Business notices inserted in the Local Column, or before marriages and deaths, tes cents pre line for each insertion. To merchants and others advertising by the year, liberal terms will be offered.

IJ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

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Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same ates as regular advertisements.

Miscellaneous.

DENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, War Claims and Claims for Indemnity.

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their local associates, they will promptly perform the business here.

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IIF Soldiers enlisted since the 1st of March, 1861, in any kind of service, Military or Naval, who are disabled by disease or wounds, are entitled to Pensions. All soldiers who serve for two years, or during the war, should it sooner close, will be entitled to \$100 Bounty. Widows of soldiers who die or are killed, are entitled to Pensious, and the \$100 Bounty. If there be no widow, then the minor children. And if no minor children, then the father, nother, sisters or brothers are entitled as above to the \$100 Bounty and Back Pay.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., 1862.

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rious soup. Highly approved by a number of eminent Physicians.

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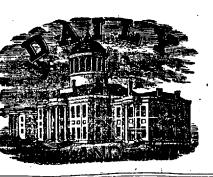
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THE UNION.

VOL. 5.—NO. 213.

HARRISBURG, PA:, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

The Patriot & Union.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 9. 1863.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Yes, a battle's a very fine thing, while you're fighting, The same ups and downs are very exciting. But a sombre sight is a battle field, To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye, When those who scorned to fly or yield,

In one promiscuous carnage lie; When the cannon's roar Is heard no more,
And the thick dun smoke has rolled away, And the victor comes for the last survey,

Of the well fought field of yesterday! No triumphs flush that haughty brow, No proud exulting look is there, His eagle glance is humble now, As earthward, in anxious care, It seeks the form whose stalwart pride But yesterday morn was by his side!

And there it lies on yonder bank Of corses, which themselves had breath But yester morn-not cold and dank, With other dews than those of death! Powerless as it had ne'er been born, The hand that clasped his yester morn!

And there are widews wandering there, That roam the blood besprinkled plain. And listen in their dumb despair For sounds they ne'er may hear again! One word, however, faint or low, Ay, e'en a grean—were music now! And this is glory!—Fame!

LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP

"There is a storm gathering yonder over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow."

The tall, bronzed knight, standing, booted and spurred, with his hand on his horse's mane, turned to look with a merry smile on the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side.

"And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Phillip Orme this night in Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So now, dear one, farewell, and may God bless you;" and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and trotted away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his retreating figure with a wistful gaze, until he halted at the great gates, and passing through, was hidden from her view; then slowly turning, she remounted the stone steps that led up to the door of the Ashurst manor-house. The gloomy red-brick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered; the stained-glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. Just then a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old butler, advanced toward her. Old he was in service, for he had lived for more than thirty years at Ashurst manor—at first the page and play-fellow then the confidential servant and friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with gray, and there were few wrinkles in his hard, keen face. He stopped near Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said, in a respectful, constrained tone—"Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as this?" The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. "Yes," she said, "he has just started. He laughs at the weather, but I"

"There will be little cause to laugh if the storm comes, if the river is swollen," Marston exclaimed abruptly. "You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night."

"Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening," Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the drawing room. The butler looked after her. "She would have us believe she cares for him, forsooth.-

He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me about this Chester journey, but now that waxen doll hears all his plans, and he hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I care to know-Sir Richard must be in Chester this night."

In the long, low drawing-room, the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and the heap of glowing faggots shed a wierd light on the mirrors and pictures on the walls, while the high-back chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window-seat, and gazed out on the stormy sky. "He rides fast; his horse is sure-footed; the distance is not great," she murmured to herself. "Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?" She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice. to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this sombre old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice, her face, had, only eight months since, been the gayest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the younger brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be even speaking of her then; till all at once her fancy took another turn, she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of the merry party.-She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, etirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial tune rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver his now upright figure bent, and when she in candlesticks, and, as the music died away, she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute she listened, then her fingers touched the keys again. "The storm has come, my lady." It was Marston, who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close behind her chair. "Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night," he went on. "What will he do?" and she looked round

lady; an I had your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is black If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, as pitch, and one false step by the cliff-path would be death." He spoke low, but there was a strange eagerness in his tone and in his dread was coming back to her again. The fire steady tone, "No matter for to-night," she nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already face.

| Carry fill away in the row and in his dread was coming back to her again. The fire steady tone, "No matter for to-night," she nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already face. WM. DOCK, JR., & CO. | face.

