THE CARLISLE HERALD. Published every Thursday morning by

WEAKLEY & HADDOCK. EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. . Office in Rheem's Hall, in rear of the Court Hou Torms--\$2 00 per annum, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING ! | 1 sq | 2 sq | 3 sq | 4 sq | 1/2 c | 1/2 c | 1 col

12 lines constitute a square
or Executors', and Administrators' Notices,
or Auditors' Notices,
2 00
7 Assumees and similar Notices. For Auditors' Notices, 2 0
For Assignees and similar Notices, 3 0
For yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines, 7 0
For Annonneements, .05 cents per line, unless cor For Annuncents, to tracted for by the year. For Business and Special Notices, 10 cents per line. Double solumn advertisements extra. Notices of Marriages and Deaths published free.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR. We two will stand in the shadow here,
To see the bride as sho passes by
Ring soft and low; ring loud and clear,
Ye chinding bells that swing on ligh!
Lock! look! she comes!, The air grows as
With the fragrant breath of the crange)
And the flowers also treads beneath her feet
Die in a feed of rare perfumes?

The hards and persons. The happy balks With their Joygus clamper fill the air, While the great organ disc and swells, great organ disc and swells, some are her roles of silken shoon, and the pearly that gleque on her boson's anow? But they the grace of the royal mine. Her hair's fine gold, and her cheek's young glow.

Dainty and fair as a folded rose, President a stolet dewy wavet.
Chaste is at 11by, she hardly knows
That there are rough paths for other feet.
For Love hath shielded her: Honor kept
Watch beside her by night and day;
C Ard Ed out from her sight hath cept,
Trailing its slow length for away. ow in her perfect womanhood, In all the wealth of her much bless charms, in all the weath of her much these is hovely and identified, pure and good. She wind whereoff to her lover's arms. Hark! how the gubbant voices ring! 4.60° as we stand in the shadow here. While far above us the gay bells wring. Leatch the gleam of a happy tear!

The physicant is over. Come with me
To the other side of the town, I pray,
Kre the sing good dwn in the darkening sea,
And night falls around us, chill and grey.
In the dim church porch an hour ago,
We winted the bride's fair face to see.
Now Life has a radder sight to show,
A darker picture for you and me.

No need to seek for the shadow here,
There are shadows lightly everywhere;
These streets in the brightest day are drear,
And black as the black house of despail
But these the house. Take hesel; my friend,
The starsare retten, the way is dim;
And up the flights, as we still ascend,
Creep stealthy phantoms dark and grim.

Enter this chamber Day by day, "Alone in this chill and ghostly i Alone in this chill and gloosily icom, A child-a woman-which is it, pray —
Despairingly waits for the hour of deom
Ah; as she wrings bee hand so paid.
No glean of a wedding ring you see;
There is nothing to tell. You know the t.
God help her now in her utbery.

I dare not judge her. I only know
That love was to hern on and a snare,
While to the tride of an heurego
It brought all blessings its lightly could hear!
I only know that to one! Beams
Laden with honer, and Joy, and power.
Its glifts to the other were wee and alianue,
And a burning pain that shall inver cease!

k only know that the send of one. Has been a pearl in a golden case: That of the other a public thrown lifty down in a wayside placa, Where a 'd aly long strange fonteeps tred: And the bold, bright sun drank up the dea! Yet beth were women. O righteoms Ged., Thom only caust judge between the two:

— From the althur for August.

---CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. A TRIP AROUND THE NORTH-ERN LAKES.

MACKINAW, August 6, 1872. But as I said the atmosphere of Lak Superior is its enticing chasm. While at Bayfield, we made the acquaintance of Dr. Willey, formerly of N. H., and a 'year or two ago the most extensive and eminent practitioner of St. Paul, and a gentleman of the highest culture. The labor of his profession at St. Paul broke him down, and he is now residing at Bayfield for his health. He speaks of the place "as the valley which Rasellas would have been a fool to leave and where he ought to be contented forever." He says, as nearly as he can judge after a two years residence, "it is the perfection of a summer climate, and the most healthful I know of anywhere." He thinks he certainly could not have lived anywhere else two years; and all who know him hope he may live many years longer. We met with others, who said confirmed consumption, who now appear to be in vigorous health.

Bayfield is not at present a place of any great commercial interest, and perhaps never will be. But from what I have seen, heard and experienced, I would give it the preference as a calm, quiet, health-giving summer resort, to any place we have ever visited; at least, this side of the Rocky Mountains.

