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VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 42.1

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1857.

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Drs. John & Rohrer, HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-11

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, Pa.

H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York

Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850. J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia, September 6, 1866-11 GEORGE J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake
Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes,
too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll,
and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description,
&C., &C.
Feb. 2,756. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

B. F. APPOLD & CO.,

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMIS
SION MERCHANTS,
RECEIVERS OF
COALAND PRODUCE,

COALAND PRODUCE,

And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and
Philadelphia Railroad, to York and
Baltimore and to Pittsburg;

DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN,
WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a
large lot of Monongalela Rectified Whiskey, from
Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly
on hand, at low prices, Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.

Columbia, January 27, 1854.

OATS FOR SALE BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1,2 & 6 Canal Basin.

Columbia, January 26, 1956.

Just Received, 50 BUS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. F. SMITH'S Wholesale and Retail Confectionery ctablishment. Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia: [October 25, 1856.

Just Received,
20 HHDS. SHOULDERS. 15 THERCES HAMS.—
B. F. APPOLD & CO.,
Nos. 1, 2 and 6, Canal Busin.
Columbia, October 18, 1856.

Rapp's Gold Pens.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of a good article are invited to call and examine them.
Columbia, June 30, 1856.
JOHN FELIX.

Just Received, LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, idgs, Rocking Horses, Wheelharrows, Propel-ings, Swings, &c. GEORGE, J. SMITH. 10, 1856. Locust street

OHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to Umention, for sale by G. J. ShiTli, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

THE undersigned have been appointed agents for the sale of Cook & Co's GUTTA PER-CHA PENS, warranted not to corrode; in classicity they almost equal the quill.
SAYLOR & McDONALD.
Columbia Jan. 17, 1857.

Just Received,

A BEAUTIFUL lot of Lamp Shades, viz: Victorine, Volcano, Drum. Butter Fly, Red Roses, and the new French Fruit Shade, which can be seen in the window of the Golden Mortar Drug Store.

November 29, 1856.

A LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the Shaker settlement in New York, just received, H. SUYDAM & SON'S Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

TAIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Depyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by May 10; Front st., Columbia, Pa.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com-

P. SHREINER.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

PATRA FAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for B. F. APPOLD & CO., Nos. 1,2 and 5 Canal Basin.

W HY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1,50 and upwards.

8 HREINER'S? t Columbia, April 28, 1855.

CAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-Ning Soap. 1 th. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 11b. for 9 bs. Hard Soap. Full direc-tions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 31, 1955.

COLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Pur-D gaive Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at SAM'L. FILBERT'S Drug Store, Front st. [j2]

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXHS CHEESE. For sale cheap, by B. F. APPOLD & CO. Columbia, October 25, 1856.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Kay 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa. JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety
J of E.c. shea, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth,
Crumb, Natl, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
March 32, 256.
Front street Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPIGE BITTERS
A suitable, for Hotel Keepers, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia. PRESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa. JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale May 10, 1856. Front Street. Columbia, Pa. 40 SHARES of Stock in the Odd Fellows' Hall Assoegion; are offered for sale by the aubscriber.

Columbia March 7 2007

Columbia, March 7, 1857-1f 1000 LBS. New City Cured Hame and Shoulders, peb. 22, 1857.

H. SUYDAM & SON.

Noetru.

THE LOVE-QUARREL.

Does he funcy-this lover benighted-That, because in a putulent fit, He has chosen my corner to quit, I feel terribly punished and slighted?

Does he think that I'll sit here and sigh, In penitent misery, hoping That he'll melt when he sees me thus moping, And parden my thoughtless reply?

