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Rates of Advertising.

## Selections.

## The Brothers.

A TRUE STORY.

The cold Chistmas moon was shining on the sleeping village of Cheriton. It lit up the long, stragiging street, and made every object almost as distinctly visible as at noonday. But in the spiritual light they apared very different. A beautiful quietude, solemn, yet serene, seemed to rest on all things. The quaint houses, with their high roofs, and oddly-clustered chimneys, looked as if they brooded over the recollection of the long-past times they had known; and the grand old church looked doubly reverend, with the frost-work glittering about its Nor-man-arched windows, and on the boughs of the huge cedar which towered beside the doorway. The moonbeams lingered lovingly about the grey walls; they fell, too, on the white gravestones in the churchyard, and made each one shine as with a still, calm smile—happy and holy. It was a night upon which thoughtful men might gaze, and feel rising in their hearts simultaneous hope for earth and aspiration to

Very quiet was the place, as the moon went on her way, looking down with her clear, chill lustre of gaze. And there was one house, isolated from the others by a somewhat extensive domain of shrubbery and garden, about which the moonlight seemed to play as if in curiosity. It was a primitive, old-fashioned abode; window-shutters and blinds were few, save to the lower rooms, and the moonbeams penetrated unhindered into the chambers, and played fantastic tricks upon the walls and floors. Into one little room the ellish rays darted on a sudden, as the moon, rising higher in the heavens, escaped the shadow of a projecting buttress in the wall; and the pale light fell full upon a little white-draped bed, wherein lay two young boys. One, the eldest by some years, was asleep, and the quivering light fell on his face—a face every lineament of which was so full of nervous energy, that even in sleep it did not wear an expression of repose. His brother's pale, delicate features were, on the contrary, distinguished by a sort of sculptural calm. He tinguished by a sort of sculptural calm. He tinguished by a sort of sculptural calm. He tinguished by a sort of sculptural calm. He tingue. He masses are not unfailing nearments are sensitive mouth, which to the most like progress was rapid. He climbed the masculine face always add an almost woman-like accordances of expression.

like sweetness of expression.

The two boys seemed apt illustrations of two differently-constituted beings. The one all action, the other all thought; if the life of the first might be a picture, that of the second would be a poem.

The younger brother was awake. His yes of dark, deep, liquid hazel were thoughtfully fixed upon the sleeping face tender impulse, his hands gently put aside which made it so dear, seemed to slide from the clustering brown curls from the broad forehead of the sleeper. Presently he drew bleak world, which was so new and strange; back the white curtain, and looked out at the quiet, homely scene stretched out in the moonlight-at the foreground of trees, leafless, but clothed in a fairy robe of rime, and (in the far distance, strangely clear that night) the wide wonder of the silent sea. -his face lit up-glowed with nameless rapture. Unuttered prayers swelled in the young heart—instinctive hopes—blessed beliefs rose unbidden to his mind.

And even while he thus gazed, and felt, and pondered in the stillness of that wintry midnight, the stillness was broken. Vibrating on the frosty air came solemn strains of music, played with nutsught skill on two or three oid-fashioned instruments. It was an ancient English air, with a kind of patriarchal simplicity in its character, half carol, half hymn, which harmonized well with the place and the time. As the very voice of the quaint and peaceful village came tho clear, sweet sounds, blending like a visible actuality with the wintry stars dotting the dark sky, with the snow-covered roofs, and walls, and trees, and with the pure, passion-

less moonlight shining over them all.

"Laurence, wake! Listen to the waits!" It was some time before the subdued voice and the gentle touch disturbed the sleeper from his dreams. When at last he was aroused, he started up suddenly, crying

"Who calls? Oh, Willie, is it you?" he added in a sleepy tone. "What did you wake me for? "Tisn't morning!"
"Hush! speak low! Don't you hear the

There was a pause. The two boys lis

tened in silence.
"It's old Giles Hendforth with his violoncello," at length broke in Laurence, "and John Read with his cracked hautboy, and little \_\_\_\_"
"Ah, don't!" cried the younger boy, with

a gesture almost of pain; "never mind who plays. It sounds so solemn now, so ——"
His words died away in the intentness of

his listening.
"Queer old tune, isn't it?" presently said Laurence, "and queer old figures they look, I'll be bound, standing in the street, with red noses, and frozen cyclashes, and muffled in worsted comforters up to the chin."

He laughed, and then yawned.

