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County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coronor—David Smith
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Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS BOROUGH OFFICERS

Chlef Burgess—John Campbell,
A-sistant Burgess—William Cameron,
Tewn Council—East Ward—J. W. Dollelen, Andrew B. Fedger, Geo. Wetzell, Chas. U. Hoffer, Barnet
Hoffman, West Ward—A. K. Rheem, John Hays, Gobt,
M. Biack, S. D. Hillman, Clerk, Jas. M. Mascohammer
Borough Treasurer, David Cornman.
High Constable, Emanuel Swartz, Ward Constables,
East Ward, Andrew Martin, West Ward, James Wid-

Assessor-William Noaker, Auditor-A. K. Sheater, Tax Collector-Andrew Kerr, Ward Collectors-East Tax Collector—Addrew Kerr, Ward Collectors—East Ward, Jac b Goodyca. West Ward, 14 R. Williams, Street Commissioner, Patrick Madden. Jac lees of the Pener—A. L. Spinsler, David Smith, them Debuff Michael Holcomb. Lamp Lightens—Alex, Meck, Levi Albert.

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Segon I Presbyterian Church, corner of South Han-aver and Penfert Streets - Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'cock t. John's Church. (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Control Square. Rev. F.J. Clere, Rector. Services at Un'clock V. M. and Goelock, P. M. English Luthersu Church, Bedford, between Mala and Louther streets. Rev. San'l Sprocker, Pastor. Services at Un'clock M. M. and My Clock P. M. Grennin Reformed Church Louther, webween Handerman Reformed Church Louther Lout obermin Reformed Church Louther, between Handever and Pitt Streets. Rev. Schuard Philips, Pastor Sections at 11 oblock A. M., and to oblock P. M. Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Thomas II. Sherlock, Pastor. Services at 11 oblock A. M., and 7 oblock P. M. Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor, revices in Emory M. E. Church at 1 oblock A. M., and 32 P. M. Bowman, Pastor, Pervices in Emory M. E. Church at 1 o'clock A. M., and 31 P. M.
Church of God Chapel South West cor. of West St. and Chapel Whey. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a, m. and 5 p. m.

- t. Petrick's Catholic Church. Pomfret near Easts B. Bey. Service over other Sol. Rev (Pastor, Services every other Sabbath, at 10 o'clock, Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Poinfiet and Rev C tritze, Pastor, Serv

the When changes in the above are necessary the ACKINSON COLLEGE.

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The Carisie Spena

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RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

GENTLE EVA. Have you heard the touching story Where the rose, in crimson glory Brightens all the summer time Story of a gentle maiden-Golden-haired and starry eyed-Young in years, by thought o'erladen,

Who in angel beauty died Gentle Eva, loving Eva, Sleeping by the ebbing wave Wail of woo shall nover grieve her, Shrouded in her mossy grave. Once she wept o'er wrong and sorrow

Birds of Eden, on the morrow Warbled dirges o'er her head; Velvet leaf and snowy blossom Crowned her young and radiant brow O'er her white and heaving bosom Little hands are folded now, Gentle Eva, loving Eva, Sleeping by the mouning tide Never more shall sorrow grieve her,

Who in angel beauty died,

Miscelluneons.

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

Hector Garret awoke from his delusion rom his scholarly reveries, his active enterrise. "He that provideth not for his own ouse is worse than an infidel." So he watched Leslie: he saw her rise up with her roughtful face, very individual it appeared now, and go up and down carrying her baby He was aware that she was appropriating it as her treasure; that she was saying to herself some such words-"Silver and gold have I none, but this is my pearl beyond price; she will be enough for me; she must be so will make her so. She and I will waste n aore silly tears on hard, changeable men.~ They are not like us, little daughter; they pass us by, or they love us once with ficree desire; and when satiated or balked, they turn to us again to please their eye, flatter their car, vary their leisure; to unatomize and torture like other favorites of an hour.