No! no! it was wrong I confess, And had he but told me so kindly, Not run on so madly and blindly, I'd have wept out my shame and distress

But now I will show him that woman Isn't quite like the spaniel he spurns,
Which to fawn on his angry hand, turns-That she's sometimes intractably human! Though he seeks out the artful coquette,

Who, if rumor speaks truth, once so nearly— And that she's well skilled, I see clearly! Wove round him her dangerous net; Though he draws her, upon his arm leaning,

To a sent, from all others remote, Where purple hued draperies float Around them, their figures half screening,-And whispers, while she listens, smiling

Through her loose-falling, gold tinted curls-O! a sungleam on rubies ond pearls-Her smile is as Circe's beguiling! Though in seeming confusion, down-glancing,

She veils, neath their dark fringes, her eyes, Then uplifts them in sudden surprise, In fulness of splendor entrancing;—

Though her bracelet perversely refuses To be clasped, and, with petty tirade, She strives on, rejecting his aid, Then at last, with sweet, flattered excuses, Accepts it-for what is the harm?-

Though with dexterous bungle, he lingers, And touches with quivering fingers, That satin-smooth, lily-white arm; I care not!—I know he's but trying
To make me repent that I crossed him—
To fear that forever I've lost him—

For is he not furtively eyeing My face all the time ?-Ah! he'll rue it! Yes !-- since such false game he has started

I'll follow it up till, sick-hearted, He thinks I, in earnest, pursue it! I'll smile on the wife-hunting squire, Who has lands, houses, gold-brimming coffers, Who has made me-he knows it-six offers.

Whom he rails at with jealousy's ire. Straight past him I'll waltz with the gay And gallant lieutenant, whose sash, Gold lace, and bewitching moustache

I'll talk, in the other embrasure, To the poet, whose eloquent eyes
Ever look such devotion, whose sighs Are as plaintively sweet as his measure! Then if, when the beauty deserting,

Have stolen each soft heart away.

But with glances so meltingly mournful, He stands aloof watching me, firting-I should go to him softly, and say.

With lip that essays to be scornful.

"We were both of us foolish-tis o'er-Do you think that he'd frown me away?

THE FIRST FLOWER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

For ages on our river borders, These tassels in their tawny bloom, And willowy studs of downy silver
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters Smiled on them, fronf their pebbly hem, And the clear carol of the robin,

But never yet from smiling river, Or song of early bird, have they

Been greeted with a gladder welco Than whispers from my heart to-day. They break the spell of cold and darkness, The weary watch of sleepless pain; And from my heart, as from the river,

The ice of winter melts again. Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood token

Of Freyn's foot-steps drawing near, Almost as in the rune of Asgdad, The growing of the grass I hear. It is as if the pine trees called me

From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dange of woodland shadows, And hear the song of April brooks!

As in the old Teutonic ballad Of Odenwald, live bird and tree, Forever live in song and beauty,
So link my thought these flowers and thee.

The small bird's track, the tiny rain-drop, Forever mark the primal rock; Who knows but that these idle verses

May leave some trace by Artichoke? And maidens, in the far off twilights,

Repeat my words to breeze and stream, And wonder if the old-time, Mary, Were real or the singer's dream [National Era.

Selertions.

THE ONE BLACK SPOT.

On the evening of a cold, bleak March day, scantily clad, led a boy about eight years greeting. old along the high-road towards the old city of Exeter. They crept close to the hedgeside to shelter themselves from the clouds of This drew the youth's attention to her; he dust which the sudden gusts of east wind looked carnestly at her for a moment, and blew in their faces.

They had walked many miles, and the boy limped painfully. He often looked up anxiously into his mother's face, and asked if they had much farther to go? She scarcely appeared to notice his inquiries; her fixed eyes and sunken cheek gave evidence that sorrow absorbed all her thoughts. When he spoke, she drew him closer to her side. but made no reply, until, at length, the child, wondering at her silence; began to sob. She stopped and looked at her child for a moment, her eyes filled with tears. They had visible in the distance the dark massive tow- to your care." ers of the cathredral, and the church spires of the city; she pointed them out, and said, 'We shall soon be there, Ned." Then, sitting down on a tree that was felled by the roadside, she took "Ned" on her lap, and, bending over him, wept aloud.

boy, trying to comfort her. "Tis a long you can be with him." way-don't cry-we shall see father when we come there."