" LA NOINT! celebrated Father Marquet, is directly excluded Superior from all commercial across from Bayfield, on one of the advantages, the almighty power of over 200 years ago, when there were State, has taken up the cause of Supe none but the Indian tribes to listen to rior, and with the immense and valuable his message. The present missionary is land grant which is given for the pura man of the same type, Father Cher. pose of a railroad from Superior to caux. Like Marquet, born to a title and Prescott, and other points, Superior wealth in Europe, he laid them aside to must yet be the great point at the preach Christ crucified, to the Indians. Western end of the Lakes Out of five He is beloved by all denominations, without, we were told, an individual exception, for his universal kindness and phil-- anthropy; and for years, although yet comparatively young, he has travelled that Nature must ultimately triumph. through the wilderness of lake Superior. hundreds of miles on foot and in its rigid winters on his errand of mercy. - Beautiful little arbors stand on the hill in the Catholic grounds attached 'to the church, overlooking the lake, and with a full view of the Apostle Islands. We were accustomed to go up there and spend the morning in These arbors and all the ornaments hands of Father Chereaux, and scarcely

visiting some of the cities collecting. The annoxed card will explain the object. She simply gives her card, but novor asks.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD-SAINT

This institution, the object of which is to secure and give a home to unfortunate women and girls who what to reform; also epphans and children exponed to danger from being violously inclined or other causes, without distinction, of nation exceed, is conducted by the Rollgieus of the Good Shepherd, who beg leave to inform the public that work ord depation of any kind will be gratefully received for the support of the Asylum." She was induced to give some of the

incidents of her life, and many of them, told with artless simplicity and modesty, were very interesting. Two of them I may relate. Her life is spent in fraveling winter and summer alone wherever she is sent by the church, and she has traveled over all our territories in many of the most dangerous and difficult parts, among miners and Indians and all classes of men. She says she has been treated with almost uniform kindness every where. Two years ago she was going by stage from Salt Lake to a point near at Chicago. Lake Taho, (I forget the name), and as they were carrying a large amount of this is too long cut it off wherever you gold in W. and F. box, which she sup- please. poses was known, they were attacked by band of robbers, about two miles before they came to one of the stations The robbers fired six or seven shots, and she threw herself forward on the seat for rotection. The driver who was shot as reporter at the Schoppe trial, thus

through the leg, put the whip to his across her, and as she supposed for protection; but when they came to the On leaving the station the other passengers gave her their watches and pocket people. books to keep, on the presumption that obbers would not molest a sister. But hey met with no further molestation.

On another occasion in traveling across the prairies in Minnesota, from Cannon Falls to Hastings in winter when the thermometer was 20- below zero, she was frozen and was taken out with little hopes of recovery. But she was immediately stoeped in ice water and for five hours. The return to life, she said, was excruciating; the pains in her limbs was very great and it was some five or six weeks before she could be restored. Truly, her life is not an easy

When we were about separating she the kindest tones : "Well, sister I find we are of different faiths in some respects; but I am very glad to have met with you. And now let us remember that we belong to the same humanity, with like duties, and we have the same opes. We believe at least in the same God, and the same Saviour; and if we never meet again on earth. I hope we will meet in Heaven. Farewell." istened in silence; but I thought that such intercourse, was not calculated to cherish the feeling towards each other, f "idolaters" and "heretics."

DULUTH. Jay Cooke is trying to establish by fight. ing Nature with Capital and with a host | David's mighty men, are all famous, but the N. P. R. R. up. Nature has, undescription of Frederick will answer doubtedly, made the present location of well for Carlisle and for the whole "Superior," the grand site for a city. Cumberland Valley:

It has one of the most magnificent har"Round about it orchards wwerp, It has one of the most magnificent harbors in the world, while Duluth has to reach the lake through a broad swamp of half a mile, and has to build her houses on the slope of a mountain. The site of Superior rises suddenly from deep water to an elevation of perhaps twenty and presenting so completely the appear ing plateau which extends inland for 20 that one finds himself unconsciously miles. In making the rail road from Du, looking out for a horse-car; but horse luth towards, the Mississippi, the first 30 niles is along the St Louis river on the edge of precipices and embankments, kept up

by supporting, but constantly yielding they came there as they supposed in life in iminent danger. Superior would walls, and over trestle work that puts reach the same junction on a smooth and level plain. Both Duluth and Superior are excluded from lake communication for six months in the year, compelling them, for that time to seek railroad communication with all South: Duluth being North of Superior cannot reach any portion of the Southern coast without going through Superior, or making a wide and expensive circuit around it. In this contest, although the second mission established by the Jay Cooke has for the present, virtually Apostle Islands, perhaps two miles dis- Nature must triumph in the end. tant. The old church occupies the same Fraud in erecting a dyke for the time, locality on which he planted the cross has the victory, but Wisconsin as a

of the business men of Duluth with whom I conversed, all expressed the opinion that Superior was the point Nature, had fixed, and three of them The great mass of the property in Supe-

rior is owned by some of the wealthiest men in Chicago, Cleveland and New York, and they are now waking up to been said of him that "one could pick their interests. There are some good stores in Duluth, but apparently few coins from among coppers." He wa customers. A large portion of their born near Bloomfield, now the county people appear to be engaged in billiards. There is one significant fact in regard these arbors, enjoying the look out; to the N. C. railroad bonds. No one had but little practice, and had a much touches them in any city, near the road. about the grounds, were erected by het I asked why? Because they answer, We will get them at an immense any one goes there for repose, that does discount after awhile, if we want them. not receive some kind token of his It is evident the road itself cannot for ing, and no one could tell when he read attention, yet entirely unobtrusive in its | many years to come pay the interest. law; but when called on to deliver an character. They are simple acts of As soon as the road is finished, the

enarcteor. They, are simple notes of As soon as the road is fluished, the opinion to the logic of kindenses, but they appeal to the logic of kindenses, but the logic of kindenses, but the logic of kindenses, but they appeal to the logic of kindenses, but the logic of kindenses, bu

Paul and Mineapolis. These cities are ncreasing with astonishing rapidity, and show every evidence of immense wealth and refinement. But it would take too

long to tell all about them. From St. Paul we took rail to Keokuk through central Iowa, over the roughest and most detestable rail road in the country; and for the privilege of their jolting and their blunders, they charged six cents per mile-\$18.05 for 300 miles. In Southern Iowa we got into an atmos phere that almost dissolved us, and after spending some days in visiting friends, we turned back to the lakes at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and brought up

But the mail boat is coming in. If W. H. M.

