The Carlisle Herald.

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Clerk and Recorder—Ephraim Cornman.
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Coroner—David Sutlih.
County Commissioners—Michael East, John M. Coy, Mitchell McClellan.
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Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Andrew B. Ziegler.
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Town Council—East Ward—J. D. Rhineheart, Joshua P. Hyder, J. W. D. Gillelen, George Weizel. West Ward—Geo. L. Murray, Thos Paxton, A. Cathcart, Jno. B. Parker, Jno. D. Gorgas. President, of Council, A. Cathcart. Clerk, Jos. W. Quigley.
High Constable Samuel Sipe. Ward Constable Andrew Martin.
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Lamp Lighters—Chas. B. Peck, James Spangler.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev Conway P. Wing Pastor—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. J. C. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church Louther, near Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Phelps, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge) Rev. R. Cole Rowman, Pastor, services in Emory M. E. Church, 10 o'clock A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Church of God Chapel South West cor. of West St and Chapel Alley. Rev B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6½ p. m.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church Pomfret near East st Rev Pastor. Services every other Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. [illegible] Seltzer, Pastor Services at 11 o'clock P. M.

[illegible] we are to assert the proper places are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

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William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Rev William L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of the Greek and German Languages.
Samuel D. Matthews, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
John R. Steyn, A. M., Professor of [illegible] and French Languages.
Hon. James [illegible], Professor of [illegible].
Rev Henry G. Jackson, A. M., Principal of the Grammar School.
John Hood, Assistant in the Grammar School

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

E. Cornman, President, James Hamilton, H. Saxton, R. C. Woodward, Henry Cavaman, C. P. Humerich, Sec'y, A. W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sohar, Messenger. Meets on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M, at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CUMBERLAND DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson, W. M. Beetem. Cash'r J. P. Hassler and C. B. Pfahler Tellers, W. M. Pfahler Clerk, Jno. Underwood, Messenger. Directors, R. M. Henderson, President, R. C. Woodward, Stiles Woodburn, Moses Bricker, John Zug, W. W. Dale, John D. Gorgas, Joseph J. Logan, Jno. Stuart, Jr.

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains three times a day. Carlisle Accommodation. Eastward, leaves Carlisle 5 55 A. M., arriving at Carlisle 5 20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10 10 A. M. and 2.42, P. M. Westward at 9 27, A. M., and 2,55 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Spensler; Superintendent, George Wise; Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, J. W. Patton, F. Gardner and D. S. Croft.

SOCIETIES

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

St. John's Lodge No. 240 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

Letort Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.—House in Louther between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb 18, 1809. House in Bedford, Between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid.

Postage on the HERALD within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per annum. To any part of the United States, 26 cents Postage on all transient papers, 2 cents per ounce. Advertised letters to be charged with cost of advertising

Ladies Fancy Furs.

AT
JOHN FAREIRA'S
Old Established FUR Manufactory.
No. 718 Arch Street,
Above 7th, Philadelphia
I have now in store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the Largest and most Beautiful selections of
FANCY FURS,
for Ladies & Children's Wear in the city. Also, a fine assortment of Gent's Fur Gloves and Collars.
As all my Furs were all purchased when Gold was at a much lower premium than at present, I am enabled to dispose of them at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Carlisle.
Remember the Name, Number and Street
JOHN FAREIRA,
718 Arch St, above 7th, south side, Phila.
I have no partner, nor connection with any other store in Philadelphia.
September 9, 1864—3m

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa.
September 9, 1864.

THE FORWARDING AND GRAIN business formerly conducted by Lino. Hyder & Co., is now carried on by JOHN GREASON,
July 29, 1864—tf Greason, Gumb. Co.

DR. WM. H. COOK,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Surgeon and Accoucheur
OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.
July 1, 1864.

CHOICE SEGARS & TOBACCO, AT BALSTON'S.

If you want anything go to Haverstick's Drug and Book Store.

Poetical.

Partially Married.