"Yes - you will see your father once more."

the place of their destination.

they had just ascended, drew the boy's attention in that direction. In a moment ne me," she said, when they parted. had sprung from his mother, and was shouting with child-like delight, at the appear uncle's cottage; he had a difficult task to to desist, and upon coming up they found ment. ance of a gay cavalcade that approached. liveries, surrounded two carriages, one of ed in an affray with Sir George Roberts' guns lay by them, one of which had been lieve," said the lady mildly. "I wish a few weak voice, calling his name from the inner About thirty men on horseback, in crimson, the county; who, with his javelin men, was oring to procure him all the legal help other man, but without success. conducting them to the city, in which the which the laws then allowed; but his own Lent Assizes were about to be held.

his trial. Then, taking the boy again by of game afforded to half-starved men and the hand-unable to explain to him what he their wretched families. had seen-she pursued her way with him, silently, along the dusty road.

clement weather, to wander some miles out dark." of the city to catch an early glimpse of "My Lord Judge," and the gay sheriff's officer's. rope-dancers, mountebanks, and caravans of wild beasts, still followed the judges throughsaid the mother, checking the boy's desire to follow the "shows." "I am very tired let left alone on the road.

Late in the evening, as the last stragglers the forlorn woman looked around anxiously every day I have fresh lessons to learn." for a lodging. She feared the noisy people in the streets; and, turning timidly towards chatting to his housekeeper, and watching the passers-by-there was a kindness in his look which gave her confidence-so, with a him where she might find a decent resting-

"Have you never been here before?" he

"Never, but once sir, when I was a child, many years ago." "What part of the country do you come from ?"

"Uffculme."

"Uffculme? How did you get here?" "We have walked." "You don't say that you have trudged

all the way with that youngster?" The housekeeper drowned the reply by loudly announcing to the old gentleman that his supper was waiting; "We have no lodgings, my good woman," she said, turn-

ing away from the gate. "Stop, Martha, stop," said the citizen; can't we direct them somewhere? you see they are strangers. I wonder where they

could get a lodging?" "I am sure I don't know," replied Martha peevishly;" your supper will be cold-

come in !" " We've had no supper," said the boy. "Poor little fellow!" said the old gentle-

man; "then I am sure you shall not go without. Martha, the bread and cheese !" And, opening the garden gate, he made the travellers enter and sit down in the summerhouse, whilst he went to fetch them a draught of cider.

In spite of Martha's grumbling, he managed to get a substantial repast; but it thing like a smile. This man's life had been grieved him that the woman, though she a strange one. Early in his career he had was answered by a fainter sound, and Althanked him very gratefully and kindly, appeared unable to eat.

"Your boy eats heartily," said he, "but I am afraid you dont enjoy it."

With a choking utterance she thanked him, but could not eat.

The good old man was striving, as well as he could, to explain to them their way to dian warfare. Returng home on a small a part of the city, where they might find a lodging, when the garden-gate opened, and village, and sought to indulge his enmity late home. in an early year of this century, a woman a young man gave to the host a hearty against the family that had injured him by

At the sound of his voice, the cup the wo man held in her hand fell to the ground. with an exclamation of surprise, said, "Why, this is Susan Harvey!"

The woman hid her face in her hands, and moaned. "Do you know her, then, Alfred?" said

the uncle. "She nursed me when I was a little sickly boy," replied the youth; she lived many

years in my father's house.
"Then I am sure you will take her to some lodging to-night, for she is quite a stranger here. There is Marth calling to me again; she is not in the best temper togained the top of a hill, from which was night, so I had better go in, and I leave them

> "Oh! tell me, Mr. Gray, have you seen him?" cried the woman eagerly. "I have been with him to-day, Susan," said Gray, kindly taking her hand; "do

not be cast down; all that can be done for

the seat; the mother strove to arouse him covered the objects of their search, in a lane but Alfred Gray prevented her by taking the leading out into the fields, and shouted to and beckoned her to follow up stairs. In a lifted the latch softly and entered. There little fellow in his arms. He carried him them to surrender. They distinctly saw few moments the soft voice of the lady of was no one there; but his entrance had been She checked herself; and striving to dry by her side through the streets; she could their figures flying before them, and when the mansion was cheering her with kind heard, and a moment after, a fine stout lad her tears, sat looking wistfully towards utter no words of gratitude, but her tears they approached them, one of the fugitives words, and encouraging her to disclose her came out of the inner chamber, took Alfred's flowed fast, and told her the young man's turned round and fired, wounding one of wishes.

