THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS-A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,-TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.-Bishop

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1853.

E. BEATTY. Proprietor.

Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER. FFICE in North Hamover street adjoining Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock. P. M. Liune 18'51

Dr. JOHN 8. SPRIGGS, OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity.-Residence—on the Walnut Bottom Road, one

mile east of Centreville. feb21 ypd G. B. COLE.

ATTORNEYATLAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to hm. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carlisle. April 20, 1852. DR. C. S. BAKER

ESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country.
Office and residence in South Hanover street,
directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."
Carlisle, Apl 20, 1853

will perform all operations upon the required for their preservation. Artificial teeth insorted, from a single tooth to anentre set, of the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mosth and irregularities barefully treated. Of fice at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle Dr. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,

GEORGE EGE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. OF Fies at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, ap 8'49.

ILLIAM H. BRETZ,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Carlisle. AS just received a large and well selected stock of American, French and Engush Chemicals, Drags, Medicines, Paints, Oile, Dye-Stulls, &c. At this store Physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully

DR. I. C. LOOMIS. WILL perform all operations upon the Toeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. & Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hetel. Dr. L. is abent from Carlisle the last ten days of every month.

Fresh Drugs, Medicines &c. &c.

Fresh Drugs, Medicines &C. &C.

I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in uso, togerner with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Bruhes of almost every description, with an endelss variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the Very Lowest prices.

All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.

May 30. Main street. varlisle. F. N. ROSENSTEEL,

HOUSE, Sign, Fancy and Ornamental Painter, Irvin's (formerly Harper's) Row, next door to Trout's Hat Store. He will attend promptly to all the above descriptions of painting, at reasonable prices. The various kinds of graining attended to, such as mahog any, oak, walnut, &c., in the improved styles. Carlisle, July 14, 1852—1y.

CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND. STEAM SAW MILI EW CUMBERLAND, PA.

TRANSPORTATION. THE undersigned are now prepared to freight merchandize from Philadelphia and Baltimore, at reduced rates, with regalarity and despatch.

DEPOTS. Buzby & Co., 345 Market Street, Phila. George Small, "Small's Depot," 72 North eorge Small, Silvan, 2 - et, Baltimore, et, Baltimore, et 21 WOODWARD & SCHMIDT.

OHN W. BELL, BENJ. DARBY JOHN W. BELL & CO., E TO THE

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS HOWARD STREET,

Opposite Centre, BALTIMORE

Carlisle Female Seminary. MISSES PAINE will commence the

on the second Monday in April, in a new and commodeurs school room, next door to Mr Leonard's, North Hauover street. Linstruction in the languages and rawing, no extra charge.

Music taught by an experienced teacher, at an extra charge.

(sepi3(f)

WHITE HALL ACADEMY.

Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa. THE SIXTH SESSION will commence or Monday, the seventh of November next arents and Guardians and others interested ars requested to inquire into the merits of thi Institution. The situation is retired, pleasant healthful and convenient of access; the cours of instruction is extensive and thorough, an the accommodations are ample.

3D. Denlinger, Principal land teacher of Languages and Mathematics.
Dr. A. Dinsmore, A. M., teacher of Ancient Languages and Natural Science. Languages and Natural Science.
E. O. Dare, teacher of Mathematics and

Natural Sciences. Hugh Coyle, Teacher of Music. T. Kirk White, teacher of Plain and Orna. mental Penmanship.

Terms. Boarding, Washing, and Tuition in English per session (5 months), Instruction in Ancient or Modern \$50 00

Instruction in Ancient C.
Languages, each, 50 to
Instrumental Music, 10 00
For Circulars and other information address
D. DENLINGER,
4en7 Harrisburg, Pa.

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE or RENT. THE subscriber offers for sale the BRICK HOUSE and Lot, 25 feet front by 240 it deep, now occupied by Mr. Henry Keller, in North Hanover street. The house and all the improvements are nearly new. The dwelling contains thirteen ceiled rooms, including double parlors. Attached is a cistern. Smoke House and Stable. For further information apply noxt door to the premises to JR WRAYER, a. Julo 13 1853

Original Vortry.

LINES TO * * * * * *. BY EDWARD STILES EGE.