We will have none of them, save to do our duty. We will live for each other. Not that she deprived him of his rights as father; she was too magnanimous to be injust, and she would not have balked that suppet, to whose service she consecrated herelf, of one privilege which any pangs of hers could purchase. She had rather that

motive, than any notion that "Baby fingers, waxen touches, Pressed her image from his heart. She presented their child to him with a unted her from ordinary emotion; suc our d consulted him on the small question hat concerned its welfare with the same aborbing care. If he came near her when he bore the child in her arms, she offered it him immediately; she was righteous as well as valiant-yes, very valiant. He contemplated her stendfastness with wonder. After the blow which overcame her, when & done for the gall in her cup, she accepted it and cherished it, and set herself to be tool. Here was permanent estrangement grateful for it, and worthy of it immediate The fortitude which, after the involun-

tary, inevitable rebellion, would permit no more idle repining, the decent pride that hid its own disease and bore it bravely, even the sternness that set its teeth against reacon-he recognized them all; it was studying the reflection of his own lofty feature the fragile, quivering flesh of a girl. What is often proposed, rarely practised, Leslie did. She changed her ways, with what travail of siprit, what heart-sickness she alone could tell. It is no common, slight, or false influence that causes a revulsion in the whole bodily system; it is not skin-deep puncture that bleeds inwardly; it is not easy esson that the disciple lays to heart : but

Leslie surmounted and survived it. She had escaped her responsibilities, and slambered at ler post. She would do so no longer. She belonged now, after little Leslie, to her ouschold, and its members might yet be the better for her, and Hector Garrett should respect-not nity her. She vindicated her natronhood suddenly and straightforwardly, but with a sedateness and firmness that was conclusive of her future power; she hadmuch to acquire, but she would gain something every day and every hour, until Otter should own no abler mistress. Then for

her child, she would teach herself that she might instruct her dhughter, so that if she proved inquiring and meditative like her father, she need not soon weary of her simule mother, and turn altogether to a more enlightened and profound instructor. Surey there was some knowledge that a woman could best store up and dispense, some gift wherin the vigorous and well trained man earth was about to be garnered. Leslie did not bear the universal palm? Leslie stood in her complimentary gay galaribands. strove to cultivate her talents; for these in with her fingers meeting upon her weddingfields, but she had en inently the power of on the buxon women and stalwart, men observation, and her sharpened motives sup- the loving lads and lasses, the cordial hus plied the defects of her early education. Leslie beer me a naturalist—the most origi-

nal and untrammelled of naturalists, for she proceeded upon that foundation of anecdotal and experimental acquaintance with herb his evil, its blessing his curse. and tree, insect, bird, and beast, and even atmospheric phenomena, whose unalloyed hibited her bridal finery-and it is to be riches are peculiar to rustic and isolated

_Hector Garret observed this growing taste. and appreciated it. Leslie had ceased to apolo gize for her stunidity, and to be shy of his scrutiny. When he found her procuring and preserving this or that specimen, or noting down to a primitive fact, if he asked an explanation he had one directly.

"This pale flower, and that with the green flowers and the great leaves, are lady'ssmock and lady's-muntle; they say they are | years, the same moon hanging over the same named for the Virgin, but I think Adam must have named them in the Garden dissatisfied as ever with Leslie bidding the Bridget tells me that the Irish believe the little one look up and clap her hands, carfairies sleep in these bells. This is the plant rying her off to her gradle pillow, coming of whose root cats are so fond that they burrow about it and nibble it, and as it does not look in her turn at the moon, he was, hurt them, I have dug up a bit for our puss; little Leslie looks after her already. I have "Leslie," but she turned upon him pale cen writing down the day when the swallow twittered at the window, to compare with dressed him, "See, youder is a ship doub. She understood that he was exposing himtheir arrival next sammer. Peggy Barbour ling Eurlscraig point and steering into the saw a double nest with one hole last year; 'Otter sea."

t must have been an old pair and a young naintaining a joint roof-tree. Yes, of course

these are jay's feathers." Another resource which Leslie found within Hector Garret's perception, was that of music. She had been endowed with a flexible, melodious voice, and as soon as she had use for them, she gathered by magic a host of ditties, blythe or sad, stirring or soothing-from the romantic fervor of "Charie, he's my durling," to the pathos of Drummossio Moor," or the homely, biting humor of "Tibbie Fowler." to carol to the

order to cheer or full the child. Hector Garret would move to his studywindow, and open it softly, in the gloaming hour when the numble sunset was on the sea. and the bats abroad from the old chimneys, to listen to his wife in the room above singing to her child. He did not hear her music otherwise; if he had solicited it, she would have complied with a little surprise, but he did not seek the indulgence.

