CARLISLE HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR
BY WILLIAM M. PORTER.

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—The Commissioners of Cumberland County have fixed upon the following times at the Commissioner's Office, in Carlisle, for holding the appeal for the several Townships and Boroughs in said County.

Upper Allen, Lower Allen, New Cumberland, on Monday, April 27th.
East Pennsboro'ough, North Middleton, Shippensburg Township, on Tuesday, April 28th.
Dickinson, Hopewell, on Wednesday, April 29th.
Silver Spring, Frankford, on Thursday, April 30th.
Shippensburg Borough, Newville, on Friday, May 1st.
Hampden, Monroe, on Saturday, May 2d.
Westpenn'sborough, Mifflin, Monday, May 4th.
South Middleton, Newton, on Tuesday, May 5th.
Carlisle and Mechanicsburg, on Wednesday, May 6th.
Southampton, on Thursday, May 7th.

GEORGE M. GRAHAM,
W. M. HENDERSON, } Comm'rs.
ANDREW KERR,
Comm'rs. Office, Carlisle, April 16, 1857.

NEW FIRM!—NEW GOODS!—PARIS & KNIGHT, Late of Philadelphia, Paper Hangings, House, Sign, and Decorative Painters, Imitators of Wood and Marble, challenge all others to compete with them in the various branches of the above business.

PAPER HANGINGS

Having fitted up our store for the exclusive sale of WALL PAPERS, BORDERS, FIRE BOARD PRINTS, WINDOW CURTAINS, SHADES, &c., we respectfully invite the public to an examination of our stock, from which we are confident of giving entire satisfaction to all who favour us with a call. Our goods having been selected with care from the first manufactures in Philadelphia, will be furnished at the lowest prices. All orders for Paper Hanging or Painting promptly and personally attended to and executed in a workmanlike manner.

J. W. PARIS, Practical Paper Hanger.
H. F. KNIGHT, Practical House & Sign Painter.
South Hanover street, next door to Hanson's Hotel, Carlisle, Pa.
April 8, 1857.—6m.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.
PROPRIETORS.
WILLIAM KER, MELCHIOR BRENNEMAN,
ROBERT C. STERRETT, JOHN DUNLAP,
RICHARD WOODS, JOHN S. STERRETT,
JOHN C. DUNLAP, HENRY A. STURGEON.

This Bank, doing business in the name of KER, BRENNEMAN & CO. is now fully prepared to do a general Banking Business with promptness and fidelity.—Money received on Deposit and paid back on demand without notice. Interest paid on Special Deposits.—Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest at the rate of FIVE PER CENT. will be issued for as short a period as FOUR MONTHS.

Interest on all certificates will cease at maturity, provided, however, that if said certificates are renewed at any time thereafter for another given period, they shall bear the same rate of interest up to the time of renewal. Particular attention paid to the collection of Notes, Drafts, Checks, &c., in any part of the United States or Canadas.

NEW HAT, CAP, AND SHOE STORE.
ARRIVAL OF FALL GOODS FOR 1856.

The subscriber has just opened in the store-room formerly occupied by Geo. W. Hitner, on the corner of the public square, Main street, near the Market House, and adjoining the Jewelry Store of Wm. B. Naugle, an entirely new and splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Goods—comprising the latest styles of

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

of every variety and finish.

His Hats consist of extra fine Moleskin, Beaver, Pearl, Claret, Kossuth, Sporting Hats, &c. Also Straw Hats of all varieties. These Hats are manufactured by Oakford, Morris & Co., and othe celebrated hatters of Philadelphia. He has also every variety of home manufacture. All these goods he will guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

His stock of Shoes is made up of every variety and style from the cheapest to the best, article in the market, and cannot fail to please.

He respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, feeling confident that he can sell the cheapest and best goods in the county.

J. B. KELLER.

Sep. 17, 1856.

HARDWARE SAXTON'S
SPRING ARRIVAL.
IMMENSE STOCK OF HARDWARE.

The subscriber has just returned from the Eastern cities, and would call the attention of his friends and the public generally to the large and well-selected assortment of HARDWARE which he has now on hand; consisting in part of BUILDING MATERIALS, such as Nails, Screws, Hinges, Bolts, Locks, Glass of every description and quality, such as Common, White, polished American, French, Enamelled and Double thick of all sizes, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., &c.

TOOLS—Including Edge Tools of every description, Saws, Planes, Brace and Bitts; Augers, Squares, Gauges, Files, Rasps, Hammers, Vices, Anvil, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Bellows, &c., &c.

Shoemakers and Saddlers will find a large assortment of Tools of every description, together with Ladies' and Gentlemen' Morocco Lining, Binding, Patent and French Calf Skins, Shoe Thread, Awls, Wax, Pegs, Lasts, Harness Mounting, Collars, Girthing, Whipstock, Deer-hair, Saddle Trees, &c., &c.