"True Love's the gift which God has given To man alone beneath the heaven; man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly—
It liveth not in fierer desire,
With dead desire it doth not die; With dead desire it does not coo, it is the servet sympathy, The silver link, the silven tie, Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, In body and in soul may bind."

Walter Scott.

I am too poor, alas! to love thee, Lady!
But wilt thou give a thought in after days
To one who only asks to call thee friend, And tries, in feebleness, to sing thy praise

I am too poor to love thee! yet thy mind Has woven round my heart a spirit-chain. Which binds me to the shrine:—'tis bondage sweet, I would not, ask not to be free again.

Ш. I dare not love thee! yet whene'er I hear
'Another's lips give forth thy touching name
I turn—to love the speaker, if he praise—
To hate him, dare he e'en but gently blame,

Wert thou, in thy pure leveliness, to die?

v. -I dare not love thee! yet whene'er I gaze
In thy dear face my mind feels free from
care;—
I think of childhood's hour-my Mother's knee,
Where, morn and night, I lisped a simple
pray'r.

I am too poor to love thee! yet in sleep I know I often murmur thy sweet name, Whilst blending it with midnight's strange,

Of happiness, hope, honor, joy or fame. V11. I dore not love thee! yet whene'er I pray
Thy name is breath'd in ferventness above;

VIII. 'Twere vain, I feel, to love theel one so pure To my poor, humble love could never bend: My heart must learn, through sadness, to_en-I only ask to call thee my true friend.

* * * * * *

ıx. Yes, I will dare to love thee! though 'tis vain But thy dear name shall e'er a sweet sound be;--In loneliness I'll think of faded dreams---

Of hope, of joy, of you-Love's MEMORY. 'Tis sweet to love, although that love bring

pain, Some bitterness in life to all is given ;— Then, Fair Girl, take this lay—I feel it is it But I will love a star in God's bright mora

CARLISLE, PENN'A.

Select Cale.

From the Ladles' Paper. LOUISA AND WARREN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

mystery-and in it, as dreams within dreams, are other mysteries -and the greatest of these is love. Its origin is "accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of loving something," says one who went from the wretched tempest of a hopeless affection, up to the high and suppy places of the world, where, in the middle of his journey-his heart aching with pain barren life went out; and it is probable that

if he had had the power. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest barl Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home; 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

on ambitious projects-on what are falsely do, for I believe he is about the only civilized termed the great aims of life-that they cannot man in the neighborhood." "And, by the stop to plant by the way some little flowers of way," she continued, "he has asked me to ride affection, so that, when the storm comes, as at to the city with him to morrow, and come home some time it will to all, rose leaves as well as by moonlight. Won't it be sentimental?"dry sands will o'ersweep them.

of God my own, I should feel life to be an in- education and cultivated taste. In all our to gather new light "when I looked down upon with whom she for a moment thought of assocold reflections of the intellect, or in the tra | called the young men, why, she scorned the cing of the dim steps of gone heroes, the kiss suggestion. that takes the heart captive is better than all. Whether blind contact and the strong necessity of loving something are usually chiefly instrumental in drawing heart to heart, I know not, but in the little story I have to tell they may

take some credit, I think. Years ago, no matter how many, there came the name of Goodhue. Her husband, shortly after purchasing the farm to which she and her daughter, Louisa, came to live, was attacked with cholera, and died; so the two ladies, and the three servants whom they brought with them, made up the family. I well remember Sunday their heavy and elaborate mourning filled one of the homely slips. Even the young clergyman, it was thought by one or two of our whom nobody had wept for but them. . We families were not. suppose," said the aferesaid gossips, " he The servant who opened the door came precouldn't see through the thick black veils of sently in, and, with a smile of peculiar signifithe great Mrs. Goodhue and daughter, to the cance, announced Mr. Warren Armstrong.

every body else ought to be satisfied.

daughter, people said, and indeed it was hard o believo there were twenty years difference in their ages, for the elder lady was the younger in behavior, and altogether the most stylish in appearance. Her manner was set down against her for pride; but I suspect she had no more than other persons, though its manifestations were more showy.