The alteration in Leslie which matured her unexpectedly from a girl to a woman, affected nowerfully both the arbiters of her destiny. Bridget Kennedy, from her tyrant | for counsel, and tidings of the husband and was fairly transformed into the warmest and most faithful adherent. There was something high and great in the wild old woman, that could thus at once confess her error, admit greatness in any form in another, and who were wi hin his reach; to think, plan, accumb to it reverently. Truly, Bridget Kennedy was like fire to the weak and fool- ing, but might yet be rescued. He had been ish, a scourge and a grisly phantom; to the brave and capable, a minister fearless, fond, and untiring to her last breath,

It was very strange to Hector Garret to be nsible of Bridget's lapse from his side, to bear the present madam, the subdued, diligent woman, canonized to the level of the grand, glad lady of Otter to whom Bridget had been so long fanatically loyal. He said to himself that the child had helped to effect the precious descendant, the doted-on third generation, but he was uncertain. He himself was so impressed with the patient woman he had formed from the lively girl, so tortured by the conviction that he had gagged and fettered her-that her limbs were cramped and benumbed, her armosphere oppressive, her life self-denying, that could bear it no longer.

God forgive me, Lesl.e, for the wrong have done you," he confessed one night with a haggard, remorseful face, when she stood, constrained and pensive, on his joy-

She looked up quickly, she laughed a dry ugh. "You are dreaming," she replied, How much larger Otter is than the Glasgow house; it was a mere cupboard in comparison. How much pleasanter the fields and hills and sands than the grim, neisy were weary. And little Leslie is a chousand imes acaror than my own people, or any ipunions that I ever possessed. Hush hush! I hear her cry; don't detain me, unless for any thing that I can do for you-because nothing keeps me from Leslie.

The coals of fire were heaped upon hi head; there could be no reparation. Why was Hector Garret not resigned It was a cruel mistake, but it might have ompensation was given her-a blessing to been worse, for hearts are deceitful, and what is false and baneful is apt to prove an edged comfortless formality, cold, compulsory es teem; but there was no treachery in the household, no malignant hate, no, base r

> But Hector Garret would not rest: he had far less or far more energy than his wife; he walked his lands a moody, harassed man. The turmoil and distraction of his youth seemed recalled; he lost his equanimity; his regular habits faded from him. Leslie could no longer cou: t on his prolonged abence his short, stated visits; he would be with her at any time within doors or without-to exchange a word or look, and go as ne came, to return as unaccountably and neonsistently. It vexed Leslie; she tried not o see it; it made her curious, anxious; and what had she to do with dector Garret's flushed cheek and shining eye? Some anninersary, some combination of present associations and past recollections—a tendency to fly from himself, besetting at times the most self-controlled-might have caused this change in his appearance. Ah! better twist and untwist the rings of little Leslie's fair hair, and dress and undress her as she had done her doll; better examine the shell cracked by the yellow-hammer, and count the spots on the broad brown leaf of the plane, than perplex herself with so uncongenial a difficulty. But the difficulty pursued her nevertheless, and baffled and bewitched

her as it had done wiser people. The master and mistress of Otter were spectators of the harvest home, the plentiful feast and merry dance in the spacious barn where their share of the fruit of the her position there was scarcely a choice of ring, looking composedly and with interest bands and wives. Hector Garret, however, scarcely turried to reply to their health and prosperity drunk in a flowing bumper, but broke from the scene as if its good was

In the parish church where Leslie had exfeared in her volatile youth squandered as many of her golden moments of devotion, as did the wife and daughter of good Dr. Primrose, of whom she had read as a warning, not as an example-when Leslie listened to the clergyman, and bent her head i penitence and worship, she was disturbed b Hector Garret's gesture of restlessness and

attitude of care. When the new-moon was rising in the sky, as lustrous and as pure these thousand sea, and he pacing up and down unquiet and back after a weary absence to stand and close to her, he was murmuring "Leslie," and cold as the moon above her, and adCHAPTER VI. THE STORM.

