

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The Carlisle Herald is published weekly on large sheet containing twenty-four columns and furnished to subscribers at \$1.00 per annum in advance, \$1.75 if paid within the year, or \$2 in all cases when payment is deferred until after the expiration of the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all the arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Payment must be made in advance, or by payment secured by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. Those terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be charged 1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square. Advertisements inserted before marriage and death notices are charged 50 cents per line for first insertion, and 25 cents for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest, will be charged 5 cents per line. The proprietor will not be responsible for damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices or marriages not exceeding five lines will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of materials kept on hand for the printing of all kinds of business and family work. We are prepared to do all kinds of printing in the most perfect manner, and at the lowest rates. We are also prepared to do all kinds of book binding, and all kinds of printing in the most perfect manner, and at the lowest rates.

Selected Poetry.

A PARODY.

LET THE LADIES BE HEARD.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roam,
Do ye not know some spot
Where lilies bloom no more—
Some lone and pleasant dell
Where no music is to be—
Where long-remembered days
Are like a dream, and gone away?
There came a murmur from the distance—
A low, sad tone, which whispered "No more."
Tell me, then, misty deep,
Whose willows round me play,
Know't thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary girls may find
A rest from soft downy fairs,
And hear themselves called women,
Not liked to the ground?
Soon did the misty deep answer give,
By murmuring, "Not while we breathe live."
And then, serene moon,
What language dost thou utter
While gazing on the gentleman
Whose head is in the gutter?
Say, hast thou, in thy round,
Gazed on some favored spot,
Where late and now the weight of bricks,
And where elms are not?
Behold a cloud the moon wither in, woe,
And lo! the answer, "No, no, no!"
Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, hopes and faith,
Is there no resting place,
From pain and tears and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where womanhood is blest—
And where the girls may rest,
And where the girls may rest?
Faith, Truth and Hope—best boons to mortals given,
Weird their bright wings and answered, "Van in Heaven!"

Miscellaneous.

DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Will you allow me to see my patient, Mrs. Mansfield?" I said at last, resolutely. "Oh, certainly, certainly, doctor," she said with some asperity, for she could not fail to notice the air of displeasure with which I listened to her worldly exclaim. I was shown into a small room up stairs, where the sick lady lay in bed, her face buried in the pillows of the sofa, and sobbing as if her heart would break. I had little difficulty in eliciting everything from her. I had attended her from her childhood upwards, and had been her confidant and adviser in a girl's sorrow. Now she was only too glad in being able to tell some one her misery and repentance. "And do you really intend to marry this Sir Richard Burley?" I asked, when she had concluded. "How can I help it, doctor? He asked me before marriage, this morning, and mamma looked at me so; and then I was angry because—I had written twice to some one and had no answer—and then mamma half-answered for me and she took my hand and put it in his, saying, 'God bless you, Clara, and may you be happy!' What could I do? what can I do? See what he has sent me," she added. Starting up and taking a morocco case from the table, she drew forth an emerald bracelet which must have cost some hundreds. "See! she said, holding it up to me, 'is it not pretty? But I hate it, I hate him, and I hate myself!'—and flung the glittering jewelry aside, she again buried her head in the sofa cushions and wept. "The only advice I can offer you, my dear Clara, is to wait. They cannot force you to marry this man against your will."

"But they will," she continued: "I cannot help it. Mamma never leaves me in peace, but is continually dining in my ears how proud and grateful I ought to be to Sir Richard. I know they will Oh! why does not George come and take me away, if he really loves me?"

I started at these words. Surely, I thought to myself, an eloquent, though objectionable as a rule, would be better than this hideous sacrifice; and with this idea running through my mind, I took my leave of her, telling her to keep her heart up, and promising to interest myself in her favor, and call again on the ensuing day.

It was now so long past my dinner hour that I resolved to forego the meal altogether, and to take a chop with my tea. I ordered the coachman to put me down in Clarges street, and then sent him on home. I found George Selby much as I left him—stormy, cynical, and savage with himself and the world.

