place, ere she could be the abbey's lady. Th

"Only papa's, Rupert. Guy will be it lord then."

Rupert did not answer; but his smiles wor the same curious expression.

As they approached the abboy, lights were gleaming from several of its front windows and they seemed to be passing from room t

"What is it? what can have happened?

uttered Rapert.
"The lord's worse! I know he is!" crie-

erome, apprehensively.
"You are always ready to prophesy evil

"You are always ready to prophesy evil. Jerome."

"I feel sure he is, sir," the old servant an swered "And," he added to Rupert, in hi agitation, "if ever I saw coming, death upor a face, I have seen it the last day or two upon my poor master's"

Jerome was right - Mr. Pommeroy wa worse. It was a violent attack of gout in the stomach. In his room Rupert found Guy, priest, and two medical men I so was giving directions to Guy, as well as his pain allowed him. "Jerome is getting old," he was saying as they entered; "you Guy, with a young wife, and probably a young family, will-bowanting young servants, and, it may be, he will not suit you long." He has saved wages, and I have left him something more, and it is my desire that the keep shall be his, to reside

and I have feit him something more, and it is
my desire that the keep shall be his, to reside
in, after he leaves you, for so long as he shall
live. Do you hear, Guy?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Give him the keep for his own, to have
exclusive control over just as if it were his,
by right; at his death it will lapse back to
you. Give me your promise."

y right; Jat his death it will impse once as ou. Give me your promise."
"Ppromise, father," said Guy.
"Father, I also promise," added Rupert.
Guy looked at his brother, and his ugly lip

curled up. "Where is the use of your promise? You will not be the abbey's lord."
"In case it should lapse to me during Je

rome's lifetime," returned Rupert; and a this suggested possibility, Guy's lip curled up

The old man died. And Guy was the lord

The Napoleon Dynasty at St. Denis.

Workmen have been engaged for more than year in this old cathedral, but they were

supposed to be employed simply in its resto-ration. It now appears, however, that all the rich tembs of the dead monarchs are to be

the materials at the Invalides, under the left

ered up by Austria, and then the two bodie

-father and son - will be carried to St. Denis.

cientifically, which many mothers would d well to meditate upon.

The reason whe children die, says Hall's

Journal of Health, is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they

are stuffed with food, choked with physic, sloshed in water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bedclothes. So much for indoor,

Then permitted to breathe a breath of pure

air once a week in summer, and once of

wice during the colder mouths, only the nos

s permitted to peep into daylight. A little

ater they are sent out with no clothes at al!

on the parts of the body which most need

protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks

irted middles, with an inverted umbrella to

ollect the air, and chill the other parts o.

the body. A stout, strong man goes out in

the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves, overcout, woolen stockings, and thick double-soled boots, with cork between, and rubbers over. The same day, a child of three years old, an infan.

in flesh, blood and bone, and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton

socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck

nurse, kill the mother outright and make the

father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they

are never expected to practise; to accustor

think the Almighty had any hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption tha He has any agency in the death of the child is a presumption and profanation.

ANOTHER KIND OF A CAT.-A gentlema

doing business on Main street, was presented with a beautiful kitten. Yesterday, a coupl of young ladies, one of them named Julia happened into the store, and of course kitty as kittens and babies always do, came in for

in immense quantity of endearments and

"Oh, the dear thing! Do call it Julia-

"I should be very happy to do do," said

Kitty was deposited on the floor in a twink

ing, and a couple of young ladies were seen ooking around for a good place to faint.

THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS IN RUSSIA.-It i

t curious thing that among the Russians, that the and mother of an infant not only can-

in ther and mother of an infatt not only, only not stand as sponsors to it, but they are not allowed to be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, becomes related to it and to each other, and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child are no allowed to marry each other. In christening the related takes the child which is only to a lady and some child are not allowed to marry each other.

ty! What is its name?"

"It has not been christened yet."

nd caresses.
"Oh, my! What a sweet, darling little kit

m to exposure which, a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don'

exposure which would disable the

of Pommeroy..
TO HE CONTINUED.

VO L. LX.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Cartistz Heath is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 i paid strictly in advance; \$1.75 if paid within the year; or \$2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiratio 1 of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arronages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all lases.

ADVERTISEMENTS, ..

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of cive lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each bequent insertion. All advertisements of less than cive lines considered as a square.