"I wonder which one the preacher is trying to comfort," said the neighbors, "Louisa or her mother;" for whether or not their veils had blinded him on the occasion of their first appearing at church, it was certain that he vailed himself of the earliest opportunity of making their personal acquaintance, and Aunt Caty Martin, who nursed all the sick, helped to make all-the shrouds, and cook all the wedding dinners in our neighborhood, remarked laughingly one day, as she was visiting at our louse, the while she bemmed a checked apron. that she expected to need it, before long, in the preparation of the biggest dinner she had ever cooked. It was not worth while to call names, she said, but it was generally thought that a certain young preacher and a certain young lady, whose name began with L., would make a match before long. And thus dubiously suggesting the parties, she deliberately sewed on the wide tape strings. She had always worn I dore not love thee! yet whene'er I think
That sickness dims thy smile, I often sigh
And count life's seeming friends—whom could
I trust

the wide tape strings. She had always wern
twisted strings of tow before, but she meant
that apron to be a little extra, in view of the frolic that, may be, would take place some where, not a thousand miles off, before a hundred years."

Wiscr-folks than Aunt Caty have been mistaken—but let me not anticipate.

It was March when the Goodhues came to our neighborhood, and as rough and unpromising a March as I remember ever to have seen. The old house to which they came looked especially desolate, for it had been vacant for a year, and the long unpruned cherry trees and late budding elms, creaked against the broken windows, and dragged along the mossy roof, dismally enough. The wind had not whistled up a violet, and no wood flower, between the layers of frosty leaves, had pushed its way Yes, my weak, erring heart its worship gives, into the light. Mr. Goodhuc had proposed to And asks, for thee, the choicest boon of love. build a fine new house directly in front of the old one. The digging of the cellar had been accomplished, but the work was interrupted at

his death, and the great clay pit stood there, partly filled with water, out of which the black makes lifted their ugly heads, and into which the frogs dashed themselves, when a step drew

It looked unpromising when they came, as said, and during the summer the appearance of things was but little bettered.

The widow and her daughter had hever lived in the country, and knew nothing, of course, about the managing of a farm, but like many city bred people, supposed it to be a sort of long holiday. They began energetically, to be sure; in addition to the three servants they brought, they hired workmen enough to cultivate the grounds beautifully, and put the fencos, and barns, and orchards, all in complete order; but there was no directing hand among them, and the consequence was nothing was done properly, nor in season, and after a large expenditure, with small gain, the lady dismissed

her workmen and offered the farm for sale. She had come to the conclusion that her good husband had for once erred in judgment, and bought the poorest land that could have been found in the whole country.

In the time of garden making, a garden was Life is a mystery—a solemn and wonderful made: but the weeds grew faster than the vegetables, and the inexperienced servants pulled them up together; so the ground was plowed anew and sowed anew, but the second gardening was worse than the first-the dry season

came on, and the work was all lost. "Really, Louisa," said the widow, one morning, as she held up her mourning dress, heavy as much as his brow ached with laurels ... his at the bottom with dow and dust. "I wish I could get rid of the old place, on any terms, he would not have re-lighted the brief candle I would willingly sacrifice two or three thou-

sands more to be rid of it." "O mother, I do wish you could sell or give it away," replied Louisa-"it is the dreariest place I was ever in, in my life. If it wasn't Surely, they need our pity who are so intent for Parson Long I don't know what we should And the young girl laughed heartily at the For myself, though I had power to make the idea of a sentimental ride by moonlight, with wisdom of the past and the unrevealed truths the parson, who was really a person of fine completeness, a failure, if there were no eyes neighborhood there was no other gentleman them, and when they looked up to me," for ciating on terms of equality, and as for marthough there may be great satisfaction in the rying one of the "rustic bumpkins," as she

The summer was gone at the time of this little conversation between Louisa and her mother, and the warm September sun pierced not between the thick boughs of the cherrytrees which still remained unpruned, for though Parson Long, in kid gloves, had been seen cutting the dead limbs from among the to live in our neighborhood a widow lady of roses and lilnes, he had not ventured to touch the hardier trees; and in shady and damp isolation the old house stood, and there, in discontented and thriftless seclusion, the two ladies lived.