Also, Coach Makers Tools and Trimmings of all kinds, such as Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, Shafts, Bows, Floor Cloth, Canvass, Cloth, Damask, Fring, Lace, Moss, Axles, Spring Belts, &c., &c.

Cabinet Makers will find a large assortment of Varnishes, Oak, Walnut, and Mahogany Veneers, Knobs of all kinds and sizes, Mouldings, Rivets, Hair Cloth, Plush, Curled Hair Chair and Sofa Sponge, &c., &c.

Housekeepers will also find a large assortment of Knives and Forks, Britannia, Albata and Silver Plated Table and Tea Spoons, Candlesticks, Waiters, Shovels, and Tongs, Iron and Brass Kettles, Pans, &c., together with Cedarware of all kinds, such as Tubs, Buckets, Churns, &c., &c.

Agricultural implements, embracing Plows of all kinds, cultivators, Hoes, Shovels, Rakes, Forks, Chains, &c.

IRON, a large sto k, comprising all kinds in general use which I am selling at city wholesale prices.

Remember the old stand, East Main street, Carlisle.

H. SAXTON.

GREAT ATTRACTION!—A. G. KEET would respectfully inform the citizens o Carlisle and the public generally that he has repurchased that well known DAGUERREAN GALLERY, in Marion Hall, formerly occupied by Geo. M. Hoffer. The Gallery is now on the second instead of the third floor. This will be a great inducement to elderly people in particular, as it is easy of access. The rooms have been fitted up a superior style, and no pains will be spared to make it a FIRST CLASS GALLERY.—The apparatus used is of the best quality. We receive our materials direct from the manufacturer in New York city, which enable us to be in receipt of all the latest styles of fancy and other cases, and we warrant them to be of a superior quality to any ever offered for sale in this vicinity. I have placed in this Gallery an artist who has been in successful operation in the Gallery in Harrisburg for several years past, and will guarantee good pictures to all those who will favor us with a call. All pictures not perfectly satisfactory will be taken free of charge. Pictures inserted in Lockets, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, &c. Instructions given in the art on reasonable terms.

We invite all to call and examine our specimens, whether they want pictures or not; then judge for themselves.

PREPARE FOR WINTER!
PARLOR AND COOKING STOVES.

The subscriber at his old stand on North Hanover st., Carlisle, the sign of the "Mammoth Red Coffee Pot," desires to call the attention of the public to his large assortment of STOVES, of the newest and most fashionable styles, from the best manufactories in the country, and at all prices from $3 to $15.

Among his PARLOR & CHAMBER STOVES are the Mirror Stove, the Arctic, Revere, Star, Persian, Union and Etna Air Tight, together with other patterns which he has of all sizes for parlors or chambers, and calculated for burning either wood or coal. Also, the Etna, Globe, Astor, Albany, Flat-top and Bandbox or Poor Man's, with other COOKING STOVES, comprising the latest improvements in kitchen stoves, and intended for either wood or coal.—Also, the Dining Room Cooking Stove—a new and elegant article, to which he invites the particular attention of families. His cooking stoves range in price from $11 to 25, with the fixtures complete. Also, Nine Plate Stoves of various patterns and different prices.

Also, ENAMELLED AND TINNED WARE for Cooking Stoves, Brass Kettles, &c. Also, every article in the line of Tin and Copper Ware. The public are respectfully invited to call as he is confident with his large stock, variety and cheapness, of being able to give entire satisfaction to every purchaser. Call and see.

Oct. 25, 1854. M. MORRIS

NEW SAW MILL.—The undersigned would inform the public that he has located a Saw Mill, three miles from Mount Holly, on the road to Laurel Forge, and is now prepared to saw all the various sizes of YELLOW PINE OAK and CHESTNUT TIMBER, which are usually wanted. He is also prepared to saw and furnish Chestnut and Pine SHINGLES to order. Also, PLASTERING LATHS. Those desiring these articles are requested to send in their orders.

S. N. DIVEN.

Papertown, March 4.—6 mos.

NEW GROCERIES!—J. W. EBY.

A choice selection of Groceries of every variety, including Spices and Teas have been added to our former assortment, among which may be had strictly prime RIO, JAVA, LAGUYRA MOCHA COFFEE, together with a general assortment of BROWN & WHITE SUGARS, including Crushed, Granulated, Pulverized and Clarified Sugars. Also a lot of New Cheese, Farina, Corn Starch, Mustard, Chocolate, &c. Also Green and Black Teas, of Jenkin's select brand.

For sale at the lowest prices at MARION HALL GROCERY by (Oct 21) J. W. EBY.

NEW GOODS.—The subscriber has just opened a variety of Ladies' Talmas, Broche, Long and Square Shawls, Blanket Shawls, Merinoes, Cashmeres, Mous de Laines, Ginghams, Calicoes, Blankets, &c., to which he invites the attention of the ladies. GEO. W. HITNER.

Carlisle, Nov. 25, 1856

Poetry.

