

A. K. RHEEN, Proprietor. WILLEAM M. PORTER, Editor.

### FAPER FOR CHRCKE TERE EADERED X

NO. 26.

## VOL LX

TERMS OF PUBLICATION. The CARLINER HEREID IS PUBLICATION. The CARLINER HEREID IS PUBLICATION. The CARLINER HEREID IS OF PUBLICATION. THE PUBLICATION HEREID IS OF PUBLICATION HEREID IS OF PUBLICATION. THE PUBLICATION HEREID IS OF PUBLICAT The CARLINGS DI FUDLIONITOR: THE CARLINGS DI FUDLIONITORI DI FUDLIONITORI DI FUDLIONITOR: THE CARLINGS DI FUDLIONITORI DI FUDLIONITORI DI FUDLIO DI FUDLIO

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JOB PRINTING. The Carlislo Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the The Carries in leaded 10B PRINTING OFFICE is the bargest and mest complete establishmont in the county. These good Presses and a general variety of material nucleof english and fames work of wary kind, another us to bold Printing at the shortest notice and on the most, or somethic terms. Persons in want of Bills, Manks or anything in the Jobbing Hospith and it to the intervent to give as call. 

For the HERALD PAGE FROM AN OLDEN CHRONICLE.

(As engraved by Sartain.) BY WINNIE WINTHEOP.

She reads-and while the old man listens, The tear drop in his dim eye glistens; The smile upon his blanched encelt stealing Lights up nnew the fires of feeling.

The olden page is faithful telling Of hopes and fears a young heart swelling; Of crowns and laurels, brows entwining, And deeds, like golden throadlets shining

He lists no more the ple sant reading His thoughts THE NOW no longer heeding He sees THE THEN, in which he started; And lives once more the hours departed.

The old man, as in his youth, is roaming From rosy dawn to evening's gloaming-Ere they, like wayside flow'rets, perished.

Now faded forms are near him flitting, And household ones around him sitting; The joys of hope, the hearthstone tending, Are with affection's perfume blending.

The old man sees the picture glowing-And while his heart, with joy o'er flowing, Turus to the present, with its shalling, The painted vision 's fading, fading

Voices about him loud are calling-The reader's words so gently falling; Ŵ If is graudchild on his knee reclining And Fido's low and wistful whining

His bugle on the wall is hanging, Some years agone it ceased its clanging, And ensign, uniform and feather, Are resting quietly together.

The sire looks now, through tears all blinding His daughter's face is now reminding Of one he loved—the daughter's mother-Vainly he tries his grief to smother.

She was as fair as May's glad morning, A cheerful spirit her adorning, But, like the lily near him growing, To frail, too pure, for rude winds blowing.

The old man's step has lost its lightn His voice and eye their strength and brightness His heart by frequent sources shattered, His hopes, like leaves in Autumn, scattered.

And snowy locks his brow are clouding,

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1 flow to its chamber, followed by her husband. The child's life was obbing fast. Lady Anna turned her white face upon her husband—it was full of deep meaning, of drend, and she spoke in a whisper. There is some strange fate upon us, Leolin, and you provoke it. Three times have you been on the boy, Sybilla's child, and each time' our child's d life has paid for it. When the news first came, two years ago, that Reme would aid y you to disposses the young lord, our brby siekened, and died ere the day was over. One year ago, the news came the second time that. Rome would certainly aid you to disposses the boy, and our second baby died. Now you have heard to the same effect again, and this,

have heard to the same effect again, and this our last darling, is thying. And yet-Leolin -you are not a bit nearer your ambition than you were, for the young lord is the lord still.' 'I am astonished at you, Anna! At any other moment I should reprove you. They have been more common coincidences, such as occur in everybody's life. Put away fan-cies so ridenlaw, we descret?'

as occur in everybody's life. Put away fan-cies so ridiculous, my dearest?' 'I wish I could put away my baby's dan-ger, she returned, in a wailing tone. 'Oh, Leolin! I tell you I think I shall go with him if he is to die.'