CARLISLE AND MT. HOLLY SPRINGS.

A correspondent of the Philadelphi Evening Bulletin, who has been on duty "does" Carlisle and its surroundings. horses, and they escaped. The sister In order that our readers may know found one of the passengers lying heavily what strangers think of us we copy it.] CARLISLE, Sept. 1, 1872 .- Your corresstation she asked him to let her up, but first day of respite from attendance on he and another of the passengers were the Scheppe trial, to walk about the dead. Both were buried at the station. town in which it is being held, and observe somewhat of the place and the CARLISLE.

as a place, is about one hundred and twenty-five years old. It was an important military post during the Revolution, and was, before that, a well-known harbor of refuge for the people of Cumberland Valley, when fleeing from Indian invasions. Later, in the days of the Rebellion, when an invasion of a different kind ravaged the valley, Carlisle was again obliged to stand a siege, and the marks of Lee's cannon balls are still visible on its buildings.

The town, which has about sever thousand inhabitants, has a curious halfasleep, half wide-awake air about it came up to one of the ladies and said in There are many handsome buildings which look modern, and indicate ar enterprising spirit, but interspersed with these are many others which look as if the Flood might have drifted them into their present situations. It is a handsome place. Its level streets are well shaded by trees; there are some fine churches and private residences; Dickinson College has some beautiful grounds about it, and the fields which stretch away on every side are green and smiling; while the whole landscape is grandly set in a border of blue mountains lying a few miles away on either

hand. The Cumberland Valley is one of Pennsylvania's greatest granaries. of traveling employes to write it and not equal to the foremost three. Reade's

Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a sarden of the Lord " A poetic and a truthful description. Along the principal street of Carlis runs the Cumberland Valley Railroad cars are unknown here, and he is pres ently made aware of his mistake by the appearance of a train of cars, which dashes along at a rate that would be dangerous to wagons and people, i

there were wagons and people to be run over. Fortunately, in this respect, there is little danger. It is not probable that a railroad accident happens once a year in these little-traveled streets. It is a grand place for a quiet man to live in, and not a few of Pennsylvania's best loved sons have deemed it a fitting place to die and be buried in.

entro of the town, so old that one of its stones records the date "1759;" and in it repose no less than three who in their time were ornaments to the Supreme Bench of the State.

CHIEF JUSTICE GIBSON, The first monument, is a modest shaft of blue marble, and commemorates 'John Bannister Gibson, LL. D., for many years Chief Justice of Pennsylva nia. Born November 8, 1870, died May

2. .1853." Another face bears this beautiful rec ord of esteem and affection. "His intimate friends forget the fam of his judicial career in the more cherished recollection of his social characte and his bereaved family dedicate thi stone to the memory of the affectional

husband and the kind-father." Chief Justice Gibson's was one of the finest legal minds in the country. It has out his opinions from others like gold sent of Perry county, but he lived her for many years. In his early career h better reputation as a musical and ar critic than as a lawyer. Even after he reached the Supreme Bench he scome to pass all his time in fishing and hunt opinion he always exhausted the subject.

taining companion. She had been the Mississippi, 90 miles, will travel over this same Mr. Lanahan. It is said that that portion of the "prime land" at an Irishman, in search of a lawyer, came night. These are part of the lands to his office, and read the name on his given as scourity for the bonds. All hot sign; "Thomas X. Lanahan." "Bohas to do on a moonlight night, is to put his head out of the window anywhere, to yer so ignorant that he has to make his have the impression raised by these writers marruk aven on his sign. He'll niver do dispelled. Every where he will find an sfor me; I want wan that kin rade an' everlasting swamp, that never can be write,"—and off he went in search of a created intolvalue.

After leaving Duluth, we visited St.

JUDGE DUNCAN.

A less obtrusive monument than even Chief Justice Gibson's stands in the shade of a large tree, and bears the fol-lowing inscription: Near this spot is deposited all that was mortal of Thomas Duncan, Esquire, LL. D., born at Carlisle, 20 Nov., 1860, died 16 Nov., 1827. Called to the Bar at an early age, he was rapidly borne by Genius, Perseverance and Integrity to the Pinnacle of his Profession; and, in the fulness of his fame, was elevated to the Bench of the Supreme Court of his Native State, for which a sound judgment, boundle stores of legal Science, and a profound Reverence for the Common Law, had stormy morning, towards the end of peculiarly fitted him. Of his Judicial June, 1707, and the great house at Tullabours the Reported Cases of the period

are the best Eulogy. "As a husband, indulgent; as a father, kind; as a friend, sincere; as a magistrate, incorruptible, and as a citizen, inestimable. He was honored by the wise and good and wept by a wide circle of relatives and friends. Honesta quam plendida"-a panegyric which leaves othing to be said.

