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First Presbyterian Church, Northwest, angle of Conreer. Sunday Morning at Hochock, A. M., and To'clock P. M.
Sacond Presbyterian Church, corner of South i anover and Pour retat cets. Rev. Mr. Ealls, Pastor. Services commence at Ho'clock, A. M., and To'clock P. M.
St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopat) mortheast angle of Giter's Jit's. Riv. Jarish B. Morss, Rector, Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.
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German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hancorer and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. Kromer. Pastor.—Services at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 5½ o'clock P. M.
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Methodist E. Church (second charge) Rev. Thomas Daugherty, Pastor. Services in Celligge Chapel, at J1 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M.
Roman Catholic Church, Pounfret noth East street. Rev. James Barrett, Pastor. Services on to 2 and Sunday of gach month.
German Lutheran Church corner of Ponafret and Bedford streets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Services at 10½ A. M. terman the streets. Rev. I. P. Naschens, at 10½ A. M. and the streets in the above are necessary the above are necessary the streets are requested to notify us.

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SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. weets at arion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Morion Hall on the 2nd and 4th greeous Morth.

8t. Johns Lidge No 299 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Ledge No 91 1. O. of U. F. Meets Monday dyoning, at Trouts building.

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TEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES. JUST RECEIVED AT PIPER'S.
The testimony of the Rocks, by Hugh Miller,
Epurgeon's Fermons.
Memohs of the Countess of Blessington.
The English Orymans.

The English Orthaus. Two Years Agy, 6 Kinkyloy. Walker's thyluther Dintlonary. Maguzines, Periodicals, Wookly and Daily Enpers, &c. PPER(8 HOJK: FURE:

UNDAY SCHOOL BOCKS !—Hav-by ing just returned from the kentern cities with a lorge need time, to the major letter is the we are pre-pared to surply at the shortest natice and at an Low-est cary enless all the publications of the American Sunday School Union, Mass. Sunday-rehoot tholes. Me-thodist-Clock Concern, Episcopal Smiday school Union, see, etc.

The Signs of the Times.

Original Poetry

BY HORACE. There's a maxim of old, if right I'm told, That Time nor Tide e'er wait for a soul, Of this civilized, christian world Ake the pealing of bells in musical chime.) Must be speedily taken, just in their prime, r else they'll be off to an incognita clime,

And we to oblivion be hurled. As cents make the dimes, and dimes make the dolla o the small scraps of knowledge combine to make scholars

Of all, irrespective of station.

And so sure as the cents and scraps are neglected,
The dellars are signs, the student a blockhead.
And the world pronounces the unfortunate biped

but time so uncons lously slips from our grasp, that before we're aware how weak is our grasp Of the waist of this slippery sage. He is over the fence, but looks back as he goes, fith a curl on his lip, and a thumb on his and by way of a hint this maxim he throws, . For the use of this prodigal age.

magical voice is borne on the wind, That wo'd better be up, thin dragging behind, Like the venerable hare in the fable, That 'is better to keep with the world as it flows, That 'is better to keep with the world as it flows, Than be jammed into je ly by other folks' toes, Than be jammed that jety by defice these wors, And forever weighed down by miserable wors, Or like bills—to be laid on the table."

and in leaving he gives, as a parting donation one or coaring no gives, as a parting donation,
This magic respects our great Yankee, Nation,
(Which stretchessfrom count to occan;)
Of Patience, one pound, and of Temperance the same re like added, and hold o'er the flan Dra wonderful lamp—common souse is its name— When appayder appears, which quite puts to shame, Any veritable pown E-stean Notion. 2-

Ild poores exclaim 'gainst the age with a shrug,

And sigh with visage awry

At the hoop skirts and calves, Patent Elixirs and Salves. Sating and silks, Leather hams and chalk milk, Contr & LA SHANGRAL Fatse whiskers, bair-dye,
Mermaids and monkeys,
Wise dogs and learned donkeys, Woman's wrights and her w. ongs, Barnum bables in throngs, Filibusters and Quakers, rmonis and Shakers, Lovers and sonnets Eclipses and comets

and in find the age's so surprisingly fast Old fogles are classed mong the things of the past, Their wise-saws and shruggings are destined to last is long as the man, who preparing a blast, Was blown into fragments on high.