Leolin could do no good in the sick chamwhat with nurses and other attendants, there was no room for him. He was ardently atwas no room for him. He was ardently at-tached to the child, and, ho went outside and paced underneath the piazza in the court-yard, feeling that he would almost give his life to save that frail one flitting hway. But ere he had left his own hall; a fibble-looking boy. of cleven or twolve years old, entored it, and confronted him. It was Leolin's bete noire, the young lord of Pommeroy. 'Will you tell me how the baby is, Uncle Leolin?' he began. 'They have been bringing things to mamma that it is worse. Is it true?' . Get out, you servent! how dare you enter

"Get out, you serpent ! how dare you enter my house ?' foamed Leolin, venting his an-guish and his ill-temper on the child. 'All this is through you, 5, he added, though what feeling prompted the words he could not tell. The child, Rupert, did not answer him; his The canadian require, did not inflavor num; his face expressed sorrow for his int.mperate un-cle; noble in mind as in person, he would not reitort. But another did --one who had stolen in after the young lord. Though but a child yet, she had the haughty, fearless spirit of the Pommeroys, and she could speak as intemper-ately, if she pleased, as could her Uncle Leo-lin.

'I can tell you what, Uncle Leolin, you are a fool, and nothing less.' 'Hold your tongue, Mary. What do you

lo here? 'I came because I saw, Rupert coming.-'I came because I'saw, Rupert coming. — And I shall not ask your leave to go where I please in the abbey, I shall usk his. He is the lord, and you only live in it because he lets you. It is a good thing for you that I was not a boy, or you should not.' Leolin constrained his temper, feeling how worse than absurd it was to betray it to these children ; feeling how boneath his dignity it would be to resent Mary Pommeroy's words. 'Indeed!' cried he, with an air of indifference. 'I to a very good thing.' she reneated — Indeed!' cried he, with an air of indifference.
It is a very good thing,' she repeated...
'It at a been a boy.' I should have been the lord in spite of you all: you don't think you should have been allowed to treat me as you treat Rupert. The abbey laughs at you bohind your back'.
'What do you say?'
'It does. Everybody in it...except, I dare say, Lady Anna, and she would, if she were not your wife. Mamma laughs at you, and the ary you, and the ary you, and the ary you.

# CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1860.

io often found to be warnings, true as if they ame from Heaven? Is it that, at that mo-ment, the spirit has caught a portion of the divine knowledge it is hastoning to, and can discorn the future? I know not; you know uot; but we both do know that these death-admonitions are clean strangely worked out: we both know that Gaunt's warning to you has been so.' 'You are dreaming yourself, Joap.' 'A good thing if we had, all been dreaming of late years.' was the reiort. 'You received news from Rome this morning.' 'From the new cardinal. They will for annul the marriage; that question is set at rest. But they will recognise. Rupert-our

annul the marriage; that question is set at chattered. rest. But they will recognise. Rupert-our ... How the brother Ruper,-as the lord, and me as his door of the annul the marriage; that question is set at rest. But they will recognise. Rupert—our brother Rupert—as the lord, and me as his ole ropresentative.' What end will that answer?' scornfully re-turned Joan. 'Rupert will not type forever; he cannot; and then the boy is ford of Porm-meroy again: the true, reigning ford, to be bolow.' Whether the set the set to t lispossessed by none."

Volu illo or mino, for we may never head of romo. Rupert's death. He may be dead now, for all we know; and until wo do hear of it, I shall he the lord of Poumeroy. "You never will, then, Leolin. I tell you "The ' Here ?'

that you cannot act against fate. I see not how you can be prevented, but you will be-

for fute has been working against you ever since Gaunt's death. And how little you make yourself in the sight of all around. Only this night you insulted the boy, and the tale

make yoursoft in the sight of all around. Only this night you insulted the boy, and the tare of the rounding the abby.
which is night you insulted the boy, and the tare is night you insulted the boy, and the tare is different to first.
So he went whining away with it, dit he?;
'No. But you spots in the hearing of Mary is different to first.
'No. But you spots in the hearing of Mary is different to first.
'No that such as an insolent spirit, and the tare of both the same and the signer. And you know what she is: 'different to first.
'No that such as an insolent spirit, and the same and the signer. 'And you shall and the set of them and walking with her head the signer and heavy, and Bridget, without bonner of the own of

abbey, at Lady Anna's, at Sybilla's, or out in

and shiver till I see the spirit, and then, when it comes, I cry aloud for aid, or I faint away,