"For the Herald."

TO "MAY."

On hearing her exclaim, "Oh! I cannot trust to myself!"

BY LILLIE LEE.

I the clouds above thee lower—
Trust in God.
If the waves around thee tower,
Never canst thou feel their power,
If thou, in that stormy hour,
Trust in God.

Should'st thou taste the cup of sorrow,
Trust in God.
If the light of faith thou'lt borrow,
Grief to thee will lose its horror,
And will vanish ere the morrow.
Trust in God.

When in deep and dark distress,
Trust in God.
When thine enemies oppress,
He will all thy wrongs redress,
And to thee, thy sufferings bless,
Trust in God.

Does thy lot seem hard to bear?
Trust in God.
Never yield to sad despair,
One there is who heareth prayer,
Cast on Him thy every care,
Trust in God.

May, 1857.

Select Tale.

THE MURDERER'S PARDON.

The winter of affliction, the hot sun of Iberia, and fatigues of many a field of chivalry, had robbed six-and twenty summers of their gladsome beauty, giving to the warrior Pilgrim an appearance natured and sedate. Tall and finely proportioned, his mien was dignified, while his features regular and handsome, were touched with an expression of melancholy. His blue eyes indicated a more northern race than his dark sun-burnt skin, dark moustaches and Spanish costume. In the front of his broad flapped, upwards turned hat, he wore a scallop shell, which showed that he had been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jago de Compostello. He rode an Andalusian jennet, black as jet, excepting a white star in the centre of the forehead, and a white ring above the hoof of the near hind leg. At some distance behind him rode, on an English horse, his Biscayan valet, leading a Spanish mule, loaded with the baggage and arms of the Pilgrim.

Guilt—deep and fearful crimes—but in their enormity wholly unpremeditated, had banished him a voluntary exile from his native land. In the unthinking, impassioned rashness of youth he had felicitated himself in the success of a midnight fraud; but when the morning dawned, and the terrible truth became known to his victim, reason from that hapless fair one fled, and his own avenging brother fell beneath his unwilling sword.

With what deep anguish had he fled from that scence of horror! How profound had been his remorse, how truly penitent the following years of his life!

As he now traversed the border of Hampshire, and recognized objects familiar to him in the guiltless days of youth; the pleasure they would have excited was changed into agony, as they reminded him with all the vividness of actual presence, of that one most fearful era of his existence.

The turrets, clustered chimneys, high roofs, notched gables, and bay windows of a mansion were seen, for a moment, through an opening of the trees; and more continually, from its elevated site, the ivy clad tower of a church, the main body of which was concealed by some majestic limbs; the sun was sinking behind the distant woods, and darted a parting beam on that battlemented tower. The golden light faded away, and a purple haze every moment deepened into a more sombre gloom; that golden gleam was like one moment of life—that gloom the years that follow—the dark obscurity which rapidly o'erspreads the scene—the grave!

The Pilgrim groaned from deep and bitter agony of soul.

A turn in the road, and abruptly swelling banks, now shut out from the traveller's view these distant objects of deeply painful interest, who now rode on buried in thought.

At length he was roused from his reverie by the loud baying of dogs, and looking in the direction from whence the sounds came, he observed, at a furlong's distance, a cluster of buildings, corn and haystacks, a pond, a fine ash, an aged, almost leafless oak, and some stunted pollards A deeply-rutted lane, between a thorn and a hedge, with a dappled green ditch on the right hand, and a wall of loose stones on the left, led to this rural homestead. Desirous of a shelter for the night, he turned up the lane and soon reached the gate of the farm yard. The house was one of those long, rambling, high roof, thatched buildings, which in the sixteenth century and long subsequent, was the abode of the substantial English yeoman: in connexion with which was, and running off in capricious irregularity, other buildings of various forms and dimensions, from the granary to the cow house and pig-sty, and beyond these a cluster of corn and haystacks of sufficient magnitude to prove the rural wealth of the owner.

As the traveller approached, the large mastiffs, chained in the yard, growled, and the unrestrained curs and terriers ran to meet him, yelling and barking incessantly. The yeomen himself, with two or three children, and a farm servant, stood in the yard, gazing on the approaching stranger in silent wonder, but he was courteous and bland in his manners, and when he craved shelter for himself and servant for the night, the farmer dropped his fears of freebooters, and opened his gate with a frank and kindly welcome. The mule was unloaded, and the farmer's lads taking the charge of the cattle, Drego gladly followed his master into the house.

When the stranger had finished a homely repast and was seated on a high-backed settee to the right of the fire and his host on one opposite, while in a corner, still nearer the capacious chimney, up which ascended the blue smoke from the blazing wood fire, sat the aged mother of the yeoman, knitting with indefatigable industry a large stocking of blue worsted The good wife was still bustling about, and two comely wenches were putting the house in order; while leaning against a long and high dresser, were three or four youths, whose sleek and rosy faces, and vacant expression of countenance, were strongly contrasted with the swarthy and shrewd visage of the Biscayan valet, who stood a little distant from where his master sat. The young children were seated on stools or on the floor, amusing themselves with a kitten, but occasionally stealing a look of fearful inquiry at the travellers.

