



Select Poetry.

The Angel's Whisper.

BY DANIEL LOVER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with the angels."

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "O, dearest, darling, O, come back to me,
Her beads white she numbered,
The baby still dozing,
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee;
O, blessed be that day;
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch over thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife went with joy to her husband's father to see,
And clearly expressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.

Select Story.

A WIFE'S STORY.

He—my husband—was not handsome, but I loved him. His features were somewhat coarse and irregular, and his hair, though black and glossy, was very straight. But he always parted it so smoothly above his broad, white brow, that to my fond eyes it seemed almost lovely. And then there was such a tender look about his mouth and such a loving light in his black eyes, that, however ugly he might seem to other people, he was at least beautiful to me. We settled down quietly in our cottage home, and for three short months were very happy. We did not receive much company. My husband said my society was all he required, and while he had that, he cared nothing for the world outside. And as for me, I could have lived contentedly in the dreariest waste, or the barrenest desert, could he have been ever by my side!

Yes, for three short months we were very happy, but it was not always to be so. At last the serpent found its way into our Eden, and destroyed all our newly-found blessedness. Yes, the serpent came at last, in the form of Roseoe St. Orme, my husband's cousin. We did not think when he came to us with such a sweet, beautiful smile around his finely-chiselled lips, that he was to be the destroyer of our peace. We did not think that the serpent lurked deep beneath that strangely beautiful face, with the bright, rich curls of golden brown clustering so profusely round it. We did not think the face, so fair and innocent to look upon, concealed a base, bad heart. We had been married but just three months when he came to us. We neither of us quite relished, at first, this breaking in upon our old privacy and retirement, but at last we grew accustomed to it, and began to like him. His manner was so gentle and so free, we could not long keep our hearts closed against him. At first, he said he could make but a short stay with us, but the days slipped by, and at last even weeks rolled on, but still he did not go.

At last—it was the first drop in my cup of bitterness—my husband's manner grew strangely cold towards me. He seldom spoke, and when he did, it was in a tone of bitter reproach I did not understand, and which my proud nature could ill bear.

I was sitting in the garden one calm, quiet summer's night with my face buried in my hands, thinking of all this, and almost sobbing in my grief and perplexity, when I heard a quick, hasty step upon the gravelled walk, and the next moment, when I looked up, Roseoe St. Orme stood beside me.

"You are grieved, dear cousin," he said, gently taking my hand and looking searchingly down into my face with his great, strange eyes. "Is there any way in which I could serve you? What is the matter?"

"O, Roseoe," I cried, letting fall the tears which I could no longer restrain, "I am grieved, for my husband no longer loves me."

I should not have said this, for a wife's griefs should be sacred from all other ears. But I had spoken carelessly, unthinkingly, under the impulse of the moment.

"I think you must be mistaken," he said, calmly, "for only now as I passed his window, I saw him take a package, which I knew to be letters, from his desk, and after pressing them fondly to his lips and heart, carefully replaced them. They

were probably some you had written him long before. You must have misunderstood him, for only a true husband, and one who loved the writer fondly, could have done so."

"A package of letters!" I exclaimed, my tears instantly ceasing to flow, while my features became strangely rigid, "I have never written him one during our whole acquaintance! But tell me—by your hopes of heaven, tell me—did you see him do this? O, tell me truly!"

"Look up into my face, Mabel, and see if I have spoken falsely."

I did look up. The moon shone down full upon him, as he stood there the very personification of manly beauty, and his face seemed more lovely, more innocent, by its pale glare. God forgive me, but I did believe him, and doubted my husband then.

"I think you have spoken the truth,"—This was all that I said, and I spoke it calmly. No one, to have looked into my face then, could have told of the fierce Maelstrom of passion that had been aroused in my bosom. I was strangely calm, cold and proud. My husband had wronged me, was untrue to me, and my heart was turning strangely away from him.

"Mabel—darling Mabel!" Roseoe said, at length, kneeling down before me, "there is our heart, at least, that loves you truly. Why, O, why, Mabel, do you think I have lingered here so long? Why have I watched your every motion so earnestly, and listened so entranced whenever you have spoken? Why should it be, but that I love you—madly, sincerely love you? Your husband is false to you, he loves you no longer, and even his every action shows it. Then fly to my arms! Here you shall ever find a welcome resting place. O, come, my Mabel! Blind fool that I had been, I might have known all this. I might have read it in the earnest glance he sometimes fixed upon me, and in his protracted stay.—But I had not even dreamed of it!"