"I think I shall go to sleep again. These lellows don't seem inclined to leave off. I natural adviser. It is badly done." fellows don't seem inclined to leave off. I shall be tired of listening before they are of

"Keep awake a little longer, Laurence, dear," pleaded the other. "It's only for one night, and 'tis so nice for us to hear the

music, and look out upon the moonlight together."
"Very well, Willie," assented the elder boy, nipping a fresh yawn in the bud, "any-

thing to please you, old fellow."

poor and obscure, with no prospect of his in the twilight of a December evening.

"There—put your arm around me—so," circumstances improving. And when the pursued Willie, always in the same hushed, breech between two brothers or friends once William.

ward, askingly.
"I should think so-slightly! You're a dear old chap, Will, though you have rather odd, old-fashioned notions."

He stooped down and pressed a hearty

kiss on his young brother's delicate face.

And then the two boys remained silent, watching the flickering moon-rays, and listening to the simple music without.

There are some recollections, oftentimes trivial enough in themselves, which yet remain impressed on the mind through a whole life, outlasting the memory of events far a slight bend of her long neck, and busied a slight bend of her long neck, and busied hereafterist here observed to say the same trivial and the same trivia more striking, and more recent in their oc-

london merchant, devoted, heart and soul to his calling, and to the ambitions of his class. His old instincts were almost dead with n him; his old aspirations his bound. class. Ilis old instincts were almost dead with him; his old aspirations, his boyish predilections were crushed out, effaced, as though they had never been. And yet, the cold, hard, money-getting man of the world never lost the vivid remembrance of that (Christens winds a worse of the cold). Christmas night, years and years ago, when his little brother lay with his head leaning on his shoulder, and they listened together to the village waits.

The brothers were separated now-worse, they were estranged. The world came be-tween them, and stifled the frank, free love which each, though in so widely different a way, had felt for the other, ever since the childish days when they had played together about the old house at Cheriton, and prayed night and morning at their mother's

The two boys were left orphans before William was twenty years old, and with but little with which to begin life. Laurence's desires had been all for a life of change, adventure, and travel; but instead, he was compelled to take the only opening which offered to him; and, before his father's death, was established in the counting-house of a wealthy relative. He soon learned content-ment with his fate. To pursue an object, be it fame, or power, or wealth, seems an inherent instinct in man's nature. It fills inserent instinct in man's nature. It this his energies, satisfies his restlessness, and insensibly, but gratefully, ministers to that vague yearning for dominion which is the inevitable birthright of every man since the beginning of the world. Laurence, shut out from worthier aspirations, found his ambition run high—to be great in the sense by which all these ground him understood which all those around him understood greatness. He would be rich. He would work his way to fortune, to position, to influence. Keeping that goal ever in view, he would struggle through every difficulty, force his way over every obstacle, but he would gain it at last. So he said to himself, silently, many times, during the weary time of probation, when obscurity and hard work appeared to be his allotted portion then and appeared to be his anothed portion that and always. But this dark period did not last long, it was not likely that it should continue. He had talents, quickness, vigor, untiring perseverance, and unfailing health.

nects and ultimate success. pects and ultimate success.

But meanwhile William had remained at home, pursuing his self-imposed and dearly-loved studies; reading, thinking, dreaming his hours away in perfect happiness.

From this content he was rudely aroused to the dread realities of death and poverty. The pleasant home and the familiar like one who, reared in Arcadia, is sudden thrust into the midst of the fierce

turmoil of a battle.

He sought his brother—but the two natures, always different, were doubly so now, when a life of active business had hardened the one, rendering it more than ever uncompromising; while years of quiet retirement had made the other yet more refined, more visionary, more sensitive. And from Laurence, the younger brother met with no sympathy in all those innermost feelings of his oul; the closest, dearest portion of himself. There was in William Carr that inexplicable, intangible somewhat, which marks one man among his fellows—the poet—even though he be dumb to his life's end.

The man of business shrugged his shoulders, thatted his brows at "William's strange He did not comprehend-he did fancies." not care to do so, it seemed. The first step towards their estrangement was taken when William declined, gently and thankfully, but decisively, a situation in the same house where Laurence was now high in trust. "It is of no use, brother; it would not be right to accept it. I am not fit for such a esponsibility. It would be a wrong to my

employers to burden 'em with my inca-"You will improve. You may leave them to protect their own interests, believe me."

William shook his head. And in brief, the elder brother found the delicate-looking youth immutable in his de-cisions, and left him, with words of impatience and anger upon his lips.