The stranger sat some time musing; his eyes fixed on the crackling and blazing billets, which fitfully lighted the more prominent objects in the irregularly built chamber, while it left others in impervious gloom. At length he addressed some observations to his host on matters likely to be interesting to him, and, in the course of a somewhat desultory conversation, let fall that he had himself recently arrived from Spain, and not being pressed for time on his journey to London, would like to tarry a few days at the farm if agreeable to the host. After sundry deprecatory apologies for the lowliness of the abode and fare for a gentleman of the stranger's supposed rank, his proposition was agreed to The point being arranged, the stranger again spoke of the surrounding country, and at last mentioned the ivy-clad tower of the church he had seen in the distance with the castellated mansion beyond it.

'I never like to look at either,' said the farmer, 'and am glad it is not our parish church.'

'Why?' said the stranger, and the next moment seemed to regret that he had asked the question.

'Because you see sir, I loved the old knight,' said the farmer, 'he was a good friend to me when a friend was most needed.'

The stranger shaded his eyes from the fire, but did not speak.

'I hear,' resumed the farmer, 'that the heirs-at-law are claiming the estate, as though Master Charles were really dead.'

'And so he is,' said the goodwife stopping in the middle of the kitchen. 'It was out of nature that a ship could ever cross the sea with such a fiend on board—the blessed Virgin forgive me.'

'Hold thy peace, Bridget, hold thy peace!' said the farmer, 'thou knowest not what thou sayest.'

'Not know!'—said Bridget, coming forward, 'then I should like to know who should know if I don't. Was not my poor sister—Heaven rest her soul! sworn gossip to Alice Mayfield, the still woman of the hall, and did not Alice tell the whole rights of the story to my poor sister, and did not Kitty tell them all to me? not know, in leed!'

'Ay, ay, you heard enough I doubt not, said the farmer; 'but I don't believe all I hear.'

'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself for doubting honest folks,' said Bridget; 'but I suppose you won't say the poor dear young lady did not go stark staring mad!'

The stranger groaned.

'And that incarnate fiend, Master Charles, did not slay his brother?' continued Bridget; but looking at the stranger instead of at her husband, and as she thus plunged into the very middle of the tragical story, the various members of the family silently closed around.

'There was some sad mistake,' said the farmer

'Mistake!' cried his wife. 'What were they mistaken who found Master Edward run through the body with his own brother's sword? Were they mistaken who watched the poor crazed lady? Was the old father mistaken when he followed his son and her to the grave, and was laid down in it himself, within three short months of that serpent Charles having done all these horrors?'

The stranger abruptly rose and walked from the cottage.

The wife looked at her husband, and the husband at the wife.

'Thou art always talking about what thou knowest nothing of,' said the farmer

'If I had I should not have been heeded,' said the dame significantly, 'and I will make no boil to night for nobody knows why.'

'Wight, goody,' said the farmer.

'I beg pardon, young man,' said the wife to the Biscayan. 'Who is your master?'

'Non Inglesi, senora,' replied the Spaniard, bowing.

'I never heard the name before,' said the good wife. 'What do you say is your master's name?'

'Non Inglesi, senora,' was the reply, and none other could she obtain f om the honest Biscayan.

'I believe he can't speak English,' said the good wife to her husband, 'which is a proof, that he is no better than his master, and so I think the sooner we send them both a-packing the better.'

The stranger re-entered the cottage, his face, in spite of a southern sun, was pallid, his eyes heavy, and the expression of his countenance full of melancholy. The farmer filled a horn of nut brown ale, and presented it with a kindly manner to his guest, who declined not the well meant offer; but the good wife had certain vague suspicions and imaginings, to satisfy which she would not let the subject drop.

'So, as I was saying, sir,' and she addressed herself directly to the stranger, 'when poor Mirtress Amelia died—'

The stranger again raised his hand to his forehead. 'This br[illegible] hearted old knight had her name put on the coffin as the lawful wife of his poor murdered son—what do you think of that, sir?'

'Think!' said the stranger, turning his head, and looking so wildly in her face that the good wife started two paces back. 'Think! why in that was the madness of the whole!'

'The blessed Virgin protect us!' ejaculated the good wife, 'why they were not all mad.'

The stranger, recovering himself, resumed his former position.

'Do you think, sir, Master Charles knew they were married?' said the good wife, after a pause, with the feminine tact at cross examining, for which some members of the legal long robe so greatly pique themselves.

'If he had he would indeed have been the fiend you have styled him,' said the stranger

'Then as he was a friend of yours, sir,' said the good wife, 'I suppose you don't think there was any harm in his going under cover of the night, and passing himself as his brother, because he did not know the poor orphan adopted by his father was that brother's lawful wife!'

