·" We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the plac and keep step to the music of the union."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER.

## MONTROSE, PA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 37.

## GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED

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## TESTIMONIALS:

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"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

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"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Maof their location in New York, to introduce NEW FEATURES,

NEW FEATURES, chine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect. We shall endeavor to establish an agent in adaptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in daptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in every town in the United States, so that all who allowed the control of the con formance of family and household sew-"-Robert Boorman, New York.

For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly done, would be most indefatigable 'iron needle-women,' whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

1853.]
1853.]
1 had a tent made in Melbourn, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Masewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Ma- &c., chines, and a single seam of that has outstood Agricultural and Do- N Poetical, Theological, all the double scams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight skirt-making as 'the direful spring of woes unnumbered.' Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & tained my expectation. After trying and returntained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senzior of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Fam ily Sewing Machines for some time, and I am astis-fied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennesse.

It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in it work; is easily understood and kept in repair.
I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my

a quaintances and others."—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn. "We find this Machine to work to our satis-

faction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—Deary Broth-

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does

Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

If find the work the strongest and most beantiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

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TED STATES, for the uninterrupted success which has crowned their earnest efforts to please during the last four years, would return their sincere thanks to the hundreds of thousands who have, in past time, seen fit to bestow their libicct ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—Mrs. E. B. Spoener, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Rabar" Control of the seam of thousands who have, in past time, seen fit to bestow their liberal patronage upon them; and would further assure them, and the public generally, that their long experience and established capital warrant them in offering greater inducements than ever, and such as are out of the reach of any similar establishment in the country; and propose in the country of the seam.

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Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thor, R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th, all the works on Art, Science and Nat.

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[Extract of a letter from Thor, R. Leavitt, are now ready to be given away, mailed free to any address, to all parts of the world. It contains all the works on Art, Science and Nat.] ural History, Adventures, Travels, V Historical and Mis-

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"I use my Machine upon costs desarrating the who may be unacquainted with us, we would see that the manual transfer in th "I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen attiching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other chacking I have ever seen."—Lucy B.

THE HOMESTEAD. It is not as it used to be When you and I were young,

When round each elm and maple tree The honeysuckles clung; But still I love the cottage where I passed my early years, Though not a single, face is there That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be. The moss is on the roof.

And from their nest beneath the caves The swallow keeps aloof. 'The robins-how they used to sing When you and I were young; And finhed about the wild bee's wing

It is not as it used to be! The voices loved of vore. And the forms that we were wont to see We see and hear no more,

The opening flowers among!

No more! Alas we look in vain For those to whom we clung, And loved as we can love but once, When you and I were young.

THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS:

IWESTY YEARS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON. THE soft light of an Agust moon shed beauty and splendor over the grounds belonging to a picturesque little farm in the suburbs of 7,50 Edinburgh. The tall trees went whispering together, as the breeze stirred their tops, and aught the silvery-radiance on their shining

By the door of the farm-house sat its owner, Alexander Adamson; and his wife a fine, andsome woman, past middle age, but re-6,00 taining much of her youthful beauty, occu-

pied a seat upon the steps.

I have said that Mr. Adamson was the owner of the little farm. I do not mean that he was a farmer by occupation. His work was performed by a substitute-for himself he was a learned man, and had occupied a professor's chair in the college of Perth, and, subsequently, of that of Edin-burgh. Sometimes he received into his fami-

ly a few boys, or young men who were un-willing to herd with the common people; but, for the last two or three years, the sons of the murdered William Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie; the Counter, their mother, making it a special request that her sons should have no other associates out of the college

William and Patrick Ruthven were now respectively seventeen and fifteen years old; the eldest, a bold, manly youth full of animal life and spirits, and leading his more timid and sedate brother juto all sorts of awkward sorapes. Wild and untamed as the eagle, he would scarcely bend to the authority of his mother, and certainly not to Sandilands are out of the surface of the mother, and certainly not to Sandilands are out of the sand spirits. The had given the letter to be transmitted to Lilias by a faithful friend, and was preparation to Sandilands are out of the sand spirits. The had given the letter to be transmitted to Lilias by a faithful friend, and was preparing to follow William into the boat, when a authority of his mother, and certainly not to that of his two elder brothers, John and Al-POOKS.