His beart reproached him for it afterwards.
He was not at all encrusted as yet with the

ossification of worldliness. The next day he again went to his brother's lodgings. But William was no longer there—he had left London, they told him; and it was not till he reached his own home that he received a letter of explanation:

"BUNK LAURENCE: I thought it best to go. Forgive neity you think it wrong. I am not able to struggle with the fierce multinude of money getters in this lreavy London. My old master, Dr. K.—, has offered ne a situation as clariscal tutor in his school. I have tecepted. It is the best thing I see to do. So fareveil. Ever yours,

"And my backless will be able to the MILLIAM."

"And my brother will be the paltry usher in a country school!" muttered Laurence, as he crushed the letter in his hand. "Gone,

And so the cloud between the brothers grew dark and palpable. They occasionally corresponded. corresponded; but each succeeding letter, instead of drawing them nearer together, second only to widen the gap. They did not understand one another. Besides, Laurence was becoming a rich man, and had become a present of the second of the s become partner in the house where once he was a clerk; while William still remained

icily increases it.

Laurence married brilliantly, choosing his wife from a noble but impoverished family, who were glad enough to ally their aristocratic poverty with his wealth, merchant and plebean though he was. It was while on his wedding tour, with his handsome but somewhat passee bride, that he received a letter form his bather. ceived a letter from his brother, forwarded to him from Landon.

"From William—my brother," he remarked, explanatorily, as he opened it; "in answer

her husband perused the letter. When he had fir is hed, he refolded it carefully, and placed it in his pocket, then turned in silence to his breakfast. His wife never noticed open, so soon as the servant had left the william and his wife were right—he could men, went out into the world, and were battlers for fortune; and one of them, alas! in
fighting that hard fight became hardened in
nature, so that scarce a trait remained of
the generous, loving boy of yore. His soul
was chill in the stony routine of that life
which is so scrupulously practical—one
might have the both the refolded it carefully, and in placed it in his pocket, then turned in silence
to his breakfast. His wife never noticed
any peculiarity in his manner; she was one of
those by whom it is not considered good
ton to be observant of other people's emotions
even a husband's. Lady Henrietta Carre
might have the content of the property of the content of the property of the content of the co man's breast.

"I will never forgive him—never, never!
I will never look upon his face again. I
will never give him help—we are strangers
from this hour. Let him travel his own road -and starve."

These hard, terrible words the brother passionately uttered, as he trod the room to and fro, when he was alone, and after again reading the letter.

and fro, when he was alone, and after again reading the letter.

"Dean Brother Laurence" (it ran)—"Your letter, with its brief announcement of your marriage, gave me great pleasure, not only for the sake of the intelligence, but because in the kindly manner in which you conveyed it on me. Perhaps, brother, it is an equal reproach to both of us that the cordainty was stronge awell as pleasant. Let us be freads again, in heart as in name; we were so once—but it is a long white ago in our new happiness we may surely drown all past offices. For I also am married—not to a peris daughter, no Laurence with you alone will rest all the brilliances and grandeur of lice; I only ask for a little quiet—I am easily content. My wife you may remember; we all knew her when we were boys at school—Mary Ellio, two, though her father was a village tradestinal, has had the eduction, and unately possess—the refinement of any lady in the land. I have loved her, and she me, for six years. She is an orphan, too, and has been a govenness all that ume—We are rich enough to commence house-keeping though on a modest scale. We are very happy; I pray that you may be the same with my new sister, to whom I beg to offer my affectionate regards. Mary 14-0 joins me in the same to yourseli my dear brother. And believe me ever yours farithfully.

"The daughter of a country shop-keeper

"The daughter of a country shop-keeper and the daughter of the Earl of Tynford to call each other sisters! And he has done this. He will repent it; he must, he shall. He is a disgrace, a shame to me. He might have been an aid—he might have helped my share. But now to marry this!"

plans. But now, to marry thus!"
Such were some of Laurence's disjoined exclamations, as he tore the letter in pieces, and flung them into the fice. Then he joined his bride. In the course of the day he informed her that his brother had irremediably offended him, and that he would never speak to him or see him more. Lady Henrietta elevated her handsome cyebrows in a momentary amazement, then restored their habitual expressional composure, and, without any remark, suffer ed her husband to turn the conversation.

