned to and fro there was a little swing of exultation in his gait, which no friend (had there been any friend present to witness it) would have recognized as a trait peculiar to Mr. Blorage. On the contrary, he passed among his neighbors and acquaintance as a man of a modest and sedate temperament, and of an extreme good nature: so that those same friends and neighbors, full of the impudence of the world, often laughed at the former, and let no opportunity slip of taking advantage of the latter. But he was accustomed to be imposed upon.—In fact, it was his business, his vocation, to which he had been apprenticed from his earliest childhood.

It is recorded by his nurse and mother that so amiable, so complacent a baby never was born. A faint whimper was the only complaint he made, after lying for hours in his cradle wide awake, with nothing but a damaged tassel to amuse him, as it swung to and fro from the cradle in the draught—which draught reddened his baby nose, and brought the water into his little weak eyes. As he grew up it became an established fact that Master Dick was to be washed first or last, taken out or left behind, give sugar-plums or forgotten, as it happened to suit the peculiar fancy of every other person rather than Master Dick himself, because he was so sweet tempered. Thus he weathered babyhood, encountered childhood, and rushed up into boyhood, in a pleasing and satisfactory manner to all parties, himself included. He never worried his mother by catching infectious diseases at wrong times; he went through the necessary ailments of childhood—such as measles, whooping-cough, and scarlatina—with the least possible degree of trouble to all parties concerned; and caused no anxiety by having relapses or taking colds. If he cut his finger to the bone, no one knew of it unless any one chanced to notice the scar. If he fell into the river, he scrambled out, and dried his own clothes by the convenient process of airing them on his own body.—If he fell off a tree, down a well, over a wall, he picked himself up and bore his burden of bruises with silent composure. In addition to these accomplishments, he bore any amount of other people's work, and seemed rather to enjoy being "put upon." He was glad to be obliging, and "gave up" with quite as much zest as other natures about him delighted to "take all." Once, and once only, did a slight attack of ill-temper and discontent assail him. His father, without any previous notice, without the shadow of a consultation as to any faint bias on Dick's part, but just because "he was Dick, and would be sure to do it, whether he liked it or not," placed him, at the age of sixteen years, as the junior clerks, in a Bank.

Now Dick was a country boy, born and brought up in truly rural fashion. His father having a small estate, farmed the greater part of it himself, and, being a practical man, did nothing by halves.—His children participated in all that he did, as much for their own benefit as for his. The boys were active young farmers from the time they were breeched; and the girls reared chickens, and understood the immaculate cleanliness of a dairy before they could spell their own names. So Dick's habits, and what little idiosyncrasy he had of his own, belonged wholly to the country.

He was up with the lark roaming over his father's premises, and lighting upon all sorts of charitable things to do. A brood of young ducks, always erratic, obstinate, and greedy, had squeezed their mucilaginous little bodies through nothing, and were out on the loose, their vigilant foster-mother, "in a fine frenzy," clucking within the shut-up poultry-house. It was Dick's business to open the door and give her lost ones to her cherishing wings; and all the acknowledgment he got was an unmistakable indication on the part of the irritated mother that he alone had been the cause of the separation. He delighted to stagger under a load of fodder, taking, as high and invaluable wages, the glad neigh of the expectant horse, or the gentle soft low of the cow. He rushed into the matutinal quarrel of the bantam-cock and the great bubbley-jock; he coaxed with crumbs of bread the shy little pullets, and covertly threw handfuls of grain to the ostracized cockerels, who dared not so much as look upon a crumb within sight of the proud monarch of the poultry-yard.

Having meddled and messed in every thing that was going on, to the high delight of himself, if of nothing else, Dick would return to the house, brush and clean himself with scrupulous exactness, and place himself ready to receive his mother's morning kiss on his cool, rosy, soap-shining cheeks. After that he began the real business of the day; he nursed the baby, made the tea, cut the bread-and-butter, administered it, adjusted quarrels, ran the messages, and took what breakfast he could between whiles. When he had a few moments he could call his own he roamed about, saving young birds from remorseless kidnappers, rescuing puppies and kittens from untimely fates, helping little maidens over high stiles, and assisting old women to carry fagots of sticks, assuredly stolen from his father's hedge-rows.

Dick possessed one harmless propensity—never to see a hill without paying it the compliment of running to the top of it in so many minutes, and speeding down to the bottom again in so many minutes less. He considered it a duty he owed to society at large, to be able to say in how short a time society could approach so much nearer to heaven.

For these reasons, and a thousand such, Dick's dismay may be comprehended when he was suddenly required to exchange breezy hill-tops and flowery plains for the high stool, matching the higher desk, in a dusty cloudy cobwebby back Bank-office, in a close dull unsavory street.

Dick began a remonstrance. For the first time in his life there rose to his lips murmur of a complaint. The person upon whose ear the unwonted sound fell was his younger brother: called William by his godfathers and godmothers, Bill by those who had no particular regard for him, or he for them, and Billy by the fortunate possessors of what affections he had. Generally obtuse to every thing that did not concern himself, he was visibly startled by the unwonted moan, and kindly said, under the shock of surprise:

"Come, come, old fellow! None of that."

"But I don't like the Bank, Billy. I am unhappy; I think I am dreadfully unhappy; the smell of the place makes me sick; I get the cramp in my legs from sitting on that high stool; I am as nervous—"

"Hold hard, Dick; I won't have you say another word. How dare you talk like that to me?"