A Western paper declares the following to be a fact which occurred at one of New England's quiet villages:

In old New England, long ago,
Where all creation travelled slow,
And naught but trackless deserts lay
Before the early settler's way,
A youth and damsel, bold and fair,
Had cause to take a journey—where.
Through night and day, and day and night,
No house would greet their wearied sight.
And thinking Hymen's altar should
Precede their journey through the wood,
They straightway to a Justice went—
By love and circumstances sent.
The Justice, good old honest pate,
Said it was quite unfortunate;
But at that time he could not bind
These two young folks of willing mind—
For his commission, sad to say,
Had just expired but yesterday;
Yet, after all, he would not say
That single they should go away,
And so he bade them join their hands
In holy wedlock's happy bands,
And "just a little" he would marry—
Enough, perhaps, to safely carry,
As they were in connubial mood,
"Enough to do them through the wood."

[*Bridgeport Standard.*]

Miscellaneous.

Winter Scenes.

The following from the Chicago *Journal* is worthy of being placed beside the winter sketches of Jacob Abbott and Nathaniel P. Willis.

That old red sleigh with its long box that never was full, far down in the straw, wrapped in the robes, or on one or another of the four seats it contained, there was always room for one more. What a grouping of bright young faces there used to be in it! faces in hoods, in caps and in blankets—hearts that have loved since—hearts that have broken; hearts that have mouldered. And away we went over the hill and through the vale under the moonlight and the cloud—when the stars were looking down—when the sun kindled the world into a great white jewel. But those days had gone forever away and the sweet old necklace of days, in [illegible] gradually, by degrees, has [illegible] the pulses.

In the old sleigh, bridge have gone away before [illegible] were merry [illegible] one we are wafted [illegible] happiness, than at [illegible] over the billows of water swallow shapes now glance along the narrow way but give us, for its sweet memories of yesterday, the old red sleigh.

Then, the days, when we were coasters, and down the big hill, by the maple wood, through the little ditches, far into the valley we came with merry shout, each the solitary Palinurus of his own small craft. How like a flock of swallows we were, dashing down the declivity, in among a group of sleds, side by side with a rival, shooting by like an arrow, steering in gallantly ahead like a jockey, and on our way up with a sled in tow, ere the other party had reached the valley below.

And then it was when the wind had swept away the snow from pond and stream, and the ice was glare, that we put on the 'rockers' and darted hither and thither, and cut sixes and eights and curves without number, and drew the girls that we loved, and whirled them like leaves over the highway of crystal.

And the schools where we spelt each other down, and the schools where we sang Windham and Mear, and the schools where we cyphered and wrote, and 'went up,' are gone, all gone, teacher and taught, like the melting snow under the rainbows of April.

And when, sometimes after the great snow, the winds came out of the north for a frolic, what wreathings and carvings of the cold alabaster there were. What corinthian adornings surmounted the fence posts; what mouldings were fashioned by the way; what fairy like caves in the drifts; what flowers of rare finish and pendants of pearls on the trees.

Have you quite forgotten the footprints we used to find in the damp snow, as delicate, some of them as a love letter; the mysterious paths down to the brook, or by the old hollow tree that we used to wonder over and set 'figure fours' by, if perchance we might catch the makers thereof? Have you quite forgotten how sorry you were for the snow birds that fluttered among the flakes, and seemed tossed and lost in the storm?

And there in the midst of that winter, Christmas was set, that made the thanksgiving last all through the night of the year, and what wonder the stars and the fires burned more brightly therefor!—Christmas with its gifts and its cheer; its carol and chorus; its evergreen branch and its bright morning dreams. Christmas, when there were prints upon the chimney tops if we were only there to see them, where Santa Claus set his foot as the clock struck twelve; Christmas, when stockings were suspended by hearth and by pillow all over the land; stockings, silken and white; stockings homely and blue, and even the little red sock, with a hole in the toe. Blessed forever be Bethlehem's star.

A Christmas Story by Dickens

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

Continued.

HIS UMBRELLA.