Time passed on. The wealth of Laurence Carr increased yearly; his name grew glorious in the ears of business men. His house was a palace; his wife was jeweled like a queen. He himself still burrowed daily in dusty city holes, whence all his riches seemed to spring, and every year he became harder and more impassable, and more devoted to the one end and aim of his life-money-

It was his sole ambition—he had no hope no joy beyond There was no happiness in his gorgeous home, no tenderness in his ma-jestic and aristocratic wife. No one who noked on him would have immagined that he felt the want of love; that there was any remnant of the generous, warm-hearted boy's nature still lingering in the old grim mer chant-old before his time, but hard, and cold and piercing as a steel prignard yet. But it was so. There were moments when his thoughts wandered at their own will—when he remembered. The face of his mother shone on him sometimes; and then would come a flash of memory—of the old childish days. And ah, how strange! the childish feelings of those days. And his two chilas born to continue the greatness of his family—as enjoying like a prince, the wealth youth.

The the fair, gentle girl, whose progress to wo-manhood he had followed in the thoughts; soft lips would press upon the wrinkles of his worn face—whose gentle voice would always have the power to win him out of his harder, sterner self. If either of his children had lived, Laurence Carr might have been a different man; but both these lessings which he had prayed for-dreamed of as the solace and delight of his old age

or as the solace and dengar of his old age—were only granted to him for a brief space, and then left his sight forever.

The blow rent his heart sorely. It was so deep a grief, even, that at first he forgot the check to his ambition it involved. No the check to his ambition it involved. No equally sensel Ye who hastily write resentson of his would carry his name into future
ages—no descendants of his were destined
to make illustrious the plebian family he
had first raised from obscurity. When this
remembrance came, it added to his affliction
remembrance came, it added to his affliction
It was long before he dared to approach
It was long before he dared to approach a something that was cold, stony, and It was long before he dared to approach almost defiant. Beceaved love mourus; but him with attempts at reconciliation. He blighted ambition erects its head in very felt keenly with anguish, the fresh bittermpotence of pride againts the band that hastises. Laurence's heart grew hardened.

Yet, spite of all his inward protestations. he looked enviously, and somtimes with a feeling less solfish than enry, at the happy was always denied admittance at the door, parents of blooming children. He would when time after time he sought the poor have given well nigh his all hard-won wealth abode where the former millionaire had his for one such boon as was so freely granted to many. Against his will he often found him self musing thus, sorrowfully, yearningly. He would awake himself with stern resolve; the one-balf of his nature would shrink into itself, while the other looked on with a sar-

donic kind of piety.
Yet again and again came these softening reveries. It was in the midst of one of them in the twilight of a December evening, that from

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whispering tone, "and let me lean my head upon your shoulder. Now, that is pleasant. We love each other; don't we, Laurence?"

And the tender, childish face looked up
this wife from a noble but impoverished sought to know what had become of the other. He had known somewhat, bowever; for William had come to London, and had commenced the new life of authorship, and Laurence had occasionally met his name in passing periodicals. But direct communication between the two had altogether ceased.

He frowned as he recognized the hand. Perhaps, had this letter come at any other time, he might have returned it unopened. Oh, men! ye who pray, pray for your fellow men, whose hearts are hardened. Oh, angels! The frigidly high-bred lady responded by plead for them, strive for them; for verily if a slight bend of her long neck, and busied there be a place in all His works where God herself with her chocolate and mushins, while does not dwell, and where no saving spark

room, and he read:

open, so some as the servant had left the room, and he read:

"I had almost sworn never to address you again, after that last letter you sent. In that you bade me never to trouble you more; you told me that you would neither listen to me nor assist me, however sore my strait might be. I forgot you were my brother when I read those words: the devil rose within me, and I had uttered—what hereafter it might have withered me to think of only my wife came up to me, and. God bless her, while her eyes rested on ms. I could not speak, nor even think of what was hissing at my heart. I telf you this that you may judge what it costs me to write to you now, "I might starve," you sand. Laurence Carr, since then I have learned what starvation is like—I have traveled very near its utmost laurence. Carr, ince then I have learned what starvation is like—I have traveled very near its utmost laure, it is a word the meaning of which I know.

That would not ding me one quarter inch towards your thre-shold; its worst ngony is not within a twentuct part of that which even the thought of addressing you for help would have cost me. But that anguist is now swallowed in a greater. I seek your help—I cuttent you, I beseeth you to assist ms. Laurence, we are brothers, the children of one mother; do not deny me. Give to me as you would to a beggar—fling me some money into the street. I care not how, so you do not be deaf to my erg—only be prompt, for beath is paties.