It was in vain that I tried to console him, and hinted that if he took the race in his own hands the game was his own. "What! he accused by these vulgar

cits of running away with their daughter for her ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed George, indignantly. "No! a hundred times no! If the baronet likes to soil his hands with their money bags, he may, but as an officer and a gentleman, I wash my hands of the whole business."

"What even poor Clara?" I asked. George was silent; and when I went on to describe the poor child's grief and despair, tears stood in his eyes and he stopped me, saying—

"There, don't say any more, Doctor. I'd rather go through the last hour at Inkerman, with ten thousand Russian rifles and a dozen batteries sending their whistling messengers of death into their thinning ranks, than hear you talk of that poor girl. By Jove! I thought I was a man, but you will make a child of me if you go on like this."

I could do no more, so I left him and returned home to solitude and my books. The next day I saw my fair patient, Clara Mansfield. She was still in the same low, despondent state, and seemed incapable of making any exertion. Her wealthy old lover had been showering in presents, which, while she loathed, she had not sufficient energy to refuse. It really seemed as if, in legal phraseology, she would let judgment go by "default." Although she had no more fainting fits, she informed me she had several times been very near one. She seemed to resign herself helplessly and entirely to her mother's guidance, and appeared to be floating down the stream to her fate, whatever it might be, without a struggle.

During the following week I saw her day by day. Still the same gentle melancholy, still the same uncomplaining submission. I observed that on first entering the room she looked up anxiously, almost hopefully, in my face. I well knew what that look meant. It said, as plainly as words could speak, "Have you any news from him? Will he not save me from my fate?" Alas! I had not seen him. He had disappeared without leaving even a note behind him.

It wanted but a fortnight of the appointed day for the marriage of Sir Richard Burley, Bart., of Burley Hall, &c., with Clara Mansfield, when my young friend Selby again appeared. He called on me in the evening about half past eight o'clock. Haggard, pale, and thin, he seemed that he had relapsed into the state from which I had rescued him. When I attempted to feel his pulse, he withdrew his hand almost rudely; neither would he answer any question about his health.

"Never mind my body, doctor; pain I have plenty. Heaven knows, but it is not that that troubles me now." Then, after a silence, during which he leant his head on his hands, concealing his face from my view, he said:

"Clara Mansfield will have ten thousand pounds in her own right, will she not?"

"I have reason to believe so," I said, surprised at the question.

"And if I married her without a settlement, it would be mine, would it not?"

"Assuredly," I said, in still greater astonishment. "Could I have been mistaken? Was George Selby really mercenary? It certainly seemed like it."

"Do you think there is any chance of her being happy with this man?" he asked.

"I should be sorry to say there was no chance," I replied, "but I must confess I see very little. Setting aside his age and all other objections, I fear he is not calculated to make a kind or loving husband. They say he is used his first wife dreadfully—even struck her; and he was far, very far from being a good character."

"Then I'll do it!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet; "she shall not be sacrificed to the old ruffian."

"Do what?"

"Carry her off to-morrow if she'll come. Do you think she will?"

Now, although I was almost certain she would go to the end of the world with the faintest encouragement from him, I could not quite say so.

"I think it very likely," I replied.

"Really you must know her better than I do."

"Do you think she would put up with moderate means, soldier's fare, and that sort of thing for a year or two?"

"I am sure she would, gladly. But you have no necessity to inflame poverty on her. With your income, your pay and the interest of her fortune, you will have some seven hundred a year; surely you can exist on that without quite being obliged to live in a cottage."

"Her fortune! Don't speak of it. As soon as it comes into my possession, (with her previous consent, of course,) I mean to take it round to Eaton Square in a cab—all in gold—and fling the money bags into the hall. Then they will see whether I married my darling Clara for her fortune. An original idea, isn't it, doctor?" and he laughed with something of his old spirit.