"My dear Billy—"

"Don't dear Billy me. When you know as well as I do, that if you don't stay at the Bank *I* shall have to go there!"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Dick.

"Oh dear!" mimicked the fast younger brother. "I wonder you have the heart to hint an objection, Dick—especially knowing, as you do, how you hate the Bank. Endangering your own brother! And you setting up for being a good natured fellow, too!"

Dick said no more, but manfully bore up against smells, cramps, nerves and headaches, with the mental comfort and consolation, "How lucky poor dear Billy is saved all this!"

Time worked its own cure, and he experienced in his own person the truth of that well-established maxim, "Habit becomes second nature." He exercised his peculiar vocation by doing a great deal of other people's work besides his own; by cherishing solitary and forlorn-looking spiders, assisting flies out of a persistent search into ink-bottles; and being generally kind hearted to every thing and every body.

He was universally liked, though vastly imposed upon; still, upon his gradual elevation, in course of time, from junior of the juniors to head of all, there was no voice but his own that hazarded a doubt on the fitness of the election. He was a little uncomfortable himself least he should have taken a place one of the others might have coveted or better deserved.

At last assured that his abilities and position warranted the choice, Dick resigned himself to being entirely happy, and as a fall essential to a state of bliss—fell in love.

That his choice should light on one profoundly unlike himself was perfectly natural; a young lady of much beauty and many wants being exactly the being to appear angelic in Dick's eyes. Had she been possessed of brains, or of sufficient capacity to see into the depths of Dick's most honest heart, she might have ruled there, queen and wife, and her domestic kingdom would have ennobled her in all eyes; but, like a playful kitten, incipient cruelty lurked in her prettiest ways. Her character may be inferred from the answer she gave Dick when he tendered her his all.

"Indeed, Mr. Richard, you are very good! How you have surprised me?—I never thought you really cared a bit for me. I laughed and chatted with you because, as we all said, Mr. Richard Blorage was so good-natured."

"Good-natured to *you*, Ellen! Oh Heaven! could you read nothing more in my devotion? Not the deepest, strongest, most enduring love?"

"You quite amaze me, Mr. Richard! Where have you kept these feelings so long?"

"Oh, Ellen! Do not trifle with me!"

"No! Not for worlds, Mr. Blorage! I am no flirt. I am a frank creature, and always will be."

"I thought—I hoped—oh, Ellen!—I would not have dared to speak thus, and lay bare my heart before you, had you not encouraged—"

"Now, Mr. Richard, don't say that, I beg! I am sure I am above that. Besides, mamma wishes me to marry rather high. She wishes me to set my younger sisters a good example; and indeed papa has said to me more than once that he would never suffer me to marry a banker's clerk."

"Two years! I may be married long before that. Come, Mr. Richard, don't be cast down. We can always be the best of friends?"

"And my wife, Ellen?"

"Oh dear no! I really wonder you could ever think of such a thing—so good natured, as you are. Pray don't tease me any more."

Poor Dick's tender heart swelled and throbbed with many tender emotions; but he really was too good-natured to let any angry or bitter thoughts divide it. He rallied his fluttering and bewildered senses, looked round for his hat (an article that always seems of great comfort to Englishmen in difficulties), looked into it, and not finding a single word in it to help him out, went away speechless with a single bow. It was a bow worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, and it was a far more natural bow than Sir Charles Grandison ever made. There was a quiet dignity in it, expressive of so much integrity and worth, that it even smote the little silly substitute for a heart which had so mocked him with a stab of misgiving.

Time, that never-failing plaster which heals so many wounds, came to Dick's aid. He derived a melancholy satisfaction from working twice as hard as he had ever done before. He was at that once odious office before the doors were opened, and sat on his high stool for hours at a stretch, regardless of cramp. From always being a compassionate and good-natured fellow he became morbidly so; appearing to regard the whole of his acquaintance as victims to unrequited love, upon whom it was essential he should expend a vigilant care of the most forbearing and affectionate nature.

Not even the fast, worldly-wise opinion of William, Bill, or Billy could make him think he was an ill-used man.

"She's a flirt, and no mistake. I saw through her long ago, Dick. I always said she would jilt you."

"You wrong her, William—you deeply wrong her. She was right in her decision. She deserved a better fate than to be the wife of a banker's clerk."

"Pooh, pooh! Ha, ha! Why, you have a share in the firm already, and may call yourself banker at once, and I hope to the Lord you will soon get rich. It will be devilish comfortable, Dick, always to be able to turn to you when one wants five or ten pounds."

"Do you want a little money now, Billy? I have no occasion to hoard money."

"The very thing I do want, my dear fellow. I never was so hard up. I say! It's a great comfort to me, Dick, that you didn't marry that simpleton of a girl."

"Hush, Bill."

"Well, it's a very good thing for yourself, then. I'll swear she was a screw."

"Forbear, Bill."

"Well, it was an uncommon good thing, for her, then."

"That is my only consolation," sighed the good Dick, as he handed his brother a bundle of notes, which, true to business habits, he carefully counted over twice."

"Twenty-five pounds; thank ye, Dick."

II.

Bless us! Mr. Blorage has been a long time walking up and down that dining-room of his.

Had the volatile Ellen at last relented that he walked up and down with that elastic step? No, no. She had married within six months of blighting Dick—had married an Honorable by name, if not by nature; but the title being of much more consequence than the fact there is no need to inquire further. If Dick's prayers could make her happy she was supremely blest.

No. Mr. Blorage was excited, because he was dining in his own new, substantially built, elegant