er visible; with hands clasped together she pleaded earnestly, and with caution, but of the Judge, before whom her unfortunate poverty of agricultural laborers at that seahusband now in jail, would have to stand son, and the temptation which an abundance

"Nonsense, Alfred!" said old Mr. Gray, "I would not grudge you the money if you As they drew nearer to the city, they did not want it for a bad purpose. You overtook various groups of strugglers; who must not excuse men who go out with guns had deemed it their duty in spite of the in- and fire at their fellow-creatures in the

"Martin did not fire, uncle-that is what I want to prove, and save him, if I can, from Troops, also, of itinerant ballad-singers, transportation. He has a wife and child." "Wife and child," repeated the old man out the circuit. "Walk more slowly Ned," a wife and child; that poor woman came from Uffculme."

"Providence must have guided her," said us rest a little here." They lingered until the younger Gray. "It was indeed Harthe crowd was far ahead of them-and were vey's wife and son whom you so lately relieved."

"You shall have the money. I have all were returning home, the wayfarers found through life prayed that my heart may not themselves in the suburbs of the city, and be hardened; and I find, old as I am, that

The next morning, while Alfred held anxious consultation with the lawyers, the an old citizen who stood by his garden-gate wife and husband met within the prison walls. They sat together in silence, for neither could speak a word of hope. The boy never forgot that long and dreary day, that the lady's tender heart might feel for tempt, with old Ralph, an escape from the homely courtesy, she ventured to inquire of during which he watched with wandering them. thoughts, the sad faces of his ruined pa-

> The Crown Court at the Castle was next morning crowded to overflowing. Among the attorney whispered to him, and beckon- the footsteps of man had, perhaps, never the struggling crowd that vainly sought to ed to Alfred Gray. gain admission, was Martin Harvey's wife. She was rudely repulsed by the door-keepers, who "wondered what women wanted in of Martin Harvey, during all the years he had sought his way back to his former massuch places." She still strove to keep her was in his father's house-"He was there ter, and had been treated more harshly than ground, and watched with pitcous looks the before I was born," said the young man, before. Fever and disease had wasted his doors of the court. She braved the heat and "and only left when I was obliged to leave frame, until he had prayed that he might pressure for some time; but a sickly faint also, sixteen years after. A better man die and be at rest; but God had been merciness at length came over her. She was en- never broke bread—he was beloved by every ful to him, and had inclined the heart of they call Susan, is sitting on the knee of an deavoring to retreat into the open air, when body who knew him. Till now his character one for whom he labored, who listened to aged white-haired man, looking lovingly she felt some one touch her shoulder, and was never tainted. It's the one black spot." his story, took him under his roof, and returning, saw Alfred Gray making his way toward her. After a moment's pause in the was evident to all who had paid attention had obtained a ticket of leave, and served cool air, he led her round to a side door, to the evidence, that the conviction of two this kind master for wages, which he was through which there was a private entrance of the prisoners was certain. Alfred Gray carefully hoarding to send to Alfred Gray, into the court. He whispered a word to an knew this, and strove to induce the wife to as soon as he should hear from him that officer, who admitted them, and pointed to leave with him before the fatal close of the those he loved were still preserved, and exploits. a seat behind the dock, where they were screened from observation, and where the woman could see her husband standing between his two fellow-prisoners.

