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Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. Manand 7 o'clock P. M.
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Mothodist E. Church (first Geoud charge.) Rev. S. I. Bowman, Pastor. 1 ervices in Emory M. E. Church at 10 clock A. M., and 3½ v. M.
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-Poetical.

VOL. 65.

corge Arnold opens the September Harper with a m

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

sical little poem-picture of SEPTEMBER. Sweet is the voice that calls From babbling waterfalls vs where the downy seeds are flying; And soft the breezes blow

And eddying come and go faded gardens where the rose is dy Among the stubbled corn The blithe quail pipes at morn, rry partridge drums in hidden places. And glittering insects gleam Above the reedy stream here busy spiders spin their filmy lace

At eve, cool shadows fall Across the garden wall, on the clustered grapes to purple turning And pearly vapors lie Along the castern sky ere the broad harvest-moon

Ah, soon on field and hill patriarch swallows call their flocks together To fly from frost and snow, And seek for lands where blow

blossoms of a balmier v The pollen-dusted bees Search for the honey-lees that finger in the last flowers of September While plaintive mourning doves

Coo sadly to their loves The cricket chirus all day. "O, fairest summer, stay nirrel eyes askance the che The wild-fowl fly-afar

Above the foamy bar, hasten southward ere the skies are frowning. Now comes a fragrant breeze Through the dark cedar trees ound about my temples fondly linger In gentle playfulness

ed in happier days by loving fingers Yet, though a sense of grief Comes with the falling leaf, nemory makes the summer doubly-ple In all my autumn dreams A future summer gleams, ng the fairest glories of the presen

Allizrelluneons.

From Fraser's Magazine HECTOR GARRET OF OTTER BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEG OF ELIBANK.

· (Continued.) CHAPTER IV.

THE PAGES OF THE PAST. ONE winter night Leslie, in her deep chair, observed Hector Garret turning over the leaves of an old pocket-book catching her veye, he offered it to her with a "See, Leslie, how my father chronicled the fushions"-he never did suppose her susceptible of very grave inter-

ests. er, and a pair of clouded silk hose for and drawn; his bold, searching eyes sun- Master Hector has gained wisdom and Hector to keep his pocket during his stay at Ardhope." "A crown to Hector as fee for fishing out the black stot that broke its neck over the rocks." "A letter from Utrecht from my son Hector: a fair hand and a sensible diction." "Forty pounds over and above paid to please Hector on the bond over the flax-fields of Ferndean." "A small stipend secured to my thriftless kinsman, Willie Hamilton, by the advice and with the aid-of-my-son-Hector." "To Earlscraig with llector:" this notice was repeated many times, until the record closed abrubtly with the tremulous thanksgiving -"My dear son and heir, Hector, recov-

erea of his malady, by the blessing of God." Very plainly lay the life-clew of that silent heart, traced in the faded ink of those yellowing pages. How old men cherished their offspring! What did Hecwitnesses of a regard that he could know no more on earth? She knew he prized the book, for she had seen it carefully deposited in one of the private drawers in his study. She orened it at the beginning, and slipping her fingers into its gilded pockets, discovered a folded paper. It contained merely a sprig of heather, and written on the inclosure-" From my dear wife, Isabel; her first gift." Two dates were subjoined, with thirty years' interval—that of the receipt of the to-

ken, that of the inscription of the memorandum. With flushing cheeks Leslie sat, and light marriage de convenance among the or shall I go?" spread out the crushed, brittle spikes, so pleasant southerns-not that they are so fondly won, so dearly held. She was pleasant as they were formerly." sure Hector had not one leaf, riband, or when he was gaver than his wont, and his teeth set. plagued her with his jesting petting, she took up the scissors and cut off a lock of his hair He did not notice the theft till it was accomplished, and then he fair living apology for fades souvenirs." stood half-thoughtful, half contemptuous. He had not a hair of hers, the whole head was his: but his father thought other-

This earlier Hector Garret-she had neard Bridget enlarge upon his merits 'A fine man, like the master, but frank and light of heart until he lost the lady ay, a real lady! grand and gladsome -the old lady of Otter." Leslie longed for a vision of those old occupants of her experience of how they looked, spoke, and lived: to see them in spirit, in their morning good wishes, their noonday cares. their evening cheer, their nightly pray-

yet forever apart?