Judge Duncan was, if not the author, pondent to-day availed himself of the Ho was a very small man, and had a it least an early user of a famous retort standing feud with another member o the bar familiarly known as "Davy Watts." During one of their many quarrels Watts exclaimed :

"Why, you miserable little whipper mapper, I could pick you up and put you in my pocket." "And if you,did," retorted Duncan

"you would have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head." JUDGE BRACKENRIDGE. The third tombstone mentions simply he age and death of Hugh Brackenridge and the fact that he sat upon the Su oreme Bench of the State. The older

Philadelphia lawyers will doubtless renember him and his eccentricities which were neither few nor insignificant CARLISLE AS A WATERING-PLACE. From the abodes of the dead to the reorts of the living is an easy transition. The memory of the past is always forgotten in the excitements of the present. It has been said above that Carlisle is a quiet place. It follows as a corollary upon that remark, that it is little in favor with the annual throngs who follow 'the season'' from one watering-place to another. Strictly a watering-place it never can be, for there are no medicinal

springs in the neighborhood, and there are no facilities for either fresh or salt water bathing; but there is no reason why it should not be a favorite summer resort for persons who object to noise and bustle. The air is pure, fresh, country The "city of Duluth" is the city that Lobanon and Lancaster, with it, make air, the water excellent, and fruits and facilities consist of two trains daily, each way, between Harrisburg and Hagerstown. The Bentz House is a good, clean and quiet hotel, and the Mansion House is also good, but smaller, and less desirable, because of its proximity to the depot. Among the disadvantages of the

place may be mentione a habit of exinguishing the street lamps at 10% clock, on the darkest nights, and an observance of the Sabbath that is almost Puritanic n its strictness. Even the drug-stores lose on Sunday, and a special Sunday rain, the other day, created, according

o a local paper, "great excitement." The livery stables, however, remain pen, and charges ridiculously small prices. Two reporters, this afternoon, paid three dollars for a very neat two orse buggy, and rode out to

MOUNT HOLLY SPRINGS,

otherwise "Papertown"—so called from the number of paper mills there situated This is a village lying at the foot of the South Mountain, six miles due north from Carlisle. The ride is straight across the valley, over a furnpike road in the asual stony condition of those relics of barbarism, and through a fine rolling country, an expression which, literally translated, means, up one hill and down another: The way was lined with orchards, every tree in which was loaded lown with fruit. This is one of the reatest fruit years over known, at least so far as Eastern Pennsylvania is conerned.

Mount Holly springs is a trim little rillage, and contains a hotel built with special reference to summer boarders, of vhom it contains quite a number. It stands at the entrance to a narrow gap she met his laughing eyes. in the mountain wall, through which cautiful little stream finds its way, the hills rising steep and wooded to the sumnit on either side. A good road-for a surupike—enters the gorge and runs for niles under the shadow of the hills, with "Mountain Creek," as the stream is cal-

ed, rippling and flashing below it. faced children were playing by the roadunder the trees; and, of course, the horse, with a new saddle and bridle, trotted up and down the one street, and in strong contrast to him was an old gen-

I WOULD'NT, WOULD YOU? Swould'nt give much for the girl who would follow. Such fashions as our girls do—
Yho dress in the fluest of silk, then bosides
Went bracelets that sline as if new —
wouldn't give much for this girl—
wouldn't give much would you.

I wouldn't give much for the girl' that would bend As graceful as Grecianers do; Whe struct down the street to exhibit her feet, While the boys stand with eyes all askew &-I wouldn't give much for this girl— Would you?

wouldn't give much for thogirl who would try
To cut herself almost in two,
The the hope that she'll o'erloar somebody say
"That's a nice little wais, it sell you;"
wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you! And the girl who ought to wear shoes number four Yet torture themselves with a two, And then with a Boston limp, onward they go, With the grace of a tangaroo :—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

wauldn't give much for the girl whe would out Such extres as most of them do; Yho tries to convince all the gents that their hum Is the natural flesh as i grew— wouldn't give much for all such— Would you?

THE LAST MISTRESS OF TULLY MORE.

ī. It was almost nine o'clock on a gray, leymore, the second best house in the county Donegal, seemed as though it were never going to wake up for the day, for the blinds were down, and a hush rested on the place.

Not so the humble dwellings near The clusters of mud cabins, grandly denominated "towns," which were dotted here and there over the mountain sides. had been scenes of activity since a very early hour.