It was not in the spirit of officious gallantry that I put my best foot forward, in order to overtake the lady who was walking a few yards before me, across the large field which adjoins the pretty village of Ivyton. About the attractive qualities of her face and figure I did not care a straw, but she carried one potent charm about her which had for me a fascination wholly irresistible—she carried an umbrella. That the potency of this charm may be fully appreciated, I ought to state that the rain was falling in torrents, and that, although it was early in the year, I was not only without an umbrella, but was also destitute of an overcoat: having carelessly left one of those useful habiliments in the railway carriage. The shades of evening were just deepening into night, and I need not explain that the sensation of being drenched through by a rain which one can scarcely see, is infinitely more disagreeable than the attack of a shower in broad daylight. To the eye the appearance of rapidly falling rain is rather lively than otherwise, and to some extent counteracts the annoyance of a wetting. But in being made aware of the presence of moisture by the sense of feeling alone there is something incalculably dismal and desolate.

There was hope in that umbrella (a gingham umbrella). Surely, under the circumstances, I could solicit a share in it without being deemed extremely rude and impertinent. I slushed my way through the interminable field, and gained upon the figure. Its outline I could plainly distinguish. It was certainly a female, the dress was of a light color, and—most important particular—the wearer of the dress carried, as I have said a very large umbrella—a gingham umbrella. More I could not ascertain, save that the object of my pursuit was endowed with a less amount of curiosity than is usually ascribed to the fair sex. As my feet of lead [illegible] from the slippery path, and [illegible] the small paddles by which [illegible] progress was [illegible] and most people are anxious to know what sort of a person is walking behind them, when they are in a field about nightfall. Such however, was not the case with the lady before me. Armed with her umbrella against the inclemencies of the weather, she seemed regardless of everything else.

As I have said, I gained upon the lady; but even when I was at her side, with my head under her umbrella (I believe I have already described it is a gingham umbrella), she made no effort to see me or to avoid me. Apparently looking straight before her, she went on as at first; and it is worthy of remark, that whereas I made a little splash at almost every step, she seemed to pick her way without difficulty. The few courteous words I uttered did not seem to reach her ear. Perhaps she was deaf? On this supposition, I gently took the gingham umbrella by the handle, politely intending to carry it in such a way as to confer upon her the largest share of its benefits. She made no resistance, but let it go at once, and, what was very strange, no sooner was it safely in my grasp than I found myself alone! Yes, no one was beside me; there I stood, whole and sole master of a gingham umbrella. Dressed as she was in light raiment, the lady, however rapidly she might have run away, ought to have been visible in some direction; but she was not visible in any direction.

How wrong it is to form hasty judgments. Five minutes before, I had settled in my own mind that the umbrella was the engrossing object of the lady's thoughts. Now, I could clearly see that she did not value it to the extent of a single clutch. If she had merely wanted to be freed from me, she might have gone with the umbrella in her hand, for I did not hold it so very tight. Perhaps the umbrella was more objectionable than myself, and she was glad to get rid of it? The rain that rattled on the silk seemed anxious to demonstrate the utter fallacy of this hypothesis.

I felt comfortable enough in the parlor of the Jolly Navigators, sipping my glass of hot brandy-and-water as a preventive against the ill effects of the wetting, smoking my cigar, and idly watching my—let me rather say *the*—umbrella, as it lay open before the fire. The inn was close to the station, and I by no means regretted that at least half an hour would elapse before the arrival of the train that was to convey me back to town. Literally doing nothing, I was ready to take an interest in any thing, and was not displeased when I could hear through the open door the few remarks made by the landlord and the customers at the bar.

"Well, this is leap-year," said a gruff voice.

"Yes, and more than that," said another voice, exceedingly shrill, and evidently belonging to an old woman, "this is the 29th of February. I wonder if *she* was in the field this evening?"

"Gammon," said the landlord.

"Oh yes, it's all very fine for you men," urged the shrill voice, "you'll believe nothing but what you can eat and drink and put into your pockets; but I tell you she's sure to be in the field about nightfall, on the 29th of February."

"Go along," said the gruff voice. "Why, I've been through Swampy Field over and over again, and I never seed nothing."