These shades lingered and shade with save one in the picture gallery-honest son Hector's was a fine physiognomy, but the light had left lip and eye, and Leslie missed it as she gazed wistfully at him; I cannot understand," gasped Lesthese shadows, and compared them with lie. their living representative. Stiff and staring these two portraits, but abundantly characteristic-the bluff gentleman in the green hunting coat, in which he had many a height and hollow, for he had and holding them fast. been a mighty hunter in his day, as well as a loyal lover and generous masterthe handsome, portly lady, likewise in a of the hounds as in every other-whether superficially or heartily, Leslie was sadly puzzled to determine, for indeed the bear? Beware!" menaced the nurse; Otter chronicles classed the two as one, and linked them inseparably until death dissolved the union, and the laird remained a widowed man for the remnant of his days. The laird and the lady planned the garden; the laird and the lady brought in the cultivated acres of moorland; the laird and the lady were even allied in her yards of carpet work, for had he not reared

a novelty to Leslie which she was not prepared to admit. A stranger came to Otter: that was an nearest neighbor, only an occasional resi- sire, his snare, his pitfall." dent among them, lounged over with his drawing room at Otter, to be introduced been his - that is all." for the first time to its mistress. Leslic's

conceal. Leslie, notwithstanding her slight knowledge of life, approhended this, and shrank from the man; but he addressed Hector Garret, with the ease of an intimate associate-and Hector Garret, with his pride and scrupulousness, suffered the near approach, and only-winced when the stranger accosted Leslie, complinented

house. The day wore on, and still the visitor remained, entertaining himself and dispractices and motives strange at Otter. "So you've married, after all, Hector," he said, suddenly, as they sat together in tor Garret think of those mute but potent the twilight: "well, I excuse you," with

a laugh and a touch on the shoulder. The words were simple enough, but they tingled in Leslie's cars like iusolence, and Hector Garret, so hard to rouse, bit his lips while he answered in difficulty-" And when does your time come,

with you?" "Faith, they're so low, that there's mony here, at least so poor Alice used to say; - no galling bonds on this side the Channel—the peaceful conventgrille, or a

Hector Garret got up and walked to

Leslie rose to steal from the room. "Nay, stay, madam," urged the bland, brazen intruder: "don't rob us so soon of But "Go, Leslie, we will not detain you," Hector Garret exclaimed, impadignation, and vexed suspicion. Myste- in impotence of relief. ries had not ceased; and what was this mystery to which Hector Garret deigned

with a sorry fine gentleman? rage and malice.

"Is be there, madam, still?" she de-

insurmountable barrier, forever together, crouch among the bent grass and fern as a conqueror his captive, had been the sooner than pass the other on the high very essence of the man until it spent road. Borrowing and begging, to lavish, itself on Alice Boswell's wild grave. He Leslie in her lonely vigils; ere she dis on his evil courses : he who could not pay had come to her with a lie in his right tinguished whether their language was us-tot in red gold, but with his heart's hand, for he was bound and fettered in that of warning or reproach. She stud- blood-the woe he wrought. They had heart, or else but the blue, stiff corpse of ied their material likenesses-the last guileful, stony hearts, the Boswells, be- a man dead within; he had betrayed her fore they ever took to foreign lightness woman's right, her best, dearest, truest faces, bright with wholesome vigor; their and wickedness; and evil to him who right, her call to love and to be loved. trafficked with them in life or death." "Who is he, Bridget?" I do not know wooed Alice Boswell; to another she

"Don't ask me, madam-you, least of

all."

the girl, frighened, yet exasperated, leaped many a thickset bedge, and scoured | catching the old woman's withered hands. "Don't ask me, madam," reiterated

Bridget, steruly. "Better not." "I will know; what do you mean? Oh, gold laced cap, for she also had been a you hurt me, you hurt me! I will ask | deadly lust and sin. rider, and followed her lord in his pursuit Hector Garret himself. I cannot bear this suspense." "Child, do you choose what you can

> her-" Have it, then. He is the brother of that Alice Boswell who perished in the burning of Earlscraig nigh twenty years

"Poor lady, Bridget," Leslie said, with happy lady; but what has that to do room. Maybe, he is missing his cup of the sheep and dyed the wool which her with him, with me? I understand no tea, or, if you please, madam, his lady's fingers worked indefatigably? Here was better. Help me, Bridget Kennedy-a company that he is used to at this hour. woman, like myself. I will not let you