"Roseoe—Roseoe St. Orme," I exclaimed, "how dare you speak to me, a wedded wife, thus? How dare you breathe such words into my ear?"

"I might have known it would be so," he said, sadly,— "I might have known you would reject all such proposals, and it was base in me to make them. But, Mabel," he continued, "if you should ever tire of your loved life, and sigh for a single heart that is all your own, then come to me. I shall wait for you. Farewell."

I did not seek to detain him, and in a moment he had gone; and then, with a strange, bitter feeling at my heart, I entered the house. I met my husband in the hall, and there was an angry light in his eyes, as he turned them towards me.

"How long have these clandestine meetings continued?" he asked, angrily. "Let me tell you now and forever, Mabel, never to see or meet that fellow again!"

"And let me tell you, Ernest St. Orme, I shall associate with whom I please, and at any hour or place I may prefer!" I answered, scornfully, my own proud nature flashing up.

"Then, from this hour you are my wife no longer. I cast you off. You have chosen your path, and shall walk in it—go!"

"I will go gladly. You have chosen an easy way to get rid of me, and I give you joy at your success. You never loved me!"

"No!" he exclaimed fiercely; "I hate you!"

I went to my own chamber, with those bitter, bitter words still raving in my heart. I would go. He should yet live to learn the value of the heart he had slighted. I hastily collected a few articles of clothing, and after packing them into my carpet-bag, and putting on my bonnet and shawl, I crept softly down stairs, and out into the calm summer's night. As I passed the library windows, I could see the light shining from within. The windows were low, almost touching the ground, and the curtains had not been drawn, so that I could plainly distinguish everything. Ernest sat by the table, with his proud head resting on his hand, and his black, mournful eyes fixed on vacancy. His face was deathly pale, and he looked so miserable that I would have entered, and thrown myself at his feet and begged his forgiveness, but for a voice which seemed to whisper in my ears those bitter words, "I hate you!" This closed my heart against him, and I hurried hastily down the gravelled walk into the street. Still I hurried on through the gathering darkness. I had come without pausing to think that I had no home to go to—no parents, no friends, I could rely upon at such a time.

At last, I recollected of an aunt, the only near relative I had living, and I determined to go to her. But she lived at the extreme end of the city, and it was a long, long, walk for a weak woman like myself, and at any other time I should have shrunk from it. But now the bitter thought in my heart shut out all others, and my pride buoyed me up. It seems very strange to me now, how I could have dared to pass through all those long by-lanes and alleys, many of them the homes of intemperance and sin, at such a time of night alone. But I did not think of this then; and when, at last, I reached the stately dwelling of my aunt, I rask the bell with a firm, steady hand. It so happened that my aunt had not retired, and it was she who answered the summons.

"Why, Mabel, is it you?" she asked, as she saw my pale, tired face by the light of the lamp she carried. "What can have brought you out in such an hour, and alone too? Is your husband ill?"

"No—O God—no!" I cried, bitterly.

"Come up stairs with me, Mabel. I am sure something troubles you. Come and tell me all."

I took the hand she offered, for I had begun to grow weak and faint, and she led me up to her own chamber.

"Now tell me all," she said, as she placed me upon the sofa and sat down beside me.

And I did tell her all. Told her how I had left the home which had been for so short a time an Eden to me. Told her how I had left the one who was dearer to me than life, never to go back again.—She listened calmly until she heard me through.

"You have done very wrong in deserting him," she then said.

"But he had me go—he said he hated me."

"He was angry, Mabel, and did not know what he was saying."

"I wish I could think so," I said, shaking my head sadly; "but I believe he spoke truly."

"It may be so. But, Mabel, I am sure he loves you—at least, I know he once did."

"Yes—but that is all over now," I returned bitterly. "But I will never go back. He has wronged me, and he must atone for it."

"You are too proud, Mabel. You know Ernest St. Orme's nature. You know that he is quick and hasty, and also that he is proud. If you are ever to be to each other what you have been, one of your proud hearts must be humbled. One must ask forgiveness of the other. You are a woman, Mabel, and it should be your task to do so. You have each wronged the other.