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Continuing the constraint of the control insertions. Continuing the constraint of flinted or individual interest will be charged ents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsite damages for efforts in advertisements. Obtainary these or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be certed without charge. notices or Marriages a

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The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the and sariance meritar John Parasi in Green in State ingest and most complete establishment in the county. Three good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Farey work, of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in wait of fills, Illauks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to ribe interest to give us a call.

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Justless of the Peace—A.T.L. Sponsler, David Smith,
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. CHURCHES. First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Cen-ro Square. Ref. Couway P. Wing Paster.—Services very Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock and Pomfeet streats. Rev. Mr. Kalla, Pestor: Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M. St. John's Church, (Frot. Epicopal) northeastangloof. Centre Square. Rev. Jacob Ed. M. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M. English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streats. Rev. Jacob Fry. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 30'g o'clock P. M. German Reformed Church, Louther, between Harrover and Pitt streats. Rev. Goo. D. Chemowith Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 30'g o'clock P. M. Mothodist E. Church, (Brat charge) curner of Main and Pitt Streats. Rev. Goo. D. Chemowith Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 b'g o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (Brat charge) curner of Main and Pitt Streats. Rev. Goo. D. Chemowith Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 b'g o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (Brat charge) Rev. Alex. D Gibson Pastor. Services in Lmory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 b'g o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (Beard Charge) Rev. Alex. D Gibson Pastor. Services in Lmory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 b'g o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (Beard Church) Rev. Alex. D Gibson Pastor. Services in Lmory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 b'g o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (Beard Church) Rev. Methodist E. Church (Beard Ch

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twices day. Eastward iexting Carlisle at 10.15 o'clock
A. M. and 4.25 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day
Wortward, leaving Carlisle at 9.37 o'clock A; M.; and
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Mofith.
St. Johns Lodge No 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.
Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. U. of U. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1/89.
President. S. Cornman; Vice President. Samuel Wetzel; Secretary, Theo. Cornman; Treasurer, P. Monyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Camberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1862. President, Robert McCarthey; Secretary, Philip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Ritter. The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October. and October.
The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March,
1855. President, If: A. Sturgeon; Vice President, George
Weise, Jr.; Becrutary, William D. Halbert, Teasurer,
Joseph W. Ogillby. The company mests the second
Thurnday of January, April, July, and etchoise.
The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted
in 1859. President, Win. M. Potter: Vice President,
Itemy Dinkle: Treasurer, John Oumpbell; Serretary,
John A. Blair. The company meets on the first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

RATES OF POSTAGE. Postage on all letters of one-half cunce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on the "Horald"—within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States 25 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, I cent pre-paid or two cents unpaid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost tof advertising.

HERALD JOB & BOOK

new supply. Carliale, Nov. 80, 1859.

ariisie, 707- 80, 1005-

Selected for the "HERALD." THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

BY C. L. LOCHMAN. There is a language which bath ne'er found tongue Its strange, deep passion meaning to express, In youth 'tis strongest—in life's morning song, When bright hopes cheer, and all is happiness. We hear its mandate with a heaving sigh, While yielding half and seeking half, to fly.

Its nower binds stronger than the tyrant's chain, Or teaches freedom more than freeman's boast; Its tones may fill the soul with deepest pain. Or wast it to Arcadia's charming coust; Such lofty eloquence, what tongue can tell!

It lures the soldler to the field of strife, Enduring honor there in blood to earn; Unmindful of his home, his friends, his life, Or tears of woo that in deep anguish burn He spurns that peace which home and virtue claim, And cares for naught but trumpet-sounds of fame.

t cheers the student o'er his classic tome With post bays and wild ambition's tale; It gives the traveller sweetest thoughts of home, When in his dreams he sees his native vale; With joys as fresh as in his boyhood day, Ere yet ambition sought his jeet to stray.

Each tone is music to the enamored youth When love's bright sun first dawns upon his sight; And in his maiden's heart of hope and truth 'Tis angels' whispering of screne delight, nes with fragrance like a summer breeze,

The poet feels, when thoughts of bliss subling Veak are his words, and weak his music's wing,

When life's strong passion-storms have passed away, When valu our dearest source of joy appears, And vain each pleasure in this world of clay, is weaker then, but to its notes are given

In vain the tongue essays its magic art,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY." CHAPTER I.