" Madam, what good will it serve? It unfrequent event, even when the spring is small matter now:" then half reluct | turret of Earlscraig, defined clearly on her mother will let her. There are mothers was advancing, and the boats which had antly, half with that possession with the limited horizon, his memory hovering that would hinder their bairns in the death peen drawn up for the winter were again which truth fills its keeper, slowly and over the fate of fair Alice Boswell? aunched in the cove, and the brown nets | sadly she unfolded the closed story hung anew to dry on the budding whins 'What had Master Hector to do with and gowans—the April gowans convert- Alice Boswell? He had to do with her ing the haugh into a "lily lea." Their as a man has to do with his heart's de-

whip, dog call, and dogs, and entered the have wedded her. I might never have

"Love, marriage," scornfully; stincts were hospitable, and they were know not that he spoke the words, but fulness - eternity! How could she have no means strained; but she did not he lay at her feet. Proud as Master ke this guest; she felt an involuntary | Hector was, she might have trodden on pugnance to him, although he was very his neck; cool as Master Hector seems courteous to her-with an elaborate, os to others, he was fire to her. I have seen tentatious homage that astonished and him come in from watching her shadow, an old playfellow, and fortune and he confused her. He was a man of Hector long hours below her window, in the have been playing a losing game ever Garrett's age, but even in his rough coat | wind and rain, and salt spray. I have | since," he said, in unsuspecting expla-Leslie pored over the diary, and found with marked remains of youthful foppish- known him when he valued her glove in more suggestive paragraphs than the en- ness and pretension. He was a tall man, his bosom more than a king's crowntry indicated: "Abel Furness has sent with beard and moustache slightly silver- blest, blest if he had but one word or a me a waistcoat an inch and a half short- ed, his aquiline features were sharpened glance. But long gone by, Madam the black ditto, ordered." There were ken. He was a gentlemen, even an ac gravity, and is the head of the house; -"Three pounds English to my boy complished and refined gentleman, in and for fair Miss Alice, she has gone to manner and accent-and yet there was her place. Yes, she was a beauty, Miss into his reveries, was with the past, the about him a nameless coarseness, the bru | Alice; she could play on stringed instrutishness of self indulgence and low aims | ments like the heavenly harpers, and | early manhood, while she was a little and ends, which no polish could efface or speak many tongues, and work till the school girl, tripping demurely and safely learnt to wile men's souls from their bodies, if nothing more, in the outlandish

> parts where she was bred." "So fair, so gifted-did she care for him in return, Bridget? Did she love eyes. him as he loved her?" asked a faint

"What need you mind madam?" Leslie, put himself coolly on the footing sharply. "It is ill speaking harsh words of future friendship with the lady of the of the dead. Did I not say that she had gone to her place? God defend you from such a passage. Let her rest. Sure she cared for him, as she cared for aught else coursing widely, but for the most part on save herself. She scattered smiles and favors on scores. He knew at last what treasures, Leslie?" she took and what she gave, if he did not guess it always."

"Why did he not save her, Bridget? die with her?"

"Madam," bitterly; "he did what man could do. They say he was more like a his love, how could even Master Hector fight against his Maker? He was fain sides. French life spoils one for matri- will ever move Master Hector more."

There was silence in the room for a you want anything more with me, madam,

had stabbed that young thing sitting pale ring which she had given to him. Once one of the window recesses, his brow knit, and cold before her; and no sooner was the deed done, than her strong deep nanever done to Hector Garret's girl wife, away without a sign, of hiding her pain unin the first rosy flush of her thoughtless

gladness. "Nothing more." The words were low and heavy; and when Bridget left tiently; and Leslie hurried to her own her, Leslie raised her hands and linked chamber in a tumult of surprise and in- them together, and stretched them out

What was this news that had come to her as from a far country? -this blinding to lend himself in disparaging company light, this burst of knowledge that had to do with the very springs of a man's Bridget Kennedy was there before her, nature, this fountain so full to some, so making a pretence of fumbling in the empty to others? She had been deceivworking, her eyes blazing with repressed Boswell's-in life and death, Alice Boswell's.