"Then why should not you, the weaker of the two, ask his forgiveness, even though he has double wronged you, and forget all the past? Believe me, Mabel, you would never regret it."

"I would never do so—even though it should lay him in his grave!" I replied, proudly.

"I hope you will think better of this tomorrow," she said, looking sadly into my face. "Your mind will then be clearer, and I trust you will see how you are wronging yourself and your husband. But you are weary and should retire now. I will show you to your room."

I slept little that night, and when I went down the next morning, my proud heart was as firm as ever.

"You are ready to go back to your husband now, are you not?" my aunt asked, when she came down.

"Never!"

"Be it so then," she said, while a sad light shone in her pale, kind face. "It may be for the best. At least, come what may, you shall ever find a welcome home here."

For one month I stayed there quietly, and then there came over me an irresistible longing to look upon the place where I had spent three such happy, blissful months once more, and, if possible, to see again that face so dear to me. I told my aunt of my longing, and she bade me go. It was the first time I had been out during the whole month I had been there. I had lived so quietly that only one or two of the trustiest servants knew that I was under the same roof with themselves.

It was with a strange feeling at my heart, that I neared the home I had left so strangely one month before. I had directed the coachman to drive slowly past that I might cast one last, long, earnest glance upon the scenes I loved so well, despite all my pride. My eyes were bent so eagerly upon the small white house, with its creeping vines and lovely flowers, that I did not know when the wind swept

my thick, heavy veil away from my face, until a voice I could never forget, pronounced a single word, and that word was "Mabel!" And a moment afterwards Ernest St. Orme had leaped the low paling against which he had been leaning, and stood almost by my side, with his arms stretched out as though they would encircle me, and his earnest eyes gazing on me imploringly.

"Mabel—my own darling Mabel," he said, "come back—come back to my home and heart once more!"

I was almost ready to spring into his open arms, and bury my aching head upon his manly bosom, when a voice again seemed to whisper those bitter words into my ear. It was enough, and again my heart rose in bitterness against him.

"Never!" I said, "it was your own hand that drove me forth, and I will not return!"

In a moment I had passed him, but he still stood as I had left him, only a look of such keen and bitter agony had settled on his face, as it made my heart ache to look upon. And then, when I thought how white and emaciated he looked, I was almost ready to turn back and forgive him all. As I rode home that day, my heart began to soften towards Ernest St. Orme, for I had begun to think he was not so much to blame after all. Who would not feel angry at seeing his young wife so often in the society of such a man, and one of such great beauty, as Roseoe St. Orme? But then came the thought of the letters Roseoe had seen in his possession. There was the great separating link, and I felt until they had been explained, I could not go back and trust him.

The moment the carriage stopped before the home so lately made my own, I sprang out, and running up stairs, hid my throbbing head upon my aunt's bosom and told her all in a voice choked by tears.

"I cannot stay here," I said, as I concluded. "He must know that I am near, and I am liable to meet him at any moment now; and, O, I could not bear another meeting! I must go at once!"

"If you will never go back to your husband,—to him who have promised to love, honor and obey through life, this is indeed no place for you. But wherever you may go, I will accompany you. Where shall it be?"

"Anywhere you may prefer, so that it be a long way from here."

"We will go South then. I have relatives there, and if your husband should search for you he would never go so far."

And so it was settled. We were to go the next week, and I was very busy packing trunks and making ready for our departure. But at last everything was done.—I was again idle. Then, and not until then, did I fully realize the step I was about to take. I was to leave home and husband—all that I held dear on earth, perhaps forever, and it seemed like separating one of my own heartstrings to tear myself away. It was true that I never saw my husband where I then was, but the thought that I was in the same place with him, even though he had ceased to love me, came like soothing balm to my wounded heart. Then what should I do when it was no longer so? I suffered enough as it was, and I felt assured I should die if I went away. I was thinking of all this, and of my unhappy, bitter lot, once so bright and sunny, but then so dark and gloomy, when my aunt came to me.

"Mabel," she said, taking my hand and leading me to a seat, "I have something dreadful to tell you—can you bear it?"