'You should leave the abbey for a time.' 'It would follow me,' moaned Mrs. Pom-

the window, for a moment only, and then it seemed to vanish into air. A choking sob

ne was, that on the event of a death in th family, a large, nelanchly-looking flag, with the Pommeroy escutcheon, was hoisted half-mast high over the abbey gates, and kept there

so long as the corpso romained above ground. The flag was white and the escutcheon black, and altogoher, as it waved about, it put the spectators in mind of a skull and cross-bones

The diag was kept in the keep; to keep it in the abbey would have been a violation of the old Pommercy habits; consequently, as soon as the child was gone, the first order issued was to fetch the flag—the death-flag, as it was called in the abbey and the neighborhood.— Jeffs and one of the other sevent new more

Jeffs and one of the other servant-men were deputed to the mission. They had left the

abbey behind them, and, were turning off to the grassy hollow that would take them to

the keep, when they encountered Bridget, when had been spending the day with her sister, and consequently knew nothing of what had

hollow.' -- It-was-here this-blessed-night;'wailed Jo--torono. (If any 2') the famed lords of Pomimeroy.

romo. 'Ilero?' 'Inside the keep. I saw it with my own ayes. What have you come here for ?' 'The death flag. Lady Anna's child's gone.' 'A summens to Jerome?' was his sareastic 'A summens to Jerome?' was his sareastic 'fotort. 'Gone more, 'mhispered Bridget : 'Mr. Ru-pert: and then the poor wandering spirit of the murdered lord will be laid at rest. I have and me' Leolin was surprised and staggered. 'Ly-They were going home, the two men beart

They were then in front of the west tower, just now, and sam no had seen the ford in the and Miss Pommeroy hal halted in her walk, hud stood gazing upwards, as if turned to stone. She clasped Leolin, and pointed to the "index". 'Leolin - see! -there?'. 'And you have no fear ?' uttered Bridget, Class to the windaw glaving dawn upen a she to be seen.'.

"Dovised !' echoed Leolin, 'devise resistance to a spirit that is not at rest! Who can do it?' 'I could bear, all, but for that look of ro-proach it carries in its eyes,' she continued, with a shudder. 'Did you notice that, to-light?' She continued, to be a shadowy figure neared them. Its dull eyes were strained on the outid, and the child's were strained on it -the started back. He saw not the handsome Ru-started back. He saw not the handsome Ru-started back. He saw not the handsome Ruwith a sindider. This you notice that, to child, and the child's were strained on it —the startou onck. The saw not the nangsome Ku-spirit of her father. Mary, brave as she had bother -toolin, but he was humane enough not to say it. 'Why do you sit where you can see the start and the child's were strained on it —the startou onck. The saw not the nangsome Ku-professed hersalf, shuddered forth a smother -ed cry as the looked after it gliding sway in the moonlight; and to increase the solemnity of the spiritaseure him. It is destina him, the moonlight; and to increase the solemnity of the spiritaseure him. It is destina him,

 NUL. 26.

 Number for a server, and he insisted upper disorge's retaining the title and rownues of promaerby. George acquiesced, as a matter of prodomation, for it might have been danged cause to let it get abroad that fury livel; it is with all its wicked momories?
 It is wicked momories?

 Surely not, "replied the ledy of Pommeroy, putaneo for his own wants, and we enjoyed the rest. Uppn George's douth Guy caunto pittaneo for his own wants, and we enjoyed the rest. Uppn George's douth Guy caunto pittaneo for his own wants, and we enjoyed the rest. Uppn George's douth Guy caunto pittaneo for his own wants, and we enjoyed the rest. Uppn George's dout for the mark assume sway at Pommeroy in right of my solid, and I obeyed.
 Is associa-tions alkall be removed, so far as my aid can double number of promacry in the number of the sure of its seturn home, and y versar sgor. Shall it be peace between assime sway at Pommeroy interretue duy exclude the number of pommeroy, interretue duy exclude to tell why, of his machinations a guinst the young Rupert
 Is associa-evaning, before I learnt the startling faot of Giy's return? I had promised my wile never aguins the young Rupert

 And what if he had been? retorted Guy, with all he ond som of us did. Is it true of the fam down n.?
 With the gravilight of moring. Mrs. Pom-meror, in wonierment and fread, was sent for to the keep. "They were taking her? into the show that,' he faintly replied; if were the down that,' he faintly replied; if were the book with a ery of horrer, as Leolin ramebrane of her mother's ain?''