> The prisoners were listening anxiously to the evidence which the principal gamekeeper was offering against them. The first. a man about sixty, excited greater interest life awarded them. As they turned to leave than the others. He carnestly attended to the dock, Martin looked down upon the what was going on, but gave no sign of fear crushed and broken-hearted being whom he and she confessed she had learned of her as to the result. Brushing back his grey locks, he gazed around the court, with somebeen ejected from a farm which he had held fred Gray lifted the helpless, lifeless woman under the father of the prosecutor, Sir from the ground, and carried her into the on neighbor Collins' pony, and shall give George Roberts; he soon after lost what lit- open air. tle property had been left him, and, in despair, enlisted-was sent abroad with his regiment—and for many years shared in hearts, began its silent course over the great Gray was riding briskly along through the yard,—and among the graves of the poor, the toil and achievements of our East Inpension, he fixed his abode in his native every kind of annoyance in his power .-The present baronet, a narrow-minded and tyrannical man, afforded by his unpopularity good opportunity to old Ralph Somers to induce others to join him in his schemes of mis chief and revenge. "The game," which was plentiful on the estate, and the preservation of which was Sir George's chief delight. formed the principal object of attack; the poverty of the laborers tempted them to follow the old soldier, who managed affairs so Sir George and his keepers, whilst all their now, been fruitless.

Martin Harvey, who stood by his side with his shattered arm in a sling, bore marks of acute mental suffering and remorse; but his countenance was stamped with its original, open, manly expression-a face often that were made in the neighborhood. to be seen among a group of English farm laborers, expressive of a warm heart, full of both courage and kindness.

The servant she addressed had known her I have a letter. Martin is living and well." The evidence was soon given. The game Martin, shall be done. Let me take you keepers, on the night of the 24th of Febru- husband, and pitied her distress; and, fear- The friend shook his head.

The tramp of horses, coming up the hill sympathy had fallen like balm upon her the keeper's legs with a quantity of small wounded heart. "God has taken pity on shot. The keeper immediately fired in re- heard without, at which the lady started "She says she cannot live long, sir; but accomplish. Martin Harvey, now awaiting him standing by the side of Martin Harvey, his trial for poaching, and for being concern- who had fallen severely wounded. Three which contained two of His Majesty's game-keepers, had once been his father's discharged, but no one could swear who had moments with her." Judges, accompanied by the high sheriff of apprentice. Young Gray had been endeav- fired it; search was made all night for the

When the prisoners were called upon for means were limited, and when he met Su- their defence, they looked at one another allow you to harbor such people here." The woman knelt until the carriages and san and her boy in the garden, he had come for a moment as if neither wished to speak the gaudy javelin men had turned the cor- to visit his uncle to ask his asststance. He first. Ralph, however, began. He had lit- ventured into the house, her wants, and band was taken from her; but the weak ner at the foot of the hill, and were no long- had now returned on the same errand. He tie to say. Casting a look of defiance at those of her child, were, during three years, and wasted form that strove to raise itself Sir George and his lady, who sat in a side- ministered to by the secret agency of the in vain, as Alfred approached the bed-side. prayed God to temper with mercy the heart was repulsed. It was in vain he arged the gallery above the court, he freely confessed that hatred to the man who had injured when, at the expiration of that period, Lady drawing to a close-that the time of rest him in his youth, and who had treated him with harshness on his return from abroad, to the cottage a little legacy; sufficient, if "Thank God, you are come," she said, had been the motive of his encouraging and aiding in these midnight depredations; he wife and child, from whom he was separa- ly for my time is short." expressed sorrow for having occasioned trou- ted, to make their way across the ocean, and ble to his neighbor Harvey.

"What I can say will be of little use to me," said Martin Harvey, in a hollow voice: "I am ruined hevond redress: but I was a very poor man when I first joined, with others, in snaring game; I often wanted bread, and saw my wife and child pinched for food thoughtfully. "You did not tell me he had them; but—well—all I can say more is, ing frame gave evidence of the sickness broke off, and beckoned the boy to her. that I take God to witness I never lifted a that cometh from the heart. murderous gun against my fellow-man; he who did it has escaped; and I have suffered I have worse than that to bear-I have broleft an orphan."

head behind him in silent endurance, heard

the Judge.

proceedings; but she shook her head and would not go. "I shall have strength to that distant land.

bear it." she said. He sat down by her side, and heard the fearful verdict of "guilty" pronounced against her husband and Ralph Somers; and then the dreaded doom of transportation for life, and in spite of every effort to repress it, a cry of agony burst from his lips; it