its trophics, as well as den and moor. Edward Bruce crossed it to give to Ireland as dauntless a king as he whom a woman crowned, and found a nameless grave; and there, in the classy calm of a summer night the vessel, and its passengers billed in fatal security and slumber profound as that of the accompaniment of the ancient spinnet, in | Lotos enters, "manhood's noble head" and "beauty's flowery crown," the pilgrim futher's door, sank like lead, fathoms beyond the aid of modern science with its my-

rinds of inventions and its hardy self-confi-

The few fishers of Otter were exposed t the swell rolling from New England and Labrador to Galloway and Argyle; many a lamp stood day and night in cottage windows, many an anxious woman forsook her brood, and under her sheltering plaid ran here and there, dizzy and desperate, to beg father whose boat was due, and who was still exposed to the pitiless fury of the tempest. Hector Garret was early summoned to marshal his men in order to succor those and act to the last for those who were a-miss. ipon the beach all day; he had been handling rope and line: he had been ready at any

noment to launch his own boat among the Leslie, too, had been abroad. She had been in several houses, especially in those whose young children were of the same age as Leslie. In all she met the same abandon ment; whether the heads of the families chanced to be young or old, worthy or unsole thought, the object of racking anxiety, lamented over beforehand with sore lamentation. If they were safe, all was well: it they were lost, these wives and mothers were bereaved indeed. The Sabine women did not cling to their rough masters with more touching fidelity. The men were in trouble shadow of his rocks and towers. -their imprudence, their intemperance, their violence were blotted out.

Leslie went home in disturbance and pain the too, placed a light in her window; she, too, left her infant untended, and strained er eyes to pierce the storm. Hector Garret must have descried her figure as he approached the house, for he came straight to the room, and stood a moment with his dripping ress and a glow on his face.

"Don't go, Leslie; I'll be back presently. She put a force upon herself, and busied im. He came in immediately, and advan ed cowards her with the same eager phrase 'Don't go, Leslie," and he grasped her gown ightly. She sat cown while he ato and drank

out my tea as you used to do." She had always poured out tea for him, but not with nim close by, and his detaining hand upor

"This is like old times. They were ver oolish-those old times, but they have their weetness to look back upon them." She inerrupted him ---"They are all safe, are they not?"

"Every man of them, thank God." He was spent with his exertions; he was evered and incoherent; she let him speak n; defailing the minutest particular. She even said with animation, and the tears in

"Their protector and deliverer ! God will bless you for this, Hector Garret." He ben is head, but he held out his arms.

"Will you bless me, Leslie?" His voice was thick and hourse; it petrified her, so still was she-so dumb; and at that moment there came a loud knocking at the door, and importunate voices demanding the Laird of Otter.

He obeyed the summons, spoke with his servants a little time, and returned to find Leslie in the same arrested posture, with the same blanched face. He had resumed 'his seaman's coat, and carried his cap in his hand. He was calm now, and smiling, but with a face wan and shadowed with an inexpressible cloud.

"It may not be, Leslie," he said, soft and low; "Nigel Boswell's boat is in sight, truggling to make Eurscraig; he was always rash and unskilled, though seaward born and bred. If he has not forestalled, his boat will be bottom upmost, or crushed To glass within the hour. I trust I will. ave him; but if there be peril and death in my path, then listen to what I say, and renember it. Whatever has gone before, at this moment I am yours; you may doubt it denv it-I swear it Leslie. Despise me, reject me if you will; I cannot perish misinerpreted and misjudged. I loved Alice Boswell. My love is ashes with its object, I did not love you once; I love you now .-love a living woman truer, higher, holier than the dead; and for my love's sake, not for my vows-the first for love, if it be the

He had her in his arms; his lingering cisses were on her eyes, her hair, her hands. He was gone, and still she remained rooted to the ground, smitten. Was it amazement, anger, terror porwas it a wild throb of exultation for that, the real moment of their union? or because she had won him -she was his who had slighted her, sinned against her—but who was still Hector Garret, manly, wise, and noble—the hero of her

She was roused reluctantly by the entrance of Bridget Kennedy, shaking in every

go ?-he has had the look of a doomed man Otter, and to their bairn. this many a day—to seek the company of called as plain as when the Banshee cries .-Madain, say your prayers for Master Hector while he is still in time."