They were in the midst of rather an uncharitable conversation about the neighborhood the much notice they excite ! at church the first which, they termed "horrid"—the simplehearted people were "good enough in their way," as they said, but persons in whom they could by no possibility have any interestgossips (and what village has not its gossips?) when they were interrupted by a loud and condirected his consolatory remarks almost en fident rap on the front door-an unusual thing tirely towards the new comers, only once or | -- for most of the country people, who ventured twice remembering the three poor orphans who there at all, made their entrance at the side sat in the rear of the church, thinking of the door, as the family were not supposed to be in lonesome grave of their poor drunken father, the parlor of week days-or, at least, other

scantly trimmed straw hat of Sally Armstrong." "And pray, Louise, who is he?" asked the Others there were, however, who said that mother, her face reddening as she went on to brother Long had preached a good feeling ser- say, "not the son of the Widow Armstrong,

mon for the drunkard, and that he had told the who lives in the cabin across the field?" children the sine of their father would be vi- "Even so, mother," answered the proud sited upon them to the third and fourth gene- girl, arranging her ourls and straightening her ration, and they were sure the children and lace karchief in mockery, and as it she feared to enter the presence of so distinguished a

am sorry they give themselves such useless ren was nowhere to be geen.

rouble"-and turning to the servant she said. completed her survey. 'Did his honor ask for mother, or me, or you?" "You, Miss," replied the maid, her smile this time widening into a grin. "Perhaps he wants me to help his sister sally spin," continued Lousia, talking partly quired both hands, though one had previously o herself and partly to her mother; "I heard the thunder of her wheel, the other day, when Parson Long and I were walking in the woods." "And what did he say of them?" inquired

ments.

as embroidering. "O." he said "they were goodish peopleoor, but respectable; in short, and that, since and asked Louisa, in a fatherly sort of a way, the old man went the way of all the livingwhich he did last spring, having been a drunkard for twenty years—they had seemed to be dereasing in worldly goods."

Mrs. Goodhue, looking from the lace collar she

"Well, dear, don't detain the young man any longer," and Mrs. Goodhue straightened the collar on her knee, and looked at it admi-

"Von are considerate but no doubt his time is precious. I should have remembered that -is it the time of sheep shearing, or potato planting, or what season is it with the farmers? and she ran laughingly towards the parlor, waiting only to say, "I wish you could see mother Armstrong—her face is browner. than our cook's, and she dresses so queer." Her face, as pretty and genial a one as you rould wish to see, in its usual expression, grew severe and haughty as she unlocked the door

and appeared beföre Mr. Armstrong with her stateliest step. He was leaning carelessly over the resewood able, and looking into a volume which adorned t. One rose-red hand pushing back the brown heavy curls from his brown eyes, and the other resting on the brim of the straw hat which hung over his knee, as indolently graceful he sat as though he had been used to fine books

and fine furniture all his life. "Did you inquire for me, sir?" asked the ady in a business like way, but as though she could hardly think it possible that he had inquired for her. . "Pardon me," said the young man, and slipping one thumb in the left side pocket of his waistcoat, as he bowed with natural gracefulness, "though we have had no ormal introduction, I could not fail of knowng Miss Goodhue. My name is Armstrong. War≄en Armstrong." Miss Goodhue said she was happy, and sinking into a sofa, motioned him to be seated again. He declined, however, and did his errand so simply and politely that she found herself saying, "pray, accept of, a

ent, Mr. Armstrong," before he had concluded. In a minute, and without asking made any remarks about the Weather, or a ged bor how nany cows they milked, he was gone; and slily. ulling the curtain back, Miss Louisa Goodbue vas watching him down the path.

"Well, daughter, what did the clodhopper vant?" asked the mother; directly, "It seems to me you might call him by his name." "Indeed—a light breaks in upon my people, she believed. brain." Louisa laughed gaily, partly to cover saying he seemed a civil enough young person, explained that he had called to ask her to come o an "apple outting," at his mother's house, on the evening of the day after the next.

"And are you going, my dear?" asked the nother, deferentially. "Pshaw! What do you suppose I want to mix with such a set of peo- friends of the entire family. le for?" and going to the window, Louisa and she would buy a spinning-wheel for her you have lost in not knowing them." child, and direct the sign to be taken downshe would not want to dispose of the farm, now.

bank of black clouds, the leaves dropt off silently, the air was close and oppressive, and the water dried fast in the big clay pit. Louisa asked everybody if they thought it

vould rain, and everybody said they thought ther's views, she added that she wanted to buy peated, "you will go, I am sure." yard of gingham to make an apron to wear o the "apple-cutting."