"Of course not," assented the landlord.—"Ay, ay," pursued the shrill voice; "but did you ever go through the field at nightfall, on the 29th of February? Were you there this evening?"

Well, no; I can't say I was," replied the gruff voice.

"No; exactly," persisted the shrill old dame. "And are you quite sure you were there at nightfall this day four year—or the day four year before that?"

"Well, I don't want to say what ain't right and straight," replied the gruff voice, in a somewhat discomfited tone.

"And that's the wisest thing you've said yet," replied the shrill voice, reproachfully. "Better people than you or I have seen ghosts and been ghosts before this, to say nothing of poor Miss Crackenbridge."

Now my moral position, as I listened to the above conversation, with my eyes fixed on the umbrella, was far from elevated. I felt at once that "she" of whom the old woman spoke could be no other than the mysterious female from whom I had received the gingham article that lay open before me, steaming away its moisture. I therefore knew that the sneers of the gruff gentleman and of the landlord were unjust, and yet I dared not openly enlist myself on the side of truth. My evidence was all that the old woman required to save her from derision, and I was base enough not to give it. The more I think of my conduct on that occasion the more does my self-respect diminish. If I had been in some primitive hamlet, where the existence of ghosts is admitted as a matter of course, there is no doubt I should have come out boldly with my narrative, and should have done my best to brow-beat any unbelieving skeptic. My conduct, I am convinced, would have been analogous had I been at a party of fashionable spiritualists. But here I was in a village too closely in connection with London to admit of a credulity, save among the old [illegible] inhabitants, while the social status of the speakers was not high enough to render them pervious to aristocratic spiritualism. For fear of incurring the sneer of a vulgar landlord and his more vulgar customer, I allowed truth to be assailed without uttering a word in its defense, though I could scarcely help fancying that the umbrella was conscious of my pusillanimity, and was observing me with silent contempt.

What a great man must a martyr be, who will undergo popular execration, death, and torture, rather than keep his lips close, when they can be opened for the assertion of a truth! What an immeasurable difference there must be between my constitution and that of—say St. Lawrence.

But while my moral courage was at the lowest ebb it was high-water with my curiosity. Such was my utter depravity, that the circumstances which depressed the nobler quality allowed the lower one to flourish with full vigor. I sneaked out of the parlor to the bar, endeavored to ingratiate myself by asking for some thing cheap which I did not want (a biscuit, I think it was,) and then with the grossest affectation of vagueness, propounded the following question:

"Excuse the liberty, but did no I overhear—unintentionally, of course—something about some person who walked in some field in some remarkable manner?"

"That's right, master," replied a man in a shaggy great-coat.

"Oh yes, quite correct," said the landlord, "but for further particulars you had better address yourself to this good lady here. You know there's some sort of knowledge that thrives best in the heads of elderly ladies," he added, with a wink.

I am overwhelmed with shame and confusion when I write down the humiliating fact that I actually winked in return. If I were a member of parliament I wonder whether I should ever, by the remote chance, find myself voting with the minority!

"Oh, the gentleman is quite welcome to hear the story if he likes," said the old lady: a most respectable, inoffensive looking person. "I don't care for a laugh or two."

How unworthy was I to walk on the same soil with that heroic old woman!—

I shall not repeat the words of her narrative, for it was somewhat prolix, and abounded in details that did not bear directly on the main subject. It will be sufficient to state that according to the excellent lady's belief, one Miss Catherine Crackenbridge had, on the 29th of February, many years before, gone out to meet a clandestine lover, and had been seen to cross Swampy Field. Since that time nothing had been seen of her. Some supposed that she was entrapped and murdered by a designing villain; some that she met with a fatal accident; some that she committed suicide. This much was certain: that every 29th of February her figure might be seen—in fact, must be seen—to cross Swampy Field about nightfall by any person who happened to be on the spot.

After exchanging a look of blank superiority with the landlord—despicable being that I was! I asked if the ghost were in the habit of carrying an umbrella.

"Ho-ho-ho!" roared the landlord.—"Why, of course it would if it went out on a wet evening like this. Well, that's a good 'un. The gentleman has given it to her there, and no mistake; hasn't he, Jim?"