casements and its decaying towers. It was in keeping with the scenery that rose around. Situated on a wild part of the coast of England, it was flanked by bleak and bold rocks on the one side, and by a dark forest on the other. Not that the trees were in close proximity to the abbey, from the abbey gates deimity to the abbey; from the abbey gates de-scended a gentle hill, where a few houses, most of them very poor, were honored with the title of village, taking its name from their site, 'Abbeyland;' the hill wound round to the site, 'Abbeyland;' the hill wound round to the right, and there rose the dark and gloomy forest. In days long gondyby, in the time of the Norman kings, this place had been the stronghold of the De Pommeroy's; then they seemed to have dwindled away and disappeared, and the abbey was for a century or two the abode of monks. After that, it had been about the abole to work the less one again. rebuilt, and of later years it had come again into the hands of the Pommeroys, who professed to be lineal descendants of the ancient family, and retained their form of religion,

were brothers more unlike; that the one was a mode for beauty, the other almost of deformity: but as he became accustomed to their features, the likeness would have grown upon

of fancy some people delight to include fin, since no portrait of Dame John was extant now, and it did not appear that one ever had been. Miss Poinmeroy had returned but the night before from a six months' visit to a mar ried sister, and now stood at the narrow windows looking out at the scene side had n.t.

"Guy has."

"Guy !"

"Alle and the lord are there often. Indeed,
I began to think that we were going to be pre-

sented gratis with a lady in-law-"
"Rupert!" interrupted Miss Pommeroy, in ferent direction," continued the unnoved Ru-pert. "I was mistaking the affair altogether; while I funcied that the widower and the wid-

her brother, asking an explanation as plainly as eyes could. But Rupett was silent. Alell me what you mean," she said, impariently. "The son and heir is to settle," cried Ru-

pert, "and-"
"Guy cannot afford it," again exclaimed Miss Pommeroy, "You have all been too extravagant for him to think of marrying-

meroy.

ask that of Guy himself."
"Is it true that she has so much? . It was

Transport his send from earth to scenes elysian, Which scorn the music of his sweetest rhyme; In vain he tries his loftlest strain to sing—

And in the evening twilight of our years.

Have you not heard it in the hour of bliss? Have you not felt it in the hour of pain? Ir marked its sweet trembling in love's pure kles, Or wept at its serrowing, joyless strain? The strange, deep language of the human heart.

POMMEROY ABBEY.

Nover was there a more gloomy structure than that of the old Abbey of Pommeroy, with its gray walls, overgrown in places with lichen and other kinds of moss, its narrow Gothic

Gibson Pastor. Services in Lmory M. E. Church at II
o'clock A. M. and 3 P M
St. Partick's Catholy Church, Pomfret near East st.
Rev. James Kelley, Pastor. Services every other
German Luther Church cernin of Pomfret and
Bedford streets. Rev. C. Fartze, Pastor. Services at
II o'clock, A. M. and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

Pomfred and
Bedford streets. Rev. C. Fartze, Pastor. Services at
II o'clock, A. M. and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

DICKINSON COLLEGE

Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President and Professor of
Moral Science.

Rev. Lisrman M. Johnson; D. D., Professor of Philosolong all science. ion, almost ghastly, his features, in themselves well formed, were rendered plain by their exceedingly stern expression, and by his pos-sessing what is called a hare lip—In Rupert's features might be traced a great resemblance to Guy's, but only by a close observer, for his complexion was more fresh and beautiful than is often owned by man, the expression of his face was winning, though somewhat free and bold, and the form of his mouth was of surpassing sweetness A stranger; looking at the two for the first time, would have said never

> The breakfast table was spread in the abbey breakfast-room, and Miss Pommeroy waited for her father and brothers. She was tall, as they were; her complexion saflow, though not so white as Guy's; indeed, Guy imparted the idea of a man whose color had been momentiden of a man whose color had been momentarily seared from him by fright; and her hairwas darker than theirs. She was named Joan, after a Dame Joan. De Pommeroy, who had been famous in the reign of King John, and was said to bear a strong resemblance to her, which probably was only one of those flights

dows, looking out at the scene she had not seen so long. Rupert entered "Rupert," she exclaimed, "I see the smoke of the White House chimneys curling there. I

suppose you have grown intinate with its new inmates—you were in the way for it when-l lott."

tone of rebuke. . "Until I found that the scent lay in a difow might be doing a little courting on their own account, it appears that they were only courting for their children."

Miss Pommeroy turned her eyes full upon

the ford has often fold him so. Where is to be his separate establishment? and two households in the abbey will not answer."

"I should like to have a guinea for every useless word you drop in a day, Joan," laughed Rupert Pommergy. "Guy will afford an establishment—if he gets her She has five-and-twenty thousand pounds."