"Do, donr, go if you want to," replied the nother; "it will be a harmless pastime enough, and no doubt gratifying to our simple neighbors." Louisn said she was only jesting about the apron, but that, in truth, Warren Armstrong had quite a little manner of his own, and the prettiest brown ourls and eves!

In due season the clergyman called, mingsaid, but her spirits had not been so buoyant young man departed. since they came to the old farm. The lane leading down past Mrs. Armstrong's house disappointed expression. Warren Armstrong looked quiet and cool between its border of could not dine with her, he had so many chores noon the clouds broke up, and at one o'clock oaks and clms, and she wondered she had never to do; he would only call for a minute in the the sun shone bright and clear. gone in that direction for a walk—she would evening, for the cake and the bottle of yeast Mrs Goodbue made herself merry, when she the vory first time she went out again. This which she would have ready for him. purpose she expressed to Mr. Long, by way of ssuring herself that she could walk by the receas of anything else, if she chose.

"You seem intent on the landscape, Miss away longer than was flattering to his vanity. "What did you say ?" she replied, abstrac

edly, after a minute or two, during which she white linen cover and smart gray horse, was

determined to overcome our timidity. Well, I handing in pails and baskets, &c., &c. War and she pressed her flushed face to the pane, tapping violently with her little foot on the "What were you saying ?" she asked, having carpet

> ." Nothing-nt least, nothing that could in terest you," and the clergyman suddenly discovered that the management of his horse rerested on that part of the carriage seat against which Miss Goodhue leaned. But little cared the lady whether he drove with one hand or two, and, with the exception of one or two common-place remarks, five of six of the miles were driven over in silence. At length Mr. Long fell back upon his clerical prerogative, if she didn't think the flowers in her bonnet

think they are pretty." "Vanity and vexation of spirit," he an-

wered. He next inquired if she found prayer the greatest consolation of earthly afflictions, say-"Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't," to perfection," and abruptly changing the sub-

well as he, and playfully taking the reins from doorway. his hand, the gay black horse passed over the remaining distance so fast as to preclude conversation.

door of her friend, Mrs. Jackson. The clergyman replied civilly, and yet in a

is own which might conflict with hers, and which he should be at no pains to set aside. -nor had the young man interests which he

willing to tyrannize in a small way. don't give yourself trouble," and the other re-fthreatening; had she not better reconsider? plying, "to serve you at any sacrifice would be

plensure.' Mrs. Jackson was one of those sweet, loving verything. Instinctively a lady as well as by agingly out into the rain. birth and education, she recognized the natural excellence and refinement in others, nor did Miss Goodhue," he said, laughingly, "if not, she ever fear of compromising herself by associating with persons whose hands were less white, or whose purses were less heavy, than

ber own. "Let me see," she said, pausing with puzzied expression, as if she were settling some matter of great moment in her mind, after asking all about the neighborhood. "My paragon, Mr. Armstrong, must live somewhere near you. Do you know a family of that name?"

A family of that name lived near them, Louisa said-poor, but good, honest sort of Mrs. Jackson, "there is no family of

and the old lady, and timid little Moses-I like ever felt before? them all." ·

"Almost every week they send me," she the mother's asking if Mr. Armstrong were the favor by filling the backet with something cowhide boots and homespun, or in what sort which they have not. When they come to plashed through the wagon. Mr Armstrong of costume he appeared. "Really, mother, I town, they cat dinner with me, and I am going feared for the lady, and she in turn feared for don't know what he wore, replied the girl, in- to the country to stay a week, and cat bread genuously—I saw nothing but his smile and and milk, and apples fresh from the trees. O, shawl was ample enough for both. Of courre eyes." Mrs. Goodhue laughed heartily, and they are dear, delightful people—how much the young man would not deprive her of the

position emboldened Louisa to sagebe had ac- ship and exposure, and she was so delicate, so "Why, mother, you grow facetious," and tually seen Warren Armstrong, and spoken frail. rying on her sun-bonnet, Louisa took up a with him; that, in fact, he had asked her to a They were not rain-drops that wet Louisa's colume and set off toward the woods, either by little party, at his mother's house. She did cheeks, as she unpinned the shawl. She could photocor accident turning toward the one which not say "apple-cutting," lest Mrs. Jackson not tell why, but the young man's words had might be shocked: but that lady knew all about affected her, and for the remaining distance The following morning the sun came up large it, and opening the cupboard, showed her a the warm wrapper served admirably for both. and red, disappearing shortly behind a great huge fresh pound cake which she designed sending for the occasion, by Warren, whom she I wish I did, believing it would interest us, as