The wonder of wonders, the talk of the day, The pride of b'hoys, the Frenchy "AU FAIT"-At ten he can smoke; at twelve he can chow, Escort his Dutchen to the opera, the, and when enraged, do as Congressmen do,

Carries six-tube revolvers, a dirk-knife mest keen, Takes his sicep in the Lunk, "runs wid der machin And fights with a fury surprising. Eats Schweitzer Kase and swills Lager Beer, Patronizingly asks, "vi gates noch mynl Drinks lovy whiskey, and fights for his dear, And turns up his nose with contempt

At the snob aristocracy rising. When fully equipped he proceeds to make love, Talks of pale silver light in the heavens above, Venus, Penelope and Ulysses, Calls overything Cupids with light golden wings, Of love in a cottage enchantingly sings, Thinks the vast milky way, that to the firmano

But a mixture of tumercus kieses.

The political world has been sadly harrassed By the fearful confusion thre' which we have passed, In the late exicting campaign, Loud wails and harangues, disunion proclaimed, The "Stars and the Stripes"—Constitution defemed, New projects proposed—New Republics been framed O'er a basket of sparkling champagne.

But hurrah for the Union—let it ring thre' the realm

The vivid fork'd lightning is drawn from the skies, and on wings, sulft as thought, from shore to sl

flies, but the telegraph—the the unrivalled invention, Is seriously threatened with strite and contention, For 'Tis said that a Yankee—cager for fame, With a natural desire of extending his nam Throughout the world and the rest of mankind," A simple communication designed.

A row of talkative spinsters to station from depot, to depot, all over the nation, To whisper a secretat the head of the line And in less than a wink of the eye of old Time The message is heard all over the world, And all will over they never had told A lit of the secret so safely confided." And burst into tears, if their word, is deridge.

The dippancies, fashions and follies of lite, flun at this very time were never more rife food skirts, "BARE ARMS" and "LOW NECKS" are passion, o ask not the merry of the fashion is also the BREADTH. And so DEAR are the girls

With their silks and their satius, falso teeth and fall curls, That worthy young men, in medium life, an't afford to indulge "such a love of a wife."

A word or two more—to tickle the knowledge Of Professors and Students of Dickinson Collge-Will bring to a visis my lingle of rhymes, Of matters in general, the signs of the times. youngster of twelve-a wonderful youth. The his logical rules were rather uncouth, Averred he could prove by a logical vein, That the clearest of days is darkened by rain For 'tis either nor RAINING or RAINING, that's plain Ience if 'tis not Raining, it surely MUST BAIN." Thether the canons of "Wilson" cor Il leave to the Juniors-I've no time to night or logical figures; my circuit of time a spent in concecting this doggerel rhyme.

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.—The following corres oondence between Governor Giles, of Virginia, and Patrick Henry, a generation ago, is repro luced by the Louisville Journalis

"Sin: I understand that you have called me a 'bobtail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and, if true, your meaning.

"WILLIAM B. GIRLS." "Sin: I do not recollect having called you bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion I can't say what I did moan; but whices all the puthers of the American if you will tell me what you think I meant, I her power, yet she who could inove all other cook Concern, Irlisepal Sanday school Indea, Meaning and Concern, Irlisepal Sanday school Indea, Will eav whether you are correct or not.

SHRYQCK, TAXLOR & SMITH: "Very respectfully," Paranok Henry," to compuests, for that very reason perhaps,

Voetru.

* [From the New York Ledger.] LINES. As distant lands beyond the sea, When friesds Go thence, draw nigh, to Heaven, when friends have thither gone,

Draws nearer from the sky. And as those lands the dearer grow When friends are long away, So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead, ... Grown denrer day by day. ... Heaven is not far from those who see With the pure spirit's sight, But near, and in the very hearts

Select Cale.

January, 1867.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS. AROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD

Of those who see aright.

C. D. STUART.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, uthor of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife,
"The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

CHAPTER I.