"Original, certainly," I replied. "I can't very much see the prudence of it, however."

"And now I'm off to reconnoitre," he said, shaking my hand. "Bribing ladies' maids, inventing disguises, and all that sort of thing you see in farces and comedies. None but the brave deserve the fair." Adieu, doctor."

I was picturing to myself the rage and chagrin of Mansfield mere, when she should discover the elopement of Clara with the one-armed lieutenant, and chuckling to myself at the probability of the young people being much happier, when a double knock and a violent ring came to the door, and in stalked George Selby as pale and ghastly-looking as a corpse.

"Good Heavens! what is the matter with you? Has the pain come on again severely? Let me mix you a cordial." I was proceeding to do so when he motioned me to desist, and said—

"It's all over, doctor. They're gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, gone on the continent for a fortnight's trip, and won't be back till the day before the wedding. That hoary old

scoundrel has gone with them. I've a great mind to follow them and put a bullet through his head," he said, savagely. I saw it all now. Mrs. Mansfield had set her heart on the match; and knowing, false mother as she was, Clara's love for George, she had feared they might meet and be reconciled. In that case she knew full well, notwithstanding Clara's gentleness and docility, that no rock would be firmer. Clara seldom said no, but when she did she meant it.

And so they took the poor girl with the breaking heart to Paris, and only brought her back the night before the wedding. Determined to leave to stone unturned, I called on the evening of their return to town. I was unable to see Clara alone, but she gave me a look which I shall never forget—a look of earnest inquiry—a look which said plainly, "It is not yet too late; have you come from him?" Alas! he had again disappeared as before. Could I have found him that evening all might have been well. I could not, would not have allowed the poor girl thus to doom herself to misery. At the risk of my professional reputation, I myself would have enacted the part of the steeze Abigail and been the medium of communication. But it was not to be so. Poor Clara saw no hope in my face. Her look of eager inquiry changed to one of reproach, and at last faded into such an expression of hopeless despair that I could scarcely command my voice as I asked the few ordinary professional questions necessary.

My former suspicions received confirmation, and when I left I requested to speak to Mrs. Mansfield alone.

"Madam, I hear your daughter is to be married to-morrow. Allow me strongly to counsel, at least, the postponement of the ceremony."

"Impossible, doctor!" she said; "all the arrangements have been made, the deeds signed—everything is ready. Besides, dear Clara seems rather better to-day than usual."

"I regret to say that I have observed unfavorable symptoms. I fear—I am almost certain that there is organic disease. Not, I believe, incurable—or, even with ordinary care, dangerous; but still I should most strongly counsel a postponement—his excitement might be fatal. In this case there is especial danger, too. I have reason to believe that your daughter is exceedingly averse to the marriage."

Mrs. Mansfield colored with anger and shame. "Averse to the marriage! Ridiculous!" she said. "I am sure our dear girl feels the highest respect and admiration for Sir Richard."

"I have done my duty, Mrs. Mansfield. I have told you that to marry your daughter to-morrow is injudicious, and even dangerous. If you choose to set against my deliberate advice, I have no power to prevent your so doing. On the other hand, the consequences of your conduct."

I could see that the worldly woman was somewhat staggered by these words. However, Mammon prevailed, and, as far as she was concerned, I felt certain that the marriage would take place as originally fixed.

The morning arrived—the morning of that day which was to make Clara Mansfield Lady Burley. Notwithstanding my loathing and hatred of the mockery about to be enacted, I resolved to attend, not from any consideration of the war, but, mother, but to be at hand in case of the sudden illness of my weak patient. As I walked slowly down Regent street, intending to turn into Hanover Square, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned and beheld George Selby, but now worn and haggard. He was enveloped in a long military cloak, which, however, could not hide the emaciation of his frame. He looked even worse than when he first came to consult me.

"A relapse? No, doctor—not a relapse. I apprehend a relapse means a return to a previous state. It is not so with me. I never felt as I feel now. Even the nature of the pain has changed."