week's butter. continued; "they have shown a disposition to Louisa declared, when Mr Armstrong set her t would. Still she could not see any partiou- give you pleasure, and you would not pain them down at home, that she was just as nice and ar indications herself, she said: if Parson I am sure, even though it afford you no special dry as if she had been all the time by the Long called for her, she believed she would go gratification to go;" and putting her arms hearthside. She would not suffer, she knew; to town: and by the way of testing her mo- about the plump shoulders of Louisa, she re- and Mr Armstrong would find her the gayest.

"Would you, now, really?" said the girl,

a set of people." "Why, the Armstrongs are not queer, but her guest to meet and welcome him. Louisa at least amuse you." could hear their voices distinctly, and much ling, a little more than was his wont, a worldly emptied. She would gladly have gone and other, though it be beneath a roof a little lowinterest with his soberly-gracious manner. His joined them, but fimidity, for almost the first er than mine." well-fed black horse pricked up his cars and time in her life, kept her in her seat; and be- For the first time in his life the young man stamped impatiently, but he was not in gayer fore she could overcome it, she heard the firm, bad spoken depreciatingly of his station and mood than Louise. She didn't know why, she manly step sound along the paved walk, as the its pleasures; and for almost, the first time in

> When Mrs. Jackson returned, she wore a thy of her real nature. Louisa wondered at what time he would re

turn, though she didn't know that she cared fied somewhat when she learned that Mrs Jackhouse of Warren Armstrong, or talk of it as about seeing him; but she told Mr. Long to call son had spoken well of them; and at last she at six o'clock. Possibly she might go to the concluded that girls would be girls, and if "apple-cutting." She didn't think she should; Louisa had a lancy for going to the "apple-Goodhue," remarked Mr. Long, in a tone of nevertheless, amongst her purchases that day cutting," why she would allow lier to go. lissatisfaction, for she had kept her face turned was a yard of black and white gingham, suitable for an apron.

had been interesting herself in the five cows sky was presently a dull leaden mass. Louisa that stood about the spring under the oak in looked out anxiously-six o'clock went by; the hollow before Mrs. Armstrong's house—and seven came, and with it a slow, drizzling rain perhaps, too, in the light part that, with its which promised to continue through the night. "If Mr. Long had come at six, as I requeststanding by the door, and about which Sally ed," she said, "we might have been at home.

and a

Suddenly the flush deepened, as a hearty, good-humored voice, not altogether unfamiliar, gave the salutation of the evening.

Louisa said she was not expecting him, (for it was Warren;) she was watching for Mr. Long, who had brought her to town and whom she had expected to return with an hour ago. Mr. Armstrong manifested no confusion; but taking off his bat, turned his face skyward, and shaking the rain-drops from his curls, with a pretty carelessness, said he was sorry for her disappointment; that her friend would certainly not detain her much longer, and that his carriage was doubtless a sure protection from unbecoming-especially with mourning habilithe storm, which he trusted would not be very violent; and with a bow which seemed to indi-"No," she replied, tossing her willful head; cate a leave-taking of her, he passed to the rear portion of the house, where Mrs. Jackson's kindly preparations awaited him.

"I wish he had only asked me to ride home with him," thought Louisa. "I am under no obligations to Mr. Long, that I should wait ing that was the true test of a christian spirit. here all night;" and, moving restlessly to and fro, she saw the young man passing from the replied the saucy girl, "I make no pretensions kitchen to the street, and placing in the wagon jugs, baskets and boxes again, as regardless of ject, she said she fancied she could drive as her as of the Newfoundland that lay at the

"I could go with him just as well as not," she thought: "his wagon-cover would protect me from the rain, and if it didn't, why, a little "Call as early as six o'clock, if possible; I wouldn't hurt me, and then I should be rem fearful of the night air," was the request venged upon Mr. Long." But while she thus of Louisa, as Mr. Long set her down at the thought, the preparations were completed; and, with the rain-drops shining bright in his hair, and his ungloved hands wet and red, Mr.