- AN INTÉRRUPTED WEDDING! It was the first of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daugh er and heiress of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde

Hall, Devoughing A

A glorious morning I the cloudless, blue sky smiled down upon the green hills and dowy dules and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the Hall was all alive and musical, with the joyous songs of birds, at the merry laughter of young men and mai-dens gathering to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of

their landlord's daughter.
The elm shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to assist at the wedding; and these contained only the brideamnids, and the nearest friends and re-latives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church;—for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar. The villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wandering over the greensward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such

"Oh-dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve I and here we are to wit two mortal hours! said a young girl to

want two mortal nours? said a young giri.to the gamekeeper.

Alush! my darling look, here comes his Loydship's carriage, itself, just as sure as you're the prettiest lass in the country."

It was Lord Montressor's carriage.

Early that morning a note-from his affinanced bride had been put in his hands summoning him to a private conference with her at the Halls before they should proceed to at the Hall, before they should proceed to the church. Surprised and filled went ague uneasingss, his lordship lost no time in obey-

Within the most secluded of the suite of richy furnished apartments at the did Hall, half-buried in the depths of a gishioued chair, reclined the bride expectant lin bride

She was alone, her attendants having, by

her own desire, withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle—or 'la belle Estelle,
'Benutiful Stella,' "the Midnight Star" as, for her resplendent dark beauty, she was poetically named—was at this time twenty-live years of age, and more lovely than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium height, and very slender, though well-rounded with a graceful head, over which fell rich masses of jet-black silker ringlets, shading a face of pure pale olive complexion with large mournful dark eyes habitually veiled by the lung, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full curved lips, ov r patiently closed as in silent resignation he prevailing expression of her dark, bril iant countenance was a profound melanch

The announcement of Miss Morelle's ap proaching marriage with the Viscount Mo tressor had created a profound sensation in the fash onable and aristocratic circles." A peorless beauty, the only child and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest and hanghtiest baroned in the West of England, the heart had been as much the object of aspiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had been the and of desire to the mercenary and ambitious.

At the early age of seven years, Estelle had been placed at one of the first-class fe male institutions of learning at Paris, ther as now, considered among the very best of their kind in the world, and there had been left to remain until the sixteenth year, when the sudden and extentious breaking up of The institution, and her own severe illness, had occasioned her removal That illness had been attended with marked changes the constitution and temperament of the

young girl.
Estelle, previously the most careless/light hearted and capricions of children, left he chamber of convalence a subduct thoughtful, inclancholy woman ! The laugh ing lips of girlhood closed in patient sadnes ing tips of girthood closed in patient sadiess; the sparkling eyes sheafied their beams, un-der long, shadowy lashes, now-seldom'flited'; the silvery, clastic voice, sank into deep and thrilling tones; the free, glad motions were

neasured and controlled She never entered another school, bu completed her education under the best mas ters at home. To dissipate what was con sidered a transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, par that was interesting and instructive. But though their daughter repaid their attention, with the sweetest gratitude, and obeyed them, with the gentlest docility, she showed no interest in the passing scenes. And thougs ness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position, drew anound her many friends and admirers. Estelle remained alone in he isolated thoughts and feelings. Every mos distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melan-chely was not the effect of ill health, still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a constitutional phase that would probably pass

away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her into all the guicties of fashionable life. But with no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle who remained protoundly unmoved unid the celakthat greeted her debut. Mer pletiresque beauty was the theme of all tongués—her mournful glance was fascinating her dee tones thrilling—her touch magnetic; all fe

A., WEDNESADY MAY 27, 1857.