The man in the shaggy great-coat grunted his assent, with a low chuckle. And there was I—wretch that I was—allowing myself to be applauded for inflicting a stupid sarcasm on a defenseless female, when I firmly believed every word of her statement, and was merely endeavoring to satisfy my curiosity with reference to my strangely-acquired treasure. I even joined in the laugh, and allowed them all, the old woman included, to believe that I regarded myself as an exceedingly witty and facetious person. The old woman merely observed that she knew nothing about umbrellas, and left the house in a state of irascibility that was not only justifiable, but highly laudable. As for me, I swaggered back into the parlor with the air of a conqueror by whom a worthy adversary has been valiantly demolished.

My surprise was not small when I perceived that the umbrella had changed its position during the conversation at the bar. I had left it with the convex side toward the fire, and consequently the handle in the opposite direction. Now the handle was toward the fire, and the convex surface of gingham toward the door. As no one had entered the room this movement was perfectly astounding, yet I did not utter a single ejaculation.—I snatched up the umbrella, boldly tucked it under my arm and stalked through the bar, bidding a hasty farewell to the landlord, and making the utterly frivolous remark that I did not think I should miss the train. If all the ghosts of all the Hamlets had stood in visible shape before me, I would rather have walked through them than have committed myself to a word, look, or gesture that could have given cause for mirth in the eyes of the landlord and his gruff acquaintance. As it was, the initial letters C. C. carved on the handle confirmed my belief that the umbrella had been the property of the ill-starred Catherine Crackenbridge.

The umbrella, I may observe, through of gingham—was of no common order. Its ivory handle was extremely massive, and richly adorned with that elaborate tracery which seems to betoken an Oriental origin. The initial letters to which I have referred had not been scratched on with the first sharp instrument that came to hand, but had been elegantly carved.

Hence it was no wonder that when I called on my old friend Jack Slingsby, to whose residence I proceeded as soon as I quitted the train, he exclaimed, in his usual elegant style:

"Why, old boy, that's a stunning gingham you've got there! Well, that is an out-and-outer!"

"Yes, it is rather a good one," I answered with despicable indifference; and I put it in the corner near the door and hung my hat upon it, in conformity with an old habit of mine. Being of a careless disposition, I lost many an umbrella in early youth. To prevent the recurrence of such accidents I now adopt the expedient of using my umbrella as a hat-peg whenever I make a visit. I cannot easily forget my hat, nor can I take my hat without handling my umbrella.

"Well, but you don't mean to tell me," pursued Jack, "that you bought that article with your own money? A purchase of that kind is not like my old friend Yorick, Zachary Yorke."

"No; I did not purchase it—it came from India," I replied, devoutly hoping, with the little conscience that was left me, that I had not told an absolute falsehood; for, indeed, it might have come from India in the first instance for anything I knew to the contrary.

The intelligence I had to communicate was of a pleasant kind, and Jack proved its exhilarating effect by ordering oysters for two, and a liberal supply of stout.—When this supper, with the addition of a tumbler or so of grog, had been disposed of I rose to depart.

"Why, old fellow," said the hospitable Jack, "where have you put your hat and your umbrella? Bless my soul, here they are! Well, now, I would have sworn in any witness-box that you put the umbrella in the corner near the door, and then clapped your hat on the handle; and now—lo and behold!—here's the hat on the floor in the corner next the fire-place, and the umbrella, with the point inside the hat, and the handle against the wall!"

The little incident in the parlor of the Jolly Navigators had too well prepared me for such freaks on the part of my umbrella to allow me to be taken aback. "It is just as I put it, Jack," I said, with heedless effrontery. "You put a little too much brandy in your tumbler, and that, coming directly after the stout—"

Jack was fully as sober as I was, and as for the brandy-and-water, it had been offensively weak.

"I suppose you are right, old fellow," interrupted Jack, with a skeptical expression of countenance. "As the umbrella is a little damp, it was kind of you to save my carpet by using your hat as a basin."