way that indicated he had some interests of Armstrong was climbing into the wagon. "Would it inconvenience you much to take me?" called an unsteady voice, and throwing Truth is, Louisa was in no haste to be at up the sash, Louisa leaned anxiously from the home, noither was she afraid of the night air window. The youth, for he was scarcely more -something past twenty-one, perhaps-was preferred to hers. Both were pettish, and on the ground in a moment. His poor accommodation was quite at her service; he only re-So they parted—the one saying, "Pray, gretted it was not better. The storm looked

"I will pay you whatever you ask," said Louisa, coldly, piqued at the young man's indifference, for he stood with one hand resting romen who find sermons in stones and good in on his stout gray and the other held discour-

"I think we shall be able to settle terms,

we will leave it to men," as farmers do sometimes, when they make trade." Louisa joined in the laugh, for his goodhumor quite disarmed her, and wrapped in

Mrs. Jackson's great blanket shawl, she was presently assisted into the wagon. Before they reached the suburbs, it was quite dark, and the rain, which had been only a drizzle, fell in larger and colder drops. The road was muddy and broken, and a slow drive

anavoidable. But strange to say, Miss Goodhue was not afraid of the night, nor the rain, nor the bad "You may well say good people," replied roads. Was it because she had retaliated on Mr Long! or because she felt a greater agen parnestness with which she had spoken; and quaintance I like better. Warren and Sally, rance of safety and protection than she had

I know of nothing more favorable to famil-Here she proceeded to relate how she had in intercourse than a rainy night and a lonefirst found them out by the excellence of the some old house, or a lonesome road. Almost butter they brought to market; how she had any two young persons, who find each other engaged a regular supply, and so had made likeable, will, travelling slowly through the storm, or sitting by the ember fire, open their hearts as they would not in the inquisitive watched the clouds with great interest, appa- said, "some fresh eggs, or vegetables, or some noon-day. But, whether or not this be generrently. There was a brief silence, broken by other nice things they have, and I acknowledge ally true, it was in this particular instance.

A mile was not gone over when the rain him-he would really be quite drenched; her protection she had; his fears were all for her. Mrs. Jackson's great wealth and high social not for himself; he had been used to hard-

I can't tell all they said, for I don't know. was every moment expecting to bring her the it always does, to read the human heart, but I do know the drive seemed very short to both, "Go, to morrow night, by all means," she notwithstanding the ugly night; and that

of all on the following evening, "I hope so," he replied, "I had feared you looking up; "it will be so queer, and with such would not honor our little merry-making, but if I might venture to urge anything in keeping with my wish that you should come. I would here comes Warren"-and Mrs. Jackson left say our humble life and homely pleasures might

"True honest manhood and womanhood," jesting and good-natured talk about trifles replied Louisa with dignity, "are the best and there seemed between them, as baskets were noblest gifts God gives us, and I hope I have unpacked, jars were untied, and jugs of milk at least enough of the one to recognize the

her life, Louisa had uttered a sentiment wor-

The morning looked unpromising, but about

saw her daughter sewing the gingham apron : but her estimate of the Armstrongs was modi

Active preparations had been going forward at Mrs Armstrong's all day. Moses, who was The clouds, which had been slowly sailing a pale, thoughtful boy, had been unusually about all day, intermingled at surset, and the active and lively. Sally had sung "When I can read my title clear," in a key louder than common, and the mother seemed quite rejuvenated, as she beat oggs and rolled sugar and assorted spices and plums. Only Warren had been silent, seeming scarcely soberly glad They looked almost like sisters, mother and personage: "you see our kind neighbors are" and her mother, and a little boy, were busy He wants to take his own time, that is all," bim repeatedly; but though be said nothing Sally, who was not given to sighing, rallied

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was the matter, and he was sure he didn't see what they found about him to laugh at, it was evident his thoughts were not on his work, as he brought in banket after banket of fine apples, and arranged the boards on which the

apples were to dry. Shortly after sunset all was in readiness,-Moses in his new boots, and wearing a broad linen shirt collar-the first one he ever hadstood at the little white curtained window, watching down the lane for the first arrivals. Sally, wearing a pink dress and white apron, was trying the effects of some red brier buds in her hair; and the mother, in her plain black gown sat in the big rocking chair, with a fan of turkey feathers in her lap, placidly contemplating the appearance and prospects of things in general. As for Warren, he was yet lingering about the fields, half wishing the

apple cutting had never been thought of. "O, Sally! there is one coming-a lady, somebody I don't know," called out Moses from his station at the window.