"He may make for home, but I fear, my

with startled eyes.

"Go, pray, go!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; "and yet—might you not send Stephen in your stead?" She knew not why she asked that question, she only knew that some vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's face darkened. "He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times. by night and day. But be it as you will, my lady.'

"Go yourself," she once more repeated; "lose not a moment. Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard!"

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round. and for an instant his eye met hers-only for an instant; but there was something in that one glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gove. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good will, that he regarded her as an intruder in her husband's house, and that he bittterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his-mas-ter had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him, and countermand his going? And then she smiled at her own nameless terrors. der her. Here alone in this locked room, how For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be leven gain the gallery outside, it would avail false to him. That cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So those deserted rooms, before her voice could she listened till, in less than half an hour, she i summon any to her aid, he would be upon her, heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the gravel his fingers at her throat. And then there came road. She did not hear something else—she across her a strange memory of how one sumdid not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted windows of the drawing-room: 'She would have stopped me had she dared, but she cannot stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me," and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames. her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undis-turbed, till nearly two hours later Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged without. "It has passed, and the sky is clear." She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's journey would be needless, Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery which had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the night. It was a large, lofty room in the west wing of the building, remote from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor, which opened by sidedoors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago it had been his mother's room. The high mantel piece with its curious carvings, the cicling decorated with strange paintings of nymphs and cunids, the antique furniture, and the tall canepied bedstead, gave a quaint and sombre aspect to the chamber; but to-night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning on the dressing-table lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered, her maid came forward from the door on the opposite side of the room, which led into a small dressing-room.

"Have you been waiting long, Hester?" the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. "You look sadly tired." "I have just come in, my lady. Anne and I

have been in the work-room all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so." "Poor girl!" said her mistress pityingly; "you have been more used to milking cows

than stooping over needle-work. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to bed?" "All but Stephen, my lady; I heard him cross the hall just now.'

"Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable." "Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he

had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house," the girl said quietly. "The bridge-I heard of no bridge!" exclaimed Lady Courthope. "'Tis by the old priory-a matter of three miles round maybe; but Sir Richard knows it

well." "And Marston had forgotten it," said her mistress, musingly.

"He said nothing of the ford," Hester answered; "he only said that he was going to ride after Sir Richard." "He has not come back?" Lady Courthope

asked abruptly. "Oh! no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard, he should stay at the

Golden Horn till morning."
"I gave him no such leave;" and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said kindly—"That will do; I can brush my

own hair for this night. Now go, and sleep off vour headache." The maid lingered awhile, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed, to secure the door; then returning, she drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, the husband who seemed yet closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence toward her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly respect and trust with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence which he, the man of forty-five, showed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and turn should show her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy, that he should never regret his youth; and when too-and her cheek flushed at the thought-young children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so yearned to lay her head upon her husband's

breast and whisper it to him.

PRICE TWO CENTS. a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor; she stooped hastily to reach it, but as she raised her face, all veiled by her long, drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the farthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringe edge of the damask curtain, and a white, eager face peering from behind it, intently watching her. One instant and the curtain fell softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago that same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a sickening heart she recognized the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or cry. Her pulses throbbed wildly, her very blood was chilled; but she sat on calmiy, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband, but now, in her own fearful danger, she was brave and steadfast. Her icy hands still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all .-Marston was there close by her. His nightjourney had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and to screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and-murder her. And he might murmer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers had been bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given, the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this, stranger still that she should almost shudder in recalling it. What, if rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, appeal to him for pity? Ah, no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eves, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then seemed a friend; for there, above the chimney-piece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and with one wild dash, stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance another thought had come into her mind-her dressing room! The door stood open, not ten paces from her. Once locked in there-but, alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps upon the floor, behind, around her, to feel hot breath upon her cheek; and still she sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her! Once again her eyes fell on the open door of the dressing-