This love, which she had known so manded impetuously. "Is he torturing slightly, measured so carelessly-oh,

ret stooped over her, and endeavored to raise stumbled farther in search of you, this squally night, than she has ventured on the sunniest morning for many a year." Another might have wooed her as he had might have been the first, the only one! She knew now why she was no helpmeet no friend for him; why his hand did not raise her to his eminence, his soul's breath "Tell me, Bridget, tell me," implored | did not blow upon hers, and create vigor, goodness, and grace to match his own around her. Deep had not cried unto deep; heart "Lean on me, madam, and I will lean or had not spoken to heart: the dry bones ou, for I am frail, and the road is rough, the vacant form, the empty craving, were and the wind blowing fresh, besides the darkness. I knew that would quiet her,' her portion; and out of such unnatural

Why had none stepped in between her and this cruel mockery and temptation? "Mother, mother, how could you be false to your trust? Were you, too, cheated then, as Leslie would have broken from and bereft of your due? left a cold. shrinking woman, withering, not suddealy, but for a whole lifetime?"

hollowness have arisen, once and again,

Leslie sat long weighing her burden, until a tap at the door and Bridget Kennedy's voice disturbed her. "Earlscraig is gone, madam; Master Hector is sitbewildered, excited sob. "Poor un ting alone with his thoughts in your Leslie rose mechanically, walked out, and entered her drawing room What

Was it horrible to be jealous of a dead voman? to wish herself in that ever

present grave, sacred to him as the holiest, though no priest blessed it, no house of God threw over it the shadow of the get. You brought me up; I trust you to "He loved her, Bridget; he would finger pointed to heaven-the cross that bore a world's Saviour? But that swift and glowing passage from life and light "I and love, such as his to darkness, forgetfaced it?. Bridget, her old enemy, had prayed she might be delivered from it, whatever her trials.

"Nigel Boswell is gone at last; he was in her favorite window.

She did not answer him; she was stunned, and sat gazing abstractedly on the ter sea. She thought he had relapsed nice on these points." spring tide of his life, the passion of his flowers grew beneath her fingers. She along the crowded Glasgow streets. If -wondering where his young wife had acquired that serious brow, those fixed

"What are you thinking of, Leslie?" "Nothing; I cannot tell," hastily and resolutely.

"That sounds suspicious." He put his hand on her head, as he had a habit of doing, but she recoiled from him. "What a sly little brain that dreads that a finger of mine on its soft covering must discover its secrets! Are they

Oh, blind, absent, reckless man, what treasure-keeper kept such ward! Lightly won, was lightly held.

Leslie struggled with her oppression for everal dull, feverish days; then, driven by her own goading thoughts, her sense of inspirit than a mortal; but if he was to lose jury, her thirst for justice and revenge, she left the house and wandered out on the beach to breathe free air, to forget herself in exertion, fatigue, stunor. It was evening, dark Nigel? Are the shadows not declining to follow her; he dallied with death for with vapor—gloomy, with a rising gale, the weeks and months. Those were fell days sea beginning to mutter and growl. Leslie at Otte:, but the Lord restored him, and sat shivering by the water's edge, fascinated not light left for the experiment; be- now he is himself again, and no woman by the sympathy of nature with her bitter hopelessness. A voice on the banks and meadows, even in the chill night air, whispered of spring advancing rapidly, with buds space. At last Bridget broke it: "Do and flowers, with sap, fragrance and warmth, and the tender grace of its flood of green; but here, by the waves, a passing thunder-

Haughty as Bridget Kennedy was, she cloud, a stealthy mist, a whistling breeze, spoke hesitatingly, almost pitifully. She darkened the scene, and restored barren dismal water in a single hour. The night drooped down without moon or star, and still Leslie sat listless, drowsy with sorrow, until as she rose she sank back sick and giddy; and ture yearned over her victim as it had then the idea of premature death, of passing der the silent earth that has covered so many sins and sorrows, first laid hold of her.

The notion was not fairly welcome; she was young; her heart had been recently wrung; she had been listless and disappointed-but she had loved her few isolated engagements, her country life, her household not appal her as it might have done; it was mine. Never, never!" something to be scanned, waited for, submitted to, as a true sovereign.

The cold wind pierced her through and place and her husband's; to have a vivid wardrobe, her head shaking, her lips ed, robbed; Hector Garret was Alice through; the rain fell; she could not drag the transparent, light-hearted, humble girl, "they are not dead any way." Byron indefinite extent. What is necessary for herself from the shelving rock though the whom a safe, prosperous country home, an tide was rising. She felt frozen, her limbs honorable position, a kindly regard, left like lead, her mind wandering, or lasping into unconsciousness. She did not hear a call, an approaching

were they severed by a dim, shapeless, tones and gestures? He !- that ought to in his very vitals, had constrained him sudden power and passion when Hector Gar- stanoy, purity, and power of devotion. Had look suspicious, we confess.