PRINTING OFFICE,

S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St

DOOTS AND SHOES.—A lot of Bloots and Shoes Just received. Ladler, and "State with the square of the state of the square of the square of the square of the square of the mother of the state of the square of the squar

neck.

Rupert had opened one of the narrow case-ments, and put his head out, whistling to one of his pointers, which was below, with the game keeper, Gaunt. "Rupert! Rupert!" exclaimed his sister, petulauly, stamping her foot, "you know when I want to hear a thing I must hear it. I say, will Alice Wylde have Guy?" Rupert drew in his head. "You had better ark that of Guy himself."

MIXITELLE STEELS

given out that they were rich, but twenty-five

Guy Pommeroy entered the room. His temper had made him not loved by his bro-thers and sisters, but his father doted on him; in Guy he saw his son-and-heir: and his constant allusions to his being such, had caused it to be a by-word of ridicule as attached to Guy. Haughty, arrogant, and fearful spend-thrifts, the Pommeroys had outrun their income; but this was not known to the world;

come; but this was not known to the world and Guy had reached the age of eight and the without thought of marrying, when the White House changed its tenants, and became inhabited by the widow and daughter of Mr. Wylde.

But not for the sake of her fortune did Guy Pommeroy think of sacrificing his liberty; the Pommeroy think of sacrificing his liberty; the Pommeroys were of that class who love the liberty and license of a single life; that the money may have added weight to the inducement was probable, but the fresh beauty of Alica had caught his ave and his heart, when Pommeroys were of that class who love the liberty and license of a single life; that the money may have added weight to the inducement was probable, but the fresh beauty of Alice had caught his eye and his heart. When those cold natures, such as was Guy's, do love; they love passionately; and with an implassioned fervor that is not often equalled, had Guy Pommeroy learned to love Alice Wylde. "Guy," began Miss Pommeroy, with little regard to his feelings or to her own good man-

regard to his feelings or to her own good manners, "Rupert says you want to marry Miss Wylde. Will she have you?"

A hot scarlet flush illumined Guy's white cheek, proving of itself how very deep his love had gone. He drew himself in haughtiv. Let Rupert concern himself with his fishing and his shooting, and his other—more questionable—sports; but let him not concern himself with me."

He rupe the hell as he spake and his for the did continue to come, he must consider

himself with me."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and his father's personal attendant entered - Jerome, a faithful serving man of fifty years. "The lord breakfasts in his room," said Guy."

"Yes, sir, I know it," replied Jerome. "He has slept badly."
Miss Pommeroy had turned to the breakfast table. She could not domineer over Guy as she sometimes did over Rupert; not that the latter heeded her domineering, for he was good-tempered and carcless. Once, when Guy had declined to tell her something she wished to know, and she had teased him to anger, he struck her a blow, and her face retained the mark for days. She will be mark to days. She will be mark to days. She will be mark to days. mark for days. She said no more to Guy now, but in the course of the day she questioned her father; was Guy to marry Alice Wylde? Mr. Pommeroy looked up. "Who has made

ber father, was Guy to marry Alice Wylde?

Mr. Pommercy, looked up. "Who has mady you so wise?"

"Rupert."

"Rupert."

"Rise is no business of Rupert's, or of any one's. Nothing is settled."

"Not him of wise?"

"Not have Guy?" attered Mr. Pommercy. "Toon tell you that an altiance with the furue lored of Pommercy is what many a young lady, far-higher in position and lineage than she, would kneel for. She and Mrs. Wylde see it in the right light and are enger for it." So far as Mrs. Wylde went, Mr. Pommeroy judged rightly. She was an ambitious woman, dwelling too much upon the advantages according from "Lumiy," as those, not well born, are apt to do. In Guy Pommercy, we the dream which fired her ambition.

But, if Guy was courted to the White House, Rupert was not. He, had at one time gone thither as much as his. brother, but a faint and very with same succeed back with the draughter was gotting to enjoy the society of the haidsome Rupert more than that of Guy. Never, from that hour, was, Rupert look and pright, with handsome features of a high the daughter was getting to enjoy the society of the haidsome Rupert more than that Guy. Never, from that hour, was, Rupert look and pright, with handsome features of a high the daughter was getting to enjoy the society of the haidsome Rupert more than that Guy. Never, from that hour, was, Rupert look and the would, there was an excass coady Mrs. Wylde was out, or Mrs. Wylde was only of the second Rupert how then the discussion had have a gaged.