made many. A peer and two comm in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected. So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her

toned moral and intellectual excellence as a sor, who had never left England, or lost righteous, as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank and wealth and power, Charles Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the neerage standard of height among rise countries and opened it—it contained but one work—"Countries." average standard of height among dis coun-trymen, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, the face of the man. His presence and pure spirit of the man. His presence had not been able to feel in any other that she had not been able to feel in any other that appraonched her. He drow nearest to her than any other liad been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation. In twenty more minutes he had reached her railway station just as; the cars were

master and was conquered. At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary term heigh over, Sir Parke Morella and his family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montressor asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of bar ancestors, after having obtained the cordinal sanction of her partits, and believing himself "But, I," she said, deeply blushing, while sure of the reflections of their daugitite. Lord so. I mus it was in the nome of par inices, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her partitis, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected. In thus rejecting his suit she wept long and litterly, praying his forgiveness, that the happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have believed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed

whole existence, loves, a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the net! And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renew all of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you to you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you, beautifu Stella!! "Confidence! O my God!" she exclaimed in a low, deep, thrilling voice. tial tenderness, he said—
"Sfella a man never but once, in his tiful face.
whole existence, loves a woman as I love "Your al of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you—that though I go hender, I shall never olderess another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you may think juoner to review the decision of this land. er to review the decision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to let me know! Write but one word, 'Come,' and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at your feet!'

Estable was warning to the life of the stella was warning to the life of the stella was warning to the life of the stella was warning to the stella was was warning to the stella was warni

Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have Stella! will you promise to do this?" who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitied and loved—only as a shadow that fell view, a sudden shadow like the recurrence

bright face and then passing away forever!—and bright face and then pass as it came to forget her!"

They were engaged, and within a few days They were engaged, and within a few days "Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor the sentence you have prenounced up on it; but, inspired by the deep and death-of the bride, that from the day of her hetroth-of the bride, that from the day of her hetrothing you, that, in the event of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose toward me, you will not hesitate to give me leave to return. Stella, will you promise me so much

"Noblest friend that I have in the world! how gladly would I promise, but I must not, Montressor. Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my smood,

"Stella, will you raise your sweet, mourn-ful eyes to mine, one moment, that you may "read my soul while I speak?"

"that you may be made and additional observed with the deepse interest the incer-tain moods of his betrothed; but with the high-toned sentime its that distinguished Estelle litted her dark orbs to meet the him, refrained from inquiring; and awaited

can never wed another, so that whether you arrival of the bridegroom, whom she had give me this slightest of hopes or not, I am summoned to a private interview before they give me this slightest of hopes or not, I am summoned to a private interview before they canally and forever bound! Now will you should proceed to the church. She had not promise, Stella? Remember, it is only to long to wait. He who quickly responded to let me know in case of a change in your sen-

For an instant the light of an unutterable when as if a sudden memory and warning had gripped her very heart—she uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and

wen, dearest stein, although you reject I me without apparent reason, and refuse to give me the alightest promise or the most distant hope, yet I repeat—should you in the long future, change your purpose, and write to me one word—"Come," I will hasten to lay at your feet an unchanged heart ! Good

upon what she timigined to be the only possible result of the interview—found Estelle lying in a awoon upon the floor!—It was followed by a long and terrible illness, termiin a tadiously protracted convales. The town senson was at hand before nating in cence. The town senson was at hand before Estelle was able to re-enter society. They went up to London, and three more

the "star of beauty" arose upon its world.

And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and lieuvier, day by day; shot was more followed, flattered and courted then Thus three years had passed away, when one ingriling, while the family, then occupy-ing their town house in Berkely Square, were seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parks was

engaged in reading aloud from the London Times, an account of the saving of the French Ship—Le Duc D' Anjou— wrecked off the coast of Algiers—Estelle uttered a low cry and sank funting from her seat:

the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here; in her thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and the tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action, and smiled to see that she seemed less pensive than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary term, the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in town that Estelle formed the acqualitative of Lord Montressor, a young mobleman but larely accorded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising stateman, and

word—"COME."
The light of an ineffable joy broke over

he crossed the magic circle of her isolation and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the heautiful Stella had at last met her mister and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary With the old chysliric enthusiasm of de-

leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that —even in rejecting him—she loved him! even now enquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my present to the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferen tial tenderness, he said—

dark face and said—
"Nothing, nothing, my lord! but that all your thoughts and feelings are so elevated beyond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would almost choose it so! for could she be an angel, she would wish you to be something

far higher—a god !" - "Sweet enthusiast! rations, or the world and its people will dis-

for a moment across the sunshine of your of a painful thought, would fall upon her