Simpering out some inanity about a friend's interests being as dear to me as my own, I got out of the house as well as I could. That I had not succeeded in obliterating from Jack's mind the remembrance of the change of corners was afterward made evident enough. Though he never saw the umbrella again, he never met me without some question as to its whereabouts, or some reference to the odd occurrence of *that* evening.

I had been so much occupied hitherto in wearing a mask before other persons, that I really had not had time enough to feel all the supernatural horror which the possession of the umbrella should have inspired. Here was an article placed in my hand, by a mysterious female figure that had vanished like a ghost, and that figure exactly corresponded to the description of a ghost current in the immediate neighborhood! These circumstances began to impress themselves more forcibly on my mind when, on reaching home, I found myself alone in my bachelor sitting-room. The umbrella, which rested against my chair, appeared to me in the light of an unpleasant acquaintance whom one can not conveniently bow out, and whom one will not press to stop. What should I do with the umbrella? I did not wish to sit up with it all night, still less was I inclined to take it into my bedroom. I looked reflectively at the umbrella until I almost fancied it looked at me in return.

At last I bethought me of a little room on the floor over my bedchamber, which was occasionally used for the deposit of lumber. Thither would I at once take my umbrella, and then redescend to the sleeping apartment. How cautiously I crept! I felt morbidly afraid of waking the servants, who slept in the chamber adjoining the lumber room. I opened the door with a minimum of noise that only a burglar ought to attain. I could almost fancy I was breaking into my own house.

Lumber, insignificant by day, is ghastly at night, when illuminated by a single candle, and seen by a single spectator. The common household articles, cast aside as unavailable for immediate use, and huddled together in a fashion totally at variance, and the shadows they cast are portentous. A cobweb floating about in their vicinity is an uncomfortable phenomenon, and the lonely spectator shrinks instinctively from anything like contact with that almost intangible substance, which seems to be compounded of feathers, gossamer, and nothing, and goes by the name of "fluff."

I delicately placed the umbrella against a hamper, richly embroidered with cobwebs, and crept down to my bedroom: not without overhearing the whispering voices of the servants, who had no doubt remarked the unwonted sound of footsteps.

My dreams were disagreeable enough. The umbrella seemed to stand before me a huge many-armed bat, the gingham forming the texture of the wings, and a little claw being visible at each of the corners. Then the bat would assume the shape of a human skeleton, still many armed, like some hideous Indian deity: with this difference, that the arms were not in a vertical circle, but were ranged around the neck, like the spokes of a horizontal wheel. And by a strange movement the nob had quitted its place, and stationed itself on the point, where it became a skull, and chattered its jaws, as if in unseemly mirth.

I was far from gratified next morning, when the servant, besides coffee and toast, brought in the umbrella, with the words, "I think you left this in the lumber-room?" I dryly answered "Yes," but I felt that my answer gave no satisfaction. Through the girl talked of "*leaving* the umbrella," she must have known very well that I put it in the lumber-room on purpose.

"You found the umbrella leaning against the hamper?" I asked.

"No, it was against the large trunk on the opposite side," replied the girl.

"Of course," I said. And never did that very common expression seem less fitted to the context of a dialogue.

An umbrella which has been lent by a ghost, which *will* be dreamed about under the most unpleasant aspect, and which, without the aid of human hands, *will* shift from one corner of a room to another, is not a desirable possession. Many were my efforts to get rid of my gingham treasure, but they were all in vain. I left it at the house of friend after friend, and frequently took away with me a silk umbrella in its stead, but it was invariably sent back. I have gone into some of the lowest streets in London, have made some trifling purchase of a marine store-seller, who was obviously a receiver of stolen goods—I have placed the umbrella against his counter, and have hurried away at my quickest pace; but the light of honesty has flashed at once into the abode of roguery and crime. A ragged boy or girl has run frantically after me, with my umbrella. I have gone to umbrella-makers, and have offered to sell or exchange the remarkable specimen of their art which I carried in my hand. But never was the master of the shop at home when I called, and never had he left any person authorized to effect an exchange or a purchase. I could always find some one in charge, with full authority to sell any number of umbrellas; but I could never find any body intrusted with power to buy one, or take one in exchange.