Very unsummer-like was the cold, dark morning, and "the dress in which Miss Alice O'Hara at last appeared might have been called unseasonable. But the wearer looked charming enough, as she glided down the steep, narrow staircase, to be above criticism. She were her visiting costume, a gown

of sky-blue silk, made with the long waist so much in vogno, at that period; it was cut low in the neck, and a handkerchief of white net covered her snowy shoulders. Her hair was powdered, and drawn up from her forehead over a high cushion, whereon was pinned a coiffure of black lace, something between a cap and mantilla, making her look like the ladies in the pictures of Sir Thomas More's family. Her necklace, an heirloom, was formed

So much for Miss Alice's attire. In person she was a little slender lady, with a fair gentle face, and pensive expression, but very stately withal. There was much thoughtfulness in her deep blue eyes, as well as in her rosy, but somewhat thin lips. She opened the drawing-room door on

by a triple row of magnificent pearls.

coming down stairs, and went over to her own especial corner of the room, where the deep window commanded a view of Lough Barra, laid at the feet of giant mountains, with all the green islands on its breast. Her new spinning-wheel from London

was in that corner, and so was her library-her copies of Shakspeare and Spensor and "Rasselas," her "Lives of the Poets," and her "Johnson's Dictionary,' besides innumerable heavytomes of theology, which last were much her favorite study, and had probably something to do with making her so thoughtful.

She was more than thoughtful. She was sad that June morning, and looked as though her tiny hands were spinning the web of fate. Yet there was nothing in her external circumstances to make her sad; a beauty and an heiress, and engaged to be married to Mr. Young of Drimrath, one of the best matches in the county, and, best of all, the man of her

She had not been many minutes alone hand. before her lover entered. He went up to her briskly, exclaiming-"Good morning, Alice. You rise early to spin, and your hands hold the

distaff like old Solomon's virtuous woman. I wish I had you at Drimrath, to clothe my household with scarlet." He spoke nervously, as if not quite sure of his welcome. Alice smiled gravely, and suffered him to kiss her cheek.

'Why were you so severe to me las night, Alice?" proceeded he; "no kiss, no kind word! It was hard upon a poor fellow who loves you so well." He was close to her chair, with his dark eyes fixed imploringly upon her

with his gay smile, good features, and florid complexion, softened and set off beautifully-formed figure displayed to such advantage in the green and gold uniform which he wore as colonel of the ycomenry. "Why were you so cruel to me

Alice?" continued he coaxingly. "You know the reason, Robert," re plied she, smiling in spite of herself, as

"Well, I confess I was a little merry when I came up stairs; but I might have been much worse. I refused to taste Mickey's whiskey, or your father's old port, all on purpose to please you. Your mother told you that it was very hard on me to frown as von did.". "You only do as others do, Robert.

Being Sunday, "Papertown" was en. Oh! how I hate revels such as papa had jouing a holiday. Groups of bright here last night; and they are not considered any discredit to a gentleman's side; multitudes of girls, employes of house in this eighteenth century. Did the mills, many of them handsome, but you hear of our drive home from a great clressed in a style that would horrify dinner at the Patton's the other night? O'Hara. Ah, there you are;" and the Dame Fashion, were strolling through We hold orgies every moonlight night, the stable after a retreating figure, and sion the Saunderses, Hills, and we left young men were not far away. One, together; and masters and servants bewho was mounted on a fine-looking ing in the usual state of hilarity, took to trying races, and it was only of God's trotted up and down the one street, and special mercy we reached home alive. was the observed of all observers; and, It is a sin and a shame to set our depen-

dents the example we do."

whiskey, as well as the rest of the world, and a present of the best poteen some times found its way into their collars 'unknownst" to them, or was discovered in some nook "convenient" to the big house, just as if it had fallen

ands of many another magistrate be-

sides. The magistrates loved good

from the sky The consequence was, that when party of soldiers out still-hunting made apt to let them off easily. "Look here, Miss Alice !" cried Ryan

perceiving his young Mistress at the "Look, if you please, at the hundering big gooseberry his honor's pale face was turned away from her after fluding. Mickey Gallagher's the boy that knows how to make the bushes in we'er garden grow fruit like thou." Alice nodded to old Ryan, and turned from the window.

"We are kind to the people, dear Robert," whispered she; "but we do not set them a good example, or try to teach them what is right. Papa and mamma laugh at me, and so do you. I fear l am in advance of my age," concluded she, with a sigh.

"When will you come to set us a good example at Drimrath, fair Alice? You mountains rising in bold ranges on the shall make such reforms there as you one hand, and the clear lake on the please. But, Alice," and he looked at other. her more attentively, "you have pardoned me for my misdemeanors of last night, but you are still grave. What is the matter with you?"

"Such a foolish thing, Robert-a preentiment of coming evil, which I can not shake off. I have had it for weeks. but to-day it is ten-fold stronger than ever. There is surely some dreadful misfortune hanging over us. I wish I could keep mamma and you in sight all

"Oh, you silly Alice! Which of us does it threaten?" "My fears point most to you. Stay vith me, dear.'' "I should not need twice asking if it

were not for the cursed drill at Tarna. That reminds me, I must to off; at onco."
"How do you go?" "I drive black Jenny in the gig.