'Woman! why speak you thus!' said the stranger sternly. 'I would retire to rest.'

'To rest!' muttered the excited hostess. 'Can you rest?'

The stranger rose, but recovering his self-possession, he resumed his seat, and seemed to forget the presence of the person who had so greatly excited him. He spoke to his frank and single-minded host, of cattle, corn, and pastures; leaving the hostess to bustle about, muttering and glancing at him eyes of suspicion and of dread. But her heart was not unkind, and forgetting her threat, she went and prepared her best bed for the stranger, and when she again approached the kitchen fire she absolutely started on beholding her youngest and favorite child, a boy between three and four years of age, standing on the stranger's knees and laughing and playing with his moustaches.

'Come to me Willy,' said the mother, with a voice and manner as though her beloved were in the hands of the evil one.

But the child heeded her not. She took hold of his right arm. 'Come to me, lammy,' she said coaxingly.

'No, I won't,' said the child, 'I'll stop and sleep with gentleman—naughty mammy not make bed for nobody.'

The good wife colored, and looked for a moment in the now mildly smiling and handsome face of the stranger—so beautiful, he could not be bad!—it was impossible! These are chords to a woman's heart, which, if touched, are yours—no matter what else you be.

From this moment all allusion to the tragical events of bygone years were carefully avoided, and the stranger during some days sojourned at the farm in uninterrupted quiet. His chief gratification appeared to be in penetrating the depths of the forest, in which he would wander for many hours apparently absorbed in thought, so much so that when his path was occasionally crossed by a countryman he seemed unconscious of the respectful salutation with which he would be greeted.

Frequently had he approached that deserted mansion, and the ivy-clad tower, and field of sepulture, and he had not once entered heir immediate precincts. He had indeed listened to the garrulous chronicliings of the aged sexton, who, with bonnet in hand, had invited him to enter and see the tombs, and even the hall of which he had the charge; and when those offers were declined, he seemed desirous of piquing the stranger's curiosity by relating many wonderous events of past generations; but none of which were so truly appalling as the fatal one which has been already dimly sketched. To this sad tale, with all its coloring, the stranger listened with constrained composure, but offered neither interruption nor comment; but when after a short silence, the sexton said,

'Master Charles was a fine, generous spirited youth. I can even yet scarcely believe him capable of such fearful deeds—if he be live what a sorrowful heart he must have! poor fellow!—his good father prayed God to forgive him.'

The stranger breathed with difficulty.

'God forgive him!' said the Sexton.

'God forgive him!' murmured the stranger, and drawing his hat over his brow, and touching, in doing so, the scalcop of San Jago de Compostello, he turned slowly away, and was soon lost in the deepening shades of the forest.

A fine autumnal day was closing in, and the stranger, buried in thought, was still wandering in the forest. For some time the clash of swords, and brief ejaculations of human voices, close at hand, were wholly unheeded, so completely was the agency of the external senses in abeyance to the profound operations of all-absorbing mind, when a piercing shriek rent the gates of the temple, and he started, completely awakened to surrounding circumstances. He had penetrated to the very de ths of the forest, in which huge oaks, throwing their knarled and fantastic arms around, gave with their sacred foliage, a wild horror to the scene. He beheld, leaning against a massive tree, a young and beautiful female, overwhelmed with terror, and gazing on a cavalier of most noble presence, who was manfully contesting with his coutean de chasse, against the combined assaults of two powerful and visored men, armed with long cut-and-thrust swords.

The stranger could not doubt a single instant on which side he should array himself, and drawing his highly tempered steel of far famed Toledo, sprung forward to the succor of the cavalier. Although thus placed, in point of numbers, on an equality, the ruffians did not give up the contest, but seemed to rely on their more gigantic frames as superior to the more slight and elegant proportions of the cavaliers. But in this they soon found their error, and their blood began to flow from some severe wounds, ere, uttering a mutual signal cry, they suddenly started off in opposite directions, and in an instant disappeared.

'Thou hast done well,' said the cavalier to his deliverer.

The stranger drew himself up, looked at his late ally, and then, without noticing his words, approached the lady they had rescued.

Her heart seemed too full for utterance; at length she happily burst into a flood of tears.

'By holy Paul,' said the chavalier, approaching, 'thou hast done me good service, which shall not be forgotten. Ods fish! what a scrape I was in with those big-boned knaves—gramercy, an' you had not come, I should have had enow on my hands;—pretty demoiselle, what in the fiend's name brought you into the midst of this forest with two masked ruffians for practical lovers?'

The lady sobbed but could not speak.

'Is she a stranger to you, sir?' inquired their rescuer.