"I must go to him, Bridget; I must follow him. Don't try to keep me. He is my husband, too. The poor women were crowding on the beach this morning. Let me go !" self for another—that his life was on the Hector," she whispered; "I took it long turning of a straw. She ran up stairs, but ago, with your knowledge but without your

she did not seek her child, and when she de-

The October winds, tossing the late oats | tle and bonnet. The old woman did not and the frosted heather, were lashing the seek to detain her; but as she peered out af-Otter sea into heaving waves and flakes of ter her and wrung her hands, ejaculated foam. That western sea has its annals and through her chattering teeth, "She will bring the Master back if any thing can; naught will harm her. I, poor miserable vretch, would but clog her swiftness. Ay! he will hearken to her voice; he has been waiting for the sound weeks and months .-Who would have said that Master Hector, woman! He will hear her above the winds from the Far West, and the child at his did Alice Boswell twenty years ago in fire and ruin.'

Leslie hurried on in the darkness, her little feet tripping, her slight form borne back by the blast. Not thus had she wandered n those sunny summer day's when she first [knew Otter; but there was that within, in the midst of her distress, that she would not have resigned for that light, life twice over. She reached the beach; the roar of the surf was in her ears, the shrick of the wind, but no human presence was visible. There flashed brok upon her the vision of her hopessness and helplessness on such another olustering; raging night, but the recollection brought no comfort. She paused in dismay, with nothing but the mist and drive ing rain before her. Stay! obscurely, and t intervals, she caught sight of a light, now orne on the crest of these giant waves, now sunk and lost, at their sport and mercy. Hark ! a pistol-shot! that must be Boswell's appeal for aid; and vonder lay Earlscraigonder also was Hector toiling to rescue his incient friend and persistent foe. She should be there too. At Earlscraig their destiny should be wrought out-the end attained. Leslie sped along in the tumult of earth and sky; the road was more than a mile, at such a season and in such weather, toilsome, worthy, mattered not; they were now the dangerous-but what deeds have not tender vomen achieved, strung by love or hate. . When Leslie gained the promontory, she found the old house descried—the few servants were on the shore, aiding or watching

Hector Garret and his men in their efforts to save the last of his line, cast away within the Leslie shrank from descending among t spectators, she remained spent and breathess, but resolute still, where she could spy the first wayfater, hear the first shout of triumph, and steal away in the darkness fleeing home unmarked and undetained. It was the first occasion on witich she had

been close to Earlscraig. The situation, at all times exposed, was now utterly forforn. The spray was rising over the hand, the waves were sapping its foundation ages old, the weird winds tearing at the coping of the ves very dismuland cerie, but Leslie did none aim, she was impervious to all else the sank down in a kneeling position, starig with unwinking eyes, praying with her and fro, pa-sed beyond her sight; she

ould not regain it, she could only continue endy to seize the first signal of bliss, or It did not come. The storm raged m andly; the desolution grew more appalling; Leslie's began to whirl; the solitude

ife with shapes and voices. Above all stood fair Alico reathed in white flames-from wavering loudly mass of forms the gallant exile lunged anew into the flood, now seething and rushing to meet its prey. "Oh woman-Alice Boswell-I did n

teal your lover; you kept him from me long after God and man had given him to me. T ere are no vows and caresses in the grave. We have had but one meeting and parting: butone! Oh, stranger, he is spending his life for her brother, as you were eady to fling down yours for her. Will none of you be appeased? Then take us both; in mercy leave not the other! In death let us not be divided !"

The pang was over; Leslie passed into inspectres of that Lorrible dream still flitted around her, for did she not distinguish through the surge and the blast Hector Garret's foot speeding to receive his doom? But "Leslie," not "Alice" was his cry Beneath the very arches of Earlscraig, where fair Alice Boswell had stood, her rich hair decked for one, her bright eyes sparkling and waved to him her hand, booh enough for her slave. "Leslie!" "Leslie!" was his cry, uttered with such aching, longing, such, bitter despair. It was the wail of no mocking ghost, but the human cry of a break-

Leslie's tongue clove to the roof of her nouth; but no need of speech to indicate to him his weak, fluttering treasure. Found once more i. Found forever! raised and borne away swiftly and securely. No word of explanation, no reproach for folly and desperation, no recital of his labors, no information regarding others, but-strange from Hector Garret's storn lips, and sweet as strange-murmurs of fondness and devotion: "Sweet Leslie, sweet wife, sweet mother-mother of my child-the only, mine still, mine always.' Scouting at weariness, cheery reckonings of Kennedy opened the door, and he asked he whether she had yet a chamber for this traant, that Leslie was aware how well Hector Garret had performed his part, and how many guests the hospitable walls of Otter

sheltered that eventful night. Bridget was solemnly praising whose arm had been about them, and restor-"Madam, why did you let Master Hector | ed them both in the flower of their days, to