"Brother: God looks on you as you heark en to me. My child a typing for weant of food. I wait Death is pulled.

"Brother! God looks on you as you heark en to me
My child as dying for want of food. I wait

"William Carr."

Laurence rose from his gilded chair, and traversed the luxurious chamber wherein he had sate, stately and solitary. He opened the door—there he paused. Then, as it with new resolution, he stepped forth into the hall.

In a remote corner, which even the bril-

liant lamp failed clearly to illumine, he distinguished a tall, thin figure—a pale, pinched face, with gay hair falling tangled over the broad brow. Did Laurence see then the vision of the bright-haired child who slept decounts. It was past midnights he wend-drive that the country of the property of t on his breast one Christmas night long years

back? Who can tell.

Howbeit, he retreated into the room before he was recognized, or even seen by his brother; and it was by a servant that he sent to William a small but heavy packet. He eagerly seized it, with a kind of smothered cry, almost like a sob, and the next in-stant had left his brother's house. The child was saved; and then William

had time to think on the sacrifice he had made to save it. His proud heart was torn at the remembrance that he had been a wait ouse, and had been received at the hands of his brother's lackey. He could not know that Laurence, hard man as he was, had tried to face him, but could not; that he had watched him as he darted away through the street: that he had thought of him often ince, with something almost approaching

He did not know this; so he strove and tiled with desperate energy, till be could give back his brother's gold, and then returned it with a brief acknowledgment.—
He added—"It is best for us both to forget ur humiliation, for you degraded both in me. Let us be strangers again."

The returned money found Laurence Carra poor man. Sudden political troubles abroad, with their inevitable consequences -two or three mistakes in home commercial policy-had wrought this great change, and rain to its climax. The merchant prince was worse than penniless; for there were large debts which all his vast possessions. all his accumulated wealth, would fail to satisfy. His wife naturally incensed at his misfortunes, betook herself and her liberal jointure to the parental roof, and he remain-

bost of difficulties that pressed crushingly upon him. With scrupulous (some people called it Quixotic) integrity he gare up all he had, and quictly and simply announced his intention of paying off the residue of his debt to the uttermost farthing, if he lived.— Then with proud, silent bravery he accepted n clerkship in some brother-merchant's office. The boy he often pictured to himself took an humble lodging, and began again to continue the greatness of his the life he had commenced in his early

The world-even the world of business and money-getting—is not so wholly bad as we read of in novels. Laurence received many offers of assistance, and one or two solute tenderness. She it was who would cling to him lovingly in after years—whose lowing him with their active friendship. tude, or even to thoroughly appreciate their goodness. His pride was but the pride of a strong, bold, determined man. He disdained sympathy, and sullenly repulsed all profered generosity.

The wheel of fortune had made a complete revolution. While depressing one brother, she elevated the other. William was growing into that rara aris, a flourishing author. He was sufficiently far from being wealthy, certainly, but he was at an equally safe distance from want. And now —oh, beware! Ye who hastily write resent-

ness he had himself added to the former estrangement. If desperate then, it was sure transgeneral in the series of in wait often, and essayed to speak to him —to grasp his hand. He was coldly thrust without a word, without a look. He was always denied admittance at the door,

> the consciousness of having outraged that brother's pride, now that he has fallen from parlor sat William and his wife, with their his high estate, smote him with an intense,

At length William and his wife bethought themselves of another plan. Their child, the girl, that Laurence's assistance had as women love to have them—everywhere. saved from death, was now grown into a lice rested beside her father—his hands I "I's of no use; unless I can deceive them,

not turn her from him.
"Uncle won't you look at us?" Said the

ooy inopportunely.
"Go home to your father," said Laurence in a harsh, constrained voice; "I have nothing to say to you. Go home. I do not wish," he added in a softer tone, "to be unkind to

you, but—but—you must leave me."

The girl stood drooping and tearful; the little boy gazed up at him with wondering eyes. He was fain to escape from them, and so passed from the room.

After that William grew hopeless. He had exhausted his stock of expedients; all his nationce, endurance seemed in vain. He despaired of ever softening the obdurate

Time passed on, and Laurence was untroubled by his brother. His persevering troubled by his brother. His persevering industry was working its own way, too, and he was already clear of the barren poverty he had at first experienced after his ruin.— Each succeeding year found him advancing to case again, if not to affluence; and he was stern, cold, and unbending as ever.