There are moments in life when every power short instant. Such a moment came to Lady Courthope now. As she looked at the dressingroom door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that roomdecoy him as she has seen birds and dogs de-coyed by some tempting bait. She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has she seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money: and now, if through that love she can beguile him first to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed, her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat, threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room, laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed in a low tone-'Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough for sleep; I wish the night were over." She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt, then muttering—"By the by, those emeralds," took a bunch of keys from the table, and went toward a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver, which stood beside the fireplace. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that she had seen that crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears; and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements, to bear out the deception.

She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box-her jewel box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing-table, and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, and the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced toward the dressingroom door. Just as she reached it, a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on, on to to the further end of the long, narrow dressingroom, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon the table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where he was hiding, and then unfastening the box, she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all around her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones might sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishanother, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the flickering candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer, her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one half instant she paused to gather breath, then, with a weary sigh, she laid sside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle, moved toward the bedroom. On the quiet now, ring with laughter from morn to threshold she stopped, retreated a step or two, night; and as the picture rose before her she, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how threshold she stopped, retreated a step or two, at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife, and It was so strange to be here, far from him. the crouching form was making ready for a spring-if she had seen this, even her courage

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might rest and watch.

scattered about the table, and the door standing open. And now the trap was set, and she

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains, and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self restraint in lying motionless in the fitful firelight, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow-a strange repose, even though he was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth, and the distant baying of the dogs in the courtyard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath, as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a feint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move but she heard—she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No-Heaven help her he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed clothes, then stopped close beside her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came softly through her parted lips, but within that statute-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself, and comfort for her widowed husband. A pause—and then another slight movement. He was bending could she escape him? If she fled, if she could over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something sharp and cold was laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment passed, and she still lived .-Another moment and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering low: "My hand shakes; I'll wait a while," he turned away.-She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost lon-ged that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went on again; and now he was moving something on the dres-

sing table. There was a feint rattle, a dead

pause, then again that stealthy tread, she

strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed,

and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose

The room was very dark now, but by the

faint glimmer of the fire, she could just dis-

them, and she saw him.

cern the door-way of the dressing-room and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken—the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again, he was standing where she had stood an hour ago .-There was light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall, square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was toward her. Casting away the burning match, he bent over the table, and softly swept the There are moments in life when every power or the mind to make the work of the mind to gather, and return to her. She knew in those two minutes lay her only chance, the chance for which she had so longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralyzed her powers, and an unspeakable hor-ror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, she slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way toward the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp the handle-there were but two more steps to take, when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled; she recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was, his ear had caught it, and he turned and saw her .--For one moment they stood face to face gazing upon each other, then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first: she had hold of it: she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key, his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death, a struggle between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure, when gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own, she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating on the strong oak pannels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear-hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then laying her head on Hester's shoulder, and moaning out: "O husband, save me!" swooned

away. It was still early, on the morning of the selfsame day, when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, galloped up the Beech Avenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the 🛦 park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was pale as death—his eyes were fixed on the walls of his house, her house-his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all .-They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester, he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door, and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant, and sprang up the steps. sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully pulled ing them, put them back. For nearly half an No wife was there to welcome him. All was been closed indian now with one, now with still and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark ald hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another, then his parched tongue slowly formed the words: "Where is she?" They led him to the room where she was lying; but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her fevered brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms and glittering knives. For. a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair. then unable to endure it lenger, hurried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him .-But Sir Richard shock his head; he dared not and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that inn at Chester. That vague she played out the play. Murmuring in a low, carry him away far from his sight. There was