It struck me at last that I would take it to the nearest pawnbroker, and offer it as a pledge for a sum too small to be refused. I had never until then visited an establishment of the sort, and I felt nervous as I approached the door—more nervous when a friend, who seemed almost to rise out of the pavement suddenly shook me by the hand, and asked me where I was going. When I had quitted him he stopped and looked after me, so that I was not able to dash boldly into the shop, but lingered at neighboring windows, contemplating objects wholly devoid of interest. How long I looked at some pigs' pettitoes in one shop and at some blacking bottles in another I can not conjecture. At last, assuming that I was wholly unobserved, I entered the temple of interested benevolence.

"Well, Sir," said the young man at the counter, with an air more patronizing than is assumed by the generality of tradesman toward their customers; "what can we do for *you*?"

"I merely come to—" thus I began, when I perceived that my umbrella was not under my arm. I rushed out of the shop leaving my sentence unfinished, and and met my friend returning from his expedition. Though he merely made some common place remark, I could see by his manner that he had distinctly perceived my egress, and, chancing to look backward the shop, I could see the young man's face protruding from the door way, watching me with evident suspicion. My situation was miserable. Before me stood an old friend of the family, a warm, opulent, dreadfully respectable man, eying me with diminished respect; behind me was an utter stranger, conjecturing that I was a thief.

When I got home my umbrella was in the stand in the passage. Perhaps I had left it there. I can not positively say whether I did or not, but something told me that it would be useless to make any other attempt to deposit it as a pledge.

As the end of another February approached a happy thought occurred to me. Why should I not, on the anniversary of the day that had enriched me with the umbrella, take a turn in Swampy Field and restore it to the rightful owner? Through the umbrella had been placed in my hand on the 29th of February, a day which occurs only once in four years, I could regard the 1st of March as a very fair anniversary. There is this in common between the 29th of February in leap-year and the 1st of March in other years—that they both follow the 28th of February. And there was no reason to suppose that a spirit, habituated to regard the essence of things, would regard a chronological arrangement merely made to adapt the calendar to mortal purposes.

I left London by railway, and on the evening of the 1st of March I was in Swampy Field with my umbrella up. There was not a cloud in the sky, and so bright was the moon that the country could be seen as by daylight. Nevertheless, I walked up and down the field with my umbrella at full spread. No object appeared save a group of boys, who took advantage of the bright moonlight to extend their hours of play, and who noticed me as a ridiculous figure. An umbrella held up at noon under a broiling sun answers the purpose of a parasol, and brings no contempt on him who holds it; but a man who walks up and down a field by moonlight beneath a perfectly cloudless sky, with an outspread umbrella in his hand, is guilty of an absurdity that no one is bound to tolerate. The derision of the boys I endured with the fortitude of one who knows that he is in the wrong, and who justly merits whatever befalls him. When their verbal sallies were followed by missiles of mud and stone I retreated, without the slightest feeling of anger against my small persecutors. Had I been in their place I should have thrown missiles also.

Months and months passed away. Every night I had dreamed of the skeleton and the bat, and the dreams had lost their terror. I believe that if I had lain from night till morning without a visit from the familiar spectre I should have felt my rest incomplete. As for the umbrella, I had so often put it in one corner and found it in another that I looked at its locomotion as a matter of course; and if I had chanced to find it in the place where I had left it my sensations would have been like those of a man whose watch has unaccountably stopped.

One evening as my eye glanced at the advertisement columns of the newspaper it stopped at the following mysterious announcement. I beg to state, before quoting it, that on the previous day the umbrella had come back to me in a very remarkable manner. I had left it at a shop to have it newly covered with silk in the place of gingham. It had come home (as it appeared to me of its own accord), and had brought a man with it who waited in the passage to be paid the price of this alteration, and who declined to quit the premises without receiving such price. On being offered the umbrella instead, he replied, "Blow the umbrella! I've umbrellas enough *that I can't get rid of*, I wants my money." (From the words I have italicized might might it not almost seem as if this uncultivated person had also encountered the spectre? I merely throw out the suggestion, without insisting on it.)