Another Christmastide drow near—forty-fire group after that Christmastide had been about the contraction.

five years after that Christmas when the moon shone on the little white bed at Cheriaccounts. It was past midnight as he wended his way homeward. It was a frosty night, and moon-light, and suburban streets were quiet and slumberous; Laurence's foot-steps, echoing on the pavement, alone break ing the stillness. Somehow without his own will, almost in spite of it, indeed, his thoughts turned back to old times, and there arose before him a vision of the quaint house in the country, where his boyhood had been passed; the large rambling garden, the big mulberry tree, and the wood near the village where he and Willie had used to gather nuts. He and Willie—there he frowned and sternly refused to dwell on the retrospection. He walked quickly on, with lips stardily compressed and brows knitted, resolved to shut his mind on all softening influences; but he could not-the thoughts came again, and would not be repulsed. He lifted his eyes to the sky, and the myrind stars were shining down on him with a kind

of smile—the same smile as that of long ago

\* \* \* He could not sleep that night.

He lay very quiet, but with a world of busy thought fluttering about his heart, striving for entrance. The moonlight streamed in through a crack in the blind, and lit up the dreary, comfortless room. Laurence closed his eyes suddenly. The moonbeams brought remembrance with them that he would

not welcome. There came a sound of music outside in the frosty street.

The waits. And they played the old, old

tune two boys had listened to years ago at Cheriton.
Very strangely it sounded on Laurence's familiar. power the sweet, solemn strain smote on his closed heart, and even before he recognized it he had yielded to its power, and, wonder-

ng the while, felt the hot tears bubbling thickly to his eyes.

And then came thronging the recollec-Then came out the finer part of his character. With courage he encountered the remaining years like an obscuring smoke, leaving clear and vivid the memory of the happy, innocent time, when he was a boy, and Willia was his dear brother. The pleasant home, the kind father, and—gentlest thought of all—the mother who had been wont every night to hang over her boys in their little white bed, and lingeringly kiss them ere they went to sleep. How plainly he re-membered all—the childish face with its golden curls; he opened his eyes, almost ex-

> No! the moonlight only fell on his own thin, wrinkled hand, worn and shrivelled with the troubles and the cares of well nigh sixty Prayerful thoughts, long strange to him, alas! came instinctively to his mind, and he heard, low and soft, but clear and blending with the music in the street, the voice of his mother, sounding as of old when she read to her little sons from the large Book on her knee. He heard solemn. slow, and sweet, the Divine words—"And this Commandment

ting to see it on the pillow beside him.

leave with you, that ye love one another." He saw the dear mother's eyes as they rested on her hove with such an infinite yearning tonderness in their depths. He ould tell now, what that carnest look meant. In could guess, too, something of what were her thought, when often in their childish narrels she would draw little Willie close ber side, and then pass her arm around the strong, active, vigorous Laurence, whis-pering, 'Don't be harsh with Willie; take pering, "Don't be harsh with Willie; take care of Willie. Love each other always, ny boys—my darlings."

The waits ceased—the air was silent—but

there was music in the heart of Laurence

ky. The murmur of the waves beating on he shore came ever and anon-a quiet

when time after time as sought the poor come to live at Cheriton in the old house.—

abode where the former millionaire had his shelter.

One less tender, less patient than William, had been effectually repulsed with half the rebuffs he met with. But his exceeding behind which the icy moon was rising even the road to catch the many many which will many paned windows, quaint corners, and turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin!" said the little girl in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lic: indeed I cannot. Why did you tell me which way

parlor sat William and his wife, with their two children, watching the pale light tremsharp remorse. Only a man can wholly bling between the branches of the gloomy sympathize in a man's pride. William's fire. The fire-light flashed and glowed within two heart different as it was, told him how the room, lighting up the pictures on the great was the barrier he had set before them. walls, the books, and prints, and drawings

Alice rested besido her father—his hands wandered among her bright curls; but he was like her father, with golden hair and brown eyes, such as he had.

"Ho cannot turn her from him," sail the father and mother, as with glistening eyes, they watched her on her way. She led her little brother hy the hand, and these two presented themselves before Laurence, as he sat reading in the quiet sunshine of a Sabbath afternoon.

"We are Willie and Alice," said the girl, timidly, looking in his face.

He knew them at once, though his eyes had never rested on them before. Alice was his mother's name, and his mother's face seemed beat on him now, longingly yearningly.

