| UNION COUNTY STAR \& LEWISBURG CHRONICLE---MARCH $31,1863$. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  |  | JOHN H. BEALE merchant tailoi |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Prisoned thoughty, like the dove from the ank |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | the ho And 13 |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| To the edge of the love-beaten trackWhere most of the flowers Time's froot doth black,Save the dry ones for Memory's shelf. , |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Arin |  |  |  |  |
| And as, out upon Life you thus glanee, The earrching hook of my s soil, by chance, | ${ }_{0}^{6}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | -STAR\& CHRNILLE"CALENDAR |  |  |  |  |  |
| Over the billows, between, doth dance To rest of the branch held by you, |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| And to yon, in your closet inlocked, <br> Forth go my thoughts: and they would ber $\qquad$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | For the Harvest of 1863 |  |  |  |
| Put the mixion theg have is to pliadThat sou open theose heart.dowre free For many tigering sool ming nedir That, with doors closed, you could not , me |  | Tistemminemat pan in |  | AND S |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Lee the protala of tearts that are hard <br>  <br> At least, leave it open to the ? S. $\qquad$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | S09 \& 811, Chestut |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Ayer's Cathartic Pills. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| bound boy. The tones of his voice when he spoke to me were always harsh, and the when my heart was aching for my dead |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | kels. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Market street, Lewisburg. Mareh 11, 62 N. R. ZIMMERMAN. |  |  |
| and then flog me crnelly, to break my spirit and cure the of my whining ways. |  |  |  | fl |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Mrs. Ames was evid ant yrn, unforgiving when she saw any youthful | Onlon Conty Ofictal Record |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | minemex |  |  |  |  |  |
| n she saw any youthful <br> for I was not alone in that dreary home. |  |  | No Gie |  |  |  |
| Bessie, Mrs. Ames' bound girl, shared my rye coffee, with now and then a little fish or meat, and, if I might judge from her |  | Sil manece |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | - |  |  |  |  |
| or meat, and, if I might judge from her she shared in the discipline with which I | $x=0$ | S. MARSH \& CO, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| was so often favored. Yet no one could botter fate. True, she could not have |  |  | Best machine in the Worla: |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | $=2+=5$ |
|  | uber! lumber!! |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | L |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | $1{ }^{\text {E mand }}$ |  |  |
|  |  | ....un |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | AMIC CORDIAL | ent | SUMMER GOODS, w . |  |  |
|  | ! | BALSAMIC Cordial, | ERI |  |  |  |
| though three years younger she wa - braver |  |  | , tien |  |  |  |
|  | \% |  | , |  |  | PICTURES.-A mase |
|  | - |  | The d |  |  | This mint |
| my eges had said so often. She is the |  |  | Ther |  |  | and Sammer Fastio |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| dark years together and makes their mem- ory very dear to me. I had reached my |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | , |  |  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { with hope to the day now only three years } \\ & \text { distant, when I would be free-when a } \\ & \text { great change came. } \end{aligned}$ | chasimeman prem |  |  | Leveiburs April zi, weat |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | $\mathrm{N}^{\text {ati}}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| he held in his hand. It glanced by my |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | tictis |  |  |  |  |  |
| I forgot Bessie; I forgot everything but the wild feelings that surged within me, | ' |  |  |  |  |  |
| quickly, and with one blow sent him | m |  |  |  | , | IC-NIC. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ORE |  |  | Science still on the Advance! |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | 2 |  |  |  | Soremen |  |
|  | , |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| and I resolved to go to a distant town and there ask for work. Night came on, and |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1 drew near the house, for 1 knew Bessie would be in waiting for me. She met |  | ELPHIA, Mannfactarer |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | N0 |  |  |  |  |
| me light we talked of the future. But 0 , light dark it lioked in spite of the rilding |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | $3^{3} \quad 3 \mathrm{~m}$ |  |  |  |  |
| how dark it looked in spite of the gilding our yonng hearts tried to throw orer it? |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Bessie was sure I would succeed; she maid there was a manliness about me that |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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