"Here, Bridget, she is found ! Leslie, why have you remained out so late? You have been sleeping; you have made yourselt ill. How can you be so rash, so imprudent? It lence. She erred in ignorance and inexis childish-wrong. You have caused me anxiety-distress! Poor old Bridget has

He was excited, aggrieved; he upbraided her. He had sympathy for old Bridget's infirmities; he knew nothing of his wife's mis

Leslie resisted him as she had done since that day, slipped from his clasp, strove to steady herself, and to walk alone in her weakness. Bridget put her feeble arm

she muttered. "Poor old Bridget!" said Master Hector, "poor colleen! misled, misguided. Cruel makes cruel. St. Patrick ould not save himself from the necessity." Hector Garret was content since he saw Leslie safe; he accused her of captiousness and nervousness; but it was the waywardness and perversity of illness. He had tried her simple nature with too much aleniation from her kind: she had grown morbid on he baneful diet, tutored though she had been to self-dependence. He had been to blame but her merry temper would come back with the rose to her cheek, and the spring to

dearer, more sufficient. CHAPTER V.

her foot, with other ties, other occupations

THE MOTHER AND CHILD. "How is the poor child, Bridget Kenne dy? Does she fare as she should do?" . The child is as fine a child. Master Hec tor, as if she had been a boy, and a Garret did he there, his eyes fixed on the broken on both sides of the house, and will thrive if rattle, and there are others that so watch

> and stops its growth." "I am not learned in these matters. Brid

> their little ones that the angels of God are

displaced from their cradles; and the weary

human care haunts and harasses the infant,

rear my children." "None shall rear them but their mother Muster Hector; none shall come between her and them. I have ruled long at Otter, but dare not dispute with her there." "Settle it as you like. I did not me

nem-I was not thinking of them at all. I asked for their mother. You have expeience-is she well-happy as she should be?"

ly; "I wish you would find some other name or your wife. You should know hest, b is it suitable to term the nursling and the nation, as he joined her where she sat parent by the same title? I am a foolish old futher did not confound them."

"Ah! I daresay not. We will find a Christian name for the new-comer, and and wall flowers rendering golden the mossy the Comedy of Errors, since you dislike it, court wall, or far away on the misty Ot- and Leslie, too, doubtless; for women are

"Leslie, what shall we call the baby?" in quired Hector Garret the next time he stood by his wife's side, wishing to divert her by a plea ant difficulty, and to vary the expression of those large eyes-larger now than everwhich, he knew not why, fascinated him by she had looked up at him she would have the intensity of their gaze. "I cause Bridget seen that he was observing her curious'y to blunder oddly between you two; so set her at rest by fixing, as soon as you can, the

"I have fixed," answered Leslie, quietly "I commend your foresight; a man, now, would have left the alternative open to the

" Mrs. Garret's first daughter must be named for Mrs. Garret's mother," declared Bridget, authoritatively.

"No," denied Leslie, hastily: "I have named her for myself-if you do not object." she added with a flush, half shame, half pride "I? Oh, no; do as you will. It will not solve Bridget's puzzle; but I am content .-Leslie is a bonnie title." Leslie compressed her lip.

" My mother's name is bonnier," she said, abruptly; "my mother's name is Alice." He started, and gazed at her keenly, while she continued, falteringly, but with a stub-

born will in her speech :---"I wish my baby to be mine in every thing, particularly as she is a girl. I am not wise nor clever, nor strong now. I fear I am often peevish; but you will excuse me because I am a weak, ignorant woman. Such defects are not fatal in a mother: hundreds have overcome them for their children. I trust that I will be, if not what a better woman might have been, at least more to niv child than any can be. Her mother !-so holy a tie must confer some peculiar fitness. Yes; my baby is mine, and must lie on my knees, and learn to laugh in my poor face And so I wish her to have my name also, that there may be a complete union between

He knew now what intelligence had reached her; but while the old wound burnt afresh, the shyness of the still but sensitive nature, the pride of the grave strong man were offended and injured. He was only conscious of the petulent, unreasonable, unkind surface; he did not sound the deep resentment and jealousy beneath; he did not dream of the anguish of the secret cry whose outward expression struck npon his vexed ears; he did not hear the inner protest, "I will not have my baby bear his love's name recal her to him, be a memorial of her; he addressed with fondness as much for the sake dignity, the protection of her husband. She of old times as for her own the innocent !could not divest herself of these feelings at be brought up to resemble Alice, trained to once. She feared the great unknown into follow in her footsteps, until, if I died, my which she should enter; but still death did | child would be more Alice Boswell's than