"You still feel pain, then, from the bullet?" I asked.

"The Russian bullet?" he replied, with a sickly smile; "I don't believe it's a single bullet at all. For the last week I have felt as if I had the contents of an ammunition wagon in my body. Seriously, doctor, I don't think I shall ever get my company, for I am convinced I can't live through a fortnight of such pain as this."

I questioned him more particularly as to his feelings—the site and nature of the pain, &c. When he had answered all my questions, I was of much the same opinion as he himself, for I felt almost certain that the ball had induced aneurism of the aorta—a hopelessly incurable disease—Should my fears be well founded, the aneurism might burst at any moment, and death would ensue almost instantly.

"Are you going to see the show, doctor?" he asked, still with the same ghastly attempt at pleasantry.

"What show?"

"Over there," he said, pointing with his finger—"over there, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Come along, I see you are going. They can't push me out of the church as they would out of their house in Eaton Square."

In vain I attempted to dissuade him. He would go, and we entered the church together.

When we arrived the ceremony was just about to commence.

My poor little Clara, looked out in all her costly wedding finery, and surrounded by groups of gay bridesmaids, was there. To my surprise she was composed and quiet—never speaking unless addressed; and even then the pale lips would only murmur a monosyllable or two. Once I observed the color come rushing to her face; it was when she recognized my unhappy companion.

Their eyes met for one moment; then the color faded slowly from her cheek, and with an expression of sorrowful resignation she raised her eyes to heaven. Surely poor little Clara preached a more telling sermon to George Selby in

that exquisite bit of dumb show than was ever thundered from a pulpit by any mortal proscriber.

And now the service commenced. I took my place by the side of George Selby until its conclusion. Clara performed her part unflatteringly. Though she spoke in a low voice, she pronounced the response firmly. Before it was concluded, Selby pressed his hand to his side and asked my permission to go to Cavendish Square and rest in my study until I came. He felt faint from the pain he endured, he said, and could not see the play out; he would call a cab and leave at once. He did so, and now fixed my whole attention on the bride. In order to observe her more closely, I moved from my place to one nearer to the altar. Though I could discover but little trace of emotion, I saw with alarm that she became paler and paler. Even her lips assumed an ashen hue dreadful to behold. Still she continued, unflatteringly, to play her part. Surely, I thought, this cannot last. Something must go when everything—nerves, feelings, the whole system—is strung up to such a pitch; she must either weep, scream, faint, or—My thoughts were interrupted by the last sequent on the conclusion of the ceremony. All hastened around to congratulate the young wife, and to salute her as Lady Burley. I, too, approached her, and, alarmed by her continued deadly pallor, took her hand and endeavored to find her pulse. Not the faintest sign of pulsation could I detect. I looked up in her face. Her large soft blue eyes met mine. I saw in them that which confirmed my worst fears. The pupils were dilated till the whole iris seemed occupied; the effect was beautiful, but to me it was a terrible symptom.

"Come with me into the vestry room," I whispered, hastily taking her arm; "you feel faint?"

As we passed across the channel the bright morning sun streamed full on her face; but though I could scarcely bear the glare, it seemed to have no effect on those soft blue eyes. As I looked in her face I observed that the pupils were widely dilated; the same soft languishing expression might be seen in their blue depths.

"Run and call Mrs. Mansfield!" I said to one of the bridesmaids, who, alarmed by the deadly pallor of Clara, had accompanied us into the vestry. "Quick, she is fainting!"

I felt the increasing weight of her arm on mine, and caught her as she fell towards me. Producing a small case of powerful medicines which I always carried with me, I hastened to do all in my power to restore her from her swoon. In vain. I then endeavored to bleed her, but no blood would flow. The large blue eyes still gazed calmly upwards to heaven, but saw not. The lips were parted as if she was about to speak, but neither sound nor breath came from them.