Commissions and inducements to clubs and to agents who are willing to devote their time to our business; so that those who desire can have an and the livite Lilias, their only child, who are willing to devote their time to our business; so that those who desire can have an and the livite Lilias, their only child, who

> day with Lilias - the day succeeding that on which Lord Gowrie perished on the block. the boy's character with that shade of melancholy which seemed to belong to it. He was gentle and tender as a more of the control of the cont gentle and tender as a woman, and his large, mournful eyes seemed ever to be asking for

ove and forbearance."

For Lilias his affection, though quiet and timid, was well understood by one of her womanly tack and quick perception. She was stronger, as a woman, than he would be as a man; but this did not hinder the full. free out spring of her affection for him. She did not expect to be thought fit to become the wife of a Ruthren, but, child-like, she

would not see the danger of loving him. And, amid this moon-light scene, in the old recessed window of the farm-house, she was at that moment setting with Patrick Ruthven's small and delicate hand, whiteand soft as a lady's, twining in her brown curls the long pendants of purple jasmine that grew about the windows at Evandale.

and, in many studies, she already surpassed both the youths—but there was a tenderness in a whispered conversation, the Queen held in the manner of both that betrayed that communion with Beatrix Ruthven, the sister

Lilias, could not prevent Patrick from worry- at which time it was formerly taken from him ing about William. The gentle boy loved and the title declared extinct; and it was of was never happy unless be knew precisely talked of "the young philosopher who was me to give you will."

The property of the young philosopher who was me to give you will.

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The property of the young philosopher who was me to give you will.

The property of the young philosopher who was me to give you will be to give you.

The property of the young philosopher who was me to give you will be to gi early after dinner, with his gun, and Patrick, always afraid of fire-arms, was anxious for his return. So, after many ineffectual attempts to bear his absence quietly, he set off to find him in the wood, whither he knew he had

Lilias watched his retreating footsteps, her white arms leaning on the window-sill, and

when he was no longer in sight, she feel asleep in the moonlight. When she awoke, the doors and windows were shut, her father and mother had disappeared, and she was setting, face to face, with William Ruthven.

"Where is Patrick!" she asked, with a troubled voice.
"Patrick!" Oh, I have not seen him?" "Not seen him! What time is it!"

" Past eleven." "Ob, William, William! come with me

Wby, Lily, what makes you think so !" since. Let us go." "Ah, you think much more of Patrick

than of me, Lily, foolish Lily." "If we were not in such haste, I should ask you why you thought so." "But. Lilias, I am serious. I do not like

die, you would be Earl." A shade came over the boy's face, and Lilias felt that she had been cruel to speak of his brothers' deaths, and tried to change leading to Anne's apartments, he glanced out

blossomed for a few brief hours, to be with walked the fleet-footed Beatrix, apparently ered again by the very calamity half-prophe- as calm, and unmoved, as if she had not just sied by the innocent Lilias.

made such an effort to save the bonor of her
She turned toward him with a look that brother and her Queen, both of which she told her sorrow, and besought him to call knew were innocent of any wrong.

Patrick's name. The call was instantly an- When James entered his wife's apartment.

Patrick lingered to say a few low sentences his entrance, that touched and thrilled through the loving The King looked at it with the greatest heart of Lilias, like the echo of some far-off-

at breakfast, where Lilias sat beside her father, half nestled beneath his arm, in her yain attempt to shon the dark eyes William Ruthven, and soft, shadowy orbs of Patrick. A horseman rode furiously up to the door, and called for Mr. Adamson. There was a

ill-fated conspiracy, so fatal to the projectors.

The two lives between William Ruthven and the Earldom of Gowrie were already re-

slain in the presence of King James, while seeking to imprison him in Gowrie House. Struck dumb by the intelligence, the boys moved towards the door where the horseman

Sandilands are out with a party of horse, on their way hither."

babited. From a neighboring house Mrs. Adamson

messengers had been foiled of their prey. "Mother! mother! do you believe they are safe?" asked Lilias, in a trembling voice.

"Lilias, dear, be calm," said the mother "trust you father for concealing the precious boys where the cannicst of King James' followers could never detect them. No doubt, they are in safety."

Reassured by her mother's undoubting faith; Lilias watched for the departure of the borsemen.

It was long before they had any, tiding of the fugitives; but a wandering beggar, to whom they one day gave food and drink, drew a paper from his ragged vestments, on which was written, in the dominie's own band—" Berwick, England."