The day passed on to the evening, and the family daned alone, a sought to total to course, and Rupert shock hands with the ladden to the would, there was an excass coady Mrs. Wylde was out, or Mrs. Wylde was only the believe of the haidsome Rupert more than that Guy. The head to the course, and Rupert shock hands with the ladden to the world the course of the haidsome Rupert more than that Guy. The head to the haidsome Rupert more than the

The day passed on to the evening, and the family dired alone, a somewhat notable circumstance, for the abbey was generally rich in guests. Rupert rose from the table when his sister did, and strolled out; Guy remain-

his sister due, now strongs out, and the difference of with his father.

"Where his you been all the afternoon?" demanded the lord. "At the White House?" "I called in there," replied Guy.

"When do you mean to bring matters to an and the hor off-hand, how, and don't

close? Speak to her off-hand, boy, and don't be afraid. I never knew that a Pommeroy ould be seared by a woman.".

Guy Pommeroy's livid face turned scarlet, a far deeper searlet than that called up by Joan's bold question in the morning. If the

proud old chief could but have known its "There is plenty of time," replied Guy, in

"But think of the gout, sir. Jerome is fearing another attack, I know."
"Jerome would fear his own shadow, if

White House, and entered its garden by a small door.

Not to the open part of it; no, Rupert Pommeroy dared not do that, lost he should encounter the lynx eyes of Mrs. Wylde. He kept safe amidst the stunted trees that skirted the wall, and peeped out beyond them to see what was to be seen

He saw a bright-looking girl of radiant mien, her dark brown hair shining in the shaning beams of the sun, and her cheeks damask with expectation. She was in an evening dress of white, and wore a small thin gold chain round her neck, and similar bracelets on her arms; and she was flitting from bed to hed, plucking a flower from enc, stooping to inhale the scent of another, and drawing the stoop of the scent of another, and drawing inhale the scent of another, and drawing the scent of another, and drawing inhale the scent of another, and drawing in the similar bracelets on her arms; and she was flitting from bed to hed, plucking a flower from enc, stooping to inhale the scent of another, and drawing in the light of one."

Or five rooms, stood back from the roan and a bench was on the game ucar, Mrs. Wylde was talking and the heat.

"He super scent for the heat.

"Then suppose you sit down here and rest for an instant," proposed Joan, pointing to the heat.

"Then suppose you sit down here and rest for an instant," proposed Joan, pointing to the state that was to be seen.

"Mell, sir, we shall see, I fear."

"Alice will marry Guy," "Alice will marry Guy, "whispered Joan to the green in fromt. As they came ucar, Mrs.

"Her super win from the heat.

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"Then suppose you sit down here and rest for an instant," proposed Joan, pointing to the state that was to be seen.

"Well, sir, we shall see, I fear."

"Alice will marry Guy," "Alice will marry Guy, "will sat laking about her office for one." "Alice will marry Guy," "Alice will marry Guy, "will sat laking about her office, for if the latter marries without her consent the money state.

"You have not drunk your wine," pursued Mrs. Wyldo.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1860.

Mrs. Wylde turned from the window, and, reaching over the desert-table for the glass of wine which stood near Alleg's plate, drank it herself. Mrs. Wylde was too fond of wine-of ocurse in a lady-like way; nothing more is menût—to waste it, and the then filled her own glass again, and sat down.

Mrs. Wylde was one who enjoyed her din ner; it is a weakness obtaining amidst ladies who have approached, what they would call.

given out that they were rich, but twenty-five thousand is a great deal."

"That is true. Her father was in India; a made has been they make fortunes at, out there; and she inherits."

"She will nover have Guy—she is too beau tiful."

"Pretty women often marry ugly men, and — Hist Joan," broke off Rupert; "here he comes, the son-and-hier."

Guy Pommeroy entered the room. His temper had made him not leved by his brothers and stature but his cather dead an him.

ally drawing round the wind of the lawn, be-yond the sight of her mother's eyes, had her mother remained to look; which Alice did not fear, for she knew her mother's indolent and self-indulgent habits. In another moment, she was in the midst of the sheltering trees, and in the arms of Rupert Pommerov.

fused, and only caught up the sense of his words. He said that he loved me as no other man had ever loved, for his passions were vehement within him: and then came something about his being Guy Pommeroy, of Pommeroy Abbey

"You might have told him that one other,

grant him a different answer. I told him, if he did continue to come, he must consider himself mamma's visitor, not mine."