 " Know that,' he solemning said. 'You hare the set won that, 'he solemning said.'' wou hare rest book with a ery of horrer, as Leolin ramebraneo of her mother's sin?''

 " Know that,' he faintly replied; if were ther

I will not,' she solemnly said. 'You have in promise.' 'And Isolin, be you a witness to hor moth er, should the quistion ever arise, that it way 's tould other circumstances be 'favorable to it that my child should become lady of Pom-Miry's guardian.' 'Guy,' Looin interrupted,' you talk of dy-'s touch T Know not what disease is upon you. Is there no way is a sole of the sole o

subterranean passage, Leolin, from this sixty years since, which is full of admoniti eration. Sixty years make room in the to the r . The entrance to the room is be to me. Tell her that if I have been lenient in suffering her to rotsin my name and the rights she forfeited, she owes it to her child. I would have seen. Joan, but she is away a-gain.' The priest took their place and they retired, the door, and drives love out at the window. to sit round the fire in the lower room of the keep. Leolin buried his face in his hands and mused. 'I cannot understand, even yot.' I contend yoke, looking at Jerome. 'If Rupert was the one killed, how was it he wore the clothes of the lord?'

chuse for socrets, miybe, than some of these that are past. And Mr. Rupert know it.' 'Yes, and so brought the curse upon the house,' impetously spoke the lord. 'There is a subtermanean masser Leading from the

All his surroundings give but sadnes Past echoes only bring him gladness. \* \* \* .\* \* \* \* \*

So live that when the past reviewing' The thoughts, the hours, the done, the doing, May be as gems in circlets golden, To glid and deck thy record oldun

POMMEROY ABBEY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY." S [ CONCLUDED. ]

CHAPTER XHI, THE OLD KEEP.

Strange commotion was in the abbey of Pommeroy. A young child was dying. Chil-dren die every day, are mourned and forgot-ten; but the circumstances attending this child's anticipated death were deemed to be Ponmercy, paying attention to the first part of his sentence only—'I shall, and I will.— Everybody says that I ought to be, and so do you say it, Rupert I shall rule the abbey when I grow up, and everybody in it, except strange. It was the third infant of Leolin and Lady Anna Pommeroy's who had thus been prematurely cut off, and all unexpected-

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ly. Solue slight aliment, common to infancy, had attacked it; it was thought to be recov-ering, and now it was soized suddenly with ering, and now it was seized convulsions. Precisely had it been so with the two former, now mouldering away in the Pommeroy vaulte. Would this child follow them? But that very morning it had been better.

almost well; and Leolin Poinmeroy had stood over its oradle, laughing and talking, as he discussed with his wife some joyful news. It had been the dream of his later life to dispos-Bees the young lard of Pommeroy and to reign in his stead. There was but one way of hoping to accomplish it-the gotting the Court of Rome to annul the marriage of the young lord's payents. For this had Leolin been working for years, now hoping for success, now despairing. That morning he had re-ceived h letter from one of the cardinals, giv-ing him strong hopes, founded upon new grounds. Lady Anna was then with her child,

and Leolin went to tell her, motioning the attendants away. 'At last, Anna,' he exclaimed, 'I shall soon

once more hail you as the lady of Pommeroy.' Have they dissolved the marriage, then ?' she returned, in a quiet voice, as if the news were a matter of indifference to her.

"No: and they will not do it; the marriage is to stand good, once and for all. But the Vatican will refuse to recognize any as lord Because he is Sybilla's child,' was the answer

port, the wanderer; and it will loog man as lord, during Rupert's absence. Rupert, you know, can never return, so I reign for the lord of Pommeroy, You cannot kiest against fate, Leolin; but fute can kick against Have you forgetten the scene of Gaunt's

e.' "Leolin, darling, it is not just; the young you. Have you forgotten the scene of Gaunt's rd is the heir, failing Rupert; let him reign. death bed?' lord is the heir, failing Rupert; let him reign. How can we be happier than we are?' added "Who told you of that?" he quickly uttered.