"I can bear anything now."

"But this is something very terrible."

"My heart is already as wounded and sore as can well be. Tell me—nothing you can say will have power to inflict any fresh wounds."

"Then listen, and I will tell you all.—Ernest St. Orme is very ill! He has been so ever since that very day you last saw him. They have almost given up all hopes for his life. His mind has wandered all the time, and he is constantly calling for you."

I had stood white and color as a marble statue while she had been speaking, but soon recovered myself. O, how much of agony—how much of happiness there had been for me in those few words! Agony that he was sick, almost dying, and happiness that he had called for me, for, from that hour I did begin to almost think that he loved me after all.

"He shall call no longer in vain," I said, "for I will go to him."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, my aunt said. "Yes, you must go—a wife's true place at such a time is by the sick bed of her husband."

"And henceforth I shall be in my true place," I answered. "While he remains sick I shall stay to nurse him. When he recovers—if he ever does,—I shuddered as I spoke this last—"I will return to you once more."

I saw that my aunt looked disappointed, and I well knew the cause though we said nothing more than upon the subject. The carriage was called, and without waiting to take a single change of clothing, I hurried away. Our drive was a short one, although it seemed hours to my impatient spirit, and in fifteen minutes from the time we started, we drew up before the place which had once been my happy home.—How familiar everything looked, and what old memories came thronging up in my heart as I gazed around! But I had no time to lose, and I hurried hastily up the steps and entered the house. In the entry I met Dr. Lewis, with whom I was slightly acquainted.

"Dr. Lewis," I asked, hurriedly "do you think presenting myself suddenly, would in any way injure your patient?"

"O, no. His mind wanders, and I do not think he would know you."

When I received his answer, I hurried up into the chamber which I once called mine, where I removed my wrappers, and then went down into the sick room.—Ernest lay upon the bed with his head resting wearily upon the pillow, and his eyes gazing wildly around him. His face was very pale and deathly, and there was a strange glitter in his dark eyes which startled me. I approached the bed and laid my hand softly upon his burning brow.

"Go away!" he said, pushing me from him. "I don't want you here—I want Mabel. Her hand is, O, so soft and smooth. If she would only bathe my brow just once, I feel that it would ease the pain here." And he pressed his hands upon his brain.

"But I am Mabel," I said concealing by a great effort of my will every emotion.

"Are you?" he asked, looking up eagerly into my face. "O, no, you are not. Mabel has gone away and left me, and she said she would never come back again.—Go away—I do not wish to see you."—And he turned his face wearily towards the wall.

How every word he had spoken smote upon my heart! I knew that he loved me then, and my heart thrilled strangely with joy, as the blissful thought came home to it. Every doubt had been removed.—Roseoe St. Orme had spoken falsely in regard to those letters, doubtless to separate my heart from my husband, thinking perhaps, that I in my bitterness might fly to him. But whatever had been his purpose, he had failed, and I gratefully thanked God for it. Both day and night I watched by the sick bed of my husband for one short week. During all this time he had not known me. O, what would I not have given then for one glance of recognition from his loving eyes, and one word of forgiveness from his lips! I suffered deeply, bitterly, but still there was a kind of blissful pleasure in being over near him, and ministering to his wants.—On the seventh day the crisis came which was to restore him to me—to reason and to happiness, or terminate his life. O, how anxiously I watched over him in the sleep which was to tell his fate. How anxiously I counted the seconds, as they glided slowly by, while I watched the sick man with almost suspended breath. Dr. Lewis had told me if he awoke to reason I might hope for the best. But if otherwise—O, I dared not think of it. At last he awoke, and blessed be God the light of reason shone in his eyes as he looked up into my face.

"Have I been sick, Mabel?" he asked, glancing first at me, and then at the cordials upon the stand by his bedside.

"Yes, my husband," I answered, concealing the wild joy which thrilled through me, "you have been very sick."

"Ah, yes, I remember now," he said, passing his hand across his brow. "But I thought you had left me, Mabel. I thought you had gone away forever."

"I did go, Ernest," I answered. "But I have come back to stay with you forever if you can forgive me, and take me to your heart once more."

"You are there already," he cried, pressing my hand between both his own.

"May God bless you for this, Ernest! You shall never, never regret it. But try and sleep now, dear—you will feel better when you awake."