Rupert drew her face to his, and kept it there while he whispered his sweet vows of love. She resisted not: for, pasionately as Guy Ponnneroy, loved Alice, so did she, in her tarn, love Rupert. Thus the time passed, all too swiftly for those, wrapt in the magic of the other's presence, in the fimiled of love's golden chords; and the light was fading, and the sun had set, and the evgning star shone in the heavens, when Alice Wylde stole into the house, and aroused her mother from her shunders, her heart living over again the stolen in the heavens, when Alice Wylde stole into the house, and aroused her mother from her shunders, her heart living over again the stolen in the review; and her blushing cheeks crimison with the pressure of Rupert's lips.

son with the pressure of Rupert's lips.

Rupert did not go straight home, as it, appeared, for it was late when he entered. Jorome met him. "All in body!" asked Rupert.

"She's not well, Miss Pommeroy; I can't

make her out. She seems to have lost her harshly. Of co and thin.' "What ails her?" questioned Joan.
"It's more than I can tell, " returned he, shaking his heail. "She thinks it's the sumshaking his healt. "She thinks it's the summer heat that overcomes her, and won't have comes a doctor; but we have had many a summer as hot as this; and, in the teeth of her saying it, held herself quite aloof from the village rushed and wrans herself up. Her mo

I'd rather go myself, for she is all I have got left to comfort me."
"I will call in and see her," said Joan. "I "There is plenty of time," replied Guy, in a tone that concented the evasiveness of the words. "Father, drink claret: so much port is not good for you." "I wish you would, Miss Pommeroy. And perhaps you'll give me your opinion of her afterwards. If you think advice is necessary, I'll have it, whether Sybilla will or not." Rupert, bold and undaunted in spite of the for fashion's sake: I never got used to it as a

"But think of the gout, sir. Jeromo is fearing another attack, I know."
"Jerome would fear his own shadow, if you'd let him," said the lord of Potenteroy. Rupert strolled leisurely along until he was beyond view of the abbey, and then he mended his pace and wont as if he were walking for a wager. It was a lovely summer's evening, and the setting san threw its red and to the Pommeroys. Just as Mr. Pommeroy. od his pace and went as if he were walking for a wager. It was a lovely summer's evening, and the setting san threw its red and golden light across the heavy trees in the distance. Cutting across some fields, by a sheltered path, he emerged from the back of the White House, and entered its garden by a small door.

Set to the coan part of it: no. Rupert Pom-

parasol and listened, rather amused at the ispute.
"What did you say?" demanded Joan, whose

"What did you say?" demanded Joan, whose faty Pommeroy blood was rising. 'My dear, there's no cause for you to put yourself out," said Mrs. Wylde. 'It is an every day affair with village beauties; always has been, and always will be. Sybilla Gaunt is no longer respectable, and you must drop all communication with her."

Joan's eyes flashed: she could be as passionate as her elder brother. 'I'It-le' false, whoever says it," she uttered. "How dare my father and my brothers suffer tales to go about to the prejudice of Sybilla Gaunt? They are the lords of the soil, and they ought to have stopped them."

are the forts of the soil, and they ought to have stopped them."

Mrs. Wylde gave vent to a short, friendly laugh. "My dear, you will have to abandon your favorable prejudices," she quietly said, "Sybilla Gaunt is not respectable."

"Am I respectable?" returned the angry land. "Wyllings will say that I am not the company.

Joan. "You may as well say that I am not. I pray you wait for me, for I shall go in to Allowing no further opposition, and pro-pared to flug it off had it been offered, Jean walked to the lodge door, and entered without walked to the lodge door, and entered without knocking; she was in no frame of, mind to heed the decorums of life; indted, they obtained short favor from her at the best of times. The room, it was the common sitting room, the kitchen being at the back, seemed in a litter, and Sybilla Gaunt sat in it, her head bent down and resting on the table. A shart that she appeared to have had on had fallen to the ground.

she was exceedingly like her father, tall and stately, with the same noble features, and the same large dark eyes, and raven hair, like him she looked borngto adorn a coronet. him she looked bornado adorn a coronet.— With a faint exclamation of dismay, she sprang up when she saw Joan, her pule features—not naturally pule, but pule, as it appeared, from illness—grew flushed, and she picked up the shawl to throw it ever her. In her hastefund confusion, she defeated her own object, and the shawl somehow alighted in a heap on her head. In stretching up her arms to right it, Joan obtained full view of her figure, and Joan

Pommeroy fell back against the wall, and her spirit turned faint within her. Joan did not speak: she only looked at her; and Sybilla's trembling hands busied themselves in adjusting the shawl, and the transient crimson of her face faded to a death-like whiteness.