Hector Garret little knew Leslie Bower slowly he arrived at the discovery. First troubled saspicion, then a dire certainly. Not more than satisfied-happy; but the visionary, enthusiastic woman, confinding, but

he but known her the first; but a man's fate ies in one woman; had he but left her in her girlish sweetness and gaiety; had h never approched her with his cold overtures. his barren, artificial expedience and benevo perience; but he against the bitter fruit o knowledge, in wilful tampering with truthreluctantly, misgivingly—selfishly cozening his conscience, hardening himself in unbo lief, applying salve to the old vital stab to his independence, with an egotistical and

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presumptuous conceit of protecting and befriending the young full life which withou him would have found for itself an outlet, and flown on rapid, free and rejoicing, had he only refrained from diverting its current into a dull, dark, long-drained channel. where it was damned up or oozed out sluggishly, gloomily, despairingly-without natural spring-time, sunshine, abundance, glad-

ness, until lost in the great sea. He had viewed but the soft, silken bud, whose deep cup was drunk with dew,-its subtle, spicy fragrance prevading, lingering, fled; its rich royal hues were yet to come. In his blind coarse blundering he had mistaken the bud for the flower, the portal for the church; he had entered with heedless, profane foot, and blighted the blossom and rifled the alter. For the leaves had been inclosed, the gates unbarred under his negect; and Leslie, with a noble woman's frank-

ness, generosity, and meekness-that-true neekness which oftenest cleaves and melts the ringing metal of a high spirit-Leslie had begun to love him, to fix her heart upon him, to grow to him-stolid, sardonic statue that he was!-until that shock exposed his flaws and wrenched her from her hold. Better to be thus rudely dissevered, perhaps, than to was e her womanliness, puny and

pale from its vague, bald nourishment, on a raud and a farce. A PITIFUL CASE - Very many year ngo a man was apprehended in Ham hire, England, charged with a capital offencesheep stealing, I believe. After being of them!" examined before a justice of the peace, he was committed to the county jail at Winchester for trial at the ensuing assizes. The evidence against the man was History like it. too strong to admit of any doubt of his guilt; he was consequently sentenced, and sentenced to death-rigidly enforced for

this crime at the period alluded to-pronounced. Months and years passed away, but no warrant for his execution arrived. In the interval a marked improvement in the man's conduct and bearing became apparent. His natural abilities were good, his temper mild, and his general "I wish you would not provoke such mis- desire to please attracted the attention takes, Master Hector,," said Bridget, pettish- and engaged the confidence of the prison, who at length employed him as a domeshis integrity that he even employed him woman, but it seems strange to me. Your | in executing commissions, not only in the

city, but to places at a great distance from it. After a considerable lapse of time, however, the awful instrument, which had been inadvertently concealed among other papers, was discovered, and at once forwarded to the high sheriff, and by the proper authority to the unfortunate delinquent himself. My purpose is brief relation only, suffice it to say, the unhappy man is stated under these affecting circumstances to have suffered the las

penalty of the law.—Notes and Queries. BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.-People who have been bolstered up and evered all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis When misfor. tune-comes, they look around for something to lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsized turtles or unhorsed men in armor, and cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble selfmade men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resembles oaks, or sputtering rush lights the stars of heaven Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self reliance, and when he has proved to the world that he cant rust

himself, the world will trust him. We say, therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages er. describing the season at Lake George, which result from their energetic action, by boating them over obstacles which they ought surmount alone. ...

IMPURE WORDS :- Beware of impure words. Filthy conversation is a fruitful means of corruption. It is a channel by which the impurity of one heart may be hotel. During an afternoon stroll in a communicated to another. And we know wood adjoining the lake, four colored men who hath said, " Evil communications corrupt good manners." Words are an sketching the scenery. In answer to an index of the state of the heart. Hence inquiry one of them replied, that out of says Christ, "By thy words thou shalt be forty or fifty waiters employed in the hojustified; and by thy words thou shalt be tel, every one could read and with one condemned; for every idle word that men exception all could write. Can you find shall speak, they shall give an account the same number of white servants in thereof in the day of judgement." There any hotel in Saratoga or New York equalare those whose conversation is filthy and disgusting. Parents should guard their children from such. They should themselves avoid every indelicate expression, and check the first appearance of any this subject, Chancellor Kent holds the such thing in their children. Avoid fool- following language: "A father is not ish talking and jesting. Children, let bound by the contracts of his son even your words always be pure.