"We have come back for more than Otter his enemy The good and the bad, the tares and the bairn, Leslie. Bridget and all the and the wheat! It is thus that men are men of Ayr could not have held her here, my faithful wife that needs must be my love. she has proved herself so true!" He was throwing off her drenched clock

> and chaffing her cold hands. "One of them was elenched on its contents. He oriened the stiffened fingers, and found a lock of hair. "It was all relating to you which I ha

consent. I would not look at it, or touch scended, Bridget had still to fetch her man- it; I kept it for little Leslie. But you said that you were mine, and it was something of yours to hold; you were mine, and it was part of you."

"Better for Scotland . that weans greet than bearded men," avered the bord of Glamis; but he said not, better for the men. nor better for those who plight hand and heart with them, that the keen clear eye melt not, either with ruth or tenderness Nay, the plants of household faith and love, like Samson, would twice be given a prey to a scathed by some lightning flash, pinched by some poverty of soil, will lift their heads and and waves; body or soul, he will obey as he thrive apace when once they have been watered with this heavenly rain -- and like the took all he thought worth carrying off. tree of the Psalmist growing by the river, will flourish pleasantly, and bear much goodly fruit henceforth, and fade not at all, but instead, be transplanted into "the land that is far away."

A WONDERFUL DREAM. Everybody has heard wonderful stories of dreams that came true, resulting in marvelous discoveries of wealth, revelations of crime, and ysterious information of various sorts. keptical people are at liberty to believe, f course, what they please, but the following story comes to us well authenticated, and the finale is, we think, quite original. The dreamer was a gentleman residing in one of a row of houses in a street in a neighboring city. To mention names might be unpleasant. He dreamed one night that he had discovered at his house a hidden closet, which was stored with silver and other valuable articles. sufficient to set him up in the world as a man of wealth. In the morning he told nis wife, who, like a sensible woman, asked him what he had eaten before he went to bed, and warned him of the ill effects of late suppers.

The next night he went to bed as usual when lo! the same dream was repeated To doubt any longer would be to fly in the face of fortune that was opening the portals of wealth to the happy dreamer. resolved upon an exploration. Modernbuilt houses, put up in rows for speculaion, to sell or rent, do not present any rebitectural intricacies where a closet night be stowed away unperceived; the lines are rectangular, and every inch of space saved, The hidden closet with the treasure must be somewhere in the walls With a hammer the dreamer went about the house, sounding the walls, for indicaions of the con enled, recentacle. struck on the wall brought forth a metal. lie iingle in response. He struck again. and the same musical echo came forth Bewildering visions of wealth arose before the delighted searcher. He called his hole heart in an agony. The light which wife to behold the realization of his aream ad beguiled her, after tossing for sometime | Two or three vigorous blows brought down the plaster from the wall, broke through the lath, and revealed an apeture, through which Mr -thrust his hand, and brought forth a handfull of spoons and forks! Mrs --- now suggested that they had better proceed cautiously, and keep their good fortune quiet. The hole i the wall was covered up, and the happy

couple retired to discuss their fortune. In a few minutes they were startled by violent ring at the front door-bell. Mr.—responded to the summons, and found on the steep his next door neighbor, in a state of intense excitement " Are you the proprieotr of this house?" said the visitor.

"I am," said Mr .---. "Then, sir, allow me to tell you that there is a robber in your house, who has been committing burglary on my prem ises, by breaking through your wall into

nsibility. When she recovered herself the a closet, and stealing my silver ware. Mr. --- 's countenance underwent a extraordinary change of expression at the truth flashed upon him. He rushed up stairs to take a closer inspection of his secret closet when the true state of the ease was soon disclosed. The houses were separated by a partition wall, and for another, her sandal buckled for a third, |, Vr. --- had realized his dream by break. ing into his neighbor's premises, and had struck silver" in the storeroom next door. A full explanation had to be made to sat isfy the injured neighbor. The apoons were restored, the wall repaired, and the strictest secrecy enjoined and promised, but the joke was too good to keep, and we publish it as a caution to people addicted to dreaming.