She's a lady who appreciates Tullymore hospitality highly; and it's likely She'll be in the plight I was in last night; your father treats us both too well. Eh?" Alice laughed, as she was expected to

though she had heard it about twenty the reins from him. times before. Black Jenny always left lady-love's window. "Put me out of getting him and the car on board the your head, but take care of yourself," continued Robert, when he had done they were off. chuckling. "You frightened me a minute ago, you looked so soared."

dreamed there was a coffin brought in solf for a gossip with the passengers, as and laid upon the hall table, and my he took the oar. "Mr. James Mursister Ann and I were standing one at ray's, aye, coming down to the shore to its head and the other acits foot. The see if I ha' Miss Alice wi' me. Sure, coffin was open, and we could see the it's not to see ould Ned he comes sao corpse within; but the face was always | constant." changing. First it was yours then the time that the calamity was in some at all, at all!" unexplained way connected with the ferry with us, to visit the Murray's; we lough."

are going immediately; mamma is dressing now. Atr! here she is in the famous green brocade." "The finest woman Sur one in the north of Ireland," cried her son-in-law elect, gallantly kissing Mrs. O'Hara's

The old lady did small credit to his aste as far as beauty went; but she had all the briskness and vigor that her daughter seemed to want, and evidently enjoyed her existence thoroughly.

"Alice thinks something dreadful i going to happen to one of us to day, madam," said Mr. Young. "I have given her my word to keep a tight rein on Jenny; and she need not have any fears on your account, I fancy; you look

as if you might outlive us all. "I'll dance at your wedding, I promise you, Bob. I never felt less like death in my life. You must not heed Alice hand on her shoulder, and his bright for she's a perfect nest of fancies. But we should be off, and I cannot get Mr. face. He could hardly fail to please, O'Hara to dress; there he is, raging and storming about the house. The servants exceeded last night, it seems, and by his powdered hair; his short, but he cannot find a man to harness the horse, or drive us to the ferry."

"Our example," murmured Alice, so low that Mr. Young alone heard her. A curious scene was taking place down stairs, and the master's stentorian voice pitched in high, wrathful key, was borne ip through the drawing-room windows ascals fit to do a hand's turn this morn

"What! not one of the confounded ing? Xou, Biddy, cook, can you toll me where Huey M'Bride's hiding?"! "Och, yer honor! sure the poor boy was overtook after the party. It was ust the wee drop he got did it. Sorry an' sad wad he be to affront you." "Don't you dare to make excuses for

him I bried the master, in a paroxysm of indignation. "A nice creditable sweet-heart you've picked up, Biddy Boyle They rose to the surface at the same But he shall pack out of Tullymore thi very day, as sure as my name's Andrew dragged forth Huey, who was making a feeble attempt to go about his work as hands stretched out to him. His beauusual, and look as if nothing were wrong with him. "You're drunk, sir !" said his master, shaking him violently.

"Drunk, yer honof? Is it me ?"

Robert. If you are afraid, I suppose you may stay at home." "No! no! If there be any danger i our path to-day, mother, you shall not go into it without me."

Alice's remonstrances were over ruled; and the party left the hall-door at Tullymore a short time afterwards. nder Huey's guidance, on their illfated expedition. Mr. Young drove of seizure, and brought the owners of in his gig at the same moment; Mrs the spoil before the magistrate, he, O'Hara, in high spirits, calling after mindful of his own participation, was him to lenew her promise of dancing at

his wedding. The old gentleman was keeping ster watch over Huey, who was becoming talkative and defiant; and Alice, whos lover, was gazing at the heavy clouds hanging over Tullymore, and fancying them like a funeral pall.

Mr. Young turned to look after th ear; but black Jenny soon required all his attention, and he forgot the slight mis givings with which he had taken leav of his friends.

Mrs. O'Hara and Alice were seated o the side of the car facing Lough Barra. Perhaps there is not a more wildly beautiful drive in all Ireland than that wind ing, hilly road, with heather-covered

Mr. O'Hara's fields sloped down to the water's edge, where the herons stood fishing; his sheep and cattle were grazing on the islands; he was able to look on the whole scene with the pleasant interest arising from possession. "I wonder whether the country about

Drimrath is as fine as this, Alice," said Mrs. O'Hara. "I wish you had seen it, mother, replied her daughter wistfully. "I am so sorry you have never seen it yet.

Why did you not come with papa and me when we went there?" "All in good time, my dear. You'll treat me well when I go to visit you, won't you." Alice's answer was a caress, so much

warmer than usual that her mother looked at her with a puzzled smile. She was wont to be undemonstrative and cold; but a change had come over her, as though she could not show, Mrs. enough she'll caper going off, for she's O'Hara love enough; and she kept her lever quite sober leaving you, Alice arm around her for the rest of the jour ney, with a curious protecting clasp. The first part of the way was safely

ecomplished, thanks to Mr. O'Hara; for Huey had driven so furiously down do, at his very innocent little joke, al- the first hill that his master had snatched He was rather a hinderance than a Tullymore in wonderful heart, and had help to the ferryman and his son in the

ferry boat; but it was done at last, and "It's a good five mile of a drive to Mr. Murray's, your honor," observed "I was thinking of my dream. I Ned Daly, the ferryman, settling him-

"He poodne mamma's, then yours again; and I the graceless Huey, in a confidential awoke weeping for you both. I felt all tone; "Miss Alice wouldna look at him

"Hold your tongue, you rascal!" drunken revels of the night. It was a shouted Mr. O'Hara, incensed afresh at gad dream, and makes me long to keep the culprit's audacity; "if you dare to you near me. If you could but cross the speak again, I'll pitch you into the