'Never saw her in my life before,' replied the cavalier. 'Lost myself in hunting, and stumbled on these ruffians in time to stop, ere too late, the foul assault;—she's beautiful, i' faith, but I like not tears—they spoil the eyes;—cheer ye, cheer ye, lady, we'll have aid anon.' And so saying, he raised a silver bugle to his lips, and sounded a call that awoke a score of echoes in the forest. These no sooner died away, than other horns were heard, and by and by, a crashing thro' the trees, and trampling of horses, and yet a little while and hunters gaily apparelled came by ones, twos, and threes, galloping to the spot, who all, as they arrived, doffed their plumed bonnets to the cavalier.

'Ods fish! my gallants,' he said, with impatient gesture, 'I owe you marvellous thanks! I should have been dead as Richard but for this brave fellow!'

'My liege!' said one, throwing himself from his horse, and bending his knees to the young King Harry the Eighth, 'we have been traversing the forest in all directions search-for your grace.'

'I like not such hooded hawks,' said the king. 'But as to you, Stanley—and the rest mark me—I will grant this gentleman a boon, when to ye I may say nay.' So, turning to the traveller, he said, 'Soho! brave pilgrim from San Jago, what boon thou askest, were it the brightest jewel of my crown, on a Kings royal word it shall be granted,'

The stranger bent his left knee, and said looking in the king's face, "My liege it is the brightest jewel in your crown I claim.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the king.

'Tis mercy!' said the kneeling pilgrim.

'So won, so pledged, so asked,' replied the monarch, 'thou hast it were thou traitor to our crown and life.'

'From such iniquity God shield me,' said the pilgrim. 'Mine is a private crime of deepest die.'

'I grieve to hear such acknowledgment of guilt from one of such noble bearing,' said Henry; 'but my royal word is plighted, and the great seal shall confirm thy pardon. God, not man must be thy judge.'

'My future life shall speak my gratitude,' said the pilgrim; 'and my penitence deprecate the wrathful judgment of God.'

'Arise, and tell me who thou art,' said the monarch.

'Charles Brandon!' replied the pilgrim, standing erect.

'Ha! Charles Brandon!' exclaimed the King, and all the courtiers looked with increased curiosity at the pilgrim 'I have heard the tragedy of thy house; beswrew me but thy cunning feint had a doleful end, but thou shalt tell me the tale thyself. God so! thou art marked for adventures!—here is our fair rescued demoiselle who hath gotten half a dozen knights to console her, while we are wasting time on perogative. Fair lady, we shall mount you on a gently-pacing palfrey, and escort you to your home, if so it pleases you.'

The rescued lady was with all care escorted to her home, and from the hour of that meeting with the king, the deep grief of the pilgrim began to soften, and then arose the bright star of Charles Brandon's splendid fortune.

THE LOST PEARL.

"The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."
MILTON.

It was somewhere in the last quarter of the last century, that Charles Pemberton, the younger son of an ancient but impoverished family, having committed the old fashioned folly of marrying a young lady, for no better qualifications than beauty, sense, and goodness, without regard to those worldly considerations which modern prudence deems indispensable, esteemed himself most fortunate to inherit, through the bequest of a distant relative, a small estate in the Island of Ceylon; and to obtain a commission in a Dutch regiment serving in that colony, in which in the course of fourteen or fifteen years, he attained the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Living chiefly upon his own property, about a mile from the beautiful village of Negumbo, amongst some of the finest scenery of Ceylon—(which the inhabitants imagine to have been the abode of our first parents, the paradise of the old world); enjoying an elegant competence, and all sufficient to each other, Colonel and Mrs. Pemberton would have considered themselves blessed beyond the ordinary lot of humanity, in spite of their banishment from the country they loved so dearly, and the society they were so well calculated to adorn, but for the great evil of eastern climates, the successive deaths of several promising children. Five fine boys and girls had they followed to the grave; and the only one who now remained to them was their little son, William, a child remarkable for his affectionate temper, his intelligence and his beauty; upon whom both parents doted, more particularly, perhaps, his mother, whose own health had been considerably injured by the repeated trials which her maternal feelings had undergone.

No tutor had been provided for Willy, whom they intended hereafter to send to England for education Meanwhile his father taught him, when at home in the intervals of duty, whilst Mrs. Pemberton supplied his place in his absence; but the active, lively boy was much about in the cinnamon plantations (just then beginning to be cultivated by the few British residents on the islands,) which were superintended by a Cinglese, called Vinna, a man of remarkable quickness and much apparent fidelity; whilst on longer excursions, he was put in charge of a superior domestic servant, a Malay by the name of Gatura, who, by his pliancy of manner, and powers of amusement, had greatly ingratiated himself with his young master.