For two hours longer he slept, and I watched over him with such a feeling of thankfulness in my heart as I never felt before. Just after he awoke the second time, the doctor came. I met him at the door and with tears in my eyes I told him all.

"Mr. St. Orme," he said, approaching my husband's bedside, "I am very happy to find you so much better. You have been very sick, and but for the careful nursing of your wife, you must have died. You owe your life to her."

My husband did not speak, but he gave such a grateful, loving glance, as made my heart bound for joy, and I felt amply repaid at that moment for all I had suffered. Now we are happy once again.—Ernest quickly recovered, and forgave me all, as I in my heart had long before forgiven him. We still live in our Eden, as calmly and as happily as before the serpent came. And we do not fear its fangs now, for we have both learned a lesson from the past, which will teach us to bear with each other in the future.

"No Compromise with Rebels."

We take the following extracts from a recent speech delivered in Congress by Hon. FERNANDO WOOD of New York showing what has been the invariable practice of our country heretofore, in its efforts to return to a state of peace when engaged in war, as well as to preserve and restore order in time of rebellion. The "Fathers of the republic" seem to have no scruples in treating the "rebels," not even with "parties."

Mr. Speaker, if, as the gentleman from Pennsylvania says, we are at war with a foreign power, what has been the practice of our government with reference to the appointment of commissioners to treat with foreign powers? Why, sir, as early as 1795, when the Algerines made war in the Mediterranean upon our commerce, pirates though they were, we did not think it beneath our dignity to treat with them; the President authorized the American Minister to Portugal to appoint a commissioner, who did proceed to a negotiation, and did finally make a treaty of amity which lasted until 1815. Again, sir, in the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, three very distinguished men were appointed commissioners, and they proceeded to Europe and made the celebrated treaty of Ghent.

But, sir, there is yet a later and more applicable case, the war with Mexico.—When General Scott advanced with his conquering army from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, the President sent Nicholas P. Trist, as a commissioner, to treat with the Mexican authorities. Sir, Mexico was subjugated; we had conquered the whole republic of Mexico; we have won series of victories from Vera Cruz to the halls of the Montezumas, and we were in possession of their capital; they were a conquered people. Did we pass confiscation laws then? Did we apply the principle of confiscation to Mexican soil? No, sir, we treated with them, conquered as they were; and Mr. Trist, acting in pursuance of the authority conferred upon him by the President of the United States, made the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo on the 15th February 1848. That treaty, which was subsequently ratified by the Senate of the United States, resulted in the accession of California to our vast possessions on the Pacific.—There was no confiscation. Not so far from it. Gen. Scott remonstrated with the then Secretary of War against making the United States army in Mexico a self-sustaining army in Mexico for this purpose, and Gen. Scott and the Secretary of War, concurred that the people of Mexico should be paid in kind for supplies furnished to the army.

But it is said that this is a rebellion, and that it will not do to treat with rebels in arms. Well, sir, this is not the first rebellion we have had in this country.—We have had rebellions which at their commencement, were as threatening as this was at its commencement, to the permanence of our institutions, and we treated by commissioners in every instance as I shall show.

In 1786 the first rebellion occurred.—It occurred Mr. Speaker, in New England. This was the first armed rebellion against the Government. Sir, although it is unpleasant to reflect upon sections, candor compels me to declare that New England has been in rebellion against the institutions of this country ever since the adoption of the Federal Constitution.—She has not faithfully performed her compact made when she came into the Union. In the convention that framed our organic law, the sections came together. New England had her navigation and her manufactures to protect; the South had her peculiar institution to protect. It is true New England held a few slaves, but when they ceased to be profitable she became philanthropic and benevolent, and abolished slavery. But so long as money was to be wrung from the sinews of the negro, New England held men in bondage, and furnished the tonnage that brought slaves from Africa to the Southern States.

A compromise between the sections was made in that convention, in which it was agreed that the interests of each should be protected. The South kept faith until this rebellion; the East has not kept faith at all.