less love I bear you, and 'hoping against al, her spirits had been marked by the hope,' I feel impelled to implore before leavest fluctuations. Sometimes with her enutiful dark face illumined with a deep, till and almost religious joy, she move about, as it were, on "winged feet," or sat brooding in a happy trance. At other times, she fell into deep gloom and anxiety, as in explicable as it was dlarming to her friends, who greatly feared her relapse into the deep melancholy that had so long overshadowed her, and that they had grown to dread as a seri-ons constitutional malady. But they hoped feel bound to wait the enanges of my most, and so, for a most sudeserving love, might ous constitutional malady. But they noped everything from her approaching marriage with the man she loved. Lord, Montressor with the deconest interest the uncer-

Listelle litted her dark orbs to meet the clear, party live eyes bent with so much live and candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchanging truth of the constancy of his soul as he said—

"Stella, in the presence of the heartsearching God who sees and hears me, I assure you that I shall never love another was man as I love you, and therefore, of course, man as I love you, and therefore, of course, rejival of the bridegroup, whom she had

her call. Yet when she heard his firm clastic step love and joytorake on her beautiful, dark face, and her smiling lips parted to speak—

'Now God have mercy on me!" she prayed and concred her face with her hands:
"My beautiful Stella! I am here you per-

low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and then said—
"Not not my Lord! Stella cannot even give you that! She is poorer than the poorest, in gifts to you! She cau, only pray that you may forget her and be trappy."

He looked profoundly, disappointed and troubled. But soon mastering his despondency he said hopefully—
"Well, dearest Stella, although you reject me without apparent reason, and retuse to the most be relieved by the stella that the most be referred."

"Av! my dear lord! you see before you a "Forgiveness?—my Stella!"

"Av! my dear lord! you see before you a ceive, by your commands!

"Ay! my dear lord! you see before you a penitent and a supplicant, who may soon be something far more wretched !"
"My Stella! what mean you?"
"Come to the window, Lord Montressor

by at your feet an unclinaged heart! Good by Book of with you!" and raising her hand, he bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and left the room.

Some to the with you!" and raising her be said, rising and receding him. "Look out," she continued, putting aside the rose-turned and left the room.

Some to the with you!" and raising her colord handings, and revealing a view of the park below, alive with its restless multisude, who came to seek and congratulate her daughter. "What are all these people waiting for, my lord?"
"What are they waiting for, my Stella?—

for that, for which I also wait, with how much more impatience! he answered, while a deep flush of love and joy, for an instant, supplanted the anxiety on his face.

They wait to see a bride pass, where a bride may never go!" she said, in a solemn

voice.
3 "Stella I great Heaven!, what say you!" e exclaimed, gazing on her with prostonishment.
"That the bride they expect is unworthy of stand before God's holy after boside Lord."

Montresior!" Unworthy, Stella ! You!" " Most unworthy, my lord !" the said,

dropping her arms, and dropping her head in an attitude of the deepest misery. "I should have made this contession long ago,

snoute nave made this confession long, ago, Lord Montressor; but I have deceived you!"

"In what respect, Stella? My God! It cannot be! No, it cannot be! that while betrothed to me, you do not love me!"

(1) The state of the s "Not love you! Oh! my dear lord!" she murmured, in a voice of thrilling tender ness that carried conviction of her truth to

What mean you then, dearest one? if

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still obtain some more reliable information in and white as a curved image of stone, gazed regard to their cultivation. upon her, waiting her further communica-

The above is all of this beautiful and high The above is all of this beautiful and fight interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May 30 and in it you will get the con of may so and in it you will get the con-tinuation of the story-from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only, for the New York edger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for ; Emerson Bennett, writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper hersafter. Jeo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal, prepares the Wit and Humor Deartment in the Ledger. It is mailed to sub-

[Written for the Herald.]. THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY CLIFTON.

Many have been the sources of enjoyment blanced at man's disposal. From the humble growth of the young plants, and facili-browided with means which if rightly used; tating the expansion of the roots until ill afford enjoyment.

Every passing breeze, every rippling stream, bears no small-contribution to man's appliness; while the entire creation has other sees in them the evidences of a de-But there is no gift more fraught with in a future number. A thorough pleasures than memory. It lends hope to the despairing, gives consolation to the afflicted, and never fails to add pleasure to by-gone days.