OWN INTEREST,
And buy at EVANS' Gin Book Store, sweet breath of that passion which, deride it beautiful gifts so freely scattered among but even the presence of the beloved little the title of Earl of Gowrie for three months,

For, in the two or three years that had passed since the fatal conspiracy, the two young men had studied at Cambridge, under concealed names. Their mother, the unfortunate Countess Ruthver, had not dared to visit them, for although her sons were unknown, she would have been only too easily recognized; but on this night a faithful attendant had promised to bring the brothers

to see and bid farewell to Beatrix. The sister was the well-beloved attendant of the Queen, and kept by her privately, in disregard of his Majesty's express command. It was past midnight, when the brothers were admitted by a secret staircase to the chamber where Beatrix awaited them. The Queen delicately, left them alone to take that lingering, tender farewell, which was only too likely to be the last. A thousand messages "If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one offix."—John Erskine, Nashville, Teon. liam's forced calmness, and the long-contin-"Because he went for you, two hours ed emotion of Patrick; bore witness to the suffering embodied in that interview. The Queen found ber favorite in a dead faint after their noisless departure, and mingled her tears with those of the unhappy sister when

There had been whispers of a romantic rick—so stupid, so absent-minded and dull."

"For shame, William! Say tender and gentle, instead of that, and you will do justice to Patrick."

"No. I do not fupey such spithets for men. They should be courageous, brave, as should appoint Anne to the regency. The only grounds of this belief in the Queen's atrong.

By the time they had reached the wood, the tends of a romantic ry bad seemed to interest up.

There had been whispers of a romantic fondness for Alexander Rathven, on the part of A faint blush passed over the clear, white told her of his sweet, unfalling patience—his cheek, like the pale, wintry sunlight upon beautiful screnity of face, and the tenderness which he had ever shown to children; and, when the story was concluded, the tears that the King should abdicate in favor of Prince men. They should be courageous, brave, attoached the wood, attendment seems to have been in the mere.

By the time they had reached the wood, the tears to have been in the mere.

There had been whispers of a romantic fondness for Alexander Rathven, on the part told her of his sweet, unfalling patience—his cheek, like the pale, wintry sunlight upon beautiful screnity of face, and the tenderness which he had ever shown to children; and, the key of the cell with its number attached.

"Don't go if you do not wish to," said the when the story was concluded, the tears that the late of the tenderness that the key of the cell with its number attached.

"Don't go if you do not wish to," said the when the story was concluded, the tears that the late of the tenderness when the tenderness when the story was concluded, the tears that the late of the key of the cell with its number attached.

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"Don't go if you do not wish to," said the late of the tenderness when the story was concluded, the tears that the late of the key of the cel

she had aroused ber.

Lilias was obliged to sit down; there, on a giving the youth a ribbon which the King grassy bank the boy of Ruthven Castle laid his beart at the feet of the dominic's daughter, before she could stop the mighty flow of his words.

Solution which the King tried to steady her trembling hands; and she went out quickly, as if to avoid observation.

With faltering footsteps she croossed the yard and walked along the range of cells.

There was no such number, but she ascended but tell me what you wish." "Now I must say again, William, that I youth, lay the end of a rich ribbon, which the round of steps leading above, and soon sm ashamed of you. You, an Earl's brother, the King instantly recognized as his own found it. She paused a moment at the door ear. She could not sreak them aloud to the gift, and, in a moment of rage, he ran off to before she tunned the key in the great lock, assembled groups.

The Queen's dressing-room. Beatrix Ruthven other day, to think of poor little Lilias Adward comprehended the whole.

earnest suit.

James had begun to ascend the front one.

With a frantic gesture she threw the ribbon into a drawer, and charging the Queen to be and if he and your brother Alexander should composed and to show it to the King calmly, and naturally, if he asked to see it, she disthe subject, but she had unconsciously of the window to see if young Ruthven was wrought an ambition in William's heart that

swered. Patrick, forgetful of the hour, had with a wrathful and clouded face, he asked wandered far, and was just returning; and to see the ribbon which he had last given her. as they went back together, the moon went Anne's hand did not tremble as she presented down behind the hill. No word was spoken it, carefully rolled on a block, as she had consave the usual good night by William, but trived to arrange it, in the moment before

surprise, but returned it to her without speaking a word. As he stumbled out of the The next morning was that of the 6th of room, however, Annie heard him August, 1600. The dominie's family were take me, but like is an ill mark." room, however, Annie heard him say-"Deil

> It was no wonder that the Queen loved Beatrix Ruthven; for whether her romantic attachment to Alexander were real or not, when souls, however long they might be par-she was indebted to his sister for this fortu-ted by death, would know each other, and nate escape from the terrible suspicions of she tried to console herself with that remem-

boys, he told them as tenderly as possible, what had taken place the day before, at Gownie House, in Perth, and the tragical end of that ill-fated conspiracy, so fatal to the projectors.