I repeat, sir, that the first armed rebellion in this country occurred in Massachusetts, and that commissioners were appointed to negotiate a peace. I will read from a New England historian to prove the fact:

"This was known as Shay's rebellion.—

It commenced in 1786, and continued until the close of 1787. The people took up arms, organized, and collected in large masses under the lead of a popular officer who had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war. They broke up courts called to try and punish persons implicated with them, and defied the law and authorities. The Governor called out four thousand four hundred militia. A declaration of rebellion was issued by the General Court or Legislature, in which it was declared that "a horrid and unnatural rebellion and war had been openly and traitorously raised and levied against the same. Commissioners were subsequently appointed by the Legislature, consisting of General Lincoln, who commanded the troops ordered out by the Commonwealth, Hon. Samuel A. Otis, and Hon. Samuel Phillips, President of the House of Representatives. These Commissioners were authorized to promise indemnity to such who might discontinue opposition to the Government and return to their allegiance as good citizens."

Well, sir, we have had other rebellions. We had the whiskey insurrection. That rebellion was so serious in its character, that George Washington sent two special messengers to Congress on the subject, ordered out the militia of four States of the Union—Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey—to suppress it, and appointed commissioners to treat with the insurgents. Nay, more; he went in person, accompanied by Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, and had a conference with the rebels in Carlisle. The Father of his country, in the true spirit of patriotism, justice, wisdom and policy, thought it not beneath his dignity to treat with rebels. He did treat with them successfully, and the result was that the rebels laid down their arms, and Congress at the next session repealed the obnoxious laws.

But, sir, this is not the only case. I come to a later and yet more prominent and significant case—the Mormon rebellion. These profligate outcasts, who have been always hostile to our moral and political institutions, were treated with by commissioners.

It commenced early in 1857. The immediate cause was opposition to the exercise of Federal authority and the appointment of a territorial judge. On the 15th of September of that year Brigham Young issued a proclamation in the style of an independent sovereign, announcing his purpose to resist, by force of arms, the entry of the United States troops into the Territory of Utah. He proceeded to carry out his threat. He organized an army, declared martial law, seized Government fortifications, destroyed Government property, and put the territory in a state of complete defence against the Federal army. The Federal troops there at the time were overpowered and rendered powerless.—The President sent a message to Congress which passed bills to meet the case, large sums were appropriated, troops were ordered there under command of Gen. A. S. Johnston, in the spring of 1858, and in April of that year Hon. L. W. Powell, now United States Senator from Kentucky, and Major McCullough, were appointed commissioners on the part of the United States, and Col. Kane appointed on the part of the Mormons. These commissioners carried with them a proclamation of the President, in which he offered a full pardon to all who would submit to the laws. By the conduct and forbearance of these commissioners, peace was restored, the rebellion put down, and the Federal authority once more respected. The officers appointed by the President were accepted by the Mormons, and order and submission have reigned ever since.

Therefore, Mr. Speaker, is there anything so extraordinary in my proposition to send commissioners to treat with the Southern States? We are told almost weekly that the rebellion is almost crushed out, that we have every advantage over these insurgents. Is it wrong, therefore, is it unwise, is it unpatriotic to pursue precedents that have been set by the Father of his Country, and by his successors in office?

Lieut. Thomas S. Doebler, arrived home on Monday evening, on furlough.—Appropos here, we may briefly relate the history, (which came to our knowledge several weeks ago,) of a sword once belonging to Lieut. Doebler. About a year ago his brother Charles presented him a handsome sword, upon the upper sheath plate of which was engraved his name, regiment, and by whom presented. Upon going into action at Winchester, Va., last summer, Lieut. Doebler, (who was then a member of Gen. Milroy's staff,) at the suggestion of another officer, placed his presented sword among his baggage, and put on a common cavalry sabre. As is well known, the headquarters baggage of Gen. Milroy was captured by the rebels, and amongst it the sword presented to Lieut. Doebler. In clearing up the battlefield of Gettysburg, a soldier, who was afterwards wounded, found the sword upon a dead rebel Lieutenant, but it was so much damaged as to make it not worth carrying away, so he cut off the plate bearing the inscription and gave it to the Surgeon who attended him. The Surgeon being acquainted with Capt. Brown of Lieut. Doebler's regiment, sent the plate to him, and Capt. Brown sent it to Lieut. Doebler, who in turn sent it to his brother Charles, who now has it in his possession. *Lycoming Gazette.*