At this moment Mrs. Mansfield, with several other ladies, hurried in. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the affectionate mamma, "Clara has fainted; one of those dreadful 'nervous attacks' she is so liable to. Is she coming round, doctor? The carriage is at the door, and Sir Richard is impatient."

She did not seem at all alarmed—these "nervous attacks" were so common.

I looked once more into the soft blue eyes before me. A slight, a very slight film had begun to gather over them.

"Is she coming round, doctor?" asked Mrs. Mansfield, impatiently.

"Come from my knees, and dropped the cold hand I held."

"MADAM," I said, slowly and distinctly, "YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEAD!"

And what of my poor friend—the one-armed lieutenant?

My fears were but too well founded. Anguish of mind, the constant irritation and pain caused by the Russian bullet, had caused aneurism of the aorta. I knew that death might occur at any moment—any excitement or exertion might burst the sac—and all would be over; but I did not imagine for a moment that the catastrophe would be so terribly sudden—so dreadfully coincident with the death scene I had just witnessed.

I returned home immediately after I had ascertained that my unhappy patient was beyond human joys and sorrows. When I entered my study a dreadful sight met my eyes. George Selby was seated in an easy chair facing the door. His head had fallen back, and his eyes, fixed and wide open, seemed to glare at me. A perfect torrent of blood had escaped from his mouth and completely saturated his dress and shirt-front. I knew at once that all was over—the aneurism had burst, and death must have been instantaneous.

I was powerfully impressed by these two awfully sudden deaths. For aught I knew, George Selby might have expired at the self-same moment as Clara—certainly during the same half hour. I had been pretty well familiarised with death during my thirty years experience, but this was very terrible—both so young—both so lovable—both so unhappy—and now both dead—one from a "Russian bullet," the other from a "broken heart."

Commonplace Women.

Heaven knows how many simple letters, from simple minded women, have been kissed, cherished, and wept over by men of far nobler intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius; that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius and intellectual power pass by the facts and the Corinthes, to take unto his bosom some wayward creature, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is what so few of your "femine celebrities" are—a true woman.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Bold Soldier.

There were once twenty-five little soldier soldiers—all brothers. They had all been melted out of an old pewter spoon. They stood straight up, had their eyes looking straight before them, and held their guns in their hands all ready to make an attack on the enemy. Their uniforms were beautiful, of yellow, red, blue, and green.

The first word they ever heard in their lives, when little boy lifted up the lid of the box in which they had been sold and were now lying, was "Soldiers!" He took them all out carefully and stood them up on the table. Every one looked like all the rest. But I am too fast, for there was one exception. He had but one leg, and looked as if he had lost one of his legs in battle. But this is not the way he came without it. He was the last soldier made, and there was not enough pewter in the old spoon to finish him. If the spoon had been a little larger he would have had two, like his twenty-four brethren. But his one foot was big enough for two, so that he could stand up as well as anybody else.

On the same table where they were standing there were many other things which children love to play with. One which struck my attention very much was a little paper castle. One could look through its windows into the little rooms. Before the castle was laid a piece of looking glass to represent a beautiful fish pond, and around it were little trees that were painted green. On the pond, you could see quite a number of swans; they were made of wax.

All this was very pretty to look upon; but the prettiest of all was a little girl that stood in the castle door. She was cut out of a piece of paper. She wore a pink dress, and wore a very nice ribbon over her shoulder, then came down and doubled around her waist. Her dress came very low down to her feet, and then the little lame soldier looked to his comrades that he could only see one of her legs. He did not believe she had more than one leg like himself.

"She would be a good wife for me," he said to himself. "But she is a little aristocrat, perhaps. She lives in a castle, and the only house I have in this big world in this box, which, in truth, belongs to my twenty-four brothers as much as it does to me. It would not be a home to suit her, I know. Still, I will endeavor to make her acquaintance."