Months passed; and on the day when the convict ship, with its freight of heavy waters, the widowed wife took her father- pleasant green lanes that led to his native there is one-" less child by the hand, and again traversed village. It was the middle of June, bright, the weary road that led them to their deso-

The kindness of the Grays had furnished few immediate necessaries. Some one had told her of women having, by aid of friends, managed to meet their husbands once more in those distant parts of the earth; and this knowledge, once in her agitated mind, raised a hope which inspired her to pursue her daily task without fainting, and to watch an opportunity of making an attempt which she had meditated, even during that dreadful day of Martin's trial. She resolved to seek admission into Sir George warily, that for nine years he had been an Roberts' mansion, and appeal to the pity of the scene was associated in his mind, claimobject of the utmost terror and hatred to his wife. It was told in the village that ed their power over all other thoughts. Lady Roberts had implored her husband to efforts to detect and capture him had, until interpose in behalf of the men; that his orchard hard by, recalled him from his revangry and passionate refusal had caused a breach between them; that they had lived | He shook hands through the hedge. "I unhappily ever since; that he had strictly

Susan Harvey trembled when she entered the mansion, and timidly asked leave to speak to Lady Roberts.

plantations. Taking with them a stronger into his pantry, watching an opportunity to Susan Harvey's cottage. The door was The weary little boy had fallen asleep on force than usual, all well armed, they dis- let the lady know of her being there.

turn, and brought down a poacher; old and turned pale. Before there was time for she told me last night, that before she died, With a quick step Alfred regained his Ralph's voice was heard shouting to them retreat, Sir George hastily entered the apart-you would come and tell us news of father. "Who have you here, Lady Roberts?"

"One who has a request to make, I be-

"Have the goodness to walk out of this house," said the baronet to Susan. "Lady The boy did so, and then beckoned him Roberts, I know this woman, and I will not to enter.

Good Heart that lived so sadly there; and too plainly revealed that the struggle was Roberts died, a trusty messenger brought was at hand. ever news came of Martin, to enable the "you have heard from him? Tell me quickto meet him again.

But, during these weary years, no tidings Alfred Gray-to whom he had promised to in peace. If you know where he is, and write when he reached his destination .- | can tell me that my boy can go, and be Another year dragged its slow course over with him, and tell him how, through these the home of affliction, and poor Susan's long weary years, we loved him, and thought also. The rich people say game belongs to hopes grew fainter day by day. Her sink- of him, and prayed for him-" Here she One summer evening, however, in the

next year, Alfred Gray entered his uncle's would comfort her. this broken limb-but that I don't mind- garden with a letter, and was soon seated in the summer-house reading it aloud to his ken my wife's heart, and my child will be uncle and Martha. Tears stood in the old our misery. Now, will you promise me one man's eyes, as some touching detail of suf- thing more? Will you send my boy to his His voice failed. There was an uneasy fering or privation was related. And, in- father, when I am gone? movement among the audience; and a lady, deed, the letter told of little beside. It was who had been leaning over the rails of the from Martin. Soon after his arrival in the side-gallery, listening with deep attention, settlement, Martin had written to Alfred, love and consolation which, with her latest fainted, and was carried out of court. The but the letter had never reached England- breath, she uttered for the sake of him who, prisoner's pale wife, who had bowed her not an unusual occurrence in those times. After waiting long, and getting no reply, child's lips. a whisper among the bystanders that it was he was driven by harsh treatment, and the Lady Roberts, and a hope entered her mind degradation attending the life he led, to atsettlement. In simple language he record-"Have you any witnesses to call?" asked ed the dreary life they led in the woods; how, after a time, old Ralph sickened and Martin looked around with a vacant gaze; died; and how, in a desolate place, where trod before, Martin Harvey had dug a grave, Alfred went into the witness-box, and told and buried his old companion. After that, of the honesty, sobriety and good conduct unable to endure the terrible solitude, he The Judge commenced summing up; it stored him to health. And now, Martin would come and embrace him once more in

"They shall go at once Alfred," said old Mr. Gray, the moment the last sentence was read; "they shall not wait; we will provide

the means,-hev, Martha?" He did not now fear to uppeal to his companion. Martha had grown kinder of late, them." had sworn to protect and cherish through cousin what gives most comfort to those who are drawing near their journey's end. "I can help them a little," she said.