For there's not a spot however rude, but bath som 'a brigaten up its solltude and scent the evening hour 'hore's not a heart, however cast by griof and sorrow;

t hath some Memory of the past, to love and call its When in after years some of us shall be cleased for awhile from the cares of life-Memory, fond memory, like a kind friend aking us by the hand, will lead us back brough the flower-gardens of the past, and lucking those fragrant blossoms of other avs will lay them before us that we may ngain enjoy their blissful prescuce. Then shall we teel that Memory has pleasures no er known before:--

"And thus as on Momory's bark we shall glide To visit the scenes of our childhood anew. Though of twe shall see, looking back on the tide The wreck of full many a hope shining through. Yot still as in lancy we point to the flowers. That once made a garden of all the gay shore, Deceived for a moment will think them still over, And breather the fresh air of life's morning once me

cenes of a revolution, looked back with plea-ure-upon-the struggles of his countrymen, and rejoiced to know that he had served the ause of Liberty so nobly. Napoleon, seated on some lotty rock in his island home, ed on some lofty rock in his island home, looked out upon the wild rolling sea, saw in the ragings of the deep the tunnut of the Battle Field, each bursting wane brought to by mere surface changes.

The Lucerne may be sown in May, or in drills; and if the Battle Field, each bursting wane prougated his ear the booming of the cannon, and he lived again amid those scenes in which he lived again amid those scenes in which he soil is clean and good, and deeply tilled,

ness over the past.

The relied statesman, the honored, paround will steadily improve for a number riot, and the military hero, as well as those humbler life, look back upon the events of by gone days and as the OTO of the to the gallant Thesens, so memory leads to the gallant Thesens, so memory leads them salely through the labyrinths of the past, and by its aid slaying the Minotaur of sow an area. The price is usually about more and anxiety which then threatened to 39 cents a pound, or perhaps less by the are and anxiety which then threatened to 39 cents a pound, or perhaps less the levour them, they feel the youthful blood quantity — Ohio Eurmer, Feb. 28 again course their veins, the youthful am-bition fires their breasts, and they realize the greatest pleasures in their present en-

oyment.
And thus as we shall look back upon the worn channel and hear the soft music of dictions of an al harps then Torover husbed. Along the corbing Journal. idors of Memory will come, as on velvety int memories, and hold sweet c imunion with the dear spirits of the departed. "tong may our hearts with such memories be filled; Like the yase in which reses have once been distilled. You may broke, you may shatter the yase! you will, But the seint of the coses will have round it still?"

Farmers Denartment.

From the Bucks County Intelligence Culture of Carrets.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL. Messrs. Editors: - Much has been written on the value of carrots for feeding stock, while many attempts to explain the best method of their cultiva-"What mean you then, dearest one?" I indeed you return my deep love." I tion have failed to give satisfaction.—
"Oh! I do, if do, Montressor; whatever happens, wherever you go, take that assurance with yoh! I love you, my lord! shall ever love you, ever though even after what I shall have told you, you repulse and hate me, and go to our friends and say,—"That woman whom I was about to wed, is but a withird available whom I was about to wed, is but a life to the extent of exciting his (imagination into the belief that he is a practical farmer, tion have failed to-give-satisfaction. woman whom I was about to wed, is but a whited sepulchre, whom I have proved, and whom I now reject—and so leave me to the scorn of men, still I say—ever shall I say—ever shall I say—it is emission. I love you, Lord Montressor! I love you and the consciousness of being unworthy of your love is the hitterest element in my mun. your love is the bitterest element in my punishment," she said, in a voice of such profound misery, that Lord Montressor could scarcely continue to believe her agitation unfounded or exaggerated.