Mrs. O'Hara entreated her husband to take no notice, as he might see that | So we may hope he forgot his grief in a Huey was not himself, and she was really afraid of an accident. -The least movement might upset the boat; so sho began to talk to Ned, in hopes of divestat Drimrath. Her tembstone tells how ing Mr. O'Hara's attention. "I dare say you have heard that Miss

Alice is about to leave us, Ned, and this is probably the last time you will row her over the lough; she is going to be married to Mr. Young, of Drimrath." "God bless hor wherever she goes ! It wad be a nice gentleman, indeed, that wad be deserving o' we'er ain Miss Alice. What kind is Mr. Young,

"Well Ned, he is greatly liked in his own country, I believe, and—" "Hoot, hoot, man!" interrupted Huey, with a provoking laugh, "never

mind the mistress. I'll tell ye what sort

he is. He's a little bit o' a man, an unsignified wee crathure, that's just "Take that, you impudent rascal! eried Mr. O'Hara, goaded to fury, raising the whip to strike him. The blow

The animal began to kick and plunge, and almost before they had time to perceive their danger the boat was overturned, and the whole party struggling n the water.

It was a horrible moment. One wild shrick of terror, and all was still. The old ferryman had fallen under the boat : which they were about three hundred yards distant; and Mr. O'Hara was vaiting (a dread waiting) until his wife and daughter should ris6 He was a good swimmer. Could h ave them both?

noment. Mrs. O'Hara's green dress floated near him; he was almost touching it. He had already caught her in one arm, when he saw his daughter's white face turning towards him, her tiful Alice, the pride and joy of his declining years, the hope of another aucient line-must she perish? But his dear wife, the faithful sharer of all his the biggest fool,20 continued Mr. Becks joys and cares? Could he save both? man,

spot where he had seen her last; but a ength the instinct of self-preservation made him turn towards the shore. Huev, the cause of all, had by th

ime called assistance. Alice was car poor people could do was done for her. Her restoration to consciousness was terrible. "Mamma " she cried: "where vhere is mamnia?''

"My Alice," replied the wrotched old

man, "there was no help but mine, and I could not save you both." "You should have saved her, papa Oh, why did not you let me sink? wish I were dead! Mamma, mamma namma!" and she was almost choked by a frantic burst of tears.

The great kitchen at Tullymore was crowded with poor people, come to show those matters that must effect them some their respect to the dead lady, and their way or other, though they be political sympathy with the sorrowing family. barrel of whiskey was on tap for the efreshment of all comers, bundles of pipes, and heaped-up plates of cut to- re-elected, what may be expected? Or acco were provided, and the wide, old- if Greeley be elected, what effect will it ashioned kitchen grate was piled with have upon the manufacturing interests

A motley assembly gathered round -men in long frieze coats, and brogues, and gray worsted stockings, and women in their homespun petticoats and scarlet cloaks.

To do them justice, there was much kind, and even delicate feeling shown. No loud voices reached that part of the ouse where "the master" and "Miss Alice" were prostrated by their terrible grief. Of course, the tragedy was well dis

cussed. Alice's inquiry for her mother on recovering from her swoon, and Mr. O'Hara's answer, were commented upon in awe-stricken whispers. The general opinion was, that Mr

O'Hara had been right in saving his daughter, who had, in all human probibility, a long and prosperous life be fore her, rather than the mother, whos course was nearly run; but they pitied him exceedingly, and prophesied that he would never get over it, as the serants, who went up stairs from time to time brought them accounts of how he was "taking on." He and his daughters (for Mrs. Humphries had arrived) vere trying to comfort one another is the room next that in which Mrs. O'Hara lay so quiet; and thus the days wor round to that before the funeral.

The daughters had seen their mother laid in her coffin, and were alone with her, gazing their last at her calm face. when Mr. Young entered. There were no facilities for communication with those at a distance, such as we have in alize it. Wind stories from the pens of once thrown her rider in sight of his business of unharnessing the gray, and these days, and he had not been able to reach his poor bride any sooner.

He was rushing towards her, who the remembrance of her dream thus fearfully fulfilled, struck a chill through framed, we believe, upon the merest him; and he stood still, staring at the collin, with the two motionless figures at added to, and republished, until it is becither end.

Oh Robert, Robert, " gried Alice browing herself into his arms. "it is I true. We would ask all disinterested my dream come true." No more revels took place in the old

turned their backs upon it foreyer. The old man lived with Alice and her husband at Drimrath, and dying at a very advanced age, was buried with the Youngs. He is described by the few old people who now remember him, as having been a cheery, pleasant old gentleman, very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Young's children.". great measure. One thing is certainneither he nor Alice ever saw Tullymore

again. Alice led a long and useful life she fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and died regretted by all. I read the inscription some years ago; it is now hardly legible; but, if it spoke truth, her name is inscribed in certain, imporishable records, of which time is powerless to obliterate a letter.

Robert presented his Alice, soon after their marriage, with a locket or medalion, containing her mother's hair at one ide, and on the other a painting repreenting the coffin on a table, with Alice and her sister Ann standing at either end. Round the edge are the words. 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear." This quaint old relic often graces the neck of a great-great-grand-daughter of Alice O'Hara.