just decided that a nun is not dead in Were it otherwise, a father who had an law. Dobbs, who has kissed several says imprudent son, might be prejudiced to an was of the same persoasion.

claiming confidence for confidence; tender it is to see a girl invariable wips her a clear omission of duty as to necessaries, FFICE at his residence in Pitt ers. Was their union only apparent? and maddening Master Hector with his light, shallow heart!—had been rooting foot; but her sinking pulses leapt up with and true, but demanding like sincerity, con-mouth after he has kissed her." It does before a third person can interfere and

Iced Champagne.

A gentleman who has been in the ice trade at St. Thomas, relates funny ence dotes about the natives there and their luminous idea of Boston hard water:

He once sold a lump to a gentleman, who sent a colored servant for it, with directions to have it kept for the dinner table. The servant took it home, and inquired of the cook how it was prepared. After considerable discussion in the kitchen cabinet, it was decided to have it boiled. At dinner the gentleman called for it, and was in high glee, for he had drunk iced champagne in the State. and he felt a mighty hankering for a second trial of the same beverage.

Soon Sambo made his appearance, with eves rolling on the outside, grinning like a frightened monkey.

"Where is the ice, Sambo?" said the

gentleman. "Oh! glory, massa!" replied Sambo. I put him in de pot and boiled him for more an half an hour, and when I went

to look for him, he was not dar." non. In the village of K West Virginia, lives an old man, known as Uncle Paul, noted for his eccentricities and fondness for Natural History. Quite a crowd had collected at the Post office waiting anxiously for the war news .-Uncle Paul entertained the growd by telling the old cat story-how they fought till nothing was left of them but the tips of their tails, &c. A rough looking specimen of humanity from the country seemed to drink in every word the old man said about the cats; and then, to be even,

remarked. "Why, Uncle Paul, that's a pretty good cat story, but it is nothing to what I saw yesterday. I was coming down the mountain, and saw near a little brook a watersnake trying to swallow a toad."

"All right; nothing strange about that," eplied Uncle Paul. "Just read Natural History, and it will tell you that water-

snakes live on toads." "Yes, maybe it will," said the counrvman; "but you see the snake, when first saw it, had the toad's hind leg in his mouth, and the toad squirmed around until he got the snake's tail in his mouth; and in less than a minute they swallowed each other, and you couldn't see a sign

All enjoyed the yafn but Uncle Paul who left for home, saying it was a lie, and that there was nothing in Natural

MANNERS .- 1 make it a point of morality says a writer, " never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are if the man means well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of "a good society," as it is called to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of good sense and not on these artificial regulations. Mar temporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake or the hand. Give me the hearty, it may be rough,-grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires the homely but welcome salutation. "How are you my, old friend?"

A MARRIAGEABLE FEMALE.-Probably the richest woman in the United States is Miss Hester Robinson, a young and beautiful girl, lately of New Bedford, but now a resident of New York City. Her father died recently, leaving her one million outright, and the income during her life of about four million more. Her aunt. Miss S. A. Howland, of New Bedford, who deceased about the first of July, also left her a million, but at the same time bequeathed large sums to various other persons who were not her blood relations. among the rest, giving to her physician a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Miss Robinson is dissatisfied with this will, and has employed five of the most eminent counsel in Massachusettes to endeavor to have it set aside, though on what grounds the public is not yet informed. Probably, however, the motive is a passion for more money.

INTELLIGENT NEGROES .-- A corresnondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertis says that at one of the hotels the servants' department is filled with colored men, neatly uniformed with white jackets, and every one skilled in his business. One of the best vocal and instrumental serenades ever heard was got up by them one mellow moonlight night, in front of the were seen writing, three reading and one ly intelligent and educated? or better fitted to exercise the elective franchise?

RESPONSIBILITY OF FATHERS -On for articles suitable and necessary, unless an actual authority be proved, or the One of the high courts in Ireland has circumstances be sufficient to imply one. he child, is left to the discretion of the Fubbs says, "if there is any one thing parent; and where the infant is under that he hates to see worse than another, the control of his parent, there must be furnish them and charge the father."