So implicit was the colonel's confidence in these dependents, especially in Vinna—for there was an occasional expression in the dark eye of the Malay, which recalled to recollection the vindictiveness of his race;—but such was his reliance upon Vinna's integrity and care, that it came upon him like no common shock, to find, having contracted for the sale of some essential oil of cinamon (extracted from such fragments as happen to be broken off in packing up the bales), and having seen it actually measured and ready for delivery, that half-a-dozen bottles of this valuable oil, which sometimes sells as high as ten pounds British a pint, were missing; and that, upon subjecting all concerned to an examination, two of the very peculiar bottles, in which the oil had been contained, were found in a corner of Vinna's hut, behind the earthen vessels used for cooking rice! whilst another was hidden between the brass basin and the pestle and mortar, where the spices are pounded, upon the bench which surrounded the apartment, and formed with the articles which we have enumerated, nearly the whole of its simple furniture. The bottles were not merely distinguishable by their fabric and shape; but the strong aroma of the precious commodity, and even a few drops left in the bottle, proved that they had been secretly and hastily emptied of their contents; and that Vinna, the trusted superintendent of this valuable manufactory, was himself the thief.

After one simple but earnest denial of the charge—a denial to which his master made no other reply than pointing to the concealed bottles—the delinquent attempted no further defence, but resigned himself tranquilly to whatever punishment the laws might decree. That extremity was, however, averted by the intercession of Willy, whose urgent entreaty for pardon for his friend was so far complied with, that Colonel Pemberton contented himself with dismissing the favoured servant, who had set so flagrant an example of dishonesty to the labourers under his charge.

'Remember,' said his master, impressively, when paying the wages due to him and discharging him from his service, 'Remember, that I have abstained from punishing you at the earnest solicitations of this child; but that if you ever again come before me for any act of theft or fraud, the chastisement will be exemplary.' Vinna listened in silent submission, kissed the skirt of Willy's garment, and departed.

For awhile the boy missed his kind and pleasant face in the cinamon plantations and about the home grounds; but the griefs of childhood are enviably brief, and he had nearly forgotton his old playfellow, when he was thrown unexpectedly in his way many months afterwards, in a visit paid by himself and his father, attended by Gatura, to the pearl fishery at Condatchy

A gay and pleasant scene was this pearl-fishery. Thousands of persons, of all colours and nations, in the picturesque costumes of the East, from the rich travelling merchants who supply the great jewellers of our European cities, to the poorest of the Cinglese women and children, who hover around the sieves, and pour for days over the heaps of sand which have been thrown aside, in hopes of lighting upon the smallest seedling pearl, crowd the streets of the temporary town (at other times a mere fishing village,) washing, sifting, boring, drilling, squabbling, and bargaining, in every variety of dialect and jargon; all intent upon the beautiful luxury destined to add a costlier splendour to the monarch's crown, or a rarer charm to the brow of beauty.

Willy was delighted; all the more delighted that he met his old friend Vinna, and that Vinna had been singularly prosperous. A speculating merchant had not only engaged divers on his own account, but had employed persons to examine the sand that had been thrown by after passing, or being supposed to pass, through the seives. Vinna had been fortunate enough to discover, in a portion which must have been spilled before being subjected to that process, a pear-shaped pearl of such size and beauty, as had not been found off the coast of Ceylon within the memory of the oldest trader connected with the fishery. An agent of the King of Candy, specially despatched by his royal master for the purpose of obtaining such a jewel, to gratify a fancy expressed by his favorite wife, who wanted such a one to complete a set of ornaments, was at that moment treating for it with his employer. Vinna ran to procure it to show to the boy, and placed it on a crimson shawl to display the shape and colour to the best advantage. At Willy's entreaty, Colonel Pemberton also advanced to admire the treasure, attended by Gatura, who had accompanied them to Condatchy; and a little crowd of merchants and natives gathered round the place, enlarging upon its merits, marvelling at Vinna's good fortune, or rather the extraordinary luck of his employer, and wondering how, by any degree of carelessness, a pearl of such magnitude could have escaped from the seives.

Whilst these assistants, in the heat of their discussion, stood divided into separate groups, and Colonel Pemberton, at Willy's entreaty, was speaking with a grave and measured kindness to Vinna, his employer and the agent of the King of Candy having concluded their bargain, returned for the pearl. They applied to Vinna, who motioned to the shawl which he had deposited on the top of a high covered basket close behind him. The basket was there, and the shawl; but the pearl was gone! The consternation was general. Vinna wrung his hands in agony; the buyer and seller of the precious commodity were in equal dismay. Every man looked suspicionsly on his fellow. Some disclaimed; some accused. Gatura, who had stood nearest to the basket upon which the valuable jewel had been so unhappily left, insisted so vehemently upon being searched, that rather to pacify him and rid themselves of his clamour, than from any positive mistrust, his dress and person were, as he desired subjected to a very rigorous examination; nothing, of course, being found that could implicate him in any way in the delinquency.

In the meantime, the less successful adventurers, who had before been loud in the expression of their astonishment that such a pearl could be found in such a manner, began to gather round Colonel Pemberton, to examine into the character which Vinna, whom they understood, from what had passed between them, to have been heretofore employed by him, had borne while in his service. The agent of the King of Candy, the purchaser of the pearl, and the speculator who had sold it, also approached with the same view. Willy, who, child as he was, saw the turn that matters were about to take, seized an opportunity to steal towards his friend.