A party of the old lady's descendants went to visit the property last year, and were rowed across Moross Ferry by son of the lad who was saved by clinging fell short of Huey, and struck the horse to the cars. He had no idea who we were when he told us the story, pointing out the spot where Mrs. O'Hara sank. I was rallied by the rest of the party for my gravity; for Ned Daly had told the tale so graphically, that a kind of gloom, like Lough-Barra mist, seemed to wrap me round. Yet it was a foolish thing to let one's self be saddened by the sorrows of those who have been at rest so his son, a young lad unable to swim, long. What care they now for the grief was clinging to the cars; Huey was suffered a hundred years ago? As little making his way to the shore, from as our present griefs will trouble us a hundred years hence.

> HE CAN PICK OUT A KNAVE .- "Eli Perkins" gets off a good one on Governor Hoffman. At Saratoga, the other day the Governor was laboring with a Demo cratic banker who wouldn't swallow Breeley. The banker protested Horacq vas a big overgrown child.

"But," interrupted the Governor, "I

GRANT OR GREELEY.

We think the time has come for us to say in plain words, what we think of the political programmes that have been presented to the voters of the United ried to the nearest cabin, and all the States, and in doing so, we will endeavor to give the reasons for our conclusions. We do not intend to expatiate on potical matters, but we think that mechanics—many of whom entertain our ideas regarding mechanical mattersare justly entitled to know our political

views, especially when the political hermometer of a country indicates a ever heat upon issues, the results of which are pertinent to none more than the mechanic. It is the duty of every mechanic and employer, as well as others of every trade and rofession, to give some thought to matters. Probably never in the history of this country was there more need of thought in this direction. If Grant is of the country? It is not likely that the re-election of Gen. Grant will be followed by any marked difference of policy and natural to a progressive country;

than that meted out in his present administration, save the changes incident and if Greeley be elected, what will be the probable regime?—and what is he likely to do that will better the condition of manufacturers and employes? Will the taking the "loaves and fishes" from the mouths of one political faction and transferring them to another, be evidence of a botter state of things? All should look well into the record of Gen. Grant while in the field and at head of the army, and also while administering the duties of chief magistrate of the Xation. It must not be denied, and cannot if attempted, that Gen. Grant has made mistakes. Who has not? And who has more gracefully, and with credit to himself, submitted to the will of the people when he was satisfied his ideas in any direction were at variance with theirs? That he is a great statesman, no one believes: but that he is a fearless, determined, commonsense man, with executive ability, rarely if ever equaled, all must admit. Who else did see (and many have tried it) just what was wanted to break down the Robellion and restore

the Union? Greeley, on two occasions -at Niagara Falls, and when Lee invaded Pennsylvania-insanely advised the Administration to let the Southern States go in peace. It is not difficult to see who was the superior in judgment upon that issue. Let all mechanics rethe N. Y. Sun (who scarcely a year past, scathingly reviled Mr. Greeley), and the editors of the Tribune, have been put in circulation regarding the President, lieved by some of their admirers and those that read one side only, to be

persons-(we are not in "office" and desire none)-to compare the administrahouse at Tullymore. Soon after the tion of the Republican party and Gen Grantly administration with Piarca and Buchanan, the two last so-called Democratic Presidents, and see which they like best. Compare the prosperity of the country—its manufactures, its agricultural progress, the wages of labor of all classes-with what the situation was when under the rule of the very men who now, through Mr. Greeley, are asking votes to put them into power again, and it will be found that we live in entire peace and amid plenty.

With regard to Mr. Greeley, personally, we all know he is a "great and good man." but not one man living was so bitterly tabooed and execrated by the Southern leaders-the very men who are now fawning upon him, waiting to liel up the first fragment of Governmental spittle that may ooze from his immaculate lips. We all know that the Tammany Ring is for Greeley. Rynders, the slave catcher, is for him. The same of Sommes the pirate. Bradley Johnson, he who starved the Union prisoners at Salisbury, N. C., is for him. The Mormons are for Greeley. John Morrissey, Barney Aaron, Mike McCool, and othe noted professional prize fighters, are hand and glove with him. With regard to the Tammany set, we all know what it is, and what it is composed of. And it cannot be denied that Horace and Tweed were once partners. The statements we have made are

facts, and we ask the manufacturers and

mechanics to think upon them, and carefully consider all that may be brought to light by both parties during the ensuing struggle. . If this is done, we believe every intelligent mechanic, be he Republican or Democrat, will see that his vote should not be east for the re-instating in power of men that have not only plundered the Government of its wealth, bu entertain the bitterest animosity towards us, and take the means offered them in the endeavor to elect a candidate by whom they may rotain their lost positions, which will eventually overthrow the prosperity that the country is now enjoying, seriously affecting employer and employe alike; and this Babel of malcontents and ill-sorted allies, supporting Mr. Greeley, it, will be difficult to keep harmoniously together. There areeven now jealousies and mistrusts among the managers of this sore-headed clique; and in case of his election, will be quietly turn his back upon his horde of greedy "But," interrupted the Governor, "I think Mr. Greeley is a pretty good judge of men. I think he can pick out an honest man or knave as quick as any one. I—
"Why, there is just were he is always the biggest fool," continued Mr. Beeks man, "Never mind;" said the Governor," I would take his opinion on man

on another to the state of the