BURGIARS.—They go to work scienifically. They will run if there is a chance of escape, but they won't run if they think a bullet will go into them. To show the presence of mind as well as perseverance that these men have here, is a case: O. K. B. said to us once that he their way, his heart beating against hers, her was taking the impression of a look for a cheek to his; and it was only when Bridget clothing store when a policeman came up and accosted him. He turned his back of lost manuscripts by great authors. so on the door; feigned drunk, and was helped by the policeman into a car. He took fit, and was going into this store, and the wagon ready to receive the goods was with in cough call; and as he had the key in if all was right.

"What under heaven are you doing there, sir?', asked the proprietor, in an excited tone. "I (bie) I (hie) believe I (hie)-lot's

clerk there." anvhow.

"I come (hic) to see an' all warright." " How on earth did you go to the wrong

"That's the joke (hie). It's funny. come to see if all war right." " Blamed if I would want you for clerk. The sooner you get home the " Thanks (hic), Mr. J-J-John (hic)

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on. Good (bic) night!" And off the burglar staggered : but the same night the stupid fool returned and

THE MAN OF GRIEF. I often see him in the street; And though I know 'tis rude to start I cannot help it when I meet This man of mournful air What grief has pulled his spirit down,

And left upon his soul such tree

That not a mite of room is left For joy upon his face? Perchance, false fove has wrung his heart, And brought this sadness on his brow, br-Grenter wos!-Death snatched from him Her whom he gave his you

Perchance 'tis human misery That he is powerfess to relieve Has made of him a misa: thrope, And caused him thus to griev

Some hidden sorrow, gnawing deer Has eaten out his joyous tone That he seems powerless to weep And though the world is bright around,

And pleasant faces pass him by Yet melancholy he moves on In grief, without a sigh, Perchance-He speaks! Ahr now I know! Oh, when you hear, your blood will boil

THE SILENT TONGUE. - The art of si ence, if it be not one of the fine, is certainly one of the useful, arts. It is an art attained by few. How seldom do we meet with a man who speaks only when he ought to speak, and says only what he ought to say! That the Bible enjoins its attainment is most manifest. It commands us to make a door anda bar for the mouth. It declares that if a man bridleth not his tongue, his religion is vain. The attainment of this art will enable us to avoid saying foolish things. We often speak without reflection, and, of conequence, foolish thoughts, or expresins destitute of thought, ares uttered Possessed of the art of silence, we shall not speak that which ought not to be spoken. Again, It will unable us to are placed in the world to do good, and since the endowment of speech is one of our greatest means of influence, it is most unseemly for us to utter that which shall do injury. He whose business is to root out the tares should not scatter their seed. It will unable us to govern our feelings and direct our trains of thought. He who gives expression to his feelings increases their strength He who gives expression to anger, for example, increases its power over him. He who gives utterance to improper thoughts, will increase their number. It will increase our influence with our fellow-men. A fool utteresh all his mind, but a wise reserve are associated with wisdom. Even her hand to Reeve with this speech: an effected gravity is sometimes effective the true art of silence, ever. We can be

useful only as we are influential. A CHEMICAL FREAK -A platina crucible is made and maintained red hot over a large spirit lamp Some sulphurous acid is poured into it. This acid the most volatile of known bodies, poscontact with the crucible, but as an atmosphere of its own interposed. A few phurous in the red-hot crucible. The diluted acid gets into immediate contact. with the heated metal, instantly flashes off, and such is the rapidity and energy of the evaporation that the water remains behind and is frozen into a lump of ice | mighty hard!" in a hot crucible! from which, seizing the moment before it again melts, it may be thrown out before the eyes of the astonished observer. This is indeed "a piece of natural magie" and as much like miracle as any operation of the forces of nature could produce. It is certainly one | bee can hardly fail to taste the sweets of of the most singularly beautiful experi life in perfection. Have you a swarm, ments imagianble. It was devised by a sir?" French savan, to illustrate the repellant power of heat radiating from bodies at a high temperature, and of the rapid abstraction of heat produced by evaporation.