The description of the real string still believe the such string still believe to the real string and of but little benefit to the real, farmer, of the real, farmer, and string still string still be such as the such string still string still be such as the such string still string string

regard to their cultivation.
Aware that a desire to this effect has oven excited in the minds of many farmers, I am induced to give my method of cultivation which I have adopted during a period of eight years, with much success. In order to do this, it will be nocessary to briefly divide the plan of operations, that an explicit statement, alculated to be easily understood, may be confined within the limits of a newspaper article- Hence, I have chosen-The Preparation of the Soil, for the proper cultivation of the carrot, as the subject to be treated of in this number. And here I will observe that the first consideration of importance is to select a suitable piece of ground, of whatever size desired—it may be either a piece of sod or fallow ground an old potatoe patch or a piece of cornfield stubble; care being taken to remove all stubs or weedy rubbish that may have remained from last year,s erop Having selected your ground, it will be necessary to propartment in the Longer. It is missed to say.

vide a compost heap of good manuro scribers at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3.

Address Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann st., Now York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the committy, elegantly pen. But if you have a sufficient quantity of a rich short manure on hand, the vide a compost heap of good manure the compost heap may be dispensed with, and this manure applied directly to the land before plowing, always bearing in mind that a good dressing is requsite. Previous to ridging and sowing the seed a few pounds of guano harrowed in (say about 150 to the acre,) is attended with very beneficial results, advancing the

they reach the manure beneath. Presuming that a good dressing of manure has been applied, the soil should be as plowed six to eight inches deep, and if been so designed as to lead the creatures to been so designed as to lead the creatures to the "summum bonum" of happiness and pleasure. While one neglects the blessings, an great advantage. It is not necessary, however, to subsoil after the first year's plansigner, and so diverts his course as to reap ting on the same ground; the reason of this will be explained verzation of the soil is indispensible, and this can only be accomplished by the present happiness. Hardened must be the frequent use of the harrow and the roller heart that cherishes no happy recollections. An approximation to garden tilth should hat knows no joy in the remembrance of be carefully be observed, so that the seed. which is very fine and exceedingly delicate when germinating, may meet with as little resistance as possible from the earth. Much depends on the proper preparation of the soil for this crop, hence little extra attention is well bestowed,

and will amply repay in the after culture. Alfalf , Or Chilian Clover.

The Alfafa is not a new article, but he Medicago sativa' or Lucera of Franco known in England as Purple Medick grass, though often called by its French ame Lucern. In Spain' it is call d Alfalfa. There are several varieties of Lucerne, but the Alfalfa, or Chilian clover, is the common French and Englis h varie-

ty' bearing the same purple flowers. This Altalfa, or rather Lucerne, is one of the best of forage crops. If grown on a deep, warm, rich soil, it will bear Washington retired from the exciting live or six times a year, and furnish, at each cutting, an amount equal to a good crop of red clover, and is better relished by all kind of stock. It is perfectly hardy bearing equally well the frosts of winter or the heat and drought of summer; the roots penetrate too deeply, to be affected-

the crop will be fit to cut for hay or He drank again his cup of happiness with green feed in June, and in every three out fearing its dregs, for Memory sheds glad or four weeks afterwards through the summer and fall .- The plant is perennial, of years, especially if supplied with plaster, which is the manure—it—most-needs. in common with other clovers. From

Crops in the West.

Our Western exchanges are begining to give better accounts of the growing past, sad and mournfully pleasant will it be crops. Early in the Spring we had discollect stray thoughts connected with mal forebodings of scarcity and famine; whom we must be separated forever.

Memory, like a kind angel, will hover has disappeared, the farmers and the over us; we shall roam again over the green pastures and by the still waters of days agone. We shall tread beside some limpid press of blinois and other Western States are changing their lamentations over agone. We shall tread beside some limpid probable short group into cheerful preare changing their lamentations over probable short crops into cheerful predictions of an abundant harvest .- Pitts-

We almost daily hear of reports indiridors of Memory will come, as on velvety feet, the harmony of song echoing sweet voices then silent. We shall drop the tear of kind remembrance over the sudden ritpure of those joys at the fountain of happiness, and while we quaff the refreshing waters the sweets of metancholy will fill our souls with joys forever past. May we linger long, amid such melancholy, yet please ger long, amid such melancholy will such a such melancholy will amid such melancholy will se son is almost incredible, and with anything like favorable weather for planting and grownig, by far the heaviest crop of corn will be guthered this your than has ever been harvested in this country.