"We will all help a little," Alfred replied. "I shall be off at break of day to-morrow, Uffculme."

warm, sunny weather; and the young man's spirits were unusually gay, everything around him tending to heighten the delight which the good news he carried had inspired him with. The pony stepped out bravely, and was only checked when Alfred came in sight of the dear old home of ing services for it was Sunday. Then for a within his heart, the memory of his mother's few moments the young man proceeded more dying commands. slowly, and his countenance were a more saddened look, as the blessed recollections of early loves and affections, with which The voice of an old friend from an apple-

will come and see you in the evening, Fred. ant, my own cornet-" "And trumpeter, forbidden any one to mention the subject, I must hasten on now. She will go to I presume," said a lady present. or to convey to Lady Roberts any remarks church this morning, and I must go with her."

eries.

"Who?" asked the other. Alfred pointed to the cottage where Susan Harvey dwelt. "I bring her good news-

"Are you very tired, mother?" said the where you can rest to-night, and to-morrow ary, were apprised that poachers were in the ing lest Sir George might pass, he led her Alfred dismounted, and walked towards After a time, Lady Roberts' maid came, window he could see no one inside. He proffered hand, and in answer to his inqui-Before she had concluded, a step was ries, burst into tears.

> She has been saying all the past week that we should hear from him soon." Whilst the boy spoke, Alfred heard a

"Go in," he said, "and tell her I am here."

Susan's submissive features were but lit-Although the convict's wife never again the changed, from the time when her hus-

"I come to tell you good news. Susan. you may yet be restored to him."

"I shall not see Martin in this world of his fate had reached either his wife or again, Mr. Gray; but I shall close my eyes She held his hand within her own, whilst Alfred Gray read from the letter all that

> When I had done, she said, "God will bless you: you have been very good to us in

The promise was made, and the boy knelt by her bed-side, listening to the words of she hoped, would hear them again from his

Nearly forty years have passed since they

laid her among the graves of the humble

villagers of Uffculme. Few remain now

who remember her story or her name; but, on the other side of the world, amid scenery all unlike to that in which she dwelt, there stands a cheerful settler's home, and under the shadows of tall acacia trees which surround the little garden in which some few English flowers are blooming, there are sitting, in the cool of the summer evening, a group, whose faces are all of Anglo-Saxon mould. A happy looking couple, in the prime of life, are there, with children playing around them; and one little gentle girl, into his face, and wondering why his eye so watches the setting sun every night, as it sinks behind the blue water in the distance. Two tall handsome lads, with guns on their shoulders, enter the garden and hasten to

"We have been lucky to-day, grandfather," says the younger; but Alfred says these birds are not like the birds in old England."

show the old man the fruit of their day's

"You should hear the sailors talk about the game in England, Martin," replies the brother. "Grandfather has told us all about England, except the 'birds.' He thinks we should run away if he were to describe The old man looked steadily at the hove

for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears.

"It is a glorious land," he says, with a fal-

tering voice; "it is our country; but Alfred, Martin, you will never leave this happy home to go there. Birds, there, are the rich man's property, and you would not him no rest until he has set me down at dare to carry those guns of yours over English ground. If ever you go there, your Accordingly, early next morning, Alfred father will tell you where there is a church-He stopped, for Edward Harvey came to the place where his father sut, and took his

obeyed their mother's signal, and followed her into the house; the two remained sitting together, until the silent stars came out. Then the aged man, leaning on his son's arm, rejoined the fornily at the supper table; his childhood, and heard the well-known and the peace of God rested on the solitary chimes calling the villagers to their morn- home. Edward Harvey had faithfully kept

trembling hand within his own; the boys

Martin, his father, had nobly effaced the one Black Spot.

Col. M-, of the cavalry, was complaining that, from the ignorance and insttention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieuten-

The Southern Standard says that "South Carolina is the very seat of moral and political chivalry." We can well imagine that, if moral and political chivalry were personified, South Carolina would be its seat .- Louisville Journal.