At is known abroad, Leolin. You will do well to recall his words; they might have been to you either a blessing or a curse; hitherto Lady Anna, looking up with a bright smile? The baby is almost well - what more need we have care for ?' Leolin Pammeroy bent over the oradle. The baby smiled at him, and closed its little fast over the forefinger Leolin had placed.within it. It was a fine boy, about six months old, 'You young Turk! you would like to keep me your prisoner, would you? He will be quite ''Oh, quite. Leolin,' she continued, in an impassioned whisper, 'I think if this child have followed the other two I should almost have died.'

impassioned whisper, 'I think if this child had followed the other two I should almost have died.' Leolin brought his face up from the boy's, and bent it on his wife's. 'Forget his danger, Anna love, he is well again, and therefore the more reason why I should look after the succession-one of the more succession and therefore the succession - our child mure succession in it.'

succession —our child must succeed me in it.' Lady Anna haughed. "There may be logic in that hope, Leoin, but there's certainly not regisoft." Your brother Rupert is older than you; and, I should famey, not likely to be a

the start

the indy laughs at you, and the indy laughs at you, and the servants all laugh at you. They say, the fool Leolin Pommeroy makes of himself through his envy of the young lord?" Why, you might just as well try to dethrone the Pope himself, you know, as try to dethrone Rupert."

Leolin Pommerov held wide the hall door Loom rommeroy held wide the ball door, and sternly motioned the children through it towards their own apartments. The young lord walked away courteously, but Miss Mary went with a defiant step, and a defiant and charful hund. gleeful laugh. 'If you are so rude, Mary, you shall not be

the abbey's lady when you grow up,' spoke Rupert, reprovingly. 'You don't hear me re-tert upon Uncle Leolin. If people are not. civil to inc, there's the more reason, mamma says, for my being civil to them, to teach them better manners. And a true lord of Pommebetter manners. And a true lord of roy, she says, is always courteous.'

'I shall be the lady," returned Miss Mary

f the child.' of the child.' A servant was approaching whom they know to be from the sick room. Her counte-nance was mouraful; her tread heavy. Leo-dyn turned to her with a bursting heart. 'It is gone, sir. And my lady is senseless.' you' Leolin had gone out, and was pacing the piazza, his heart full of resentment and bitterness Resentment against what, or whom? He could not have told, had he been asked.-The Pommeroys observed curious custom

He could not have told, had he been asked.— It was an indisputable fact that each of the times which had seemed to bring his wrong and ambitious dreams near to him, had wit-nessed the death of his child—the first, the second, and now—Leolin was sure that it was dying—the third. Was a fate pursuing him? Leolin, in his superstition, asked himself the nuesdion.

question. the stars and the moon shining. Ho had no overcont; but he did not feel the want of it; his inward fever of thought kept his body. warm. He had not paced there long when his sister came to him, her face unusually dark and stern.

Leolin, what is it that is amiss with the bild?' she began 'Convulsions,' was the curt reply. 'He is

dying. She walked by his side in silence for some

moments. 'Why do you bring it upon your-self?' she presently said, in a low tone. Bring it upon myself?' repeated Leolin, ' with almost a scream of defiance.

'You bring it upon yourself,' calmly repeat-ed Miss Pommeroy: 'Leolin, how dare you ed Miss Pommeroy: Leolin, how dare you, how can you be so mad, as to be ever striving to deprive Sybilla's child of his rights?

and consequently knew nothing of what had just happened. "Thee'rt home early,' oried Jeffs, who was fond of adopting the familiar mode of speech-'Ay,' answered the woman, 'I grew rest-less, and I couldn't stop. Whenever these fits of rostlessness come upon me, I look upon it that it's a sign I'm wanted elsewhere. Any-ways, I was fidgety, and I came away.' 'We are off to fetch the death flag.' Bridget drew in her breath. 'Who is gone?' she asked. in a tone of awe.

and

a asked, in a tone of awe. 'The young child.' 'He! Why he was all but well this morn

At all events, he's gone now. And the lord has been seen again,' added Jeffs, in a

whisper You are very kind,' interrupted Jerome.-

"Has he!' responded Bridget, with deeper "A have seen the Pommeroys dwindle away, one after another; the old lord first, apid then his sons, all save Mr. Leelin : nothing is left for old Jerome, but to hope soon to go after than ever. Mr. Leolin saw him, and Miss 'ommeroy.' Bridget gave a shiver ; her ' flesh was

your tutor,' said his mother

leisure.

them.'