Ill-fated conspiracy, so fatal to the projectors. his wanderings, concealments and trials, had thin hands stretched themselves towards her. moved! John and Alexander Ruihven were that misfortune had not blotted out.

resigning her love, if she wished to bestow it upon his brother; or, if she still held her know me, Lilius who sat with you in the old fidelity to him, to correspond with him at parior at Evandale."

to Lilias by a faithful friend, and was preparing to follow William into the boat, when a heir way hither."

Meanwhile, Mr. Adamson was hastily colecting a few clothes for himself and the two but Patrick was taken immediately to the

His gentleness and quiet demcanor—his acceptance of what was done for him, without complaint or a single expression of a wish for that uttered loving words are only saving—

learn, is more painting than the first that once gazed lovingly upon our faces, look for, by advertisement, and Lilias, who saved every trial and embarrassment to her husband, that uttered loving words are only saving—

went over to France, produced her credentials, more attention—the large, soft, mournful eyes "I do not remember you!" that met the jailer's glance, when he entered that met the jailer's glance, when he entered the cell, all awoke his pity and interest. He spoke to him of his wife and children, and it was their delight to send him little presents of food of a better quality than was allowed the prisoner.

Lilias was on her knees beside him, and looked up into his face. She watched him as he returned her gaze, and slowly, very slowly, she saw something like a gleam of memory ligh ing. up his dark, melancholy the husband; and here, amidst the norm and simple pleasures of nature, the browners and simple pleasures of nature, the browners and simple pleasures of nature, the browners are not simple pleasures.

One day, in early spring, there came to the Tower, a woman, no longer young, but with a soft, delicate look, and a sweet, rasigned He uttered the clothes. It was streaked with the silvery pened that I did not go."

keeper. Her gentle manners and kindly face | back. went far to recommend her, and they engeged

and Eva Callender. In less than a week, "Cousin Lily," as she had begged them all to call her, was too well beloved to be parted with. She proved herself a blessing and a treasure to every one in the house, to the old as well as the young.

Out of school hours, it seemed her delight to gather the children around the old-grandparents' knees, and, seating herrelf on a low to Patrick Ruthren's enfeebled mind and stool beside them, with her gentle face bent spirits. above her work, to listen to the old keeper's

stories of the prisoners. pecially dear to his heart, he talked of Patthe children, that tears were falling upon the ed his dungeon. garments she was making for them.

years of age. The long, thin hair, floating carelessly over the shoulders, and slightly tinged with silver, the bent form and thin hands that had a tremulous motion, unceasingly, were all indicative of premature decay. The pale governess went softly up to him, she cannot do under present circumstances; and set the backet before him on the table. but she was once to have been Patrick Ruth-

"Eva, little darling, is it you,?" he said, in a low, sweet voice that felt on the sar like away from her, would long ago have become the fall of some remembered music, rolling so. Pitiful as is his present state, she is still back to her the tide of 'long ago.' She mov-willing to enter upon that bacred relation with back to her the tide of 'long ago,' She moved round so that he could see her. He seemed to know that it was none of the family, and looked at her with a timid sir, as if her

I hope you will like it." Perhaps her voice stirred the long silent depths of his soul, for he looked up with a more kindly air. He gazed at her wistfully,

as if her looks brought back some remembrance; but it was soon gone, and he shook his head sorrowful, as if some pleasant vision had suddenly disappeared.

Sadly the visitor departed. There was no recognition, then, of her in his mind. As she crossed the yard back to the house, she tho't

of that great and hallowed meeting in Heaven and called for Mr. Adamson. There was a configuration of sounds, as if the speaker were nearly breathless, but "Gowrie" and bis consequent wrath.

To go back, however, to the two young able.

Mr. Adamson came back with a solemn look. Passing an arm around each of the look passing for himself and brothers. They were intereding to leave England lore. One day, when the only gleam of sun-shire that gloomy chambers. They were intereding to leave the wounded with the west of the look.