Then he fell over, and crept behind a snuff-box that lay on the table. This was a good position for him to take, a fine view of the young lady in the castle door. When the evening came on, all the other soldiers returned to their box to go to bed, and all the people in the city put out their lights and went to bed. Now the playthings commenced to play. They played hide and seek, and ball, and fox and geese, and many other such games as all young people love. The soldiers marched about in their box and tried to get out. The nut-cracker struck a glass, and the top jumped down on the box where the pewter soldier was. So much noise was there, that the canary bird could not sleep, and so he woke up. He began to sing, to drown the noise around him.

The only two things that did not make a great noise were the little lame soldier and the little girl in the castle door. The clock struck twelve. Suddenly a sharp rap was heard on the top of the snuff box. It fell open, and out jumped a great black beetle. He walked boldly up to the lame soldier and said:

"I wish you would keep your eyes to yourself." But the soldier looked as if he did not hear anything, and kept on gazing at the little girl in the castle door. Then the beetle said:

"Never mind, wait till to-morrow morning."

The beetle wanted to impose on the lame soldier because he was lame, so the little warrior said to himself, "If I am lame, I can take care of myself. I am just as nature made me, and if I am not as handsome as other people, that is nobody's business but my own."

The next morning came. The children were all out of bed, and were beginning to think about their games and playthings again. For some reason or other, the lame soldier was seen standing in the window. I suspect that the beetle had something to do with getting him there. All at once the window went up, and the poor soldier fell on his head, down on the hard stone pavement, three stories below. It was a dreadful journey; and he found himself standing on his head, with his bayonet sticking in the wall. The servant-girl and a little boy ran down at once to hunt for him. Although they were almost trading on him, they could not see him. Had he cried out, "Here I am!" they would have been able to pick him right up. But he did not find it convenient to speak loud, and so they did not find him.

Now it began to rain. One drop came down quick after another, until the street was almost swimming. When it was over two street-buys came trudging along.

"See there!" said one; "a pewter soldier, who is going to take a sail, if we can make him a good boat."

And they made a little boat out of a piece of newspaper, and put the poor deformed soldier in it, and then launched the ship into the gutter. What waves! What a heavy tide there was! The boat rose up and went down with the sea. When the gutter turned, it turned with it. By and by the sailor grew sea-sick; but yet he persevered, kept his eyes straight before him, and held his musket in his arm. He would not be discouraged. He was treated badly by his enemies, he was unfortunate in his profession, he was turned loose in only a paper boat in a gutter, and might be shipwrecked at any time. But he kept up his spirits and would not be discouraged.

The gutter grew dark, and went right under one of the streets. "I wonder

what is going to become of me now," he said to himself. "All this is owing to my enemies. But I am a soldier. I have enlisted for the war, and will not be discouraged."

At that moment there came out a great water-rat, that lived in a house beside the dark gutter.

"Have you a passport?" he gruffly asked. "Out with your passport, or I will put you in prison."

But the lame soldier kept quiet, and held his musket in arm ready for good service. The boat shot forwards again, and knocked the rat off his duck into the water.

"Catch him! catch him!" He has not paid toll; he has cheated the government; he has got no passport. Catch him!" So shouted the rat when he got on his dock again. But he was too late.

The stream grew more violent all the time. Far off ahead the soldier could see daylight again. He would soon be out in the fresh air once more. But he heard a rustling sound that was well calculated to make the stoutest heart tremble in fear. He was approaching a waterfall. He held on to the boat as fast as he could; and down it went—now under the water, then up again, and then grating against the rough stone shore. But the boat was sinking. The paper was wet through, and through, and would have sunk long ago if the two boys had not lined it very well with orange peel. Just as the boat was going down to bottom, and the soldier was going down with it, a great fish came along and swallowed him up. Now it was dark enough with him—far worse than it had ever been before. But still he kept bold and earnest, not desponding and giving up, as many others would have done under similar circumstances.