'None but Mr. Leolin,'

go also for Father Andrew."

sho. 'Noither volunteered, and, neither would, 'ven at Bridget's urging. They must speed haw yo bring the fing, they said. Mr. Leo-than did the rest of the Pommeroys. Bridget 'Jerome backed out as he spoke. He took had just heard of, the news that the ghost was abroad that night, and her own supersitions to the abbey alone, short as the distance was There appeared but one alternative, and that The second and find the spoke. He took 'Jerome backed out as he spoke. He took which was close at hand, and live at the abbey. Imagine our consternation, then, when we were visited there by Guy-by Guy himself, the dead lord, dearer to me than some of the rest were ?' 'Jerome backed out as he spoke. He took which was close at hand, and saw the priset. 'I startled you, Sybills,' spoke up that had saw the priset. 'Too startled George more, Guy,' she re-pice ings and fancies, she did not cave to go on to the abbey alone, short as the distance was There appeared but one alternative, and that 'Wint's up now?' said the priset, who was fond of his joke. 'Have you got a goose for she spoke-'the wrong,'the provocation done to the abbey alone, short as the distance was. There appeared but one alternative, and that was to accompany the men to the 'keep, and 'What's up now?' said the pricest, who was to accompany the inen to the 'keep, and 'supper, and want me to help you carve it and to Guy by Rupert. He said he should be a

west rooms, Mrs. Pommeroy ?: 'I must sit there; I must; some power that I cannot resist fascinates me to it. Let me be abbey chapel, for the soul of the infant just perhaps to re-assure him. It is Guy himself, Loolin,' she whispered; 'it is not his spirit.' 'Leolin sank down on a chair, utterly con-founded, the drops of fibrapiration cozing from his forchead. He was doubting whether I cannot resist fascinates me to it. Let me be where I will, no matter in what part of the departed. abbey, nt Lady Auna's, at Sybilla's, or out in the grounds, or away in the village, the mo-men dusk creeps on, 1 am compelled to go where I can see the hannied rooms. It is as if a cord drew mo! I cannot resist it, and there I sit and watch—and whatch—and shake are a biser till I see the spirit, and then, when come up from the keep and craved speech of her. She desired him to be admitted. The it comes, I cry aloud for aid, or I faint away. If it does not come, I am ill with expectancy, and watch through the live-long night, fea-is killing me.'

then hung upon a thread: she was beginning nov to recover, and everybody was glad Joa-lousy and dissension reigned in many hearts is his \_\_\_\_\_ Guy as the true lord of Ponimero ; whatever may have happened, while he lives, the title

As she spoke, again the figure appeared at he window, for a moment only, and then it eemed to vanish into air. A choking sob nught the breath of Mrs. Pommeroy. 'Leolin,' whispered Joan, 'they bring news f the child.' 18 his -----'Guy, yes! 'yes!' Leolin interrupted; 'who would dispute his right?' 'Well, Leolin, he has never forfelted it. It

Had was Rupert who was killed, not Guy.' 'I cannot understand,' he uttored. 'In that scuffle in the haunted room the

one killed was Rupert, she resumed to it whs supposed to be the lord, and he was bu-ried as the lord, but it was Rupert. The lord

Jerome came in, his white hair flowing on his shoulders. Of late years he had acquired A sad look of care. 'I would speak with the lady alone,' he said, bending his head with reverse. escaped. 'I beat him to death,' broke in the lord from reverence. "Rupert, my darling, go into the study to his bed, in a tone of concentrated fury. I put a bullet in his head, and then I beat his 'I would rather pay a visit to Mury, and hear her tell about the ghost again, mamma.' 'As you will, my child—it is your hour of leisure.'

The old man shock his head. 'I misdoubt me, it has it been seen at the keep since ?' The old man shock his head. 'I misdoubt me, sir, that it will soon be laid.'

'As you with, my onne-it is your nour of bisure.' 'Jerome,' said the young lord as he passed tim, 'has it been seen at the keep since ?' The old man shoek his head. 'I misdoubt ne, sir, that it will soon be laid.' 'The servants have set up to watch, but it me, sir, that it will soon be laid.' 'The servants have sot up to watch, but it has never been seen since the night it appear-ed to cousin Mary in the hollow, when Jeffs and the other were bringing home the death-flag. I wish I had seen it; they talk so much of the strange face of my Uncle Guy.' 'Madame,' said Jerome, drawing near to the lady of Ponmeroy as the boy withdrew, 'the olosing scene is certainly at hand.' 'You think so, Jerome?' to gaze on what was once my happy home?' 'You brought nearly death to some of us, death from terror, Guy,' spoke Leolin reap-