'Go, Vinna! go!" said Willy; and, with a sudden start, and a momentary pause, Vinna obeyed the injunction. He disappeared among the crowd; and, by the time that the questions that those interested had extracted from Colonel Pemberton the cause of his dismissal, and that two or three of the most determined called out to arrest him, he had made such good use of his time, as completely to baffle every effort of his pursuers: his flight, whilst it saved him from almost inevitable punishment, producing upon every body, except Willy, who did battle manfully in his behalf, the most complete conviction of his guilt. It seemed as certain that he had stolen the pearl,—perhaps, that he had twice stolen it—as that he had stolen the oil of cinnamon. No one believed in the possibility of his innocence, except our friend Willy.

The boy and his father returned to Negumbo; and, in a little while, the colonel was called away on service; and Mrs. Pemberton being in delicate health, Willy was left much to the care of Gatura, who spared no pains in his endeavor to win the favor of the lively and spirited boy. He constructed a pad on which to take him before him on a blood horse, belonging to the colonel, and carried him every day upon some excursion to the cocoa groves (or topes) or the dreary forests which surrounded their habitation. One day, he took him to see the manner in which wild elephants are caught; and Willy was delighted with the sagacity and affection displayed by one of the tame ones, who apparently recognising an old companion in the largest of those that had been ensnared, actually opened the fastenings of the gate for the release of his friend; thus showing, although enslaved himself, his sense of the value of freedom. Willy was enchanted; and on Gatura's dwelling upon the grandeur and interest of a buffalo hunt, never ceased importuning the Malay to afford him that gratification.

One fine morning, accordingly they set forth professedly to witness this remarkable spectacle. The high-bred steed carried them rapidly through the cocoa tope, into the very depth of the forest No sign appeared of the hunters; but pleased with the beauty of the scenery, the golden rays of the sun darting through the shaddock and the tamarind, and resting on the beautiful fruit of the jamboe, and amused by the variety of bright coloured birds and gorgeous butterflies, the boy took no note of the distance. At last as the day advanced, the claims of hunger began to be felt, and he intimated to Gatura his desire to return home.

"Home!" said the Malay, in the low accent of bitter hate; "you never shall return. Do you remember the day—you, child as you are, may forget; but, on my memory that day is burnt in characters of fire—when for striking this horse, ay, this very horse, as Colonel Pemberton, my master, your father, was pleased to think over hard, he snatched the whip from my hand, and struck me, ay, lashed me with it, as if I had been a beast? I grasped the crease in my bosom; but that would have been a brief and common vengence: I have waited for such revenge as may endure; and now my hour is come. You too, young sir! you were pleased to read out of some story book to your mother that pearls might be hidden in the mouth; that stripping the dress and searching the person, was no security against a skilful thief! Home you shall never come to tell your father that tale, unless, indeed, you can win your way through the beasts and reptiles, the snakes and the panthers of this forest Down with you, sir! Do not cling around me in this manner! Let go my sash, or I will cut away those little hands! What noise is that! Off with you I say!"

And frightened at some real or imaginary noise, Gatura dashed the struggling child to the earth and rode rapidly away, leaving in the boy's hands, the shawl sash; by which he had hung so tightly; and which had been folded after the oriental fashion round the waist of the Malay. A small packet dropped from it—it was the lost pearl!

Hungry and bewildered as he was, the stout hearted boy lost neither his courage nor his presence of mind. He pocketed the precious jewel, plucked the unripe fruits to appease the cravings of appetite, and tried with all his might to retrace the way by which he had come, and to turn back to his home; but far beyond his own knowledge he only plunged deeper and deeper in the forest. He avoided, however, with remarkable sagacity and boldness, the frequent dangers from snakes and wild animals, took refuge under a talipot tree from a storm, which sent the shrieking flor-mouse to the same friendly shelter; and at night, remembering that the Cinglese sometimes constructed their habitations for security on the branches of trees he climbed the tall trunk of the cocoa to sleep.

What was the agony of the bereaved mother during that long and solitary night! Gatura had not returned, and wholly unconscious of his treachery, she imagined that some fatal accident had happened to him and his charge. Messenger after messenger did she despatch in every direction; Colonel Pemberton was recalled; and every means taken that the most anxious affection could dictate, to recover the missing child.

He, meanwhile, wandered on, subsisting on wild fruits by day, and sleeping in trees by night, until he had nearly reached the boundaries of Candy. He, too, poor child, was heart sick and home sick. The high courage which he inherited from his father, roused at the approach of danger; but at other moments, footsore, weary, bruised by falls, and torn by bushes, his spirits flagged, and his strength was exhausted. One day he was passing by some bruchwood, which half concealed the entrance to a low cavern, a furious buffalo came bellowing up a track in the forest, and, pausing for an instant, lowered his head to attack the child. Another moment and Willy would have been gored by