> shone upon his memory—the only screne star that misfortune had not blotted out.
>
> And Patrick had been writing a letter to Lilias, in which every word was a heart-ache, flood-gates of her tears were again opened.
>
> She sunk upon one knee before him.
>
> "Who are you, dear?" he asked in a voice man who had waited so long and worn the cross so patiently; and who now cam withe a true heart to receive the bridal crown of "I am Lilias, dear Patrick, surely you must

The name of Evandale, even more than that of Lilias, seemed to rouse him, for he repeat-He had given the letter to be transmitted ed it as a child does a word that gives it pleas-

Yes, Evandale. And surely if you rememstrong hand was laid upon him, and he found ber that, you must think of Father Adamson as you called him, and William and Lilias." Again he looked earnestly in her face.
"I think I know you. Didn't I have a sis-

Lilias was on her knees beside him, and the future maintenance of the last of the Ruth-

I did not think you would follow me here, but companions.

He uttered the last words with such a sweet, soul. A child was born to him; the sweetthat grew about the windows at Evandale.

True their talk was mostly of their studies

A private chamber communicating with
gle, than of a kard, or laborious life. She
the appartments of Anne of Denmark, was
was dressed in a suit of plain grey, with a

"And William! Did you say he had come, Maria Ruthven was in the suite of Queen

> gleam of premature old age.
>
> She came to apply for a situation to take to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to think how it could be, and then resumed to the resumed to t He put his hand to his forehead, as if trying

"Dear, I think now that William wanted other fictitions works. his brether with an almost adoring love, and him that the queen was speaking when she her at once. She came prepared to stay, and me to give you to him. We had words about

Oh! why cannot I think ?"

"Well, don't try. Wait till I come to-mor-He held her hand fast, as if unwilling she should leave him; but just then little Eva ran in for her to come home and sing her a song, and Lilias was almost glad to end a scene which she feared would be too exciting

When the children were in bed that night, anything to say about any one of the boat, Lilias related the story of her life. She told Most of all, and as if the subject were es-ecially dear to his beart, he talked of Pat-life, since her father and mother died—how rick Ruthven, now sole survivor, he said, of the had struggled against the desire to see him a dish prepared for the table, when a the attainted family of Ruthven, the younger Patrick Ruthven once more, and how, in a pet hog running between the boy's extremibrother of the last earl of Gowrie. The quiet moment of depair, she had conceived the idea ties, completely upset him, effectually disgoverness never raised her head during these of trying to find a home where she might bursing the prepared food. Picking himself recitals; but it was sometimes observed by hear his name or catch his shadow as he pac-

If human sympathy ever woke in the bearts She had noticed that little Charlie and Eva were frequently sent with a tiny basket of fruit to one of the prisoners; but the children appeared to know where they must leave it, and there was no name mentioned in her presence. One day however, Mr. Callender told her of Patrick's gradual sinking of the tain Birch's boat entered the coverage if she would not like to the children told her of Patrick's gradual sinking of the WE Daing Too asked the governess if she would not like to soul—the decay of a mind never very active have an opportunity of seeing the prisoner of and long subjected to a systematic confine-whom she had heard so much, and whose sto-ment that would have driven any man of

She whispered a few sobbing words in his

amson for a wife!"

She snatched the offending ribbon from her than the cell, vainly trying to piece two woman-bearts that ought to judge your said the boy, for a moment forgetting his case, reaching the Queen's presence before armost suit.

She snatched the offending ribbon from her standing in the cell, vainly trying to piece two woman-bearts that ought to judge your the shadowy gloom that filled it.

Beside the iron tablet or slab that was invertable to piece the shadowy gloom that filled it.

Beside the iron tablet or slab that was invertable to piece the shadowy gloom that filled it.

James had begun to ascend the front one.

Lilias bowed.
"Our 'Cousin Lily' believes that if she were suffered to be with our poor friend yonder, constantly, she could gradually awake in his mind a perfect rememberance. This, of course, ven's wife, and had he not been cruelly taken him, and only hopes that the union may be

"Poor Cousin Lily !" responded the eafpresence disturbed him.