A HOAX EXPOSED .- French journalcret drawers which are love-letters by unfortunate queens, pots of Roman and Greek the impression with him, made a key to coins, and Pompeian excavations. Very sherry cobblers." recently, particulars of a Pompeian theatre, with the interior of a rich man's house—the guests at table, and the viands the door, up came the propreitor of the in the dishes-have gone the rounds of store who was on his way home from the our own as well as the European press. theatre, and had passed that way to see A well informed correspondent, however, contradicts these assertions as follows: "The notices of certain remarkable dis coveries lately made at Pompeii, with a Temple of Juno, in which were discovered three hundred skeletons, chiefly of children and women, with a vast amount see. Ho! (hic) big joke. Net store. on the subject-Cavalier Fiorelli, the di- sufficient."

rector of the National Museum at Naples, and of the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii-pure inventions, mere French canards. Indeed, the excavations have been suspended at the latter place since I was there at the end of May last-for want of funds"

INFLUENCE OF AFFECTION. - There is a good deal of cant about involuntary affection in the world, and all that; but a young lady should never let such foolish otions enter her head. She should allow the pride of conscious strength of mind to keep her above every foolish, vain and nonsensical preference toward this precious fop and that idle attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle that no love can last if not based upon a right and calm estimation of good qualities; or, at least, that if the object upon better. You would leave the place open heart and whose head are both right, which it is lavished be not one whose misery will surely be her portion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of preference: and the lady who allows herself to be betrayed into such a silly kind of affection, without knowing a word of the man's character or his position, is guilty of an indiscretion which not only reflects unfavorably upon ler good sense, but argues badly for the nature and groundwork of that

DISAPPOINTED LOVE .- To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs. It wounds some feelings of tenderness, it blasts some prospects of felicity. But he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupations, or plunge into the tide of pleasure: or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life; she is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrows, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her beart is like some fortress that has been captured and

abandoned and left desolate CURRAN'S CASE. - Curran, on one occusion, was employed on behalf of the plaintiff in a case of assault. The plaintiff had called the defendant some ugly names, and threatened him, and the defendant had taken the law into his own hands, and thrashed his opponent. Curran, however, would not hear of any palliating circumstances. The plaintiff had been struck by the defendant; no matter what offence had been given, the defendant had no right to strike and abuse his ill-ased client, etc.

"Mr. Curran," said the Judge, "if a man met you in the street, called you a secundrel, and spat in your face, what would you do?

"What would' I do?" said Curran. Bedad, I'd knock him down as flat as a paneake!"

It is almost unnecessary to say that the plaintiff lost his case.

AN IMPUDENT ACTOR.—Reeve was in the habit of taking great liberties with his audience-he would interpolate dreadfuly; nay, when he forgot his own part he would coolly improvisatrise his share of the dialogue, without the slightest reference to his brother performers. On one occasion he was acting the lover to Mrs. Fitzwilliams, who was a plump litkeepeth it until afterward." Gravity and the actress, in a scene where she holds out

"Can you refuse anything to your Pauline?"

Reeve, looking at her plump hand. cried out!

" Paw lean? Paw fat! I call it." "IT'S MIGHTY HARD."-A minister

who had lost his wife and had become though at common temperature one of wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congresesses the singular property of remaining gation from the passage, "Use this world fixed in the red-hot crucible, and not a as not abusing it, etc." In the course of drop of it evaporates; in fact it is not in his remarks he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In the categodrops of water are now added to the sul- ry he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, "A man may do without a wife," when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying. in the simplicity of his heart, "but, my brothren, it's

A HAPPY FAMILY .- "Is that your husband, ma'am?"

"He be."

"Is that your wife, sir?"

"She be." "Ah, that's pleasant; he bee and she

"Quite a swarm, sir." "Ah, that makes a difference-but no

doubt you love the little humbugs." THE ADMIRAL'S LAST .- Among the savings attributed to Admiral Farragut sailor out of a landlubber by dressing him up in sea-toggery and putting a commission in his pocket, than you could make a shoemaker of him by filling him with

Boys are a good deal like jelly. Just as you mould them they are likely to turn

If you would "mad" a girl who is vain of her beauty, tell her you went to a party last night, and was introduced to Miss the handsomest girl you ever saw in your life. The moment your back is turned she will be making faces at you.

"John," said a pedagogue the other day, "what's detained you? How came (hic). Mister Jo-h-n-s-o-n (hic) I'm of valuable ornaments in bronze jewel- you so late to school?" Well sir, I had! ry, &c., are, I can assure you, on the au. soup for dinner, and had to wait for it to "By thunder ! I wouldn't have you thority of the persons best able to speak cool." "Take your seat, your excuse is