"What is this?" asked Joan, at length. "What is what?" returned Sybilia.
"I met your father, and he told me youwere ill," harshly repeated Joan. "What is

Joan Pommeroy heard her to an end, bending her stern, searching eyes upon her. "It is the heat that overpowers you?—the heat, you.say? Then why do you wear a shawl to increase it?" and Sybilla Gaunt only laid her

she look like?"/
"Like what you said," returned Joan,

"Of course there is no possibility of mis-taking it." And her father, is a in fact, an "Who is it that has led her to it?" inter-

she is cold, and wraps herself up. Her mo ther went off in a waste," he added, dropping his voice, "and I remember she was cold always, after it began. If I lose Sybilia --why, claimed Alice Wylde. "Who child?"

"Sybilla Gaunt, mamma." "Oh," said Mrs. Wylde scornfully. "Hand-some is as handsome does," was a saying of my old mother's. Sybilla Gaunt had better liave been horn ugly enough to frighten the Late in the evening Jerome came for Miss

Rupert, bold and undaunted in spite of the young man, and can't as an old, one. In my day, Guy, the creed was to despise everything French."

"But think of the gout, sir. Jeromo is

Rupert, bold and undaunted in spite of the oyes of Mrs. Wylde, and the presence of Guy, chose to incomplise the attention of Alice.—
Little left was she: and Mrs. Wylde said adien hastily, and the laddes walked on.

"And Mr. Rupert?" returned Joan, "where is he that he could not have come for me?" is he that he could not have come for me?"
"Mr. Rupert went out when the gentleinen
left, Miss Poiningroy. The lord would not
let it be known in the dining room that he

was ill."

But as they were passing_through the village they heard fast footsteps behind them.
It was Rupert, and he gave his arm to his sister. Jerome told him of his father's illness.

"The gout again," remarked Rupert.

"And a bad attack it will be. I know." returned Jerome "So you always say, Jerome," said Mr.

hed, plucking a flower from ene, stooping to inhale the seent of another, and drawing further from the windows of the house: drawing, as if unconsciously, and without any apparent design.

A lady appeared at the dining-room window which was open. "Alice!"

Well, mamma."

I wish, you would put a searf over your shoulders. You are sure to choose this hour to loiter in the garden, just when the sun is full upon it."

Mamma, I shall not take cold."

Mamma, I shall not take cold

I and Jenny Davis, On a sunny summer morning Early, as the dew was dry, Up the hill I went a berrying : Need I tell you—tell you why? armer Davis had a daughter,

So I joined her on the hill; "Jenny, dear," said I, "your basket's Quite too large for one to fill." So we staid—we two—to fill it,

Picking berries up the hill. "So is life," said I, " shall we Climb it up alono, or Jenny
Will you come and climb with me?"
Redder than the blushing berries Jenny's cheeks a moment grew,

What is Love ! What is Love! Go'ask the child Whose buoyant step runs free and wild, What makes its little heart rejoice When e'er it hears its mother's voice!

What is Love? 'The maiden seek

What is Love? The mother ask, Who labors o'er her dally task: And if her infant does but sigh Will watch at night with wakeful eye.

Unknown within the heart it springs, And closely binds, and fondly clings; It softens nature—turneth strife— The tie to home—the charm of life

TRUTHS.

1.-The envious man-who sends away his mutton because the person next to him -

is eating venisor. 2.—The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3.—The proud man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage with his in-

in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

ruined himself.

5.— The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6.—The angry man—who learns to play the tamborine because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7.—The ostentatious man—who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and cite inside in the dark—Plunh branch of the transept, and apart from the rest; the Bourbons, and all those already buried in the basement, will be placed in the side chapels of the navo and the choir, in a position infinitely more appropriate than that now occupied by them, for there is not a grosits inside in the dark .- Punch.

> around a lightning rod to attract trouble FABLE. - A gourd had wound itself around lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to

> its very top.
> "How old mayst thou be?" asked the new "About a hundred years."