"Well, well, child, come and sit down," said the mother; but Sally ran to see, and in a moment reported in a whisper that she believed in her heart it was Miss Goodhue, for she wore a black weil and white dress and black

A minute more, the old gate creaked, a light step sounded on the blue stones at the door,

and Miss Goodhue was come. She advanced at once to Mrs Armstrong. and extending her little white hand, said she had taken the liberty of coming early, that she might learn to feel at home by the time the

others should arrive. Truth is, she had come this early in order to make excuses, and return home before dark, f on taking an observation, she should feel so

nclined. "How kind of you, darling," said Mrs. Armstrong, in her sweet motherly way; and seating her in the rocking chair, she untied her veil, offered her big fan, and in various ways strove so cordially to entertain her, that he quite forgot her intention of making excuses and returning home. Moses brought her bright red apple, and Sally showed her the arden, though there was nothing in it to see, he said-and sure enough there were but a few faded hollyhooks and marigolds; but the kindly spirit was the same as if there had been ver so many flowers; and, recognizing this. Louisa's heart softened more and more, till beore an hour had gone, she laid aside all restraint and ffacctation, and even outvied Sally n merry laughter and talk. Everything was so new and so strange, and made so welcome and so at home, she ran about the house like pleased child. - An humble dwelling it was, onsisting of but three rooms-all perfectly neat and clean, and even displaying some little attempt at taste and ornament. The low ceilings and rough walls were whitewashed; the vindow curtains were snowy white, and a plain ome-made carpet covered the floor of the best com; and maple boughs, now crimson and yellow, filled the fire place. But that which nade the room chiefly attractive, on the night speak of, was the table. How pretty the pink china (which Mrs Armstrong had had ever since she was married) showed in the

candle-light. There were cups of flowers, and there was Mrs Jackson's beautiful cake, with many excellent confections of Mrs Armstrong's own making. In the kitchen, the tea-kettle was already steaming, the chickens were roasting, and the cream biscuit were moulded and ready

to bake. At eight o'clock the guests were assembled -eight or ten in all--young men and momen, eighbors and friends.

With right good will they set to work, and very fast, despite the mirth and jesting, the streaked, and red, and golden apples, were conled and sliced ready for drying. It happened to Louisa and Warren to sit together, and it also happened they spoke so

low the rest of the company were not much i dified by what they sald. At half-past nine came Parson Long. The vork was so nearly done, it was not thought worth while for him to join in it; and so, seated in the best chair, and slowly waving the urkey-feather fan before his face he looked graciously on the volatile people before him. at supper it chances that he and Sally were eated together, and whether it was the red uds in her hair, and the pink dress, or that e learned the cream biscuit, and the crisp ickles, and the plumb preserves, were all of er making, I know not, but certainly he manfested a new and surprising interest in her; nd Louisa, so far from feeling any pique, apeared delighted with his preference-that is, henever she sufficiently disengaged her atention from Warren Armstrong to notice him at all.

But I cannot linger over that good supper, hich Louisa said was the best that eyer was prepared; nor over the morry-making afterard, which lasted till twelve o'clock; nor cau describe the pleasant walks homeward, which, separate pairs, the young people enjoyed-Varren and Louisa most of all,

In a day or two that young lady tied on her black apron again, and went over to Mrs. Armstrong's to learn how to make the cream bisouit: and at twilight, Warren walked with her down the lane to her own home—and that was the beginning of many such visits and many such walks.

Before the apples were half dry, Parson long paid a pastorly vist to Mrs Armstrong's He had been intending to do so for a long. time, he said, but there were always many things to come between him and his wishes; and shortly after this Sally stopped at Mrs. Goodhuff's gate, one Sunday morning, to speak to Louisa. She was going to teach in the Sunlay school—she thought she ought to do some good as she went along. But Miss Goodhue id not join her; she went to church in the corning, and in the afternoon she liked to walk in the fields and woods, and worship through nature. Need I say Mr Armstrong

I do believe the course of true love sometimes does run smooth, the poet's declaration to the contrary, notwithstanding. 1. I do believe there are kindred spirits, and happy homes, faw and far hetween though they bear and

Stop, O mayfarer, when you see eyes smis (Conclusion on Fourth Page.)