William and his wife were right—he could been pointing out to them his favorite

Alice rested besido her father—his hands wandered among her bright curls; but he was looking towards the fir grove, and his wand looking for you though his down though his eyes were fixed on his saw spoke to his heart of the old happy childish days—tender, pathetic memories that she also loved so dearly for his sake. The children prattled gaily for some time, but at length their voices ceased; they were subdued into stillness by the unwonted gravity of their father. Never had they seen him so sorrowful, and they mark the house where they hoped to secure him so sorrowful, and they mark the fir grove, and his decivity of their father. Never had the language of that sand wistful look; the knew how eloquently or were subdued into stillness by the unwonted gravity of their father. Never had they seen him so sorrowful, and they mark the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in the mendow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said, sternly, "have you seen had been pointing out to them his favorite had been pointing out to them his favorite. had been pointing out to them his favorite haunts—his garden, his tree with the sent under it, and the little room where he used to sleep. He had been so smiling and glad pleading voice again; "won't you speak to us—me and little Willie?"

"Papa's own little Willie," chimed in the now?

Awed by the mystery, they gave their good-night kiss with added tenderness, but silently; and silently followed their mother from the room. But she returned almost immediately, and stole softly behind the chair wherein her husband sat, still looking forth with that silent, longing, regretful look. Even when he felt ber arm around his neck he did not turn. But she spoke

softly—
"Dearest, I know. But be comforted. It will be made right some day. Perhaps be-fore another Christmas. God has been so good to us, he will not deny this one bless-ing you so crave, so pray for."

And William folded her to his heart, and

smiled. Mary's voice never sounded in his ears but to create peace, cr to add to content. When she left him again, the moontent. When she left him again, the moonlight fell on his face, and showed it calm.

opeful, and screne.
There came a heavy tread on the stone steps, leading to the entrance door, and then the great bell rang startingly through the quiet house. William rose, and himself went to meet the intruder. Fairly, clearly, purely gleamed the moonlight in at the window; warm and generous glowed the fire, revealing the pleasant home-like aspect of the room

So William threw back his grey hair from his brows—a boyish habit, continued ever since the time of golden curls—and went to the outer door, unbarred and opened it. A gush of chill, sharp air—the sound of the sea, like a far-off chant—the moonbeams,

white on the stone porch and pavement— and a dark figure standing motionless there; —this was what William felt, and heard, and saw, the first moment. The next, a face looked on him, a hand was stretched towards him, and a voice ut-

tered only one word—
"Brother!" William's joyful cry answered him; then, like Joseph of old, "he fell upon his neck,

And at the door where the two children had so often entered from their play, the two gray-haired men stood, the Christmas

## stars shining on their faces. The Governor's Escape.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 17—, and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold, the latter fled to the town of L-, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a secluded farm house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat;

Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants, hidden beneath the

orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin out of sight; and supposing their destined sat with her dog Towser, tending the bleach, trey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit, ing of the household linen. The long web Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe ing of the household linen. The long web |
of forty yards or more, which was diligently | spun and woven during the long winter his little cousin had hidden him, until the months, was whitened in May, and thus time for her return to the house for suppermade ready for use. This business of bleach. Then he hade her go as usual to her home; ing economized, being usually done by the telling her to ask her mother to place the younger daughters of the family, who were signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the not old enough to spin, nor strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen and dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer hind. or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a The signal recalled the boat, which after spring or meadow brook. There it was twilight had ventured in sight of the shore thoroughly wetted and spread upon the and the farm house, and the Governor mada green turf, to take the heat of the sun by day, and the dew at night. The little maiden who tended it, would sit near it during the ed his infint daughter, which had been born day, with her knitting or her book, and as in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he fast as the sun dried its folds, she would might be duity reminded of the little cousin.

sprinkle the water over it with ner sprinkle the sall dipper, and make it wet again.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the younger daughter of Governor Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the read to escape from his pursuers. Hetty the read to escape from his pursuers. Hetty the read to escape from his pursuers. Hetty the read to escape from his pursuers. daughter yet thoughtful and wise beyond many of her elders. She was frightened by headlong haste with which the Governor Methodist Episcopal Church on Tramont rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene; and instantly quieted her faithful Towser, who, though a friend of the family guest, thought it becom-ing to bark loudly at his hurried steps. Her wise forethought arrested the Gov-

ernor's notice, and suggested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty." he said, Christmas day at Cheriton was drawing delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said, carnestly, "I am flying for my life, and unto its close. The evening bells were ring-carnestly, "I am flying for my life, and uning—the stars shone in the dark colorless less I can reach my boat before I am overtaken. I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. Now I want to run down this way sound and happy.