"Eva could not come," she said, her tears it was only right and proper that she should beginning to fall, "so I brought you the fruit.

begome the wife which she ought, long ago,

to have been. Every hour spent with Patrick brought at new revelation to his mind. He became-not strong nor well-but far better. A chord had been touched in his mind that wakened many others; and one dim twilight, when Lilias was preparing to leave him, he folded her to his heart, and said:

"Love, do not leave me-stay with me now

always." "Alwaya, Patrick?".
"Always, darling. We will never part any

Then, as if thinking suddenly how cruel it would be to chain her to a prison, he released her softly from his grasp, and said, in a subdued tone-

you will be my wife, as you told me you would at Evandale." "I will be your wife now, Patrick. Take me now and here and I will be content. And then and there, in the dim prison twilight, but with loving hearts and children bearing flowers to grace the mournful bridal, the chaplain read the deeply-colemn service that gave Patrick Ruthven to the, brave weman who had waited so long and worn the

"No, not here, Lilias; but, in another world,

a true heart to receive the bridal crown of which Pity was the brightest gem. How sweetly was that deep love and pity rewarded, when, daily, she saw some measure of improvement in her beloved! And when, after long years of confinement, the prison doors were opened and Patrick Ruthven set free Lilias almost sorrowed that they were to

return to a world where she had suffered so They removed to a small country town not far from London. Some unimportant possessions came to them from abroad, where boys, resolving to accompany them in their light. He exhorted his wife and Lilias to close up the house immediately after his departure with the Ruthvens, and remove every heart and fading youth of Patrick Ruthven. His demeasure—his action as a sum of money. The next of kin was sought as the Lilias? William Ruthven, the philosopher and cluster lesson we have to learn, is more painful than that. The eye as un of money. The next of kin was sought as un of money. The next of kin was sought as the consequence of the basing resolution of the second designed and on the consequence of the second designed and the consequence of the consequence of the second designed and the consequence of the consequence of the second designed and the consequence of the conseque and received the little property that made

> one generation had grown up in the jailer's house, and had gone away, excepting the oldest son, who remained to succeed to his faiber's office, in the event of his death. The grandchildren gathered around the table of the old couple, and etill the rest table of the old couple, and etill the rest table of the old couple, and etill the rest table of the old couple, and etill the rest table of the old couple. The couple we said, plaintively, "you see an simple pleasures of nature, the brown that I heard in my couthful tone to a degree which the wildest hopes of Lilias had never anticipated. He even studied medicine: and now down that the rest table of the old couple, and etill the rest table of the old couple. what was the name f"
>
> We was the name f"
>
> Never taking her tearful eyes from his face, the old couple, and still the now beloved prisoner remained.
>
> His gentle mood was unaltered, save for a dreamy, absent state, which the jailer sometimes feared would end in a disordered intellect.
>
> What was the name f"
>
> Never taking her tearful eyes from his face, the answered, "Lilias!" once more. A deep flush came rapidly over his check and showed her the Patrick of her early dream.
>
> "I know you now, dear," he whispered, "I'know you now, dear," he whispered, "you were mine in the world I once lived in the convenience of the art of healing. Among the poor and sick he was a faithful friend, ever gentle, kind and comparisonate. His misfortunes never made him sour nor morose, and, wherever he was seen, little children were him

At last, a new joy took possession of his

dimly lighted by a small wood fire, on the evening of the first of January, 1603. Here, in a whispered conversation, the Queen held in we seemed to have caught the hue of her painter. A portrait of her, by her husband, still bangs at Hagley Park, the seat of Lord Littleton. Their last descendent died as late charge of little children, having heard that Lilias did not interrupt him, for she desired as 1825. This was Sir. Thomas Stepney, of such a person was wanted in the family of the to see how far the tide of memory would roll Prendergast, in Pembrokeshire, whose widow Prendergast, in Pembrokeshire, whose widow was the authoress of "The Three Peers," and

Ruthven Castle yet stands; and a yawning gulf, over which leaped one of the sisters of Patrick Ruthven, who used to meet a lover forbidden by her parents, at the top of a high tower, has preserved the name of "The Maiden'a Leap." This was probably Isabel, the Wife of Robert Gorden, of Lochinvar.

of his boat one day, Captain Birch overheard one of the cabin boys indulging in animadversions on the officers and crew. He turned a very severe countenance upon him and said : Young man, hereafter, when you have please to except the captain ["

A few days after the captain happened to

. Except the Captain .- Passing the pantry

be on deck; the same cabin boy carried past up with a most rueful countenance, the boy commenced berating the hog.
"You are the miserableat hog I ever seen,"

-when, catching a view of the old man, and remembering his injunction, he added-"ex-

The boy has bad a secure berth on Captain Birch's boat ever since. WE DRIBE TOO MUCH.-We do not pretend to be a model of morality or sobriety,

or a lecturer on morals, but we are satisfied from personal observation, that we drink too