The fish swam here and there in every direction. Finally, it was still and quiet as a robin's egg in the nest. Little soldier could not tell what would happen next. Suddenly a stream of light came down upon him. Now he knew everything that had taken place. The fish had been caught, and the cook was dressing it. "A poorer soldier!" the cried out; and holding it in her hand, ran with it into the parlor and showed it to the people. A little girl begged it, and after straightening it out, stood it up on the table. What strange things happen in this world! The little one-legged pewter soldier was standing on the same table that it had stood on when a young soldier just going to the wars! But it had been with stout-hearted and ever since.

There was the same little girl standing in the castle door. The little soldier looked at her, but they said nothing. A little naughty boy took him up, and carried him into the fire. This was the hardest trial yet. His colors faded away, and his one leg began to melt. But he was bold to the last, and he held his musket in his hand until his body was melted, too.

A wealthy lady saw it all, how bold he was to the last. So she took the little piece of shapeless pewter out of the fire, and carried it to a jeweller, who was ordered to cover it with gold, and change it into a beautiful broochpin, and set it with diamonds.

And for many, many years the little soldier, because he had always been bold and covered with gold and diamonds—the admired of all eyes.

A Modern Castle of Udolpho.

This is the age of discoveries, and one of such a startling nature just been made in an English county that was out of place in the region of subterfuge, and to belong to the atmosphere of the three-volume novel. Here are the circumstances; the names for the moment I am not at liberty to indicate. The Earl of—married not long ago, and brought his bride home to one of the old family mansions which members of the English aristocracy regard with an affection amounting to veneration.

The lady, however, being more continental in her tastes, after a short residence in the apartments appropriated to her used expressed a wish to have a *louvre* in the vicinity of her bed room. The noble earl would gladly have complied with her request, but, upon examination, it was found that the rooms, as sometimes happens in antique buildings, were so awkwardly distributed that by no conceivable plan of rearrangement could the desired *boudoir* be fitted in. Thereupon it became necessary to invoke professional assistance, and an eminent architect was summoned from London. He examined the house narrowly, and said there seemed to be nothing for it but to build one, though at the same time he could not resist the impression that there must be another undiscovered room somewhere in that wing of the mansion. The noble earl laughed at the idea; the oldest servants and retainers of the family were questioned, and declared that they had never heard a rumor of its existence. The ordinary methods of tapping, &c., were resorted to, but without effect. Still the architect retained his conviction, and declared himself ready to stake his professional reputation on the result. The earl at last consented to let the walls be bored, and when an opening had been made, not only was the room found, but a sight presented itself which almost defied attempts at description. The apartment was fitted up in the richest and most luxurious style of a hundred and fifty years ago. A quantity of lady's apparel lay about the room, jewels were scattered on the dressing-table, and, but for the faded aspect which everything wore, the chamber might have been tenanted half an hour previously. On approaching the bed, most curious sight of all was seen, and this it is which affords the only clue to the mystery. The coach held the skeleton of a woman, and on the floor, underneath the bed, half and half out, lay another skeleton, that of a man presenting evident traces of violence, and proving that, before he expired in that position, he must have received some dreadful injury.

The secret connected with this tale of

blood has been well kept, for not merely had all tradition of the scene faded away, but even the existence of the room itself was forgotten. The survivors probably walled up the apartment at the time, and its contents remained hermetically sealed up till the present day, when according to the best calculations, after the lapse of a century and a half, daylight has accidentally penetrated this chamber of horrors.

A short Catechism for Democrats.

Question. Who was the General to receive negroes within his lines, and to refuse to re-mand them to their rebel owners?

Answer. Gen. Butler, a Democrat.

Question. Who was among the first men to take ground in favor of confiscating rebel property, and using the negroes for military purposes?

Answer. John C. Cochrane, a Democratic Congressman from New York, now in service of his Country.

Q. Who was the first military Commander, under the war power, to issue a proclamation for the unconditional freedom of the slaves?