Als dynasty, under the sacred roof of St. Den-is, among the kings who ruled France by di-vine right; and therefore it was not deemed proper to place him formally in the grand crypt of the Invalides, to be removed again. Thus the body has been kept hidden away ever since its arrival from St. Heleua, in a side chapel, to which the public have never been admitted. When the cathedral of St. Denis is prepared for the change, the body of the Duke of Reichstaft will no doubt be de-livered up by Austria, and then the two bodies. ry summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."

more drunkards than thirst, and as many suicides as despair.

in the midst of one of those magnificent page ants which appear necessary to the life of the Learn in childhood, if you can, that happi WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?-The answer, theologically, would be because they are the offspring of Adam. But here is an answer.

riches or circumstances alone ever do. voman's heart is the only true plate for a nan's likeness. An instant gives

to cry at night for a bed-fellow,—he is afraid of being left alone in the dark.

A secret is my slave as long as I keep it under; a secret is my master the moment - c t escapes from me. The heart of every true lover of nature is

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to through it.

THE CORAL INSET.—Sometimes God accomplishes the mightiest ends by the feeblest instruments. For example, many of the lovely islands of the Pacific are formed entirely of coral, while others are protected from the violence of the waves by a circular unpart of the same unterial. Founded in he depths of the ocean, this coral will rise to the surface, where it indicates its presence by a long white-line of breakers. The giant rollers that comes in from the sea, and threaten with their foaming crests to sweep that island from its base, spend their strength and dash their waters into snowy foam against this protection wall; and thus, as within a charmed circle, while all without is a tumbling ocean, the narrow strip of water that lies between this bulwark and the shore is calm as peace, reflecting as a liquid mirror the boats that sleep upon its surface, and the stately palms that fringe the beach. These stupendous breakwaters, that so greatly surpass in stability and strength any which our art and science have erected, are the work-of what? They are the masonry of an insect—an insect so small that the human eye can hardly detect it, and so feeble that n infant's finger would crush it.

FRANKNESS .- Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you, mean to do on every occasion; and I take it for granted you mean occasion; and take it to grantou you mean to do whit is right. If a friend begs a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable, if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and yourself by equivocation. Never do a wrong thing to get a friend, nor keep one a the man who requires, you to do so is dearly purchased at too great a sacrifice. Deal pleasantly, but firmly with all men.
Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one tell him, not others, of what you can complain. There is no more dangerous examples to the state of t allowed to marry each other. In christening the priest takes the child. Which is quite na ked, and holding it by the head so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ears he dips it thrice into water; he cuts offs a mai portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws it in a little wax from the tapers, and throws it in the fout; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and makin it the little wax from the tapers, with the arms of the green with the green wi the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be seen and read by men. It hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same, on the forelead, he concludes by a prayer and bane is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

NO. 19

And it happened that I know On each sunny morning Jenny Up the hill went berrying too.

Jenny talking—I was still— Leading where the hill was steepeat, "This is up hill work," said Tenny;

While without delay she answered, "I will come and climb with you."

Who wears a blush upon her check, And ask that gentle maiden why It deeper glows when one is by.

SEVEN FOOLS.

the tombs of the dead monarons are to be brought out of the ignoble corners in which they have been stowed away for centuries, in the basement of the church, to be placed on the floor above. The "Napoleon dynasty," (commencing with the Duke of Reichstadt.) are to occupy the transept. Napoleon I will occupy a magnificent tomb, constructed from the majorials at the Invalide and or the left. forior.

4.—The litigious man—who goes to law

Sorrow comes soon enough without de-spondency; it does a man no good to carry

now occupied by them, for there is not a gro-cer at Paris, of moderate wealth, who does not bury himself more grandly than are these an-cient monarchs and seignors. It has been a subject of surmise these five years—ever since the tomb of the Invalides was finished, why the body of Napoleon was not placed in the sarcophagus. The explanation is now evi-dent. Napoleon III, has all this time had the intention of placing his uncle, himself, and his dynasty, under the sacred roof of St. Den-is, among the kings who ruled France by di-"About a hundred years, and no taller! Only look; I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years!"
"I know that well," replied the palm; "eve-

> In a few words, Bulwer tells fully the cause of revolutions: "The People, like the air, Is seldom heard, save when it speaks in thunder." The absence of legitimate employment has probably made more gamblers than avarice,

> ness is not outside, but inside. Agrood heart and a clear conscience bring happ It has been beautifully remarked that a

pression, and an age of sorrow and change annot efface it. An infidel seeks to make proselytes on the same principle which causes little children

heart of Memnon; it sings in the beams of the rising sun.

nke everything seem greater which is seen The feeling of love for her children survives all other affections in every mother's heart. Eddeation makes more difference between nan and man, than nature has made between

nan and brute.