Only two days before, William Carr had who are chasing me, that I have gone up come to live at Cheriton in the old house.— the road to catch the mail wagon which will

bless you."
"Heaven never blesses those who speak at last.

"It's of no use; unless I can deceive them I am a dead man."

him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the little girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused. "Child," he said, sternly, "have you seen a man running away hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must, or take the consequences."

"But you must, or take the consequences."
"I said I wouldn't tell if you killed me,"

"I said I wouldn't tell it you kined me, sobbed the frightened girl.
"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer with an eath.
"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide, "I know the child, I believe. Isn't

your name Hetty Marvin?" he ask pleasantly. "Yes, sir."
"And this man who ran by you a few minutes ago, was your mother's cousin, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he was." "Well-we are friends of his-what did he say to you when he came along?'

He—he told me—that he was flying for his life."

his life."
"Just so, Hetty: that was very true. I hope he wont have to fly far. Where was he going to try to hide? you see I could help him if I knew his plans."
Now Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would consist with his safety, and she wisely indeed that with his sufety; and she wisely judged that her frankness would nerve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner candidly. "My cousin said that he was going down this way to tho river, where he had a boat; and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him,

that he had gone, the other way to catch the mail wagon, the other way to catch the mail wagon."
"Why don't you do as he bid you then, when I asked you where he had gone?"
thundered the officer fierely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir, was the tear ful answer.
"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued

Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say, when you told him you could not tell a falsehood?" "He said he shouldn't think I'd betray

him to his death." "And then you promised him that you wouldn't tell which way he went if you was killed for it?"
"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so I sup-pose he thanked you for it, and ran down

pose he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quick as possible."
"I promised not to tell where he went, sir,"
"Oh, yes; I forgot. Well, tell us his last words and we won't trouble you any more."
"It's last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.' And overcome by a sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rightly interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud, and hid her face from sight.

Her termenters did not stay lenger to

length the subtle foe discovered his retreat; and one sunny afternoon in May, he was routed from his hiding place by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek, which emptied itself into the Connecticut river, just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island instruction and hid her face from sight.

Her tormentors did not stay longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted; and pushed rapidly down the river.

Now, the Governor had arranged a signal with his boatmen, that a white cloth by day, or light in the night, displayed from the attic window of his hiding place, which was the entrance of the latter into Long Island the entrance of the latter into Long Island just visible at the mouth of the creek, should Sound. There he had a loat stationed, with inform them if he were in trouble, and put two faithful attendants, hidden beneath the them on the alert to help him. As soon, high banks of the creek. The distance from therefore, as he started from his cousin's, the farm-house to the boat was two miles by the signal floated from the window to warn the usual traveled road. But a little sheep them. And when they saw the pursuing path across the farmer's orchards would bring him to the read only a mile from the boat, and save a quarter's length of his fear-ful. run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the lose the boat with two men in it, nearly

> and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of his little cousin had hidden him, until the signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the window for the boatman, and to send him there some supper, with his valise, which inhe harry of his departure he had left be-

> The signal recalled the boat, which after oined his family in a secure home, he nammight be daily reminded of the little cousin, whose truth and shrewdness had saved his.

when the organist may dispense with the services of his "assistant." In the new street, Boston the organ blowing is performed by water power—a small stream of Cochituate being introduced, which does the work admirably, without getting the "sulks" and quarrelling with the organist. All that the latter has to do is to turn a stopcock. which lots on the water, and the organ bel-lows are put in motion, and supply all the wind desired. In the new church spire of Rev. Dr. Dannett, also in the City of No-tions, there is a chime of bells, which is to this way be played upon by means of electricity, so that the performer may cause them all to gone up sound exactly in the respective order he may desire, while scated at a key-board similar to that of an organ.

SLOW BUT SURE .- General Dix. when 'a' nember of Buchanan's Cabinet, gave orders son were going?"

"Hetty, dear child, surely you would not betray me to my death! Hark! they are coming. I hear the click of their horses' shooting down the offender he hange kim'up; feet. Oh, Hetty, tell them I have gone up the road instead of down, and Heaven will the sanctity of which he violated. A. year and a half passed, but the punishment came are last.