A. Gen. Hunter, in South Carolina, an old Democrat.

Q. Who first gave orders to shoot on the spot the first man who would attempt to tear down the American flag?

A. Gen. John A. Dix, a Democrat.

Q. Who hung the first offender for thus tearing down the flag?

A. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.—He hung Mumford in New Orleans, for tearing down the flag on the U. S. Mint.

Q. Who hung the first offender in Arkansas for treachery towards his troops?

A. Gen. G. N. Fitch, recently a Democratic Senator.

Q. Who were among the most zealous advocates in the Senate of using the negroes for military purposes?

A. Senator Rice, of Minnesota, and Wright of Indiana, both Democrats. The former quoted English precedent for raising colored regiments.

Q. When a Cumberland Senator last winter at Augusta, in the Senate Chamber, exclaimingly asked, Where is the officer who will lead a regiment of colored troops, who was the man to respond by rising?

A. Col. Frank S. Nickerson, of the Maine Fourteenth—a Democrat.

Q. Who are among the foremost men in the Empire State, to urge the use of slaves as we would use other property, in putting down the rebellion—by putting them to any use that can be made available?

A. Daniel S. Dickinson, and Richard D. Buxton, two of the most prominent Democrats of the State.

Q. Who was the first actually to raise a colored regiment?

A. General Hunter, a Southerner by birth, and a Democrat.

Q. Who was the first who proposed to lead a colored regiment to the field, and stand with them the trials and dangers of battle?

A. Gen. Sprague, the richest young man in New England, and the Democratic Governor of Rhode Island.

A MATRIMONIAL LEGEND.—One night, a maid in the parsonage of Wreckholm, before covering the fire, made as was her custom, the sign of the cross. Somebody hushed beside her. She turned round to see who it was, but her companions were all asleep. The noise came from a stone in the chimney which the sexton had dug up when making a new grave. The parson, wanting a hob, appropriated it. Next day, they made inquiries about the flagstone, and old people in the village related the following story:

Three hundred years ago, a pious married Melchior was parish priest of Wreckholm. Every night before going to rest, he retired to the church to pray, caring neither for bad weather nor cold. But his wife was not of the same opinion. "Coming in at two o'clock in the morning, and getting into bed like an icicle on a winter's night—I've no patience with him! Good Father Peter never indulged in such a habit." But her conscience struck her. Father Peter was the last Roman Catholic priest, and a celibate, while Melchior had done womankind a good service—was the father of eighteen children—she was his third wife, and if he hadn't married her, she might have remained an old maid forever. So, repeating her severity, she called the servant, Lars, saying, "Disguise yourself as a ghost to frighten your master when he goes out to-night, and I'll give you a jug of beer." Lars dressed himself in a white sheet, and placed himself in Melchior's path.

On seeing the ghost, the pious man began to pray, and while he prayed, Lars sank slowly into the ground. "Who are you?" asked the parson. Receiving no answer he prayed once more, when, sinking to the waist, the man cried out, "Master, it is I, Lars." "Too late," exclaimed Melchior; "your heart, from which proceeds your sin, is already underground." Then, giving the wretched serving-man a crack on the head with his prayer-book, he sank beneath the earth—turned into a flagstone. The peasants erected a cross on the spot, and there it still stands. The parson's wife was of the noble family of Ikonhe (squirrel). She was buried in the church-yard of Hattuna, yet her corpse cannot turn to dust, though her coffin and winding-sheet have long since mouldered away. Not only she herself will not decay, but the arm of her brother, which lay next to her coffin, became hard as a stone, while the rest of his body fell to powder. You may be sure that when the family (not my friend's, but a former priest's) heard this tale, the sepulchral flagstone was sent to its own place that very day before night-fall.—*One Year in Sweden.*

With four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of worldly success—they are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, iron in his heart.

The difference between a fish and the husband of a vixen, in that one lives always in cold water and the other in hot.

In reading pulps on gravestones, we can only hope that the dead are not spoiled by fatality.

He who despairs without having reason for it, will very soon have a reason for it.

Those ladies who are all sunshine take us in storm.