doath from terror, Guy,' spoke Leolin reap-proaching the bad. . 'Had I brought death to one who saw me, who watched for me. I should have brought her her deserts,' ferceiously spoke the lord; ' Bupert paid the penalty of his guilt; she, equally guilty, lives. But people don't dio from fright, Leolin; and the rest of you can marks the shoat a jake for your future lives.' 'Nay, it is no thought. 'If ever the death-sweats were gathering on a man, they are gathering on him. I said I should come up to the abbey, and he did not say no may; times and times, when I would have come up before, he has said. 'No, wait's when the death-sweats are on my heav then enter

from fright, Leoliu; and the rest of you can make the ghost a joke for your future lives.' Leolin was turning things over in his mind. 'Did you know it was no ghost?' he asked, 'didressing the lady of Pommeroy. 'I know it - 1 and Jorome alond,' she re-plied. 'Stay, Leolin-I see what that re-proachful look means: yon think I ought to have told you and Lady Anna. But I was under an eath of secrecy to Guy not to breath a word of his existence. 'Once or twice I thought you must have suspected the truth, yxhen I insisted upon it that the lord was the lord still; you could not expect I should call the sinful, erring Rupert lord of Pommeroy; a least you ought not to have expected it.' death-sweats are on my brow, then aummon 'I will come down,' said the lady. And Not Mrs. Pommeroy ? 'Madam, no. I could not take upon myself to counsel it His harred to her is deadly. I go also for Father Andrew. Jerome, you have had a trying time. If it be in my power, as the mother of the young lord—he will be the true lord now—to recom-'And how did you learn it?' demanded Leo-'And how did you learn it?' demanded Leo-''And how did you learn it?' demanded Leo-''' will tell you.

tal affray came out to us in India, the full particulars of Guy's murder by Rupert, my husband had no scruple in assuming his rights as lord of Pommeroy. We were up the coun-try on the hills, having gone there for my health and the children's-we had two then. Tommeroy,' Bridgot gave a shiver; her 'flesh was creeping,' she said 'Which of you two will go along with me to the abboy gates?' asked sho. Naither a she and the she abboy gates?' asked sho. Naither a she abboy gates?' asked sho.

e clothes of the lord : "It was but the cost,' said Jerome. 'After

'You knew of it, Jerome?. 'I learnt it the same night. I came to the keep, where I knew the one escaped must be, and there I found the lord. I supplied him with food and clothes till the day of the grand funeral, and then. Mr. Leolin, I left the au-leoked on at his own funeral, and when the ethnity was being scoured for Mr. Rupert, he was widh me, in biling. Scour after, he made his escape in disguise."

is escape in disguise." 'Then, when Bridget and others professed see the apparition of the lord, it was the

'Especially if remorse be added,' said Leo. In, in an under tone, 'and the lord cannot nave been free from that. His own conduct, the first instance, led to the concentration of the word there onde more

"It was but the coat,' said Jerome. 'After he was 'dead, the lord took off his own and put it upon Rupert. He put the contents of his own pockets about him; he wished it to be though—it was a sudden impulse, he told one—that he was dead, and that Rupert had escaped; perhaps he thought it would make is own escape easier to accomplish.' his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas. I de of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas one of his colebrateu namesaas. One of his colebrateu namesaas one of his

CLERGYMEN.-The great mass of these who have taken on their hearts life's greatest and to see the apparition of the lord, it was the lord himself they saw?' 'I was, sir. I warned him not to stir out of the keep, but he was resites, almost mad and would steal out in the dark of evening and stride about the hollow. Several saw him on this time, he has done the same.' 'No wonder we took him for a ghost,'ex claimed Leolin; 'he is worn to a shadow, and the raise and done done and the raise the origine the multimeter and the raise the raise a dead claimeter and the raise and the

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Wandering on the strand, it sometimes

the sight of the funeral. And since his return this time, he has done the same.' 'No wonder we took him for a ghost,' ex claimed Leolin; 'he is worn to a shadow, and there is a dead, glazed flim over his oyes: 1 never saw it before in a living person.' 'Sorrow and grief will change the best of us,' oried Jerome; 'and what the lord has suffered these nine years he alone can tell.' 'Espocially if remorse be added,' said Leo. In in an under tone. 'and the lord earnath in of his own-sunny olline. and makes him

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