"On the 20th of February, C. C. will call on Y. Z. Y., and claim the deposit."

This was the advertisement on which my eye fell.

Now, it is not every one that can own a property in the initials Y. Z. Y. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that I, Yorick Zachary Yorke, am their sole legitimate owner.

How great is the power of habit! Three years before, my mind had been so occupied with the extra day of the bissextile, that I had even tried to make a 29th of February of my own, by giving a new figure to the first of March. Now, on the contrary, I was slow in recalling to mind the connection between the umbrella and the date of its acquisition; and I believe a quarter of an hour elapsed before I recognized in C. C. the initials of the ill-starred Miss Catherine Cracken bridge.

The whole horror of four years ago was forced back upon me. My agony reached its crisis, when, looking at the date of the paper, I shrieked aloud—"the 29th of February is to-day!" Frantically I rushed into the passage, took the umbrella from its stand, and placed it on the table before me. My eyes were fixed upon it so firmly that every other object faded, and my arms were not only folded but firmly pressed together, that I might be fully aware of the strength of my own resolution.

How long I sat in this state I knew not, but after a while I began to feel that I was not alone, though I could not perceive a companion. And there was a strange inconsistency in the appearance of the room. The looking glass was over the chimney-piece, and the various articles of furniture were in their places, but the carpet seemed made of wet grass, and the walls were transparent, affording a view of a flat country, in the last light of evening. I could hear the sound of rain, and could feel the drops. In defiance of all the laws of possibility I was in two places at once—in my room in London, and on Swampy field. A heavy weight rested on my arm, a cold breath was on my cheek, and close beside me was a pale face that moved its lips, as if speaking with the greatest earnestness; but it gave no sound.

When the face had melted away, and the weight was removed from my arm, and the walls had ceased to be transparent, the umbrella was gone.

I am not aware whether any so called philosophical explanation of these astonishing experiences may be attempted. I believe I have related them (on the whole) with great accuracy. If I have at all enlarged on any trifling detail, or if any deduction should be claimed by the determined skeptic, on the score of harmless stout, or of brandy-and-water which I have myself described as (I quote the exact words) "offensively weak," or on the score of a rather confused memory or a slight habit of absence of mind, or an indigestive disposition (inherited on the father's side) to doze after dinner, there will still remain this extraordinary circumstance to be accounted for by ordinary laws—that I never could get rid of the umbrella (gingham) during the whole interval between bissextile and bissextile, and that I unaccountably and inexplicably lost the umbrella (silk) on the 29th of February, the very day it came home from being newly covered, and brought with it the extraordinary man I have described.

HIS BLACK BAG.

I.

CREEL was a ducal house—a palace almost—in the north of Scotland, and I don't believe that any were in the north or the south, the east or the west, a pleasanter place could be found to stay at, or a pleasanter host and hostess than the Duke and Duchess of Greta. I had known the Duchess long before her marriage, and as to her husband, we got on well from the very first day of my stay at Creel, when I had the good fortune to land a salmon in a style the duke highly approved of; and achievement which I followed up by tying a fly with which he himself killed first and last five large salmon, and a dozen grilse, before it came to pieces. Every year I went to stay at Creel, making one of a great society; the castle being big enough to hold a small world within its walls.

The first day of my arrival at Creel on the occasion which I am writing, I found myself seated between old Lady Saltcrush, who is very deaf, and an uncommonly stupid master of fox-hounds, whose voice nobody would ever care to hear unless when it was raised in a melodious tally-ho or uttering words of encouragement to a despondent hound. Exactly opposite to where I sat was the beautiful Miss Crawcour. Of this young lady I had heard a great deal, though I had never before found myself in her company.—She was placed next to the man of all others for whom I have, I think, the least liking. This was Lord Sneyd, the best match, pecuniarily, and the worst, I should imagine, in every other way, that England had to show. At a glance I saw what was going on. Miss Crawcour

(See Fourth Page.)